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De Profundis.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

FROM deepest depths, O Lord, I cry to Thee,
Hear Thou my call,
And listen to my wails attentively;
Thou art my All.

If Thou dost ask atonement for our sin,
Lord who can bear
The heavy burden, or Thy favor win?
Scorn not my prayer.

I know forgiveness dwells in Thee, O Lord:
Acquit Thou me.
Thy law has made me rest upon Thy word,
And hope in Thee.

From morn till night let all seek help above,
For God, our Friend,
Shall take our souls from sin to realms where love
Is without end.

The Mediaeval Stage.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.



UNDER the same given circumstances men, no matter how distant in race, space or time, tend to follow the same basic principles of action and to reproduce the same works, broadly speaking, as did their predecessors. This fact is well illustrated in the history of dramatic art.

We find the first faint beginnings of the tragic art, which afterwards reached so great a perfection under Sophocles, in the dithyrambic hymns composed and sung in honor of Dionysius, the wine-god. These choral songs ultimately developed into the

great masterpieces of the ancient classic tragedy, but scarcely had the stage reached the pinnacle of its perfection when the inevitable decline began. It started with Euripides, glorious and full of power as are his works, down through the giant fooling and mockery of Aristophanes, through Menander, with the technical perfection of his plots to the drivel and obscenity of his remote successors, which, continuing under the later Empire, finally culminated in the reign of Justinian, when the professions of *mimæ* and *hetairæ* were synonymous. Later, when the Mohammedan storm had burst upon the Eastern bulwark of Christendom, men had so little time in the din of combat for the effeminate and degrading representations then in vogue, that they gradually fell off, and finally disappeared in the beginning of the Chinese pedantry of the Byzantines.

In Rome, meanwhile, the tragedy appeared for a time, but found little favor with the coarse, fun-loving, mixed multitude that called itself the Roman people. They preferred gladiatorial shows, or a dancing bear to even comedy. It is on record that they deserted the theatre while one of the comedies of Terence was being acted, because a rumor spread through the audience that there was a boxing match elsewhere. With such a condition of popular taste, there is little wonder that tragedy became mere closet-drama meant only to be read, or only an opportunity for the pseudo-dramatist to bore his friends by declaiming his "purple patches" at the "recitatio," fashionable in the Roman literary life of the Silver Age. Comedies of the coarsest kind, whose obscenity would bring a blush to the most shameless advocate of "art for

art's sake," were enacted with a success that can only be explained by the deep depravity of the audience, judged not only by our modern standards but also by those of the pagan philosophers of that epoch. The base Epicureanism of the common herd stands out in startling contrast to the lofty morality of such philosophers as Cato the Wise, Seneca or Pliny.

In those days for a Christian to renounce at baptism the works and pomps of the devil was harder than now when things are at least outwardly decorous. He was obliged to tear himself away from what had become a part of daily life. He had to give up what the theologians of the time were agreed in considering the most finished of the diabolical artifices, the stage. Anyone who wishes to satisfy himself on this point needs only to read Tertullian's "*De Spectaculis*." Elsewhere he relates the famous story of the Christian woman who through curiosity visited the theatre, and returned possessed by a devil, who indignantly and crushingly replied to the exorcist, who commanded him to go forth, "*Eam in mea inveni—I found her amongst my own*." In the years of strife and turmoil that followed the extinction of the Western Empire, the theatre gradually died out, killed by its own abominations and by the opposition it had merited from the Church.

Though it was no longer enacted, the better part of the Roman dramatic literature survived and continued to be read. This is evident from the manuscripts, none of which go back further than the Tenth Century, and from the plays themselves, which contain monastic interpolations designed to counteract any evil influence they might have. Hroswitha, abbess of Gandesheim in the Tenth Century, wrote plays on sacred subjects with the avowed intention of keeping people from reading the pagan comedies, though she was evidently aware of the incongruity of her writing for the stage with her state of life. This was the beginning anew of a dramatic production, and had its origin, just as the Greek drama had, in a religious sentiment.

The first Miracle-play, or Mystery, was performed in the church itself, and derived its effect more from the sanctity of its surroundings than from any intrinsic excellence

as dramatic art. Such plays, in fact, formed a part of the liturgy precisely as the primitive dramatic chorus of the Greeks did. A survival of these mediæval shows may still be seen in the Christmas Crib and in the services of Holy Week. But gradually these slender beginnings began to expand, and no longer confined themselves to the simple Gospel narrative. Original matter was introduced, and the Miracle-play, or Mystery, as it is called, was removed to the church porch, and thence to the churchyard. The clergy no longer took part in these shows, this function being assumed by the members of the various guilds, so numerous and powerful in the Middle Ages. These plays, however, continued to be written by clerics, as they were the only class of people at that time given, to any extent, to literary pursuits.

The writers of the Mystery-plays now began to branch out and to go elsewhere for their subject-matter than to the Gospel narrative, in the same manner as the early Greek playwrights abandoned subjects which dealt with the gods alone, such as the "*Prometheus Bound*" of Æschylus, and chose heroes of a more mundane stamp, e.g., the "*Œdipus Tyrannus*" of Sophocles, or the "*Medea*" of Euripides. There is of course a vast difference between these finished, exquisite works of art and the rude production of a barbarous age, such as the "*Ludus de Sancta Catherina*." It is well known, furthermore, that the dramas of the Greeks were grouped in sequences of three or four plays, called triologies or tetralogies, respectively, each set dealing with the adventures of a single hero. In somewhat similar fashion the mediæval Miracle-plays were arranged in groups, called cycles, which had for their subject-matter the Nativity or Passion of our Lord.

From the Miracle-play it is but a short step to the Morality, which presented the life of man under the form of an allegory. Here the various vices and virtues of man are personified and portrayed as leading him hither and thither according as he pays heed to their appeal. There is also a good and a bad angel who strive for the hero's soul. A curious survival of this in a highly artistic form may be seen in Marlowe's "*Doctor Faustus*" where the angel says:

Oh, Faustus lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures—that is blasphemy.

To which the devil replies:

Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all nature's treasure is contained;
Do thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and Commander of those elements.

Angel: Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

Devil: No, Faustus, think of honor and of wealth.

Here we have in a few lines the burden of the earlier Moralities. The devil tempts, the angel exhorts, while the man is swayed between the two, who struggle for his soul. Of course, here as in the Moralities, the end is not long in doubt; Faust yields, and after a time spent in earthly enjoyment finds it bitter as gall. Even Helen of Troy brought from hell by the demon for his delectation becomes tiresome. As in some of the Moralities, he repents, but relapses on the threats of Mephistophiles, and finally when his time is up goes to hell.

The Miracles and Moralities have of course long been obsolete, but there is at least a single example of one written quite recently. Mr. Swinburne, in producing the "Masque of Queen Bersabe," has given us a literary marvel, a veritable "tour-de-force." It is written in English and is given an antique air by the Chaucerian terms scattered here and there, and by the quaint Latin stage directions in the margin. The story relates the punishment of King David.

A portent appears to the king in a dream, and when he inquires the meaning of it, a soldier says that it foretells his punishment because he sent Urias to his death so that he could take his wife. The king knocks him down. The queen is afraid of what men will say about her, but the king reassures her. Then the Prophet Nathan enters to prophesy the death of the queen's child and to proclaim the greatness of David's sin, drawing as he does an affecting picture of Urias' home and his joy in his wife's beauty. One of the soldiers, a pagan, threatens him with harm in the devil's name, whereupon, the fiend in person appears and takes him away. The prophet bids all be quiet and they shall see "all queens made as this Bersabe." As he says this, a number of queens, more or less

notorious, file in before the audience. Among the better known are Herodias, Cleopatra, Semiramis and Messalina. With true mediæval confusion and lack of proportion we find Sappho, the Lesbian poetess, among the queens, in the same manner as Villon in his "Ballade of Fair Women" mentions the goddess Flora among the more perishable beauties of a former day. Scripture, mythology and history are blended, yet the incongruity only lends an air of verisimilitude to the dialogue. In the end the King and Queen repent; then the prophet promises them pardon. The quaintness of this play is much the same as that which characterizes the religious plays of the Middle Ages.

The religious plays continued to be written well up into the reign of Elizabeth, but they gradually gave way to the regular drama of the early English Renaissance. Their stiffness and lack of plot as well as of opportunity for genuine acting naturally militated against their continuance. More than this, the times and the people had greatly changed. The gay, semi-pagan spirit of the Revival rather disdained these productions both on account of their crudity and the too explicit moral lesson they inculcated. As a consequence, they were driven from the stage. They had served a very important purpose, however, in the development of the English drama. Their existence and popularity for so long a period argues too for the value of dramatic art as a medium of moral and religious instruction. Fast upon the extinction of the species follow the mighty Marlowe and Jonson, and the peerless Shakespeare with his master-dramas of life. The Miracles and Moralities of the preceding period were the stepping-stone to this great temple of art. Humble as were the beginnings, who will dare to challenge the splendor of the bloom? And in paying homage to its unrivalled beauty, we should not ignore its origin which it had in the Miracles and Moralities that flourished in the time of merry England.

Faith is the light which enables us to make out the way. Without it, all is darkest night, and the way an impenetrable wilderness.

Ability counts, pull counts, character counts; but in worldly success, bull-dog tenacity counts most of all.—*Freshman Ideas.*

Alma Mater to her Son.

JOHN J. ECKERT, '11.

BE you a man in happiness or woe,
 Be always honest, noble, true and kind;
 Seek not for pleasures vain, that come and go
 To leave an empty heart, a weary mind.

Be you a man in ev'ry word and deed—
 Your conscience follow, wander not astray;
 Fear not the censures of the world, nor heed
 The foolish fads and fashions of the day.

Be you a man, and we shall call on you
 In time of need, when trusty ones are rare;
 To your ideals and principles be true—
 Hold them above life's low pursuit and care.

Be you a man for Church and country's sake,
 Stand up and suffer for their right and fame;
 And when your faith and freedom are at stake,
 Then, be a man, O Son of Notre Dame.

The Maybrook Murder.

PAUL RUSH, '12.

We had fixed ourselves comfortably for the evening, I reading an account of some recent surgical achievements, for I am greatly interested in all accomplishments along the line of my profession, and my friend, Wiegand, meditatively smoking his pipe. Having finished the article, I turned to speak to my companion, but observing his thoughtful mood, I decided to study him and see if I could discover of what he was thinking, but try as I would his face still remained a puzzle to me. Becoming aware of my gaze he looked at me:

"Well, have you succeeded?"

"Succeeded in what?" I answered in a little surprise.

"In learning of what I was thinking?" he responded.

"No, I haven't. But how did you know I was thinking of that?" I asked him.

"Oh, well," he laughed, "that's a detective's business. But my thoughts? Oh, they were not very deep. I was merely thinking of that Maybrook affair. Have you been following it?"

"No," I answered. "What are the particulars?"

"Well," he said, "from as much as I can get out of the papers it seems as this May-

brook, who is a prominent and successful lawyer, has been killed by a blow on the head, and all evidence seems to point to a certain Mr. Roberts, a young lawyer, who was a suitor of Maybrook's daughter, and not on the best of terms with the old man. Roberts is known to have visited the Maybrook residence on the night of the murder, and one of the servants says that as he retired he heard the two men engaged in a heated conversation. This Roberts and the Maybrook girl eloped this same night, and were married. When found the next morning at a neighboring town, they appeared utterly horrified on hearing of the tragic death of old man Maybrook, and could throw no light on the subject at all. The man was arrested, and is now in the tower, but the woman was released, and allowed to return to her home."

"Oh," I said, "that is just like all of them." I had started again to read my paper when our landlady announced that a young lady wished to see Mr. Wiegand.

"All right, show her in," responded my friend. The young woman our landlady ushered in was of medium height, clad in black and heavily veiled. My friend asked her to be seated, and then inquired what he could do for her. She turned hesitatingly towards me, but on being assured by Wiegand that her story was safe, she proceeded.

"I am the daughter of Mr. Maybrook, who, as you probably know from the papers, was murdered last night." The young lady paused here a moment, lifted her veil, and wiped her eyes with her handkerchief. As she did so, I studied her face carefully. Her eyes were red and swollen from crying, but notwithstanding this she was more than ordinarily beautiful. I judged her to be, although I am not an expert in that line, about twenty-two or three years old.

"Yes, Miss Maybrook, or rather Mrs. Roberts now, I believe, we are acquainted with all the papers say on the subject; but begin at the beginning and tell your whole story," said my friend.

Controlling her emotion with great difficulty, she proceeded: "Mr. Wiegand, I can tell you nothing more than what the papers say. Mr. Roberts came to see me last night,

and we parted with the understanding, that if father still remained obstinate, he was to come for me early in the morning, and we were to run off and get married. After this, he bade me good-night, and walked into the library to see father. I heard my father and my husband engaged in a heated argument, and knowing that the latter had failed in his attempt to persuade father, I went to my room. Further than this, I know nothing except that Mr. Roberts came for me at two o'clock this morning. I knew nothing of my father's death until the officers arrested my husband this morning. Here, our young client broke down completely, but soon suppressed her feelings enough to continue. I know my husband is not guilty; he could never have thought of such a thing. And I wish you to prove that he is innocent by finding the guilty one."

"What time was it when you and Mr. Roberts parted company the night of the murder?" asked my friend.

"It was about half-past ten, I think."

"And what time was it when you left the house together?"

"It was between 1:30 and 2 o'clock."

"All right, Mrs. Roberts, I will begin at once and do whatever I can for your husband," said my friend. "But let me call a cab for you."

"It is not necessary, thank you, Mr. Wiegand, "my carriage is waiting for me." After my friend had escorted her to the door, he asked me if I would help him to work this case.

"Certainly, if you think I can be of any assistance to you," I responded.

"All right; telephone for a cab and we will go first to the morgue to examine the corpse."

Upon arriving at the morgue, we were taken to the place where the body lay, and my friend examined it closely. As far as I could see, the man had evidently been slain by a blow upon the head by some blunt instrument, making a sort of round hole or dent in the skull. There was also a slight gash on the back of the head, but this appeared to be merely a scalp wound. My friend finished his examination here, and we then returned home. Here Wiegand, as was his custom when in deep thought,

threw himself into a chair, put his feet on the table, and lighted his pipe. In silence he gazed intently at one corner of the ceiling as if the solution of the problem lay at that direction. After a while I became impatient of the suspense, and asked what he made of the case.

"Nothing yet. Is the cab still out there?" On my replying that I had told the cab-man to wait, he said: "I'm off for another trip. You had better stay here and get some rest as it is almost midnight now." With these words he left, and I, following his advice, prepared myself for a night's rest. I was soon dead to the world. When I opened my eyes next morning my friend was sitting in his accustomed position, smoking his pipe as if all depended upon it.

"Well, how are things standing now," I inquired between a stretch and a yawn.

"Time is not yet ripe for an explanation, but hurry up and get dressed. There is a visit to the Maybrook home scheduled for to-day."

I dressed hurriedly, and after we had breakfasted at a near-by restaurant, Wiegand hailed a cab and we drove to the Maybrook residence. Upon our arrival we were conducted to the library in which room the murdered man had been found. The room was under the guard of the local police and had not been disturbed since the discovery of the murder. The library was furnished as any room of that kind would be: book-shelves, a large table in the centre, a desk and a few large and comfortable chairs. The room gave the appearance of a struggle, and a lot of glass was on the floor where an electric light bulb had been broken during the fight. My friend got down on his hands and knees, took out his microscope and went over the room carefully, jotting down memoranda in his note-book. After looking over this glass for a while he finally took up three or four pieces and wrapped them up carefully in his handkerchief.

"Well, I guess we are through here," said Wiegand, as he pocketed his instrument and rose from the floor. We left the room and went out into the hall, where we were met by a man who had just entered. He was a man of rather striking appearance, large and portly and bore himself with dignity. He greeted us suavely;

"Gentlemen, I suppose you are two of the detectives? I am the brother of the late Mr. Maybrook."

"I am a detective, and my friend is a doctor," said Wiegand, as he handed him a card. The gentleman took it, thanked him and reached in his pocket to get his glasses to read it. Taking them out of the case which he took from his pocket, he started to put them up to his eyes, when he said:

"In all this excitement, one of the lens got broken and I have not had time to get them fixed yet, but I think that I will be able to read your card through the other. May I ask, sir, if you have found any clues that show more circumstantially the guilt of this young Roberts? I had thought he was a very good man, incapable of such a deed. I may even say that he was one of my trusted attorneys, and it came as a great surprise to me to hear of this."

"No, we have not yet found any more evidence against him, Mr. Maybrook, but it really is not needed."

"Oh! You already have enough evidence to convict him, then, you think?"

"No, Mr. Maybrook, you misinterpret me; he is innocent of the crime, but the guilty person has been discovered."

"Whom, pray, do you suspect?" asked the man quickly.

"You," said my friend boldly; "you are the murderer of your brother. You struck him a blow on the head with the cane which you have there in your hand."

The man fairly taken off his feet by this sudden charge, flushed guiltily.

"I did not mean to do it—I mean—I—I," but seeing that he had virtually confessed he broke down completely and said:

"I may as well confess, gentlemen, I did kill my brother, but I did not murder him. I struck him with my cane as he reached for his revolver, and so did it merely in self-defense."

"I am very sorry, but I will have to arrest you, sir," said my friend. He bade me call the police who were guarding the library, to whom he turned over the culprit, and we left for our lodging. After we had gotten comfortably fixed at home, I asked him how he had hit upon the real murderer.

"Well, to start with, you remember our visit to the morgue? From the examination of the corpse, I deduced that the man had been attacked from the front. The cut on the back of the head had evidently been received in falling, as the flesh was bruised all around the gash. If the attack came from the front, as was plain, the assailant must have been a left-handed man, for the blow was on the right side of his head. The nature of the wound showed that it must have been inflicted with some blunt instrument, as a cane or something similar. Do you follow me?" I nodded, and he went on: "Last night when you went to bed, I visited young Roberts at the tower, and told him I was working for him at the request of his wife. He wished me to take a note to her for him which I did. From the way that he used his pencil I knew that he was right-handed, so this along with other indications rather eliminated him from the case. I asked him why the deceased Mr. Maybrook objected to his marriage with his daughter. He said that he was the lawyer for Maybrook's brother in a trial that was soon to come off in court in order to settle up the estate of their deceased father. Maybrook had the will and refused to let Roberts see it, and over this matter there had been an argument from which some hard feelings had risen on the part of Maybrook."

"The next morning, we went to the Maybrook residence, where I made a careful examination. Among the broken pieces of glass of the electric light bulb, I found these pieces, which you may have noticed me gather in my handkerchief," he said as he brought them forth and placed them together on the table. "These pieces, as you may see, form one of the lens of a pair of eye-glasses. From this, I deduced that the murderer must wear glasses. Hence, when I saw this Mr. Maybrook's brother, who had with him a cane, the head of which was the exact shape of the impression in the skull of the corpse, and carried it in his left hand, and when I saw him produce a pair of nose-glasses with one of the glasses missing, I was firmly convinced that I had found the right man."

"There is not much room for doubt," I admitted, "in that construction of the case."

The Phantom Ship.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

I SAW it when the first grim shadow fell
 Athwart the pathway of the dying sun;
 I saw it 'neath the moon's enchanting spell,
 Ere yet the first grey watch of night was done.
 I saw it when the mists lay still and deep
 Along the stretches of a sleeping world;
 I saw it fade and sink into the deep,
 When far and near the shades of night were furled.

I saw it, yes, I saw its spectral form,
 With lines drawn taut, its slender form a-tip;
 Alike they say it speeds in calm and storm—
 The plunging shadow of that long-lost ship.
 Dim, ghostly forms stood on its phantom deck,
 And spectres perched among its hazy shrouds;
 A phantom watch made answer to my beck,
 And phantom smoke commingled with the clouds.

Alone it speeds, Chicora's fated shade,
 When to the West the dark'ning shadows fly,
 And like the mists her ghostly outlines fade
 When morning blazes on the Eastern sky.
 But ah! the gallant crew, the hundred souls,
 Who sailed that night upon the stormy waves!
 In vain they seek, in vain the church bell tolls,—
 Somewhere unknown they sleep in watery graves.

'Twas long ago, well-nigh on twenty years—
 And still no tidings from the sullen deep;
 No rotting hulk, nay, not a spar appears
 To mark the tomb wherein a hundred sleep.
 And yet I've seen Chicora's phantom form,
 With lines drawn taut, its slender form a-tip;
 I've seen it there alike in calm and storm,—
 A spectral crew upon a spectral ship.

Millions for Music.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '10.

Americans were somewhat shocked a season or so ago when Geraldine Farrar, an American girl who had won fame abroad as a prima donna of the first rank, was reported as having made a statement to the effect that the American people are lacking in every artistic sense, that their sole ambition in life is the accumulation of money which they spend in the gratification of tastes exceedingly plebeian. When accosted with these statements, Miss Farrar entered a vigorous protest. She declared that she loved her native land and its people, and that American audiences are among the most appreciative in the world. Be this as it may, the

fact remains that even though the Americans may not have the highly developed artistic sense that marks the Europeans, they love music and are willing to pay great prices for it.

An Eastern expert on the subject has figured closely, and arrived at the conclusion that every year a sum of 6,000,000 dollars is expended in this country for music. Practically all of this money is paid to European artists who are in the United States only during their brief tours and who leave on the first steamer sailing for foreign shores after their engagements are closed. The list includes opera and concert singers, instrumentalists, conductors, vaudevillians (with musical acts) and supernumeraries. It also includes the amount paid by American students abroad to the teachers of the foreign conservatories.

The foreign musicians look towards the United States as a Mecca where they may gain not only fame but wealth. Europe may appreciate, but America pays. It is America that offers the best field for European artists who have, along with whatever more or less artistic sense they may possess, a very decided sense of commercial values, much like that which distinguishes the Wall Street broker or the Chicago pork-packer. The American dollars look good, and even though they may be tainted with American commercialism, the difference is not noticed once they are converted into European currency. Our almighty dollar is quite as potent in Europe as here, and many an artist supports an establishment in his own country that could not exist were it not for the rich harvest he reaps from his annual American tour.

Another thing that separates Americans from their money is the farewell tour that is arranged each year by artists who are about on the shelf so far as real work is concerned. At home they have almost exhausted their vogue, and their fellow-countrymen do not care to pay to hear their swan-like dirge. But this does not worry them. They hire a good press-agent, set sail for America and announce a farewell tour. The American doesn't want to miss anything, and when he thinks that this is perhaps the last chance he will have to hear "Madame Bluffski" he will pay almost any amount for the tickets.

Of course it can not be a farewell tour after so successful a season, and Madame sails back home telling everyone how she loves America, and that she can not endure the thought of never returning again. As the season rolls around she arranges another farewell, and the poor American again goes deep into his pocket to help replenish the coffers of the annual leave-taker.

In many cases this scheme is worked so often that the joke becomes evident even to Americans; and the time finally arrives when even a farewell tour fails to attract. It is then that America is called inartistic. The Diva has been insulted and she settles down peacefully at home, heaps scorn upon the Yankees, and enjoys her declining days in comfort bought with good American money.

In addition to the attractions offered by foreign talent, the Americans also support many musical enterprises of local origin. There is scarcely a city of any size in the United States that has not a permanent orchestra of its own that is supported by subscriptions. It must also be taken into consideration that these subscriptions must be heavy. Boston, Philadelphia and New York, have such organizations, and the Pittsburg orchestra is one of the best known in America.

In the central West music lovers may well be proud of the Chicago orchestra, an organization founded not so many seasons ago by the late Theodore Thomas. This enterprise has steadily grown in aim and scope. Two years ago the Chicago public rallied to its support and built the magnificent orchestra hall on Michigan Avenue. This building is not surpassed by any in this country in beauty or accommodation.

These facts, although they are perhaps not taken into account by the average American, all go to indicate that we are a music-loving people. If we are willing to expend such an amount of money for the sake of music we must have something of the artistic sense. To subscribe liberally towards the erection of a building that will be used as a concert hall is something very different from paying the price for a box at the opera. The former offers no immediate return other than the satisfaction of having helped promote a fine art. The latter secures an evening's entertainment of some kind, and gives certain vain beings

the opportunity of displaying their gowns and jewels to the "vulgar gaze" of the mob.

Paderewski, the Polish pianist, who has had Europe at his feet for many years, is an artist who has been unusually successful in America. His annual concert tours, embracing all the principal cities, have long been regarded by the lovers of music as one of the treats of the season. The artist has also been received by the very best society and has been hero-worshipped from one seaboard to the other. For all this he has received due compensation. According to estimate every time he returns to his native land he carries away with him about \$160,000. "It comes high, but we must have it," is the American sentiment.

Another artist who is now in vogue is Caruso, the little Italian who has risen from the ranks of the peasantry to grand opera tenor. Caruso became famous, or perhaps it would be better to say infamous, in America some seasons ago by reason of an escapade in which he played a leading rôle. He encountered the stern arm of the American law and left the country in a huff, vowing never to set foot on its vulgar shores again. He relented, however, came back and his name again appeared prominently on our operatic programs. Even though the American law was harsh and the American press was libelous the American dollar was just as sound as ever. The commercial-minded singer could not withstand the temptations it offered. Caruso also rates his services at \$160,000 for his American season. That he will get it is a fact that no one will have nerve enough to dispute.

Of the women laboring in the artistic world none is better known than Mme. Shumann-Heink, who, first attracted by American money, came to this country as a grand-opera star. Shumann-Heink was broad-minded and soon assimilated American ideas. She learned to speak English and read the American newspapers. Contrary to the usual custom of European musicians, she did not leave the country as soon as her operatic season was over. Her visits to Germany became fewer and fewer, and finally she became so imbued with the spirit of the Republic that she brought her large family over, purchased a home in Cincinnati and became a real American.

Sembrich seems to enjoy the \$85,000 a season that she makes in this country, but there are few opera-goers in Chicago who do not recollect an episode that occurred at the Auditorium some five seasons ago, which rather convicted Sembrich of a professional jealousy that is not likely to have the sympathy of the public, and, least of all, of the American public. The instance occurred during a *matinée* performance of "The Magic Flute." In this production both Sembrich and Fritzie Scheff (who has since gone into light opera) were singing leading rôles. Scheff had just finished a difficult aria and the applause was liberal, the audience demanding an encore. This came just before Sembrich's entrance and so enraged her that she left the theatre, saying all kinds of uncomplimentary things about the bad manners of Chicago audiences. The fact was that the Chicagoans had recognized art when they were confronted with it, and although Mme. Scheff was at that time a young singer with no great amount of reputation, they were just as ready to give her credit for her achievement as they were to laud Sembrich on her reputation, however well founded.

Calve, Melba and Nordica have also been popular in this country. They come season after season both in opera and in concert, and have always been liberally favored wherever they appeared. Each of them is said to average \$85,000 for the season, a sum that it would be impossible to get in Europe for many years' work.

One of the latest to tap the American gold mine is Jan Kubelik, violin virtuoso. He has succeeded in capturing the American people, and before the end of his first season in this country he accumulated a sum of money little short of \$100,000.

Americans are money-spenders, and any endeavor in which Americans are concerned will put money into circulation. They can not, as a rule, walk from their own homes to their places of business without spending money. And it is to be naturally expected that when they are bent upon pleasure they will be liberal in the extreme. They know the good things of life, appreciate them and are willing to buy them. When the American wants music he gets it and pays the price. In doing so he gives his

own countrymen the benefit of some of his expenditures, but he is not backward about sending fabulous appropriations to Europe when he thinks that it is European talent that will furnish him with the entertainment he desires.

Freshman Ideas.

It is easy to make a girl with pretty teeth smile.

When the bulletins come home 'tis folly to be around.

Those who do us the most injury, sometimes do us the most good.

The greatest bore is the man who thinks he has a sense of humor—and has not.

I would rather be a poor man on honest earnings than possess tainted millions.

The fellow with a chip on his shoulder does not have to go far to get it knocked off.

Many people who are given credit for keeping their mouths shut haven't anything to say.

It is better to get permission and go out the front door than "skive" by the fire-escape.

It is said that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," but presence sometimes makes it fondest.

The optimist sees the sun over the crest of the mountain; the pessimist only the shadow at its foot.

The test and measure of our charity is our disposition towards those who have offended or harmed us.

Those persons are likely to prove the most interesting who reveal themselves only by degrees and as occasion draws them out. The man who can display himself fully at first sight is not apt to be very large in character or in accomplishment.

There is a certain flower in India, beautiful in the shape of its petals and magnificent in its rich and varied hues; but one dares not approach it, for, alas! the flower is poisonous. I have known some very attractive people; they were esteemed, bright, endowed with the charms of nature, and highly accomplished in the worldly sense; but I admired them only from afar—for something reminded me of that flower in India.

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—Recognizing her share of the common indebtedness of the civilized nations toward Italy, America, with characteristic promptness and generosity, hastened

A Phase of the American Spirit. to the aid of the afflicted. No sooner had the dreadful reports been received than the clergy all over the country appealed to their flocks, and collections, ranging from five dollars to thirty thousand dollars were taken up. The various clubs, organizations and societies, and the leading newspapers energetically took up the work and established relief funds. Not to be outdone in generosity, Congress, with true Columbian spirit, acted upon the President's special message, and voted a fund of eight hundred thousand dollars. The bill was somewhat similar to the one which followed the disastrous eruption of Mt. Pelee a few years ago. A great many people nowadays are wont to look upon the Americans as an avaricious, selfish, heartless people. But their ready, energetic and generous response to the urgent need of their neighbors in Southern Italy is a convincing protest that there is still securely rooted in the heart of the American a generous and practical sympathy which hastens him to the aid of the afflicted and distressed.

—A brand new light has been shed on the character of Nero—the Nero of hard repute. Nero is now a hero, even though his defender, an Italian historian Nero, the Hero. now lecturing in this country, admits that the “fiddler” murdered his mother and poisoned his half-brother, not to mention the fact that he inflicted his singing voice on the unsuspecting Romans. But, mind you, Nero was but seventeen years old at that time. His boyish pranks were not vicious; they were perpetrated in the spirit of fun. Of course he needed a spanking; it would have been to his benefit had he been sent to bed without his supper; but we mustn't believe all we hear, and Tacitus and the other historians of the prankish emperor, simply had a prejudice against him. That Rome had no fire protection was not the fault of Nero. That he is responsible for the destruction of the old town is absurd. The real cause of the conflagration is obscure, but perhaps some careless woman left her lantern burning in the barn. The society for psychical research may even discover that the shade of Diogenes passed that way. This may be all very nice, and Nero may be a hero according to the standards of the Italian historian, but a majority of people will probably continue to look upon his majesty in the same old bigoted way.

—The growing need of artistic influences for the masses has at last been recognized. Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, impresario, has promised to give us the “golden mean” in grand opera, and with **An Operatic Departure.** that end in view he will inaugurate a fall season, during which time the best in opera will be offered at reasonable prices. Well-trained singers, amply qualified for their work, will sing the leading rôles, and the chorus, orchestra and scenic effects will be the same as in the winter opera that has heretofore been enjoyed by the ultra-fashionable. The real music lovers of America are not to be found among the wealthy classes. Proof of this is the fact that the galleries of our great opera houses furnish the most attentive audiences. This class of people love art for its own sake. They are not in attendance

at the opera merely for social diversion or for the chance it affords them to display their diamonds and Parisian gowns. They are there to hear the music. Their tastes along this line are cultivated. But lack of money forbids them the luxury of the better seats, and they are driven to the gallery. With Mr. Hammerstein's new venture in vogue conditions will be changed. The real appreciators will be able to hear their favorite operas from points of vantage, and the experiment is an interesting one.

—It has been maintained that the college man is not likely to be practical after four years of college training, mostly because he is too much isolated Rational Thinking. from the world of practical affairs, because he has devoted all his attention to the theory found between the two covers of his books, with the consequence that while he thought he was broadening his knowledge he was unwittingly becoming narrow-minded. This contention, although well founded in some instances, will not be verified in the case of any student who takes the necessary precautions to avoid such a tendency. The prudent student will foresee the danger. Perfect sanity is measured and guarded by depth and variety of interests. Insanity has been defined as the constant occupation of an all-absorbing, single, insistent idea to the exclusion of all others. We should therefore endeavor to awaken an interest in the practical features of our everyday surroundings. Environment does not always make the man; the man can utilize and, to a great extent, determine his environment by attending to certain phases of his surroundings. We, as students, may follow too closely our chosen courses of specialization and when finished regard our diploma or degree as an insurance policy against failure. It should be a deliberate aim with us to cultivate a broad, cosmopolitan range of interests as a valuable and almost necessary supplement to our special interest. By so doing we may avoid the danger of becoming impractical. To be practical minded by fostering a wide range of interests is for the health of our physical, intellectual, and spiritual being.

Obituary.

Sister M. Joanna Minitier, of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, died at her convent home, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind., on the 20th inst. Sister Joanna was for a number of years in charge of the work in the SCHOLASTIC Printing Office. Even after her retirement and during her long and severe illness she maintained her wonted interest in the college weekly to which she had given such faithful service. We request of our readers a prayer in her behalf. May her soul rest in peace.

Lecture by Dr. Monaghan.

"Just one of my familiar talks to the boys" was Dr. Monaghan's introduction to his initial lecture for the year 1909, delivered to the students of the University in Washington Hall on the evening of Jan. 22. The full attendance and enthusiastic applause which greeted the ever-welcome speaker, our former Professor and Lætare Medalist of last year, bespoke the deep and sincere esteem in which this zealous worker in the cause of education is held at Notre Dame. Dr. Monaghan did not choose any formal subject, but dwelt on the unlimited resources of our country, particularly upon their misuse. He emphasized the boundless opportunities open to the man who best utilizes his time and perfects himself to a degree that renders him capable of commanding a responsible position. In his usual lucid and vigorous style, he described, from his own experience, the avidity with which the Jews of our great cities avail themselves of every opportunity to equip themselves for a career of industry, and how that wonderful race is making its influence felt in every sphere of activity, local and national. In a persuasive manner he urged those who are enjoying the extraordinary advantages of a liberal education to prove the worthiness of their trust by becoming a real power for good in the world. It is to be regretted that Dr. Monaghan's limited time prevented his speaking at greater length. But all soon hope to have the pleasure and good fortune of hearing again this eloquent speaker and friend of Notre Dame.

In the College World.

The baseball schedule of Williams College consists of eighteen games.

Springhill College, Mobile, Alabama, one of the oldest Jesuit colleges in the Southern States, was destroyed by fire on January 18.

On February 6, the football team of the University of California will play the Australian team now touring the Western Coast.

On January 19, John D. Rockefeller added another million dollars to his already long list of munificent gifts to the University of Chicago.

Northwestern University has won first place this year in the triangular debating league, composed of Chicago, Michigan and Northwestern.

A senior at Kansas University has written an article for a metropolitan daily on the question, "Does College Education Pay?" answering his query in the negative.

George Garrett, the Maroon hurdler, broad jumper, quarter and half-miler, has left school to go into business. From present reports the University of Chicago track team is in bad straits.

Georgetown University, Washington City, is the oldest Catholic college in this country, and Mt. St. Mary's College in Maryland is second. The latter celebrated its hundredth anniversary recently.

During the last football season there were ten games at which the attendance was estimated at 18,000 and over. The high-water mark was reached at the Yale-Harvard game, where 36,000 spectators witnessed the contest.

An organization, bearing the name of "The American Universities Club of London" was started in that city last June. Graduates and undergraduates of many American

universities and colleges are members. Lord Strathcona and Woodrow Wilson are honorary presidents of the organization.

It is hardly probable now that the Notre Dame basket-ball team will meet the Wabash Five this season. The manager of the Scarlet absolutely refuses to play the Gold and Blue at Notre Dame, nor will he consent to a series of three games at Indianapolis, but still insists upon one game at Crawfordsville and the other games upon neutral courts, to which proposal the Notre Dame Management will not agree.

Dr. A. O. Lovejoy, Prof. of Philosophy at the University of Missouri, thinks that intercollegiate debating, as carried on at present, is insincere and artificial. In a recent statement on this subject he says: "Our present system of college and intercollegiate debating is unworthy of university men, artificial, insincere and in the last analysis, immoral. Its aim is the winning of competitions rather than the establishment of truth."

Louvain University will celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding, May 9-11, 1909. The American College at Rome will celebrate the golden Jubilee of its foundation on June 6, of this year. About seventy American priests will go over to attend the celebration. The actual anniversary falls on December 9, but the date is anticipated because of the difficulty experienced by priests in getting away from their parishes at that season.

Notable improvements of various kinds are being made in many of our American colleges. A new and magnificent laboratory of Natural Science is in course of construction at Princeton. A modern, well-equipped library has just been added to the advantages at Beloit, and the students and faculty of DePauw are anxiously awaiting the completion of their new Carnegie Library. At the University of Kansas a new Mining Building will be finished by July. The Governor of Iowa has recommended an appropriation of over quarter of a million dollars for the State University. At Purdue a new agricultural experiment station was recently dedicated.

O. A. S.

Athletic Notes.

BASKET-BALL.

In one of the roughest games witnessed on the local floor this season the Varsity defeated the Michigan Agricultural Basketball Team by a score of 26-10. Even with the absence of the regular forwards, the locals put up an offence that completely routed the Farmers. Vaughan started the scoring with a pretty field goal, to which Fish added two others in quick succession before the visitors had struck their gait. The first half ended with the score 6-5, in the Varsity's favor. In the second half the quintet from Michigan came back with a rush and quickly forged ahead, but the Gold and Blue soon rallied, and throughout the rest of the contest were never in danger of even a close score. Dickson, McKenna and Campbell did the star work for the visitors; Vaughan, Scanlon and Freeze showed up best for the Varsity.

Line-Up.		
Notre Dame		M. A. C.
Gibson	Right forward	Dickson
Fish	Left forward	McKenna
Vaughan	Centre	Campbell
Freeze	Right guard	Merz
Scanlon	Left guard	Hanish

Field goals—Vaughan, 5; Gibson, 2; Fish, 4; Freeze, 1; McKenna, 3; Campbell, 1. Goals from fouls—Vaughan, 2; McKenna, 2. Referee—Barrett. Time of halves—20 minutes.

* *

The following is taken from a paper of Dayton, Ohio, of recent date: "Of a team of all stars, Vaughan is the bright light. In the last few games that he has played he has proved what has been so long claimed for him, that he is undoubtedly the greatest basket-ball player in the United States. He is a wonder, a wizard at the game; he is a giant in size and sure at getting goals. Fast enough to cover the floor well, he is a power on defense that none have been able to overcome. He is in a class by himself."

* *

The Varsity left last Wednesday noon for its trip through Indiana and Ohio. The schedule originally consisted of six games, but three, Wabash, Indiana and Miami, were cancelled, leaving only the following dates: January the 27th, at Butler College,

Indianapolis; January the 29th, with St. Mary's Institute at Dayton, Ohio, and with the Varsity club at Dayton, January the 30th. Seven players and Manager Wood made the trip.

* *

An article, dated from Crawfordsville, appeared in the *Indianapolis Star* for Jan. 27, scoring Notre Dame for not arranging a basket-ball game with the Wabash Five on the conditions proposed by Wabash. But the Notre Dame Management believes the terms to be manifestly unfair. Eller, Manager of the Scarlet, asks for a game at Crawfordsville, another on a floor in South Bend and a third if necessary on any floor whatever except the court of the Notre Dame Gymnasium, which is declared by the Wabash men to be far from complying with the regulation requirements, whereas the only fault to be found is that it exceeds the maximum length by eight feet, and this can be remedied at a moment's notice. Wabash wants the Varsity to play on a court in South Bend. There is only one gymnasium in the city large enough for such a game as the Little Giants and Notre Dame would put up if they should meet, and that is the Y. M. C. A. court; but, unluckily, Manager Wood would have difficulty in arranging for a game at that place, not to speak of getting the use of it for practice enough to become familiar with the floor. The article contends further that the idea of playing three games in Indianapolis sounds all right, but that the expenses of the two teams would have to be paid, and that financial reasons would thus interfere with the project. Possibly, the Crawfordsville people are not aware of the fact that a game between Wabash and Notre Dame would draw a crowd in Indianapolis the like of which was never seen at a basket-ball game in that city. If the Wabash Management were as anxious to arrange for a game as it would have the public suppose, terms could be easily agreed upon.

* *

TRACK.

The first Interhall meet will be held next Thursday in which Corby will meet St. Joseph Hall.

* *

In a 1000-yard run sandwiched between

and most active of their number. He was in the thick of the fight at all stages of the game, and much of the credit of the victory is due to his grasp of conditions and sound judgment. St. Joseph County takes pleasure, in acknowledging its indebtedness to the young Senator from Elkhart."

—After three years' service as pastor of St. Paul's Church, Marion, Ind., Rev. P. J. Crawley has resigned. He is at present enjoying a much-deserved vacation in the South, where he hopes to benefit his health. Father Crawley is a loyal member of the Notre Dame Alumni Association. During his career he was a football player, and in 1893 distinguished himself on the Varsity team. As a priest he has been very successful, and his people of Marion were loath to part with him. He has done much good in the parish. Through his efforts a number of societies were organized and the church debt was materially reduced. Father Crawley's successor is Rev. John Durham, of Union City, who is well known to the faculty and many of the students of Notre Dame.

Local Items.

—On Sunday evening, January 24, the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its thirteenth regular meeting. The recitations were "The Fire of Driftwood" by R. Bowen, "Ring Out Wild Bells" by L. Herman, and "Excelsior" by R. Skelly. The question of woman suffrage was debated extemporaneously, one side of the house taking the affirmative and the other the negative. A special assessment was levied on each member to cover the cost of five new volumes for the library of the society. Owing to the fact that numerous other clubs meet and basket-ball games are played on Thursday evenings, the time for the regular meetings of the Society was changed to Sunday night. Election of officers for a new term will occur next Sunday.

—The sagacious Sophomores were recently on the verge of holding a mass meeting behind closed doors, but it seems that the machinations of the ring-leaders had not been sufficiently matured and the meeting was temporarily postponed. The Juniors have not yet recovered from the Thanksgiving "prom," and the right honored Seniors are busy. Stock in the '09 Dome fell far below par early in the week when Manager Kanaley, compelled by threatening health and overwork tendered his resignation. Confidence was more than restored, however, when Senior Escher—with characteristic vim and patriotism stepped into the gaping breach with a determination "to make the enterprise or break it." It appears from the books of some

of the neighboring express agents that this class has been appropriating fabulous sums for jewelry and other trappings; doubtless they will have something to show for their money on the next academic occasion that rolls around. Sh!—the Corbyites are studying this session.—The Minims are only by gigantic effort repressing their weening ambition to go over and take Carroll every time there is snow enough. Bro. Cajetan thinks the move would be inpolitic.—Since Sorin acquired and learned some tunes on the new piano, the old-fashioned rough-house with which the after supper recreation was celebrated has degenerated into a sentimental "rag time." If you would like to have all your trouble dissipated straightway, just loiter over Sorinward on any evening. That is all, and if any of our patrons should be offended this week by any of our rude animadversions we must instruct them that the necessity of the Local Ed. knows no law.

—The following excerpt, purloined from the Annals of the Brownson Hall Pedestrian Association may be of interest to the public: "Sunday, January 27, '09.—To-day the pedestrian spirit received the most violent shock within the memory of any living member: one of the boldest, as well as the most promising expeditions of the New Year culminated in complete disaster. It befell in this wise: Captain McGary, leader of our gang, together with Companions, Willie Burke, and Johnnie Murphy, all with the venturesome spirit strong upon them—essayed that most impossible of impossible feats, a ramble to the neighboring metropolis without meeting "anybody." They were last observed passing Old College, but their air of innocence rebuked all suspicion. The journey was accomplished with unparalleled circumspection, and the auspices were the best for a safe return. The travellers were returning along the Niles road, all elated with the success they were achieving, when the Companion Murphy, wary scout of the party, uttered a piercing shriek, at the same time indicating with tragic forefinger the suspicious vehicle that had just appeared on the crest of the hill in the rear. "'Tis he, quoth the valiant leader, and with fleet foot and giant stride he led the triple-quick homeward. But in their rout they forgot that there be buggies and still other buggies, and in placing such a safe distance between them and the pursuer they did not observe the front until they had barely escaped a rear-end collision and forged by the vehicle of the Disciplinarian.—The said pedestrians are now addicted to sedentary habits on holidays, and will soon be ready to offer lessons in penmanship." Moral: Some horses work everyday; some are reserved for the hours between 2:30 and 6 on Sundays. Get the latter down by heart.