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A SEXCENTENARY.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore.
—*Childe Harold.*

A GIFT of God to Florence and mankind,
A soul upborne on inspiration's wings,
Far soaring through all high imaginings
Beyond the flight of other finite mind:
'Twas his the skein of justice to unwind—
God's justice that all life and death enwrings,—
From hell to Paradise his epic swings,
The wages true of sin and Love to find.

"Ungrateful Florence"—but all-grateful world
That backward looks through full six hundred years,
And tribute pays to one great name impearled
With fame-stars 'mid Time's truest poet-seers,—
His name immortal, crowned with praise condign,
To whom we owe the Comedy Divine.

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

DANTE AND MICHIGAN AVENUE

HENRY STEVENSON, '21.

THE "Inferno" of Dante describes horrible scenes in which the damned are doomed to pass eternity. Through the first six cantos the outcries of these lost souls run like a refrain and haunt the reader long after he has laid the book aside. Horror freezes the blood as would the frightful wailing of a disembodied ghost through the dark watches of a cold, bleak night. Not only is there depicted here the awful plight of men and women whose criminal loves have rung down the ages, but one meets also illicit lovers that had been Dante's own friends. In the first pit of Hell the poet placed the pathetic Francesca and her paramour Paolo, with Dido, who killed herself for love of Aeneas; with Helen, who through her passion for Paris brought a destructive war on the fair city of Troy; with Cleopatra, who knew the love of Caesar and of Anthony. Pitiful is Francesca's story. Though Dante had held her as a

guileless child on his knee, he placed her in the company of notorious lovely wantons, because she had lewdly violated the law of God and man.

Men and women, types of sinners of all ages, are to be found in the "Inferno." Were Dante writing his glorious epic now in the manner which he employed six hundred years ago, he would take many individuals of to-day as types of those who had damned their souls. He would see modern men and women in the three divisions of Hell. Great spaces in the dreadful abyss separate these divisions, one from another; and each division is subdivided. To the subdivision best suited for the punishment of its peculiar sin the condemned soul is consigned by Minos, the horrible custodian of the gates of darkness.

In the first circle blaspheme those who were guilty of unlawful love, the gluttonous, the avaricious and prodigal, the irascible and the sullen. In all Hell the punishment of illicit love is the lightest, though this lightest punishment is more abhorrent to the senses than the most fervid human imagination can conceive as terrible. Into these pestilential pits, Dante did not hesitate to thrust friends and relatives, heroes and heroines of undying poems, popes and cardinals, yea, canonized saints. He placed them there not for the good they had done, but for the evil the entire world knew they had wrought. Before the gates of the "Inferno," on the shores of the River Styx, wander souls in a plight even more pitiful, souls unworthy of Heaven or Hell, the souls of moral cowards. Belief in such a Hell as Dante describes is not a matter of Faith; but the likelihood, the implacable justice, of such everlasting torment is terrifying.

Imagine Dante writing the Divine Comedy to-day. He takes his types from the bust-

ling throngs on Michigan Avenue, in the City of Chicago.

Standing in the outer darkness before the awesome gates of Hell, Dante and the Critic behold the skulking souls of those who—"lived without infamy or praise.

Commingled are they, that caitiff choir
Of Angels, who have not rebellious been,
Nor faithful were to God, but were for
self.

The heavens expelled them, not to be less
fair;

Nor them the nethermore abyss receives
For glory noe the damned would have
from them."

Among "These miscreants, who never were alive" cower the souls of slackers, they who living neither fought nor gave, yet sought the world's esteem for doing what they had not done and boastfully debated how "We Americans, won the war." Slinking on the outer fringe of this contemptible host, spurned by those whom Heaven and Hell had spurned, lurks the lurid ghost of a model student. He had feared to break the letter of any rule, yet failed to keep its spirit. Sneaking apart from all and more despicable than those beyond contempt moans the wretched soul of him who had managed illiterate troupes of inane theatrical "artists." Unworthy of Heaven and shut out from Hell, these miserable souls are doomed to wander forever in company with "—caitiff wretches
"Hateful to God and to His enemies."

Passing through a large and gloomy gateway, whose amplitude is amazing, Dante and the Critic mournfully stand upon the brink of that first Hell, to which the fateful Minos has consigned the souls of the incontinent. It is a place

"—mute of all light

Which bellows as the sea does in a
tempest,

If by opposing winds 't is combated."

All around the black air is filled with shocking shrieks, the plaints, the lamentations and most awful blasphemies of dolorous, damned souls. Borne on the wings of the hideous hurricane a writhing shadow passes. It is the spirit of an exceedingly successful banker, whose illicit love and shameful suit for divorce had lain bare the moral rottenness that often underlies great business success

and splendid social position. Driven by four foul and stinking devils comes screaming the spirit of a notorious actress whose filthy lusts had caused her four successive husbands, each in turn, to seek freedom from a marriage made in Hell. Then follows shrieking wildly, with despair in every frantic gesture, the soul of a young girl who had sought return of her licentious passion. Many others follow who in life were fair and lovely but whose very foulness here is a stench in the nostrils of Heaven. Their shameful mortal loves do now "—hither, thither, downward, upward drive them

No hope doth comfort them forevermore,
Not of repose, but even of lesser pain."

Moving through a lower circle of this first Hell, wherein do sprawl the vulgar herds of those "whose stomachs were their gods," Dante and the Critic come to the third chasm. Here the souls of the avaricious and the prodigal do suffer eternal torment. A ghostly youth strives vainly to push an enormous bag of flaming gold in opposition to a mean and meager spirit. This one in life had the handling of the young man's funds and his soul has grown cramped and narrow from doling out paltry sums to him and many others like him: the other had spent too freely of his substance in the inviting shops and gilded palaces on Michigan Avenue.

"Why keepest?" and "Why squanderest
thou?"

Thus they returned along the lurid circle
On either hand unto the opposite point,
Shouting their shameful metre evermore."

Leaving behind these two perpetually struggling souls, Dante and the Critic now descend into the fearful furnace that forms the lowest pit of the first Hell. In this profound abyss, upon which falls a frightful rain of malign mud, the souls of angry and sullen men gnaw and tear each other with their teeth. On earth these lost all patience at the least crossing of their wills and scolded when a softer answer would have accomplished much, maintaining peace. Now, in this vast gloomy pit they are thrown together to rant forever indecently at one another. Living, they had darkened the light in many happy hearts: dead, they are damned to loathsome blackness. No hope

have they—the petty official, the eager bearer of inconsequent authority, the stern tyrant of those who dared not seek redress through fear of his jealous and untempered wrath. Dante and the Critic “—went circling round the filthy fen

A great arc 'twixt the dry bank and the swamp,

With eyes turned unto those who gorge the mire.”

Having witnessed the fearful transmutations in the first circle of Immutible Hell, Dante and the Critic once more seek the cleaner air. With pitying eyes they gaze upon the hustling, materialistic throng along Michigan Avenue, in the City of Chicago, and mourn—

Ah, Chicagoese! “men perverse in every way,

With every foulness stained, why from earth are ye not cancelled?”

THE ZAHM DANTE COLLECTION.

P. J. F.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that only two other collections of Dantiana rival that now housed in the University Library at Notre Dame. In 1892, there was started at Cornell one of the most famous Dante libraries to be found anywhere in this hemisphere. Mr. Willard Fiske, at that time, sent to Ithaca his first rare and costly editions of the great Italian poet. This nucleus was added to from time to time and the gathering of more books soon became a pas-



Dr. John A. Zahm, C. S. C.

sion, for the more this bibliophile searched for rare editions and works about Dante, the more interesting and engaging the task became.

Another collection of note was begun a little earlier at Harvard. This was later combined with that of the Dante Society of America and is now housed in the Widener Library at Cambridge.

The writings about Dante and the number of editions that have appeared in every century would make a very voluminous bibliography. In fact, the Fiske collection alone has a printed catalogue of over six hundred pages. Dr. Moore, a great Dantean scholar, observed that ‘no work, probably, in the world, except the Bible, has given rise to so large a literature.’ Not even our own immortal Shakespeare, nor the Homer of the Greeks, when judged from the bibliographer’s standpoint, can equal Dante. Expositions, interpretations, illustrations, polemics, biographies, histories, romances have appeared without number, which evince the homage paid by the world in all ages to the great Tuscan master.

The superiority of the Zahm collection of Dantiana rests not so much in an accretion of works about the poet, but rather in the number of rare and costly editions of the Divine Comedy itself, in almost every living language and dating from the first years of printing to our own day. Scholars, linguists and library experts, who have seen the Dante library are of the opinion that if texts alone are considered the collection is the equal of the best in the United States. The lacunae to be found in the incunabula and later editions of the Fiske collection are in some measure supplied in the Zahm Collection. The student of research in Dante cannot therefore afford to neglect an examination of this collection.

It was the interest awakened by the celebration of the sixth centenary of Dante’s birth that also gave birth to the Dante movement in America. In 1865 and for many years thereafter, public, institutional, and proprietary libraries in this country made liberal purchases of Dante books. From that time to this there has been an increasing interest in the study of the Divine Comedy, encouraged to a great extent by the Dante Society which has numbered



Bishop Spaulding.

among its active members many authors and literateurs of national fame. James Russell Lowell, for many years associated with the Dante Society, has this to say about the Dante cult: "Almost all the poets have their seasons, but Dante penetrates to the moral core of those who once fairly come within his sphere, and possesses them wholly. His readers turn students, his students zealots, and what was a taste becomes a religion."

This marvelous influence of the great Catholic Italian poet caused Dr. John A. Zahm, himself a profound Dante scholar, to donate his entire library so that others might come to gather inspiration and learning. Thus the memory of the donor and that of the immortal bard himself are forever enshrined at Notre Dame.

This disciple often journeyed miles to pay honor and reverence at the tomb of his great inspirer. He searched the book-marts of Europe and America gathering here and there those precious jewels of the centuries that here might be perpetuated the name of Dante. These works he gave to Notre Dame, because it was befitting that the greatest Catholic poet of all time should be honored by a great Catholic University, and in return that the brilliancy of his genius might be reflected on the school that treasures his nobility of thought.

The home of the Dante collection looks out upon a landscape which is the finest at Notre Dame. The atmosphere of the place breathes poetry. Happy union where beauties of nature commune with poet's dreams! Amid such surroundings, well may we say with Dante himself:

"Now rest thee reader! on thy bench and muse

Anticipative of the feast to come
So shall delight make thee not feel thy toil."

As you sit there in reverie, there will pass before you the great Catholic expositors and translators of the Divine Comedy in every age—Jocopa della Lana, Poletto, Serravalle, Scartazzini, Benevenuto and Moore. Further reflection shall convince you why Catholic scholars in every century have been the best interpreters of the divinest of poems. This is well expressed by Dr. Garret in his History of Italian Literature where he says: "Attavanti cites from the pulpit *Dante's ille noster*, as copiously and reverently as any of the Fathers. Even in the age of the Renaissance Pius the Fourth's cardinal use quotations from Dante, as the last notes of Palastrina's mass of Pope Marcellus die down the aisles of St. Peter's." Upon Catholic literary scholars of our day rests a great responsibility to know Dante thoroughly, to study him carefully and to appreciate him fully. We must be faithful to this trust so that the brightest gem of all literature may continue to spread its effulgence down the centuries to the end of time.

BEATRICE AND DANTE.

VINCENT ENGELS, '23.

To the readers of Dante, one pair of names is found sun-graven on the seashore rocks, formed in the foam of the tossing wave, whirled with the leaves in the wind, resting in the gold which a moon draws across a lake at night, sparkling with the stars, and floating with the clouds to the four blue corners of the firmament,—Beatrice and Dante.

Beatrice, the delicate maiden with the soul of an angel, as sweet an image as Nature in a tender mood, and Dante, the stern,



SALUTATION OF BEATRICE
AND DANTE

implacable foe of sin, as majestic in his anger as a thunderstorm, and as merciless as Vesuvius, are linked together as the misty veil and the furious waters that tumble down Yellowstone's rocky walls.

Dante wrote in a period when the status of woman was seemingly undetermined. In this misguided age, we are not sure whether the general attitude towards woman was finer or coarser in the Middle Ages than it is today. But it were superfluous to even speak of doubting Dante's specific attitude. Sonnets to his lady come from his wild heart like snowflakes from a clouded sky,—as pure, as delightful, and as substantial. There is no frivolity with him—no faithless sleet, half rain, half snow. Behold only the substantial,—product of a true heart and “coun-

selled always by reason.” Beside this snowfall, the *Divine Comedy* seems to be a creature of the sun itself, formed of glowing metal; forged in a white hot radiance.

Through the whole *Vita Nuova* Dante seems to fly, graciously abiding here and there to let fall a precious white feather of song. He sings of his lady's virtues (she has no faults) of her smile (no smile wrought such havoc in masculine heart as the smile of Beatrice) of his love for her (and a divine love it is, far removed from any sordid desire.) Her joys are his ecstasies; her sorrow, his despair. She dies, and he assails Death bitterly; flaying the monster with a biting, stinging knife of words. “Discourteous Death,” he cries, and slashes in, slicing away quantities of Demon flesh with every line. But soon this furious attack crumbles sick-heartedly, and the tenor of his lay assumes the throbbing qual-

ity of a master's violin.

To Dante, his lady was as sweet and as wholesome as a breath of fresh air. She enveloped his whole soul; pervaded his every thought; strengthened each word he spoke. So he loved, and loving, formed a true fountain of youth. There, in the sweet cedar glades of the Middle Ages flashes his story, bubbling clean and pure from its source in the yellow sand, skipping merrily between the trees in blithe waterbursts of fancy, flowing wide and deep through the final inspired sonnets:

“Beyond the sphere that widest orb it
hath

Passeth the sigh which issues from my
heart,—”

and with that sigh pouring into the calm and resigned remembering of Peace.

What a dream of noble names is listed with the habitues of this fountain! Dan Chaucer, "sweet warbler" that he was, and nearly the contemporary of Dante, delighted to sip the cooling favour; Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton wandered there constantly; Wordsworth, Browning and Longfellow were its lovers. But they were not alone in their devotion. For to it have come through the ages all shapes and manners of men, poet, but warrior too, scholar, but peasant also; possessing one thing in common,—a love of the ideal. It is this love of the ideal that makes the dreaming peasant boy nobler than a prince; this that covers old scars with the flush of rose; this that during quiet hours makes us long for action, and during the hot clash of battle, dream of peace. It is this that makes the barefooted youngster smoke cornsilk, and the bald-headed oldster smoke cigars and wish for cornsilk. All people are idealists, but in the common, not the philosophic sense. The little girl who dons yards of lacy stuff, achieving her ideal of a grand lady, and the grand lady who wears a plain white frock in order to resemble a simple little girl, are both idealists. And in this all embracing class, Dante was and is supreme.

To realize that, remember that he was a poet of anger, and thrust words of flame into rhythmic metres. Stern as are the average passages in the *Inferno*, there are some lines which explode into a rocketing fury, and are rendered overwhelming by a subtle quality of word and cadence which carries the unforgettable impression that this outburst is controlled at every point by a mighty intellect. Such a deliberate anger terrifies the mere reader; it must have been maddening to its victims. And still this man of awesome temper, of flaying satires, of sublime contempt, was so whole heartedly in love with gentle Beatrice that at the sight of her his very senses refused to function. Emotion charging high through his pulse, he returned to his room to immortalize the incident:

"My face the colour of my heart displays,
Which, fainting, any chance support doth
seek;

And as I tremble in my drunken daze,
'Die! Die!' the very stones appear to
shriek."

And on another occasion:

"Within my heart an earthquake doth
commence,
Which from my pulses driveth out the
soul."

A man of power, Dante surely was, but a vision of Beatrice caused him to display a tenderness and delicacy of feeling rivalled only by that of a mountain stream, which roaring down from the rocks and glaciers, still is mindful and administers to the trees and grasses along its shores. What a sensitive lover is revealed here:

"I will not speak of her
Save only to a lady's gentle heart."

Thus Beatrice swayed him, governed him, and led him finally to truth and peace of soul. Never becoming intimate with him on earth, still remaining aloof on her journey with him through the *Divine Comedy*, she lifted him from sorrow, disappointment and heartbreak and carried him to God.

That is the story of Beatrice and Dante which has lived six hundred years—a perfect tale of the joys, sorrows and triumphs of humanity—an epic of the moon and the ocean. The moon, lofty, pale, divine, laying a delicate golden trace across his breast; the ocean, responsive to her touch, swelling and rolling, tossing in white capped tribute; sweeping up the long white stretches of sand, and receding at her will; now furious as the black clouds race across her face; now calm as she beams forth, lofty still, and lovely, a light from God.

DANTE AND ST. THOMAS.*

BY CARDINAL MERCIER.

Christian theology has two technical terms to designate the two stages of our life,—the period of time and that of eternity. In the first stage, man is a traveller (*viator*) on his way toward an objective point, toward a universal good to be attained. About us things and events pass,—the course of nature, the ebb and flow of history. At the

*Reprinted by courtesy of the editor from the *Ave Maria* for which it was translated, with the Cardinal's permission, by Roy Temple House.

end of his journey, at the moment when he takes possession of the object of his terrestrial pilgrimage, the traveller changes his name. Hence forth he is called conquer, possessor, *comprehensor*.

Humankind observe the passage of ephemeral phenomena and historic successions; men of science scrutinize their laws; the philosophers, whom history has called sometimes sages, sometimes lovers of wisdom, strive to bind them into synthetic unity, to explain their origins, their deep causes, their supreme finality.

This is the problem which rises before the universal conscience. There are not two problems: there is only one. Man has not two tasks to accomplish: he has but one,—to pass wisely from time to eternity. The Supreme Master has declared: "Only one thing is necessary."

Dante Alighieri, great genius and noble character, perceived the amplitude and felt the keenness of this decisive problem; all the energies of his great soul were directed toward its solution. What is nature? What is humanity? What am I to myself? My soul longs to free itself from the baser instincts which paralyze it, to escape from the prison where it stifles. Can it do this? How? I seem to hear the fervid Florentine repeating the cry of Saint Paul: "The evil which I would not, that I do; and the good that I would, I do not. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Dante was one of the most active minds of his age. Ancient mythologies and philosophies, sciences of a terrestrial nature and of the heavenly bodies, the grandeur and decadence of empires and cities, the cult of the true and the beautiful, paganism and Christianity,—nothing had escaped him, nothing found him indifferent. The day when he attacks the problem of life, he will pass the borders of his personal conscience, the frontiers of his city and his nation; he will become the interpreter of humanity. He is a philosopher, he is a believer; he will speak at once the language of reason, of science, and the language of the Scriptures, of Catholic theology.

From the exile into which he had been sent by his city, "mother without love," he looked on bitterly at the shock of political

passions, at their cruel sterility. His anxious thinking sought everywhere the issues through which he might find light and radiate peace. He prepared to dominate the noise of combats and the violence of political quarrels, to submit the ages to the infallible verdict of eternal morality.

At the end of the thirteenth century two great minds were facing the problem of life. One had already found its solution, and, with the calmness of a soul sure of itself, he was offering it to his contemporaries. Too humble to cherish a suspicion of the fact, he was offering it to the meditation of all the generations to come. This contemplative genius was named Thomas Aquinas. The other, Dante Alighieri, in whose heart surged at the same time the passions of an ardent temperament and the lava of the conflicts and revolutions of a warlike people, sought for his soul and the souls of his brethren a way of escape from violence into peace, from moral disorder into virtue. A sincere disciple of Christ, of the Gospel and of the Church, he had been won by the philosophy and the theology of the monk of Saint Sabinus, had fed upon them, had made them his own, and coveted the honor of displaying them before the wondering gaze of contemporaries. The "Sum of Theology" of the Angelic Doctor and the "Divine Comedy" of Dante are—I believe we can say without fear of a well-founded objection—the two masterpieces of theology and art.

In the Vatican fresco, the "Dispute of the Holy Sacrament," where Raphael has pictured heaven and earth united by Christ, triumphant in glory, adored in the Eucharist, Saint Thomas Aquinas is seated with Saint Bernard, Saint Bonaventure, and Blessed Scotus, beside the great Doctors of the Church, Jerome, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine; he bears on his breast his symbol, the sun; he teaches, he enlightens, he vivifies; Dante is the neighbor of Savonarola; they teach also, but in a sphere where our poor humanity struggles in the laborious bringing forth of fraternity and peace. Saint Thomas gazes upon the human drama from his place above in the skies. Dante looks on it with an eye in which are concentrated the humiliations and sufferings of sick, wounded, anxious hearts.

What is the "Sum of Theology" of Saint Thomas Aquinas? The synthesized and reasoned response of Revelation to the problem of human destiny. The work comprises three parts. In the first part God bursts on our sight,—our God, He who explains to us whence we come, what we are, whither we go, with the created world which surrounds us, and whose constant praises of the Divine Majesty we are called upon to interpret. Saint Thomas tells us what this God is; he explains His intimate life in the unity of His nature and the trinity of His personal substances; he explains the created work cast by Him into space and time.

At the head of this sensible world, whose site is our earth, we find man, a free agent, responsible for the conduct of his life. How should man direct his life? Can he do so, and under what conditions? This is the theme of the second part of the "Sum of Theology," a treatise on morals,—general morals in the first place, special morals afterwards.

The moral act directed toward the supreme God; the elements which constitute morality; the fundamental distinction between good and evil; the fixing of the will in the good by virtue and the gifts of the Holy Spirit, in evil by vice; the notion of sin, and its genesis; the moral law in its multiple aspects; divine grace, which lifts virtue to the height of holiness;—this is the object of the first section of the second part. The detailed and specifically applied study of the virtues and vices which form or deform the perfect man, the Saint, is pursued in the second section, which thus treats of applied morals.

In the first part, then, God, the sovereign Good, offers Himself to us, invites us to know Him and to love Him. In the second part, man goes freely to meet God, gives himself to Him; the union of the soul with God is accomplished, holiness is consummated. Who has the power to produce this miracle? The Christ, the Eternal Word made man, and the Redeemer of humanity.

The human soul is sinful; to original sin it has added the stains of its personal faults or crimes; its purification is the work of grace; grace is the result of the sacraments, the sacraments being the fruit of the Atone-

ment. Christ, the sacraments, grace—artisans of the purification and the sanctification of souls and of their triumphal entry into glory,—are the themes of the third and last part of the "Sum" of Saint Thomas Aquinas.

The same theme forms the subject, the inspiring and directing idea, of the "Divine Comedy." Dante calls Saint Thomas 'his master and his guide.' The monk, in his cell, considers man, sin, conversion and accomplished sanctification. The spirited Florentine, wandering through the cities and fields of Italy, studies men of flesh and blood, observes their failings and their vices, sounds the depths and tastes the joy of repentance, sings the happiness of victory. The Doctor speaks the language of soul to soul, banishes images, silences sentiment, arranges and relates abstract conceptions. The poet sees the idea only through the image, gives it out only in symbols; is moved, moves others, mounts and descends the whole gamut of passion and the rhythm of sentiment. In its details and in its allegory, in which the thought expressed is but an invitation to seek another profounder thought, often a thought touched with mysticism.

The work of Thomas Aquinas is a treatise; that of Dante is an epic. The two supplement each other. The first has opened the way for the second; the second makes the other live and vibrate. One does not know which to admire more, the Doctor or the singer. Happy the people, blessed the civilization which has produced these two geniuses! For the two are sons of Christianity and of the Catholic Church. Doubtless they belong to all humanity, since the problem they attack is the problem of human destiny; but they belong first of all to the Church, as our venerated and beloved Pontiff, Benedict XV., proclaims with a justified pride; because the solution which they offer to our meditation and our enthusiasm is the solution which Christ brought to the world, and which our mother the Church bids us believe, embrace, realize.

"Come back to life," says the poet, "and triumph." *Risurgi i vinci*. Come back from Hell, traverse Purgatory, enter the glories of Paradise are not, in the profound thought

of the poet, the three states—that of irreparable death, of temporary expiation, of final beatitude—which our future life will reveal to us. They are partially that, no doubt, in their allegorical significance; but the allegory is designed to aid us to penetrate more deeply, in thought, into the moral hell of a vicious heart,—a heart ensnared by sensuality, by pride, by avarice, and incapable of scaling again, by its own unaided effort, the slope down which nature has fallen.

The consciousness of the miserable state to which sin has reduced humanity is the inevitable point of departure of a Christian conversion. To be converted is to climb the painful hill of purification, to accept the expiatory punishments, to turn our hope toward God, to sing in turn, the *Miserere*; *Asperges me, Domine, hyssopo, et mundabor*; and with the angels, *In te, Domine, speravi; Beati mundo corde*. To be converted is to drink of the waters of Lethe and conquer the right to think no more of one's past faults; it is to drink of the refreshing waters of Eunoe; to bathe one's soul in the sanctifying waters of contrition, of confession, of sacramental absolution.

Purified, renewed, invigorated in this purgatory of the heart, the soul is reclothed with the wedding garment of charity, without which no one can enter the Kingdom of Heaven; then it can sing with the poet: "From the sacred river which floweth by that happy plain I issued forth all made anew, like a tree which receiveth its leaves of new green in the springtime. I am pure, and ready to gaze on the unveiled, celestial brightness of the divine stars."

Hell marked the state of sin and misery from which the soul, aided by grace, is called to separate itself; Purgatory is the path of purification and of that repentance which is essential for conversion; Paradise is the arrival of the soul at the goal of sanctification—the tree of life with everliving foliage and laden with immortal fruits, the perpetual banquet of the Lamb; it is the soul ripe for admission to the realms of the blessed and to the vision of God, for the sight of Christ the human and divine, and of the Holy Trinity, in the abode of eternal Love. The sanctified soul has reached the goal; it has, by the co-operation of grace,

accomplished its return to God, the principle and end of the order of Creation and the order of Redemption. The story is told. The problem of life is solved. The human traveller has changed his name; he has won the prize of the struggle; he has entered his reward; he has become *comprehensor*.

LONGFELLOW'S DANTE SONNETS.

I.

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street,
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

II.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediaeval miracle of song!

III.

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
Of long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial that begins
With the pathetic words, 'Although your sins
As scarlet be' and ends with 'as the snow.'

IV.

With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe
From which thy song and all its splendors came;

And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.
Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,
As of the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethe and Eunoe—the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

BALLADE TO ST. ELOI.

To the patron of hunters, on the way to his shrine, St. Eloi, France.

This is a shady open road
—Though Julius Caesar traced it here—
To saunter on without a load
Nor any care and scarce a fear,
To Eloi's Saint, who loves the spear
That strikes the boar within the wood
And winds a horn exceeding clear,
St. Eloi, whose wine was good.

Where are you, men of musty node,
Who lend a wizened, learned ear
To chatter in a dull abode
Of what occurred that stony year
When stones meshing into gear
In some paludian neighborhood
Fashioned a Link—O dear
St. Eloi, whose wine was good!

Oh leave the vortex in the mode
Put Anthropos upon his bier
And send the Man along the road
An aimless voyage free to steer—
The man whom all the gods revere
And never savant understood
Except his jolly hunting-peer
St. Eloi whose wine was good.

Envoi.

And let the woodland ring with cheer,
With song to jolly brotherhood,
And send you down a blessing clear,
St. Eloi, whose wine was good.—N. E. W.

TO DANTE.

Beacon, whose flash illumines the centuries,
Shine on: reflect upon earth's populace
The grim determination of thy face
To set aright Time's wickedness and lies.
Flash forth the lightnings of thy fiery eyes
Where baseness, infamy, and vile disgrace,
Blinded with hate, award a meager place
To thee whose pen has dipped deep in the skies.
Then will thy honor vindicated be
And all mankind, in courtly fashion, bowed
Before thee; then thy sparkling countenance
Will brighter shine to calm the lashing sea,
As when the noon-day sun from nimbus-cloud
Bursts forth to dazzle earth with radiance.

—R. E. M.

DANTE AND THE COLLEGE MAN.

EDWIN W. MURPHY, '23.

The hush of the jeweled sky on a lustrous night can inspire various and variegated thoughts. In the trembling brilliance of the deep almost anything from the philosophy of love to the science of success may spring up, as, infused with the unconquerable poetry of the stars, we allow our thoughts to wander. Perhaps in the satin sheen of some scintillant sun even the taut cheeks, the glittering eye of the sweet and terrible Dante may peep out of one of the windows of heaven. There may be revealed a countenance, so humanly pathetic, the motive power of titanic character showing in the tense jaws, and austere determination on the prim lips.

Perchance the very shimmer reflecting the face of the Poet may be the light of some planet, dead centuries ago, but still dazzling the world, growing even greater in glory as eternity nears. There are, after all, but a few bright-shining lights on the white blaze of heaven. On the horizon of history, too, none but the uppermost brilliants are known to us, and of these the brightest names shine with that same reflection of dead splendor. Seen on this welkin of renown the grim face of Dante Allighieri stands out unrivalled.

In the golden light of that fame men have waxed wise, while all the world has reached to catch a ray of his genius. But it is no more to be analyzed than a ray of starlight. Rather it is to be heartily inhaled, for in the canzones of the Divine Comedy there is the incense of pure poetry, the embers of pale passion, and a gleam of divine reason that must appeal to some faculty of every intellect. The savor of his thought combined with the meat of that philosophy leaves a long-remembered flavor.

One could waste a life-time, however, on the velvet that envelopes the jewels, so extensively has the grandeur of his grace been elucidated. The characteristics united in Dante and the crystalizing element of his personality are what attract human interest. According to James Russell Lowell this element is shown "the repeated proof that moral supremacy is the only one that leaves

monuments, not ruins, behind it." It is certainly evident that invincible moral vigor characterized all Dante's achievements. It mellowed and beautified his exotic passion and if there is a key to his mentality, that key is the iron reason he displayed.

The power of Dante's passion is as terrific as volcanic fire, and his place in fame is due directly and commensurably to the ability to control that flare. Especially in his attitude toward Beatrice the moral tenacity of his reason is vividly evident. There have been and there are today many men with passions as gorgeous as that possessed by the Poet. In such men brute force of temperament is so superior to pallid reason, however, that the human element is lost. The equation of animality and rationality has been in few individuals better balanced than in the Florentine master. In the words of Ruskin, "the central man of all the world as representing in perfect balance, the imaginative, moral and intellectual at their height, is Dante." Art is neither a riot of molten passion or a medley of frigid method. But passion tempered with reason serves to crystalize the stuff of art, and with Dante art nears the perfect equilibrium.

Yet Dante's apparently innate artistry is no accident of heredity; he is not a pearl in the maw of history. His mastery was self-determined. The genius was not in the man; it was the man. In the process that purified his soul most mortals would have withered. "Looked at outwardly," remarks one of his commentators, "the life of Dante seems to have been an utter and disastrous failure." It was a failure conceded by everybody but Dante. The heart-tearing agony felt at Beatrice's death, the purgatory of exile, would drive another citizen of the world to fling his soul's blood into the face of the heavens, in despicable despair. A perverted career that might make one man an infidel or another a fanatic, made Dante a truer Christian. It has been said that only the man with intellect can accept atheism or agnosticism. But Dante, in the maturity of his mentality, perhaps the greatest intellect since Aristotle, clung with more loyalty to the Church than many of the Popes.

It was the sight of Beatrice Portinari,

when he was but nine years old, that first stirred the crater of his emotions and lighted the first flicker of that strong reason. It was this same light that was eventually to translate his glowing passion into literary ardor. Few are they gifted with imagination adequate to understand the azure love of Dante for Beatrice. In fact, few men love God as ideally as Dante loved his Lady. In the early years she was the motive of his existence and in the fertile fervor of that emotion his genius germinated.

Impressed by his inordinate attitude toward the lady, one might be inclined to consider Dante some erotic anchorite, were it not for the intensely practical part he took in the politics of his city. His poetic exaltation combined with a dynamic propensity for the practical is a remarkable feature of Dante's personality. He regarded politics as seriously as religion. "He did not think the political wire-pullers and convention-packers of his day merely amusing, and he certainly did think it the duty of an upright and thoroughly trained citizen to speak out unmistakably." So Lowell puts it. If the world and especially college men, who will constitute the brains of the world, could absorb this lesson from the Florentine philosopher people might in time consent to govern themselves.

In the midst of government by buffoonery, when a family quarrel generally was decided in a civil war, Dante acting as one of the six priors ruling Florence, effected the banishment of his dearest friend, Guido Cavalcanti, a leader of his own party, the Bianci, as well as his relative, Corso Donati, of the Neri, in order to rid the city of two dangerous malcontents. Such conduct then as now was in contradiction to all the practises of practical politics. But then as now it took colossal courage to rule men by reason.

Dante's career in politics was short. The dislodged Neri with the connivance of Pope Boniface VIII leagued with Charles of Valois who was then contemplating an invasion of Italy. To ward off the impending danger Dante hurried to Rome in the hope of persuading the Pope to withdraw his influence from the enterprise. But when Valois invested Florence the Poet was still in Rome. An immediate decree of exile barred Dante's

return to His city and two months later a death edict was enacted. In the shadow of this phantom he went down to his tomb. His fortunes shriveled, as the months melted into years, and all his political plans proved abortive. Then, in the fell clutch of circumstance that throttled his soul, the agony of exile smouldered in his breast. Excruciating as was the death of Beatrice, this groveling torture of Cain branded his brain even deeper. He himself described the pathos of unjust exile in the Paradiso:

Thou shalt relinquish everything of thee,
Beloved most dearly; this that thy sorrow is
Shot from the bow of exile first of all;

And thou shalt prove how salt or savor hath
The bread of others, and how hard a path
To climb and to descend the stranger's
stairs.

Exasperation which in many a one would gnaw all faith in God and man evoked in Dante an humble resignation which was neither blind belief nor limp pre-destination. In the bitterest trough of melancholy Dante never lost faith in himself or God. Under the bludgeonings of fate the enamel of culture—which is too often mere veneer—endured until the poetry of his soul could interpret itself. For the Divine Comedy is manifestly and essentially the biography of his life colored by an empyreal imagination. It is the evidence that there is no romance more fascinating than the romance of the commonplace nor anything so interesting as the evolution of a man's mind. It is this fact that ranks Dante in the trinity of literary excellence; it is for no other reason that Newman's "Apologia" is the masterpiece of English prose.

It is a precept of philosophy that there can be nothing in the imagination that was not in the senses. During the nineteen years of his exile Dante created all the foulness and trembling terror of hell as well as the delicate delights of heaven from the memories picked up in his sojournings through Italy. He is the first man to describe eternity in finite terms. In the Inferno the supernatural elasticity of his imagination is at once appalling and inspiring. But under the protecting wing of Virgil you are brought face to face with all the hideous inhabitants of hell feeling that

smug security you experience under solid shelter during an electric storm.

It is with actual awe, too, that you meet many of the biggest shadows of history, in the Inferno: Cleopatra, Mohammed, Helen of Troy, Caligula, Brutus and Cassius, all pass before you in exotic panorama. If such a man as Kipling should follow Dante's idea of narration today his work would meet with rabid renown,—witness the lure of that mystical title "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." If Oscar Wilde and Gyp were to be photographed in the Maleboge, both clothed in slimy snakes with quivering worms for hair, or if Bolo Pascha and Caranza might be seen swathed in everlasting flame, or Abdul Hamed being eternally bitten by the scourge or Bob Ingersoll frozen solid in ice up to the neck with tears and bloody drivel trickling down frozen cheeks, the sensation of it would surpass even the best brand of Hearst. Then the News from Hell might read as in Canto XXVI:

Rejoice, O "New York" since thou art so
great
That over sea and land thou beatest thy
wings
And throughout Hell thy name is spread
abroad.

With up-to-date illustrations and modern publicity no home could be complete without the version.

But were the work of Dante solely a horrible portrayal of sordid suffering there might be truth in the remark of Bertinelli, quoted by Voltaire that "Dante was a madman, and his work a monster." The persistent power of the Poem can only be explained in the theme—*subjectum est homo*. "Whatever subsidiary interpretations the poem is capable of its great and primary value is as the autobiography of a human soul," according to Lowell. It is really an experience in spiritual romance.

The Divine Comedy by assent is a liberal education in itself—liberal in every sense of the word. In the two hundred or so pages of the Poem is to be had the meatiest wisdom of the thirteenth, the greatest of all centuries. It pictures human nature in its myriad facets; Love—the infernal passion of Francesca contrasted with the celestial

devotion of Beatrice,—philosophy of the ripest period of speculation, all contained in probably the most perfect kernel of literature in existence. With the opening of the Poem opens a vista of wisdom, revealed by one of the foremost instructors of all ages. The man who negligently passes up such as this for whatever reason in the catalog has yet to get his first wisdom teeth. Like one who has grown accustomed to breathing the impurity of some stuffy room, he cannot realize the exhilarating atmosphere of Dante's genius until he inhales. And there is no more appropriate occasion for taking the first deep breath of real literary ozone than this, the sixth centenary of the Poet's passing.

DANTE'S WORK IN ART.

H. W. FLANNERY, '23.

In the story of the illustrators of the works of Dante there is told a tale of the development of that now common and necessary feature of printed writing, the modern illustration; for, just after Dante wrote his celebrated poems, there comes the true birth of such art. Previous to the time of the Florentine, all illustration was decorative and done by hand. Of course it was admirably done and prettily done, but, in a modern sense these illuminations were not illustrations, for the main idea of these fantastic creations was to ornament the text, and, although many did tell the story of the text, to do that was not their purpose.

From Giotto to Doré and Stürler, Dante has been a figure represented by many artists. Giotto never attempted the illustration of any of the poems of his friend and contemporary for men had not begun, other than by hand illumination, to tell the story of words by means of the volumed picture, and never did Giotto dream that his famous portrait of the Italian genius would some day be found in almost every printed copy of the *Divine Comedy*. And were it not for Antonio Marini, who discovered, under the whitewash some careless non-respecter or admirer of art had painted over the fresco on a window in the Chapel of the Podestró in Florence, five hundred years after it was painted, the now famed picture that repre-

sents Dante in Paradise, the world would have lost this most faithful portrait by the first great Italian painter, who, of all the artists of his time really tried to and did paint living, thinking, feeling men and women.

In the fourteenth century Michelino painted another wonderful, but less famed picture of Dante, which is more illustrative. Giotto's picture is of Dante and Dante alone; Michelino portrays Dante, too, and weaves into the background an allegorical story of the *Divine Comedy*. He shows the hells descending to the ninth and lowest; he shows the ascending nine degrees of purgatory; and above this column he shows the nine spheres of heaven, a sort of rainbow above it all. Adolphe Stürler renders both these pictures well in pencil in a lately published volume. Of course, the black and white can never do justice to the originals but they can convey an idea of the form, the modeling and scheme of the originals. Stürler includes in his volume his own pict-writings, and again the artists did not plan work is among the best of Dante illustrators although Stürler's figures are often quite formless and inactive.

After Giotto and Michelino, Raphael, Scheffer, Delacroix, Corot and Rossetti painted their conception of parts of the writings, and again the artists did not plan that their work should illustrate any of the published books. Raphael's *Dispute*, Delacroix's *Dante and Beatrice*, Rossetti's *Vision of Dante*, Scheffer's *Dante and Beatrice*, and other paintings were, like the other works of these masters, of perhaps too high an order for ordinary book illustrations.

But with the first illustrated volume of Dante which appeared about 1497 there appeared many men who did intend that their work should supplement the words of Dante. There was Francisco Sansovino, Fiorentino, in 1564, whose wood cuts were much like those of the earlier illuminators. Much of Sansovino's work was diagrammatic, and much was purely decorative. Sansovino showed the different places of punishment and reward and in each sketch he placed small figures, and at the end of each canto he made illustrations, where there were background, perspective and everything

found in a modern picture, except shadow.

Then came Giovanni Stradano with his sketchy flat figures, his queer bewhiskered devils, who had gnarled horns and sometimes batlike wings. Stradano's creatures were rather stiff, however, with very simple features and frozen drapery. But it is perhaps unfair to compare early undeveloped art with the later work that one can hardly find fault with. Time was making great improvements and each new artist made his own what his predecessors had learned.

With Luigi Ademollo, (1817), whose work Meyer says "shows superficial skill and a weak drawing of the nude and drapery," there was a great change. Some fifty years after Ademollo's wood cuts appeared, Francisco Scaramuzza, director of the Academy of Parma, published his work. Scaramuzza was apparently careful and painstaking in his work, perhaps too much so, for many characters are lifeless, and many, supposedly in great despair or agony, have faces as blank as stony masks. Cave Filippo Bigioli published later his *Galleria Dantesca*, which was an admirable work in some respects. Then, too, there was Alinari, Martini, Savino, Magrini, Bicchi, Pietro Senno, and many others, some of whom were clever workers, some of whom were but ordinary.

But of all the illustrators of Dante there is none greater than Gustave Paul Doré, born in Strausburg in 1833, who, when he painted his first picture, a hen in gaudy Veronese green, began to form a nature one day to make him of the exact temperament to truly and sympathetically make Dante live in picture as well as in metre. During his days at school Doré was a drawer of the fantastic, the brilliant, the grotesque, the grim. His *Voyage Infernal* with its terrible dragons, its revels in the horrible, made him so that when he read Dante he was deeply affected and of a mood that could not be bettered to tell the tale of "the circles of the kingdom of sorrow."

And to do it well, Doré had not only the proper feeling, he had the proper artistic qualities. Jerrold calls him *un gamin de génie*, a boy, who from his infancy, when, it is told, he slept with a pencil grasped in his pudgy little hand, drew always and observed always. Doré tried to paint, too, but

people laughed at what he did in oil, and it is his illustrations of Shakespeare, of *Don Quixote*, of the Bible, the *Idylls of the King*, of *Paradise Lost*, and above all, of the *Divine Comedy*, particularly of the *Inferno*, that made his name so famous. There were one hundred and thirty-five drawings made by Doré for the works of Dante, a stupendous task, but he was a prodigious worker. When he was thirty years old he had delivered forty thousand drawings.

This master of the weird, who could picture Dante as no other could, who made flesh look like flesh, drapery hang like drapery, expression and action mirror the mind, was good in all but the things of nature. His trees and rocks are rather ridiculous, but his grasp of Dante's meaning and feeling makes that fault nothing.

"We see," as Mr. Hamerton says, "Francesca of Rimini floating naked with her lover in the gloom of hell's foul atmosphere, her limbs drawn or stretched in pain, her sad face weary with its unending anguish, dark drops oozing still from the unhealed wound between her breasts. We see the lovers of good living, a naked crowd, chilled and shivering under cold, perpetual rain." And if anyone cares to know what sort of punishment hell has in store, Dante has described and Doré pictured it.

THANKSGIVING.

Dante, long years have passed since thou did'st write

In words of gold thy long enduring lines:
Great men and nations past the earth's confines
Have vanished swiftly to oblivious night.
Thy works remain supreme. No rival hand
His ever equalled, nay, has e'er come near
Those mystic stories of another sphere.
Thy pen was vanished by a God's command,
Thy words dictated by a spirit voice
And while men breathe the air of this dark earth
Unnumbered all proclaim thy noble worth
And through all ages ever shall rejoice
Because you lived, and living gave to men
The greatest works that ever graced a pen.

—R. C.

What is a "flapper" without goloshes?

The student does not duly appreciate school life until he has eleven unexcused absences.

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With this issue the SCHOLASTIC draws the attention of Notre Dame to a figure which dominates the ages and to a man who summed up in his life
A DANTE REMINDER. and thought the manifold experiences of the race. There are too many philistines in the world not to make us realize that gum-drop fiction is more in vogue than the Divine Comedy. We have too many friends with collections of movie magazines not to understand how futile would be an exhortation to read the *Vita Nuova*. Only, when we look out our dusty window into what is facetiously termed the universe and behold the fact that American civilization is being conducted largely on the same shallow and milk-bottle philosophy, that the answer of most leading men to the question of human destiny would be as profound as the musings of a sob-sister, there rises in our melancholy hearts the surge of righteous anger. It cannot be doubted that the contribution which education has made to the national life has largely been a simple assortment of cleats to fasten young men to the bourgeois and the banal. Remember that Dante was a minstrel but also a politician; a lover but likewise the scorner among venomous scorners; an artist but also a disciple of

Saint Thomas. Roosevelt, the only two-fisted politician of the last twenty-five years was a Dantean scholar: and one of the keenest minds among genuine journalists today has learned many of the cantos by heart from the Italian. Nobody who is disinclined to turn his brains into grapejuice can afford to take the Police Gazette's word on literature.
—C. O. L.

The spring days are fast approaching; one hears the sweet twitter of little birds. Even now the grass on the campus has begun to assume a green aspect. It should be ever thus. Soon there will be signs promiscuously distributed about the greenward, "Keep off the grass." Lazy student, these signs are unanimous in their application. All should take pride in keeping the campus beautiful. It matters not what may be your standing in the student community; you may be a great orator or wield an oily pen, or upon your breast may be the coveted monogram. Nevertheless we all wear shoes that will mar the verdant blanket of our campus. "Keep off the grass." If it goes hard with you to walk a few extra steps you can offer this little sacrifice as penance for the transgressions attributable to the frailties of human nature. Let the tender green blades prosper unmolested. "Keep off the grass."
—A. C.

Within the past school year there has been seen at Notre Dame a new side of student life.

Here-t-o-f-o-r-e t-h-e THE NEWEST HABIT: men making up the varsity teams and the few members of the various inter-hall "leagues," were the only ones to participate in athletics. But now, how changed is this old time condition or custom. To appreciate, then, to the smallest extent, the noticeable increase in the number of those who have "sat up" and are taking part in contests, unheard of till this year, one will have only to go to the gymnasium, at almost anytime of the afternoon or evening.

Not only will he find those working in preparation for the first teams and those

who take part in inter-hall games, but along side these men will be found those of the "new class": men who are over for no reason other than the personal benefits, to be derived from a "workout." The number of these men is indeed large. They completely fill both the upstairs and the downstairs of the building.

This new attitude, which has as its result, their really attempting to take the proper exercise, is very desirable in the minds of the properly informed. Those who are doing this indispensable work will sooner or later realize the benefits which are sure to follow. It will be proved to them that it is no waste of time, but the beginning of a habit, which if daily practised, will render results favorable and conducive to a more successful life.

—B. H.

S. A. C. ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

With the organization of a permanent Mid-west Student Conference of Colleges and Universities at Columbia, Missouri, thirty-five delegates from twenty-two schools in fourteen states in the Mississippi Valley elected officers for the coming year, and selected Iowa State as the next place of meeting.

After the ratification of a constitution, and the adoption of by-laws to govern a permanent organization, Francis K. Zimmerman of Cicago University was named president, Paul A. Potter of Iowa State was elected secretary-treasurer, and C. D. Pepper of the University of Alabama, vice-president.

Chairman Cusick of the Student Activity Committee and Frank Blasius president of the Junior Class, represented Notre Dame University at the Conference and took active part in all deliberations. Alden Cusick was appointed to the resolutions committee and named one of the speakers at the closing banquet.

The need for co-operation between student governing bodies of the larger colleges and universities was seen to be apparent. Discussions on some of the larger present day problems proved helpful to every school represented. Following an opening luncheon Prof. J. W. Hudson of Missouri Univer-

sity gave the address of welcome to delegates assembled, following which the temporary organization was put into force. Discussion was immediately opened the same afternoon on "Student Government" under Fred Eldean, of Missouri. Delegates Cusick and Blasius explained in detail the organization and powers of the Notre Dame Student Activity Committee, and learned from other schools many valuable things about student governmental organs.

Both the evening session Thursday, and the forenoon and afternoon sessions Friday, were taken up in complete discussions about problems confronting student governments, and questions were raised by individual schools. The Memorial idea, involving discussions of Unions and money-raising campaigns, was discussed under L. G. Gordner of Purdue, at which place the Union campaign was nearest completion, of those schools represented. Notre Dame's representatives gathered much information that should be of aid in raising the \$750,000 Endowment Fund. The student body will be informed from time to time of the activity of other schools in raising money. Further discussion of student government problems followed on Thursday evening.

Friday discussions concerned themselves with questions of athletic policies and financial problems, and were led by J. F. Morgan of Texas University; with social problems from a student viewpoint, by D. E. Lacey of Wisconsin. Problems concerning student publications and theatricals were taken up under P. A. Potter of Iowa State. The football number of the Notre Dame Scholastic, the Football Review and the Juggler issues were the subjects of much individual comment, and compared favorably with the publications of other schools. Much worthwhile information was secured on the business administration of school publications.

The constitution as adopted by the Conference invests a central power in an executive body of five members, the officers of the Conference serving as three of these. Provision is made for the entrance of other mid-western colleges into the Conference through this executive body, they have more than one thousand students enrolled.

Delegates Cusick and Blasius were the

guests of Frank Sweeney, Manager of the Knight of Columbus Club House at Columbia, and Jim Phelan, football coach of the University of Missouri and recognized as one of the foremost grid masters of the central states. Both Sweeney and Phelan are old Notre Dame men, the latter having been captain of our 1918 squad until he joined the army after the Nebraska game in that year. Notre Dame's delegates report "a real welcome by real Notre Dame men."

—A. J. C.

"WORLD ECONOMICS."

John J. Arnold, prominent export banker of New York and Boston, a member of the Foreign Trade Council, former Vice President of the First National Bank of Chicago and of the Bank of Italy, San Francisco, addressed the Chamber of Commerce in Washington Hall Tuesday, April 5.

"World Economics" was the subject of Mr. Arnold's talk. He demonstrated graphically how the process of credit inflation brought about the economic crisis of 1920 and how the balance of trade and the peace of the world were rendered unstable prior to the war by countries with strong financial reserves carrying out foreign development programs and accumulating in consequence, huge amounts of foreign securities.

As a remedy for the present deplorable condition of war debts, Mr. Arnold proposed the establishment of an international debenture that would assume the debts of the pro-Ally belligerents. He argued convincingly that such an agent would form the best barrier against the clash of purely national financial interests.

In conclusion, Mr. Arnold paid a splendid tribute to Pope Benedict XV., declaring that the voice of the Pope was the only Christian note heard above the clash of war. He made an impressive plea for the development of Christian ideals as the only real safeguard for world peace.

Mr. Arnold's address has been the most notable one of the current Chamber of Commerce session. Charming of manner and graceful of diction, characteristics rarely found in the business man, Mr. Arnold made such a pleasing impression that his early return is eagerly anticipated.

—A. L. S.

REMINISCENCES OF SAMUEL MURDOCK.

Samuel T. Murdock, a prominent member of the Class of 1886, died on the 28th of March. His sudden death came as a shock to many, for he was widely known. He always retained the affection of his student chums, and in the business world, his genial, charming personality had won to him a host of loyal, devoted friends. Mr. Warren Cartier, a classmate, expresses, in a letter of condolence to Father Burns, the grief of all the "old boys." Mr. Cartier writes: "When news of the sudden death of Sam Murdock reached me, I was stunned. It seemed an impossible mistake. I can hardly bring myself to a realization of the loss even now, for it seems such a short time ago that he and I were together. Sam's voice was always raised for the good and the upbuilding of Notre Dame, and his loss will be felt more poignantly as time goes on. Especially will he be missed from conferences of the Board of Lay Trustees."

"Sam," as he was universally known on the campus, came to Notre Dame with his brother Charlie, in the early eighties and remained here about six years. An old student, who was here at that time, tells us something about the "Sam" Murdock of those early days. "I remember," he writes, "Sam Murdock as a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lad among the Juniors, the department now known as Carroll Hall. Tall, straight, handsome, genial, happy, he was easily a leader among his fellows. Campus activities, however, were never allowed to interfere with his work in the study hall or class, and he always maintained a high record for scholarship. Later, in the Senior Department, or Brownson Hall, I came to know him intimately. Here, as in the Junior Department, he was always the center of a jolly group of friends; in fact, he counted everybody in Brownson as his friend. On the campus he was alive to everything that went on and generally took a prominent part in all activities; but, in the study of Brownson Hall as in that of the Juniors, he was the patient, persistent and thoroughly devoted student. In those days, theatricals held a prominent place in the social life of the University; and Sam, usually in an im-

portant role, did much to make the Shakespearean plays popular. He also made a hobby of athletics and followed them with keen enjoyment, though he never, so far as I remember, took active part in any of the events. He interested himself notably in the Boat Club, at that time one of the most active and important of athletic associations at Notre Dame. The election of captains and other stirring events that characterized this representative student organization, interested him particularly. Then, the varsity crew was to the student body what the varsity football team is to-day. Among his chums, I remember particularly well Mike Burns, Al Brown, Will Johnston, Warren Cartier, Hugo Rothert, Bernie Becker and Charlie Neill, Del Saviers, Vernon Burke and the Gordon boys. All these men, I believe, are living and all have attained considerable prominence

in business or professional life. St. Mary's was then even more inaccessible to the N. D. man than it is to-day. Nevertheless, there he met the sister of his particular chums at Notre Dame. The boy and girl romance developed into a beautiful love and, shortly after his graduation in 1886, Samuel T. Murdock married Ada Gordon. The union was blessed with three children, two boys, James and Gordon, who both attended Notre Dame, and a daughter, Alice, who took her mother's place at St. Mary's.

A loyal alumnus, Samuel T. Murdock loved Notre Dame with singular devotion. He fre-

quently visited his Alma Mater, was always united in sympathy with her ideals and sought to bring about their realization. Many years ago he erected on the campus a splendid flagpole from which floats continuously the flag presented each year by the Senior Class. Upon the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee celebration, Mr. and Mrs. Murdock founded a valuable scholarship at Notre Dame, the income from which is to

aid a worthy student to obtain an education in any department of the University. As a recognition of this constant devotion and loyalty, the University of Notre Dame selected "Sam" Murdock as an alumni member of the Board of Lay Trustees, when that important body was organized last year. Despite heavy responsibilities of vast business enterprises, he served the University in his new capacity with all the enthusiasm of his



SAMUEL T. MURDOCK, '86.

warm and generous nature. "Sam" Murdock was a Notre Dame man, imbued with the ideals of Notre Dame and her glorious spirit. Those ideals and that spirit animated his every act as a student; in the stirring life of the business world, they crowned his efforts with manifold happiness and eminent success. "Sam" Murdock is a type of alumnus that the University loves to hail with pride, as a true, loyal, devoted son of Notre Dame. in any department of the University. As a recognition of this constant devotion and loyalty, the University of Notre Dame selected "Sam" Murdock as an alumni mem-

ber of the Board of Lay Trustees, when that important body was organized last year. Despite heavy responsibilities of vast business enterprises, he served the University in his new capacity with all the enthusiasm of his warm and generous nature.

—STEVENSON.

THE DEBATES.



That the Notre Dame debating team stands in a class by itself was proved Saturday night when the negative team won a unanimous decision from Ohio State. The question was the same as that debated by members of the Indiana collegiate debating league: That the government should own and operate all the coal mines in the United States. Vincent Engles, James Hogan and Leo Ward composed the Notre Dame team. Clarence Crossland, William Wright and Wilbur Deselm represented Ohio State.

The debate was in every way probably the best that has been held in Washington Hall this year. The work of the Notre Dame team, especially that of Mr. Hogan, was enough to delight anyone who enjoys a high class debate. The easy, polished delivery and the clear-cut arguments of these men were especially marked. Mr. Crossland and Mr. Deselm proved to be effective debaters, despite the fact that they lacked even, smooth delivery. The work of all three of the Ohio men was perhaps better in the rebuttals than in their constructive speeches, although they failed even then to resolve their rebuttals into telling arguments. There was no time, perhaps, when it was not apparent that the decision would be given to Notre Dame.

The Ohio debaters centered their arguments on profiteering in the coal industry, efficiency, and the labor problem in coal production. They submitted reports to show the extent of the profits that coal operators made during the last three years to substantiate the argument that profiteering is one of the evils of private production. When

the local debaters contended that government ownership of the mines had failed, that it destroyed initiative and that it could not be adapted to the American coal industry, they offered a form of government regulation as a remedy for existing evils. "Government ownership is not a remedy; it is a disease" was the assertion of Mr. Hogan for the negative. Mr. Ward insisted that inasmuch as the United States government is known as one of the most notorious wasters in the world it would be folly to place an industry under its ownership with the object of promoting economy and efficiency. He also offered the argument that the millions of miners in the United States, under a policy of government ownership, would become a political unit capable of controlling national elections and therefore dangerous to the common welfare. Mr. Deselm for Ohio declared that the cost of obtaining control for the government would amount to not more than two billion dollars. He declared also that the government could eliminate the car shortage and more easily distribute the coal, as well as conserve the available supply.

The victory of the negative team last Saturday is something of a balm for the defeat suffered at the hands of the Wabash team at Manchester College, March 18th. Those who witnessed the debate at Manchester were unanimous in praising the good work of both teams. The Wabash men, Halfred C. Brown, David W. Peck and Nevin S. James, proved a capable, well-balanced team, able to present arguments in an effective way. Their rebuttals were very good. Notre Dame's main speeches probably were slightly better and at the end of the constructive arguments Notre Dame seemed to have the decision clinched. That the teams were evenly matched is shown by the decision of the judges, which was three to two for Wabash. The affirmative team from Notre Dame defeated Manchester College at Wabash the same evening. The negative Wabash team defeated Manchester in Washington Hall.

As a result of the final contests among the schools in the Indiana league, the rankings of the various colleges and universities has been announced. Notre Dame receives

second place with three victories and one defeat. Wabash receives first place, since its teams won all their debates. The respective positions of all the schools follow: Wabash, Notre Dame, Valparaiso, Earlham, Goshen, Indiana University, Purdue, Manchester, Depauw, Indiana Central, Franklin, Butler. Butler was the only one that received no winning decisions at all. From the Notre Dame standpoint, the debates with other members of the league were eminently successful. Praise is due both to members of the teams and to Father Bolger who worked constantly in directing them. Considering the fact that no experienced debaters remained in the University when the teams were chosen, Father Bolger's task, in view of the work of the teams, seems remarkable. The final debates of the year will occur May 6th when a dual debate will be held between Notre Dame and Detroit University.

—Molz.

FOLKS AND FACES.

—Juniors: Have you had that snapshot taken for the Dome?

—The Iowa Club's banquet will be held in the Pink Room of the Oliver Hotel, Sunday night.

—Cy Kasper has received the sanction of the Student Activity Committee to print the programs for the coming track events.

—The Mining Engineers met in Chemistry Hall, Friday evening, April 15, to listen to their president, John C. Sullivan, address them on one method of iron mining.

—Mark Storen, a member of the Bloomington K. of C. Degree Team, participated in an initiation given by that team last Sunday at Brookville, Indiana.

—Pres. Schubmehl called his mechanical engineers together last Monday night to lay plans for the Club's banquet which will be held in the Oliver Hotel, next Monday night.

—The new dress which the SCHOLASTIC wears this week was designed by Professor Ackerman. Should anyone, however, be so base to venture criticism, he may apply at this office for a hearing.

—Poets and short story writers, here's your chance to break into the College Anthologies for 1921. If you have a bit of verse

or a short story send it to Dr. H. T. Schnittkind, The Stratford Company, 12 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass. Send your manuscripts today, for none will be accepted after May 15. Get busy, you budding Tennysons and Bret Hartes.

—On Tuesday last, the members of the Chamber of Commerce had the pleasure of listening to a very beneficial lecture given by the Hon. F. B. O'Grady of Buenos Ayres.

—No excuses are accepted now for missing official announcements. The new bulletins boards, results of S. A. C. effort, eliminate all possible chances of such decrees being stolen or lost.

—The First Intercollegiate Conference of Student Governing Bodies met at Columbia, Missouri, April 7, 8, 9, 1921. Cusick and Blasius represented Notre Dame and they report the affair a complete success.

—The Old Students Number of the Juggler is due soon and according to "inside dope" it is a "knockout." The winner of the art contest recently conducted by the Juggler will be announced next week.

—The Saint Thomas Philosophical Society held its regular meeting in the Library on Tuesday, April 12, 1921. "Instinct and Intelligence" was the subject under discussion and many valuable talks were given.

—Members of the class of 22 who intend to be Sorinites next year will have the privilege of reserving their rooms, April 29 and 30. Other classes may reserve rooms on or after May 1.

—Leave it to the Indianapolis Club to be doing things! That organization is already making plans for the Notre Dame-Indiana game to be played at Indianapolis, November 6, 1921.

—The Notre Dame branch of the A. I. E. E. met Monday, April 11, 1921, in the Engineering Building. Mr. Ruzeck, an instructor in the Department of Electrical Engineering, gave a very interesting lecture on the Induction Coil.

—Forty-three men from the Gopher state came together in the Oliver Hotel, Friday evening, April 11, for their annual banquet. After the nutriment had been cleared from the plates, the plates from the tables, the

cigars parceled out and toastmaster, Cy Kasper, had called upon the Minnesota talent for talks, the evening was brought to a close by choosing Father Joseph Burke, C. S. C. as club advisor.

—The 'movies' have been going, to use the tritest phrase in the News-Times pocket dictionary, like a million. First there was George Arliss, that very distinguished gentleman, in "The Devil." Although his red-hot majesty has sobered up considerably since the days when he appeared in the play translated from the Hungarian, he was still full of tricks and given to subtle schemes. The only regrettable thing about the show is that certain Yahoos who dropped in to see it imagined that other people wanted to hear their comments. Some days later Enid Bennett came along with a theory of "What Every Woman Learns." 'Twas rather hard on the men, demonstrating as it did that a lady must marry either hellabore or a helluvabore. The loveliness of the actress compensates, however, for any aspersions on the less deadly sex to which we belong un-animously.

—Last Sunday will be long remembered by sixty-four Notre Dame men. They were initiated into the Notre Dame Council of Knights of Columbus. The local Council conferred the first degree on Friday evening and the second on Sunday afternoon in the Mishawaka Knights of Columbus Hall. The third degree which immediately followed the second was in charge of Timothy P. Galvin '16, and staff from Valparaiso. Father Thomas Burke, C. S. C. presided as toastmaster at the banquet held in the Oliver Hotel on the evening following the conferring of the degrees. He introduced Mr. Ed. Wynn, the famous comedian, who discoursed on the morality of the modern stage. Senator Hagerty, of South Bend, appealed to the Notre Dame men to be loyal Knights and true to the 'old school.' Father Bernard Ill, C. S. C., delightfully related humorous occurrences of the Notre Dame of yesterday. He attributed much of the success of the school to the humor of its old students. Mr. Galvin gave a very interesting talk on Knighthood and also recounted bits of jocular-ity which took place at Notre Dame back in '16. The jazz quartette rendered several

songs and it goes without saying that they were highly enjoyed. Eleven o' clock terminated that eventful day which old Knights declare to be the best one yet, and the new Knights—well, they arn't saying a word.

—MOLZ.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

HALAS AND HIS MEN.

Baseball,—its intensity, its thrill, its uncertainty and surprise; its vaulting hope and its plunging despair; its preachment of courage and its outlet for warm energy—baseball, the national game, is holding its court on the campus.

The varsity season began with an impressive tie game of eleven innings against Wisconsin. The Interhall season commences tomorrow.

Get out there with your gloves and your bats and your voices, you Notre Dame men, and show the world that Notre Dame is something more than a football school. When the next home game is played with De Pauw on April 28, get behind Slaggert, and Eckerle and Burke. Get behind the band.

Halas and his baseball men are just as human as Rockne and the footballers. They have the material and they have the courage to make the West sit up and take a long, gasping look. But don't let them forget it. Tell them so when they fight their battles on the field and tell them so on the campus. Get the pepper boiling and keep it there!

Prospects were none too bright when Coach Halas took hold, but between snows his men worked out the kinks and divided a brace of practice games. The Anderson All-stars of South Bend mopped us up with a 10-5 score on April 3 and we took a 11-4 victory from the Cutters on April 9 in a game played in a snow storm.

APRIL 15.

The following Friday ushered in the Varsity collegiate season with much excitement, band 'n everything. Our chances against the Badgers were dubious because of the uncertain ability of our pitchers. But the gang went out and played real baseball, refused to crack and refused to be licked.

Paul Castner exploded the fallacy of weak pitching by turning in a whale of a game. The batting of Blievernicht, Prokup and Kane in the pinches and the sure-fire fielding of Miles, Kane, Morgan and Mohardt gave us a slight margin on even the faultless brand of baseball which Wisconsin offered. There was very much good baseball and very little of the bad. Halas used customary good judgment in directing the battle; and the future holds great promise.

We can all help. Let's to the job.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kane 3b	5	0	1	3	3	1
Miles ss	5	0	0	1	3	1
Mohart cf	5	0	0	3	0	0
Blievernicht c	5	1	4	14	3	0
Fitzgerald 1b	4	0	1	7	1	0
Prokup lf	4	1	2	0	0	0
Morgan rf	3	1	1	3	0	0
Kiley 2b	4	0	1	2	1	1
Foley p	1	0	0	0	2	0
Castner p	3	0	0	0	1	0
x Garvey	1	0	0	0	0	0
	40	3	10	33	14	3
WISCONSIN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
R. Williams lf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Christianson lf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Cesar cf	4	1	0	3	0	0
J. Williams 1b	4	0	1	15	1	0
Davey c	4	0	0	4	4	0
Ruediger 3b	5	1	1	2	2	0
Farrington ss	5	1	2	1	5	0
Snow rf	5	0	1	2	0	0
Lyman 2b	3	0	1	4	1	0
Elliot 2b	0	0	0	0	0	0
F. Williams p	2	0	0	0	6	0
	37	3	7	33	19	0

x Garvey batted for Morgan in 11th.

NOTRE DAME	030	000	000	01-4
WISCONSIN	100	100	001	00-3

Two base hits—Blievernicht, Farrington. Three base hits—Blievernicht, Farrington, J. Williams. Stolen base—F. Williams. Sacrifice hits—F. Williams, Snow, Elliot, Morgan, Fitzgerald. Bases on balls—Foley 2, Williams, 2. Hit by pitcher—Foley, 2. Strikeouts—Foley 2, Williams 3, Castner 9. Hits—off Foley 2 in 2 2-3 innings; off Castner 5 in 8 1-3 innings. Double play—Kane, Blievernicht, Miles. Umpire—Driscoll.

The second game of the series, which was

to have been played on Saturday, the 16th, was cancelled by another of the temperamental flights of this darned fool weather. Whistling sheets of rain and the biting atmosphere of December, called off hostilities early in the morning; and we'll settle the score with Wisconsin on their home grounds June 4.

SEEING PURPLE.

Falvey with his strong arm and big stick played the hero act at Purdue, Tuesday, when the Varsity squeezed in three winning runs in the ninth. A triple by Falvey, the first crack out of the box, commenced the rally. "Rangy" Miles's tantalizing bunt held the attention of Wagner, Purdue hurler, so long that N. D. was safe at home and at first. An error at short enabled Mohardt to skirt first. Blievernicht was the target of a wild pitch and the bases were flooded. Fitzgerald then came through with a two-base hit, scoring Miles and Mohardt. The inning ended in a riot of runs. Wagner on the slab for Purdue showed remarkable stamina and steam until the fatal ninth. On three occasions "Rome" Blievernicht threatened to begin a rally with his solid base hits, one of them a three-bagger, but Wagner was impervious. Since the beginning of the season "Bliev" has displayed a superior brand of batting, even superior to his spectacular performance of last season. In Tuesday's game his showing was second only to that of his battery-mate; whose invisible speed and invincible delivery constitute the biggest revelation of the season, so far. "Besides 3000 students at Tuesday's contest, the band turned out," according to statistics by the world's greatest. Among others who also turned out was "Ward Lambert (Purdue coach) known in Conference circles as "Piggy" Lambert, a nickname bestowed in grammar school days when he wore a cap with a long tassel," to quote from same source. Score 4:1.

KAZOO AND CASTNER.

Thrust into the breach in the sixth inning when Kazoo had struck an almost irresistible batting steak, "Southpaw" Castner by his own hitting successfully concluded a

pitcher's duel with Fenner, Kalamazoo's former White Sox recruit. A clean single over first base was the hit that won Castner his own game. Morgan had beat his way to third and strolled home following the deciding single. For the first six innings Steinle held the Kazoo aggregation down to two hits. Then the wind changed or the plate got too dusty, anyhow Lefty went wild, and was unceremoniously extracted from the game. Steinle's form is an immense improvement over last season. When his endurance powers have been fully developed he ought to be as invincible as a "Tom Palmer." with Mickey Kane, Kiley, "Fitz," and Miles for the infield, nothing more could be reasonably needed. To Coach Hallas belongs extra honorable citation for the success of his efforts in perfecting the teamwork of this year's varsity. If the jinx can be kept busy elsewhere, western laurels looks easy.—Score 4:3.

HALLERS AND THEIR MEN.

The opening of the Interhall baseball schedule, originally slated for April 17, was delayed one week by inclement weather and the fact that many players had been previously scheduled to "ride the goat" at the Knights of Columbus initiation held on that day. All teams have been holding daily practice for the past three weeks.

The schedule follows:

- April 24—Brownson—Sorin; Off-Campus—Walsh; Corby—Carroll.
- May 1—Sorin—Walsh; Brownson—Off-Campus; Corby—Badin.
- May 8—Off-Campus—Badin; Sorin—Carroll; Walsh—Brownson.
- May 15—Brownson—Corby; Carroll—Badin; Sorin—Off-Campus.
- May 22—Brownson—Carroll; Corby—Walsh; Sorin—Badin.
- May 29—Off-Campus—Corby; Brownson—Badin; Walsh—Carroll.
- June 5—Walsh—Badin; Sorin—Corby; Off-Campus—Carroll.

First game played in morning at Cartier field.

Second game played in afternoon at Cartier field.

Third game played in afternoon at Chemistry hall.

TENNIS TRYOUTS.

With the advent of warm weather, Notre Dame tennis enthusiasts are daily swarming the gymnasium courts only to find that to play they must wait their turn. The courts are very inadequate to accommodate the crowds and as a result the sideline benches are filled with men eager to exhibit their ability as wielders of the racket.

Work on the new courts just north of the baseball field is progressing rapidly, and they will be ready for use, it is hoped, by the first of May. The two tennis courts on the Carroll Hall playground, are being improved by members of the tennis teams, with the view to using them as exclusive practice courts. The team holds practice daily in the gymnasium and candidates for places on the team are working like Trojans to secure these coveted positions. Several of the men are displaying big time form early in the season. The outlook for a very good team this year is encouraging.

Manager McCarthy, of the tennis team, has applied for matches with Purdue, Northwestern, Illinois, and other conference colleges, and Notre Dame may see several tournaments this year, between her own clay court artists and those of the leading colleges of the west. It is extremely difficult for Notre Dame to break into inter-collegiate tennis competition handicapped as we are by not being in the conference, and because the sport is in its infancy here. Despite these difficulties the future seems very bright and we are sure that in a very few years we will be up with the best of them.

NOTICE.

An effort is being made to widen the scope of athletic publicity of the school by means of a weekly sport letter to papers throughout the country. In order to direct the work intelligently it is necessary to know the papers which are printing the articles. Students or alumni who notice Notre Dame stories in their home papers or who may know of publications favorable to the school are requested to notify Frank Wallace, Box 82, Notre Dame, Ind.

We have a real school in every respect. Let's tell it to the world!—Wallace-Murphy.

DANTE TODAY.

If Dante were alive to-day
I doubt if he'd be known,
For since he has been laid to rest
This world of ours has grown.
It may be that in ages past
He was a clever youth,
But how would he stack up to-day
With Tyrus and Babe Ruth?

He's written several books 'tis true
But books are mighty dry,
And there are not a mighty heap
Of authors who get by;
What though he led folks down to hell
And took them through the heavens
I don't think he'd compare to-day
With Brady or Chick Evans.

He had a kind of fame, perhaps,
He looked into the soul,
And tried to paint the way that led
Mankind unto his goal;
He knew of lovers and their ways
Of single life and wedlock
But could he hope to rank to-day
With Lewis and his headlock?

If Dante were alive to-day
I'm rather certain that
He'd spend most of his precious time
In looking for a flat;
And if he found a place he liked
When all his pep was spent,
The chances are he wouldn't have
Enough to pay the rent.

CARROLLITE.—What do you know?

BROWNSONITE.—Don't know nothing.

CARROLLITE.—I'll say you don't.

SHE.—Was it a case of love at first sight with you and Mable?

HE.—Yes, indeed. The curtain hadn't gone up more than a foot when I knew I loved her.

THEN LIVE WITHIN.

"I simply can't live without you," said Jonah to the whale as his feet disappeared down the gang plank of the whale's mouth.

"She's certainly been up against it," said the young man as he brushed the powder from his coat.

SHE.—Whom do you consider the most famous man that ever lived?

HE.—I'm awfully modest, dearest. It's not a fair question to ask me.

"Do you like liverwurst," said the young man as he glanced over the menu trying to pick out something cheap?

"Yes," she replied, "I like it worst. You can order fried chicken for me.

A student in the Philosophy course is preparing a thesis on "The Dryness of Coffey, or Why Rickaby Drove Me to Rickies."

PROF.—What man is most beloved among all college students?

STUDENT.—Woman.

"What are these," demanded the man shopper as he stood at the counter of the department store figuring a pair of socks?

"Half hose," replied the girl looking at him attentively.

"Yes, I know," he answered, "but what is the other half-wool or cotton?"

Homer gave us the *Illiad*
We liked it very well,
Then Virgin wrote *The Aeneiad*
And Dante gave us *Hell*.

WIFE.—Did you ever pick a lock?

HUB.—Yes, I'm sorry to say, but I have surely regretted it.

WIFE.—Tell me about it, dearest, I'm just crazy to know.

HUB.—Well there isn't much to tell. I was very young then and—well, I picked wedlock.

WIFE (*glaring at him*) You brute!

SHE.—Did you notice my muff last night?

HE.—No. What did you muff?

Physiology teaches us that the skull is composed of twenty eight bones but we know.

FRESH.—That was a funny bone you pulled in yesterday's game.

SOPH.—Yes, I pulled my elbow out of joint.

"George," she said, as she looked pleadingly into his eyes and stroked his nose savagely with her fist, "I love you."

"I'm certainly glad to hear it," he replied mopping the crimson from his nose and trying to smile, "you surely have a most feeling way of showing your love and I shall probably always remember you."

"But you have never given me one token of your affection," she sobbed, "how do I know you are not fooling me like all the other men? How do I know that deep down in your heart there is a real spark of genuine love?"

"Take this as a token," he lisped, throwing a bootjack at her which cut a large gash over her left eye and flattened her nose "and remember, I love you."

She fell into his arms crying "True love has come at last," and in a transport of joy she sang, "Hail, Columbia."