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## The Dawn.

LOUIS P. HARL, '16.

WHEN Phoebus' chariot climbs the mountain side,  
Where sullen Night, deep flank'd with clouds,  
holds sway,

Leads down his hosts in broad and bright array  
Of light and color—an o'erwhelming tide—  
That onward through the heavens boldly ride  
Against the Night, that frowning blocks his way;  
Begins a battle twixt the Night and Day,  
That with its glories fills the heavens wide.

Swift fall the sun's bright shafts; off flees the Night,  
Leaving the morn more glorious from the fight.

So in the soul a fight's forever fought  
Twixt night and light. When night has fled, the morn  
Of God's own sunshine in the soul is wrought,—  
'Tis nobler, purer, from the battle borne.

## Charles Warren Stoddard.

THOMAS F. O'NEILL, '13.



HE lives of few American men of letters are so romantic or so interesting as that of Charles Warren Stoddard. He was a Bohemian of the higher type; a man who heard the call of far-away lands, and answered with an eagerness born of a love for roaming. More than once occasion found him on an obscure island in the South Pacific with not enough money to pay his passage back to the United States. When such occasions arose he would feverishly write off several sketches,—fresh, vivid, and appealing pictures of life in those South Sea Isles—and mail them for publication to some California newspaper. The money he received for these would enable him either

to come back to this country, or to transfer himself to some new and more interesting place. Thus he lived throughout the most romantic part of his life, an imaginative and impressionable person; a man whose home, as he himself said, was always "under his hat."

He was born in Rochester, New York, August 7, 1843. Soon after his birth his family moved to New York City. From there they moved to San Francisco, in 1855. Young Stoddard's first employment was in a book-store. Here, between the times when he was actively engaged as clerk and errand boy, he began to write verse. Thomas Starr King discovered the ability of the young poet, and urged him to go to school and study. Poor health, however, obliged him to give up plans for a college education. It was through King that he became acquainted with Bret Harte, who, recognizing Stoddard's unusual talents, took a personal interest in his literary development. Under Harte's critical and stern guardianship he was disciplined into care and thoroughness. As a biographer has said: "Poetic license might then be allowed to his thought, but none to his verse." In 1864 he visited the South Sea Islands, and from there he wrote his "South Sea Idyls." These, now published in book form, originally appeared as letters to a San Francisco newspaper, and contributions to magazines. Of them William Dean Howells has said: "They are the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that were ever written about the life of that summer ocean."

Stoddard made three other trips to the South Pacific, and a record of his experiences during the time which he spent with the simple savages of the island is contained in many sketches all describing in a sympathetic manner and charming style the habits of those far-away people. He visited Father Damien, on the lonesome leper island, and as a testimonial to the work

of the heroic priest wrote "The Lepers of Molokai." This, with Stevenson's famous "Open Letter," did much to establish Father Damien's true position in public esteem.

Besides the "South Sea Idyls," his better known productions are: "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes," "The Island of Tranquil Delights," "Exits and Entrances," and "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska;" the latter is a record of a vacation after his first year as a teacher at Notre Dame University. He was at Notre Dame for two years, from 1884 to 1886, resigning on account of ill health. Later, from 1889 to 1902 he was professor of English Literature at the Catholic University, in Washington, D. C.

All of Stoddard's literary work, with the exception of a novel, and a book of poems edited by Bret Harte and illustrated by the famous Californian artist, William Keith, is in the nature of letters to newspapers or magazines. He was essentially a letter writer. The San Francisco *Chronicle*, in 1873, sent him to Europe to act as a special travelling correspondent. This commission took him five years, during which time he travelled all over Europe, writing the results of his observations to the *Chronicle*.

Although most of Stoddard's work is contained in his prose sketches,—and it is these for which he is particularly noted—the quality of his poems; both those in his "Book of Poems" and later scattered verses, would entitle him to recognition. It will be remembered that his first literary attempt was in verse. This poetical quality of his nature was what contributed the charm to all that he wrote. To it may be attributed his power of giving vivid pictorial effects, and the keen observation which neglected not even the trifles and details. An example of his power of suggestion is to be found in the poem "The Cocoa Tree."

Cast on the water by a careless hand  
Day after day the winds persuaded me;  
Onward I drifted till a coral-tree  
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand  
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,  
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

The sea birds build their nests against my root  
And eye my slender body's horny case.  
Widowed within this solitary place  
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;  
Joyless I thrive, for, no man may partake  
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

No more I heed the kisses of the morn;  
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;

I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,  
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,  
While all my fibres stiffen and grow numb  
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that never come!

The fact that Stoddard is not so generally well known as many writers of lesser merit may be due to the fact that his writings consist mostly of scattered sketches and a few poems. That he was held in highest estimation by those nearest in touch with the literary world can easily be proven by the host of literary acquaintances which he made, and by the respect which men of letters had for him. He numbered among his friends some of the foremost writers and critics of his time. He was associated with Bret Harte, and contributed much to the *Overland Monthly* of which Harte was editor. Stevenson was one of his closest friends; he was an admirer and the admired of Rudyard Kipling; while Mark Twain and William Dean Howells, whom he knew well, held him in highest esteem.

Personally, Stoddard was a man of charming character. He has been styled a mystic and a recluse, but his imaginative disposition and retiring nature were not of such sort as to make him distant and unapproachable. As a matter of fact, his whole person lent itself to attract. In the words of one of his friends, "There was that in his nature that irresistibly attracted men and women of thought, refinement, culture, and character. He was essentially simple-hearted, pure-souled, impulsive, and full of love for every living creature."

### The Return.

HUGH V. LACEY, '16.

Peter placed the decanter close by my elbow and stood nervously beside me. On his face was the same old worried expression that he had worn nightly ever since I took up with my liquid friend.

"That'll be all, Peter," I said to him. He turned and went softly from the room.

Outside the night is chilly and penetrating. For a week it has been so, with a drizzly February rain beating against the house and a bitter wind rattling the windows in their casements as it goes sweeping by. The house is warm, and a glowing log in the fireplace is doing its best to make the room cheerful, but it is an impos-

sible task! The old place is too empty for that. There are just Peter and myself, since Theresa went away,—Peter and myself and the decanter. It takes voices,—women's voices and children's, to bring real cheer.

"Forty-five and nineteen," Theresa's note had read. Perhaps I should have long ago seen the incongruity of it, she with her everlasting youth and longing for gayety, and I with my middle-aged ideas, my smug contentment, and my devotion to books. Books—I scarcely ever read them now. Already I have given them too much of my time, wasted precious hours with them while she played joyously with other companions. No, I seldom read now. My days are spent in wandering about the house and in occasional roving into the wood just behind. My nights are—well, Peter always places the decanter close by my elbow, stands nervously beside me for a while until at my "That'll be all, Peter," he turns and goes softly from the room, returning at about eleven o'clock to help me to the bed over there in the corner.

For a while after Theresa left, a few of the old friends used to come to see me evenings, but one by one they discontinued their coming until now there are only Peter and I,—Peter and I and the decanter. But I don't mind. They wanted me to return their visits or go out with them nights as I used to, but of course I couldn't do that. What if Theresa would return some night and I should not be home to receive her? Peter is almost entirely deaf to door-bells and her ring would be a timid one. No, I couldn't go away at night. And then at home there is always so much to think of. She has left so many little traces of herself about the house—the basket where the kitten sleeps, the ribbons with which she held back the curtains, the centerpiece on the dining-room table, that she had embroidered during that winter, and the geranium that she herself had started. Theresa so loved flowers. The plant is thriving too, and I am glad. There are a thousand and one things which speak of her. Only a week ago I found her tiny red slipper wedged in behind the clothespress, and I have since run across a hairpin in amongst a bunch of my old collars. "Forty-five and nineteen,"—oil and water. I should have known. She has littered my useless life with memories.

Of course she does come back to me nights, as I sit in my Morris chair and look straight

toward the window,—always when I look straight toward the window, with the decanter beside me a little more than half empty. She used to come earlier during the first days, six months back or a year, or was it two years? I forget now, but Peter—he knows. That was before my hand got to trembling so when I poured the first glass, but now she comes when the decanter is more than half empty,—always when it is a little more than half empty. I look toward the window. The shade is drawn so that part of the window-pane shows beneath it. Peter fixes that. Peter knows exactly how.

Then she peers at me from beneath the shade, so vague and indistinct, but I watch very closely, and pretty soon, with a kind of magic, she comes out of the blackness and is here. She looks so gay and beautiful. Her eyes are wide-open, happy eyes, dancing recorders of joyous thoughts, and her cheeks are flushed with the warm blood of her everlasting youth. There is a loosely-piled mound of brown on her head, and the soft, contrary strands of it which break away from the heap, wreath themselves around the full oval of her face so that when the light from my lamp touches them they are all gold. She smiles at me—she always smiles at me—as on the day we first met when she came out to visit at the farmhouse down by the turn of the road. After a little while she goes away and my decanter is empty and Peter returns to help me to the bed over there in the corner. My nights are very happy.

In the beginning, so real did her presence seem that I used to start from my chair and stretch out my arms to her, but I don't do that any more. There is really no use. It only drives her away, so now I just sit here and look at her and rejoice in her smile until the decanter is empty and Peter comes to help me to bed.

Last night was so different. That's why I write. I was seated by the table and looking toward the window. Peter had fixed the shade and the lamp was burning very brightly so that the loose unruly strands which wreath her face would be very golden. Already she was coming. She was still very vague, and it was only in imagination that I could see her smiling at me as she did the day when first we met. Then came another face, suddenly vivid, that blotted out the faint image of the former, and it was still Theresa's face, but my heart was

wrenched at the sight. She was changed. The hair was done in a careless knot on her head and the loose wisps that had broken away from the heap seemed wet and straggled and there was no glint of gold in them, though the lamp was burning very brightly. Her cheeks were thin and wan with a chalky pallor that contrasted strangely with the carmine of the lips. Surprise and disappointment overcame me and I was about to rise from my chair in astonishment, but restrained myself by an effort, for I knew that a motion of mine would drive her away and I would have to wait another whole day for her to appear again. The sight of Theresa, however she might look, is very sweet to me. I sat gazing intently at her. There was a drawn expression about her mouth, and her eyes,—eyes that usually danced with the joyous thoughts rioting behind,—had a piteous appeal in them. Her lips seemed to move, and for a moment I fancied she was trying to speak to me, but the window rattled loudly in the casement as the bitter wind went sweeping by. I was very unhappy by the time the decanter was empty and Peter came to help me to bed.

This morning I awoke quite early and from where I lay, I looked out through the half-window which showed beneath the shade. There I saw the grizzled head and bent shoulders of old John the gardener. I arose unsteadily and going to the window, opened it wide and looked out on the new day. John was muttering to himself something about people "as doesn't know enough to keep out of the marster's flower-beds," and I got there just in time to see him snip off a bit of broken rose-bush and rake out of the rain-drenched earth the imprint of a tiny heel. I agreed with John. The flower-beds must be carefully tended in case Theresa should return.

### The Snowflakes.

EDWARD A. ROACH, '13.

I'm a lily-white petal  
Borne on the wind,  
Sculptured by Heaven,—  
By God designed.  
I'm carried by angels  
Through daytime and night,—  
A flower from Heaven,  
Immaculate white.

### A Pilgrim's Prayer.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

LIKE the Jews of old we've wandered  
Searching for a promised goal,  
Phantom chasing in a desert;  
Led by voices of the soul.  
Hopes and dreams are fiery pillars,  
Lighting us o'er each dark way;  
Fears are clouds in days of pleasure  
Warning us, lest we should stray.  
When tomorrow comes forever  
And our dreams we realize,  
We shall live beyond the border  
Of earth's ever-changing skies.  
Lead us on, Eternal Master,  
With a father's guiding hand,  
Through life's burning miraged desert  
To the end that Thou hast plann'd!

### Julius Cæsar: A Criticism.

EMMETT M. WALTER, '14.

This tragedy of Shakespeare, based upon the time and life of Julius Caesar, is a fine example of the simple plot in the drama. In this it is in striking contrast to some of Shakespeare's other plays,—the Merchant of Venice, for example, where the story of Jessica and Lorenzo forms an almost distinct play within the main story. From the beginning to the end there is but one thread of interest and the attention never relaxes. The plot deals solely with the contest between Caesar's friends and enemies, and the close relationship existing between all the characters preserves the unity of the work. Shakespeare was not original in his plot, but borrowed it from Plutarch, and to adapt it to the drama varied some of the incidents and minor details. The scene of the play for the first four acts is laid in Rome, the last act on the plain of Philippi. The period described is about 53 B. C.

The play opens in a street in Rome with a mob in holiday attire assembled to celebrate the return of Caesar. The second scene introduces the conspirators who discuss the events of the day and lay especial stress upon Caesar's thrice repeated refusal of the imperial crown proffered by Antony. These men use all their wiles to persuade Brutus to aid them in

their undertaking. They remind him that his ancestor freed Rome from a tyrant, that their own efforts would be worse than worthless since they are at odds with Caesar, but as he, Brutus, is a bosom friend of Caesar, the people will see that patriotism and not revenge is the motive for their act. In this manner they work upon his pride, and finally with reluctance he consents to aid in what to his mind is a patriotic act. With the progress of the action the conspiracy unfolds. All preparations are made, even to the day and manner of the assassination. Brutus explains his motives in a magnificent outburst of deluded patriotism when he exclaims, "Not that I love Caesar less, but that I love Rome more." Caesar now takes for the first time an active part in the story. He is warned by a soothsayer and later by his wife that he must shun the Senate on the Ides of March. At first he refuses, considering that such a course would be cowardly, but his wife's entreaties cause him to give in and he promises to remain at home. The conspirators overcome his scruples by appearing at his home and asking him if he is not ready to go to the Senate. His wife redoubles her pleadings and reminds him of the omens; the conspirators give these a propitious meaning, and Caesar, ashamed of his weakness, goes with them to the Senate. As he takes his place, the conspirators crowd around him as though to present a petition. The opportunity comes. They draw their weapons and rush at him, he defends himself until he sees Brutus among the assassins, when, with a reproachful cry, he falls at the foot of Pompey's statue. Antony then enters and begs that the conspirators allow him to take charge of the burial of Caesar. Brutus gives him permission both to take charge of the body and to address the people. The scene now changes to the Forum which is crowded with citizens, horrified at the occurrence. Brutus ascends the rostrum and makes public the reason for his action. The multitude applaud him, and then he asks them to listen to Antony who speaks by his permission. Antony in his masterful address works upon their emotions until their admiration for the conspirators is changed to hatred. They rush out to destroy Brutus and his friends, crying, "Slay! Burn! Tear!" Antony and Octavius now form an alliance against Brutus and raise an army. With it they march against the forces of the conspirators. Brutus and Cassius disagree as to the manner

of meeting the enemy, but the latter, although the superior of Brutus in military experience, gives in, and against his better judgment they decide to meet the enemy at Philippi. Before the battle the ghost of Caesar appears to Brutus and warns him of his impending doom. On the ensuing day the battle takes place and the forces of the conspirators are overcome. Many of them are slain; others, including Brutus and Cassius, die on their own swords. The play ends with Mark Antony's eulogy of Brutus.

This is the story of the play. It deals with the high ideals of man warped out of shape by scheming politicians. The story teaches that honest motives when not backed by sound judgment not only work harm to the well meaning but also injure the cause for which they labored.

The principal character is Brutus, not Caesar. The play is rightly named, however, although less than half of the action takes place during Caesar's lifetime, for it is upon his life and actions that the story depends for the plot. His apparition on the eve of the battle of Philippi really decides the consummation of the action.

Brutus is of a sober, deliberate nature. He is intensely patriotic and scrupulous in the extreme. He is a dreamer and one who, meaning well himself, mistakes the motives of those with whom he comes into contact. Though he loves Caesar, he fears that his ambition will be fatal to the nation. He shows his lack of judgment when he allows Antony to address the populace. His patriotic feeling is expressed in his speech in the Forum, and he shows his scrupulousness and deliberation by not accepting the first overtures of Cassius. Many times in the course of the play does his lack of judgment manifest itself. For instance, he nearly causes the downfall of the conspirators by confiding in his wife, Portia, and again at the final struggle at Philippi when he overrules the superior wisdom of Cassius. All in all, Brutus is of a noble disposition, and his faults, which are so fatal to himself and to his cause, are due to misplaced confidence and lack of judgment, and not to deliberate viciousness.

Caesar is so subdued in the action that very little estimate can be made of his true greatness. This is done so that the character of Brutus may stand boldly in relief.

Antony, the principal opponent of Brutus, is bold, cunning, unscrupulous and designing. It is probable that he loved Caesar in his own

fashion, but his actions after the murder of Caesar show that he was completely lacking in patriotism. He is an orator and a politician, and shows his wonderful control over the masses in his masterly funeral oration. He spoils what good impression we might have had of him by his soliloquy, as the mob departs on its errand of vengeance, when he exclaims:

Now let it work; mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take now what course thou wilt!

He shows his inferiority by frequently submitting to the demands of Octavius. In short, Antony is a man of great natural ability, but he lacks the stability of a noble character.

Cassius, although the chief instigator of the plot, takes second place upon the advent of Brutus. He is willing to let Brutus have the honor while all is favorable to the conspirators, and in the hour of danger he is not unwilling to share the common danger. An experienced soldier, he errs in accepting the advice of Brutus. He seems to have been actuated by high motives, but constant brooding over the wrongs of the nation soured his nature.

In the play there are but two female characters, Calphurnia, the wife of Caesar, and Portia, the wife of Brutus. The characters are well drawn and assist the action admirably, although they do not occupy the same prominence that Shakespeare gives to the women characters in his other plays.

The language of the play is clear and forceful. The characters are boldly drawn and are so united that the course of the play seems logical in its progression. It is executed with Shakespeare's masterful style, and will ever stand as one of the greatest achievements in dramatic art.

### Hope in Adversity.

LOUIS EICK, '14.

THE wildest winds that ever blew  
Become a gentle breeze at last;  
The coldest days we worry through  
No longer chill when they are past.  
The hardest tasks to which we turn  
Are easy after they are done;  
Through lessons that are hard to learn  
The knowledge we most need is won.  
Some day the sun will shine again  
And we shall find the world still fair;  
And hope and pleasure will remain  
Despite the present ills we bear.

### The Olynthiac Orations.

THOMAS A. J. DOCKWEILER, '12.

The destruction of Grecian independence by Macedonian power is one of the most interesting chapters of ancient history. It exemplifies the application of a law long determined by historical science, that the fall of one nation is attended by the concomitant rise of another, inasmuch as the latter turns to its own advantage the defects of the former resulting from its decadence. It also presents in striking contrast two remarkable characters: one a Macedonian prince, who, subtle in diplomacy, skilled in war, and unscrupulous as to the means whereby he attains his ends, uses all his admirable talents to serve his ambition for pan-Hellenic dominion; the other, an Athenian statesman of extraordinary ability, an orator than whom the world has never heard—nor perhaps shall hear—a greater, and a patriot who in his whole-souled devotion to his country consecrates his life to the task of delivering her from the disgraceful servitude he so clearly foresees to be her fate. The names of Philip and Demosthenes are so closely linked together that the mention of one connotes the other. To the orations of the latter is due much of the immortality that attaches to Philip and certain persons and places and events about which we should otherwise perhaps have known little or nothing, or at the most have had to content ourselves with the mere facts of their existence. One city whose memory has been perpetuated in an especial manner by the eloquence of Demosthenes is Olynthus, in behalf of which, when it was threatened by Philip, the orator delivered his three splendid speeches now known as the Olynthiacs. So intimately is Olynthus involved in the subversion of Grecian liberties that by its capture and demolition and the overthrow of its confederate cities Philip forged the first great link in the chain that was to fetter free Greece. But how was he able to do this? An answer is found in the presence of certain factors then at work undermining the political and military integrity of Greece, and, in particular, of Athens, which being the foremost of the Hellenic cities, and on that account exercising a most potent influence in the affairs of the others, was naturally the principal object of the Macedonian's enmity and intrigues.



One of these factors which, perhaps, did more than any of the others to sap the military strength of Greece, was the decline of its citizen soldiery. While this fatal condition was general throughout Hellas it was most conspicuously marked among the Athenians, who during the interval between 360 B. C. and the battle of Chæroneia in 336 B. C., showed an invincible repugnance to personal military service and the payment of money necessary for prosecuting a vigorous war against Philip. Phokion and Eubulus, two celebrated rivals of Demosthenes, championed this aversion to a strenuous foreign policy. Phokion was a blunt, out-spoken soldier, a born leader, and the idol of the people. He hated highly rhetorical oratory, and his short, pointed speeches tore into shreds the brilliant periods of Demosthenes. Eubulus, the orator and leading statesman of the peace party, strove to persuade the people that Philip was not the dangerous enemy Demosthenes represented him to be. There were others who were partisans of Philip through bribery, and hence worked to further his schemes, and some also, who, because they found it easier to administer the government in peace, and because war was disliked by themselves and their adherents, allied themselves to Phokion. This peace policy, though it scored well after Alexander's day, meant disgraceful ruin in Philip's time. For certain it is that the spirit of Athens had changed since the age of Pericles. The Athenian of 432 B. C., according to the testimony of Pericles and the hostile Corinthians, was ever ready—nay, eager—to face the dangers and sacrifices of a foreign expedition undertaken for the glory of Athens. "He accounted it holiday work to do duty in her service; he wasted his body for her as though it had been the body of another." The disastrous close of the Peloponnesian War had seriously impaired his energies. Not only did he refuse to render military service in person, but likewise could hardly be induced to hire others to act for him. He was too strongly attached to commerce, trade, family, festivals, and spectacles. The military fund was devoted to the giving of magnificent shows, and it was made a crime even to propose its restoration to its proper use. Admitting that these shows and spectacles were religious in nature, it still remains a fact that the alienation of this fund from the purpose for which it had been established wrought great harm during the war with Philip. Now

the Athenian citizen was called upon to leave peace, comforts, and conveniences of his home and go forth to fight semi-barbarians. The Periclean Athenian would have done this, but not the Athenian to whom Demosthenes addressed his appeals and reproofs.

Let us now look at the position held by Olynthus in Grecian affairs. This city, lying in the midst of a fertile plain near the head of the Toronaic Gulf between the peninsulas of Pallene and Sithonia, and advantageously located for navigation and commerce, was, on account of its situation, of such great strategic importance that its possession or alliance would have been an invaluable asset to either Athens or Macedonia. After the massacre of its inhabitants by Artabazus, Olynthus had been repopled by Greeks from Chalcis, an Athenian colony in Euboea. As an ally of Sparta in the Peloponnesian War it had gained an acknowledged independence. Growing in strength at the expense of its neighbors, it was forced into war with Sparta when the latter was at the height of its power, and after a four years' conflict was compelled to submit to Lacedæmonian rule. On the decline of the Spartan hegemony, Olynthus again became independent, reunited all the Chalcidians under its own supremacy, took Amphipolis from the Athenians, but was in turn deprived by them of Methone, Potidaea, Toronea, and other places. When Philip began to reign, Olynthus was independent and at the head of a confederacy of thirty-two cities in Chalcidice. Philip recognized the importance of possessing Olynthus, knowing full well that for it to be in hostile hands would mean the loss of much of his control over the Macedonian coast.

Scarcely had he become king of Macedonia in 359 B. C. than he commenced to plot against the independence of Greece. One of his first moves was to take, in 358 B. C., the important city of Amphipolis, to which he had previously renounced all claims of his own in favor of the Athenians. This conquest and the rapid extension of Philip's power so alarmed the Olynthians that they endeavored to conclude an alliance with Athens which the wily Macedonian found means to frustrate. This action of the Olynthians did not provoke any manifest resentment on the part of Philip, for it was not now his policy to make these powerful neighbors his enemies; on the contrary he courted, or rather bought their ready support for himself,

by ceding to them Pydna, Potideae, and Anthemus. The first two had been wrested from the Athenians by the joint forces of Olynthus and Philip. In this manner without any formal declaration of war he opened hostilities against the Athenians which, leading to what is known as the War of Amphipolis, lasted until the peace of 346 B. C. But Philip's growth in power and the spread of his conquests was inconsistent with the well-being of Olynthus. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that in 352-351 B. C., probably after Philip's successes in Thessaly, Olynthus was once more on friendly terms with Athens, though not as yet in alliance. Soon afterwards Macedonian troops made inroads in Olynthian territory. In 350 B. C. Philip began serious operations against Olynthus by invading Chalcidice. Justin says that the immediate cause of the attack was the harboring by the Olynthians of two half-brothers of Philip whom that monarch wished to put to death. Very probably, however, this alleged cause was a mere pretext. Having subdued several Chalcidian towns he threatened Olynthus itself with siege. In their extremity its citizens sent to Athens to negotiate an alliance and secure assistance against the invader. As the supplicants had reason to expect, this proposition met with a favorable reception; indeed, the Athenians themselves had been anxious that the Olynthians might be incited to act against Philip. Though Demades opposed, assistance was almost unanimously voted by the assembly. But enacting a measure and following it up with prompt, vigorous action were two different things to the Athenian of that age. Hence to arouse the energies of his reluctant fellow-citizens and urge them to engage in hearty coöperation with their allies, as well as consider the matter with wise determination, Demosthenes delivered in close succession his three Olynthiac orations. According to Grote, these speeches were all delivered sometime during the six or seven last months of 350 B. C., but the date is more commonly stated to be 349-348 B. C.

We are now confronted by the question: In what order were the Olynthiacs delivered? Since the discussion is a long one and the conclusions arrived at by no means satisfactory we shall not repeat it. For the purpose of this essay we have accepted the order which the Olynthiacs occupy in the manuscripts—an arrangement which not only has presumption

in its favor but also has been unanimously sanctioned by the ancient scholiasts, grammarians, and rhetoricians, and approved by the majority of modern scholars.

Morover it is not our intention to enter upon a critical discussion of the contents and composition of these wonderful orations: we are only concerned with a study of the circumstances which moved Demosthenes to deliver them, and the effects which they produced. It may be well, however, to give the following brief summary of each of these orations.

The theme of the first is this:—Send immediate assistance to Olynthus because of its importance as an ally and because the Athenians themselves are in danger from Philip. Take warning from your past and present negligence, for such a course as you are now following will inevitably result in ruin. A twofold plan for the relief of Olynthus is proposed: first, dispatch troops to protect the towns of Chalcidice, and second, send another armament, naval and military, to ravage Philip's territory. If not enough money to carry on these operations can be raised by a temporary appropriation of the theoric fund, then enact an extraordinary war-tax. Philip's affairs are now in a critical and uncertain condition. It is the time for the Athenians to choose between meeting Philip at Olynthus or at their own gates. Finally, all classes should rally for the common welfare.

The second Olynthiac is more Philippic and less Olynthiac in tone than the first. The Philippic cast of the former is, according to the Greek argument or hypothesis prefixed to the Greek text, explained by the fear and dread in which Philip was held by the people of Athens when this second oration was delivered, and which Demosthenes purposed to remove. In the exordium the orator exhorts the Athenians not to be so base as to give up the allies and opportunities furnished them by heaven. Then he states his object, which is to show the true character of Philip who is essentially weak in himself, the source of his accidental strength being in Athens. The Macedonian is convicted of faithlessness and perjury. He will fall by the very means to which he owes his rise. It is impossible to found a lasting empire on injustice, falsehood, and perjury. Let immediate help be sent the Olynthians and the coöperation of the Thessalians solicited. Stop talking and begin to pay war-tax, bear



military service, and do your whole duty.

The evident purpose of the third oration was to moderate the undue confidence of the Athenians, arising, we are told, from some partial successes gained by the mercenaries whom they had sent as aid to Olynthus; for they now hoped to humble and punish Philip. It is also possible that this oration was delivered in consequence of a second embassy from Olynthus. In the introduction Demosthenes points out that the question is not of Philip's punishment, but their own safety. Then he informs them of his difficulty,—not to discover their duty in the present crisis, but to persuade them to perform it. Reminding them of their past remissness, he exhorts them not to neglect the opportunity now offered by the Olynthian War of acting against Philip, and warns them of the evils which will result from their negligence. Speaking of the means of waging war, he boldly advocates annulment of the existing laws respecting the theoric fund. He dwells forcibly on the necessity of following up their resolutions with vigorous action. He urges personal military service, recalling the glory of Athens in the days of Aristides, and Miltiades, when her citizens were her soldiers. The difference between the Athenians of that day and those he now addresses is this: the relations between the people and their rulers have changed; the people were formerly the masters, and the rulers were the servants of the people and the state; but now the people humbly serve their lordly rulers, who entertain them with the Boëdromia and distribute among them the theoric fund. The only way the Athenians can maintain their honor and effect their country's salvation is to return to the modes of life and action that have immortalized their ancestors.

So much for the matter of these orations. Now what effect did they produce? It must be remembered that when Demosthenes delivered these speeches he was only a young man, between thirty-four and thirty-seven years of age. Yet despite his youth he was already a consummate master of oratory, as is seen even by a cursory examination of the Olynthiacs. Of the efforts of the Athenians to succor Olynthus we know that two thousand mercenaries commanded by Chares were dispatched and gained some successes. One specific measure recommended in the third Olynthiac was the sending of an expedition

of Athenian citizens instead of foreign mercenaries. Whiston says that this plan "was not then adopted." We learn that in the first half of the year 349 B. C. a cavalry force composed of Athenian citizens was dispatched from Euboea to Olynthus, and on the authority of a writer named Philochorus we are told that Chares was sent with a citizen army of two thousand hoplites and three hundred cavalry. Demosthenes himself, in the oration, "De Falsa Legatione," says that altogether no less than ten thousand mercenaries and four thousand native troops and fifty triremes were dispatched by the Athenians to assist their allies. The soldiers sent, however, were poorly commanded, and no really efficient aid was rendered till it was too late,—a circumstance not in the least remarkable when we consider the wretched trait of procrastination so prominent in the Athenian character in the time of Demosthenes. Olynthus, betrayed into Philip's hands by treachery, fell in 347 B. C.

The Olynthiacs are entitled to rank among the first of the world's oratorical masterpieces. If all Demosthenes' works except these three short orations were to perish, the latter would suffice to give him an invincible claim to fame. They mark the great Athenian as a supremely accomplished statesman, whose clear foresight, calm, well-weighed judgment, prudent counsel, and persuasive exhortation have, perhaps, never been excelled in the annals of history. The name "Demosthenes" has become the symbol for surpassing excellence in statesmanship and oratory. It embodies likewise the idea of an admirable political theorist who was distinctively practical in the execution of his plans. We marvel today at the exquisite perfection of finish which characterizes these Olynthiac orations; but how incalculably greater and more impressive must have been their effect on the orator's Athenian audience? No better examples of concise, exhortative oratory can be found than these little speeches whose every word is filled with deep and powerful meaning.

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### Youth and Age.

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ANDREW SCHREYER, '14.

YOUTH in life sees only flowers,  
All its days are filled with gladness;  
But when age the heart o'erpowers,  
Thoughts of Youth bring only sadness.

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—After a bitter and protracted struggle, the waiters in Parisian cafés have acquired the right to work for nothing. Formerly they were charged from one to three dollars a day for the privilege of officiating in that capacity. It is a severe blow to the restaurant interests, but they, in turn, will boost the price of their unnamable concoctions, and thus the guileless American tourist will suffer the consequences of being an "ultimate consumer."

—Which calls to mind the fact that the waiters carried another point,—that of exercising a choice in the matter of meals. Formerly they had to eat food that they had seen prepared. Now they can go home or to other restaurants, and relieve the strain on their imagination—or digestion.

—When the "Bard of Avon" remarked that what good men do "is oft interred with their bones" he did not foresee an exception in the person of Richard Kestle, an 81 year old Cornish poet. It is not our intention to prove that poets do any good, but this one, lest his fame perish with his person, is erecting his own memorial. The monument is constructed of white spar, is large and imposing, and will acquaint posterity with the fact that "here lies another one."

—Bubbles were used as ping-pong balls in a recent science exhibit in London. Among other curiosities were scales that recorded the weight of a signature, a circular saw of paper

that cuts hardwood, and a globe of mercury that perpetually pulsates like a human heart. The exhibit would doubtlessly have been a perfect success had not the Berlin physician who will vanquish arteriosclerosis (and hence old age) with radium, been unavoidably detained.

—A former Chicagoan will soon sail from the Canary Islands for the United States in a dirigible. Another aviator will depart from Newfoundland for England in an aeroplane. In the meantime, the Cunard line continues to operate.

—An effective fly ordinance was killed with flippancy recently by the Indianapolis city council—and this despite the fact that every eighth baby in the city dies from fly-transmitted diseases. Some time in the distant future, the public will examine into the cranial index of aspirants for seats in the council. And, then, possibly, obsolete witticisms will fall into disrepute.

—Right alongside an account of the death of the fly ordinance, the Indianapolis *Star* runs the query: "How can we make Indianapolis a city of 500,000 people?" As a tentative suggestion, we would advise the "Oslerizing" of sundry "city fathers."

—If the Kaiser achieves his end, the countenances of German army officers will cease to resemble relief maps of the Balkans. According to recent dispatches duelling is "to be frowned upon." Just how drastic said "frown" is to be, we are not prepared to state. But times will indeed have changed, ere college youths and army officers discontinue the time-honored practice of contributing to the physiognomical peculiarities of other men.

—Reactionaries are generally rated as shallow opponents to progressive movements; but when the public has laughed to scorn the latest crazy fad, and  
**The "Progressive" Art.** especially when such artistic persons as students of an art institute depart from conservative methods to express their complete hatred of the revolutionary cubists, who is left to call the common run of men reactionary, or to censure them for disliking post-impressionism? Only the cubists themselves; and who, one might ask, are they?

There might have been a lingering belief in many minds that post-impressionism is receiving support in the art schools; but the summary action of Chicago art students, in burning several representations of cubist masterpieces, has dispelled any reason for holding to that belief. Who then, since the public does not like it, and art students detest it, favors post-impressionistic art? Evidently it amounts to what it represents—nothing.

—The Woman's Civic Commission of Cincinnati, awake to the necessity of providing young people with opportunity for legitimate

amusement, is giving a series of dances in the various halls

A "Knock" for Progress. of the city. The dances are properly chaperoned, only soft drinks are sold, "animal" dances are barred, and to prevent dancers from leaving the hall to procure refreshments elsewhere, no exchange checks are issued. Mayor Hunt and various other of the municipal officers, lending encouragement to decency, attend with their families. The dancers may remain until twelve o'clock. As in Cleveland, the experiment has proved that the grog-shop and the tango tag are not inseparable accompaniments of a well-patronized public dance, but rather pathways to vice which may be closed to travel by proper vigilance and active interest in civic affairs. In connection with this it is not amiss to remark that some of the South Bend public dance halls are not a credit to the city, and the experience of the Ohio cities should serve as a direction to the city council or to some organization live enough to take an active interest in remedying the unwholesome conditions known to exist.

—Morality is today as loud-voiced as vice is rampant. Committees of investigation are at work in all the big cities. Half the headlined

articles deal with problems of overcoming the spread of vice. We seem to be making some progress. But there is danger that the work will be given over before it is well done. Too often, crusades are only special advertising schemes for notoriety seekers.

If permanent good is sought, permanent commissions should be appointed to gather and report data, to study and suggest remedies. These commissions should be composed of

high-minded, energetic economists and educators. They should receive a satisfactory salary. Temporary appointments procure no solid results. They are only a parade, a fad, a seeming success. Good comes only by persistent and businesslike endeavor. The advocacy of high-sounding and sweeping measures may cause brief interest and bring some renown to their author; but in the end nothing worthy is accomplished.

Vice is a condition of old growth and of deep and rambling roots. Conditions must be studied practically. Headlong reforms waste energy and hurt the cause they seek to help. Long study and earnest scientific methods insure a workable remedy. Benefits are the goal, not individual advertising. Already reports show that conditions are serious enough to warrant state interference. Here is an opportunity for genuine patriotism and sane statesmanship.

#### Illustrated Lecture for the Architects.

Last Monday evening Mr. D. R. Mason of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, delivered an illustrated lecture in Washington hall on the "Relative corrosion of iron, steel, and ingot iron." Mr. Mason very kindly came here as the result of an invitation tendered by the Architectural Club. His suggestions were of a very practical nature, and his display of views, which showed the making of steel piping and tubing, were worthy of close study.

#### Rogers and Grilley.

The program presented in Washington hall Saturday evening, April 12, by Van Veatchon Rogers and Charles T. Grilley, was characterized by uniform superiority and a pleasing modification of the usual order of Lyceum presentations. The harp classics by Mr. Rogers, which opened the recital, were very well received, a fact partly attributable to the excellence of the rendition, and partly to the novelty of the instrument.

Mr. Grilley, however, monopolized most of the attention with a series of skilfully interpreted readings. "A Straggler of the Fifteenth" was his first number, and it afforded him an opportunity to appear at his best in the characterization of the veteran of Waterloo. "Injuns," a satire upon a type of popular music recently in vogue, sent the Orpheum-goers into ecstasies.

Mr. Grilley's fund of short stories were well selected and his narration required no painful pause to help carry the point.

While by no means the best that we have had, we must concede to Rogers and Grilley the possession of a nice discernment between the two extremes of entertainment,—the super-classical and the reverse.

#### Elocution Contest.

The preliminaries for the elocution contests—preparatory and collegiate—will be held on Wednesday, May 21. All who intend entering either contest should hand in their names to Professor Koehler without delay.

#### Notre Dame Council Initiates.

On next Monday evening the Notre Dame officers will exemplify the First Degree initiation to the Knights of Columbus candidates of the Notre Dame and South Bend councils. The initiation will take place in American hall, South Bend, at 7:30 p. m. On Sunday, April 27, the second and third degrees will be conferred at two o'clock sharp.

The banquet, which follows the completion of the degree work, will be served in the Elks Temple at seven o'clock, Sunday evening, April 27. The principal speakers of the evening will be Mr. Francis O'Shaughnessy of Chicago, Mr. F. Henry Wurzer, of South Bend, and Rev. Doctor Walsh, acting President of Notre Dame.

#### Alumni Banquet.

The members of the Notre Dame club of Chicago at their last meeting, April 14, decided to hold their annual banquet on May 3, in the University Club building. The president of the club, Francis H. McKeever (Litt. B. '03; LL. B. '04) has invited Governor Dunn of Illinois to deliver the address of the evening. Not a month passes but what this energetic and enthusiastic crowd of alumni does something excellent in the cause of good fellowship or in loyalty and support for Alma Mater.

#### Obituary

Brother John of God (Patrick Hogan) on April 17, 1913. The deceased was born in Neenagh, County Tipperary, Ireland, February 2, 1842. He entered the Holy Cross Order

in 1877, and made his profession in 1879. He served long and faithfully in the life of obedience and humility that he had chosen, and death, though it came suddenly, found him not unprepared. *Requiescat in pace!*

#### Personals.

—Arthur Simon (M. E. '09) of Cuba, is engaged in professional work in New York City. Reports from there show that "Art" is "doing things" in the engineering field.

—John P. Murphy, genial Manager of Athletics last year, is engaged in the practice of the law in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Indications are that John is making good in the business world.

—"Tom" Dockweiler (A. B. '12), writing from California, gives his best wishes to the boys, and promises that, if he can possibly do so, he will be here for the Alumni gathering in June. That's the spirit, "Tom!"

—Another one of those 1911 Law men who is rapidly going ahead in the profession is "Jimmie" Hope, who is located in Portland, Oregon. "Jimmie" says the N. D. spirit is strong out there and that the West suits him in every way.

—"Jim" Sherlock, of Notre Dame a few years ago, writing from Kendrick Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri, gives us the welcome news of his complete recovery from a recent serious illness. "Jim" encloses his "best" to the boys.

—Our old friend and football star, "Don" Hamilton, was on hand for the opening of the Varsity baseball season last Saturday. "Don" visited Notre Dame on his way to Columbus, Ohio, where he is soon to open a law office.

—John McLaughlin, a University student in '08-'10, is prominently connected with the Engineering department of the Owens Bottling Machine Company at Toledo, Ohio. John writes that he expects to be at Notre Dame for that Sophomore affair of the 30th.

—Former Professor of Pharmacy at Notre Dame, Robert J. Green, was the guest of the Faculty last week. Mr. Green has just returned from Florida where he managed a fruit farm during the past winter. He is preparing to engage in a like occupation in northern Michigan.

—Joseph B. Murphy (LL. B. '11) enjoyed a few pleasant days at the University during

the week. Joe is Assistant Prosecuting Attorney for Montgomery County, Ohio, and has a growing law practice in Dayton. He was in the latter city during the recent flood, and can give a graphic description of the disaster.

—"Jack" Dean of Chicago, an old-time Corbyite and Varsity track star, called on friends at Notre Dame last Wednesday. "Jack" was accompanied by J. F. Jameson, a former Pennsylvania track man; both witnessed a work-out of the relay team and predict a good showing for our men at Philadelphia on next Saturday.

### Calendar.

Sunday, April 20—Mass of Exposition.

Practice for Singing Quartet after Mass.

Brownson Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.

Monday—Knights of Columbus, First Degree initiation.

Wednesday—Philopatrian Meeting, 7:30 p. m.

Thursday—Arkansas vs. Notre Dame, here.

Sorin vs. Corby in baseball.

Friday—Second game with Arkansas

Saturday—Third game with Arkansas.

### Local News.

—Look out for the *Dome*. It will surprise you soon!

—The commissioned officers of the several battalions are to enjoy a bountiful banquet at the Oliver Sunday. They also intend to attend the theatre after the banquet.

—The delinquent list and the bulletin marks appeared almost simultaneously this time. We hope that in no single case were *both* of these awe-inspiring documents the cause of "woe and gnashing of teeth."

—The two lakes are higher now than they have been in the last five or six years. The lake walks are very pretty as the increasing number of students who "take the evening air" in that direction have, no doubt, found out.

—Hon. G. A. Farabaugh was called to Washington City the first part of the week on business. His place in the lecture room of the junior and senior lawyers was filled by Attorney Wurzer from the city who gave some very interesting and learned lectures.

—Open windows, gorgeous neckties, shining low-cuts and a general air of *abandon* and *laissez faire* confirm the rumor that *Spring is here*. This is official. She has taken out her matriculation papers and has paid the fee in

bird-songs and blooming crocus. She will stay till June.

—From the work of Duggan in the interhall meet it appears that he is not only an excellent baseball player but also a valuable track man as well. He scored more points for Brownson than any other athlete, and won first places in the high and low hurdles, and third in the forty-yard dash.

—The Carroll hall baseball prospects were never brighter than on Monday last when the boys took proper steps toward baseball organization. Fritch was made manager. Barry, MacDonough, and Schwalbe were appointed as a committee to raise sufficient funds. They promise us some interesting juvenile games.

—The individual rifle shoot held in the big gym last Thursday morning ended in a tie for first honors between Ray Sullivan of Co. E, Walsh hall, and Joseph Cyprian of Co. D, Brownson. Each man made 185 points out of a possible 200. The tie will be shot off next Monday.

—The final preliminary for choosing the Brownson debating team has been postponed from Sunday evening to Tuesday as some of the participants have a more urgent engagement elsewhere. They are going to be initiated into the K of C. ranks. Will they be able to debate well the following day? The nays have it!

—After toil and earnest effort comes reward. The editors of the *Dome* give out the statement that subscriptions for the year book of '13 are coming in daily from the alumni in all parts of the country. The *Dome* will be published about the last of May. The students who desire to do so, will have an opportunity to subscribe any time after Sunday.

—Professor Koehler announces his willingness to coach all the students who intend to go out for the elocution contest which occurs some time during May. Everybody out! Prove the mettle that is in you. To be a good speaker is one of the highest accomplishments a man can have. Whether you come out winner or not is of small importance. It is the practice that counts.

—Cartier field has been fixed up in great style for the Varsity, and they are now practising there daily. The form exhibited by the baseball men improves with the weather since it is now warm enough for them to do themselves full justice in their work-outs. Kenny is still

out of the game on account of his bad finger.

—Last Wednesday evening after the usual weekly meeting, the Philopatrians enjoyed a delightful buffet lunch. Norman Barry, Delbert Smith, and Walton McConnell were the star performers of the evening—for the literary program,—possibly for the delicatessen part also.

—Although baseball is the king of spring sports and is acknowledged as such on every campus, it does not monopolize the attention of all that look for exercise and pleasure combined. The devotees of handball are putting in an appearance; indoor baseball—played outdoors—has a big following as an after-supper pastime; and tennis is drawing an ever larger number of adherents.

—Plenty of fresh air, recreation, and good things to eat, and topping it off, a postprandial desert of eloquence, this is what the members of the Notre Dame school of Journalism will enjoy when they have their outing next Tuesday at LaSalle Portage. Not only will it be a day of sporting and feasting, but each scribe will give a talk on a chosen subject. Hats off to the N. D. "Press Club."

—The lakes are pleasant and inviting these days. The blue waters leap and frolic in the sunshine. Some powerful primitive impulse pulls us toward the boathouse or sends us in search of fishing tackle. Soon, we reflect, the boat crews will be out, each under the driving of an insistent captain, to develop the machine-like regularity and power that will mark the victors in the Commencement races.

—The St. Joseph tennis court was lined off in the early part of the week and has been a scene of action ever since. Three other courts—one for Walsh and two for Brownson—are being put into shape for playing. The Walsh court promises to be the best on the grounds, for it has a four inch foundation of packed cinders and an excellent topping of sand and clay. The Walsh boys deserve the best for they worked hard to procure it.

—Just as Spring fever was about to lay us on the flat of our backs, and while post-exam gloom still hung over us, an antidote for these and all other ills was handed to us by a bountiful providence—it was the one, only, original Marble Champion. He comes from Attica, Indiana, or else Kalamazoo, Michigan. We've heard it's the first, but reason rebels and says

No! it must be the second. He just came, but already he's the center of our athletic world and the *Dome's* comic supplement. He never saw a game of baseball or heard of football; he cares not for basketball or tennis. But just give him a pyramid of giant "marbles" from the pool table and he can show you what real college sport is like. Friday morning, escorted by Brownson rooters, he came to Sorin and challenged Red Regan to a championship marble game. Before the initial shot he threw up his hands, squared off, and gave an oration on the science of shooting from taw. "Ike" got the "marbles" but most everybody else got water. The game, however, was not called on account of the rain. Regan was an easy victim; his rep as a marble player is evidently undeserved; it is even doubtful if he can spin a top. The champion was carried off in triumph. At noon he came again. This time to Walsh, where he played "Rupe" Mills under New Jersey rules, and also to Corby where Knute Rockne, the Canadian amateur champion, went down in three short games. Knute refused to play for keeps unless the games were played under Canadian rules, but this obstinacy was probably due to fear of being mastered. Only Kane of St. Joseph, the winner of last year's marble pennant in the individual shoot, remained for the Attica Wonder to defeat. Then he would be college champion of marbles. Just as Kane was getting ready to part with his title, Carroll of Brownson—who was jealous of Herrick's popularity—was tipped off that the Attica man was an old professional who had played on Harvard's marble team three years ago. The defeated representatives of the noble sport felt incensed and preferred charges. Court was called at 3:30 and again at 6:30 in the Sorin rec. room. Dougherty, who defended the accused, succeeded in proving his client's innocence to the associate justices. Carroll's jealousy led him to perjure himself. He was fined "three in the icy" for that. The trial is another victory for the "champion." Victories, however, are his meat and drink. He is now getting in form for the next track meet when he will enter in the marble shoot, the hoop roll, and the top-spinning contests.

—The Holy Cross debaters are working hard for the forensic struggle with the Brownson debaters. They are boastful of the fact that they have not lost a debate to Brownson in the last five years. But Brownson, on the



other hand, has great expectations of breaking the streak of hard luck that has hitherto lost for them.

—The appearance of a blue-coated "cop," on the grounds caused much excitement last Sunday afternoon. Many were they that quaked as they thought of the "appropriated" signs that decorated their rooms; delinquent listers became fearful; and hardened old skivers picked out their avenues of escape. All breathed more easily when they discovered that the "cop's" vigilance was directed only against "unescorted females." They could not be charged with that, anyway.

—Sometime ago there was talk of the students giving an open air performance of "As You Like It" in the early part of June, but there are so many other things to occupy the students' attention during the last quarter that it has been decided not to attempt it this year. But it remains something which the undergraduates can look forward to for next year. As for those who will not then be with us, they should be more than satisfied with the showing already made by this year's dramatic talent.

—An interesting game was played Sunday between a Holy Cross team and a Corby aggregation called the "Gutter Snipes." It is reported that the features of the game were the fielding of Mulcaire and the batting, as well as the good pitching, of Remmis. Rockne and Dorais were the stars for the "Snipes." Keith Jones covered himself with honor by his umpiring, though it did not always agree with Rockne's opinion of strikes and balls. After a hard-fought struggle victory smiled on Holy Cross. The battery for the "Snipes" was Rockne and Dorais; for Holy Cross, Remmis and Becker.

—"Gentlemen may talk of peace, but there is no peace." That is, not while the glory of brass buttons and blue uniforms so appeal to the martial spirit of people as did the Notre Dame militia last Monday when the battalions performed a series of manoeuvres about the campus for the purpose of having their pictures taken for the *Dome*. Even the minors were on dress parade and all, except one, carried their arms as proudly as did their seniors. The one referred to was too small to shoulder even an air gun. Take them all in all, big and little, they were a manly lot of boys.

## Athletic Notes.

### THE PENN RELAY GAMES.

Notre Dame will be represented in the Pennsylvania Relay Games to be held under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, April 26, by the relay team in the one mile championship race, and Wasson in the broad jump and the 100-yard dash. The entry of the relay team is contingent and will depend upon the result of time trials of the quarter milers to be held early next week when the personnel of the team will also be determined. Captain Plant, Rockne, Pritchard, Henahan, and Birder are the men forming the relay squad.

Changes in the balance of the outdoor schedule will make Northwestern College the opponents of the track squad in an outdoor meet on Cartier Field, May 10, while a dual meet with the Illinois Athletic Club on May 24 will close the home outdoor season. The annual Conference meet to be held at Madison under the auspices of the University of Wisconsin, June 7, will provide a wind-up for track activities for the 1913 season.

Consistent outdoor practice has resulted in general improvements in the form of all the men. Cross country running has been indulged in by the sprinters almost daily for the past two weeks, and lower marks in all of the events will be a necessary consequence.

Pritchard is showing up unusually well in the hurdles; Eichenlaub has lengthened his put of the shot to 42 feet, 4 inches; Wasson has registered several practice jumps of 22 feet; Birder recently ran the quarter in 0:52 2-5; Bensberg looms up more prominently every day as one of the mainstays of the team in the 100- and 220-yard dashes; Captain Plant and Henahan are profiting by their outdoor work, and Rockne with the pole vault, broad jump, shot put, and quarter mile on his list, is really busy.

### BASEBALL SEASON OPENS WITH VICTORY.

The season's first offering in baseball leaves little room for doubt concerning the bright prospects ahead of our baseball men this spring. Olivet College was the victim of the 9 to 1 score. The game was the Varsity's from the first inning.

To the flawless work of Lathrop is due the major share of the credit for the easy victory.

The lanky freshman has established a most enviable record in his first college game, and a record that will be difficult to surpass. He struck out fourteen opponents, seven of whom went down during the first three innings; he allowed but three passes, and four hits off his delivery; and he added to the lustre of his showing by leading a bat fest in the seventh with a clean home run.

There is not a weak spot on the team. It is a moderate estimate to say that our mound staff is at least fifty percent stronger than it was last year. "Dolly" Gray is again with us at the receiving end, and Kenny is on hand to reinforce that position. Last year's infield is intact save for Arnfield, and Newning seems to be a fit successor to the star of last year. "Harry's" showing in last Saturday's game was particularly satisfying. He handled every chance coolly and swiftly, figured in a fast double play, and hammered out a three-sacker. The outfield is practically new, but we need have no fears from that end of the team. True, it will be a long time before we get another "Cy" Williams in the garden, but so long as we have "Cy" on the coaching staff behind such men as Regan, Duggan, Mills, Dolan, Elward, and others, we feel safe. Duggan's stick work was especially good, the ex-interhaller batting 1000 in his initial Varsity game.

"Happy" O'Connell bears the distinction of getting the first hit of the 1913 season. Besides this, the snappy work of our old short-stop makes us breathe easy when the ball is lined out in his direction. "Happy" scored with the help of sacrifices, and other tallies were added in the second and fourth frames, but the heavy artillery was left to the old gold and blue lucky seventh. "Rusty" Lathrop led the cannonade with a homer, and before the inning was over, the line-up had batted around, and six scores had been added to the Varsity's total.

Olivet's lone score came in the sixth. Smith walked; took second on a bad throw to first; advanced to third on a passed ball, and scored when Reilly sent a little Texas leaguer over third base. Reilly, by the way, was the visitor's only offering as a batsman. He got three of the four bingles secured off Lathrop.

Solemnity was added to the occasion by the formalities which preceded the contest. After both teams had warmed up, "Dummy" Smith came onto the field in a new model

car, and made the formal speech of opening to the assembled throng. After a most eloquent discourse, he threw the first ball (away), kissed "Rusty" Lathrop on the forehead, and expressed his best wishes for the Varsity's success this season. Mayor Smith was accompanied by his aldermen, who were attired suitably for the occasion.

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss	1	1	3	2	0
Regan, lf.	1	1	0	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	1	0	6	0	1
Mills, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	1	1	2	0	0
Duggan, cf.	3	3	0	0	0
Newning, 2b.	1	1	3	2	0
Gray, c.	0	1	13	3	1
Lathrop, p.	1	1	0	4	0

Totals 9 9 27 11 2

OLIVET	R	H	P	A	E
Riley, rf.	0	3	2	0	0
Royal, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Walsh, 1b.	0	0	10	0	0
Hamilton, 2b.	0	1	4	1	1
French, cf.	0	0	2	0	1
Miller, c.	0	0	5	0	0
Nellthorpe, 3b.	0	0	1	2	0
Smith, ss.	1	0	0	4	0
Payette, p.	0	0	0	4	0

Totals 1 4 24 11 2

Olivet College	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—1
Notre Dame	1	1	0	1	0	0	6	0	*—9

Summary—Stolen bases—Mills, Farrell, Duggan, Newning. Three base hits—Duggan, Newning. Home run—Lathrop. Double play—Newning to O'Connell to Farrell. Struck out—By Lathrop, 14; by Payette, 5; Bases on balls—Off Lathrop, 3; off Payette, 3. Wild pitch—Payette. Umpire—Coffey. Time of game—1 hour 30 minutes.

The interhall baseball schedule arranged at a recent meeting of the managers of the various teams is as follows:

April 24—Sorin vs. Corby.

April 27—Brownson vs. Walsh.

May 1—St. Joseph vs. Sorin.

May 4—Corby vs. Walsh.

May 8—Brownson vs. St. Joseph.

May 11—Walsh vs. Sorin.

May 15—Brownson vs. Corby.

May 18—St. Joseph vs. Walsh.

May 22—Sorin vs. Brownson.

May 25—St. Joseph vs. Corby.

May 29—Sorin vs. Corby.

May 30—Brownson vs. Walsh.

June 1—St. Joseph vs. Sorin.

June 5—Corby vs. Walsh.

Brownson vs. St. Joseph.

June 8—Walsh vs. Sorin.

Brownson vs. Corby.

June 12—St. Joseph vs. Walsh,

Sorin vs. Brownson.

June 15—St. Joseph vs. Corby.