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In May.

IN may the earth's a temple fair,
Its floor an emerald lea;
And 'neath the vault of sapphire rare
Its lamp—the sun—swings free.

And in this temple many shrines
In woodlands may be seen—
Cool chapels walled with leafy vines
For Nature's Virgin Queen.

There, choirs of birds praise her in song,
And flowers breathe perfumed prayer.
Why are our lives, like theirs, not long,
Sweet praise to Mary fair?

B. E.

Cardinal Wolsey.

STANISLAUS F. MILANOWSKI, '14.



THE principal redeeming feature of Shakespeare's "King Henry the Eighth" is found in the delineation of two characters, Queen Catherine and Cardinal Wolsey.

Viewed from an ethical standpoint,

this drama is repugnant to our sense of poetic justice. The plot itself is loosely constructed and has scarcely any connecting links. "King Henry the Eighth" could, by a little amplification, be developed into three separate plays. Though King Henry is present in all the acts, yet he is not the hero of the play, for during the first three acts we have Cardinal Wolsey as the central character; and only in the fourth and fifth acts is King Henry brought to our notice.

Because the play is named "King Henry the Eighth" it does not necessarily follow that King Henry is the hero. We have a similar

misnomer in the play "Julius Caesar." In that drama, Brutus is developed and portrayed more fully than Caesar, and is easily the hero in preference to the man after whom the play is named. So also in this drama, the Cardinal is easily the impelling force of the action to such a degree that he overshadows all the other characters. Even after the third act, when he retires from the stage, the force of his personality is felt in all the succeeding events of the last two acts. The action of these acts depends either directly or indirectly on the Cardinal's previous manipulations.

In order to read and understand this play properly, it is necessary that we have an idea of Wolsey's character and position. Though at first it may appear strange to us that a clergyman should be so occupied with the things of this world that he forgets his religious duties, and cherishes bitter hatred for his enemies, yet the reasons will become apparent as we proceed. By a closer study of the Cardinal in relation with the play, we find him opposed by three personages: the Duke of Buckingham, Queen Catherine, and King Henry himself. During the course of the play, Wolsey passes through three distinct phases of his career.

Ambition: around this word centres the life of the Cardinal. Striving after higher things, never satisfied, never quiet, he has placed before his vision a goal which he is bent on attaining by fair means or foul. Coming from humble stock, he has risen by the force of his intellectual powers and great ambition to the highest position in England—the king's only excepted. Now that this height has been attained, he strives still higher. The Papacy is his final desire. If Wolsey can attain his end, then he will be elevated to a position from which he will be able to dictate to all—from the lowliest peasant to the mightiest king. At present he

enjoys the dignity of Cardinal-Legate to England. In addition he is also made Lord Prime Minister of England. But how he may realize his life's greatest aim is the question that keeps him scheming.

Though he has friends, political and ecclesiastical, at Rome and elsewhere, still he needs some great nation to back him up. Unknown to Henry, he employs all the wealth and power of England for this end, but he needs the support of one more nation, and this must be either France or Spain. Since Catherine, Queen of England and King Henry's wife, is of Spanish birth, Wolsey naturally turns to Charles V, her nephew, for aid. He seeks to lay hold of the archbishopric of Toledo, as this will aid him considerably; but Charles, reading the character of Wolsey, refuses to grant his desire, and thereby causes an undying enmity to arise between the two. Wolsey, being of a revengeful as well as of an ambitious nature, seeks to retaliate; and the best means to accomplish this is to wreak his vengeance in some way on Charles' aunt, Queen Catherine.

After careful and diligent thought he finally hits upon a scheme which promises to work out excellently, without anyway endangering the Cardinal's position or honor. A little explanation will enable us to understand his scheme more clearly. Before her marriage to Henry, Catherine was the wife of Henry's elder brother. After her husband's death Henry married her, but not until the necessary dispensation was obtained, as the ruling of the Church forbade a marriage with a deceased brother's wife. Their married life has now extended over twenty years; both are content and happy until the Cardinal comes between them. To accomplish his object:

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these, to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.

If the marriage of Henry and the French king's sister can be effected, Wolsey's ambition will have attained its highest aim. The first step, therefore, is to enkindle in the king's mind doubts as to the validity of the dispensation granted him to marry Catherine. But to do this himself would involve the danger of arousing the king's suspicions, therefore

he has recourse to a very subtle device.

The Bishop of Bayonne, the French ambassador, has been sent to England to settle matters in regard to the proposed marriage between the Duke of Orleans and King Henry's daughter, Mary. Wolsey here sees his opportunity to introduce into the king's mind certain doubts regarding his marriage with Catherine. When the French bishop arrives, Wolsey speaks with him, and suggests that he require a respite from Henry,

Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate.

The bishop consents to do this, and later, when he holds a conference with the king, he asks for the respite. This unexpected demand has its effect on the king; from that time on he is doubtful and suspicious about the rightfulness of his marriage with Catherine. The Cardinal sees this and secretly rejoices at his success. He understands the king's character and is fairly sure of the outcome, namely, that after the illegality of the dispensation has been declared, King Henry will wed the French king's sister and thus make France and England closely connected. It is uncertain, whether or not, previous to this time, the king has had any intention of casting off Catherine, for nowhere in the entire play do we find reference to such a desire.

Wolsey is a great statesman as well as a great churchman. In so far as human reason is capable, all his plans are well drawn and executed in every respect except one; this is the oversight of King Henry's sensuality. For, once these doubts about the validity of his present marriage have entered his mind, the hypocritical ruler's sensuality becomes manifest. Although during the last few years he has seen Queen Catherine surrounded by many beautiful women, yet they have not interested him to any great extent. Now, however, he recalls a young girl by the name of Anne Boleyn, who is in the Queen's service. He recalls her beauty and her virtues, and at once there springs up in his heart a desire to possess this fair creature. Once this desire is enkindled in him, he forgets his duty towards his faithful wife, setting aside all her good qualities and disregarding her undying love. Heretofore she has been a check on his wild and fiery nature. But now Henry is acting blindly; he acts not as an honorable and just husband, but as an

animal. Up to the present he might have had doubts, but now he wishes that his doubts be established as truth so that a decree of divorce may be granted him. Cardinal Wolsey has not foreseen this one trait in Henry's character, and now it is too late to repair the evil set in operation.

To give to his actions the appearance of justice and fairness, Henry calls together the learned doctors of the Catholic Church, that they might decide on the validity of his marriage with Catherine. As a last resource, Wolsey thinks he sees here an opportunity to become the master of the situation once more. Accordingly he delays the action of the council, and sends secret letters to the Pope, advising against the nullification of the marriage. Next, without coming to any judgment on the case, the council is dismissed by Wolsey, and Henry is told that since Catherine has appealed to Rome for a decision, he must wait until an answer is received. Meanwhile the Cardinal hopes to mould Henry in such a way as to divert his mind from Anne Boleyn. But this is a hopeless task, as Henry's sensuality has the upper-hand. The king is suspicious that the Cardinal is trifling with him. He hates the long suspense and becomes impatient.

Wolsey sees that his plans have failed him and so he tries to overreach the king. But at the most critical moment, his plans again miscarry. The letter which he has written to the Pope, in which he advises against a nullification, and also a private paper containing the amount of his wealth and of his expenses, accidentally fall into the king's hands. The king is incensed and at once deposes Cardinal Wolsey from his office of Prime Minister. At first Wolsey does not understand the situation, but when the king hands him the two documents, all is clear to him. In that one instant, Wolsey sees the work of a lifetime crash to the ground. He realizes in that instant what a failure his life has been, and how keen is his disappointment. Anguish of heart and mind swept over that broken man. How bitter was the sorrow, how sad the end! All these long years of scheming, striving, and self-sacrifice; all for naught. That golden goal which ever stood before his eyes, beckoning him on, now lay before him a hopeless, shattered ruin. The vision of the Papal chair has vanished from his eyes. He realizes this as is evident from his soliloquy: I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;

And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Later, when all his wealth is confiscated and he is subjected to greater humiliation, the full significance of the vainness of the glory and pomp of this world dawns upon him. By losing all his temporal power and joy, he gets possession of true happiness. He knows himself now.

Heretofore he sacrificed everything to satisfy his ambition; but now he sees the futility of earthly things, their cares and sorrows. He sees life in its true light; and seeing it, he thanks God that this misfortune has brought him the fortune of seeing himself and the world as they really are. Then he bids farewell to his earthly career in his famous soliloquy:

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

As a last warning, he charges his friend Cromwell to

—fling away ambition:

By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

What more noble sentiments could be expressed by any man? Would that these few lines could be inscribed in every public place, on every human heart; for then men would be united in one Christian fold. In these few

lines: "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's", are expressed all the just laws ever enacted, and all the true teachings of doctors and philosophers. Here our duty toward God and toward man is given to us in a few lines. Wolsey is aware that he has forgotten his primary end, namely, his spiritual welfare, and that instead he has sought the things of this world and received ingratitude as his recompense; for he says:

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

But now he frees himself from the things of this world and from sin, and regains the strength of his soul in humility, and once more experiences what true happiness is by returning to a true knowledge of himself. Before he fell he was never happy or contented, but now, his glory and honor are greater in the hour of his death than they ever were during his entire career of pomp and glory.

In Wolsey we have a character that passes through three stages of growth: the first is that of power; the second, humiliation; and the third, spiritual dignity and beauty. In the period of power, Shakespeare portrays Wolsey as being ambitious, proud, revengeful, cunning.

The next bad quality which manifests itself during Wolsey's period of power, is his pride. "Ego et rex meus," was the formula which he employed on all official documents; always placing himself before all, even before the king.

We also said that Wolsey is cunning and deceitful. This is apparent to us, when we recall how he managed to separate Henry and Catherine, and how, by various means, he has been taxing the people and putting the proceeds in his own private box. No wonder, then, that Buckingham calls him: "This holy fox, or wolf, or both, for he is equal ravenous as he is subtle." To show that this is really the case, let us consider Wolsey's actions at the time when Buckingham opposes him. He surrounds the Duke with spies; he bribes his enemy's servants; and secretly plans his downfall. He next removes the Duke's friends and relatives to positions far from the court; this assures him free action. When all is ready, he springs his trap and Buckingham is executed as a traitor. Again, we see both the cunning and the deceit of the Cardinal combined in

the following case. The Cardinal has imposed a tax on the people, which consists of a sixth part of each man's subsistence, to be levied without any delay. The people groan under the burden and refuse to comply. Catherine, hearing of this severe demand, intercedes with the king in behalf of the people. The king asks Wolsey if he is guilty of the unauthorized act, whereupon the latter replies that it was the action of the council. The king excuses Wolsey, repeals the act, and issues a pardon to every man who has refused to comply with the Cardinal's commission. Here is where the churchman's cunning and deceit enter, for he calls his secreatry aside and says:

Let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes.

In this way he will endear himself to the people and clear all suspicion from himself by assuming the attitude of a liberator. This act also shows him to be hypocritical. Queen Catherine briefly sums up the Cardinal's flaws, when she says to him:

You're meek and humble-mouthed;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.

The second stage of Wolsey's career, shows Wolsey's character under the influence of humiliation. After King Henry has handed him the packet of papers containing an inventory of his private wealth and his letter to the pope, he realizes that all is lost, and that from now on he will descend the ladder of worldly fame and glory. Still, when the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, and the Earl of Surrey bring various charges against him, he presents a bold front and retains all his characteristic haughtiness towards them. But this is merely the shadow of his former arrogance, for when he is left alone, he bursts into that eloquent and sad farewell wherein he bids adieu to all his earthly greatness. Then with contrite heart, he renounces all the glories of this world, and turns his eyes to the God whom he has almost lost sight of during his career of pomp and glory.

That "his overthrow heap'd happiness upon him," we find out from Catherine's gentleman usher, who says that:

Then and not till then he felt himself;
And found the blessedness of being little;
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Varsity Verse

A Sign of Spring.

ALFRED J. BROWN, '14.

'Tis not that the robins all chirp overhead
Or that poets all sing
Of the blossoming spring
That is making me feel that the winter is dead:
The thing that is making my glad mind revert
To the winter at last
As a thing of the past
Is the rhubarb we get for dessert.

Virtue.

FRANK G. MOONEY, '14.

True virtue's like a candle's rays
That shines amid surroundings drear,—
Afar it casts its blessed spell,
And robs grim death of half its fear.
Before the glare of wealth it pales,
And feeble grows in vain display;
But in the hut where love is known,
It rivals e'en the light of day.

The Optimist.

LOUIS EICH, '14.

Say, what's the use of living if you can't enjoy a smile?
A pleasant laugh drives trouble far away;
So, twist your face into a grin at least once in a while,
And laugh at things that happened yesterday.
And don't get angry just because your hat is out of style,
Or 'cause the money that you've caught won't stay;
Just think about the foolish things that you have done,
and smile;
And rest assured, the world will be more gay.

Old Letters.

ALLAN J. HEISER, '13.

A packet worn by time and age
Is spread upon my knee,
Of letters old and torn and stained—
My mother's unto me.
I read her words of love and as
Each word and line I trace,
In fancy I recall again
My dear old mother's face.

Littleness.

ALFRED J. BROWN, '14.

In the evening's calm and splendor,
While in distant western skies
Purple, pink, and azure mingle
Weaving woofs of wondrous dyes,
A tiny star
Gleams from afar.

Applied Mathematics.

(A play in two acts. Scene: Students' Room.
Time, Exam day. JACK discovered with a letter.)
Jack (reads):

"Enclosed you'll find ten dollars, son,
It's all for you and Bill to spend.
And if your next exams are good
Another X perhaps I'll send."

Bill:—

The deuce! I asked for ten myself!
You asked a tenner, too, you say!
But here is only five apiece—
And forty in exam today!

Jack—

The old man thinks he's sprung a joke;
You see, we both sent for a ten;
One ten he sends then to us both,
But promises he'll 'come again.'

Bill—

Provided that we pass. I guess
Your fifty-eight wont bring the dough;
My forty certainly ain't much,
So where's the marks we're going to show?

Jack—

Now not so fast, my brother, dear,
Your forty and my fifty-eight
At first sight may look rather poor.
But watch if Dad don't take this bait:

(Writes letter)

"Dear Dad, enclosed you'll find our marks.
At last your sons have struck their gait.
Are both of us not stars in Math?—
For both of us got ninety-eight."

Act II (Same as Act I. A week later. BILL
discovered reading letter.)

Bill (reads)—

"My darling sons, this morning's mail
Brought me your very pleasing note—
Enclosed find ten apiece." Hurrah!
Well, Jack, I guess that got his goat!

Dodging Luck.

ALFRED J. BROWN, '14.

It was a nasty night. No prefect would be out on such a night. At least so Jack Dean thought. The drizzling rain had turned into sleet, coating the trolley wires with ice and making the cars uncertain. The streets were slippery, the sidewalks deserted. The whole world was a gloomy picture in grey.

Jack's feelings reflected the weather, or the weather portrayed Jack's mood, which way you like it best. The holidays were over and Jack was blue. He had to settle down to the old grind, to forget those jolly vacation times at home, and renew acquaintances with dry, uninteresting books. Besides, he had been late in getting back and that made a difference in his permissions.

"It's a hard old world," he mused as he swung into position on a stool at "Mike's Place." "Late two days and no 'per' for two months! I might as well be in prison."

He sat there looking as forlorn and disgusted as if Wabash had scored three touchdowns in the first half.

"What's the matter, Jack? Blue?" asked a friend at his right.

"Oh, what's the use in being cheerful anyway? Why do you know—"

"Yes, I know," replied his friend. "I know what will cheer you up. When are you going out?"

"I've got to be in my room at seven."

"That spoils it!"

"Spoils what?" asked Jack.

"Why, your fun. You see, there's a good show on tonight."

"Where?"

"At the Oliver. Kitty Gorden plays in 'The Enchantress.'"

"Let's go! What do you say?" asked Jack brightening up.

"Sorry, Jack. I got a date. Swell dame from Niles."

Jack was decided. He was going to see that show if it cost him his whole future.

Half an hour afterwards he was about to enter the box-office when he stopped suddenly as if he had brushed against a live wire. Not a half a block away and coming toward him was the prefect.

"Good night!" exclaimed Jack and turning he rushed into the building at his right, almost upsetting the gentleman who was then coming out. The elevator door was just closing.

"Wait!" he shouted, making a rush for it.

"What floor?" asked the operator as they were on their way up.

"Twelfth," Jack replied.

"Ten is all we have," said the boy.

"Tenth then," Jack ordered.

The elevator had passed the fifth floor when it creaked, strained, and stopped with a jolt midway between stories. The operator jerked the lever frantically back and forth, yet the "lift" remained firm. Jack waited for it to drop and prepared himself for the shock. The one lady passenger was pale with fright and seemed undecided whether to scream or to faint into Jack's arms, but she compromised by sinking into one corner and nervously asking:

"Is there any danger?"

Jack tried to assure her everything was all right, while at the same time he could not convince himself that he had more than three minutes to live. His past life came vividly before his mind. There were some things in it he was not just sure about, some matters he would like to live long enough to "square." He would like to have more time to arrange for his demise anyway. True, he would have to die sometime, but then—still he had heard of a man who fell ten stories in an elevator and had lived to tell about it. This last reflection gave him hope.

"Is it going to drop?" he asked the elevator boy in a whisper.

"Naw! It's only stuck," replied that person squatting on a stool and pulling out a pink sporting page.

"Oh!" said Jack heaving a sigh of relief, "That isn't so bad. How long before it will be fixed?"

"About two hours," replied the boy.

Then Jack settled back in a corner, contented that things were not worse. Ten minutes passed and he became restless. He glanced at his watch. It was seven o'clock. Two hours would make him late for the show. It was not so pleasant after all. As the time dragged on he began walking from one side of the cage to the other like a lion in the zoo.

Later it was found that the electrician had gone home and that the elevator would not be fixed till morning. Accordingly an opening

was made in the shaft and the occupants crawled out. Jack took the stairs down. At the entrance the prefect was waiting as patient and unconcerned as Bob waits before the express office. Watching his chance Jack slipped into the cigar store, and using the private exit at the back escaped into the alley.

Once in the alley, Jack congratulated himself on his lucky escape. He had fifteen minutes to kill before the performance. Walking leisurely up Michigan Street he "lit up" to regain his accustomed coolness which had been slightly disturbed by the evening's events.

He was suddenly startled by the discovery that the man walking in front of him was the prefect. That person turned around, and Jack was again forced to dive into a building to escape. The entrance was a small one and two flights of stairs led up from it. Jack went up three steps at a time. Where it led to he did not care. It led from the prefect—that was enough. Once at the top, he stopped to listen. Footsteps sounded on the stairs behind him. He thanked his lucky star that the hall was poorly lighted. He probably would not be recognized. He stopped for an instant, at a loss what to do. At the end of the hall he saw the following sign:

HOME'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.—NIGHT CLASSES.

An idea came to his rescue. Why not step in and see the president? He would ask for information, pretending that he intended to matriculate. By that time the prefect would be out of the way.

The president was busy; Jack waited. The fifteen minutes had almost passed when a commotion worse than a hall roughhouse was heard outside the room. Jack hurried out to investigate the excitement. The place was full of smoke and there was a smell of burning pine. The stairway was impassable and another way of escape had to be sought. The lights went out and a minute later the place was a veritable Babel. A crowd of students jostled one another in the dark. People crowded and jammed in the panic.

Finally firemen appeared and order was gradually established. Jack took his turn climbing down the ladder which led from the window to the street below.

"I have you at last," said the prefect's voice in his ear as he stepped on the ground. "But you certainly are a clever dodger," and he led him out of the crowd.

"Here is a letter I have been trying to give you all evening," he told Jack when they were alone.

Jack, dumb with astonishment, glanced first at the letter and then at the prefect. The fact that he was chased all evening simply to be given a letter was too much for him. Finally he opened it and read:

DEAR BOY:—I called in to surprise you and found you gone. I have tickets for the theatre tonight. Grace is with me. Come out at once.

YOUR MOTHER.

He had scarcely finished reading when he heard his name called, and turning, saw his mother and Grace.

"You naughty boy," was his mother's greeting. "Why didn't you come out to the college when I sent for you? We have been all this time waiting for you."

"Well, Mother, you see it was this way. I—"

"Never mind that. We are almost late for the performance. Come!"

"Life isn't so bad, after all," said Jack as they hurried off to the show.

Maytime.

MATTHEW A. COYLE.

O JOYOUS month so bright,

In beauty fresh reborn,

Thy pleasant days delight

The weary heart forlorn.

Let love and song both reign this day

And chant abroad our praise of May.

O glorious month of love

And comeliness refined,

Bring graces from above

That rouse and charm mankind.

Free hearts from passion's brutal sway

With songs and praise of beauteous May.

O month when play is sweet,

When rambles oft invite

Our weary hearts to fleet

O'er meadows in delight.

Come join our ranks in frolic gay

To celebrate the praise of May.

O month of lovers' choice,

And nature's fragrant prime.

With maiden's love rejoice—

Walk not afield to pine.

Arise and sing, be glad today,

For 'tis the smiling month of May.

Genuine English vs. The Counterfeit.

CHARLES E. DORAIS, '14.

"Hi, kiddo!"

"Hello, old crawfish!"

"Where bound?"

"Aw, just drillin' up the main stein here."

"Well, keep your lamps lit. There is a pair o' prefects sluefooting around after ginks like you."

"Oh, I should worry a lot—and build a house on it. I've got some drag."

"All's well, then. So long! Guess I'll beat it."

"So long!"

The above is a typical example of dialogue among today's generation of young men. And it may be added that the young are not the only ones afflicted by this slang habit, for it is often present among the older and, supposedly, more staid and particular classes. Even the present-day writers are not exempt, for in almost all writings of today there are weak spots where slang creeps in. The slang habit is especially common among newspaper writers. Sporting editors in particular must be adepts in the use of slang, and usually they are such to the extent of being unintelligible to their cultured readers.

We Americans, it seems, are the ones most seriously stricken with the slang malady. That is one good reason why we should consider the question seriously. The use of slang is becoming habitual with us, and it is time we were applying a check of some sort to the growing evil. This flagrant abuse of a forcible and adequate language by the use of ribald language is not a habit or fad of any particular class. All classes, it seems, are slowly developing the habit, and the greatest number of horrible examples are found where they should be least expected—among our college students.

Even in the class-room may be found the most successful counterfeiters of language, the most energetic "shovers of the queer." Now this is certainly not as it should be. Those who have not the advantages which a college education afford, look up to the students of our colleges as the ones who should be the exponents of culture—of good English at least.

Those that favor slang argue that good

additions to the dictionary have been obtained through that medium. But these are the exceptions, not the rule. The harm that slang does far outweighs the good, for we already have good, strong Anglo-Saxon words to express the ideas that our slang words only half express. The slang words that are fully legitimized are not typical of the class; for usually when slang expressions are dissected for a meaning, they are found empty and meaningless.

Many slang words are local, and would not be understood outside of their locality. This is certainly opposed to the idea of a universal language—one current throughout the country. It tends to cut up the English language into various dialects peculiar to different localities.

The reason for the popularity of these low words is that there is a craving in the mind of everyone for new and fresh words of speech, and the easiest way to satisfy this want is to resort to free and easy slang. Right here slang is a great evil, for if, instead of turning to it for the satisfaction of this want, we would spend a little time and trouble in selecting words new to us but in good use, the craving instead of being a detriment would be very beneficial, as one's vocabulary would be increased and strengthened by correct, expressive words. Slang is too unstable to be desirable, for its terms quickly change in meaning, and are, in most cases, short-lived, giving way after a brief tenure of office to make place for newer and fresher terms.

The habitual use of slang cramps one's vocabulary. One word usually supplies the place of five or six synonyms, any one of which would be much better if used. Anything that would, for instance, be good, elegant, graceful, beautiful, or magnificent, would be, for the user of slang, all summed up in the one word "swell." The meaning of such words is never specific. The import is changeable, and one word of slang can even have opposite meanings in two different sentences.

The use of slang is merely an indication of the mental laziness of the user. It is the slothful person's substitute for correct expressions that require effort to learn and recall.

We can readily infer from what has been said that slang is really a many-sided evil; and as an evil can never be made good, there are no ends, means, or circumstances which can justify one in the use of this counterfeit language.

Cor Mariae.

AS the rising mist discloses
 All the valley's beauteous store;
 As the perfume of the roses
 Tells of nature's secret lore;

So that Heart of heart's the fairest,
 Heart of Mary ever blest,
 Love unfolds—of loves the rarest,—
 Love that drew God to her breast.

B. W.

The Convict's Appeal.

JAMES MATTHEWS, '15.

The hunted man who had emerged from the thickets that fringed the road stopped, straightened himself, and passed the sleeve of his ragged coat over his eyes. Not fifty yards away he saw the red blaze of a smithy fire. Beside it the black outline of a huge old man bent over the anvil, and a large, muscular arm rose and fell rhythmically and powerfully, the blows ringing far through the still night.

The hunted man crept forward. The fine white dust of the roads had so powdered him, and mud from the lagoons had so plastered him, that it would have been hard to tell whether he was old or young, black or white.

The man stretched out his hands toward the blaze as if to warm them. What he desired still more, however, was the warmth of human intercourse. It was days since he had heard a human voice.

At that moment there sounded, very far away, the bay of a hound. The man's straining ears caught the sound; he hesitated no longer, but, gripping his knife, he slouched toward the blacksmith and peered in at the door of the smithy.

"Can you give a stranger a bed, mister?" he called to the smith.

"Come in, friend," answered the smith without looking up. "Sit down beside the fire and rest awhile."

The man obeyed, taking his seat in the shadow and pulling the ragged hat well over his eyes. No word passed between them, until the hound's bay sounded again, far across the marshes.

"You're from the convict camp, I take it," said the smith quietly. "When did you get away?"

"Six nighths ago," the stranger said, advancing into the glow of the fire. "You'll help me?" he pleaded in an eager voice. "Tell them I'm your help and give me some bread and put an old suit on me? I wouldn't have asked you if you were not the same nationality as I. I'd have took what I wanted. Look!" He showed him the long knife and then replaced it in the inner pocket of his coat.

"Before I answer your questions, let me ask you a few," said the smith. "What was your crime and how long did they send you away for?"

"They sent me up for life!" shouted the convict with sudden fury. "That was nine years ago and I've been there all the time."

"What was your crime, friend?" the smith interrupted.

"Murder," the other responded savagely. "I killed a man,—the lowest and meanest one that ever lived."

"I'll give no help to a murderer, and you had better go before they get here," said the smith.

"You'll hear me first," the other pleaded. "Now wait! I'll tell you everything. There's time to tell, and then I'll go, if you wont help me. I was raised in England and came to this country ten years ago to marry a girl I was engaged to. There was another man from the same place to whom I gave a note to give her when he set sail to work in a factory over here."

"A factory, you say?" cried the smith. "What factory?"

"The glass factory at Washburn. I heard no more of him and no news came from Marie, but when I reached the town I found them both. They had been married six months. I met her at the door. Her eyes were blackened and her arm bruised. I found him at the factory and stabbed him with my knife."

"What was his name?" hoarsely questioned the smith.

"Hobbs."

The old man's hand fell heavily on the convict's shoulder.

"There's some old clothes in there, friend. Put them on and then sit by the fire. Hurry on for the hounds will soon be here."

"But—but," stammered the convict, "you knew Hobbs, did you?"

"He married my daughter," answered the old man sadly and bitterly.

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—*Truth* after mature deliberation, has come to the conclusion that Mrs. Pankhurst of dynamite fame is a mere notoriety howler. Strikingly original, these observations from "dear old Lunnon." Wonder who could have told them?

—"Jackroller" murders are becoming so prevalent in Chicago that even the police force threatens activity. Judge Mahoney thinks somebody ought to be arrested, but the "powers that be" haven't told the police who is to be the sacrifice. It looks as if these jurists had no regard for inside politics any more.

—The Chicago police will employ Jiu Jitsu in subduing refractory prisoners. Which will be quite a departure from the time-honored expedient of pounding said prisoner's parietal structure into wonderful and fearful shapes.

—The "cubist" drama impends. Marcel Duchamps of "Staircase" infamy, threatens to dramatize his production. Nine cans of paint, a car load of shingles, and a stick of dynamite would be the only essentials for a successful presentation.

—U. S. Senator Owen is suing his constituents—the Cherokee Indians,—for fifteen per cent of a fifteen million dollar land claim secured for them from the government. If anyone is so rude as to intimate that the gentleman is getting \$7,000 a year for his services,

let him be squealched by the retort that it is a matter of sacred precedent to adroitly intercept anything that Uncle Sam tries to hand the noble red man—excepting, of course, gold bricks and buckshot.

—"Opium," says Rouzier Dorcier, "is undermining the efficiency of the French navy." We could sympathize more sincerely, if it were not for the fact that opium consumption is encouraged by France in her Oriental possessions.

—Thomas Apple Clark, dean of men at the University of Illinois, charges the Theta Nu Epsilon "frat" and other organizations with wholesale grafting. Even the publication of a recent "Illio" has entailed more charges of "crooked contracting" and "rebating" than would be encountered in a session of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

—Turning iconoclast and attacking some established and generally approved institutions is a cheap method of attaining newspaper notoriety that is much Elliott's Generalities. resorted to by men who have failed to get their names before the public in other ways. Now comes one Elliott, international students' secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who pronounces that "the college man of today takes life too lightly," and that "if he can roll a cigarette nicely and can play with a bull pup he is satisfied, apparently, with life." Furthermore, said Elliott opines that the University Club is a curse, because, forsooth, in his visits to the place, he was "brought face to face with men who spent their time in playing cards and always smoking," all of which was good for a quarter column of otherwise perfectly good space in the Chicago papers, a truly epoch-making event in Mr. Elliott's life. Not to rob him of any jot or tittle of felicity, we should like to suggest that his first statement in too broad and general to be accepted even by anyone totally unfamiliar with conditions in American colleges, and that his second is made nauseating by a savor of Puritanical Phariseism. If Mr. Elliott had said that some, or even many, college men do not take life seriously enough, we might have confessed the statement worthy of intelligent consideration, and we might have been willing to hear even one like Mr. Elliott tell us how

to become more serious, as we think he must be very serious himself if he takes himself seriously; but when he makes a much broader statement of "the college man," as a class, we quite naturally recall a university where there are no bull pups and where cigarettes are under the ban, and we begin to be suspicious. When, therefore, we come upon his horrifying revelation regarding the smoking and card-playing at the University Club we refuse to be shocked, and even wonder mildly if he wouldn't be able to get a little material for his pres-agent out of our chess club,—or out of our "marble games" that were.

—His term expiring, Convict No. 40,104 of the Ohio penitentiary wrote to the Chief of Chicago's detective bureau asking that all other charges against him

Hot-House Reformation. might be dropped. The charges were all for forgery. In his plea the convict declared his wish to begin life anew and stay on the narrow road. He wants one more chance to be an honest man. But this time sentiment fails to convince, and so the man will return to the cell and prison routine. The American Bankers' Association will prosecute. They decline to set at liberty this expert forger. Despite his pathetic and sensational plea he will be refused mercy. He must pay the wages.

This looks like the proper stand to take—at least in some cases. It makes a better headline than the gushing claptrap of "Prison Poet Freed," or "Genius Reforms and is Pardoned." The law can not set itself up as a scarecrow; it must carry retribution. The pardoning power has been so frequently abused that one is comforted by this sane action of business men. The safest dealing with these student-criminals is to furnish them writing material, but keep them in jail. Then we can place their books on the dust-shelf with Oscar Wilde's, and do our banking in confidence.

Opening of May Devotions.

On last Wednesday evening the devotions for the Month of May were opened with special solemnity. The far-reaching harmonious tones of the big bell, which is rung only on rare occasions, proclaimed the universal joy in the return of the glad Maytime, the month of flowers and of Our Lady—Heaven's and Nature's

Queen and our special patroness. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. Father O'Donnell. Its theme dealt with the sanctity of marriage, the sacredness of the marriage relations, and the need and blessedness of purity. After the sermon, the clergy marched in procession around the the church during the singing of the *Ave Maria Stella*. Solemn benediction followed.

First Communion and Confirmation.

In contrast to Ascension Thursday of last year with its sunless sky and misty rain, a bright May sun beamed cheerily on Ascension Day services this year. The customary procession of the students, the battalion and band, and the clergy, graced with the presence of the Right Reverend Bishop Alerding of Fort Wayne, filed round the quadrangle of the University, into the church where mass *coram episcopo* was sung by Rev. Father Walsh, assisted by Fathers Schumacher and Davis. While the first communicants received the Blessed Eucharist the student congregation sang the hymn, "O Lord, I am not Worthy."

After mass Mishop Alerding preached a sermon on the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. He spoke briefly on the need and merit of each gift and the benefits both to soul and body derived from them. The choir then chanted the *Veni Creator Spiritus* after which the Bishop administered the sacrament of Confirmation.

The following received First Communion and Confirmation: H. A. Beaudry, E. W. Chambers, E. D. Cronk, G. C. Davidson, C. B. Dicks, F. W. Donelan, F. W. Early, R. Fallon, E. Fumasoli, G. J. Green, T. Hogan, E. Hogan, V. Lamb, J. F. Langan, E. V. Merrion, A. J. McGrath, P. B. McInerny, H. McMullin, E. M. Otero, R. C. Simons, J. B. Stewart, A. F. Sullivan, J. M. White, and F. Werling.

Sermon by Father McGarry.

Last Sunday a sermon against blasphemy was delivered by Father McGarry who chose the words of his text from the book of Leviticus, 24th Chapter, 16th verse: "He that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, dying, let him die." Father McGarry contrasted the respect of the ancient Jews for the name of God with the utter want of reverence of present-day

Christians. The Jews of old, for fear of even accidental disrespect, never pronounced or wrote the name of God. The high priest alone, and he but once a year within the Holy of Holies, invoked the name of the Lord upon the people. Moreover, the Jews bowed in prayer before writing even an equivalent for the name of God. In this their conduct puts to shame the professedly Christian men of today who are addicted to swearing and even to reviling the name of their Saviour. Words and expressions which they would never dare to utter in the presence of those they respect, they use constantly in the unseen presence of their God. Insults, such as they would not tolerate if uttered against themselves or those dear to them, they daily offer in their careless and criminal speech to the God who has done all things for them. The need of such sermons is manifest. May these lessons go home to all hearers and bring about the blessed results of a clean, manly, and reverent speech.

An Innovation in Interhall Baseball.

Ever since Hugh Chalmers of the Chalmers Automobile Company stirred up interest in the American and National leagues by offering two automobiles for the players in each league with the highest batting percentage, there has been a yearly struggle for these prizes, more individual effort to "make good," and consequently a better brand of baseball.

Just such a plan is being taken up by the managers of the teams in the interhall league. Too much difficulty in selecting the one best man of the league, and especially in deciding on who is to select him, prevents the following out of the plan given above, but what is considered even a better plan is being worked out.

The plan is this: Prizes will be given to the man who has the highest batting average, the one who steals the greatest number of bases, the fielder with the highest fielding percentage, and the pitcher with the greatest number of strike outs. A cup also may be secured for the winning nine.

Freshman Class Banquet.

Although "business" was not "discussed," and "final actions" were not "taken," the freshman class, on last Saturday night, held its most important meeting of the year. The

occasion was the class banquet and the place the Mishawaka Hotel. The class of 1916 departed from custom somewhat by going so far away from the dome for their "spread," and the presence of so many college students in the neighboring hamlet created no slight sensation. The handsome menu cards and favors will long bring back to the first year men the memories of a delightful evening.

Class President Harry Scott acted as toastmaster. Professor Cooney, the guest of honor and the principal speaker, gave the company a few of his countless good stories along with some excellent advice. Messrs Galvin, Keifer, and O'Donnell were the class members who spoke, and the efforts of every one of them were loudly applauded. The class regretted sincerely the inability of the acting President of the University, Rev. Father Walsh, to be present at the banquet.

Sophomores Satisfied.

The Sophomore's cotillion of last Wednesday night proved a great success and a thing of enjoyment to everybody concerned. There were eighty couples in attendance, and Fisher's orchestra provided a novelty programme. There were plenty on the job to provide amusement and variety, such as the musician who masqueraded as the "Society Bear" during one number. And when "Alabam" was played there was the "conductor man" with his lantern to yell, "All aboard!" Then there was the motley party of uninvited but welcomed guests who, when the dance was about half over, invaded the hall to the sounding of a discordant tin bugle. They were dressed in costumes that would take the prize at any "tacky party." After creating a pronounced ripple of merriment they soon made their exit, thus putting the finishing stroke to humor by their brevity.

K. of C. Initiation a Great Success.

On Sunday afternoon, April 27, the second and third degrees were exemplified in American hall, South Bend, with Notre Dame council No. 1477 in charge. About fifty candidates were guided through the mysteries. Of this number twenty-nine were from Notre Dame. At 10:15 a. m. solemn high mass was sung in Sacred Heart Church by Rev. Walter Lavin, chaplain of the council. In the afternoon

South Bend council conferred the second degree, while the third was under the direction of District Deputy Joseph W. Kenny, and staff of Indianapolis. Following the initiation a fine banquet was served in Elks Temple. It was attended by knights from several of the surrounding cities including St. Joseph, Laporte, and Elkhart. Mr. Earl Dickens, Grand Knight of the Notre Dame council, presided as toastmaster. Eloquent responses were made by Rev. Matthew Walsh, by Mr. Henry Wurzer of South Bend, and Mr. Francis O'Shaughnessy of Chicago. The subjects were "Our Church," "Our Order," and "Our Country."

Much credit for the success of the degree work and banquet is due to the zeal of Grand Knight Dickens, who has been untiring in his labor for the welfare of the local council. As this is the first time that Notre Dame Council has taken charge of a society initiation, its success of last Sunday is highly commendable.

Personals.

—Francis O'Shaughnessy (LL. B. '00) of Chicago was at Notre Dame last Sunday. Frank, who is an ex-president of the Alumni Association, was a speaker at the K. of C. banquet Sunday evening.

—Antonio Espinal, of Notre Dame, from '05 to '12, is at present with Hirtler Brothers and Company, Exporters and Importers, in Havana, Cuba. "Tony" is secretary to the president of the company and says he likes the work.

—"Gene" McCarthy of the Pittsburg National League baseball club, called on friends at the University on Wednesday afternoon. "Gene" was a diamond star for the Varsity a few years ago, and is making good in the "big show."

—Mr. William Duffy, a student here some years ago, writing from Butler, Pennsylvania, says it is almost like a visit to the old place to receive the SCHOLASTIC each week. "Will" is quite prominent in the commercial life of Butler.

—E. M. Bruce (Short E. E. '12) of St. Louis made a brief visit with friends at the University on Monday last. "Buddy" is with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company at Pittsburg, and reports much success in his work.

—Colonel William Hoynes, of the Law Department, and Rev. Father Walsh are to be the guests of honor at a dinner given by the

Chicago Notre Dame Club in Chicago this evening. A prominent speaker at the affair will be Lieutenant Governor O'Neil of Indiana.

—Old Notre Dame men who were prominent in the Knights of Columbus initiation ceremonies on last Sunday were Joseph W. Kenny, of Indianapolis, who was in charge of the third degree initiation, Henry L. Wurzer (LL. B. '98) of South Bend, a leading speaker of the evening's banquet; L. A. Kolupa, '99, and Arthur J. Michels, of South Bend.

—An extended description of the ranch of Mr. I. N. Mitchell, in DeWitt County, Texas, appeared in a recent Cuero, Texas, newspaper. An artesian well of considerable size was struck on the ranch a short time ago, and has added much to the value of the property. Mr. Mitchell, himself an old-time student at Notre Dame, is the brother of Charles and Hugh Mitchell of '94 and '95 respectively.

—While in Philadelphia for the meet last Saturday, members of the Varsity track squad were entertained by John Neeson (C. E. '03), "Dan" McNichols, last year's Varsity basketball star, and "Red" Donovan. With our old star, "Bill" Martin, who is at present coaching the track men of Penn State, the old Notre Dame boys made up an enthusiastic crowd and helped make the team's stay most enjoyable.

—Senator Stephen B. Fleming, who has long figured in democratic politics in Indiana, is soon to move from Fort Wayne to New York City, where he is to become manager of a part of the Morgan interests. The position is a responsible one and will occupy all of Mr. Fleming's time. "Steve" is an old student of Notre Dame and a former "big leaguer" on our Varsity diamond. We join with his many friends in wishing him success in his new work.

Calendar.

Sunday, May 4—Singing Quartet after mass.

Corby vs. Walsh, 3:00 p. m.

Brownson Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.

Tuesday—Varsity vs. University of West Virginia, in Baseball, here, 3:30 p. m.

Knights of Columbus Meeting, 7:45 p. m.

Wednesday—May Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Thursday—Brownson vs. St. Joseph in baseball.

Friday—Varsity vs. Washington and Jefferson in Baseball at 3:30 p. m.

May Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Local News.

—June may have the reputation for rare days, but nothing in the calendar could surpass the kind we are now enjoying.

—Henry Allan has been elected captain of the Carroll hall baseball team. "Red" promises to make it lively for any team whatsoever that wants a game with the Carrollites.

—Milroy, Twining, and Heiser have been chosen as the orators who will deliver the Bachelor orations during Commencement. Each will speak on a certain phase of the "Minimum Wage."

—This is the landscape gardener's busy season. Flower beds have been planted, walks edged-up, sod has been replaced and grass seed sown where careless feet wandered from orthodox paths.

—Le Grand Hammond has organized a promising baseball team which goes under the striking name of "The Horses." Though "The Horses" are generally out at pasture when the time comes to play ball, LeGrand promises to drive them to victory ere long.

—All students who intend to try their hand in the business world this summer, and who have not already something definite before them, will find it to their advantage to confer with Mr. Earl Dickens, as he is able to give them valuable tips on paying jobs.

—The Carroll hall baseball team lost an interesting game last Wednesday afternoon to the Walsh hall second team, the Grave-diggers. It was quite a batter's fest, the final score being 14 to 10. Battery for Walsh was Malone and Leuty; for Carroll, McManus and Barry.

—The Philopatrian society will hold its annual picnic, May 15. The members are looking forward to it with great expectations of a good time. The last meeting of the society will occur on the 22 when a lunch will be served and a short sketch put on the boards.

—At present the Journalists have their hands full. They are busy writing for their number of the SCHOLASTIC which will appear next week. Then, too, their first newspaper will be put out in about two weeks and consequently they have little time to spare to spring fever.

—Then there is the Junior ball, which will be the final social gathering of college men

before they depart for home. Though it comes last with regard to time, it is to be far from last in other respects. In fact the Juniors are going to make a large effort to out-do the other classes.

—Now that the campus has been divested of its winter appearance and the grass has a start sufficient to warrant the reappearance of "Keep off the Grass" signs, we wonder who will be the first to don a straw "sky piece" and boldly march forth to brave the cheers and jeers of observing fellow students. Here's a chance for someone to gain brief notoriety.

—The material for the "Dome" that the busy editors have been gathering throughout the year, has at last gone to the printer and engraver. Meanwhile the editor-in-chief and the artist for the next year book have already gone on the job of taking pictures, assigning write-ups, etc. Thus the work of recording the progress that we make goes on year by year.

—The Prep Number of the Scholastic will appear a week from next Saturday. Material for this number is needed badly at present; every prep man in the school should try to turn out a bit of work for this issue. Whether it be verse, story, essay, local or valve item, all will be considered. To stand a better chance of having your work accepted you should hand it in to the editor no later than next Saturday, May 10th.

—The members of Sorin hall interested in tennis got busy this week and now a Sorin tennis court is being constructed. At a recent meeting the Sorin tennis club was organized. McGinnis, Stearns, and Morgan were elected president, treasurer, and secretary respectively. Most of the other halls have already manifested an earnest interest in the game, and movements are now being made to arrange an interhall series which will doubtless be entered into with zest and spirit.

—Captain James P. Robinson of the General Staff, United States Army, spent all of Friday forenoon in an official inspection of the Notre Dame Battalion. The inspection extended to the condition of accoutrements, knowledge of the manual of arms, and the showing in drill and manoeuvres. The report will be forwarded to the Army Department at Washington. Though the Captain did not express himself on the subject he appeared to be well pleased.

—It is a good thing that there is no interhall

banner given for scholarship, for Corby has enough banners already. The number of those in the different halls that reached that coveted "90 and over" make is as follows: Corby 25; Sorin 21; Brownson 12; Walsh 8; St. Joseph 8; Day Scholars 6. Walsh, though not the leading hall in the number of scholarship men, still boasts of the highest average in both the prep and college course. Loy Leuty, prep; and José Bracho, C. E., each made an average of 98 4-5.

—There will be a meeting of the Knights of Columbus next Tuesday. After a short business meeting there will be a social session for the new members. At this meeting it is also proposed to start the subscription list to raise a fund for the erection of a K. C. building on the College campus. The proposed action is a credit to the Knights and manifests an abundance of the right kind of spirit. Such a building will be a monument worthy of the school, the Knights, and the Alumni. If sufficient donations are made by the members of this Council to arouse the interest and co-operation of the Alumni, "College Inn" will be an actuality before many years.

—While searching through some old documents and volumes stored away in an obscure corner of the Lemonnier Library, Father Foik, the librarian, discovered a copy of the "Tischreden" or "Table Talk" of Martin Luther. The volume was published in 1583 and therefore belongs to one of the first editions of this famous, or notorious, piece of literature. Two other documents more worthy of note were found, one being a commission signed by the Duke of Wellington, and the other a relic of bygone days of bigotry and intolerance—a bill introduced into one of the Colonial Legislatures of 1753 for the avowed purpose of suppressing "Popery" in His Majesty's colonies.

—Last Tuesday evening the stars were shining too brightly, the night was entirely too much like "the good old summertime" for the St. Joe hallers to tie themselves down to their books without first having a little excitement of some kind. So someone proposed that oft repeated trick of throwing someone else into the lake. And having been duly captured, their victim was borne to the edge of the icy waters. Here the fun was spoiled because the victim seemed to think it a good joke; there is no fun in a thing when the man laughed

at laughs with you. One of the "whitecaps" made a speech of pardon which all considered agony enough for one adventure and so they dispersed.

—To have seen the students of Walsh hall escorting some man of the hour to the depot, and to have heard the nine healthy "rahs" and ovation in general that they gave him would have put one under the impression that an athlete was departing for some great struggle that meant glory for his school, or perhaps it put some in mind of soldier boys off to war. Last Wednesday there was a demonstration in front of Walsh to bid farewell and good luck to one Pat O'Brien, janitor on the fourth floor. Pat has been connected with the University since before the days of the student of longest standing, during which time he has endeared himself to everybody by his friendly character and his cheerfulness. He was departing for Ireland, the land of his birth; hence the ovation. It is said by some that he intends only a brief visit of three months over to the "auld sod." Others have heard a whisper of a girl he left behind him. Whatever it be, we wish him good luck.

Athletic Notes.

PENN RELAY GAMES.

Capture of the intercollegiate championship in the broad jump for the third time in four years by Wasson was the notable feature of Notre Dame's performance in the Pennsylvania Relay Games at Philadelphia last Saturday. The relay team—Henahan, Pritchard, Birder, and Plant, running in the order named,—took fifth place in the one-mile championship race in one of the strongest fields ever entered in the big Eastern meet. Illinois upheld the honor of the West by taking first in the event in 3:22 4-5, with Pennsylvania second, Dartmouth third, and Chicago fourth. The time registered by the winners was three-fifths of a second lower than the record for the distance, and amounts to an average of nearly :50 3-5 for each quarter.

A strong wind breasted the contestants in the broad-jump and worked against the establishment of records in the event. Wasson was not forced to entend himself but took an easy first with 22 feet 2 3-4 inches over Gooch of Virginia whose leap of 21 feet, 11 inches won second place.

Less than thirty-five yards separated the first and last meets in the one-mile relay race. Notre Dame worked under a disadvantage in drawing seventh position from the pole, but in spite of the handicap the runners forced recognition from the other contestants at all stages of the race. Wasson took part in the 100-yard dash, but was eliminated in the semi-final heat after taking second place in the first preliminary. Pritchard also participated in the 120-yard high hurdles and took second to Cronley of Virginia, winner of the event, in a 15 3-5 heat. The gold and blue entrant had dropped practice in the hurdles nearly two weeks before the meet in order to train for the relay and the lack of practice prevented him from showing true to form in the succeeding trials.

"RUSTY" LATHROP IN ONE-HIT GAME.

After running along eight and two-third innings without yielding even a scratchy single, "Rusty" Lathrop, our big twirling find this year, grew a little careless, and Hinton, his opponent in the box, touched one of his swift straight balls for a little Texas leaguer, making the only hit secured off his delivery in the entire game. This one-hit, no-run game is a record for the Varsity that will not be equalled very often, especially against big university teams. Hinton, on the other hand, who officiated on the mound for the Razorbacks, was in no wise stingy with hits, and fifteen of these together with six errors by the Southerners account for the Varsity's eleven runs.

The slugging of the Varsity was the only feature that relieved the game. Mills captured the honors of the day with two singles and a homer, while not a player on the gold and blue failed to get one or more hits. The visiting batters were mowed down with little effort on the part of Lathrop; fifteen in all going the strike-out route.

Score by innings: R H E

Notre Dame 2 0 1 0 3 0 4 1 *—11 95 4

Arkansas 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 — 0 1 6

Stolen bases—Gray (2), Mills, Granfield, Newning. Two base hits—Granfield, O'Connell, Newning. Three base hit—Farrell. Home run—Mills. Struck out—By Lathrop 15, by Hinton 9. Bases on Balls—Off Lathrop 4, off Hinton 4. Wild pitch—Hinton. Time of game—1:55. Umpire—Coffey.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONS GO DOWN.

"Champions of the Canadian League." That sounded rather formidable to some of the fans, but Coach "Cy" Williams and his nine went

after Ottawa in the good old Notre Dame style, and the champions were lifted off their feet by the charge. Seven hits and eight runs in the first three innings against Langfelt proved a good half hour's work; it was enough, for despite the strenuous efforts of Shaughnessy's men to recover, they were forced to accept the five of an 8 to 5 score.

Score by innings:

R H E

Notre Dame 2 1 5 0 0 0 0 0 *—8 8 5

Ottawa 0 0 1 0 0 1 2 1 0—5 5 6

Stolen bases—Mills, Granfield, O'Connell, Shaughnessy, Arnfield, Dolan. Two base hits—Duggan, Granfield. Home run—Newning. Struck out—By Berger 5, by Langfelt 1, by Mullen 2. Bases on balls—Off Berger 3. Sacrifice hits—Regan, Langfelt, Callahan. Double play—Harris to Strawbridge to Dolan. Time of game, 1:50. Umpire—Coffey.

Berger was in the box for the Varsity and pitched a good game despite a bad pitching finger. He was a little unsteady at times, but in the pinches it was errors and not hits that scored for Ottawa. Only five hits were secured off his delivery, and these were scattered well. Langfelt of the Canadians was knocked out of the box in the third by a quartet of singles and a home run by Newning. Mullin replaced him, and the Irish lad showed up remarkably well, despite the dangerous position he went in to control. After he steadied down he allowed but one hit, a bingle by Newning, in the five innings he pitched. But the lead of eight runs secured by Captain Farrell's men was too great to be overcome, and the day went to the Varsity without great exertion on its part.

WALSH WINS CLOSE GAME.

Walsh defeated Brownson ten to nine on Sunday last. The game was marked with heavy hitting and some rather poor fielding on both sides. Brownson finished strong, scoring six men in the last three innings, while Walsh seemed to weaken as the game wore on. With the score standing two all in the fourth, three singles, an error, and a three bagger by Newning sent four runs over for Walsh. A hit and several errors gave them three more in the fifth. One more in the ninth ended the scoring for Walsh. Brownson scored in the second on a base on balls and a couple of infield hits, and again in the third on Kinsella's tripple and an out. Bjoin brought in two with his homer in the seventh, as did "Fat" Burns in the eighth, when he got a tripple. The batteries were Canty and Brooks for Walsh, and Crilly and Mottz for Brownson.