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The Distant Land.

CHARLES J. FLYNN, '13.

SOMETIMES when morning's iris light
Is flaming in the eastern sky,
I say, "Beneath that rose and white
The blessed realm must surely lie!"
But morning's brow by noon is fanned,
And thou art still the distant land.

And oft when sunset's burnished gold
Falls warm upon the water's breast,
I say, "Beyond that glorious fold
Must gleam the islands of the blest!"
But stars steal out, a silent band,
And thou art still the distant land.

I watch, I long, I pray for thee;
Canst thou not open wide the door,
That I may enter in and be
Part of thy peace for evermore?
O send that sleep so sweet, so grand,
And thou shalt be no distant land!

Webster's Seventh of March Speech.

LOUIS J. KILEY, '13.



PLEA for justice in behalf of those whose cause he opposed, and the death-knell of his own political aspirations,—this was Webster's Seventh of March Speech. In one short hour the idol of the North was destroyed. All that years of constant opposition to the advance of slavery had done to make Webster a likely candidate for the Presidency, to crown his life, spent in public service, with the great office which he, like Clay and other noble statesmen of the time, sought so eagerly,

not for personal gratification alone but with the idea of increasing his power to serve the country, was wiped out by this one speech. The goal that was the ambition of his life was put beyond his reach forever. And why? Because he had the courage of his convictions; because he preferred to be called a traitor to his party than to know that he was one to his conscience; because he scorned to obtain the Presidency, to which he aspired, by toadying to the public opinion of any section and by advocating a breach of the Constitution to please a political party.

That Webster fully realized what would be the effects of such an outspoken statement of his opinions on such a delicate subject, especially when those opinions were hostile to the theories and destructive of the hopes of a powerful faction,—a faction which had heretofore supported and idolized him,—no one can doubt. Indeed, he voiced a premonition of his fate in his speech. He knew human nature and, knowing it, could not fail to appreciate the verdict that would be given by his party on the course he so fearlessly pursued. The men of 1850 liked no better than men of today to have their shortcomings thrown in their faces, to have their motives impugned, and their pet theories on patriotism and the cause of humanity held up to the world as unconstitutional and perilous to the existence of the Union. Those were days of party feeling so intense as to be almost fanatical. Hence the impossibility of northerners, especially the abolitionist class, seeing the justice of Webster's position.

Now that the conditions which caused this intense feeling no longer exist, it is hard for the unimpassioned reader to determine what there was in Webster's statements which could so arouse the North against him. It would seem that anger was provoked more by disappointment than by the facts to which he

gave expression. The people of the free states had come to look upon this great leader as their champion; as one who would never fail them; and they could not see the obvious truth of what he said nor the fairness of his statement of the case when his views did not correspond with theirs. The whole speech appeared to them a rank betrayal of their confidence. But an examination of it shows that Webster was no turn-coat; that he was as firmly opposed to the institution of slavery as he ever had been; that he was prepared to fight the battles of the North as earnestly as he ever had done, but that he shrank from the breaking of the Constitution as a means of effecting the ends he desired. It shows how sacred he considered the plighted word of the nation and the horror he had for the very notion of secession.

Of all the years from the adoption of the Constitution to the outbreak of the Civil War, that of 1850 was the darkest. Previous to it, measure after measure had been passed in Congress in hopes of allaying the constantly increasing hostility between the North and South. Each measure, however, only aggravated the feeling as one after another they were more or less openly violated by one or other of the parties. But in March, 1850, the supreme effort to effect a peaceful settlement of difficulties was made. The Senate of that year was the ablest ever assembled—and for the last time it counted in its personnel the great triumvirate, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun. Benton, Hale, Stephen A. Douglas, Jefferson Davis, and Seward lent additional lustre to the body.

Clay, as usual, assumed the leadership and brought forward a number of compromise measures for restoring harmony between the warring sections. His famous Omnibus Bill was passed after eight months of stormy debating. It was in the course of these debates that three historic speeches were made. Calhoun, who was slowly dying, prepared his last speech and had it read; it was an eloquent and touching appeal for the rights of the South, the granting of which alone could, in his opinion, save the Union.

The next great speech of the month was Webster's Seventh of March Speech, delivered but three days after that of Calhoun. Since his famous reply to Hayne in 1830, Webster had rightly been accorded the distinction of being America's greatest orator. It was twenty years since he had spoken on national affairs

and his views were eagerly awaited. The country was deeply agitated. The North was rebelling against the proposed Fugitive Slave Law. The South was storming against free California. Secession was openly advocated. Not the secession of a single state but the secession of all the slave states was contemplated. In such a crisis the North and even the South turned expectantly to Webster. Though weakened by old age, he rose like a giant for a final effort in behalf of the Union.

Great as was the interest with which his words were awaited, it was not unmixed with uncertainty on the part of his friends. Webster's independence of party or sectional adherence was too well known for anyone to hope that he would voice anything but his honest convictions. Their fears were well grounded. In his introduction he says: "I wish to speak today not as a Massachusetts man nor as a northern man, but as an American and a member of the Senate of the United States."

In what follows we have Webster's view of the Constitutionality of slavery as then existing in the South. That, as an institution, he disapproved of slavery can never be doubted. But he did hold that the South had the Constitution on its side in so far as the mere holding of slaves went, and that under the conditions of the same document, the North was bound to return to their masters all fugitive slaves. In this matter the South certainly had reason for complaint against the North, and Webster did not hesitate to admit the justice of the complaint. Yet he was far from centering all blame on the free states. Just as clearly and forcibly he set forth the grievances of the North against the South.

Of all the speeches of this great American statesman there is not one which surpasses that of the Seventh of March, for the clear statement of the causes of dissension between North and South, for the effects it had on the career of the orator, and the sensation it created throughout the country. It was Webster's final effort to save the Union, and a noble one it was.

Vain Hope.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow, upon the earth's hot, dusty face
Melts—in a little hour or two it's gone.

CHARLES J. FLYNN, '13.

Johann Friedrich Schiller.

ERICH HANS DE FRIES, '13.

In the fertile valleys of the Province of Württemberg is situated a small village called Marbach. The climate of this place is mild and wholesome. Mountains and valleys and meadow streams are interspersed in pleasing variety. This environment lends the place somewhat of an idyllic charm. Let us for a few moments leave the principal streets of Marbach. If we walk to the south we will soon reach an open place where a fountain plays. There we will see a small house with a broken sign hanging from the roof. A small, smoky vestibule separates the front door from the few wooden steps that lead to the dwelling rooms above. It has a very poor and commonplace aspect. A small black plaster bust on a bracket in the corner is all that reminds us that we are standing on hallowed ground. For in this place, on the tenth of November, 1759, Friedrich Schiller was born.

He was a delicate child, inheriting his mother's constitution, together with her broad forehead and kind, blue eyes. The boy had none of his father's robust health and active temperament. The influence of his father was chiefly of a religious nature. In 1765 Schiller's father was made captain in the army, and entrusted with a command that was not much to his taste. He was ordered to go as recruiting officer to the Imperial city, with permission to live in Lorch on the boundaries of Württemberg. The whole family now also lived at Lorch. It was here that young "Fritz" received his first regular tuition from the pastor of the place, Philip Moser, an intimate friend of the Schillers. He learned reading and writing and the ordinary branches of an elementary education. "Fritz" continued to go regularly to school and church, his kindness of heart and sweetness of temper winning the love of all with whom he came in contact. Life in his father's house was very frugal, for his father's salary was not promptly paid and the family had to live upon the savings of earlier days. Peace and happiness, however, reigned in the little dwelling.

In 1766 Schiller's father was recalled to Ludwigsburg. Here the bustling life in the streets soon dimmed "Fritz's" recollection of

idyllic Lorch. While at Ludwigsburg Schiller became acquainted with Daniel Schubert, the great poet and musician. "Fritz" now became a pupil in the Latin school, where he was instructed in the elements of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. At Easter 1769, Schiller had to go to Stuttgart for the state examination. Every year the pupils of the Latin school that intended to study theology were sent to Stuttgart to be examined by the teachers of the gymnasium. Young Schiller passed four of such examinations successfully.

In 1772 Schiller entered the lower convent school to pursue a several years' training in monastic discipline, preparatory to entering a theological university. Later, however, he abandoned the course to the ministry, and in 1773 entered the military school. Here he zealously devoted himself to the study of jurisprudence. Remarkable was his progress, so much so that in 1774 he received the first Greek prize. Three prominent traits are conspicuous in him at this time: his good character, his delicate health, and the poetical instinct which gradually grew to a conscious power. Schiller's first attempts were imitative rather than creative. His early works were "The Student of Nassau" and "Cosmos de Midici." On January 13, 1792, Schiller's first play was put on. It was called the "Robbers" and met with the approval of the critics. The triumph of this play awakened his tragic powers, with which in later life he wrought greater dramas.

During the first part of Schiller's young manhood he met with a great many reverses. One play which he had written called "Fiesco" proved, indeed, to be a fiasco at its first reading. This greatly injured the tender disposition of Schiller. One of his other plays was put on and the curtain was rung down on it. Schiller was so hurt by this that he took flight by night and escaped to Mannheim. He always looked back in horror on the "Fiesco," "Don Carlos," and "The Robbers."

Schiller now became befriended by another star in the heaven of German poetry. This was none other than the poet Goethe. They became such intimate friends that their names stand always together as if each had lost part of its identity in the other. Schiller was at this time writing his drama "Wallenstein." If it had not been for Goethe probably this masterpiece of dramatic art would never have seen the light. In November 30, 1798, Schil-

ler put the finishing touches to the play and notified Goethe that it was now ready to try its wings. He and Goethe directed the rehearsals with infinite patience and care. The chief difficulty was in making the actors understand the iambic metre in which it was written. The evening of the performance finally arrived; people came from near and far to see the work of such an artist. The audience was greatly pleased with its presentation, and the drama was hailed as successful.

Schiller was now in the maturity of his genius. He had a strong foundation to work upon. He was sure of his powers and aims, and was no less sure of success. The few voices that were raised against him were drowned by the nation's storm of applause. His vocation as a tragic dramatist was forever decided in his own mind, and likewise in the public estimation.

We now find Schiller busied with his second great play "Maria Stuart." On the 16th of June it was performed at Weimar. The well-known Communion scene in the fifth act threatened at first to ruin the play. But Schiller stood firm, declaring that the theatre was a moral and religious institution. Schiller himself was not a Catholic. While he spent his boyhood at Marbach, most of the people were Catholics, and Schiller used to steal away from his parents to attend the Catholic devotions and ceremonies which greatly impressed him. These early experiences no doubt influenced him greatly in the writing of his later masterpieces, "Maria Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," and others.

As a tragedy "Maria Stuart" is one of the most effective modern dramas. However, from a historical point of view it is open to sharp criticism. In this tragedy the historic element is far too greatly overbalanced by pure passion and human spirit.

Towards the end of July, Schiller had already planned his next great drama called the "Maid of Orleans." On April third, the play was finished. It was sent to Goethe for approval. Goethe returned it saying, "It is so high-toned, so good, and so beautiful that I know of nothing to compare it with." Schiller went to the writing of this play in a spirit of ardent defence against the vile defamation which Voltaire had heaped upon France's national heroine in his "Pucelle." Voltaire had summoned all the force of his wit and all the frivolity of his time to "drag the lofty down

into the dust." The pure and noble German poet aimed at restoring the character so foully misused.

The people went wild with enthusiasm at the performance of the "Maid of Orleans" at Leipsic. "Hurrah for Schiller!" was the general cry for days afterwards. In 1804 appeared his last great play, "William Tell." This play pleased everywhere. The prophetic element in it gave an electric touch to all cultivated people in Germany and likewise a thrill of foreboding.

Schiller had always been subject to fevers. In March 1805 he was confined to bed with a severe attack. Now and then he would feel strong, when on fancy's horizon he saw another great play arise. On the morning of May ninth, he became delirious, and on that same afternoon he died.

Far and near Schiller was deeply mourned. One voice of lamentation arose throughout the country. Goethe was especially struck by his friend's death, and said: "I have lost my friend, and in him half of my being." It may be said that since the days of Homer no poet has risen who has so deserved the title of teacher of nations. He lived a man and a man he left us. Schiller not only suggested, but in his works began the nation's education in idealism. He created the ideals of the nation, and converted the national feeling into the grand idea of humanity.

Since Schiller and Goethe had lived almost their whole life together, and were two of Germany's greatest poets, the question has arisen, Which of the two is the greater poet? There is not much ground for debate, and that for two reasons: First, because Schiller and Goethe are of totally dissimilar endowments in regard to matters intellectual, and can not very well be compared as poets. Secondly, if the question mean, which poet is, on the whole, rarer and more skilled, there can be but one answer. To Schiller himself this question would have been surprising. Schiller knew very well that as Goethe was a poet born, so he was a poet made. Goethe's spirit was intuitive, Schiller's scholastic. Goethe lived to perfect his natural gifts, while Schiller did not. Without asserting for Schiller any claim that his enemies may dispute, we may say that as a poet he reached the fountains of truth and beauty, and as a consequence, is seated on the highest pedestal of fame in his country.

Varsity Verse

THE DISSIPLEEN PREFEC'.

SOMEBODY here, Ay tal you what,
Somebody here, you fool heem not,
Somebody here, may goat ees got—
The Dissipleen Prefec'.

Las' week one day a skive Ay tek
Upon the Heel Street car
For Mike's, for eat one sirloin stek;—
Ay ain't go verry far.

Ay gat permission,—sure Ay gat
From Father Sorin—Eh?
Ay say Ay gon', he don' say not;—
Ees verry fayne that way.

But weeth that Prefec', man alive!
Those gag don' mek a heet;
He call heem jus' a simple skive
An gat away weeth eet!

Somebody here, Ay tal you what,
Somebody here, you fool heem not,
Somebody here, may goat ees got,—
The Dissipleen Prefec'.

ONLY ONE.

Said a fellow who came from Woonsocket
Our city's a wonder, don't knock it.
I can't but agree
Most cities have three
But we get along with Woonsocket.

THE LESSON OF THE ROSE.

O blushing rose, dew-kissed by morn,
Thy beauty rare
So charmed I little thought a thorn
Lay hidden there, and I now mourn
I found thee fair.

O friend, be true! Not like the rose
That to the eye
Seems fair when in the bud's repose,
But plucked, its cruel thorns disclose
A hidden lie.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

THE LESSON.

In clover-scented field, the lark
Sends forth his messages of cheer;
And longs to gladden weary hearts
Ere his short life be ended here.

The sportive wavelet leaps for joy
And chatters gayly with the flower;
'Tis friendly, for it feels 'twill pass
But once along this fragrant bower.

To me it seems the rill and lark
Were sent by God to make us gay,
And teach us greater kindliness,
Since only once we pass this way.

ANDREW J. SCHREYER, '14.

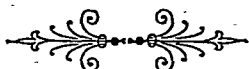
MEN AND SPARROWS.

Does the sparrow that chirps on the apple tree bough in the Spring
Ever fancy (if fancy his little brain knows),
That for him and his mate and their song the green bowers swing,
And to move the green branches the wind hither blows?

Does man, haughty man, ever think that the universe swings
In its course prearranged just for him and his breed?
Does he think every sun in creation's vast chorus but sings
For his dull human ears and no other to heed?

Yet I think that the tree wouldn't live nor the wind move along,
If the bird took away his conceit and his song.
And though he's but little and foolish and selfish, it seems
That for man every throbbing sun twinkles and gleams.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.



Demosthenes the Orator.

HENRY I. DOCKWEILER, '12.

It is safe to say that no orator either of antiquity or of modern times has taken a stronger hold upon the minds of educated men than Demosthenes. Through the fitful changes of generations, through the ebbs and flows of literary likes and dislikes, the genius and eloquence of this great Athenian have in his speeches remained as at first, and will continue to remain so just as long as general culture is esteemed and an appreciation for classical literature is fostered.

The question naturally arises, What is the secret of the Athenian's success? How comes it that all nations, of all ages, and of all languages, have conceded to him pre-eminence in the art of oratory? Indeed, as a rule, he gave forth no bombast, so captivating for audiences today; he had no humor or wit, regarded as so advantageous in modern speaking; he displayed no more than ordinary penetration; he very seldom made a sympathetic appeal to his hearers; he affected no particular learning; in a word, he abolished almost everything bordering upon so-called 'highly embellished' or 'elegant' speaking. The secret of his success is significant as it is simple. It lies in this: his vigorous common sense and his consummate mastery of the Greek language. To this must be added the fact that the great man was heart and soul in his work.

From the time that he delivered his first notable speech in 355 B. C. until his death in 322 B. C. he was the most conspicuous figure in Athenian politics. But, indeed, his lot was cast in evil times. There was in the minds of many statesmen a conviction—which later proved only too true—that the great day of the Democracy was passing, and the sunset was at hand; a golden sunset in many regards, if you will, and a long one, but nevertheless a sunset. As Pericles was the orator of Athens at the zenith of her greatness, so Demosthenes was the orator during the period of her national decadence. Of all the noble virtues which characterized their forefathers, a great attachment for the soil—"for that country the possession of which had been contested even by the gods,"—was the only heritage bequeathed to the Athenians of Demosthenes' age. And,

unfortunately, this was at its lowest ebb. Demosthenes, however, of all the orators of his day understood best how to enkindle and keep aglow this last remaining spark of public enthusiasm.

Yet, neither industry alone, nor genius alone, nor the two combined, conspired to make him the greatest orator of the old world; rather, it was the singular and inspiring idea that Athens was the natural head of Greece, and—to quote from Jebb—that "Athens must win the confidence of all the Greeks in order to guard Greece against internal or external violence," that urged him on to those masterpieces of his art by which he attempted and finally succeeded in arousing the public spirit of his countrymen in behalf of threatened Athens. Indeed, the fourteen years of his public career during which he opposed Philip constitute the most illustrious portion of Demosthenes' life. During this time his efforts centred about the one paramount object—the defeat of the Macedonian. He used every resource in his power to curb the encroachments of that formidable adversary, and while his attempts ultimately proved unavailing, still there came at least to him victory through defeat in the consciousness of a duty and life-mission well performed.

But Demosthenes was not merely an orator—one of that kind, unfortunately, only too numerous in his day—who spoke solely for the sake of talking; he was a statesman as well, and this throws greater luster upon his position as a public orator. Truly, he was a representative of the fame and glory of Athens, and in him were embodied the best elements of his age and country. He was not only the exponent of great principles upon the Bema, but also upon the streets and at his home. Demosthenes, the statesman, the citizen, the friend, was precisely Demosthenes, the orator. His convictions were so deeply rooted in his heart, that Athens and her interests were his life; and the more he found his country involved in a maze of misfortunes and difficulties, in just that proportion did his determination to extricate her grow. "It was," says one commentator, "his undeviating firmness, his disdain of all compromise, that made him the first of statesmen and orators."

It is not, therefore, hard to understand how, by reproof and commendation, by resolutions and measures suited to the occasion, by simple

facts and vigorous argument, he carried with him the sympathies of the people, and was successful in arousing that spirit which was apparently dead in the Athenian heart.

Before the time of Demosthenes there existed three types of oratory: that of Thucydides, audacious, animated, and forcing conviction; that of Lysias, quiet, persuasive, and winning assent; and that of Isocrates, which had a measure of both Thucydides' and Lysias' method—not notably nervous and energetic. Demosthenes was dominated by no one of these; rather, he gathered what was best from each school, blended them where he saw fit, and, as a result, produced a style of his own. Still, we are forced to confess, that he was not so thoroughly imbued with his own style as to be precluded from handling successfully that of any one of his great predecessors. "He seems," as one critic says, "to have had the power of carrying each individual style to perfection, and of adapting himself with equal excellence to each successive topic."

Combined in Demosthenes' style we note the grace of Plato, the nervous consciousness of Thucydides, the rhythmical flow of Isocrates, the clearness of Lysias, and the close, vigorous argument of Isaeus. To these must be added a patriotic and moral earnestness singularly the possession of the great orator.

Directness, plainness, simplicity, and clearness, are equally characteristic of Demosthenes' style. All his works are masterpieces of art, and yet, as has been aptly said, "it is the art which conceals art." Moreover, while highly artistic, they are the farthest possible removed from all that is artificial. "Substance rather than show, breadth and depth rather than superficial polish," adequately expresses the method of the greatest of the Attic orators. True, elegant figures and striking parallels are interspersed beautifully throughout the orations, but they are never used for their own sake; rather, when they come, they come spontaneously and contribute to a more forceful expression of the speaker's thought. Simple thoughts put forth in a simple way; burning emotions expressed in burning words; these appear to be the most obvious rules of Demosthenes' style. As easily as he bursts into passions of sublime declamation, just as easily does he lapse back into plain, unaffected, yet convincing argument.

Truly, we can not fail to see that the style

and manner of Demosthenes—with its anger, freedom, simplicity, and continuous blast of good, sound argument—was particularly well adapted to Athenian audiences and rightly calculated to make its impressions and win its point—if, indeed, there was any chance for winning a point.

The sentence construction in Demosthenes' work is familiarly Greek. Short, pithy sentences in the more impassioned parts of the speeches, and longer, though just as condensed, ones in unanimated discourse, form a continual rise and fall, ebb and flow, which is particularly pleasing to the ear. With regard to the matter of sentence construction it is interesting to note that Demosthenes notably resembles Thucydides at times. However, in his arrangement of words in a complete harmony—sometimes even to the extent of being rhythmical—he is singularly himself.

It was not style alone, nor style with delivery, that was the chief merit of Demosthenes' work; rather it was the combination of style and delivery with an abundance and richness of subject-matter, and a strength and skilful method in handling a continuous blast of un-fallacious arguments, that constituted the great Athenian's chief merit as an excellent exponent of the art of oratory. "Swift as waves before a gale, every word bears straight toward the goal of its purpose." In fact, we must confess, even at times we are hardly conscious of the artistic taste of the composition, while we lose the rhetorician in the sustained intensity and merciless directness of the devoted pleader and patriot of a most worthy, but unfortunately, losing cause.

The greatest characteristic, however, of Demosthenes' oratory is his moral and political earnestness. No very deep study of this gifted man's compositions is necessary to acquaint one of this fact. It was honesty that gave impetus to his feelings and force to his utterances. Indeed, it is not presumptuous to say that it forms the keynote to his power of persuasion. It glows and sometimes shoots forth like lightning from his more impassioned speeches, while it is at the same time always present as an under-current in all his subdued utterances. This earnestness was the result of great ideals of liberty, duty, and glory, together with a determination to put them into action. When the orator mounted the Bema, and addressed his audience, it was his whole heart and mind,

his whole body and spirit that spoke and sought to sway an indifferent people by nothing less than sublime 'action' set to equally sublime words.

Indeed, it is not an over-estimation of the great Athenian's speeches to say that they represent the perfection of good, sound common sense and conclusive reasoning, couched in language thoroughly adapted to persuade the orator's audiences, and, as we have said, singularly characterized by sincerity and devotion to a noble though hopeless cause. While Demosthenes' speeches were immediately directed at persons of his own day, still in theme and execution they are eminently calculated to move and win educated hearers in every age. Time has confirmed the truth of this claim.

The Apparition.

Several years ago, about Easter time, I went, according to my custom, to an old Franciscan monastery to make my confession. It was late in the evening, but good Father Ambrose was still at his post. After having confessed, I went to a dark corner of the chapel to pray. But, as is sometimes the case when praying, I fell asleep, and, upon awakening I found myself in a complete darkness. All the lights, save the silent sentinel before the altar, had been extinguished. Brother sacristan must have been unaware of my presence and locked me in, I thought. However, I wanted to make sure whether this was really the case and started for the door.

When I had taken a few steps, the clock struck; its hollow sound causing me to stand still. With beating heart I counted, one, two three . . . eleven, twelve. Twelve o'clock! Many fireside stories of ghosts and apparitions crowded into my brain. I tried to expel them from my mind, but in vain. I thought of the appearance of the devil to St. Anthony. Suppose the evil one should now come from the lower regions to visit me! I made a resolution to make the sign of the cross on the pavement, as did the saint on the altar-steps.

Scarcely had I dismissed the thought when, to my horror, I saw something coming through the center of the chapel. The sound of its footsteps scared me. I felt the cold perspiration break out and my hair stood on end. The apparition could distinctly be seen by the ghastly rays of a candle which it carried in

its bony fingers. As it came nearer it seemed to be a man dressed in a Franciscan habit, with head shaved, cheeks sunken, face pale, eyes cast down and the free hand buried in the wide sleeve. I crept as close to the pillar as I could, forgetting in my fear all about the resolution I had made. I was hoping and praying that he might not see me, but my hopes were shattered when he turned his footsteps in my direction. Now he was almost upon me, I squeezed myself as closely as possible to the unyielding column, but to no avail. His elbow touched my arm. I gave an involuntary scream and was about to flee, when he firmly caught hold of my wrist. Not a word he uttered, and I trembled so that I was hardly able to stand. He looked at me piercingly; I shrank back, but he tightened his grip. At length he spoke, his hollow voice resounding through the lofty chapel.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here at this time of the night?"

"I—," I stammered, trembling, "was locked in here. But," I gasped in foolish fear, "my time has not arrived yet, has it?"

A quiet, long-drawn smile was the only response.

"You poor fellow," said he kindly, "what are you trembling for? I am only a miserable mortal like yourself. I have come to light the lamps for matins, which begin in a few minutes."

With the mischievous smile playing about his lips he invited me to stay and join the divine praises, but I was too anxious to get home and in bed.

Freedom.

ANDREW J. SCHREYER.

WOODLAND brooks, once held as captives,

Bound by snow and icy chains,

Now are free to lisp and gambol,

Free to hum their wonted strains.

Balmy winds subdued the frost-king,

Warmth revived the fallen flowers,—

Vanished now are gloom and shadows,—

Gone are winter's cheerless hours.

When, 'mid dazzling light, the Saviour

Rose from death on Easter Morn,

He removed the sinner's shackles,

And gave peace to souls forlorn

Laudatores Temporis Acti.

Ah, the youths never tire, as they sit by the fire
 And dream of the days long ago,
 Of longing for hours amidst fragrant flowers
 Now buried deep down in the snow.

Then the months hasten by and anon 'tis July
 And the earth burns in summer's bright glow:
 They sit in the shade while they sip lemonade
 And sigh for the frost and the snow.

RICHARD V. BLAKE, '13.

 Courage.

RALPH HAVELIN, '13.

A ship without a pilot, a philosopher without religion are like the college young man without courage. A student should have a well-trained intellect, ambition, and courage,—but the greatest of these is courage. Webster tells us that this word means "the power to meet dangers and difficulties with firmness." We have many kinds of courage. That exhibited in war is called valor; that of the adventurous kind is called gallantry; and that which encounters dangers and difficulties with unbroken spirit—fortitude.

The world owes much to its men of courage—not of mere physical courage, but the kind that displays itself in silent effort and endeavor, that dares to endure all and suffer all for truth and duty. This is more truly heroic than the achievement of physical valor which is rewarded by honors and titles or by laurels which oftentimes are steeped in blood.

It is moral courage that characterizes the highest order of manhood. The courage to be just and good; the courage to be honest, to seek and speak the truth; the courage to resist temptations, to do one's duty, and to be open and "above board" with one's fellow students. If men do not possess this virtue they have no security whatever for the preservation of any other.

Every step of progress in the history of life has been made in the face of opposition and difficulty, been achieved and secured by men and students of intrepidity and valor,—by leaders in the van of thought, by great patriots, discoverers, and workers. There is scarcely a great truth or doctrine but has had to fight its way to public recognition in the face of

detraction, calumny, and persecution. And the power behind, the incentive, was invariably courage.

Socrates was condemned to drink the hemlock at Athens because his lofty teachings ran counter to the prejudices and party spirit of his age. He was charged by his accusers with corrupting the youth of Athens by inciting them to despise the tutelary deities of the state. He had the moral courage to despise not only the tyranny of the judges who condemned him, but the mob who could not understand him. He died discoursing on the doctrine of the immortality of the soul; his last words to his judges being: "It is now time that we depart—I to die, you to live; but which has the better destiny is unknown to all excepting to God."

The patriot who fights none but losing battles, the martyr who goes to his death with a peaceful mien and with joy in his heart, the discoverer like Columbus whose heart remained undaunted throughout the bitter years of his "long wandering woe"—are examples of the moral, sublime courage which excites a more profound interest in the hearts of men than even the most complete and conspicuous success. By the side of such instances as these, how small seem the greatest deeds of hysterical valor wherein men are incited to rush upon death amidst the frenzied excitement of physical warfare.

It is strong, courageous men who lead and guide and rule the world. The weak and timid leave no trace behind them, while the life of an upright and energetic man is like a path of light. His example is remembered and appreciated; and his thought, spirit, and courage continue to be the inspiration of succeeding generations.

There is indeed nothing attractive in timidity, nothing lovable in fear. All weakness, whether of mind or body, is equivalent to deformity. Courage has grace and dignity, while fear, is mean and repulsive. The utmost tenderness and gentleness are consistent with courage. We must not lose heart at reverses, but bear them bravely and await the turn of the wheel. To struggle again and again, and to renew the conflict ceaselessly—this is the program of an heroic life.

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
 And never flag till it succeed,
 Though in the strife thy heart should bleed,
 Whatever obstacle control,
 Thine hour will come—go on, true soul!
 Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal!

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—Those who know of the notable service rendered to Kalamazoo by Dean O'Brien will rejoice at the recent high recognition given to his work. He

A Deserved Recognition. has placed religion in a position of honor during his long and distinguished career as pastor of St. Augustine's Church; he has struggled consistently for the spiritual betterment of his people, by extending to them helpful encouragement in their hopes and strivings; he has been a fearless defender of public morals and decency, not only in what has concerned his immediate parish, but beyond it to the entire city of Kalamazoo. His work is evidenced in the cluster of buildings that circle around his church—the expression of daily attention to material growth of his parish; while the large affection in which he is held by the young and old among his own people, and the high respect felt for him by the citizens of Kalamazoo generally prove he has laid even deeper foundations in upbuilding human souls.

The University congratulates Dean O'Brien, and even more so St. Augustine's parish and Kalamazoo. To him the honor is welcome, not so much for his own sake, as for his people and his city. It is the appropriate crowning of a career, a just recognition of a service. Purple will not increase the worth of Dean

O'Brien, nor will any garment add to his sum of merits. But because it is the just recognition of splendid services the University, who is proud of the priest, and loves the man as a loyal and devoted son, extends to Dean O'Brien unmeasured congratulations.

—Indiana and Ohio are rain-soaked and tempest-ridden as we go to press. Dayton, Ohio, and Peru, Indiana, are flooded, and practically all enterprises, through which to carry aid are blocked. Withal the quick sympathy of the country is aroused, and ready enterprise, so prompt in other ways, will soon secure a means of ingress to the suffering cities. Messages of distress and appeals for help have never received a deaf ear in the United States. Cities and states, and the country-wide nation send out their abundance of men and food and clothing. Neither jarring factions nor narrowing politics can imprison human sympathy which sees in a suffering fellow-being not one of a particular color, race, creed, or politics, but a needy brother, one who is calling out of his pain, distress, hunger, and poverty. To him sympathy—broad as the world—gives, and gives cheerfully and abundantly. Calamities try men's souls and also prove them true.

Milroy Wins Peace at Home.

On Wednesday evening, in Washington hall, the Judges, Fathers Schumacher, Carroll, and Hagerty decided Mr. William Milroy was the best peace orator in the annual contest to win representation in the state battle which will happen later on. Not any of the three orators, Messrs. Milroy, Clements, Heiser, won unflinching honors. Mr. Heiser did not know his speech so well; Mr. Clements was, let us say, too urbane a person, oratorically considered. Mr. Milroy had good voice and good language, but there was not much peace in the matter of his production. No doubt these young men could give explanations that would clarify, and show the Why of the Why not. That, however, is a detail one may consider at one's later leisure. Also one wonders why more do not enter the battle since it is surely no small honor to represent the school in an intercollegiate state contest.



Dean O'Brien Domestic Prelate.

It was a source of genuine pleasure to his many friends at the University when news came of the elevation of Very Rev. Frank O'Brien of Kalamazoo, Michigan, to the dignity of domestic prelate. Coming as it does direct from the Holy Father, the honor is a notable one, indeed. Mgr. O'Brien is a distinguished alumnus of the University, having received the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1895.

The following letter from the Apostolic Delegate is the first official information of the high honor conferred:

RT. REV. FRANK A. O'BRIEN, LL. D.,
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

RIGHT REV. AND DEAR MONSIGNOR:—It gives me great pleasure to send you, herewith enclosed, an Apostolic brief by which Our Holy Father the Pope bestows upon you the title and honor of Domestic Prelate. I am sending you also a copy of the Holy Father's motu proprio "Inter multiplices curas," in which the privileges attached to this title are explained.

Permit us, my dear Monsignor, to offer you our warm and heartfelt congratulations on this well deserved distinction that is conferred upon you by the Holy Father. While it is a recognition from His Holiness of your many virtues and of the splendid work that you have accomplished in the service of our Lord, it will be an encouragement for you to continue with renewed zeal and energy in that field of labor that has been assigned to your care by Divine providence.

Easter Day.

The conventional sunshine and gladsome earth were entirely absent from our Easter Sunday of 1913. Instead a gloomy sky hung low above the soaked fields and rain fell continuously.

The Sacred Heart church was the scene of the usual gorgeous setting of services, consisting of solemn high mass, sung by Rev. Father Schumacher, and a special program of music by the choir. A large number of outsiders were present at the mass.

The sermon on the "Resurrection of Christ" was delivered by Rev. Father Thomas Irving. The doctrine of the Resurrection, he said, is one of the most important doctrines of the Church. If Christ did not rise glorious from the tomb of death, then our whole religion is in vain, for the Resurrection is the Church's foundation on which she bases her belief in Christ's divinity.

The glory of the Resurrection, he further said, is linked with the sorrows of Calvary and the agonies of Gethsemane. The torn and mangled body of Christ is laid in the tomb Good Friday. Death is triumphant and Christ will only be remembered now in history as a failure. But no, on Easter morn He rises glorious from the sepulchre. The bloody sweat of Gethsemane and the noble sacrifice of Calvary have not been in vain! Thus it is with all the achievements of men. Success is never wrought without a sacrifice; the glory of the Resurrection is never realized without the dereliction of Calvary. Like our divine Redeemer we must make a Calvary out of our lives by foregoing all sensual pleasures and living a life of sacrifice, and thus we may rest assured at the hour of death of the glory of our own resurrection.

The Senior Play.

Unvarying excellence from year to year has caused the annual Senior play to become firmly established as the "best theatrical production of the whole school year." Each succeeding one is accepted as such, and with that criticism it is relegated to the archives of past achievements. Yet it is not merely to subscribe to convention but rather to state an indubitable fact that we follow custom regard-

ing the presentation of the Class of 1913, and accord it a position of prominence among the best that have gone before.

All three requisites for a successful production—clever selection, individual talent, and skilful direction—contributed in full measure to the triumph scored by "A Night Off." This clever comedy is constructed around an old college professor; a Roman tragedy he has written, and the production thereof. It involves his own household and various other characters in a series of highly diverting situations.

Raymond Joseph Sieber, as Justinian Babbitt, the professor and *soi-disant* playwright, was convincing and effective. Mr. Sieber's conception of the probable conduct of a gray-haired university instructor under the most startling exigencies, as manifested in his portrayal of the part, was enhanced by the fortunate fact that his appearance coincided admirably with all pre-conceived ideas of what a college "prof" should look like. Whether conniving with the itinerant actor or cringing before the austerity of Mrs. Babbitt, the professor was a real entity, and Mr. Sieber is deserving of the highest praise for his skilful interpretation of the rôle. Harry Damask, son-in-law of the hapless professor, reflected the suavity and blasé self-possession of William Edward Cotter. The mustaches and well modulated laugh were new, however, and tended to give the impression that our athletic manager had blossomed forth as a full-fledged villain. But it transpired that the son-in-law, like the professor himself, was but a well-meaning victim of circumstances.

Jack Mulberry, who pursued fortune with indifferent success and succumbed readily to the charms of the fairer sex, was an interesting figure, who at times quite monopolized our attention. William Michael Galvin created a real character, and never gave his audience an opportunity to remember that the young Englishman was William himself—convincing proof of superior ability.

Sideburns and an air of aggressive cordiality transformed the debonair John Francis O'Connell into a plausible Englishman who wisely refrained from working the accent "gag" to death, and convinced by wholesome moderation.

Patrick Henry Cuning, as Marcus Brutus Snap, impersonated the nomadic Thespian with a real talent and nice discernment that insured a perfect success. The rôle of the "ham-fat"

actor involved probably more exacting business than any other in the cast, yet Mr. Cuning rose to all occasions with distinctive ease. He was flawlessly merged into his part and held the undivided attention of the spectators.

Cecil Edward Birder as Nisbe Babbitt sustained his reputation as among the finest impersonators of feminine rôles that the University has boasted in years. We have seen Birder on previous occasions when we thought his acting left but slight room for improvement, yet he fairly eclipsed all previous attainments in his impersonation of "the youngest imp." His costuming and technique evolved a "heroine" that even a legitimate star might have envied.

Leon Peter Gendron made his debut as a demure maiden, and invested the character of "Susan, the brassiest," with a charm we must ascribe to inherent ability—the same natural aptitude that contributed so largely to his success as David Garrick. Mrs. Zantippa Babbitt as portrayed by William Neil Hogan was the epitome of Puritanical propriety. Mrs. Babbitt completely dominated the scene, and incidentally the professor and son-in-law, and as depicted by Mr. Hogan she would have easily qualified as a militant suffragette.

Angelica Damask—ah yes, the eldest! Angelica "in private life" is none other than Edward Fyans Peil. In fact we sensed as much during the performance, for despite the elaborate coiffeur and dulcet accents, there was an indefinable something about the petite Angelica that vaguely suggested Edward. Mr. Peil played a difficult and exacting part most creditably, and materially added to the afternoon's entertainment.

Gilbert Marcille had only one chance to make good, but we would gladly have seen more of the choleric little usher.

Every character, then, was well drawn, every scene well acted. "A Night Off" was singularly free from the stiffness and constrained atmosphere that mars too many amateur performances.

But behind the reading of the lines, and antecedent to the technique and skill of the actors, we recognized a dominant influence. The genius that was stamped upon the stage direction, upon the performance of each individual, and upon the cast as a whole was that of Professor Charlemagne Koehler. His inimitable originality, his wide experience and pronounce-

ability were discernible in every detail. His national repute as an actor prepared us for great things, but the actual performance of "A Night Off" under his management, surpassed the most sanguine anticipations.

To the persistency, perseverance and ability of the performers, and the tireless zeal of Professor Koehler must be attributed the great success of a production that deserves first rank among the best plays ever presented on the local stage.

Electrical Engineers at Elkhart.

Thursday afternoon, March 13, the upper classmen of the Electrical Engineering Department journeyed to Elkhart on their third inspection trip of the year. The hydro-electric generating system of the Indiana-Michigan Electric Company, at Elkhart, was the main object of interest. With Chief Engineer Morris as guide not a detail of this most modern plant was overlooked.

Following this careful investigation, the party was received at the factory of the Kuhlman and Manager Johnson explained every detail in the construction of a transformer. Mr. Johnson also delivered an instructive lecture on the use of reactance coils in series tungsten lighting.

On the whole the afternoon in Elkhart is declared to be one of the most beneficial trips ever taken by the engineers. Much appreciation is due Professor Green, through whom the trip was arranged, and Engineer Morris and Messrs. Kuhlman and Johnson for their share in making the excursion a success.

Apostolate Library Notes.

The following is the number of readers in each of the halls during the months of January, February, and March: Brownson, 91; Carroll, 45; Holy Cross, 36; Sorin, 24; Walsh, 22; St. Edward's, 22; Corby, 16; St. Joseph's, 20; Total number of readers, 276.

The director of the library wishes to thank Messrs. L. Barrett and S. Burns for a beautiful copy of Mark Twain's "Life of Joan of Arc." Dr. James J. Walsh very kindly sent three of his most popular books to the director, and promised to give any others that should be desired. Two very fine works of fiction have

been added to the library, namely, the "Golden Rose" by Mrs. H. Fraser and J. L. Stahlman, and "Come Rack! Come Rope!" by Benson. Three copies of the first and two of the second are available for the patrons of the library.

Society Notes.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

On Easter Monday night the Holy Cross Literary Society held an interesting meeting. Mr. Dillon played a piano solo "La Grace." A short paper on "The Origin of Parliamentary Law" was read by Mr. Dolan. "An Oregon Pumpkin" was the subject of a humorous dialogue by Messrs. Boland and Margraf. Mr. Luzny's essay, "Quo Vadis," interested the society very much. A recitation in dialect by Mr. Frank Brown followed. Mr. MacGregor entertained the society with a splendid cornet solo. Impromptu speeches by Messrs. Weidner, Coyle and Lyons concluded the program.

Personals.

—Fabian Johnston (E. E. '12) passed a few hours at Notre Dame on Easter Sunday. Fabian is with the Keokuk Electric Company, Keokuk, Iowa.

—Notices from Rock Island, Illinois, boost James "Checanse" Murphy (LL. M. '00) as a Notre Dame man who is making his mark in professional circles.

—George Rempe, Corbyite of some years ago, motored from his home in Chicago to the University last Saturday, and spent a few hours with the fellows.

—The old boys who came to partake of the Senior delights of last Monday included Carmo Dixon of Toledo; Russell Finn (A. B. '12) and Edward Weeks of Detroit.

—"Bill" Hayden (M. E. '12) of Chicago called at the University during the Easter holidays. "Bill" expects to be on hand for the Alumni reunion in June.

—Harry Hogan (LL. B. '04) and George Neiser, an old student, were prominent figures in the rescue work effected in Fort Wayne during the floods of the week.

—"Will" McEniry, a former student at the University, and his brother "Matt" (LL. B. '81) send their best regards to the boys of their time and hope to meet them all at Notre Dame

in June. Will and Matt constitute the law firm of McEniry Brothers of Moline and Rock Island, Illinois.

—Leo Corboy of Chicago, a University student till '11, was the guest of friends at Notre Dame during the Easter vacation. Leo is connected with his father in the manufacturing business.

—Our old friend, Francis "Turk" McHugh, enjoyed a few days of his spring vacation with us this week. "Turk" says he would be here for Commencement were it not that the contracting and paving business of Seattle, Washington, keeps his father and himself busy during that period. Glad to see you any time, "Turk."

—The Rev. James J. Quinn (A. M. '83) of Rock Island, Illinois, is to be congratulated upon the approaching dedication of a new Catholic High School in Rock Island. The institution, which is thoroughly modern in every detail, is a credit to this old alumnus of Notre Dame, and a splendid addition to Catholic school property. Father James Cleary, a brother of our friend, Ed, is an assistant to Father Quinn.

Obituary.

The deep sympathy of the SCHOLASTIC is extended to Mr. Clarence E. Carey (Commercial '98-'02) of Utica, Illinois, on the death of his uncle, Mr. Charles A. Carey, an old Notre Dame student. Mr. Carey's death which occurred at Hot Springs, Arkansas, March 7th, was due to an accident—an explosion of natural gas. May his soul rest in peace!

Mr. E. J. Howard (A. B. '12) has the sympathy of the whole University on the death of his father who departed this life on March 20, at Bellows Falls, Vermont. May he rest in peace!

Calendar.

Sunday, March 30—First Sunday after Easter.

Practice for singing Quartet after Mass.

Monday—Philopatrian Meeting, 5:00 p. m.

Alex Skovgaard Concert Co., Washington Hall, 4:30 p. m.

Senior Prep Meeting, 7:30 p. m.

Debating Finals, Washington Hall, 7:30 p. m.

Wednesday—Phidelah Rice, Reader, Washington Hall

Thursday—Varsity Baseball Practice, 9:30 a. m.

First Friday Confessions, 6:30 p. m.

Friday—First Friday in April.

Local News.

—The last examinations before the finals in June are due in early April. Don't forget to make ready for them.

—Guests of members of the Senior class who were present at the senior ball stayed over Tuesday and saw the University.

—The Senior play and ball being now of the past, the Seniors have time left to put the finishing touches on graduation theses.

—Losr—A gold watch, Waltham movement. monogram "W. D. C." engraved on back. Return to 338 Walsh hall and receive reward.

—The University held itself in readiness to respond to the mayor of South Bend's appeal for help in behalf of the flood sufferers.

—Brownson Literary is contemplating a getting together in the near future to decide who are to be representatives in the coming debate.

—Corby hall at last enjoys new and strictly up-to-date showers. Mr. Al King was the first to try them out and declares that he is altogether satisfied.

—On Thursday the priests residing here and at South Bend held their regular quarterly Conference at which a number of excellent papers were read.

—Do not forget to put yourself in readiness for the K. C. initiation. Have all papers properly filled out so you will not have to rush at the last moment.

—The annual interhall track meet scheduled to take place before Easter was postponed for a week in order to give the athletes an opportunity to get into shape.

—The Indianapolis boys who went home at Easter are among those who have not yet reported. The general railroad tie-up may hold them off a number of days yet.

—Fortunately most of the students who went home Easter got back before the trains were put out of commission. The five per cent rule works well in many directions.

—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—every one of them a class day with no breathing space between. Then the big ado the Faculty makes about four free days at Easter!

—The minim's toboggan is down and gone.

That means the official announcement King Winter has bowed himself out. But Thursday's six inches of snow shows that the official announcer is incompetent.

—In our last week's issue we printed a very good bit of verse, "My Sweetheart," under the name of Joseph Byrne, '19. Our mistake. Mr. Paul Byrne, '13, is the author.

—The singing of the Holy Cross Seminary choir at the Holy Week services was much above the ordinary. Not in years have the psalms and harmonized quartettes been rendered in such rare good taste.

—Manager Kiley of the 1913 *Dome* sent out a circular letter to alumni last Thursday. It was a "trade-getter" for subscriptions commenced coming in on Friday, the first from Byron Kanaley of Chicago.

—The Senior Ball is gone. But that doesn't close the social season. Not by a long shot! The Sophomores have begun activities, and promise to give their cotillion the last week in April. Committees will be announced later.

—Frank Stanford, E. S. Twining, and Louis Kiley are unmistakably busy these days. With *Dome* cares weighing down the shoulders of these worthies one does not wonder they look so solemn and carry themselves in a manner so sedate.

—So we have to wait until May 30th before the new Senior flag will float above our heads! Yes, for this particular custom is an N. D. tradition of very long standing. And what day could possibly be more appropriate than Decoration Day? We will bide our time and wait, even though we do hate to see the tall flag pole without its inspiring burden.

—For many years there was a custom here at N. D. to form social organizations known as State clubs. The Illinois club, Pennsylvania club, and Indiana club were generally the largest and most active. This praiseworthy custom, sad to say, has in late times fallen into disuse; but from the ashes of the old Indiana club there has arisen a modern phoenix in the form of the Indianapolis club. From the first it has been progressive. Now the members are planning a banquet at the Oliver for next Tuesday evening. That's the spirit, boys. From now on we're your booster!

—Sunday after Sunday, we see the long lines of rigs hitched at regular intervals on the

St. Joe road just the other side of Walsh. Heavy farm wagons, carriages, phaetons,—in short, every known kind of rural vehicle—is pressed into service to carry the farmers and their families to mass. The line-up reminds some of us forcibly of a scene resembling market day in Kalamazoo or Squashville. All men—even farmers—are human, and are subject to human frailties such as a liking for ease and comfort. It takes a *real* religion to make a man drive ten or twelve miles to church on his only day of rest.

Athletic Notes.

An invitation meet held under the auspices of the Missouri Athletic Club at St. Louis, March 15, gave the Notre Dame track squad an opportunity to wind up the indoor season in one of the classiest gatherings staged in the Middle West in years. Team entries from the universities of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Notre Dame, as well as a strong representation from minor colleges and club organizations including the Chicago Athletic Association and Illinois Athletic club, brought an array of talent not often equalled in this section.

Captain Plant, Wasson, Pritchard, Henihan, Birder and Rockne composed the Notre Dame entry list. A special 440-yard dash between Meridith of Pennsylvania, Lindberg of the Chicago Athletic Association and Plant was one of the features of the meet. Wasson was billed as one of the competitors in an all-star invitation 50-yard dash that included Lippencott of Pennsylvania, Reller of Cornell, McCawley of the Missouri Athletic Club and Ward and Belote of the Chicago Athletic Association. Wasson qualified in the preliminary heat, but a poor start in the final gave him fourth place on a hair-line decision by which Lippencott was placed third. Less than a yard separated the four men at the finish.

A special dual relay race between Notre Dame and the Chicago Athletic Association team was forfeited by the Chicago club through an injury that prevented Ward from running. The gold and blue team entered the open intercollegiate relay and took second place to the University of Illinois team. Rockne was entered in the shot put and with a handicap of eight feet took third honors.

Safety Valve.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

At 7:30 (Saturday evening) the dramatic talent of English IV will present *Hamlet*, by Mr. William Shakespeare, with the following distribution of characters:

Mr. Claudius—a King of Denmark.....Mr. Al King
 Mr. Hamlet—the heroMr. J. Dundon
 Mr. GhostMr. J. Smith
 Mr. Polonius—an old and foolish man ..Mr. E de Fries
 Mr. Horatio—a young manMr. J. Havlin
 Mr. Laertes—another young man.....Mr. F. Breslin
 Mr. VoltimandMr. Pete Mulcahy
 Mr. CorneliusMr. Ed Roach
 Mr. Rosencrantz a Jew.....Mr. E. Sheehy
 Mr. Guildenstern another Jew.....Mr. A. Schreyer
 Mr. OsericThe First and Only
 Miss OpheliaMr. C. Flynn
 Queen GertrudeMr. F. Gushurst
 Citizens—Messrs. Twining, Blake, Byrne, Frawley,
 Geiger, Kehoe, Fanelli.

Turba—Messrs. Burke, Stanford, Clements, Dillon,
 Brown, Heiser, and others.

Assistants to Turba—Messrs. H. & D. Newning,
 Peil, Tomczak, Luzney.

Two Clowns—Several being considered. To be
 announced later.

Captains, soldiers, spades, a coffin, a dead man, trees,
 a house, water to drown Ophelia, and several dumb
 animals. Characters will appear on regular program.

Practically every seat is taken, including the or-
 chestra section. Mr. Dundon appears as Hamlet
 in his farewell appearance. Audience will please
 remain seated during performance, no matter what
 happens. Reserve applause for grand finale when
 Hamlet, King, Queen and Laertes are all killed off
 together. Death in this instance will be by shooting
 according to our interpretation.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY.

(Being the Staff.)

Burke, W. J.—Small but Wise. Always gets favor-
 able notice in the write-ups of H. C. Literary. Didn't
 try out for Debates as he was quite busy with his
 Latin at the time, or said so to get Drag and Diploma.
 May finish this year. Born in Chicago, '94, but is
 out-living it. Striking characteristic—faint smile.

Burns, J. T.—President of Sen. Class and led grand
 march. Will study medicine, but just now trifling
 with English. Comes from Kalamazoo and has
 a jerk, certainly my conscience, at dear old St. Joe.
 Age uncertain, but probably over 15.

Galvin, W. M.—A Junior in Ph. B. Was in play
 and made a big hit. Was in debate prelims and
 placed. Was on D. L. for Eng. IV. Born in Texas
 and incorporates same in signature. Sane enough
 otherwise. Wrote a story about Queen in Forbidden
 Palace which was considered clever for the time
 being. Hangs around printing press when not busy.
 Tall and tan. Has a room. We knew him as a
 child.

Hayes, A. J.—Webster's Unabridged turned loose

on the Entire Student Body. Has said in our hear-
 ing that a "Person in his Town was hilariously in-
 toxicated," referring to a big bender. Would make
 a hit with ladies, however.

Kiley, L. J.—Gentle, genial, genteel. Lives in
 Sorin and manages our Annual. Walks with Herr
 and expects to get a Ph. B. as well as the other fellows.
 Comes from Rochester and made speeches in the
 Brownson Lit. Should be 18 from his looks; but
 because of his wisdom might be in the neighborhood
 of 50.

Milroy, W. J.—Reads law. Minority Leader in
 Senior Law class. Orator and Debater. Has con-
 ceived stacks of editorials in our day and executed a
 couple. Is full of Woman Suffrage. Taller than
 Burke, but not so decidedly Grecian in type of beauty
 as Twining.

Norckauer, M. J.—A veritable Cassius. Beware
 of him He thinks too much and writes poetry.
 Author of "The Easter Sequence." Great! We
 read it through, especially all the Latin quotations.
 Hasn't the classic mould of Frank Stanford. But,
 gentlemen, what would you? We can't all be a Tommy
 Furlong or an Apollo Belvidere. Motto: Studious,
 sedentary, sedate.

O'Neil, T. F.—His picture is like him, only you
 should see him radiate a smile! An easy course man,
 expecting to Ph. B. it in June. Walks to town and
 smokes at same time. No, we can not say if he
 intends marrying after finishing up. Besides, we do
 not consider this any of the Public's business.

O'Connell, J. F.—Associated with William Cotter.
 What more should a man ask for in the course of one
 short life? Is writing biography of William, giving
 17 chapters to what he felicitously calls "Happy
 William's Minim Days." John is handsome, but has
 never had a woman's part in any of our local theat-
 ricals. We have had the honor of conversing with
 him on a few occasions.

Stanford, F. C.—Mr. Stanford is a poet and writes
 charming love songs in a minor key. If you haven't
 met Mr. Stanford, do so soon. You will find him a
 modest man who has beaten the Management of the
 Sorin billiard table a game or two of an evening.
 In addition he art edits the *Dome* and supervises all
 the *Scholastic* bad poetry—of which there is an abun-
 dance, thank you.

Twining, S. E.—When the *Dome* shall have been
 completed Mr. Twining's name shall have been in-
 scribed among the truly great. *Busy* is the word
 that adjectives our Simon E. quite properly. He is
 always reading *Dome* copy—usually humorous tit-
 bits. Does not smoke though it is rumored that
 he cursed a time or two. He comes from Bowling
 Green.

Walsh, J. E.—Mr. Walsh is an engineer and a very
 pronounced figure in the regular weekly meetings of
 the Engineering Society. He thinks the reports of
 this organization are much too brief, and has drawn
 up a document of protest to this effect. He writes
 all the personals about the old fellows; so if any alumni
 have served a prison sentence let Joseph know. Brun-
 nette, cheerful, studious,—a man with a future.