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GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

LIKE a faintly imaged fancy
Has the old year passed away,
And its gladness and its sorrows
Are but dreams of yesterday
It has gone; but may the mem'ry
Of its good deeds predesign
Nobler acts to be accomplished
During 1909.

Will the coming year be happy
And will each day be replete
With the joys that spring from friendship
And will duty's tasks be sweet?
Or will sorrow's clouds hang o'er us
And will bitter trials entwine
With the peace that may be ours
During 1909?

Life, 'tis said, is what we make it:
Each man of his fate is king.
If we're blessed with joys and comforts,
Let us joys to others bring.
Doing thus all men shall prosper,
And the light of love shall shine
Mixed with rays of perfect concord
During 1909.

Euripides.

IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, '09.



O great poet is more difficult to estimate justly than Euripides and none has been judged more unfairly. "Next to Shakespeare he has been the best abused poet in the history of literature."

The reasons for this ill-treatment are the same, it would seem, in the cases of both poets, for both represent a period of unrest

in the evolution of the drama, a stage of transition from the formalism of conventionalities to the freedom of modern variety and human power. Euripides, measured from the standpoint of Attic Tragedy, may represent decadence, but in the evolution of the world drama, his work, like Shakespeare's, is an advance upon all that went before. Because his plays are first to break away from the confinement of his predecessors, Euripides has been called the mediator between the ancient and modern stage. Not without reason has he been given the title, for, in a sense, he popularized Attic Tragedy through his innovations, bringing the play, which had formerly been arranged almost wholly for the enjoyment of the higher classes, down to the common people.

Beyond all other Greeks, Euripides was a realist, as realistic as either Hauptmann or Soudermann ever hoped to be, yet a Romanticist withal. It occurred first to him that the heroic persons whom Æschylus had created and whom Sophocles was still fashioning, would lose none of their interest and might even excite more, if they could be drawn with greater realism, if in them the passions and sorrows of everyday life could be portrayed with greater vividness and directness. He set himself to try out the new idea and thus became the virtual founder of the Romantic school, the people's tragic poet among the Greeks. That his work failed in a measure must be admitted, but the failure is one which no artistic tact could have wholly avoided. The limitations of the conventional drama, of the stage, scenery, costumes, the training of the actors and even the presence of the chorus, conspired against him to defeat the success of his new ideas. He was probably well aware that his popularity would be greatly

mitigated by the nature of his innovations, for none knew better than Euripides himself what were the incongruities that must necessarily arise between the changes he proposed and the prejudices of a conservative public, yet he was willing to sacrifice his own advantage to the development of his art. For that alone, even if he merited recognition on no other score, much can be forgiven him.

It has been said that Euripides was not religious, that his disregard for the gods and the air of levity he assumes in speaking of them are marked. They malign a great poet, who bring such an accusation, for Euripides was both deeply religious and profoundly philosophical. Greek Tragedy is based on the Fate. "Æschylus believed in it," says a compiler, "to the fullest extent; Sophocles was a bit skeptical; and Euripides probably didn't believe in it at all." I am convinced that the author is as wrong in his third statement as he is right in the first two; it is a mistake to say that Euripides was an unbeliever; he broke away from the established Tragedy, it is true, but there was a threefold reason for his doing so. First, the popular religion itself—the very foundation of Tragedy—was being undermined, and it was evident to the poet that only a determined effort to bring the divinities closer to the people in a more tangible form than the vague fancies of poetic flights could possibly do, would save the national religion. Second, skepticism had begun to be busy with the legends, which the Greek ideal had consecrated, and he saw that only a more practical belief could possibly save religion among the people. Third, the increasing audience that began to frequent the theatres, were destitute of that training for the most part, both musical and poetical, which had fitted an earlier generation to enjoy the grandeur of ideal Tragedy; the vagaries of the gods interested this new class very little, and it was in a splendid effort to maintain the place of Tragedy in the spiritual life of Athens by modifying its interests in the sense, which his own generation required, that Euripides clothed his divinities in the garb of realism and sent red blood coursing through their veins.

By the purists Euripides is ranked far below

Sophocles, even though most of them concede that he was the most tragic and most human of all the Greek writers. In Euripides Tragedy was shorn of that ideal beauty it had gained at the hands of his older contemporary, yet it acquired greater virility in so doing. His style was more familiar and conversational than was that of either of his illustrious predecessors and this fact primarily accomplishes what he sought—to bring Tragedy down to the level of everyday life. "He loves to disturb the stately harmony of tragic style," says Moulton, "by some discordant note taken straight from the everyday realities of life and appealing to the elementary sympathies of our common humanity. This conflict of ideal and real he constantly maintains; it is so much addition to the totality of dramatic impressiveness and is ever bringing home to us how deeply the ideal penetrates the commonplaces of life." Sophocles subordinates character and passion to ideal beauty; Euripides considers passion first, then character, and lastly he expends what ingenuity he has left—and it is no inconsiderable amount—on grandeur and display. He had neither the poetic genius nor the dramatic ability of portrayal which Sophocles possessed, but the quality of earnest sincerity in him, his knowledge of human nature and the naturalness of his characters compensate for most of the shortcomings he had in the field of formal art.

A coterie of technical critics, chief among whom stood Lessing and Racine, if I remember rightly, were loud in their censure of Euripides, because of the poor workmanship he displayed in handling choruses, which, they hold, are unessential ornaments in his plays and are only remotely connected with the subject he presents on the stage. It is the opinion of the more modern critics, however,—and they offer convincing proof for the attitude they take—that so far from censuring Euripides, we should be disposed to regard the management of his choruses as a signal proof of his originality, genius and skill. He was first among the dramatists to realize that the chorus could never be made a natural and organic part of the drama. Æschylus had never questioned the essential connection between it and the play; Sophocles hesitated to preach what

would have been thought artistic heresy, even though he probably did recognize the inefficiency of the chorus; but it remained for Euripides first to proclaim openly his belief that the chorus was intrinsically undramatic, never could be made so, and rightly had no part in Attic Tragedy. This he accomplished by separating the two elements absolutely. Public prejudice demanded the choral convention, and, in obedience to popular sentiment, about seventy-five of the plays of Euripides contain these choruses. But it was one thing to recognize a traditional observance, which had been intimately associated with the Greek drama from its very inception, and quite another thing to acknowledge the right of that observance to be accepted as an integral part of the drama. This latter Euripides refused to do. It is for that reason that most of his choruses touch only remotely or not at all upon the subject-matter of the play.

Those literary muck-rakers, who measure art by mathematical canons and have condemned the nodding Euripides on the ground that he is wanting in literary polish, would do well to read what Goethe thinks of them: "All those," says he, "who deny the sublime to Euripides are either poor wretches incapable of comprehending such sublimity or shameless charlatans, who in their presumption wish to make more of themselves than they are." While the extravagance of his criticism weakens the effectiveness of the opinion, Goethe's words can in the main be taken as a fair judgment. Dante, too, pays tribute to Euripides, whom he places with the tragic poets, Agathon and Antiphon, and the lyrist Symonides, in the first circle of Purgatory (xxii. 106), leaving both Æschylus and Sophocles out of the picture entirely. Even Racine, despite his rather harsh strictures upon the poet, has borrowed his own *Andromaque*, *Iphigénie* and *Phèdre* from the Greek master. Translations of many of Euripides' plays were widely made and freely staged throughout Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which established Greek the author as the most lasting of the dramatists among the common people. His tastes and sentiment were not too exclusively Attic to be appreciated by the

great populace of the world at his own time, and his naturalness adapted him more readily than either of his rivals to the stage of later centuries. Æschylus was the religious dramatist, Sophocles was the artistic, but Euripides was the natural, the human dramatist. He broke away from many of the technical strictures of his time, gave life to the woodenness of the Greek drama and made it a living force among the Greek nations. For all this the world has paid him but meagre gratitude.

The Pirates.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.

With an aching heart Grace watched Fred's retreating figure as he went defiantly down the walk. She had thought that he loved her through these months, but he had not, for if he had he would not have left her in that way. Why should he be angry because she had asked him to wait? This was only another proof, she thought, of what she had always held as true: men are like gold ore—they must be tested in the crucible before they are to be taken as genuine. Fred had said he loved her, yet his very action proved the contrary. She congratulated herself on having found him out in good time, but there was, nevertheless, a great void in her heart. It was her first disappointment of consequence, and she felt it in spite of herself.

Next morning at breakfast, "Billy" noticed her mournful mien, an unusual thing, by the way, for Billy was her little brother and ordinarily barely aware of his sister's existence.

"Gee! you look tough, Sis," he said.

"Do I?" she replied with a faint smile.

"Yes, and I'll bet I know why, too. I heard you scrapped with Fred Martin last night."

"Willie, you be still this minute," she ordered, and he became silent but thoughtful.

Billy was away from home all morning, but when he returned for his dinner matters had not improved any. His sister looked, if possible, even more woe-begone than in the morning and he was troubled about it.

"What do you want to be fightin' with Fred Martin for, anyway?" he asked her.

"He's all right."

"He's not all right; he's horrid."

"Oh, I don't know. He gave me a quarter to go to the game with last Saturday. He—"

"Willie, I wish you'd keep quiet; I'm sick." And she left him.

"Billy" was puzzled. He knew in his heart that Grace liked Fred Martin. Why, only a week before he had heard her tell Genevieve Smith that he was the finest fellow in town, and Genevieve had said, yes, he was, because Genevieve was just married, and she could say most anything. "It is a darn shame, too," said "Billy" to himself, "for Fred Martin's a mighty fine chap and he treats the fellows square, too. I guess I'll run down to Jim's and see about it," he decided. "It's plain, something's got to be done, because that girl's goin' around lookin' like a hen with the pip on a rainy day."

So down to the home of Jimmy Martin, his bosom companion and Fred's kid brother, Billy betook himself. They consulted together for a long time, and finally they struck upon a plan.

"That's the cheese, Jimmy. Gee, ain't you got a head on you, though?"

"That's all right, just don't you forget to be on hand when the time comes."

With which admonition Jimmy left to find his older brother. When Billy arrived home, he found his sister seated in the hammock trying to read a novel.

"Sis," he began, "you look all tired out to-day. I'm going out to fish awhile an' you can come along and sit in the back end of the boat. You won't be in the way. Want to come?" The girl felt badly the need of just some such diversion.

"Do I want to come? Why, Billy, I'd just love to go. When?"

"Right away."

"All right; wait just a minute."

She reappeared carrying a couple of pillows and a light cloak.

Soon they were on the other side of the river. "Billy" was preoccupied, but his sister, looking up from her novel only to cast an eye over the broad sheet of quiet water was not taking much notice of him. He on his part was paying much more attention to a certain skiff almost half a mile down the river than to his line. Finally, apparently satisfied with what he saw, he turned to Grace:

"Say, look over at that island. Ain't it green and nice? Want to go over that way?"

"Isn't it pretty. You wouldn't mind leaving me there awhile till I pick some flowers

would you? You needn't stay, you know."

"All right," replied the lad, smiling as he plied the oars in that direction. "Gee! this is easy," he thought. When they reached the island, Grace alighted with book and pillows.

"Don't be long now, Willie," she called, as the lad rowed away. Soon all thought of the boy had left her and she busied herself at gathering her flowers. Flowers were scarce there, however, and soon she gave it up, and she took up a position from which she could gaze out over the water. It was a glorious afternoon. On the opposite bank of the river she could see the people thronged about the levee. A big boat was passing through the draw of the railroad bridge; she could just make out its name—the "Quincy." The decks of the boat were lined with passengers, bands were playing, and the banners floating in the breeze. Interested in the sight, she stepped forward to secure a better view. As she did so, she felt a squirming movement under her shoe which made her flesh creep. Gazing horrifiedly down, she beheld a little, black, beady-eyed serpent struggling to free itself, as her foot pinned it down. Uttering a scream, she fled terrified. A snake! Ugh! Suppose it had bitten her! She shuddered at the thought, and then—turning into an almost hidden path in the midst of the island she ran plump into the arms of Fred Martin. He leaped back as if an apparition had struck him in the face.

"Well, of all people." Then with a cry of alarm he ran forward. Grace had fallen to the ground in a swoon.

Quickly he brought water from a little slough near by and dashed it into her face. The color slowly returned and in a few moments she opened her eyes.

"Ugh, that horrible snake," she gasped, "is it gone?"

Fred gazed about. "There's no snake here," he assured her.

"I stepped on the horrid thing up there."

"Yes, you looked as if you'd seen something. Do you feel well enough to get up?"

She started suddenly at this question, and discovered for the first time that he was supporting her head on his knee. In a second she was on her feet gazing at him with a determined look in her face.

"Fred Martin, what are you doing here?" Her eyes were blazing.

"Why," he stammered, "I was feeling kind of punk and I just took a notion to come."

That's all," he finished rather lamely.

She gazed at him a moment longer. Then her anger melted before the influx of other emotions.

"I thought better of you than this, Fred," she continued in a softer voice. "Last night when you said you loved me, I told you to come back at a future time. I wished to try your love. Now," walking past him, "now I have found it wanting. I don't want to stay here with you and certainly do not care to return alone," she went on turning, "so there is only one request that I wish to make of you. Please row me home again."

"I'd be glad enough to do it, but I can't," he replied, "I haven't any boat."

There was doubt in her eyes.

"No boat? How did you get here then?"

"The kid brought me over and then left me here. He asked me to go fishing with him, and I said all right. When we got pretty near this island, Jimmy thought he would try the place for bait. While he was digging, I strolled around awhile, and when I came back to the skiff he was pulling away from shore. When I yelled at him to come back he only laughed at me and said he guessed he would pretty soon. That's my story. Now how the deuce do you happen to be here?" An encouraging smile played about her lips as he finished.

"Fred," she said, "I owe you an apology. You see, I'm—I'm in about the same boat you are." The girl had to laugh outright, as the situation took construction in her mind. "Well, of all things, this is certainly the limit," said she. "My brother played me the same trick that Jimmy played on you—the little pirates! Let's go find them."

While they were walking to the river bank where her things were, Fred said:

"Why do you suppose they did it, anyway?" Grace hung her head.

"How should I know?"

"I can't tell you that, but I've got a suspicion that those kids are wiser than we are. Don't you think so?" She was silent.

"Grace."

"Yes."

"Can you forgive me for what I did last night?"

"Will you ever do it again?"

"No."

"All right, then."

The old love between them was restored, with addition. They walked leisurely down to the shore where Grace had landed some two hours before. A few minutes later two skiffs rounded the end of the island.

"I told you it would work, didn't I, Jim?" said Billy, as the two little pirates beheld their victims sitting side by side on the shore.

Varsity Verse.

SAY WHAT CAN HIS FEELINGS BE.

IN the morning when each mother
Wakes and tells her darling son
That the last day of vacation
Has long since its course begun;
When by dint of all-day hustling
Which has nearly turned his brain,
Luckily he boards the platform
Of the last out-going train.

Is he sad or glad or mad, or
Does he feel a trifle gay?
Tell us truly, youthful students,
Tell us, you who've felt that way.

When the boys on his arrival,
While he's feeling pretty blue,
Grin and wish him, "Happy New Year,"
Or perhaps, "How do you do?"
When at night he dreams he's living
Once again at "Home, Sweet Home,"
And the morning bell starts ringing
And he sees the near-by dome;

Is he sad or glad or mad, or
Does he feel a trifle gay?
Tell us truly, youthful students,
Tell us, you who've felt that way.

T. A. L.

'TAIN'T LIKE NEW YEAR.

There's somethin' sure the matter
When the New Year comes aroun'
And there's not a bit 'a skatin'
Or 'a slidin' to be foun'.
All the grass is green as summer,
Why? I'm sure that I don't know,
But it ain't a bit like New Year's
'Cause they isn't any snow.

Other years we used to have it,
And the air was crisp and cool,
And we used to have to bundle up,
A goin' off to school.
But this year ain't like it used to be;
The wind don't even blow,
And it ain't a bit like New Year's
'Cause they isn't any snow.

We can't catch no rides on cutters,
We can't dive from off the wall
In the snowdrifts, and the old pond,
It ain't frozen now at all.
Gee! I wish we'd get real weather
Then it wouldn't be so slow.
But it ain't a bit like New Year's
'Cause they isn't any snow. G. J. F.

Friedrich Schlegel, Critic.

JOHN J. ECKERT, '11.

German literature during the middle portion of the Eighteenth Century was for the most part imitative. Almost all the writers of that period followed French models, not only in the drama but also in lyric poetry, and even in the novel. France herself was by no means original in her productions. In more than one way she imitated Greece. It was to be expected, however, that the German mind would, sooner or later, find a direction of its own. This was done through the efforts of the critics. At once German genius awoke as from a slumber and beheld with wonder the richness and beauty of its own resources, the power of its language, and at the same time the fallacy of its former pursuits. A new epoch for German literature was initiated with this awakening. French models were thrown aside, and Germany laid the foundation of her own originality in the field of literature. The most noted among the critics, to whom we are indebted for that happy change, are Lessing, Herder and Schlegel.

Karl Wilhelm Friedrich Schlegel was born March 10, 1772. He obtained his early education at Goettingen and Leipsic. His first important work was "The Greeks and Romans," which was received favorably. In 1798 his famous "History of the Poetry of the Greeks and Romans" appeared. It is amazing what a comprehensive knowledge of the antique the writer displays in this work; it established his authority as a critic and historian. He went to Jena where he became a private teacher, and lectured on philosophy; he also edited the *Athenæum*, the organ of the Romantic School in Germany. He visited Dresden, Paris, where he became editor of *Europa*, a monthly journal, always employing his leisure time in the study of Sanskrit and the languages of southern Europe. In 1808 Schlegel lectured at Vienna, and wrote history, philosophy, and the history of literature. His works, other than historical, include "Lucinde," a novel of questionable character, "Alarcos," a tragedy, and numerous essays and poems. The most

celebrated of his writings are "Lectures on Modern History," "Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern," "Lectures on the Philosophy of Life and the Philosophy of Language," "Lectures on the Philosophy of History" and "Æsthetic and Miscellaneous Works."

Friedrich Schlegel is generally known as a critic and an historian; but he was more than that: he was the leader of the Romantic School in Germany. It must be understood that German Romanticism differed in many ways from the Romantic Movement in England or France. The greater number of its members were not dramatists or even poets, but critics. Schlegel himself wrote the first "manifesto" of the new school, which appeared in the *Athenæum*. According to modern authority the ideal of romantic art was: "beauty for beauty's sake, the union of poetry and life, and the absolute freedom of the artist to express himself."

Almost all the disciples of the school were intimate friends; the most noted among them were Friedrich Schlegel and his brother, Wilhelm August, Ludwig Tieck, Friedrich von Hardenberg, Johann Dietrich Gries, and Zacharias Werner. The deficiency of creative imagination in Schlegel was supplied by Tieck, who made the "Märchen" and the traditionary tales of the German people subjects of special study.

The Romantic School in Germany has been treated by many writers, but the famous book of the poet Heine "Die Romantische Schule" has never been surpassed. He places his description side by side with the "De l'Allemagne" of Madame De Staël, which again he compares with the "Germania" of Tacitus. The poet tells us in his rich and attractive style that the Romantic Movement was but a revival of mediævalism. Schlegel was an ardent admirer of mediæval life and institutions; the days of chivalry were the golden age to him, and it was his greatest joy to bring before the minds of the people the wonders and the splendor of those times. He pictured with enthusiasm the glories of the Catholic Church during the Middle Ages, when kings and princes paid homage to her as their beloved Mother; when the cloisters were centres of wisdom and learning, and the Pope was the greatest power on earth—the time of triumph for the Church militant.

Is it surprising, then, that the majority of those writers who thus endeavored to propound the mediæval greatness of the Church were the first to be convinced of her authority and power, and enter her fold? Friedrich Schlegel was the first convert of the Romantic School, and, as he was the inspirer of other men, soon a number of writers and a still greater number of artists, followed his example.

Heine, the critic and poet, could not suppress his anger and chagrin: in sarcastic language he published "Schlegel's conversion." Being a cynic, there was nothing that escaped his criticism; he scoffed at the teachings and practices of Ultramontanism, and smiled at the zeal and endless quarrels of Protestantism.

In 1808, the year of his conversion, Schlegel went to Vienna. He married a daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, a Jewess by race, who followed her husband into the Catholic Church. Having become secretary to the Archduke Charles, he composed proclamations which were issued to excite the Austrians against Napoleon.

Schlegel was a critic, and on his criticisms rests his fame. It would be impossible to obtain a better summary of the literature of all nations than that given in Schlegel's "Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern." It gives us, so to speak, a bird's-eye view of the literary achievement of the past. We admire the manner in which the great mind of the critic brings before our vision the deeds, thoughts, the very heart of humanity. Age after age lowers its mystic veil, and we behold—Homer, the epic singer of Achilles and Ulysses, the priestly Pindar, and Æschylus, the first tragic poet, and the sublime Sophocles; we see Plato and Aristotle, the greatest of Grecian geniuses. We leave Greece and turn to Rome. There we are introduced to Cicero, the orator, Cæsar, the hero of the pen and the sword, Virgil, "the national poet of the Romans," the sweet singer of rural life, and Horace, the satirist. Thence Schlegel takes us to "the cradle of human civilization," to Central Asia. He lays before us the creeds of Persia, Egypt and Palestine. Then we follow him to the South; we are in India, the land of the "wondrous gigantic past." Reverential awe fills our souls as we gaze upon those ancient monuments covered with hieroglyphics. Thence we are carried to the forests of Germany where the brave Teutonic sons perform their runic rites and worship the mighty Wodan.

Next, our critic reveals to us the Middle

Ages, which were not at all as dark as some of our modern historians like to paint them. In the midst of the gallant crusaders we follow him to the Holy Land, study Oriental life and listen to the Arabic songs. Now the mountainous regions of Italy lie open to our view—Italy, the land of sunshine and poetry! In passing we greet Dante, immortal Dante, and Tasso, the Homer of the crusades; then we visit beautiful Spain, and cross over to England, where a new star has appeared in the literary firmament, Shakespeare, the dramatist. We are next shown the scene of France in which Voltaire is active—the revolution is at hand. He concludes at length with a treatment of modern literary Germany, with the schools of philosophy, and with the poets, such as Klopstock, Lessing, Heine, Koerner, Schiller and Goethe.

Thus we follow our critic through the ages and listen to his revelations. We understand him well, for his portrayal is real and vigorous, his language sweet and poetical; his keen observation and his true sense of values let him recognize the character at once, and he gives it to us with a few master strokes.

Schlegel, moreover, awoke the interest for the study of Sanskrit in Germany. He himself translated successfully several passages from the literature of that language, and paid special attention to the Indian epic metre, the Sloka, consisting of two verses, each having sixteen syllables with a cæsura in the middle.

It would take far too much space to give an account of each work of our critic; suffice it to say that he was at his best in the field of literary history, criticism and exposition. His creative work was imitative and of comparatively little value. He was a man of wide learning and of depth in criticism. Through his lectures and writings he turned the mind of the German people away from French models, and showed that Germany could be original and vie with any of the great literary nations. Goethe himself was much indebted to Schlegel for the fame that was his, for the critic first drew the attention of the public to the works of the poet. The origin of the sciences of comparative philology and comparative mythology must be ascribed to him; he was also the inspirer of the works of scholars like Bopp, Diez and the Grimm brothers.

Friedrich Schlegel died at Dresden, January 12, 1829. What the poet, Heine, said of him is true: "He was a deep thinker; he recognized all the glories of the past, and he felt all the sorrows of the present."

The Bells of Christmas.

THOMAS J. DIXON.

RING out, ye bells of Christmastide,
 Ye angel choirs the anthem sing;

O'er land and sea, ring far and wide,
 The message of the new-born King.

In peasant's cot, in magnate's hall,
 A subtle something seems to say,
 He came for me; He came for all,
 On this, His joyous Natal Day.

The mistletoe and holly blend,
 To festoon homes with wreaths of love,
 Like incense rare our prayers ascend,
 And link our hearts with Him above.

Ring out, ye bells, ye bells of Yule,
 Glad tidings to our nation bring;
 Let Peace and Plenty ever rule,
 Through Jesus, Saviour, Lord and King.

"The Servant in the House."

PAUL R. MARTIN, '10.

The list of American dramatists is rapidly growing. Each succeeding season the works of practically unknown authors are brought before the public, and although many of these works speedily meet the death they deserve it is gratifying to note that some of them at least contain sufficient merit to place them in the ranks of things worth while. It is also an obvious fact that these successful productions are becoming more American in theme and spirit, an incident that shows the rapidly developing tendency toward a national drama. A few seasons ago Mr. Charles Klein came forward with "The Lion and the Mouse," a strong drama dealing with the prevalent financial condition of the country. This piece was closely followed by Mr. George Broadhurst's play of American politics "The Man of the Hour." Both productions scored heavily, and were cordially received as the vanguard of the typical American drama. Both plays were also widely imitated, and it was not long until minor plays of finance and politics were being produced all over the country

by companies of such various degrees of efficiency that the play-going public grew disgusted and refused to be drawn into the theatre. The same thing was true shortly after the premier of Mr. Ade's "The College Widow." Plays of college life became the fad, and the imitations were not limited to the small companies, some of New York's greatest managements putting out stars in imitation of college plays, hoping perhaps to equal the success gained by Mr. Savage's production.

Last season two men practically unknown in the world of dramaturgy, gained fame in a single night because of the authorship of new plays. Mr. Eugene Walter, a newspaper man, created no little stir with "Paid in Full;" while Charles Rann Kennedy scored a parallel success with "The Servant in the House." The former is a play of American home life, fairly reeking with Americanisms, and the latter, although English in setting, is absolutely American in spirit. And this too, without preaching either anarchism or socialism, two things that so many dramatists have felt bound to set forth whenever they wished to strike the keynote of a liberty-loving people. It is of "The Servant in the House" that I wish to deal in this article, and it is my desire to consider the play as a piece of dramatic composition, utterly apart from any analysis of the acting that goes to make it one of the most charming conceits that has been seen on our stage in many a year.

I have said that Mr. Kennedy has rigorously abstained from a socialistic doctrine, and so he has. But the entire tendency of the play is towards the formation of a more perfect brotherhood, the recognition of our own faults and unworthiness and a broad Christian charity towards the faults of others. Such a doctrine is pure and wholesome, it embodies the principles of true religion, and it carries its lesson home without recourse to the horrible example used in "The Fool Hath Said" of Mr. Laurence Irving, who endeavored to teach the same lesson. Mr. Irving, although he succeeded in impressing his auditors, at the same time shocked them, and consequently his play became unpopular. Mr. Kennedy, has used an adroit and subtle method—a

delicate suggestion—that neither shocks nor disturbs the mental equilibrium. He teaches without preaching, and sends his auditors home feeling that they have freely accepted a doctrine rather than that the doctrine has been forced upon them. The dramatist who succeeds in accomplishing this end is to be considered among the representative dramatists of the day.

In view of the fact that Mr. Kennedy has spent much of his life in enacting the works of others, his own achievement is even more wonderful. It is free from all those subterfuges upon which the average player will seize in an attempt to produce effects. Mr. Kennedy has withheld his hand from the box of tricks in the most rigorous manner, and the result is that he has taken a theme almost new, and transferred it to the stage without playwrighting and stage-managing all the reality and the humanity out of it. It is a grave, sincere, delicate little fabric, and it represents the right tendency. If the spirit that animates it and that makes it true and poignant and good were at the bottom of more of the work of American dramatists our stage would be on the way to accomplishing something that has some connection with good art and right living.

By abstaining from theatricalism, Mr. Kennedy has dared to do what many another has realized would be the proper thing, yet feared to take the risk of disappointing a public which has demonstrated its love of heightened situations. The real charm of Mr. Kennedy's work is in its normality and its unassuming veracity. And it is these very qualities—simplicity, plaintive truthfulness, unstudied directness—that usually mean the downfall of a production in the public mind. By the infusion of trickery and artifice, "The Servant in the House" would be spoiled as a piece of literature and as a picture, but the infusion of them, however shallow, however familiar they might be, would have served to keep the attention of that unthinking mass which attends the theatre, not because it seeks instruction or lofty idealism, but because it merely wishes to pass a fleeting hour or so. That the play as it stands has pleased during long runs in New York and Chicago certainly proves that public standards are being raised. It is this fact that points

to the possibility of an American drama, built along sane lines.

In writing "The Servant in the House," Mr. Kennedy has tried an innovation in forming his technique according to the laws laid down by the Greeks. He is uncompromising in this regard, and throughout the entire five acts of the play, the unities of time, place and action are admirably preserved. The only real fault that is to be found with this arrangement is the fact that the leading character is introduced without a word of explanation. The absence of this explanation creates what is apparently an incongruity, yet what would probably not be so if the audience was made acquainted with the facts of the case. A dramatist writing according to present-day law—if present-day drama may be said to have a law—would have overcome this difficulty, yet he would have probably created more impossibility by ignoring the unities of time and place. Mr. Kennedy has dared to do something that no English-speaking dramatist has done before him. He has divided his play into five acts, and has not permitted the continuity of the action to be broken. The climax is reached logically, and the lines leading up to the climax form a beautiful piece of symbolism.

It is not necessary to narrate the story Mr. Kennedy has set forth since it has little connection with the literary value of the piece. It is important, however, to analyze to some extent the principal character drawn by the author. Manson—the servant in the house, who, before the close of the play becomes known in his real person, that of an Anglican bishop of India—is a figure that produces a profound impression. He is the advocate of the perfect brotherhood. He is thoroughly human, yet his humanity is so imbued with love and gentleness that the general impression the character leaves on the audience is that of spirituality. Remove from the character all the make-up used by the actor who plays the part, take away the quaint orientalism, let him don the conventional frock coat of the English clergyman, but leave the lines provided by the playwright, and even the most unobserving audience would recognize the conception of Mr. Kennedy.

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—The leading editorial in the South Bend News of last Sunday, discussing the unfortunate suicide in New York of Professor and Mrs. James P. Gerdy, who dispassionately took their own lives after the death of their only daughter, has this to say regarding the double suicide: "Will there be one to raise a voice in criticism or condemnation of the act of these grief-stricken parents? We opine not." That a daily paper of the standing of the News should in a spirit of maudlin sympathy attempt to justify the crime of self-destruction is surprising, to put it mildly. In answer to the editor's rhetorical question we most emphatically "opine" that there are thousands who will raise their voice "in condemnation of the act;" that every man who holds to a system of objective morality, who acknowledges the precept given on Mount Sinai: "Thou shalt not kill," will protest most determinedly against so coldly calculating an affront to the Divine Law. That it requires great heroism to bear the loss of one who is nearest and dearest on earth, will be granted by everybody, but that the effort can demand superhuman strength we will not admit. No

man is taxed beyond his ability, and only the coward or the weakling refuses to live the life which an all-wise Providence has mapped out for him. "When they were found," the editorial says, "their bodies were inanimate and their souls had joined that of their beloved daughter on the farther side of the door that separates time from eternity." But if they made their preparations "deliberately and in the most sane and effective manner," as the News declares they did, and if they understood rightly and fully the grave criminality which attaches to the act of suicide, we hope for a happier lot in eternity for the daughter than association with the father and mother would imply.

—The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, the greatest in our history, was celebrated last October and November, under the encouragement of the Debating. Illinois Historical Society, at those towns in Illinois where they took place. The debate was a contest for the United States Senate. Douglas had already won considerable success in politics, and was in fact an approved candidate for the presidency, while Lincoln had not yet come into national prominence. He, however, forced Douglas into a position where he was obliged to offend the Democratic sentiments of Illinois and lose the senatorship, or to offend the pro-slavery sentiments of the South and lose the presidency. No shrewder move was ever made by any politician in our history. Douglas dodged and skirmished, made brilliant thrusts and parries, and performed oratorical wonders. Lincoln's arguments, on the other hand, simple, true, and logical, like an uncompromising law of nature, struck the chords of conviction in the hearts of all who heard him. Clear thought, expressed in the common speech of the people with an earnestness which was Lincoln's dominant note, were what won the greatest debate in our history. The fact that the Douglas-Lincoln debates were commemorated by debates is indicative of the attention the public is giving to this potent factor in the framing of sound public opinion. The universities too throughout the country realize the importance of this line of work, and each year inter-collegiate

debates are arranged with rival schools to discuss the economic, social, and political problems of the day. That every public debate creates a vast and useful fund of clear, logical and sensible notions on these intricate national problems is unquestionable. First of all public debates are advantageous to the debater. If the debate is going to be worth the hearing the participants must get at the bottom of the question, which will in itself repay the efforts of the debater because it teaches him the process of thorough study—of getting at the bottom of things. Again, in these days of clamor for more popular government the civil education of every voter is of serious consequence. Finally, considerable advantage may accrue to those who hear these debates, for, while the student's discussion of a great current topic may not be wide enough or deep enough to furnish foundation for a final conclusion, the treatment will doubtless throw a great deal of light on the question for the average person.

—Rifle practice is rapidly finding favor as an inter-collegiate sport. Under the auspices of the National Rifle Association, an organization founded for the Collegiate Rifle cultivation of target-shooting, Contests. a number of American colleges have organized teams and many excellent records have been made. A prize, consisting of a bronze shield, properly engraved and mounted on an oak base, is offered to the team making the highest score. In 1905 this trophy was won by Princeton University and in 1906 and 1908 George Washington University carried off the honors. No contest was held during 1907. Owing to the impossibility of holding outdoor shooting events during the winter months, and the difficulty in securing an attendance of college men during the summer, these contests have been handicapped, and the interest displayed in other branches of collegiate sport has been lacking. A remedy is suggested, and its adoption will undoubtedly serve to put rifle-shooting among the important college sports.

During the winter months contests will be held at the various colleges on indoor ranges, and the scores made will be submitted

to a committee appointed by the National Rifle Association. A comparison of the scores made will determine the winning team. The government is taking an interest in rifle-shooting among the colleges, and the War Department furnishes arms and an allowance of ammunition to college teams. Under such conditions there is no reason why Notre Dame should not be represented in the Inter-collegiate Contest. With our cosmopolitan gathering of students, there should be no difficulty in selecting a rifle team that would give a good account of itself.

—Light literature, as we know, serves a beneficial purpose in relaxing a mind strained by long attention to wearisome and technical subjects. It is **Light Literature.** the unbending of the bow, lest the long-continued tension should weaken its elasticity and force. Considered thus, novels and short-stories have a not inconsiderable place in our daily life. The weary debater after a long session with columns of statistics and pompously worded reports, or the Greek student who delves into the mysteries of Homeric syntax regards a chapter of a novel, or a choice short-story as "manna in the wilderness." And it is rightly so, since they return to serious work with fresh zest and renewed interest. On the other hand, the man who makes the reading of fiction the end of his existence, to the neglect of his proper work, is riveting upon himself the bonds of a habit more insidious than the use of drugs, because outwardly it is innocent enough and may be indulged in with impunity in all classes of society and at any time. Yet nothing instils into one the poison of superficiality more than the habit of light reading. The victim, like the morphine fiend, lives in an unreal world peopled by phantasies, which he takes to be real. Gorgeous scenery such as exists nowhere, save in the brain of the author, is unrolled before him. He feasts at imaginary banquets and delights himself with the sting of epigram. Comely heroines and impossible heroes march before him in stately procession. What is the inevitable consequence? He becomes dissatisfied with life as it is, and longs, as Tantalus did in the Grecian

mythology, for what he can not reach. And thus the victim of his own imagination, he passes through life, of which he is a part and yet not a part, a dreamer whom the world passes by, who in his scramble for the insubstantial loses the real, and perhaps awakes to find himself standing uncomfited amidst the ruin of his castle of dreams, the mock and the jibe of the everyday world, which respects only those dreamers whose dreams come true.

—Several men, graduates of Indiana colleges, have, during the last few years, won success as charity workers. The latest to enter this field is Jesse Blaine Levin, of Rensselaer, who was graduated last year from Indiana University. His experience in the slum districts of Baltimore should be interesting to every college man who is making a study of social problems. In an interview, recently published in a Baltimore paper, Mr. Levin describes his experience in the Friendly Inn, a charity lodging-house. Mr. Levin, being desirous of finding out exactly how the needy were cared for donned ragged clothes and with the aid of a growth of beard and some everyday dirt he easily passed for a "hobo." He sought lodging in the Inn and lived like the rest of the vagrants. Similar experiences in other social settlements, rescue homes and lodging-houses have furnished material for a book which Mr. Levin is now preparing. Social work is assuming a prominent place in this country. It is becoming a science, and colleges are offering broad courses along social lines. Mr. Levin's example is noteworthy. He has prepared himself in theory, and, not content with this, has pursued a unique line of original research. His career will be watched with interest, and he will undoubtedly be followed in his work by other college graduates.

Christmas at Notre Dame.

The holiday season at Notre Dame was very quiet in contrast to the hum of school time, and rather uneventful, though not unenjoyable to those who saw fit to remain

here during the vacation. None but a stoic could be unmoved when everybody else is hurrying off for home, but as soon as the home-seekers have gone it is not difficult to reconcile oneself to the necessary, and soon to really enjoy it. Only a small number of students remained, but we had fine weather and good-fellowship a-plenty. Christmas is always a glad time, even though one must rely upon letters and boxes and recollections to dispel the lonesomeness. Then, too, there is always an event or so during the festal season to disturb the monotony. This year the occasion was notable. The Seminarians being minded to produce a play, seized upon that ever-fresh classic, *Rip van Winkle*, as a fit vehicle to exercise their talent. There was no theatrical manager hired to drill them in their parts; each man made the most of his own interpretation. Mr. Marshall, in the title-rôle, made a decided hit. His impersonation of old Rip was little short of Jeffersonian. All the other parts were creditably performed, and the production as a whole was a most noteworthy success. The play was largely attended by the Community and some of the students.

The religious ceremonies were of course in keeping with the solemnity of the great Feast. Midnight Mass was celebrated in several of the community chapels about the college, the students being kindly privileged by Father French to attend the Mass at the Seminary. In Sacred Heart Church Masses were celebrated without interruption from an early hour till nearly noon.

Of course, the ordinary strictures of discipline were suspended, as "Jimmy" Cooke will testify. The unfortunate lack of snow prevented him from organizing the yearly sleighing party, but "Jimmy" knows of other lines of diversion, as the conductor who gives transfers to Portage Avenue and the Brownstone District will bear witness. There were other amusements too, such as skating, playing billiards and pool in Brownson, where the privilege was granted free to those who are in right with the manager, all others being requested to contribute to the "chalk fund," box-ball in Carroll Hall and plenty of hard roads for the pedestrians. Taken all in all, Notre Dame at Christmas is quite as comfortable and interesting as at any other period. M.

The Conquest of Dixie.

If the Notre Dame University baseball team caused the athletic world to sit up and take notice last spring, when it made its memorable trip, sweeping before it the best college teams in the East, the Varsity basket-ball team held the "fans" spell-bound as it invaded the South and sent team after team to defeat on its recent holiday trip. In vain did the Southerners try to stop the husky Hoosiers, but they would not be denied. Everywhere they met the best the Land of Cotton could put in the field, and in each contest the Pride of Dixie was humbled. Considering the strength of the teams that they met and the attendant hardships of travelling, their record was little short of marvelous, fifteen victories being registered out of seventeen games played. They lost to the Central Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, the A. A. U. champions, after having fought a game which only a Notre Dame team knows how to put up when fighting under unfavorable conditions. Their other defeat was at the hands of Muscatine, the strong Iowa five.

The Results of the games follow:

Notre Dame, 46; Armour Institute, 20.
 Notre Dame, 22; Chicago Central, Y. M. C. A. 26.
 Notre Dame, 24; Morrison, Ill., 20.
 Notre Dame, 22; Muscatine, Iowa, 29;
 Notre Dame, 49; Fairfield, Iowa, 22.
 Notre Dame, 47; Peoria Y. M. C. A., 27,
 Notre Dame, 36; Shelbyville, Ill., 13.
 Notre Dame, 60; Christ. Bros. College, St. Louis, 15.
 Notre Dame, 31; Nashville A. C., 15.
 Notre Dame, 38; Birmingham A. C., 20.
 Notre Dame, 51; Montgomery Y. M. C. A., 24.
 Notre Dame, 41; Mobile Y. M. C. A., 18;
 Notre Dame, 23; Mobile Y. M. C. A., 14.
 Notre Dame, 28; New Orleans A. C., 9.
 Notre Dame, 30; Birmingham A. C., 22.
 Notre Dame, 38; Marion Club, Indianapolis, 24.

* *

Press Comments.

"The basket-ball fans of Montgomery are on edge for to-night's contest which will give them the opportunity of seeing the team of the great University of Notre Dame in action. Four years ago Yale came South with a phenomenal basket-ball team sweeping everything before it, but it is said by those who have seen the Notre Dame team, that the Indiana players are the fastest aggregation ever collected together under one name."—*Montgomery Advertiser*.

"Thirty to twenty tells the story of defeat for the Birmingham Athletic Club, but the crowd last night had the pleasure of witnessing one of the fastest, most skilful exhibitions of basket-ball ever played in Birmingham. Defeat at the hands of Notre Dame was an honor, and the club team showed up in fine fettle, fighting well against big odds, and showing spirit even when they knew they were beaten.

The basket-ball team of Notre Dame is probably the strongest team in the United States. For knowing how—for swift, catchy work, for tricky manoeuvres, and above all for wonderful goal shooting, Notre Dame is the peer of any team that ever came South. No more will enthusiasts talk about the Yale team of two years ago, for these boys laid it all over them. The Yale team was rough, but the gentlemen on the floor of the Athletic Club last evening, big, stout and husky, played a clean and scientific game. Their fouling was never intentional, and their manager, who refereed the last half of the game, was fair in all his decisions."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

* *

"Team work of marvelous precision on the part of the basket-ball team of Notre Dame, coupled with the visitor's weight and speed, wrought the downfall of Captain Susong's team of the Montgomery Y. M. C. A. Thursday night. The defeat was the most overwhelming in the memory of the Montgomery squad, the final score being 51 to 24 in favor of the Catholic boys from Indiana. The Notre Dame five had everything that a basket-ball team should have, and marked itself as one of the most distinguished bunches ever seen in Montgomery. The Notre Dame players were possessed of the ability to get away with the ball, to flash it back and forth in short, quick passes, against which the long and somewhat cumbersome passes of the Montgomery boys seemed slow."—*The Montgomery Advertiser*.

* *

"Notre Dame had just as big a snap as was expected with the C. B. C. five at Louisiana Hall Saturday night. Notre Dame had a model team. Then there was speed galore. Chief of all though, the players hustled all the way. There was no let-up. C. B. C. tried to "rough" it. The Notre Dame players laughed at them. They had no time for such things.

"The big fellows carried the respect of Birmingham away with them after the game last Wednesday. They played such a clean, aggressive game that the club members enjoyed it, though they lost. Since playing here they have defeated Montgomery by a big score, handed the lemon to Mobile twice, and played with New Orleans. They are the greatest basket-ball team that ever came South, not excepting any."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

* *

"When it comes to playing basket-ball, both as to team work, fast passing and accuracy in throwing goals, the Notre Dame team seemed to be past masters. They played the locals off their feet in the second half. The game put up by the visitors was a revelation to many of the enthusiasts in this city. The Northern opponents played a clean game, and are

about as gentlemanly a bunch as ever visited this city. They were given quite an ovation both before and after the game."—*The New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

* *

"The Notre Dame boys are on their way back to Indiana after one of the most successful invasions in the history of the South. The big collegians have literally swept all Southern teams off their feet and have won game after game without even a close score staring them in the face."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

* *

"Team work of marvelous precision on the part of the basket ball team of Notre Dame, coupled with the visitors weight and speed, wrought the downfall of Captain Susong's team of the Montgomery Y. M. C. A. Thursday night at the local gymnasium. The defeat was the most overwhelming in the memory of the Montgomery squad, the final score being 51 to 24 in favor of the boys from the Catholic school of Indiana. The Notre Dame five had everything that a basket ball team should have, and marked itself as one of the most finished bunches ever seen in Montgomery."

—*Montgomery Journal*.

* *

"At the Nashville A. C. last night in a great game. Notre Dame was victorious by a score of 30-15, Vaughan, the big center for the visitors, was the best player ever seen on a local floor. Without exertion he shot eight baskets from the field, although he was opposed by Gosnell, one of the cleverest and most experienced players in the South. Notre Dame was the faster team."—*Nashville American*.

University Bulletin.

Found—A watch, a pair of gloves, two fountain pens, and other articles. Owners may obtain the same from Bro. Alphonsus.

Confessions are heard every Saturday evening at 7 o'clock in the Basement of the Church. The early Mass on Sunday morning is said at 6 o'clock.

Students who wish to read Catholic books or papers may borrow them from Brother Alphonsus.

The period in elocution for Juniors will, for the remainder of the year, be devoted exclusively to Oratory. The period for Seniors will be given to Shakespearean Reading.

The following classes were opened on Jan. 8: Physiology I., Geology III., German A for the accommodation of new students. A class in Irish History is started to-day.

The question for Inter-hall debate will be announced soon.

Hereafter one hour a week will be devoted to Debating and Oratory in the English classes C and D.

The Death of Mr. Murdock.

It was by mistake that we failed to record in our last issue the death of Mr. James Murdock, a distinguished citizen of Indiana and a sincere and stalwart friend of the University.

James Murdock was such a man as restores one's faith in human nature. Shrewd, far-seeing, courageous energetic, he naturally accumulated a considerable fortune; but what we most like to remember and to say of him is that there never was enough gold in the United States to swerve Mr. Murdock one hairsbreadth from the path of strict honesty. To have lived such a life that men might say this thing with sincerity and truth is to have attained unto greatness. Happy is the state that claims such citizens! Mr. Murdock was an unostentatious but faithful son of Mother Church. There was no pious whine in his robust and honest speech; there was no sanctimonious manner. In simplicity and earnestness he discharged his religious duty and lived a blameless Christian life.

To Messrs. Charles and Samuel Murdock, old students of the University, the SCHOLASTIC extends sympathy and the assurance of prayerful remembrance. To their relatives, all of whom were so devoted to the venerated dead, it offers sincere condolence.—*Requiescat in pace!*

Personals.

—Leo Coontz, (Ph. B., 1907) is at the Catholic University in Washington, where he is taking a special course in Literature.

—William Robinson, a popular member of the '06 class, has entered St. Louis University, where he intends to pursue a course in Law.

—The Rev. Denis Clarke (B. S., 1870; M. S., 1872; A. M., 1874) of Columbus, Ohio, was a welcome visitor at the University this week.

—Paul J. Ragan (A. B. '97, LL. '00), who has attained splendid success as an attorney in Toledo, O., has been elected Grand Knight by the K. of C. of that city.

—Carl K. Rowlands (student 1905-'6) stopped here yesterday on his return from Chicago to Lima, Ohio, where he is engaged in the furniture business with his father.

—Walter J. McInerny (LL. B., 1906) was recently elected Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus, South Bend, Ind. Mr. McInerny is a prominent member of the bar in that city.

—Anthony F. Dorley (C. E., 1900) was a visitor at the University during the holidays. Mr. Dorley is now located at Kansas City, Missouri, in the Terminal Office of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company.

—Roscoe P. Hurst (LL. B. '09), Portland, Oregon, spent a few pleasant days visiting his *Alma Mater* during the Christmas holidays. Roscoe is full of the old spirit, and entered a new student as an indication of his zeal.

—It is not generally known that "Cap" Anson has entered the rank of the "literary fellers." His autobiography, entitled "A Ball-Player's Career," issued by the Era Publishing Co., Chicago, contains some interesting references to his Notre Dame days.

—Louis Salmon (C. E., 1905), of football fame, is now located at his old home in Syracuse, N. Y. "Lou" has a good position, being an assistant construction-engineer on the Erie Canal, where large improvements are being made. He promises to be at the Alumni meeting in June.

—Students returning to the University after Christmas were grieved to hear that Rev. Dr. George Marr, C. S. C., was forced to abandon temporarily his work in the University to go in pursuit of health. Though one of the youngest members of the faculty, Dr. Marr was one of the most respected and beloved. His friends among the faculty and the student body trust that the time of his exile may be short and that he may be able to return to us in September.

—Harry Roberts (C. E., '06) sent in a very interesting communication to the annual '06 Circular Letter. Harry is assistant engineer for the Oaxaca Iron Company in Mexico, and is in the very heart of the old Aztec country. The letter gives an interesting description of the ancient ruins and of a unique celebration of Independence Day by the little band of American Engineers.

Needless to say, Harry is prospering and enjoys his favorite diversion of counting the days until the big reunion in 1910.

—Paul McGannon (LL. B., 1907; LL. M., 1908) was admitted as a practising attorney and counsellor at Law in the State of New York, November 30th. The examination was very severe and only 32 candidates were successful out of a class of 158. The case of Mr. McGannon emphasizes for the hundredth time the fact that the course of Law at Notre Dame is peculiarly well adapted to fit any man for his professional work. It is an old story of the success of the N. D. men, while the graduates of the much-praised Eastern schools fall by the wayside. As a Professor of Law, Col. Hoynes enjoys a record that is absolutely unique. The proportion of his students who fail in the examination for admission to the bar is certainly not larger than 1%. This is a very remarkable fact in view of the circumstance that about 65% of the candidates for admission to the bar fail to pass the examination.

—After waiting an entire season, the New York public has at last been enabled to see "Peggy Machree," the Irish light opera, written by Patrick Bidewell, in which the late Denis O'Sullivan starred last season. The reproduction of this opera with Joseph O'Mara in the rôle created by Mr. O'Sullivan made an excellent impression on the occasion of its New York premier, and according to the critics of the Metropolis, it will enjoy the same popularity during the present season that it won during the last.

It will be remembered that Mr. O'Sullivan was an American of Irish parentage, who won fame abroad as a singer and actor. He was an authority on Celtic music, and as an interpreter of folk-songs he had no rival. His untimely death in Columbus, Ohio, last season closed the tour of "Peggy Machree," and was thus prevented from filling a New York engagement.

Like Mr. O'Sullivan, Mr. O'Mara is a singer of Irish music, and he has been an important factor in the Celtic revival. He is a practical Catholic, and has contributed his services to many benefits for Catholic causes. Mr. John O'Hara, a member of the "Peggy Machree" company was at one time a student of Notre Dame.

Local Items.

—Colonel Hoynes returned this week from Chicago, where he has been visiting for several months. The Colonel's splendid rejuvenation is a source of deep satisfaction to his legion of friends. His appearance in Brownson refectory on Tuesday evening provoked an ovation.

—A meeting was held on Monday to discuss the opening of a high school by the Brothers of Holy Cross in Fort Wayne. Brothers Peter of Chicago, Marcellus of Fort Wayne, Marcellinus of Watertown and Gabriel of Cincinnati attended. It was decided to open the new institution.

—Brother Antoninus, the oldest Brother in the Order, died at the Community House during vacation in the ninety-fifth year of his life and the fifty-third of his religious profession. It is said that in all the fifty-two years which he spent at Notre Dame, Brother Antoninus never visited South Bend a single time.

—A specimen of the effective work of our postal service is evinced by the recent delivery to us of a new exchange from New South Wales, which bore the address:

Catholic College,
Notre Dame,
Chicago Region,
United States.

—The holidays left Notre Dame desolate and alone for the most part. Everybody slept lots, ate lots and went to town lots. There were a number of evening skating festas, the fire-fly party of Holy Cross Hall, for instance, two fair co-ed turn-outs and the Old College masquerade, then there was big John's daily exhibition dip in the icy water of the lake, but beyond that things were morbid.

—During the holidays several faculty changes were made necessary. Doctor Marr went to Denver for the good of his health, and Father McManus, late rector of Corby, came from New Orleans to take his place in Sorin. As a prefect and as a professor of French, Dr. Marr was uniformly liked by his students, whose hearty good wishes for a speedy recovery attend him. Brother George, the director of the parish choir, will teach Doctor Marr's French classes.

—The next number of the lecture course is a lecture recital of Shakespeare and his plays, Saturday, Jan. 16, by Mr. Frederick Warde, the eminent tragedian. Mr. Warde is adjudged the greatest Shakespearean exponent before the public to-day. His purpose is to encourage and simplify the study of Shakespeare. Mr. Warde's recitals differ from the stilted and stereotyped methods of the average platform speaker. He delivers his remarks with a simple and direct, yet dramatic and impressive force, frequently illustrating his points with quotations from the various plays.

—Great interest is being shown in the debating line. The Law students are out in numbers to solve the banking problem and incidentally to learn what three men will have the pleasure of sharing the 60 dollars that have been donated for debating work in the Law School. A joint debate between the Freshmen Law students and the Freshmen of the Arts and Letters department is looked forward to with much enthusiasm. We shall soon have orations in abundance—we have always had orations in plenty and good ones too—since each Freshman must deliver one oration during his Freshman year.

—Everybody has heard about "wasting sweetness on the desert air," "pouring oil upon the troubled waters," and kindred yarns, but here is one that has most of them backed off and relegated. One of Corby's young hopefuls and a side-kick of his from Sorin thought it would be real nice to start something a few nights ago, so they went to the city to get inspiration. They didn't assimilate any of it though, thinking to let the thought-stimulus get in its work only after supper; so they brought twelve bottled installments of it home. But the suitcase groaned under its burden, and the Rector of Corby happened to hear its complaint, as the trio—suit-case and the two pals—went by his office. He did a little custom-house work, discovered the contraband goods, called the smugglers in (to his office) and down, then out to the lake side where he made the cut-ups pour all their brain rejuvenator even to the last bottle into the water. Report comes from the Novitiate that the inmates were badly disturbed that night by the hilarious splashing of the fishes.

Moral:—It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. The fish send a card of thanks to Corby's Rector.