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Conflict.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

ONE night I thought the semblance of two dreams
Swept o'er my soul, and 'mid the hazy web
Of half reality I felt, it seems,

Emotions so adverse that, like the ebb
And flow upon the ocean's tide, they tossed.
In dream-wrapt fear I felt that I was lost.

Though hope came ever and anon to break
The spell of paling fear and dull despair,
Yet nought could soothe my troubled soul. "Oh take
The sting of conflict hence! I can not bear
The weight," I cried, "of such unceasing strife."
And then I woke to find that it was life.

The Development of Greek Comedy.

JOHN B. KANALEY, '09.



RACES of the dramatic were ever outstanding in Greek antiquity, and the disposition needed but the force of creative genius to give them definite construction and form. This genius found its first inspiration in the religious customs of the times, and gradually evolved that species of play to which the drama of to-day must ascribe its parentage. The religious element, however, was eliminated in the course of development, and the political and social conditions of the day became the impelling forces in the shaping of the drama. Every change in the political or social environment of the Attic people had its corresponding effect on the produc-

tions of the poet; and it is not possible to judge rightly of the merits and defects of the ancient drama at least as regards matter, without taking into consideration the impulses and customs that ruled the thought of the people during those early ages. Dramatic excellence among the Greeks was largely dependent upon the environments of the age in which it had its growth, a fact which is shadowed forth in the study of the successive stages through which it passed to its highest development.

As tragedy sprang from the Dithyrambic songs sung in honor of Dionysius at the springtime festivals, so also the Phallic Procession marked the starting point of comedy. This was a wandering dance in the execution of which bands of revellers journeyed through the streets of the city or the villages of the countryside indulging in coarse songs and ribald jests in honor of Dionysius, the god of generation and production. The participants often stopped to cast abuse and ridicule at the bystanders, and from this crude beginning developed the dialogue of the later comedy. The nearest analogy to the Dionysian festival to be found among present-day customs is the Cornish Flower Dance, which is yearly celebrated at Helstone on May 8, although, of course, it has been divested of the vulgar displays which marked the ancient ceremony. The first comic poet of whom history bears witness was Susarion, a native of Megaris, who was born in 580 B. C. His farcical compositions spread throughout all Greece, but the humor was coarse and obscene, and is noteworthy only as marking the beginning of Greek comedy.

The real development of the literary comedy began a few years later with

Epicharmus, a disciple of Pythagoras in Sicily, who welded the loose dramatic elements into a definitely constructed form, and gave to comedy an impetus which found its highest culmination in the Golden Age of Pericles. With Epicharmus we come to the first of the three great divisions into which the Greek comedy has been divided, the Old, the Middle, and the New.

The Old Comedy, which was the first species to become a part of permanent literature, was the result of a successful attempt to give to the wagon-jests of the country festival a particular and political aspect. "It was," says Moulton, "the combination under exceptional circumstances of what was in the highest degree comic matter with a chorus and the details of choral form which were borrowed from tragedy, and which for a long time existed as a disturbing force in the development of comedy."

The complete establishment of the Democracy under Pericles in 443 B. C. marked the beginning of the highest perfection attained by the Old Comedy. Circumstances of the time conspired to foster and elevate the intellectual thought of the time. Athens was the ruling city of the world. Under the salutary influence of Pericles' rule the city had become the centre, not only of military power but also of literary achievement. "Never before," according to Meyers, the historian, "had there been such a union of the material and intellectual elements of civilization at the seat of the empire. Literature and art had been carried to the utmost perfection possible to human genius."

Democracy, with the attendant increase of interest and enthusiasm in politics on the part of the people, determined the tone and color of comedy to such a degree that we find its chief material drawn from the lives of public men and public affairs. The foibles and peculiarities gave wide range to that keen wit with which the Greeks were so abundantly endowed, and owing to the unbridled license granted to the poet in his work no act was allowed to escape public scorn and ridicule. The drama was under the fostering hand of the state, and under its guarantee of protection the poet gave loose rein to the vilest outbursts of vitupera-

tion and abuse. "The liberty granted to the poets of the Old Comedy," says Grey, "was simply boundless. No man was so inoffensive, so retired, or so influential that he might not be dragged upon the stage to make sport for the people. How much the people themselves delighted in this personal abuse is to be seen from the fact that the law passed in 440 B. C. to restrict the license of comedy was repealed after three years." Not only was every vile epithet applied to the person to be ridiculed, but he was depicted as guilty of every contemptible action that the imagination of the poet could suggest, and it was from these conditions that the Old Comedy derived its two most salient characteristics—its uncurbed spirit of license, and its concern with public affairs. The social element, however, gradually entered into the comedy, with the result that in many of the plays of Aristophanes we find caricatures upon the social customs of the time and upon human nature in general.

Among the first writers of the ancient comedy are to be mentioned Cratinus, Eupolis, and Phrynichus, but their names are overshadowed by that of Aristophanes whose works reveal to us the standard of the comedy of that day, and indicate the political and social customs of the people. In response, however, to the public demand for amusement at any cost, his works are marred by obscenities which have subjected him to much severe criticism which is not undeserved, for while the standard of the times may palliate license in the drama, it can not justify it. But the later plays of Aristophanes are marked by such a change in tone and construction that he is considered as belonging not only to the Old, but also to the New school of comedy.

The gross invective and obscene vulgarity of the Old Comedy, however, was happily discontinued after the disastrous close of the Peloponnesian war in 401 B. C., when Athens lost forever its leadership. Public affairs, which heretofore had furnished the poet with his richest material, no longer absorbed the attention of the people, and as a consequence popular interest in the comedy flagged. Formerly the citizens found the highest satisfaction in organizing and equipping the chorus as an essential element

in every play, but as popular freedom was curbed their enthusiasm and pride lapsed into indifference, and at length the chorus was wholly abandoned.

The lack of the choral element, according to Platonius, was the principal distinguishing feature of the Middle Comedy. The two other prominent characteristics, as set forth by the same author, were the absence of living characters upon the stage, and the change from personal and political ridicule to general and literary. He expresses the discrimination by terming the Old as caricature, and the Middle, criticism. The Middle Comedy, however, has been entirely lost, and we are dependent for our facts upon the accounts of a few historians and the inferences derived from a comparison of the old with the new type which is found among the Romans. It was a period of transition rather than an epoch marked by a distinct species of drama, a transition which had its inception in the days of Aristophanes.

The writers of the Middle Comedy, conspicuous among whom were Antiphanes, and Alexis, belong to the period between the end of the Peloponnesian war and the overthrow of Athenian freedom by Philip of Macedon in 340 B. C. They held up to ridicule, not so much political conditions as the literary and social peculiarities of the day, even the plots of celebrated tragedies and epics being made the subjects of humorous parodies. The shafts of ridicule, theretofore hurled at individuals without any appearance of disguise, were now aimed at the class to which the individual belonged, and hence the satire lost much of its personal sting. Athenian politics were usually avoided, but ridicule and invective were given full play in the portrayal of foreign tyrants, such as Dionysius of Syracuse and Alexander of Pheræ. The use of mythology as a means of satire also gave distinction to the period.

The New Comedy commenced with the supremacy of Philip, but, like that of the Middle period, has been entirely lost, and our knowledge of it is gleaned for the most part from the Roman Comedy which is unquestionably modelled upon the Greek. It corresponds as nearly as possible to the comic drama of the past century, especially that of Farquhar and Congreve, a species

which Charles Lamb calls the "Comedy of Manners," and Hurd, the "Comedy of Character." Literary satire, was almost wholly eliminated and social satire, so common to all comedy in every succeeding age, became the predominant element of the play.

Public life no longer furnished the theme for the poet's efforts, and the discussion of family manners and customs resulted in a narrowed variety of subjects and a diminished boldness of treatment. The use of typical characters, such as bragging soldiers, greedy parasites and unprincipled slaves, instead of individuals, necessarily begot invention of new situations and amusing complications, and by this development the writers of the New Comedy marked a step in the evolution of comedy. Vices were treated in the abstract and the element of love first entered into dramatic poetry. The comedy underwent a change, not only in matter but also in technical construction. The chorus, theretofore enjoying undue prominence owing to the origin of the drama, now became subordinate and even useless, as is to be seen from the later plays of Aristophanes. As the number of characters was limited and usually represented the same classes, much ingenuity was needed in contriving scenes and situations to sustain the interest of the audience, so that they were invented not so much with a view to probability as from a desire to please the people. That the New Comedy was deficient, however, in many respects is evident from the following passage of Elmer: "As compared with the Old Comedy, it shows in many respects unmistakable retrogression. As a natural result, however, of the prevailing conditions, it is free from that distinctly local coloring which makes even a play of Aristophanes often unintelligible to one who is not familiar with the condition of affairs in Athens at the time the play was written; it has the cosmopolitan character which becomes, during the fourth and third centuries before Christ, more and more noticeable in Greek life."

Menander stands forth as the leading exponent of the New Comedy, as is evident from the frequent references to his works to be found in the Roman authors. His works, like those of the Middle period, have been

almost wholly lost, and our knowledge of his construction and style is gained chiefly from the Roman adaptations. His plays, however, seem to have differed but little from the modern comedies, and represented the highest art of that day. Many minor writers were also contemporary with Menander, such as Philemon, Appolodorus and Demophilus, but their works have likewise been lost.

The final stage in the development of the ancient drama has come down to us in the form of Roman Comedy, an outgrowth of the Greek play. "It was owing," says Elmer, to its cosmopolitan character that the New Comedy, about the middle of the third century before Christ, found a welcome in Rome, a city highly developed politically but as yet without a literature. Of this relation Moulton says: "Roman Comedy stood to the New Attic Comedy in the same general relation in which Latin literature, as a whole, stood to the literature of Greece. Just as in philosophy Cicero shows no ambition to be an independent thinker, but declares it is his purpose to demonstrate that the Latin language is capable of expressing Greek dialectics, so the comic poets of Rome merely endeavored to give to their countrymen, in their own language, what was the acted drama of the educated classes throughout Greece. What differences there were between Roman and New Attic Comedy were differences affecting authorship and the credit of individual poets; in literary development the two form one dramatic species." And with this transition, by far the most important between the ancient and modern comedy, we come to the close of the national drama in Athens. It had laid the groundwork for the dramatic development of the succeeding ages, and although it may have accomplished but little in correcting the abuses which it so unerringly depicted, still as a constructive element in the drama it proved to be of the greatest consequence.

THE flames of human friendship are
lighted by the tapers of sympathy.

THE man who takes a musical-comedy
view of life will sooner or later have a
problem play on his hands. E. P. C.

Varsity Verse.

MORNING.

THE sun rose on the bounds of day,
Silver they were and misty grey;
The golden sun turned the silver mist
To a shimmering pool of amethyst.
The night departed from the sky,
When the first red signal flamed on high,
But for memorial from afar
She crowned the day with the morning star.
Between the bounds of day and night
It sparkled there 'twixt dark and light;
'Twixt dark and light it sparkled there,
A gem on the morning's misty hair.
Thou, too, oh star, must soon depart
'Tis morn on earth and in my heart.

H. L.

THE HEN.

The nightingale, the lark and linnet,
All have had their praises told
In songs sublime by all the masters,
But the hen's left in the cold.
For no one volunteers the singing
Of her economic lays,
Although her usefulness surpasses
Them a hundred thousand ways.
'Tis said that she's the only creature
On this earth that e'er was found,
Who best could pay the debt of nations
If she simply laid around.
So, let us hope that in the future
Poets will not dare forget
To sing the praises of the hen, whose
Son we know will never set.

J. M. T.

PLUG AWAY.

When Mathematics are a fright
Just plug away;
When your answers are not right
Why, plug away.
When you've got to get to work
And your 'pal' wants you to shirk,
Settle down then like a Turk
And plug away.
When your law class makes you tired
Still plug away;
When you feel like getting fired,
Then plug away.
When you're sick of French and Greek,
And your Logic makes you weak,
And your Latin's fierce, don't shriek,
But plug away.
When your Prof. asks you for verse,
Then plug away,
When your essay's due,—what's worse?—
Just plug away.
When your teacher's heart is stone
And he loads you till you groan,
Don't get sore, but hold your own,
And plug away.

G. J. F.

Once and Again.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

Marion had spent three years at school, and now a good part of the fourth had already passed, away. In fact he was just on the way home to spend the Christmas holidays.

Marion did not enjoy travelling, and the thirty-six hours' trip had been the only disagreeable feature of the otherwise happy Christmas holidays of the last three years. And now the trip home for the fourth and last college Christmas vacation was, if anything, more wearisome than his former ones had been. The only relief was the anticipation of getting there, of getting back to the old home where the loved ones waited and longed for him as he longed to be with them. And so in the enforced solitude of travel, Marion was thrown back upon himself, for his last chum had said farewell at Chicago, leaving him alone to face the long and tiresome distance to Denver. And so with the promised joy of the morrow's events and the growing regret of recent partings he sank back in his seat half consciously gazing out at the flying fields and flitting telegraph poles and vanishing towns.

Thus Marion whiled away the hours, oblivious to the incessant whir of the wheels and occasional shrieks of the locomotive plowing through the wintry plains somewhere ahead. Finally the evening sun vanished behind a bank of clouds hovering just above the horizon, and the day lost itself in the dusk of evening and darkness of night. With the blotting out of the outside world and the appearance of the lights in the car Marion began to notice the things going on around him. He now observed the spasmodic coming and going of lights out in the darkness and wondered where they were. "Homes," he mused, picturing bright, joyous family groups that came near being counterparts of his own. But now, shut in from the outside world, the music of the wheels attracted his attention and the doings of the passengers all around him caused a flicker of interest to rise in his consciousness.

Then of a sudden his optic nerve twitched,

he sat up, all attention, and subconsciously straightened his tie and righted his coat and wondered whether his hair was parted, rejoiced that he had not fallen asleep, and had a thousand and one other imaginations just as foolish and about as many inconsequential things, all racing through his brain at once, all because a very pretty girl had entered the car; at least that was his verdict, but in justice it must be said that there were others in the car just as pretty as she. Yet it was natural for him to single her out from the rest because he had met her before. In fact, they had been something more than acquaintances, for they had maintained a rather frequent correspondence during two whole years. But that had been when Marion was a freshman and sophomore—and now he was a senior with a blank, unexplained silence of eighteen months behind him. And now he reproached himself with his neglect.

But Marion was a hard student and in some unaccountable way he had lost all interest in writing to Marjorie. The reason was in part the fact that he hadn't seen her for so long. When he came home to spend the vacation after his freshman year she was visiting in California. Fate prevented their meeting the next year, for he didn't go home to spend vacation. So time went on, and the weekly letters evolved into bi-weeklies and then suddenly stopped. Marion gloomily thought it over again and again, as he sat there steadily looking at her, seated half the length of the car ahead of him.

The temptation to go up and talk to her was strong, but he was the least little bit afraid that she might have changed. So he just sat and looked and longed for an hour, all the while mentally kicking himself for ever having broken off the correspondence. Then the porter announced supper.

Marion was among the first to go forward to the diner, alone of course. Some fifteen minutes later she entered the dining car, and Marion was all smiles as he saw the porter show her to a place at his table. How grateful he was to fate for the crowded diner, and how he thanked his lucky star. "Will she recognize me?" Simultaneously with the thought she smiled cordially, and shook hands. "As gracious and friendly as ever," he thought, and he

revelled in the happiness of her company. She was all graciousness, and forgave him readily and entirely when he accused himself of his gross neglect in not writing to her as he should. And how he enjoyed that meal! The waiter grinned as he saw the couple about to leave, for he had grasped the situation fully. Love and heaven in the diner usually meant big tips, and judging from indications he put Marion in the "seventh heaven."

As the short hours whirled by after supper Marion marveled at himself for having been such an idiot as to give her up. She seemed too good to be just an ordinary human being. She was so wondrously beautiful, her words so charming, and her way so irresistibly winning.

Gradually Marion got pretty near to love-talk, quite unaware of the fact, however, for a fellow in his position does not realize how ridiculous he has become. Marjorie noted it though in surprise.

"Sh—! don't talk that way!" she reproved.

"Marjorie dear, I want to tell—"

"No, but you must not!" she pleaded.

"I only wanted to say how much I love you, and—"

"What do you think my husband would say, if he heard—"

"Your husband?!!!" he gasped, and wilted as though he had received a stroke of paralysis. "Oh! I see." And he fell from the seventh heaven back to prosy earth with an awful thud.

Two Lyrists of the Keltic Revival.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

It is a notable fact that after more than eight hundred years of rapine and conquest, the only appreciable result on the people of the Keltic stock is that they speak English with more or less brogue. Beyond this the people are as untouched by English influence in all that constitutes the real life of a nation as the Irish kerns who resisted with such savage valor the onslaught of the mail-clad allies of their ill-advised kinglet. They still preserve among so many other things the old Keltic spirit of melancholy, of childlike pleasure in bright colors, of excessive joy or

grief over what the stolid-hearted Saxon deems trifles, and the very trifles Cæsar and Tacitus two milleniums ago set down with such fidelity in their immortal annals.

This is an age of literary revivals among the minor nationalities. We have the Provençal revival; the patriotic Poles are vivacious in literary aspiration, and, most remarkable of all, we see the old Keltic Muse fully reawakened and pouring forth in an alien tongue the same strains that delighted the half-mythical heroes of the centuries before the coming of the hated "Sassenach."

To tell the truth, she sings with no uncertain voice. The sound is not forced nor are the notes few, but, on the contrary, a goodly number of clear, resonant voices swell the antiphonal chorus. We have to name only a few, Katherine Tynan, Nora Hopper, A. E. Russell, W. B. Yeats, and last, but not least, that strange mystery of double personality Wm. Sharp who was Fiona McLeod.

All the old characteristics are evident. The vibrant sadness, the subdued light and shade, thrown out with sudden vivid flashes of color, the brooding over the past, the mysteries of life, love and death, the delight in a fight, sometimes for its own sake, it would seem, which has been the bane of the Irish from the beginning and the cause of much of their misfortune. Through it all runs a haunting sense of the hereafter, a deep religious spirit, and an affection for the ancient mythology and superstition with its quaintness and dream-like beauty which, indeed, seems curiously out of place to those accustomed to the ranting Irishman of the vulgar stage.

The grace in this species of poetry is insubstantial and Protean. It consists more in general effect, a sort of impressionism, than in specific details. In an attempt to pin it down, saying it is here, the beauty escapes like water flowing through the fingers, or like the wind, whose recurrent burden keens through the songs, many of which are devoted to celebrating its magical attractiveness and enchantment. Take this lyric on the wind from Yeats' exquisite little play, "The Land of Heart's Desire," a delicate, flowerlike piece of work:

The wind blew out of the gates of the day,
The wind blew over the weary of heart,
And the weary of heart are withered away
While the fairies dance in a place apart.

Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
 Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
 For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
 Of a land where even the old are fair,
 And even the wise are merry of tongue;
 But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
 When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
 The weary of heart are withered away.

This is a typical specimen pitched in a minor key, as is the case with most of the Keltic verse. The effect produced is one of vague illusion, of weariness of earth, quivering with a subdued but eager passion for the mysteries of nature. Simple and effortless as the lines appear, they manifest the perfection that denotes high poetic ability, combined with the rare technical mastery that hides its own skill under a semblance of simplicity.

The wind is generally spoken of as the "cold, wet wind," the mournful breeze," or in some such plaint as, "There is enough evil in the crying of the wind." Only occasionally is it "the starry wind" that emblemizes joy and gladness. Another mannerism of Mr. Yeats, and indeed a peculiarity of all this school, is the epithets he applies to the hair of his heroine. It is the "dim," "blossoming," "perfumed," "pale," "purple," "heavy or flowery-like" hair. If he writes a madrigal to his lady, these or similar terms are inevitably applied to her "crown of glory." This produces a languorous effect, suggesting with delicate persistence passion indeed, but wraith-like and gossamer passion. The nature of the Kelt, prone to mysticism, if we may judge by its poetry, seems to make its "love an intolerable, an infinite desire." In Mr. Yeats we find a curious reminiscence of the rhythm and imagery of Swinburne, but wholly free from his unhealthiness and hot-house, Eastern luxuriance. He does not clog us with rich, splendid words heaped up in a dazzling mixture of barbaric color, nor outrage us with inappropriate contrasts. His poetry is pre-eminently that of the moods, but the moods are sane and healthy even when he broods over the idea of dissolution:

Time drops in decay
 Like a candle burnt out,
 And the mountains and woods
 Have their day, have their day;
 What one in the rout
 Of the fire-born moods
 Has fallen away?

The decay is not rank or morbid, nor in their dissection does the poet take occasion to bring into light the shady side of life, as his older brother in the guild has done, but rather as the slow, withering of a flower exhales all its perfume and dims the brilliancy

of its hues; and thus gradually, fastidiously, does our poet expose a variety of moods in his exquisite "Wind among the Reeds."

In regard to Wm. Sharp, who successfully maintained the pseudonym of Fiona McLeod, it is generally agreed that his work in this character was a case of that dual personality of so great interest to psychologists.

The product of this writer has even more of the delicacy of the moods than is common to the Keltic genius. His verses at times are like exquisite flowers of unknown but haunting fragrance. They linger in the memory by some modulation of tone, an originality of phrase, that leaves an indelible impress. The technical quality, however, is occasionally crude to the point of exasperation.

As might be expected in a writer whose work manifests a double consciousness, neither masculine nor feminine but a combination, with now the one and then the other predominating; with neither wholly excluded, his style, particularly in verse, has assimilated something of other writers and notably of that modern master of rhythmic effect, Swinburne, in its musical charm without the savor of the flesh that disgraces the other writer. It differs, however, in its mysticism and the sense of the supernatural it produces. Swinburne could never have written a poem of such grim loneliness and mystery as the "Washer of the Ford," of which the following is a good sample:

There is a lonely stream afar in a lone, dim land;
 It hath white dust for shore, it has; white bones
 bestrew the strand:

The only thing that liveth there is a naked, leaping
 sword.

But I, who a seer am, have seen the whirling hand
 Of the Washer of the Ford

A shadowy shape of cloud and mist, of gloom and
 dusk she stands,

The Washer of the Ford

She laughs at times and strews the dust through
 the hollows of her hands,

She counts the sins of all men there, and slays the
 red-stained horde—

The ghosts of all the sins of men must know the
 whirling sword

Of the Washer of the Ford.

Swinburne in his most insane moments is fierce and revolting as in *Faustine* or *Dolores*; he attracts more by his phantasmagoric riot of imagery, his sensuous profusion of sound and color, but never by a picture whose details are clear-cut, unobscured by any exuberance of metaphor.

It must not be forgotten that the feminine side also of this strange character, so to speak, sometimes found expression. And we find in such poems, as the pieces from the "Heart of a Woman," an astounding manifestation of this peculiarity. They

are written in free, unrimed verse and sway with a fervor, a passion, nearly incomprehensible now that we know they were written by a man. No wonder the critics were deceived. No one, reading them, would dream that they were composed by a man, and, least of all a man like William Sharp whose appearance was so masculine, so full of masculine vigor and the joy of life, and so free from effeminacy. We should have guessed anyone other than William Sharp, most likely some neurotic woman who had loved and lost. As the unrimed poems are much too long to be quoted in full, as ought to be done, I give instead a sonnet from a series of three in the same book which expresses just as well the intensity.

He loved me as he said in every part,
And yet I could not, would not give him all:
Why should a woman forfeit her whole heart
At bidding of a single shepherd's call?
One vast the deep and yet each wave is free
To answer to the moonshine's drowsy smile
Or leap to meet the storm in rapturous glee:
This heart of mine a wave is often while.
Depth below depth; strange currents cross, recross,
The anguished eddies darkly ebb and flow,
But on the placid surface seldom toss
The reckless flotsam of what seethes below:
O placid calms and maelstrom heart of me,
Shall it be thus till there be no more sea?

A poem such as this fully illustrates the weirdness of the poet's imagination. It is rather unusual in its fervor, expressing, as it does, a mood not altogether germane to our civilized exteriors. The lack of repression is barbaric: more what we would expect from a skald of the outer isles and the eighth century than a polished littérateur of these present years of "sweetness and light." And yet after all it has a certain flavor of the Nineteenth Century singer of love, Rossetti. Though the form is Shakespeare's, the cadences and delicate charm of some of the lines suggest his work. Fanciful though it seems, I think the writer unconsciously had in mind the magnificent sonnet "Think thou and act," whose close in its passionate largeness, "yet leagues beyond those leagues there is more sea," expresses all the bewilderment of man in the presence of infinity.

Over all the work a nameless, intangible beauty hovers, the echo of a voice long silent, a loveliness of things of the long-ago age, whose tradition is as dust to blind the eyes to the beauty of our time. The melancholy that drifts through most of the verse is a mannerism but one that is characteristic. The returning of the poet mind to the past for a subject has been common enough since Homer sang, but it is safe to say that none have set forth with more sympathy the ideas and feelings of the ancient Kelts than William Sharp, so long known only as Fiona McLeod.

Sympathy.

JOHN J. ECKERT, '11.

JOY has come with all her flowers,
Smiles, and makes my heart so light;
Fleet as moments are the hours—
Life is happy, fair, and bright.

Ah! for so much bliss and pleasure
Is my heart too poor, too small;
To my friend I bring joy's treasure,
For he knows me best of all.

Onward, onward time is flowing,
Takes along the flowerets gay;
Joy, the queen, alas! is going—
Dark and dreary is the day.

Sorrows o'er my soul are creeping,
Troubles fill my heart and mind;
Well, I know, that I am reaping
Fruits which joy has left behind.

Ah! for so much pain and sorrow
Is my heart too frail, too small?
To my friend I go, and borrow
Strength to bear fate's dire call.

Thus in joy and in affliction
Trust I him who loves me best;
And in friendship's benediction,
I find always peace and rest.

The Home Coming.

THOMAS CLEARY, '11.

Prisoner No. 9 was happier that morning than he had been in many a long day. He was going home. He was free at last. All the dread uncertainty and fearful suspense was over, for only yesterday news had come of a pardon. More than that, he was completely vindicated of the crime for which he had been committed to prison. The one man who was able to remove the stigma had appeared and made full confession. Already congratulations were coming in from faithful friends.

No. 9 smiled happily. Of what use now to think of the nightmare of the past year. Henceforth it would be only as a horrible dream, which would enable him to appre-

ciate more fully the joy of liberty.

The superintendent had promised freedom at ten o'clock, and the prisoner eagerly awaited the time. There was no disappointment. On the stroke of the hour the guard appeared and opened his cell. He dressed hastily in the garments provided and walked out a free man, no longer Number Nine, but the John Benton of old.

The new and unexpected joy of liberty thrilled him through and through, and it was with difficulty that he restrained an impulse to shout aloud. It was springtime and just such a day as that one a year ago, when the prison door closing behind him had shut out with its dull clang all the joy and beauty of a fresh young life. As he passed along the streets the melodious trill of the birds fell pleasantly upon his ears and the brisk morning breeze wafted to him the odor of lilacs. Everywhere was joy and gladness, as in his own happy heart.

It was a long journey homeward, but the anticipated happiness awaiting him made the journey seem shorter and the delay more bearable. At the little country station the people present thronged about him, shaking his hand and bidding him welcome home. Benton learned from an old acquaintance that there were not many there because he had not been expected so soon. He was rather pleased at this because he was eager to get home.

The sight of all the old familiar scenes awakened his tenderest recollections and stirred his heart to its inmost depth. Even a broken patch of sidewalk near which he used to play marbles when a boy recalled happy days, and the sight of the old fishing pond in the distance brought back the care-free days of his youth.

He walked briskly on and soon neared the little cottage that he knew so well. It was all just as he had pictured it in his mind during the past year: the greensward in front of the cottage, the flowers that seemed to jostle each other for room and the green vine that clambered about the doorway. As he opened the little white gate his mother and sister rushed out to meet him. They greeted him affectionately, and radiant with happiness, they plied him with questions, which he answered briefly for he was tired. At last they moved toward the

cottage, and Benton turned to follow them when he noticed another person standing in the background. It was the girl he loved. With a glad cry she rushed toward him and he grasped her hands.

"Oh, John," she cried, "I am so happy to see you again."

"Do you love me even yet?" he whispered.

"I have never ceased to love you, John," she answered softly. "You are dearer to me now than ever before."

Benton looked down into her eyes. They were bluer than ever and the long lashes were wet with tears of sympathy.

She was speaking again. Strangely enough he could not distinguish the words, but her low, musical voice, with its tone of love and understanding, thrilled him. He bent lower to catch the words as they fell from her lips, but something that seemed far away yet strangely familiar drowned her voice. He struggled against the invading sound, but it was of no use. The noise filled and rumbled in his ears. He turned his head, then started up suddenly, his body a-tremble. The vision had disappeared. Before him were the bare, black walls of a cell and in his ear the familiar sound of the guard's voice.

"Well, are you deaf?" he bawled with an added imprecation. "Get up, and be quick about it."

Benton jumped up hurriedly, dressed, washed and went down to breakfast. Filing in among the ranks of silent and expressionless prisoners, he took his seat at table. The rough fare was more unappetizing than usual and more wretchedly cooked, but he knew that to work he must eat, so he gulped down a quantity of it. As he arose from the table an article in a newspaper lying upon the table caught his eye. It was the account of a marriage—the marriage of the girl who had sworn she would never forget him and whom he could not forget.

Benton looked out into the court. It was raining. Cold, icy drops splattered upon the window-panes, and the monotonous splashing of water sounded from the cobble-stones beneath. Mechanically, he went down to the work-room and took up again the dreary task of the day.

THERE is a world of evil all around us, but that is no reason why the good that subsists here and there should be overlooked.

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—It is said that the best test of a locomotive is, not the length of the line of cars it can draw or the number of miles it can make per hour, but the way in which it can stand the strain of reverse motion when going at high speed.

A Cui-bono

Suggestion.

Similarly, a good test of the student is the ease and promptness with which he can reverse himself from the top-speed and momentum of a thorough-going vacation to the intense and steady application necessary for effective school work. Many students do not resume their studies in January with anything like the abrupt alacrity with which they dropped them after the last examination in December. Under force of authoritative persuasion on the part of parents and tutors they returned on time, perhaps, but only in body, not in spirit. Their vacation ends only at length and gradually, if it really ends at all. Even for the ambitious student with a strong, though merely theoretical, sense of the value of time and abundance of affective good will, the mid-year holidays last, to all accountable purposes, six weeks instead of three, and the summer vacation includes Indian summer. The one remedy for the post-holiday inertia is a little violence.

The vacation spirit must be summarily crushed at the outset. If it still obsesses you, fellow-student, you can drive it out thus: just sit down hard at your desk, with the dogged, heartless determination to let Marjorie and company take care of themselves for a six-month or so. You will be surprised in June to find how well they have thrived without your constant solicitude, and how perfectly they have preserved all their wonted loveliness. You will find, too, that you yourself have in the meantime evolved into a wiser, and, mayhaps, a better scholar.

—In California at least the people are not in accordance with the opinion of several narrow-minded persons of the East. The sane ideas of President Roosevelt seem more in vogue in the great A Happy Choice. Pacific State. In proof of this fact, Rev. Henry J. Wyman, C. S. P., has been appointed Chaplain of the upper branch of the State Legislature. It was a case of the office seeking the man, for Father Wyman was not and never has been an aspirant for political honors. He is humble, pious and scholarly. As a missionary his labors have been great, and as an author he has been no less successful. He comes of sturdy New England stock; he was educated at Brown University and he is a convert to the Church. Because of this California deserves all the more credit for her broad-mindedness. In the East Catholic converts, as a rule, are not so signally honored. It is hard to say who deserves the larger share of the congratulations. The Senate of California has made a wise choice, and the Priest has been given an honorable office. It seems that the good fortune is being mutually appreciated.

—In a recently published article, Mr. Heze Clark, a sporting writer of the *Indianapolis Star*, sets forth some sane ideas regarding the "Freshman Rule" The Freshman Rule. Mr. Clark says that in passing such a rule the Conference Committee went a step too far. He maintains that it does not prevent the college from "rushing" athletes and that it is unfair to rob a man of an entire year of his career as a

college athlete. The Freshman is a patriotic student. He is loyal to his school and enthusiastic in its support. In his enthusiasm he often outdoes the upper classman. Why, then, should he be prevented from playing on the teams during his first year in school, provided that he is a *bona fide* student and up in his classes? "The Freshman Rule has outlived its usefulness," says Mr. Clark, who does not mince words in the expression of his ideas. This is the opinion that has been in vogue at Notre Dame for a long time. During the existence of the so-called "big nine" we observed the law. We did not subscribe to its sentiments, but we desired games with the schools that helped to frame it. We rejoice that it is almost a thing of the past and that but two schools in the State are formally observing it to the letter.

—One of the problems that confront the preparatory student is the matter of deciding upon his future profession. Naturally he wishes to avoid a mistake in such an important decision, and just as naturally he is often without the information needed to make a wise choice. At the present time engineering of almost any kind affords an inviting field, but the purpose of this paragraph is to call attention to the work of the Chemical Engineer, a course in which is afforded by the University. A letter just received from an engineering agency in Chicago reads as follows: "We are in need of several graduate chemical engineers for positions with industrial companies for analysis work, salaries from \$50 up. In explanation we beg to advise that we have placed more men in this line of work in the last six months of the past year than we ever did before, and just at the moment of writing this letter, we have not a single man whom we could send for the position received by us yesterday." To the ambitious youth the salary suggested may not be very seductive, but it is understood that it is a beginner's salary and that it improves continuously as the engineer improves. A student with a taste and aptitude for chemical work can hardly do better at the present time than take up a course in Chemical Engineering.

—Loyalty to one's friends and interests is an excellent test of character—not the sort of loyalty that approves a friend in all his doings, right or wrong, but True Friendship. the loyalty that has the moral courage to take him quietly aside to tell him frankly and show him that he is doing wrong, the true loyalty founded not on mere liking alone, but on mutual understanding and esteem, and these in turn upon the solid basis of Christian brotherhood. Too often do we see a boy go down dragging others with him in consequence of a pseudo-loyalty. His companions forget that friendship does not mean acquiescence in or sympathy with a friend's faults or concealment of his misdeeds or flattery of his weakness. This genuine loyalty is too rare. The pitiful moral cowardice of human respect is generally found in its place. How frequently a boy, whose scorn of mere physical injuries has been proved time and again in many a hard-fought battle on the gridiron, hesitates longer than the weakling he compassionates, to say the word that may prove the turning-point in the career of a companion, the word that may save him from going from bad to worse, the word that might deter him from entering upon an evil course. If you would be truly loyal, bear in mind that you can not befriend anyone by connivance at his faults. Be the one to say the word in time, and though your name may not find a place in any earthly chronicle, be sure that the deed will be accounted in the golden book on High where the credit will be of the greatest value.

Greetings to Senator Shively.

Notre Dame greets the new Senator from Indiana as a lifelong friend. In common with other citizens of Indiana we are proud of the distinction to which Mr. Shively has attained as an orator and a student of public affairs. Even in a body of men so experienced and cultured as the United States Senate, Mr. Shively will be a remarkable figure, and in wishing him a long and distinguished career in the Senate we desire to add the expression of our profound gratification that our State will be so ably represented.

The New Rule.

A notice has been sent to all parents and guardians of students announcing that, beginning January 1st, 1909, the University will require either a written permit from some responsible person or cash payment in the stores and shops for all articles except books and stationery. A general letter merely authorizing the University to allow the student whatever he needs will not be considered as complying with this requirement. The intent of the regulation is to insist that parents or guardians specifically know and approve of each item of expense singly. Cash will not be advanced to students without a written permit in each individual case. Articles that are absolutely essential to the work of the student do not come under this ruling, but clothing, for example, does.

Notice has also been given that after the amounts now credited to pocket money have been distributed according to arrangements already made, the University will no longer undertake the care of pocket money for any students except those of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls.

The Pittsburgh Ball.

The fourth annual reception of the Pittsburgh Club was held at the "Rittenhouse" Pittsburgh on January 4, and eclipsed in grandeur and splendor the former successful affairs of this Club. The magnificent ballroom of the Rittenhouse was beautifully and artistically decorated with pointsetta palms, ferns, various college pennants, and Notre Dame banners, making the environment and effect, as was intended, suggestive of Notre Dame. At one end of the hall there was hung an immense golden wreath in which was arranged a large N. D. monogram. The programs were of golden embossed card with a Notre Dame seal imprinted in the lower right-hand corner.

An elaborate banquet was served in the Persian Room of the Rittenhouse, and during this interval the Notre Dame men displayed their enthusiasm by giving yells and singing the songs of the University. Georgetown, Fordham and other college representatives

also gave their yells and songs, and all joined in nine lusty rahs for Notre Dame. The conduct of the affair elicited much favorable comment from those in attendance, and Pittsburghers have come to regard this affair as the social event of the holiday season. Much credit for the success of this ball must be given to the officers of the club and the members of the dance committee who gave much of their valuable time and services to the many details which were necessary for an affair of this importance.

On Tuesday evening following the ball the members of the Pittsburgh Club held a banquet at the Fort Pitt Hotel at which enthusiastic speeches were delivered and a general good time was held. The following are the officers of the Club: Raymond J. Daschbach, president; Raymond Burns, vice-president; Thomas P. Butler, secretary and Howard Diebold, treasurer. Among the former students who attended were William Correll '98, of Chareloi, Francis X. Confer '98, of Altoona, Matthew Campbell '06, of Wheeling, Edward J. Kennedy '08, of Scottsdale, Robert Maher of Blairsville, Herman Werder, Edward Frauenheim, Charles Cullinan, Arthur Drumm, Daniel Cullinan, Edward Cullinan, Lawrence Williams of Pittsburgh.

In the College World.

Northwestern University mourns the loss of a noted professor, George W. Hough, who died during the holidays. He was one of the foremost astronomers of the world, Director of the Dearborn Observatory, and Professor of astronomy at Northwestern.

Europe has 125 universities with a total attendance of 228,721. Next to the Universities of Paris and Berlin come in point of attendance, Budapest with 6551; Vienna, 6205; Munich, 5943; Moscow, 5860; Madrid, 5196; Naples, 4918; St. Petersburg, 4652; Leipsic, 4341 and Bonn, 3209.

A new paper is to be started at Iowa, known as the *Iowa Athletic Journal*, purposing to give all the college athletic news of the State. A literary magazine is to

make its initial appearance at Michigan University during the latter part of January.

* *

The University of Wisconsin has been obliged to borrow \$180,000 from the general fund of the State in order to run out the year.

* *

In December the heads of the various colleges in Wisconsin met at Beloit for their annual conference. The chief topic of discussion was the relation of the college curriculum to the work of the advanced departments of the State University. Rules for the regulation of state athletics were also discussed, but no definite action was taken.

* *

"Master Skylark," the widely known amateur play, which has been staged here at Notre Dame several times, has been selected for the mid-winter entertainment at St. Mary's College, Kansas.

* *

Oxford University has some rules and restrictions that are unknown to the American undergraduate. One is to the effect that "Undergraduates are forbidden to visit the bar of any hotel, public house or restaurant." Another rule is, "Undergraduates are forbidden to loiter about the stage doors of the theatres on any pretense, or to give dinners in hotels." Early morning revelry is something wholly unknown at the great English University, writes a correspondent. Ordinarily all Varsity men are required to be in college after 9 P. M. in summer time, and 8 P. M. in winter. Even when permission is obtained to attend a dance or party, all undergraduates are compelled to be in college by 12 o'clock.

* *

The Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration offers a prize of fifty dollars for the best essay on "International Arbitration" by an undergraduate student of any American college or university. The donor of the prize is Chester DeWitt Pugsley, a student at Harvard,

* *

Howard H. Jones, end on the Yale Varsity in 1906 and 1907, has been chosen by his

Alma Mater as head coach for 1909. During the past season he coached the Syracuse eleven. Tad Jones, also of Yale fame, will succeed to the position of coach at Syracuse.

* *

H. V. Westhafer recently won first place in oratory at DePauw, and will represent his school at the State Oratorical. His subject is "Child Labor." Wabash College's representative will be W. H. Linn, with "Democracy and the Individual" as his subject.

* *

The Daily Iowan has asked the student to present lists of the schools which they wish to have on the football schedule next fall.

* *

A new Western Athletic Conference is assuming definite form, and will soon be a reality. The proposed conference, according to present plans, consists of Marquette, Lawrence, St. Thomas, Creighton, North Dakota and South Dakota.

* *

Indiana University graduates will preside over both houses of the State Legislature: Thomas Honan, '89, of Seymour, was elected speaker of the House; Frank J. Hall, '67, Lieutenant-Governor, will preside over the Senate.

* *

The architectural improvements which are being completed at the Military Academy of West Point will make the Academy the best in the world from the architectural standpoint, as it is now in point of discipline.

O. A. S.

Basket-Ball.

There are a few things about the showing of the Varsity against their adversaries on the recent trip that are of interest. Notre Dame scored almost twice as many points as the opponents, which fact is very remarkable if it is considered that the Varsity were continually playing under the most unfavorable conditions.

* *

Lange of the Central Y. M. C. A. is, according to most critics, the best basket-ball player that Chicago has ever produced. In

the Notre Dame-Central game at Chicago he was opposed by Vaughan, who scored four goals while the Central giant was not able to locate the basket for a single marker.

* *

Freeze, basket-ball guard, played back throughout all the games, and the only chances that he had at the net was when Maloney attempted to throw a foul, he was sent forward in order that the Varsity would have a tall man under their basket. In this manner he made all of his goals during the trip.

* *

During the trip the Varsity averaged a fraction less than a point a minute. Until the last two games in which the average was more than a point a minute.

* *

Vaughan, the big centre, threw more than four times as many baskets as his opponents. Maloney registers almost twice as many field goals as the left forward of the opponents.

* *

The following article appeared in the *Indianapolis Star* for January 12:

"Wabash has not refused to play Notre Dame at South Bend, but has refused to play the Catholics in the Notre Dame gymnasium, which is claimed to be far from a regulation floor. Wabash declares that, aside from being almost twice too long, it has a dirt floor, which is strictly against the rules. Manager Eller has offered to play Notre Dame at South Bend on any board-floor gymnasium and has agreed to play in either the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium or the Commercial Athletic Club gymnasium of that place in addition to a game to be played in this city.

The followers of Wabash College athletics feel that Coach Jones and Manager Eller have taken the right stand about playing in the Notre Dame gymnasium. Teams which compare almost equal in strength to the Catholics frequently are swamped when turned in the big dirt floor gymnasium."

Some one certainly must have misinformed the Wabash Athletic Management concerning the basket-ball floor in our gymnasium. "Instead of being twice the length or even far from the size of the regulation floor" it at best only exceeds the requisite length by eight feet. Its being a dirt floor is perfectly legitimate, because the rules do not require a floor of wood, cork or any prepared material whatever, but a perfectly smooth and secure surface. Notre Dame

was requested to play on the Wabash floor which lacks more of the regulation requirements than does the N. D. "Gym." It does not measure up to even the minimum length of a regulation court and besides has "out of bounds" on only one side which is directly opposed to the ruling in this matter.

The Wabash Management wishes the Varsity to play them on their own, the Wabash floor, and in some court in South Bend, the Y. M. C. A. or Commercial Athletic Gymnasium preferred, both of which are floors that the Varsity is unacquainted with, and they would be able to secure either of floors in the city only for the evenings of the games. It would be a rather difficult affair to pick out a team "equal in strength to the Catholics" which was completely swamped upon our floor. True, the Wabash team of last year was given a very close game on the Varsity court, but in the return game at their place they only secured an extra basket or two. The Marion Club, who play under the A. A. U. rules, held the Varsity to two goals less when playing under the collegiate rules and on the dirt floor than they did in the game recently at Indianapolis. Anyone can see that the request of the Wabash Manager is unreasonable. Since the Scarlet refuses to play at Notre Dame, Manager Wood has offered to play a series of three games at Indianapolis. Whether Manager Eller of Wabash will accept this proposition is still a matter of doubt.

* *

Probably one of the fastest basket-ball games that will be seen here this season will be played to-night when the Central Y. M. C. A., the A. A. U. champions, will meet the Varsity five in the return game upon the local floor. When the Gold and Blue met the Central "Y" in Chicago during their holiday tour it required an extra five minutes to settle the argument. At that time the Varsity were not so well acquainted with A. A. U. rules and suffered several penalties on that account. The game will possess double interest because Lange, the much-feared Central centre, is determined to revenge himself on Vaughan who played rings around him on his own floor. The spirit of the occasion will be increased by the initial appearance of the Band.

INDIVIDUAL SCORES FOR SOUTHERN BASKET BALL TRIP.

NOTRE DAME					OPPONENTS					
	Field Goals	Points	No. Games Played in	Ave. Points per Game.		Field Goals	Points	No. Games Played	Ave. Points per Game	
Center (Vaughan).....	99	198	16	12.37	Center.....	23	46	16	2.37	
Left Forward {	Maloney.....	68	136	15½	8.77	Left Forward.....	29	58	16	3.63
	Wood.....	2	4	2	2.					
Right Forward {	Sugarman.....	24	48	14	3.43	Right Forward.....	32	64	16	4.
	Fish.....	39	78	11	7.09					
Left Guard, Scanlon.....	21	42	16	2.63	Left Gaurd.....	5	10	16	.63	
Right Gaurd, Frecze.....	4	8	14	.57	Right Gaurd.....	12	24	16	1.5	
Total.....	257	514			Total.....	101	202			

POINTS.

	Chances	Goals	Percentage
Maloney	190	104	.547
Opponents	231	112	.314

FOULS.

	F'ld Goals	Fouls	Total P'ts
Notre Dame	514	104	618
Opponents	202	112	314

Personals.

—Prof. James C. Monaghan is to be orator on Lincoln Day in several schools. Other engagements are the principal address at the Alumni banquet in Cooper Union, New York, a lecture in Cleveland, an address before the Bankers' Institute, St. Louis, an address before the Bankers' Institute, Chicago.

—Henry M. Kemper (Litt. B., '05; A. M., '06), who is pursuing his theological studies at the American College, Rome, recently won medals in the courses of Liturgy and Archæology. Henry is making a good record for himself along several lines.

—Mother Alphonsa, O. S. B., known in the world as Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, has sent to the Catholic Historical collection of Lemonnier Library several photographs of Rosary Hill Home, a free cancer hospital at Hawthorne, N. J. Mother Alphonsa is a convert to the Church and is a near relative to Nathaniel Hawthorne.

—A proposition has been made in the *Denver Times* for the establishment of a juvenile Department under the National Government to study and ameliorate the conditions of erring and homeless youth. Judge Ben Lindsay has been suggested as the most acceptable head of the proposed department. The proposition comes from Mr. Vincente M. Baca, the first Spanish-speaking student ever entered at Notre Dame, and he closes the letter to the *Times* with this note of loyalty: "Judge Lindsay was educated in the University of Notre Dame, one of the foremost educational institutions in the United States."

—It was a source of great pleasure to the members of the basket-ball team on their recent Southern trip to meet so many enthusiastic old students of Notre Dame who were anxious to do everything in their power to make the stay of the team in the

—A class in elementary French will begin Monday, Jan. 18, 1909, at 5:15 P. M., room 17, Main Building.

—Students taking Physical Culture should report to Coach Maris, Monday, Jan. 18, 1909, between 12:30 P. M. and 1:30 P. M. No discontinuance slips will be given after this date.

—Students who had permission to be absent from the examinations held in December, 1908, will be examined Thursday, Jan. 21, 1909. They should report at the office of the Director of Studies, Monday, Jan. 18, 1909, for a slip entitling them to take the examinations.

different cities as pleasant as possible. During the stop-over in Birmingham Mr. Walter Castenado entertained at the Southern Club of that city and showed the players a royal time. At Nashville, F. B. Kuhns, President of the Nashville Baseball Club, took the men out to his residence. Fred Berkley did them the honors in St. Louis, and Fallon O'Byrne in Birmingham and in Montgomery, and New Orleans the Fay brothers were among the entertainers. Everywhere the team was treated with that generous hospitality characteristic of the South, and old students and graduates were as loyal in rooting as during the days they spent at Notre Dame.

Local Items.

—Students interested in rifle-shooting will soon meet to talk over the possibility of a rifle club. Notice of the meeting will be given in this column.

—The camera fiend was full of joy during the first part of the week. The bright days made picture taking possible, and the members of the baseball squad were willing subjects.

—Sorin Hall has a new piano. It came last Thursday, and now its merry "tum-tum" is to be heard at almost all hours. It is said that a number of concerts are to be given in the Sorin recreation room, and Halloran is letting his hair grow long in accordance with his artistic temperament.

—Hard and serious work in all departments is now well underway, and the Christmas vacation is but a very faint memory. What we did and did not do during the festive period is no longer a subject of conversation. Christmas presents, fondly displayed, no longer attract attention. Good things brought from home have long since been consumed and it is rumored that a few letters hinting that a check would be acceptable have gone forth.

—After more than thirty years of service as a prefect and teacher, Brother Leander has retired from active service. For the past three years he has been in Sorin Hall, and as he has served in Corby for a number of years previous to this, there are some men who have been under his gentle guidance for at least eight years. Brother Leander is beloved by all who know him. He is kind, and his pleasant face is always welcome. His retirement is regretted, and the entire University joins in wishing him all the joys and blessings he so richly deserves. Brother Leander will continue as an officer in the Local G. A. R. Post.

—The American Law Book Company, favorably known throughout the country for its "Cyc" publications, or law cyclopedias,

generously remembered the Law Department in its character of Santa Claus this year. Its gift consists of half a dozen large and artistically finished copper-plate photogravures of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, John Marshall and Abraham Lincoln. These valuable and highly prized portraits won the Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exposition, and represent, it is said, the perfection of art. The Reverend President Cavanaugh, intends to have them handsomely framed, and suitably placed in the Law Room.

—Visitors to the "gym" were given a surprise this week when they saw that the old trophy room had been depleted and that the array of banners and other symbols of victory had been placed in the main corridor of the "gym." The banners are in cases and line the walls, while the loving cups and pictures are also prominently displayed. All students, especially the new men, should visit the "gym" and look over the trophies. These have been won by Notre Dame teams of the past from a number of the leading colleges. They are something to be proud of, and by looking over them the student who is not posted in our ancient history, will learn that in the past as at present, the Notre Dame athletes were always stirring.

—We have not seen with our eyes, indeed, but imagination has good reason for picturing it as rather lorn and lonesome-like down town these days, because the Varsity lid is on, and, in so far as we can gather, sealed in a sort of hermetic fashion. It is pretty well understood on all sides that theatre-going and the visiting of fair friends in the city will not be included in the sporting schedule for this season. Number Twenty-Three of the Wise Ones, who have never been abroad, loved nor lost, has ventured that this indefinite session of the social quarantine might be the most convenient time for getting an education, and, whether on account of this tip or in spite of it, the one-time Romeos—and their name is legion—began to concentrate all their attention and affection upon their favorite sciences. To see them now, studious, stolid, even stoical, you would never so much as guess that they had once trod the ways of glory and figured as Cavaliers of Cupid in the Brookline Quartet of South Bend. Their genius of adapting themselves is the marvel of the age, and inspiration to the worst of us. To do justice to all concerned we gravely fear that there be broken hearts of all descriptions strewn 'round in woeful profusion in the Urban District, and it must be a fairly piteous sight! But never you mind, gentlemen, we shall carefully gather them all up in good time, and they'll be all the better for having been tried.