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Without the Hereafter.

THOMAS A. DOCKWEILER, '12.

EARTH is only a speck of cosmic dust
Encircling a little star,
Whose feeble light could scarce be seen
From those titan worlds afar.

And man, who creeps on this tiny globe
To groan for one short day,—
Is he much nobler than a worm
That's destined to slow decay?

If death were all existence means
Then 'twere better not to be;
Our life were but a riddle unread,
Without immortality.

Don Quixote—A Type of the Picaresque.

JOHN T. BURNS, '13.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA," says Hume, "was one of nature's greatest penmen, whose very powers obliged him to write." And surely if his powers were such, his numerous and varied experiences gave him abundant opportunities for expression. His riotous life as a student, his adventures as a soldier, his situations as chamberlain to a cardinal in Rome, his tortures while serving as a galley slave to some Barbary pirates, and his lack of success as a poet and dramatist furnished material in abundance for the play of his talents. Added to these were the long years of childhood and early youth during which he made his residence in the squalid waterside streets of Seville, and later his position of over-due tax bailiff in the

south of Spain determined to a great extent the special department of literature which he would adorn.

Other forces, however, were at work, and to these also must be attributed, to some extent at least, the choice of the picaresque novel. The Romantic tales of knight-errantry were falling into unpopularity. Internally they had already ceased to incite respect, curiosity or pleasure. The people felt that the heroism so much sung was so much cant. But true to Spanish traditions and ideals the people were slow to break away from rule. For centuries their literature abounded in romantic knight-tales. These were metrical compositions, and the savants refused to recognize the lowly prose of the picaresque school. To them there seemed to be too much of the vulgar. The critics, also, scorned the idea of turning to the new school, and bitter were their denunciation of all its publications.

About fifty years previous to the appearance of Don Quixote (1592) "Lazarillo De Tormes" had been published, but it met with no success. The learned shunned it, and the throng followed their example. At that time one might have cursed his Christian God with no more fear of rebuke than if he scorned the Spanish idols. But fifty years is time enough to bring great changes. Cervantes was determined to gain fame no matter what the price. In this he but followed the Spanish mind, for it is said the Spaniard will write anything, attempt anything, do anything if by so doing his name lives in posterity. Individualism is his forte, and notice will be his if he has to wallow in the mud in order to secure it.

As soon as Cervantes had completed his novel, it lay untouched for some twelve years. Then for a trifle he sold the copyright to a publisher, who, though not at all certain

that the book would be popular, determined to try the public taste.

The book at once became the rage. Spain had at last awakened. Its people saw life truly depicted for the first time. The veil was removed from their eyes, and they discovered that the lowly occupied a place on this earth of ours.

"Don Quixote" is a revolt against knight-errantry, a satire on court life and manners. An old county squire is the central figure in the narrative. His whole life has been devoted to reading of kingly deeds, and now in his old age, his mind having become affected by meditation and hero worship, he takes as fact these fictions. History is not history unless the knights of old are forever performing chivalric deeds. His discussions center about Amadis De Gaula and Palmerin of England.

Finally the old man gets together some armor, a sword and other knightly accoutrements; then bringing in his horse from the field, the enfeebled one prepares to become a knight-errant. He assumes the name of Don Quixote, and is spoken of as poor, proud, obstinate and old-fashioned, his cheeks sunken in until they almost touch each other. The sash which he puts on is green and very shabby, while the old horse is but a mere skeleton.

Thus equipped Quixote departs, and now come the incidents which make children laugh, which open to the learned the deeper furrows of thought, and which bring tears to old age. The incidents are in themselves ludicrous in the extreme. The old man is forever bungling, forever getting into the wrong place and doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. For instance, when traveling through the country district, Quixote sees numerous windmills, which he takes to be giants. In spite of the protests of Sancho, Don attempts to make war on these giants. It happens to be a windy day, and when he thrusts his lance through the mill, the speed of the wheel breaks his shaft of offense, and tumbles the old gentleman upon the ground.

Later he goes to a tavern, and thinks he has come upon an old castle. The shepherd's horn which is heard in the distance becomes to him a signal of his own approach. When he reaches the tavern it is already dark. He takes the two wenches, who are at the entrance, to be princesses, and greets them with an elab-

orate speech. Amazement fills everyone, but the wise old inn-keeper soon discovers the cause of the old man's peculiar actions. The household is informed of the old man's eccentricities, and the entire gathering pass a boisterous evening playing pranks upon the unbalanced knight. And so passes in review incident after incident until we have covered some six hundred pages.

The novel has no plot. Quixote is the central figure, and he and his Squire, the clown Sancho, roam the country in search of adventure. They have no particular place in view, nor have they any particular deeds to perform. They wander until they find an opportunity, which is never lacking, to display their gallantry, and after they have thus occupied themselves for a long period of time, they return home, only to again depart in search of other adventures.

The shaft of ridicule employed by the author strikes deep at the roots of tradition, nor is there any mistaking at whom the satire is directed. The pompous knight, so superficial yet ever so courteous, by contrast held up to laughter is an indirect attack upon knighthood in all its phases.

Parallel, however, with the ludicrous exploits of Quixote are the weighty epigrams and apothems which forever flow from the pen of Cervantes. Cervantes was gifted with a remarkable memory, besides having a most keen perception. He had travelled throughout the world and met with all classes. And no matter whether with the high or the low of society, his penetrating mind never contented itself by remaining with surface appearances. He went beneath and found the true meaning and cause of the peculiar attitude of the Spanish mind; and when he had done so his caustic pen hurled shaft upon shaft of raillery at the falsity of court-society.

So much for the first half of Don Quixote. In the latter half is pictured poor old Spain with its eyes now opened, with some wealth still remaining, but with no future to bank upon: all realize the pitiful plight. Economy is looked upon as a necessity, and yet Spain feels unable to make the sacrifice. The proud blood of centuries still courses through her veins, and in spite of her knowing herself, she drains her resources in an effort to keep up appearances. Then finally, when so much has been conveyed to the reader, the story comes to a close, though there is no reason

for the close at this particular point. It might have continued indefinitely or might have been brought to an end earlier.

While one can understand how delightful such a book may have been when published, the present generation can not get from it the same entertainment. The style is entirely foreign to the readers of the present day. Even though a person is absorbed in ludicrous presentations, he finds himself unable to read "Don Quixote" with any pleasure, for the conversation of the characters both principal and subordinate are totally artificial, and their very superficiality coupled with their extreme length become unbearable in a short period of time.

The chief merit of the book lies in its historical value. To the student of literature it presents the transformation and development of the present-day novel, and gives us perhaps the best clue to the underlying reason for the transformation. Then, too, it gives us a conception of the wonderful genius and daring of Cervantes, both of which would have remained dormant in the greater percent of men, when we consider the times, the customs and the ideals which prevailed in Spain during the latter part of the sixteenth century.

For His Love.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.

Little Gregori Mariano was standing in front of Cohen's bookstore, gazing intently at something inside. There were many pretty things in the windows, for Cohen's always had attractive window displays; but Gregori was not looking at the things in the window. Inside the store were many customers,—mostly women, a few young ladies and one gentleman with a little child. The gentleman was buying a picture, presumably for the little girl, and she it was upon whom Gregori's eyes were feasting.

Gregori was just eleven years old. He was an innocent and cheerful little boy with those expressive eyes so common among Italian children. He had no mother, brothers or sisters, and his father lived in Italy, so Gregori was, for all practical purposes, alone in the world. The boys with whom he played called him "Sweet";—no one seemed to know why.

But "Sweet" was in love, and the mistress of his affections was Marie McDonald, the little girl for whom the gentleman was buying the picture. All the time that the purchase was taking place, Gregori, with his nose pressed against the window, kept watching Marie, his little heart beating in fear lest she should take notice of his attentions to her. As he was standing thus, three men, all closely muffled, came up and stood directly behind him. He could not but hear what they said.

"Here they are, Bill! You go up Second Street to that alley between Monroe and Collier and wait there with the buggy. Jack and I will take care of the man and the kid."

The man referred to as Bill, turned and departed without saying a word. But he came back almost immediately, and said in a voice which was almost as muffled as his person:

"I forgot to give you the note you are to put into that guy's pocket after you pat him on the bean."

The note he spoke of was a demand for \$10,000 for the return of the girl. Clearly the men's intention was to kidnap the girl and demand a reward. Even Gregori, by adding two and two together, could guess that. What! his Marie to be kidnapped! He almost yelled when the thought flashed through his mind. But he restrained himself, fearing lest the men should take notice of him. He thought to rush to the door and warn the two, but the door was too far away, and he dare not stir lest he might arouse the men's attention and suspicion. What seemed best to his childish mind was to allow the men to follow the man and girl, and as soon as the men moved away he would run around the square and meet the intended victims at the corner two blocks away. But Gregori did not know that the very spot at which he was to warn them had been chosen by the thugs as the place for their crime. All he knew was that the man with the buggy was just half a square further on, and he supposed that the kidnapping was to happen there.

His heart was thumping almost loud enough to be heard when Marie and her uncle came out from the book-store. They were nearly a half square away before the men started to follow them. Then, with his mind filled with horrible thoughts of what the men might do if he did not warn Marie in time, Gregori

ran for dear life around the corner. Just as he turned the second corner and was running up the street parallel to Second Street, a policeman on the other side of the street gave chase, probably thinking Gregori was in mischief. The little Italian boy, however, paid no heed to the officer's command to stop, but turned the third corner in the last stretch of his mad dash to warn them. The policeman ceased to call and hastened to overtake the fugitive.

Gregori had now reached the corner of Second and Collier streets. The policeman was less than a hundred feet behind. There in front of him was one of the muffled men and the gentleman and Marie were just crossing the square. In the gloom of the solitary gas lamp the thug recognized Gregori as the innocent-looking boy he had left in front of the bookstore. Before the lad could shout his warning, the thug whipped out a revolver and fired, and without a groan Gregori fell headlong in the street. Out of the dark came another muffled figure. He lifted his arm and brought it down with a dull thud on the head of the girl's uncle. The shot and the blow happened almost as one, and both bodies were lying limp on the street. The policeman who had come up unnoticed by the thugs, now stepped forward just as the two men had seized the girl.

"Stop! Hands up!" he yelled, but dropping the girl the men fled. Two spurts of flame, two loud reports, and one of the men dropped dead. The other escaped, but a third shot fired at random wounded him, for his trail was left blood-red on the paved street.

Little Gregori was picked up senseless and taken to a doctor's residence nearby. The neighborhood was aroused by the shots, and several men carried Marie's uncle into the doctor's residence also. It was found that one of Gregori's lungs had been pierced by the bullet, and the wound was of such a nature the doctor said he must die. As soon as the gentleman regained consciousness he ordered Gregori to be taken to his house where the next morning the lad died. Before he died, however, he told how he had managed to thwart the kidnapper's plans, and when he told how much he loved Marie, the little Miss cried as though her heart would break.

Out in Calvary cemetery lies little Gregori Mariano's body. Above the grave is a vase of roses and carnations, a feeble expression of Marie's gratitude.

Varsity Verse.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

I WANDERED far one afternoon
By brooks, o'er vales and hills,
Among the blooming hyacinths
And golden daffodils,
Which all along my pathway
Would blush and gently smile—
O I was forced to pluck one
With every little while.

These fairy pledges of the spring—
All tossing in a dance—
Looked truly like gay soldiers,
A legion at a glance.
They sparkled in the sunlight,
And wafted sweet perfume—
O would that spring should never cease,
So they might always bloom.

H. J. D.

IN SEPTEMBER.

Just a little relaxation
Happ'y taken this vacation,
Makes my task seem bright and cheery
Since my mind is not so weary.

Just a little relaxation
With a rather short vacation,
Makes my task seem dull and irksome
When I know I now must work some.

W. J. B.

"A Daughter of New France": A Study.

BERNARD J. LANGE, '12.

According to the strict meaning of the term, a novel is something new in the literary field. According to the meaning given it in the field of fiction of today the term novel is identified as prose narrative which contains a plot and incidents made up of various degrees of intricacy. The novel also deals with the portrayal of life of possible men and women.

Should the literary critic confine himself strictly to the above qualifications as a means of determining just what a novel is, and should he apply it in his criticism of "A Daughter of New France" he would in all probability say that the book is not a novel. There is no plot worthy of the name, there are no incidents which possess a sufficient amount of intricacy to be called intricate, and the hero is scarcely a man who is real. However, there is one

phase of the book which qualifies it, to some extent, to rank as a novel. The chief feature of the work is narration, and narration in the true sense of the word, since it is a story told in the first person.

The recurrence of the first person in this story is a great defect. In any composition, whether written or spoken, the continual use of the word "I" tends to weaken the force of that composition. There is that in each person which causes him to look with disfavor upon what appears egotistical.

Mary Catherine Crowley in her book, "A Daughter of New France," narrates the adventures of a certain young Canadian, Normand Guyon, using him as the narrator. At the very outset it is difficult to ascertain whether this Monsieur Guyon or whether another, a certain Sieur De Cadillac, is the hero. The narrator, Monsieur Guyon, is at one time praising himself and at another this Sieur De Cadillac. Guyon displays flashes of the real hero, but he never seems to sustain the part. He describes circumstances and tells how he would meet them. He is a hero in imagination. His circumstances are only such as are good for thought, circumstances that he himself never seems to meet.

From a study of the story the reader is led to consider this Sieur De Cadillac as the hero in the eyes of Guyon. The latter seems to uphold the chivalrous and impetuous Cadillac as a man whose example is such as he himself would wish to follow. In reality Sieur De Cadillac is the hero; but whether he or the spokesman is the hero as Mary Catherine Crowley depicts the latter, is a matter for discussion. Cadillac by his numerous noble qualities proves that he is the one who should be regarded as the rôle-bearer. He is brave to the point of recklessness, yet at the same time he shows enough of foresight and prudence to proclaim him a diplomat. His dealings with his fellow countrymen and his dealings with the Indians show that he possessed qualifications suited to the task of governing wisely. On the other hand, although Guyon served Cadillac in the capacity of a secretary, Guyon as a hero is a mere imitator. He strives to push himself into the foreground, but lacks sufficient character to maintain his convictions. He is constantly reproved by Barbe, the heroine of the story.

Guyon is in love with Barbe, yet he proves

his weakness in the heroic part by his timidity, when, on numerous occasions he attempts to declare his love. As a general rule the hero of a tale is in love with the heroine. Guyon is the character whom Mary Catherine Crowley places in this position. It is true, that in the end Guyon wins the hand of Barbe, but to the mind of the reader it is easily seen that, from the standpoint of the ideal hero, he is not worthy of the heroine. The simple, insignificant English lieutenant who appears but twice in the entire story, proves by his force and strength of character to be a better man, and shows to better advantage as a hero than Guyon.

A hero is a man who by that certain inherent something in his character, appeals at once to the mind of the reader. He is a man possessed of unlimited courage and energy, willing to face danger in its various forms; a man who can be harsh when occasion demands and who can be gentle and merciful also. Again the hero may be a very modest person, yet there is also in such a one some characteristic that makes an appeal to the critic.

Our hero Guyon does not answer to any of these qualifications. His attempts to be in the foreground are futile simply because he does not possess the strength to remain staunch to whatever convictions he may possess. Guyon tries to assume the rôle of a person who is willing to sacrifice much for those who desire his aid. He wishes to be one of those who seem necessary to the wellbeing of others. His whole defect may be summed up by saying that he lacks determination.

The other prominent characters in the story are well drawn. The heroine Barbe is all that the reader would wish a heroine to be. She possesses those characteristics that go to make a true woman. She loves as only a woman can love, and likewise she hates as only a woman can hate. She is charitable to all where charity is necessary, willing at all times to aid those who are in distress. She is ever mindful of the needs of others before thinking of herself.

As a contemporary, so to speak, of the heroine, is another character, the wife of Sieur De Cadillac. She is symbolic of all that a good wife and a fond mother should be. Always willing to share the trials and hardships of her husband, she at once finds favor in the

mind of the reader. Madame De Cadillac is the type of woman whose example in times of great danger spurred the efforts of the early settlers and even soldiers and missionaries to accomplish deeds and overcome obstacles that would without her heroic example never have come to pass. In her portrayal of these two women characters Mary Catherine Crowley has succeeded in arousing the interest of the reader. A woman in order to be honored must at all times conduct herself as a true woman. To quote George Elliot: "A woman's strength lies in the fulness of her womanhood, therein alone, she is royal." In the character of Barbe, the heroine, Mary Catherine Crowley depicts the ideal heroine, and in the character of Madame De Cadillac she gives us a picture of the ideal wife.

Aside from the characters the story abounds in descriptions of early Canadian life, both of the French settlers and in regard to the Indians. In comparison to the pictures drawn by historians of these peoples, the description given us by Mary Catherine Crowley conforms accurately. The Indian is a character that has been before the world of fiction over and over again, yet in "A Daughter of New France" we feel as much interest in him as though he were a new type. The same may be said of the early Canadian settler. As a narrative the story moves on quickly but there does not appear to be any plot of consequence. There is no leading up of various events to a grand climax.

But faults of plot and climax can only be laid at the feet of the so-called hero, through his inability to provide circumstances that should prove intricate enough to give the story action. As a novel it may be said that "A Daughter of New France," in so far as it fails, fails chiefly from lack of a hero. And yet the narrative, as a whole, is sufficiently interesting and rapid, the moral tone amply healthy to make one hesitate long and seriously before pronouncing final adverse criticism.

MIDNIGHT oil may have its uses, but it is not nearly so cheap or healthy as the sunlight. If you have studied your lessons and performed your tasks as they were given out, final examinations will not mean midnight oil, and strained eyes, and indigestion for you. Use the daylight, electricity costs.

The High-Priest of Classicism.

JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14.

In Alexander Pope we find a strange combination of talent and weakness occasioned by outward conditions. Born in London, in the year 1688, of Catholic parents, he came into a world hostile to his religion and in a state of political unrest. The last of the Stuarts had been banished, and William of Orange had been proclaimed king. So strong was the anti-Catholic feeling, that the Popes soon moved from London to a town near Windsor. Here, Alexander's education, such as it was, commenced. The parish priest acted as tutor, imparting to the precocious lad a desultory knowledge of Greek and Latin. After a few years of this tutoring he was sent to a school in Twyford. His poetical instincts asserted themselves for the first time, and, strangely enough, in their true garb; he was expelled from the school for writing a lampoon upon his master. But his father seemed determined that young Pope should have an education, and, braving the continued prejudice against the Catholics, sent Alexander to school in London. Here he remained till he was twelve years of age, when, following in the footsteps of many another genius, he fled from the restraints of public instruction, and the petty persecutions of his schoolfellows, and plunged into miscellaneous reading in his own home. He dipped into anything and everything; learned languages to get at a story if the translation did not satisfy him; but he failed to discipline his mind. Self-guided reading and study may be all right for pleasure or for a well-trained mind, but for a boy such as Pope it can not but fail to broaden his view or discipline his thoughts. Throughout all Pope's work we can trace the results of this solitary and uncontrolled childhood; his seeming lack of a sense of fair play is disclosed in many of his pieces; and his narrow views about certain subjects are plainly to be observed. But when we consider what he has accomplished under such conditions we can not but wonder as to what he would have produced under more favorable circumstances.

It was at the age of fifteen that his poetical career began in earnest. In this year he produced, but never published, an epic which he

ambitiously intended should possess a certain portion of the charms of Homer, Spencer, Dryden and others of his idols. He kept this attempt, with the other creations of his imagination, for many years, and worked not a few lines of it into his "Essay on Criticism." This aspiring epic marks the opening of the first period of his work. In the productions of this period it is easy to see the effects of his miscellaneous reading, and to observe the leaning towards the style of Dryden. In fact, he says that he learned versification from Dryden and that he always possessed the deepest respect for the great Restoration poet.

The following year, 1704, he published the first of his poems, "Pastorals." These attracted the attention and favorable consideration of many prominent persons; but it was not until the publication, in 1711, of the "Essay on Criticism," that he became really famous. In this production, which is one of the great pieces of English literature, he sums up the art of poetry as taught by the old masters and the eighteenth-century "Classicists." While the work is not strictly speaking original—who could expect a treatise on an art so old as poetry to be so?—still it is in the polishing and repainting of the old rules and advice that Pope displays an art and talent extraordinary. He was always a conscious and earnest artist, working with an end in view, and he borrowed ideas of other writers, as a sculptor does clay from the earth, to mould them into the work of his own hands. The "Essay" is written in heroic couplets, but the artificiality of its rime and rhythm are all too evident. Herein we notice a most decided out-cropping of the "Classic" strain of the period. He makes the critical and intellectual side of the poem stand out strongly, overshadowing the easy beauty of true poetry. But the piece is a treasure house of maxims and quotations, many of which we know better than we do their author. "To err is human, to forgive, divine;" ask any man who first said that, and see how often you will get the answer, "Shakespeare." You may do the same with "A little learning is a dangerous thing," and receive the same answer. And in these expressions is there not a sign of a similarity between Pope and Shakespeare which might have been more pronounced had Pope the knowledge of his brethren and the experience of the world which was Shakespeare's?

Pope had written the "Essay" some time

previous and had withheld it to make careful corrections before finally giving it to the public. So we must not imagine that, because the "Rape of the Lock" appeared the following year, Pope had a most prolific spasm of work at this time, for although he was spasmodic in his labors as to his greater pieces, still he was working against the greatest opposition, and fighting for his living in a most persistent manner, and was rarely idle. After the publication of the "Rape of the Lock" he was able to purchase his own home, and for the first time in his life, snap his fingers at his prejudiced neighbors. At twenty-four, this under-developed and sickly man found himself independent, with a name established, and the model of many English poets. And all this through the sheer force of his will and the steady application of known talents. Without even a complete school education, let alone a college training, he was able to make himself the center of a literary circle which he kept together by his wit, his humor, and his satire.

In the "Rape of the Lock," which is a masterpiece of satirical writing, his wit and humor are displayed abundantly, though at times they may be criticised as too sharp and unfeeling. Only although in this poem he showed marked success in the use of satire, it was not until ten years later, when a friend, Attebury by name, pointed out to him that the satirical was his proper field of poetry, that he again applied himself to such writing. With this great work ends the first period of his life.

From 1713 to 1726 he put to good use, as a sensible artist making his living from his work, his knowledge of the classics by translating the entire Iliad. These translations are as nearly in the grand and solemn style of the original as any that have ever been made. But half of the Odyssey was completed, probably because it was about this time that he was awakened to the fact that a great field lay open to him in the satirical class of poetry. At any rate, these two works are all that the middle period of his life produced. It was during this period, however, that the most disgraceful events of his career took place. These transactions occurred in connection with the publication of certain portions of his correspondence; but in these acts we find more to be pitied than to be blamed, when we take into account the early training he received and the attitude it produced in him towards his fellow-men.

After this seeming lapse he comes forth again in more force and power than ever, giving us a most brilliantly written piece of satire, "The Dunciad," or "Iliad of the Dunces." It was extremely popular at the time of its first publication, but when we read it now, out of the influence of those excited times, we can not but feel pity that Pope had not put his satirical power to better use. In the "Dunciad" he mercilessly rails at all the literary men who had offended either in truth or in imagination. It is a vehicle for his revenge and he loads to the brim. But it is sad to think that Pope cherished such a production and added another book to it as late as 1742, two years before his death, in which he attacked Colley Cibber, poet-laureate at the time.

He followed this outburst with the "Imitations of Horace," and the "Moral Epistles or Essays." Both these works display the intellectual spirit of the man and the artificial and polished style of the age. Then came his last great work, and fortunately one which shows him once more in a good light. "The Essay on Man," published partially and anonymously in 1733, and completed and acknowledged in the following year, is the best-known and most quoted work of its author. Pope says its purpose is "To vindicate the ways of God and man." Truly a most presumptuous task, and stupendous at the least. But Pope, in his narrow sphere, considered himself capable of the work, and it came forth from the dark recesses of his mind, complete, to shower upon us another collection of epigrams and aphorisms, more striking, some of them, than those of the "Essay on Criticism." In this work is afforded yet another glimpse of what really was in Pope; the good and true side of his nature which, unfortunately, his dwarfed mind could not fully bring to the light. As an example of the power of this work, may be noted the most warm appreciation of Pope's philosophy which is called forth from Voltaire in his "Natural Law."

Taking Pope's work as a whole we see in it the classic style of the time, and the general artificial strain. Again, we catch glimpses of the Pope who might have been under different conditions, and we see the Pope who was; the man who was formed by conditions, yet made conditions count for naught in the battle of life, and placed himself high upon a pedestal of fame which he will hold as long as literature endures.

The First English Novelist.

PATRICK A. BARRY, '12.

It is still a much debated question whether credit for having written the first real English novel is due to Defoe or Richardson. Judging from the point of view of their treatment of feeling and emotion, one must yield the honor to Richardson. Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" is often mentioned as the first English novel; but it is purely an adventure story, with occasional bits of moralizing which retard the progress of the story. Richardson, on the other hand, in his "Pamela" struck the real note in novel writing by presenting life as it is, by portraying men and women with human failings and passions.

Unlike the earlier story writers, Richardson dealt with the commonplace characters of the everyday world. Instead of writing an extravagant romance about a pair of royal lovers, as was the fashion among the French and English authors of that day, Richardson chose to write of the ups and downs of a simple lowly girl. Consequently Scott has well written "It will be Richardson's eternal praise, did he merit no more, that he tore from his personages those painted vizards, which concealed, under a clumsy and affected disguise, everything like the natural lineaments of the human countenance, and placed them before us barefaced in all the actual changes of feature and complexion and all the light and shade of human passion."

When a young boy Richardson became an adept in letter writing through the continual practice afforded him in writing the love missives of working girls. This practice begun in his boyhood subsequently resulted in the production of "Pamela" and later "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison."

The proprietors of a publishing house desirous of printing "a little book of letters on the useful concerns in common life" and knowing Richardson's accomplishments, asked him to write these "Familiar Letters." Some years before an intimate acquaintance of Richardson related the story of a servant girl who resolutely refused to submit to the seductions of her mistress' son, and through her beauty and modesty became the wife of the man who before had tried by all means

to allure her into sin. With this for a subject Richardson cast the story into letters from a young lady named Pamela to her parents; and what was intended as a manual for correct letter-writing proved to be the first novel.

"Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded" appeared in 1740 and created a great sensation, as much on account of its story as for its revolt from the set standard of the French romances after which English romances were then modeled. The story in itself is not extraordinary, nor is Pamela a heroic character. But it took the world by surprise, and because it dealt with a human life and human passions people read and were delighted.

Richardson in a letter to a friend wrote that the success of the book was a surprise to himself. In the same letter he tells the purpose which he had in view when writing these letters. When searching for a story he thought that that which had been told him many years before "if written in an easy and natural manner suitable to the simplicity of it, might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing, and dismissing the improbable and marvellous, with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue."

It is sometimes said that so popular was "Pamela" and so interesting was its story that a select group, who used to assemble at a blacksmith shop, in a far country, to hear "Pamela" read, on hearing of the final triumph of the girl set out to show their jubilation by ringing the bell in the village church.

Eight years later "Clarissa Harlowe" appeared and won immediate success. On this work lies Richardson's chief claim to fame. The theme is as simple as that of "Pamela," but the characters are more clearly drawn. Clarissa is persecuted by her parents because she will not marry an unprincipled fellow Lovelace, whose chief aim in life is the seduction of womanly virtue. He fails in several attempts to ruin Clarissa's character, but finally succeeds in his base purpose by administering opiates to the girl. Clarissa dies of a broken heart and Lovelace falls at the sword-point of one of her relatives. It is a simple story of virtue triumphant over evil even in death.

The publication of "Clarissa" raised Richard-

son to the highest rank among English novelists. Its influence even reached to France and Germany where it was received with enthusiasm by peoples by nature more passionate than the English. People everywhere wept over the story of poor Clarissa. It was this novel that moved Rousseau to write his "Nouvelle Heloise." An anecdote of Napoleon serves to show the extraordinary fascination which the story must have possessed. The great warrior never took much interest in an Englishman; but on meeting an officer by the name of Lovelace, he exclaimed, "Why, that's the name of the man in Clarissa!"

Because he had drawn the character of an ideal woman in "Clarissa" and because, with all his villainy, Lovelace had found admirers, Richardson set about to prepare an antidote for the poison he had unintentionally administered. The result was "The Good Man," afterwards changed to "Sir Charles Grandison," a book not comparable to "Pamela" and "Clarissa" either in story or in character portrayal. Sir Charles is the *beau ideal*, the very soul of virtue, the "Faultless monster that the world ne'er saw." He is an impossible character; and if possible, one not worthy of much admiration. For who could not live well when no obstacle is met with to hinder one's progress on the path of virtue?

Richardson's style is of an easy and simple sort well adapted to the portrayal of characters such as are found in his works. His language is by no means accurate, nor always the purest. As his avowed purpose was not entertainment, but "to promote the cause of religion and virtue," his books can not be called lively, though they possess a certain wit and gaiety. His novels are to be read not so much for the story as for the sentiment. At best they are tiresome reading because of the exactness and accuracy in attending to the slightest details.

Richardson died in 1761 an honored man; the beginner of what was to be a great expression of life; a writer with a multitude of readers among all classes, and a moralist who had done mankind a service by writing his books. Speaking of his works Long in his "English Literature" has well observed: "Reading his work, is on the whole, like examining the antiquated model of a stern-wheel steamer; it is interesting for its undeveloped possibilities rather than for its achievement.,,"

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—The last day rises on our labors. We sit in the shade of its setting sun and the god of sentiment paints the West. This is the time of rest! Let the world slip. Our work is done; now our recreation begins.

For the Seniors this long-awaited day is not so joyous as they in their Freshman year had fancied. To part after years of friendship is painful. Our alter-home seems indeed a home when we are leaving. Until we try to cut the bond we can not know its strength. As soon as we must part, a new feeling springs up. We see a new color in all that has happened since we registered as students. We go away in sadness.

A tumult of farewells, a pouring out of baggage—we are gone for the summer. An intense silence hangs like a cloud over the grounds. The Angelus rings mournfully and the study-hall bells grow mute with dust. Footpaths over the campus are conquered by the persistent attack of many blades of grass. No smiles ripple across the lake, no dusty roads feel the tread of hurrying feet. The long vacant months drag by—football fields, study halls, and delinquent lists are weary of emptiness. All the prefects are grown weary of the "simple life" and are itching for company. The greater day comes again, and we are once more at Notre Dame.

—This long journey of ours, in which for nearly nine months we have progressed steadily over the plains, around the mountains and through the valleys of learning, is almost at an end. Our train has already lessened its speed; the power is off and the brakes are on. Very soon we will come to a full stop in the station, and then we will separate and become lost to one another in the big city of the world. For most of us the station is only a junction point. We will continue the journey together again next September. Yet not a few of us have come to the terminus, and will cease to be travellers for good and all. For these, the time of preparation is at an end, and now they must apply themselves to the stern duties of life. We will miss them next year, even though their seats will be taken by new travellers. We say good-bye to them, and we say it from our hearts. May God be with them and help them! Their departure reminds us that our own time is coming all too soon. Then we will join them in spirit as sons of Notre Dame, true to her spirit and traditions.

—The question of employment during the summer vacation merits the attention of every student. Aside from a consideration of that old proverb, which tells us of the relation between the devil and idle hands, there should be in the minds of all a knowledge of the fact that work is the most efficient force to keep before us our purpose in life. It gives one a taste of the realities, and is very valuable in correcting any tendency towards exalted opinions of one's own abilities.

Of course such statements as these are merely the repetition of what has been said time and time again; but, judging by the number who this year contemplate a prolonged rest of three months, there is still room for the voice of uplift. In order not to be a misfit on the day after commencement, the best rule to follow is: Work during the summers of your undergraduate years. Perhaps in one of these experimental periods you will discover your vocation in life. At any rate, you will be better prepared for real work than those who fritter away their vacation in idle amusements. See the number of your friends who are going to work this summer. Try it yourself.

Closing Exercises in Preparatory School.

Closing exercises for the Preparatory Department were held Thursday night in Washington hall. Mr. Jeremiah Haggerty winner of the Prep. oratorical contest, and Mr. Joseph W. Adriansen, who won the Lyons Gold Medal for elocution, rendered the respective pieces for which they were honored. The awarding of prizes and certificates was an interesting feature of the evening's program, and as each favorite recipient answered his name he was given an enthusiastic ovation.

The orchestra began its regular round of commencement programs with three well-rendered selections. The quartet, composed of Messrs. J. Wasson, O. Murphy, T. Currey, J. Wildgen, gave good account of itself and indirectly makes one regret we have not more vocal numbers on our programs. The honors were fairly well scattered around the different preparatory halls, so that there was no noticeable occasion for undue triumph or undue chagrin. John Conrad Wittenberg, who got so close to victory last year, outdistanced all competitors in the same contest this year, and carried off the Mason medal for Carroll. We see his brother in St. Edward's leads in honors also. It takes the Wittenberg boys just three days to reach here, but after they land they make their opponents wake up and hustle.

The closing remarks were made by Right Rev. M. T. O'Dougherty, now our guest en route to his diocese in the Philippine Islands. The bishop had very complimentary things to say of the boys who received certificates and honors, and beyond, to those who carried home no tangible token of scholarship. He gave certain wholesome words of advice which should prove useful to his young audience in the coming years. The preparatory boys left for their homes Friday. Following is the list of

AWARDS AND DIPLOMAS.

The Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, First Course, was awarded to Leo Joseph Vogel, McKeesport, Pa.

The Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, Second Course, was awarded to John Joseph Maltby, Chicago, Illinois.

The Mason Medal, donated by Mr. George Mason, of Chicago, to the student in the Preparatory School whose scholastic record has been the best during the school year, was conferred on John Conrad Wittenberg, Pineville, W. Va.

The Joseph A. Lyons Gold Medal for Elocution

was awarded to Joseph W. Adriansen, DePere, Wis. Ten Dollars in Gold for Preparatory Oratory, presented by Mr. Clement C. Mitchell of the class of '04, was awarded to Jeremiah Joseph Haggerty, Boston, Mass.

The O'Brien Gold Medal for the best record in Preparatory Latin, the gift of the Rev. Terence A. O'Brien, of Chicago, was awarded to Henry George Gluckert, South Bend, Ind.

Commercial Diploma was awarded to Roy Henry Jones, Silver City, New Mexico.

Certificates in Bookkeeping were awarded to Arnold Tobias Krebs, Hamilton, Ohio; Edward Francis Barrett, Minneapolis, Minn.

Certificate in Phonography was awarded to Ernest William Studer, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Preparatory Certificates for sixteen or more units of work were awarded to: Joseph Willebrod Adriansen, DePere, Wis.; Edward Francis Brucker, Toledo, Ohio; Thomas Joseph Burke, Chicago, Ill.; Francis Holgate Boos, Battle Creek, Michigan; Sylvester Jerome Burkhard, Ozark, Ohio; William Joseph Bensberg, St. Louis, Missouri; William Christopher Casey, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Joseph Edward Ciprian, Detroit, Mich.; Clarence Joseph Currey, Pontiac, Mich.; John Bert Denny, Jr., Johnstown, Pa.; Murty Michael Fahey, Toluca, Ill.; Henry George Gluckert, South Bend, Ind.; Harry Bernard Jones, Vulcan, Mich.; George Maurice Lucas, South Bend, Ind.; Gerald Joseph McGladigan, Swissville, Pa.; George Nolan McCoy, Milwaukee, Wis.; Hugo Monning, Jr., Jefferson City, Mo.; Charles Hughes Mann, Flint, Mich.; Joseph Charles Peurrung, Cincinnati, Ohio; Carroll William Sax, South Chicago, Ill.; Paul Anthony Schmitt, Cincinnati, Ohio; Thomas Fenlon Shea, Bartlesville, Okla.; Hubert Pancratius Weidner, Chicago, Ill.; Guy Francis Marshall, Rock Island, Ill.

St. Edward's Hall Closing.

The closing exercises for the boys of St. Edward's hall began Tuesday morning. Father Carroll, assisted by Father Carrico as deacon and Mr. Fernandez, O. P., as sub-deacon, sang solemn high mass in the minims' chapel. On Wednesday morning came the announcement of the honor roll and the distribution of prizes.

Father Cavanaugh, in giving a final word to these the younger members of the school, complimented them on their good behaviour and scholarship. He told them that it was easy to find smart boys, but that not often does one find smartness and gentlemanly conduct combined in such degree as in the boys of this department. He also reminded them that only in later years would they appreciate to the fullest extent, the teaching and care bestowed upon them by the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

All of the boys, with the exception of about twenty who are to remain during the summer, left for their homes Wednesday noon. Following is a list of

DEPARTMENT AND CLASS MEDALS.

Department Gold Medals were awarded to: Jose M. Gonzalez, Havana, Cuba; Walter J. Honor, Chicago, Ill.; Tryee R. Horn, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.; Mitchell C. Newgass, Chicago Ill.; Joaquin Viso, Santiago, Cuba.

Renewals were awarded to: George Shepherd, Baltimore Maryland; De Forest Stoll, Chicago, Ill.

Department Silver Medals were awarded to: Emil J. Fritch, Chicago; Wade D. MacIntosh, Fairburg, Ill.; Thos. McBride, New York City; Robert Stoll, Chicago.

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, John F. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill. Gold Medal for Excellence in Studies, Newman Wittenberg, Pineville, West Va. Gold Medal for Elocution, Julius Polakow, Chicago, Ill. Gold Medal for Debating, Gordon B. Volland, Cleveland, Ohio. Gold Medal for Letter Writing, John R. L. Railton, Chicago, Ill.

Certificates were awarded to Barrett J. Anderson, Robert E. Connolly, Benjamin J. Cox, Ray O. Cline, Harold C. Cannon, Paul G. Dixon, Emmett B. Fletcher, Willard V. Hallam, Walter J. Hebert, Gaston A. Hebert, Edgar J. Hawley, Lyman L. Huszagh, Donald M. Kasson, David Lippeat, Walton J. MacConnell, Andrew J. Moynihan, Leon Maguire, John A. Muldoon, Paul L. Mullaney, Edward W. McCarren, Arthur Nieuwland, David E. Outhouse, Robert E. O'Hara, Arthur C. O'Brien, Paul T. Quarry, Robert Risch, William O. Sturdivant, Geraldo A. Viso.

Elocution and Oratory.

PREPARATORY AND COLLEGE ELOCUTION.

Both the preparatory and collegiate elocution contests were held in Washington hall last Monday. The preparatory entries were Joseph Adriansen, Holy Cross hall, and John B. Denny, Walsh hall. The former was awarded first place by decision; the latter second as a matter of course. Not a high representation surely out of an odd three hundred preparatory students! There was a larger list of contenders for the collegiate contest, seven in all, speaking in the following order: Milroy, "The Crime of War"; Sieber, "Smiting the Rock"; Livingston, "The Deathbed of Benedict Arnold"; Ryan, "Lasca"; Cotter, "The Blacksmith's Story"; Burke, "The Deathbed of Benedict Arnold"; Twining, "The Old Home." William Burke was declared winner of the contest. The judges were Fathers Moloney, Bolger, McNamara.

FRESHMAN ORATORICAL.

On Tuesday night the Freshman and Sophomore Contests were held. Four freshmen

delivered orations. Mr. Walter spoke first on "Christianity and the Social Problem," showing that by following the Christian ideal of life we could solve many of the problems that have vexed the world for centuries. Mr. Robins followed with a strong plea for fair treatment of the Indian. Mr. Miller gave a clear, concise outline of the evils of Socialism. Mr. Linehan, who was awarded first place by the judges, delivered an oration entitled "The Guardians of Liberty."

SOPHOMORE ORATORICAL.

The Sophomore contest brought out five contenders, Messrs. Fordyce, Galvin, Milanowski, Mulcahy and Ryan. Mr. Milanowski of Holy Cross hall was declared winner in this contest. He spoke on "Socialism and the Home," and drew a vivid picture of the evil effect of such a system upon the Christian home. The subjects of the others speakers were as follows: Mr. Galvin, "The Heroes of the Alamo"; Mr. Fordyce, "Right makes Might"; Mr. Mulcahy, "Daniel O'Connell," and Mr. Ryan "Native Religion."

JUNIOR ORATORICAL.

On Wednesday evening, beginning at 7:30, the contests in oratory were concluded with the Junior offerings. S. E. Twining, of debating fame, won first place, having an oration on the subject, "The Mission of the Catholic College Man"; Allen Heiser, "The Mission of the Republic"; John F. O'Connell, "The Spoils System," and Raymond Seiber, "Toissant L'Overture," followed in the order mentioned. The contest was very creditable, which makes one regret a larger audience was not present to witness it. The judges were Rev. W. A. Moloney, Rev. P. J. Carroll, Rev. L. J. Carrico.

Dr. Pam this Evening.

Dr. Max Pam, who needs no introduction to a Notre Dame audience, will open the exercises of Commencement this evening at 8 o'clock with a lecture on the subject, "The Modern Newspaper." Although Dr. Pam is not a journalist by profession, still one may feel assured that a lawyer of his legal attainments and country-wide reputation will bring to his theme rare and discriminating judgment gathered from a wealth of experience with men and movements. Every college man should make it a point of duty to himself to be present tonight.

The Feast of Corpus Christi.

The celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi was transferred from Thursday to Sunday this year. At Notre Dame this feast is always celebrated with very special devotion. At eight o'clock solemn high mass of exposition was sung by the Very Reverend Provincial, Father Morrissey. The Rev. Fathers Carrico and Doremus assisted as deacon and subdeacon. Reverend Wm. R. Connor was Master of ceremonies.

At the conclusion of the mass a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place. In the procession were all the students of the University, the members of the community, vested priests, and many visitors. From the main entrance of the church the long line marched to Sorin hall, thence to the post-office and around to Science hall, thence to the Administration building, concluding with benediction at the main altar of the church. Altars very artistically decorated were erected in front of Sorin and Science halls and on the porch of the Administration building. At each one of these altars solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and while the procession moved from one altar to the other, many beautiful Latin hymns were sung.

The weather was ideal. The fresh, cooling breezes of the morning tempered by the warm rays of the sun made the day very pleasant. The devotional exercises of the feast of Corpus Christi make the feast one of marked significance and the memory of the celebration at Notre Dame will always be a pleasing one to the students of this year.

Obituary.

—Miss Florence M. Espy, cataloguer of the University library, has the sympathy of the University in the loss of her mother who passed away June 10th at her home in Fort Madison, Iowa. May she rest in peace.

Personals.

—Frank Madden, of the faculty of Hillsdale (Mich.) High School, called on friends at Notre Dame last Tuesday.

—John Tully (E. E. '11) of El Paso, Illinois, was a visitor at the University this week.

John, who was president of his class, expects to be on hand for the Alumni doings.

—Old friends of Oscar Trevino (student '09) of Chihuahua, Mexico, are entertaining him at Notre Dame this week.

—J. F. Hervey (C. E. '95) is County Engineer of Orange County, Texas. He may be addressed at Orange, Texas.

—Old Corbyites will recall Walter Allen (student '07). Walter is conducting a large hotel in Los Angeles, California.

—City Engineer William Moore, of South Bend, who conducted the Senior Civil Engineers' examinations, was the guest of Professor McCue this week.

—Guests of the University, the early part of the week, were Mr. Henry Wurzer (LL. B. '98), Hon. Andrew Anderson, Mr. Vitus Jones (LL. B., '03), and Mr. Joseph W. McInerny (LL. B., '06), who comprised the Law examining board.

—Mr. Terence B. Cosgrove (LL. B., '06), of Danville, Illinois, has opened a law office in San Diego, California. Terence sends his "best" to the "old boys" who will be at Notre Dame for the Commencement, and regrets his inability to join them.

—The President of the University has received the following self-explanatory letter from a librarian in Southern California. Anyone interested in this proposition may communicate direct with Mr. Perry.

LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY,

Los Angeles, Cal., June 1, 1912.

DEAR SIR:—We are in search of a young man educated in the technical and pure sciences for the position of technical reference librarian in the reference department of this Library, and we thought possibly he might be found among this year's graduates of the University of Notre Dame. He should, of course, be a young man more interested in the literature of the sciences than in their application. We could pay seventy-five dollars a month at first, and later, after he had shown himself a competent man, one hundred dollars a month.

I shall greatly appreciate it if you can suggest the name of any young man who you think would fill the position satisfactorily.

Very truly yours,

EVERETT R. PERRY.

Librarian.

—We have just received official notification that the resignation of Color Sergeant Herman Hering, U. S. A., Retired, as assistant military instructor, has been accepted by the War Department. Sergeant Hering's departure from the

University was necessitated by personal business in California. During his residence at the University he won the respect of all who came under his influence, and he carries with him the good wishes of Faculty and students without exception.

—The following letter just received from the head of the famous Pinkerton's National Detective Agency is characteristic of that large-hearted man:

137 SOUTH FIFTH AVENUE,
Chicago, June 6, 1912.

THE REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.,
President, the University of Notre Dame,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:—Thank you very much for the kind invitation to be present at the 68th Annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame.

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be present if possible. I was a student at Notre Dame in the year 1860, entering as a boy of fourteen; left there a year later, just after my fifteenth birthday to enter the army.

I have only been back at Notre Dame a half dozen times in the past fifty years, but I have watched with pride and great pleasure the growth of this magnificent institution, and always tried to keep in more or less close touch with what was going on through your valuable paper, the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. Having entered there as a boy and now, as an old man, I have none but pleasant memories of the dear old institution.

If I am in this vicinity at the time I shall certainly be present during the commencement services, but my time is so uncertain it is hard to tell where I will be at that time, but I wish you and all connected with the college, all the success and prosperity there is in this world.

With love and best wishes to all,
Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM A. PINKERTON.

Local News.

—The boys of St. Edward's left for their homes Wednesday.

—Tomorrow afternoon Corby and Walsh battle for final championship honors.

—The old cross on "Calvary" has been replaced with a new one, and the statues rebronzed.

—The Notre Dame military band gave a concert at the St. Joseph Hospital in South Bend Wednesday afternoon.

—The International Law class was examined Tuesday. Col. Hoynes says it was "probably the best class he has had in some time."

—"Hughy" Jennings, manager of the Detroit baseball club has written saying that Dubuc our one-time great Varsity twirler, will be here to pitch for the Alumni in the Varsity-Alumni game Monday.

—Yesterday, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, a feast proper to the Congregation of Holy Cross, solemn high mass was celebrated at 8 o'clock. The Rev. Joseph A. Maguire was celebrant, assisted by Revs. L. J. Carrico and Charles Doremus as deacon and subdeacon.

—Walsh hall enjoyed an impromptu self-congratulatory celebration Wednesday evening to emphasize the victories on the class and campus. Speeches were delivered in quick succession and every member of the baseball team was given a special ovation. Best of all there was a lunch ample and more, not to mention cigars to the number of several boxes. Walsh boys always do the thing right.

Athletic Notes.

Varsity Takes Series from Wabash.

Merely as a matter of record it may be mentioned that on Thursday, June 8, the Varsity defeated Wabash college at Crawfordsville, 6 to 2, in the rubber of a three-game series. Kelly was on the mound for Notre Dame, and, as might be expected, the Little Giants were powerless. But for the pair of errors chalked up against his teammates the crack southpaw would have been credited with a shutout victory, the four bingles of the losers having received material assistance in the form of "boots" by one of the substitutes. Capt. Williams was on the sick list, and final examinations in law kept Arnfield from taking part in the game. "The clouting twirler" was the sobriquet applied to Kelly in the sixth, when with three on bases, he pelted the ball to the fence that confines Ingall's field. Score:

Notre Dame	1 0 0 0 0 3 0 1 1	—6 9 2
Wabash	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1	—2 4 3

Batteries—For Notre Dame, Kelly and Gray; for Wabash, Lambert and Huffine.

Earlham Loses.

Earlham proved an easy victim for the Varsity last Saturday in the "queerest" game played on Cartier field this season—11 to 7 was the final count. The Quakers were plainly nervous, and contributed by numerous miscues early in the contest to the scoring of sufficient runs to insure the result. After the third inning

the Varsity toyed with the visitors, Wells keeping them under control without exertion. In the sixth Wells injured himself at bat and was supplanted by Kelly, who was relieved by Regan in the eighth after he too had broken into the list of injured.

Earlham 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 4 0—7 6 7
 Notre Dame 5 1 0 1 0 0 4 0 *—11 10 1
 Home run—Kelly. Two base hits—Sanders (2). Sacrifice hits—Granfield, Wilson. Stolen bases—Dolan, O'Connell, Kelly, Granfield, Bogue, Vickery, Guppy. Struck out—By Wells, 6; by Kelly, 1; by Wilcoxon, 2. Bases on balls—Off Wells, 3; off Kelly, 1; off Regan, 2; off Wilcoxon, 4. Hit by pitched ball—Regan (2); Wilcoxon, 2; Vickery. Wild pitches—Kelly, Wilcoxon. Time of game, 2 hours 10 minutes. Umpire, Crowley.

FINAL GAME AN EASY VICTORY.

Notre Dame, 14, Loyola, 2. was the result of the closing game of the gold and blue baseball season last Thursday. As the score indicates the contest was a walkaway for the Varsity. Fattened batting averages was the most noticeable feature of the game, every man in the lineup, with the solitary exception of "Cy" Farrell, contributing with one or more bingles. Regan landed a *maxima cum laude* with four safeties out of as many official trials with the willow, while Dolan, Arnfield, Gray and Kelley broke into the honor list with a pair apiece. "Prep" Wells twirled for the Varsity and displayed his ability by limiting the visitors to three hits.

Loyola 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—2 3 6
 Notre Dame 1 5 0 0 2 1 4 1 *—14 15 2
 Three-base hits—Gray, Granfield. Two-base hits—Kelly, Pechous. Stolen bases—Regan (3), Arnfield, Granfield, Farrell, Kelly. Sacrifice hits—Farrell, Granfield, Arnfield, McCoy, O'Brien. Struck out—By Wells, 9; by Quan, 3. Bases on balls—Off Wells, 4; off Quan, 5. Wild pitch—Wells, Quan (2). Hit by pitched ball—Granfield. Umpire—Hamilton. Time of game, 2 hours.

BROWNSON REVIVES.

Brownson's rejuvenated team so ingloriously routed by Corby hung the sign on the Saints last Monday. Ryan was the favored winner of Brownson's first game. His offerings did not amount to much, but St. Joseph could not puncture the good support given him.

Brownson 2 0 0 1 1 0 0 2 0—6 8 1
 St. Joseph 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 0—3 6 2
 Batteries: For Brownson, Ryan and Williams; for St. Joseph, Kane and Martin.

CORBY BOWS TO WALSH.

Some carelessness in the first inning cost Corby the leadership in the Interhall League. Walsh

opened up on Mehlem before he got started and secured one run which decided the game. S. Newning reached first on a hit, got to third on Bensberg's wild throw to first and scored on H. Newning's sacrifice. "Johnnie" settled down then and allowed only one more hit for the balance of the game. Ryan pitched superbly for Walsh and got himself out of a bad pinch in the seventh. With two on and a hit to score, he struck out Mehlem and Shea, forcing Hines to fly out. While touched for nine hits he kept them all scattered, no two following except in the seventh.

Walsh 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 2 0
 Corby 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 9 2
 Two-base hits—Cahill, Mehlem. Struck out—By Ryan, 12; by Mehlem, 8. Bases on balls—Off Ryan, 2. Double play—Cahill unassisted. Hit by pitched ball—Roach. Umpires: Quigley and Farrell.

SORIN GETS FIRMER HOLD.

St. Joseph gave Sorin another boost Wednesday by relinquishing all claim to the second game between the two halls, 10-6. Both teams hit frequently and the lead seesawed throughout. Finally Sorin took one last chance at Kane which gave the advantage never afterwards overcome.

Sorin 2 0 5 1 0 0 2 0 0—10 12 1
 St. Joseph 0 0 0 0 3 0 2 1 0—6 8 4
 Batteries—For Sorin, Devine and Arias; for St. Joseph, Boland, Kane and Martin. Home run—Lynch. Three base hit—Devine. Two-base hits—Devine, Arias. Double play—Furlong to Hayes to Arias. Struck out—By Boland, 9; by Kane, 3; by Devine, 7. Bases on balls—Off Boland, 2; off Devine, 4.

WALSH DISSOLVES TIE.

The triple leadership in the Interhall League was short lived, for Walsh ran away with Sorin Thursday, 7-3. The losers were not fit for the class of baseball displayed by Walsh and hence lost. Clever support, consistent hitting and general all-around team play were big assets in favor of Walsh. Canty had the better of San Pedro striking out eleven men and allowing only six hits. Thirteen drives were gathered off the Latin-American for a total of seven runs. McNichol and Leach featured in batting, the former hitting every time up and the latter with three out of four attempts. Arias excelled for the losers. By virtue of this victory Corby and Walsh will battle for first honors tomorrow afternoon. Score:

Sorin 2 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—3 6 2
 Walsh 3 0 1 0 2 1 0 0 *—7 13 1
 Two-base hits—McNichol, Brooke, Canty, Fish, Arias. Bases on balls—Off Canty, 3. Struck out—By Canty, 11; by San Pedro, 5. Umpire—Kenny.

THREE NOTRE DAME MEN TO THE OLYMPICS.

In the Western tryouts for the Olympic games held last Saturday in Chicago, four Notre Dame men competed and won four firsts, a second and two thirds. Philbrook took three firsts, a second and a third in the weight events, Fletcher a first in the standing broad jump and Wasson a third in the 100-metre dash.

When the team which will represent America at the classic games in Stockholm, Sweden, this summer was chosen, the names of Philbrook, Fletcher and Hebner were among the elect. Philbrook, captain of the '11 track team, will compete in the shot-put, javelin and discus throws, and in the pentathlon and decathlon; Fletcher, captain of this year's track team, will take part in the standing, broad and high jumps; and Hebner, whose merit as a swimmer is so well known that he was chosen without competing for a place on the team, will be entered in the 100-metre back stroke event, and together with McGillivery of the C. A. A. will form America's relay team in the swimming events.

All three men will wear the "N. D." and are assured of the lively interest and best wishes of all Notre Dame followers. They left some days ago for New York, and are now on board the *Finland* together with the rest of America's winning team bound for Stockholm.

Safety Valve.

Commencement Terminal Station! Remember your parcels!

FOUND—A purse containing fifty dollars between here and the church. Have decided to keep same, so loser needn't call.

WHAT WE HEAR IN OUR HOUSE.

Jokes from German class.

Debates

Bachelor Orations

Carroll kids rioting over a funny story.

TUBBY'S CLOSING EXERCISES.

On Monday morning the E. U. was awakened with a shock when word went abroad that Tubby had passed away. The night previous Bro. Hugh tied him to the gymnasium with a cable to prevent his running down to the lake to take a bath,—a precaution entirely unnecessary as it seems to us, without knocking. Death was probably due to indigestion or heart failure.

The formal exercises of farewell were held Tuesday evening at which the entire Student body and the

senior class were present. Oratory abounded and tears flowed. The St. Joe track squad passed in the flowers and Brownson baseball team presented Bro. Hugh with a loving-cup. Cotter recited "The Blacksmith's Story" and got third place. Twining gave "The Old Home" followed by the band. Mr. Miller "gave a clear, concise outline of the evils of Socialism." The crowd gave nine raps for Tubby and took up a subscription for a tablet. Brownson hall came across with a dollar and thirty-five cents. Committees have been appointed for the various other halls who are expected to make good with five hundred dollars of unpaid subscriptions as was the case in the Corby Monument Fund.

PERSONALS (1924).

Russell J. Finn (A. B. '12) visited the University Tuesday and entered Russell Jr. in Carroll hall. Mr. Finn is the same cool and refined gentleman of Senior dance days.

Rev. Bernard Lange (Litt. B. '12) is at present pastor of the Bohemian church at Pottsville, Pa. Father Lange speaks Bohemian fluently and is quiet a Bohemian besides.

Cyril Curran (A. B. '12) won a famous case, City vs. Oil Trust, in Rochester, N. Y. Cyril got a bachelorship from us and he writes us that he is still a bachelor.

Walter Duncan, the poet-laureate of the class of '12, is at present chief editor and publisher of the *Daily Gun* in his native town. Walter is firing hot shots at his political enemies.

We feel easier after the oratorical contests, thank you.

Here's hoping the Junior Class blisters ITS soft white hands with an oar.

VALE SENIORES.

If in the long days that are still ahead
You feel so mean you're sorry you ain't dead,
Forget your blues, whatever size or shape,—
Turn on the Valve, man, let your grouch escape.

If money's slow a-coming, wait awhile;
And while you're waiting, don your broadest smile.
For love of Mike, don't always hang out crepe—
Turn on the Valve, man, let your grouch escape.

Time brings her oil to soothe the sharpest pain,
The good sun warms the footprints of the rain.
Stand up there, Grad! Take trouble by the nape!
Turn on the Valve, man, let your grouch escape.

Have you taken a chance on Vale's mandolin?
Not yet.

We knew there was something in our mind: Every
Bachelor take a Batch of Good Books.

Our day is filled with Duties.

Good-bye and Good luck.

We are through.