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## An Ode for Washington's Birthday.\*

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

THE glad years pass like music in the night,  
A breath of song that tells of victory,  
Whose march triumphant fills the world with light  
That flames from thy white forehead, Liberty.

Thy son he was, O mother, heaven-born,  
The greatest child of all thy lightning-shod,  
Who looked beyond earth's darkness to the morn,  
Coming effulgent from the hands of God.

And as the pensive spring with smiling lips  
Brings life again to flower and tree and bird,  
So he brought life in Freedom's dire eclipse,  
Ere she to double degradation erred.

They saw the glory of the summer fade,  
And autumn's scarlet turn to grey and brown,  
And recognized the meaning, unafraid,  
Of winter's silence over field and down.

From such as these, the common men and true,  
Whose rifle-volleys made the red-coats pause,  
Came Liberty, brief spirit, born anew  
Of equal justice and impartial laws.

They fought and suffered, not for joy in strife,  
The awful exaltation of the sword,  
But smote invaders for their breath of life,  
For Liberty, the crown of all, they warred.

They sought her presence as the flowers at dawn  
Forever turn their faces to the light,  
And like a tidal wave swept on and on  
Where tossed her banner in the storm of fight.

And at their head by trouble undismayed,  
Shedding disaster as the cliff the sea,  
Came Washington, serene and unafraid—  
The sword of Freedom and of Liberty.

When Lexington brought her first fruits to thee,  
And spilt her blood upon the thirsty earth,  
The people answered to the bloody plea  
And in their strife to Liberty gave birth.

They were the sacrifice who dared to give  
The greatest treasure that a mortal can:  
They gave their lives that other men might live,  
And passed in glory from their earthly span.

The homely workers of the farm and field,  
They tilled the rocky soil with hoe and plow,  
And knew no splendor save what God revealed  
In naked majesty on nature's brow.

The sword he was in Liberty's right hand,  
To shear oppression to its blood and bone,  
And will forever in our annals stand  
As great enough to rise above a throne.

He knew the glory of a crown would pass  
Like mist before the splendor of the day,  
And fade to nothingness as does the grass  
When golden August holds unquestioned sway.

Wherefore, he bid them put the bauble down  
And for a nobler token bent his head:  
The laurel wreath of ever bright renown,  
To last till years be done and time be dead.

And so he lives though many years have gone,  
Immortal as the stars that shine again;  
He is the brightest star that ever shone,  
The morning star of Liberty to men!

\* Read at the Washington Day celebration in Washington Hall, Notre Dame.

Molière.

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LEO J. HOGAN, '09.  
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HAT environment plays a great part in forming character and has much to do with outlining work for one's career is truly evident when we read the lives of great men. Throughout history this fact is borne out, and many incidents are cited in which the good or bad character of a literary work was occasioned and, in a great measure, determined by the conditions, influences, customs and standards which obtained at the time and place of production. That such is the case is clearly shown in the life of Jean Baptiste Poquelin, better known as Molière.

Molière lived at a time when the French government under Louis XIV. encouraged art and literature and fostered the development of the French language. As a patron of art Louis XIV. gained much of his celebrity. Men of letters were generally aided by the king with pensions, and all means were taken at this time to elevate French literature. Corneille, who gained great renown in Richelieu's time, found a worthy successor in Racine, perhaps the greatest of French tragic poets. As models of prose style we have the letters of Madam de Sévigné which also give us a glimpse into the refinement of the court. The French Academy, founded by Richelieu, which was to determine what words should be used in order to make the language of France more eloquent and expressive, was held in high esteem at this time. To be a member of the Academy at this day is the greatest honor that a Frenchman can obtain. The *Journal des Savants* was founded for the promotion of science. An astronomical observatory was built at Paris, and the Royal Library, which then had sixteen thousand volumes, began to grow, until to-day it is one of the largest libraries in existence, and attracts to Paris scholars from all parts of the world. Louis believed that one of the great aims of any government should be the promotion of arts, letters and science, and his example has been followed by almost every modern state.

In this atmosphere of encouragement and advancement, Molière was born, in Paris, January 15, 1622. Of his boyhood practically nothing is known. At the age of fourteen we find him at the College of Clermont where he distinguished himself as a scholar and founded associations of great value to him in after-life, including Bernier, the traveler, Hesnault, the poet and satirist, and Cyrano de Bergerac. In 1641 he took up the study of law and passed a few years as an advocate of this subject. A venture into the clerical profession is also attributed to him, but some writers have discredited the statement as improbable. In 1645 Molière appeared as an actor with a company of strolling players known as the "Illustre Theatre." During the next few years we have only a glimpse of his life. In 1653, we find him in Lyons with his first piece "L'Etourdi," a comedy of intrigue. From now on he entered into his work with diligence, and he took great delight in reading and studying the works of Plautus, Terence, and the Italian and Spanish comedies. The resources thus acquired were of great service to him in later years. The year 1659 brought great success to this eminent man. It was indeed one of the crowning years of his lifetime and marked a new epoch in dramatic productions. Molière brought forth the play "Leos Precieuses Ridicules," a satire that was instantly perceived and enjoyed. Herein was established the modern comedy. At its first presentation a noted critic of the times was heard to say: "Voila la veritable comedie," and such it was, as from this date modern comedy has its origin. With such great strides did Molière advance now that his able work was recognized by the king, and a pension of seven thousand livres was granted to his company, called the Troupe du Roi.

In 1669 Molière was crowned again with great success when he produced "Tartuffe." "The truth, variety, contrast of characters, sentiment, arrangement of incidents, anger, indignation and laughter," displayed in this piece make it in the eyes of many critics Molière's masterpiece. "L'Avare" followed in the same year, and in 1673 appeared "Le Malade Imaginaire," the most popular, if not the best, of his comedies. While performing in this piece, the actor was

suddenly seized with cramps. Without revealing his illness, however, the man played his part throughout suffering severe pain. When transported to his home, hemorrhages set in, and on February 17, 1673, the remarkable career of this illustrious man came to an end. He died in a state of excommunication, and was refused burial by the Archbishop of Paris. Through the efforts of the king, an understanding was reached with the archbishop, and Molière was buried in St. Joseph's Cemetery. In 1792 the remains were removed to the museum of French monuments, and in 1817 they found their last resting-place in Père Lachaise.

In judging the merits of the different writers of the world, each nation naturally pleads for the superiority of its own. The Greeks have their Homer, the English Shakespeare, while Lope De Vega, Calderon, Goethe and Schiller are the admiration of their respective countrymen. So it is with Molière, a man ranked as the greatest French comic dramatist, and perhaps the greatest of all comic dramatists. Louis XIV. asking Boileau which great writer did more to honor France during his reign, the noted critic replied, "Molière." Saint Beuve, the chief French critic, assigns to this man a place among the class of master minds whose work belongs to the whole world for all time. Molière holds his high place in the world's literature as a writer of comedy. To him is attributed the founding of the school of Modern Comedy still prevalent to-day. French literature in general can not produce a name more distinguished than his.

At an early age Molière saw the inferiority of the French drama, which consisted merely of a skeleton of a plot. This framework was filled in according to the ability of the actor, and the meagreness of such products was easily discernible to him. The drama was inferior to that of Athens and Rome and even to that of the Spanish stage. This fact seemed indeed deplorable to this genius, and he therefore determined to reform the French stage, since he was ashamed of both plays and players. He remembered well the works of Plautus and Terence, and compared their spirit, merriment and keen observation with the uncouth themes of his day. With this

end in view of elevating the French stage, he infused new spirit into the comedy, rejected old scenes and added new ones, and based them upon modern life. He was a man of acute observation and possessed the creative faculty of genius. He discerned the weaknesses and the comedy in the lives of men, and knew how to expose that comedy in the most effective sort of dramatic art. Molière drew vivid pictures of the life peculiar to the contemporary French society in addition to that common to all communities. His great merit is in his development of character. In his "*L'Etourdi*," which he modeled after the Italian dramas, the character of the cunning valet, Mascarille, is exposed in its true light. This valet, with his schemes and plots, strives to bring about the marriage of his master with the girl he loves, in spite of the father and rival. In this play the secret of Molière's genius to take hold of everything and give to the least details their most suitable place, is clearly shown. He dispenses with the unnecessary and minor details so prominent in the plays prior to his time.

In his "*Les Precieuses*," Molière produced a specimen found neither in the Spanish nor in the Italian drama. Here we have the liveliest form of the real French comedy. It was a strictly original innovation in the field of play-writing, a transition from the former dramas of Spain and Italy to the true comedy plays of to-day. This play did much to improve the language and to elevate the society of the age. The pretentious manners of the bourgeois were ridiculed in their laughable attempts to imitate the customs and people of the court. At the outset, the play aimed only at those people who imitated the aristocracy, but Molière's purpose was more than fulfilled when it brought many other classes of people back to their true station of simplicity and naturalness. In his wanderings through the provinces he saw the life of people, and these lessons of practical philosophy aided him in the science of the human heart so exemplified in this play. The praise that was forthcoming in consequence of this effort is shown in the words of *Menage to Chapelain* at the first presentation: "Believe me, my friend, we have both of us praised all those foolish things which we have just now heard so finely criticised in the name of good common

sense: I am afraid we will have to burn what we worshipped before and to worship what we burned."

In complex comedies, such as "Don Juan," "Les Femmes Savantes," "Le Tartuffe," and "Le Misanthrope," many critics find Molière's highest excellence. For the first time, characters of a complex nature are found on the stage. The slighter characters so common in his other plays do not appear. We find him here raising comedy into a philosophy that laughs because it is deemed wiser to laugh than to weep and which at the same time sees the darker side of human folly. In "Don Juan" this complexity of character presents itself in one Don Juan, an abhorrer of hypocrisy, who on account of his infamy later embraces hypocrisy in all its forms. In the "Misanthrope," Alceste's resentment against his fellowmen is caused by the revolt of an enthusiastic, generous and truthful spirit against the shallowness of society about him. Studying him in these plays, which are considered his best, we see a warm and loving heart based upon sound judgment and truth. This is the power that gives unity and vitality to Molière's productions.

That this man was a master in his special field is evinced by the number of writers after his time that take his plays for the models of their own. Several of the English dramatists have followed him: Dryden in "Sir Martin Marrall" imitates his L'Etourdi; William Wycherley in his "Plain Dealer" his "Le Misanthrope"; Henry Fielding, his L'Avare." "The reason," says Brander Matthews, "why the influence of Molière is more potent on the form of English comedy than the influence of Shakespeare is that Molière represents a later stage of the development of play-making." Again he states, in speaking of Molière: "So far as the external form of their dramas is concerned, Sophocles is ancient, Shakespeare is mediæval, Molière is modern, and the large framework of his ampler comedies has supplied a model for every living language."

The style in Molière's work is clear and direct and rises with the strong characters and the energetic movement of the plot. He writes the poetry of real sentiment in each line. He is a shrewd and keen observer and has that power of making the audience

think while laughing. In his comedy there is more than amusement. The real life of his time is the staple of his work. There is no pretense in any of his works, as Molière is at all times sincere, honest and kind. He abhorred false pride, and did much to expose this conceit when "He began to use his comedies to express his own feelings and his own opinions about the structure of society and the conduct of life."

Notwithstanding his evident power and the effect he wrought upon society, Molière never realized the ambition of every literary man of France: to become a member of the French Academy. His profession as an actor prohibited him from obtaining this distinction. His statue, however, stands in the Academy, and the simple inscription upon it bears out well the admission of glory and the regret of the Academy in not heeding his claim: "*Rien ne manque à sa gloire; il manquait à la nôtre*—Nothing was wanting to his glory: he was wanting to ours."

### The True Crown.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

### THE praise and renown Of a world-given crown—

What does it speak of but labor and tears?  
What does it count in the flight of years?  
Tho' it should glitter, tho' many applaud,  
What is it all if our life be a fraud?  
How doth it profit when death draws nigh?  
Will the world's honor assist us to die?

### The praise and renown Of a world-given crown—

Why do we labor and grasp at a name?  
When we attain it we have only fame—  
What is in fame? Can its bright golden glare?  
Bribe the Grim Reaper or banish dull care?  
Why should we toil so and struggle in vain,  
Seeking the chaff and losing the grain?

### To be of the few

### To your last end be true;

Live like a man though your life be obscure;  
Then will your honor and joy long endure.

### Then heaven's renown

### And a far greater crown,

Wrought by the hands of God's angels, will be,  
Thy bright reward for eternity.

## The Man at the Hospital.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.

When Phil Middleton, just released from the City Hospital, where he had been nursing the results of an automobile accident, called up Mary Brown to request her company to the Second Regiment ball, he did not anticipate any serious consequences from his action. But, as the sequel will show, there were several circumstances which he could not possibly have foreseen which conspired to make events fall out in a way that he did not dream of.

"Three-o-five-six, East, please," he replied affably to the Central's call.

"Hello," came the answer a moment later. It was Mary's mother, who, having just returned from an interview with Sarah, the cook, had certain things on her mind which were calculated to disarrange her powers of clear perception.

"Is Mary at home?" inquired Phil.

For a moment there was no reply. Then the mother answered in what seemed to Phil very icy tones:

"Are you the young man at the hospital?"

"Yes," replied Phil, wondering at the question.

"Then there's just one thing that I have to tell you; if you don't bring back that poor girl's twenty-five dollars by this evening, I'll see that you're put in jail before morning. That's all." And judging by the spiteful click that sounded in his ear as the other person put up the receiver, Phil imagined a vision of a very excited and indignant woman striding away from the telephone.

He didn't know what to make of it. Surely he had not stolen any of Mary's money. Why, the idea itself was ridiculous. And laughing to himself at the strange incongruity of the thing, he swung aboard a car that would take him to the home of his inamorata. In fifteen minutes' time he stood in the presence of Mrs. Brown.

"Why, how do you do, Phil!" exclaimed that lady. "I'm so glad to see you. When did you leave the hospital and how is that leg of yours?"

"Oh, I'm all right—just got out this

morning. But I telephoned to you a while ago, you know, and—"

"You telephoned to me? Oh, no; you're mistaken."

"I didn't?—Why, yes, I did. That is you must have—I'm sure of it."

Phil soon saw that it isn't a wise thing to contradict your girl's mother, for he observed a slight trace of coldness in her next reply.

"You're mistaken in the person; that's all, Phil. It was somebody else."

"Perhaps so," confessed the unconvinced but diplomatic young man, "but even if I am I'd like to let you know that I haven't stolen any of Mary's money. You referred to twenty-five dollars of hers that some one stole, but I didn't do it, I assure you."

Mrs. Brown was "on."

"Oh—oh—oh!" she cried between whiles as she laughed. "I see it now. And was that you that I was talking to? I thought the voice sounded familiar. I beg a thousand pardons, Phil. My! what a mistake."

Phil had some things to attend to that morning, so after a few further remarks he left without seeing Mary at all.

Meantime, while the above conversation was taking place on the front porch of the Brown's residence, the telephone bell rang again. This time Mary answered it. Her mind was also full, not of the cook's troubles, but of Phil Middleton, from whom she expected a call at any moment, so she very sweetly said:

"Hello."

"Hello. Is this you?"

It was a masculine voice in which the attempt at disguise was apparent. Mary thought it was Phil.

"Yes, this is me," she replied in a voice aimed to imitate the cook's as much as possible.

"Well, I'm the fellow at the hospital, you know."

"Yes, I know; what is it?"

She was now positive of the other's identity, and she smiled to herself like the woman who knows she isn't being fooled.

"Can I see you to-night about eight?" the other continued.

"Yes," replied Mary, her heart fluttering a little, "I suppose you can if you come up."

"All right. I'll whistle and you come outside. I'm dead anxious to see you. Haven't

been around now for almost a month, have I? Well, so long. Don't forget now." And he "hung up" before Mary could reply.

She walked away with a happy heart. Just another of Phil's jokes, she thought. He had done the same thing lots of times before, so she thought nothing further of it. Once she mentioned the fact to her mother that Phil was coming up that evening, but strangely enough it did not occur to Mrs. Brown to relate the events of the morning. And Sarah, the cook, baked on, humming the latest hit, unaware of the storm that was brewing of which she was the main cause.

At five minutes to eight on that summer evening, Mary was sitting in a rocking-chair near an open window, waiting for the signal. It came; a sharp whistle that was just like Phil's. Quickly springing up, she threw a light wrap over her shoulders and hurried out.

It was a moonless, cloudless night. Shadows here and there among the trees appeared to move like so many living forms, but she quieted her foolish fears and ventured on. But not a trace of Phil did she see. It piqued her.

"Let him come in and find me," she said to herself. "He needn't think I'm going to catch cold looking for him, even if he is hurt." Just then, not ten feet from where she stood, she descried the vague outline of a man.

"Oh, there you are," she cried, taking a step forward. Then she stopped short. It was not Phil Middleton who stood before her, but a slovenly-looking creature with a menacing aspect and the appearance of a tramp. The girl put her hands to her eyes as if to shut off the sight of him.

"Who are you?" she asked timorously, yet with resolve in her voice.

"None o'yer business who I am," came the gruff answer. "What you spyin' around here for?"

"Are you a—burglar?" continued the girl, ignoring his question. "Tell me what you want."

Her heart was beating wildly in fear of the repellent creature who stood before her. Oh, if Phil would only come now! Why didn't he come?

"What you doin' here?" asked the man gruffly. "I never telephoned to you, did I?"

"Telephoned? What do you mean? Was it you who—oh, you thief, you tramp, you—"

Her list of choice epithets was interrupted by the clutch of a rough hand upon her throat, but she got in at least one scream loud enough to awake the neighborhood before her breath was shut off. Then the clutch was tightened; her senses reeled; there was a roaring in her brain, broken only by the subdued threats which her assailant hissed through his teeth. Then she lost consciousness.

Phil Middleton's business engagements held him engrossed for a much longer time than he had anticipated. In fact, it was not until the very moment of dining had arrived that he felt himself free. But he promised himself a happy evening with Mary, considering his intimacy with her sufficient grounds for calling without having a fixed engagement. Wherefore, we find him about eight o'clock blithesome and gay, sallying forth to call upon his beloved. He walked, first, because being a healthy, red-blooded young American, he liked it for the tingle it put into his veins, and secondly, because he could not afford as yet the luxury of an auto. On this occasion it was providential that he couldn't.

Phil Middleton was not a Paladin, either by nature or from choice, but he always felt that if it came to a showdown, he could let the enemy feel his presence, at least. And so it befel in this case. When, from the sidewalk, he heard Mary's cry burst upon the still air of the night he cleared the iron fence at one bound and speeded his best around the house in the direction from which the sound had come, turning his cane into a club with a heavy butt as he ran. The ruffian, hearing his hasty footsteps, released his hold upon the now unconscious girl and fled toward the alley, with Phil in close pursuit. It was a short chase. Before they reached the end of the block, Phil thrust his cane before him and by a deft twist, sent the other sprawling.

"Now you, ornery, low-lived dog, what've got to say for yourself?" panted Phil as he stood with weapon poised over the prostrate man. Then he detected a sudden movement of his hand which suggested firearms. A sharp blow on the wrist caused



his enemy to cry out with pain, and as he sat rubbing the injured member, Phil suddenly stooped and grasped a shining revolver from his hip pocket.

"Get up and march," he commanded. The other did so with alacrity. Now another thought commenced to worry Phil. Where in the deuce should he take his prisoner? He had to dispose of him in some way so as to get back to Mary, of whom he had caught but a fleeting glimpse as he dashed by.

The puzzle was solved in a way that he had not foreseen. No signs of Mary were visible as he strode into the yard with his prisoner. But the kitchen door stood wide open, and Sarah, the cook, was just stepping inside the house. Phil called to her.

"Sarah!" The girl turned with a start. "Where's Mary?"

"They're just after takin' her inside. Oh, it's you, Mr. Middleton. An' who's that ye've got there?"

"I don't know; perhaps you do. Here, take a look at him."

Phil had no idea that she would recognize the man, having put him down as an ordinary tramp. But when he saw an intense look come upon her features as she cast a searching glance at the crook, he wondered a trifle. And then the fun began.

"So it was you, was it?" she cried in tones of withering scorn, "you that made poor Miss Mary faint wid yer chokin'. What you hangin' around here for anyway, you low-down, ornery beast. You—you—" Sarah's breath failed her at this point, but she towered over the abject man, eyes flashing, bosom heaving, shaking her fist under his very nose. Phil Middleton commenced to realize the fact that perhaps the Amazons might have had some fighting quality after all, when Sarah demanded suddenly:

"Where's that twenty-five dollars of mine? Out with it, you thief."

At this point an inkling of the situation began to dawn on Phil. He recalled the reference which Mrs. Brown had made over the telephone to a certain twenty-five dollars that had been abstracted by some one. Now he thought he grasped the whole situation.

"Who the deuce is this fellow, anyhow?" he asked of the infuriated cook.

"Who is he? He's a scoundrel, that's what he is, who got me to give him twenty-five dollars, all the money I had in the world, and then skipped with it."

"Wh-huh! I guess I see. All right. Pretty good candidate for a cell, I think. Could you leave him with me long enough to telephone for the police, Sarah?"

Sarah "would." Shortly afterwards the patrol wagon arrived, and having rid himself of the prisoner, Phil drew his first care-free breath since the adventures of the evening had commenced. Then he went into the house to learn the particulars of what had happened.

"How's Mary?" he asked.

"Oh! she's all right. The doctor just left, and he says it's nothing serious." At that moment the girl herself entered the room.

"Phil," she said, "tell me for heaven's sake, did you telephone to me this morning?"

"Why, no; I tried but wasn't very successful. Why?"

"Well, somebody did, and I thought it was you disguising your voice. Who can it have been?"

"Sarah's beau, I suppose. You should have seen her light into him. It was really worth the price of admission."

At that moment Sarah entered the room, a beaming smile on her face.

"I jist wanted to tell yez," she said, "that I got it. Sergeant McGoorty happens to be a friend of mine and he's just after bringin' me my twenty-five dollars back from the station-house. See, here it is." And she displayed the crumpled bills.

"But who had it?" asked Mary.

"Why, sure, the Man at the Hospital, the scoundrel. Wasn't I tellin' you that, Missis?"

"Which hospital?" cried Phil. "I'm going to feel insulted in a minute." Mrs. Brown and Phil were going into fits of laughter while Sarah preserved an unruffled gravity.

"I don't see the joke, mum," she answered.

"I don't either," said Mary, who was undecided whether to laugh or not.

"Don't you understand?" asked Mrs. Brown as well as she could between laughs. "Two men—ha, ha, ha—Two hospitals—Phil and Sarah's beau—ha, ha, ha,—and quite a complication, you see."

When the mirth had finally subsided, Phil suddenly bethought himself of his primary mission, which had been to ask Mary's company to the military ball. Having done the which with great success he left the house, hugely satisfied with the night's work.

## Virgil.

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 WILLIAM M. WHALEY, '12.
 

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As far back as history dates we have with the history of civilization the history of literature, and undoubtedly the oldest form is poetry. In ancient Greece the poet was esteemed next to the ruler and all the important doings of the people were celebrated in poetry. The poets in the history of literature have been many and varied and their work of many different kinds. Of these, many have been honored in their day and were then forgotten, and a few others have made a name for themselves that has come down through the centuries. Their works have been cherished and studied by many generations. Most of the distinguished authors of ancient times were members of wealthy families, but Virgil on the other hand was the son of a poor farmer in Italy. He was not reared in the luxury and ease of the Roman aristocracy but in the simplicity and beauty of rural Italy, and the associations of his country life had a lasting effect upon the character of his literary work.

His parents, poor though they were, seemed to feel that no education could be too good for their son. At an early age he was sent to Latin schools and to Rome. Thus he spent the first half of his life in preparing himself for the work he wanted to accomplish. He never seemed to care much for amusements, and he did not like to mingle with the people, his one ambition being to study so that he could be one of the greatest poets of the time.

After he had won his fame as one of the greatest poets, he stayed in Rome for a while, and there through the generosity of wealthy patrons he succeeded in amassing a fortune, and received several beautiful estates in the various parts of Italy. Instead of remaining in Rome, as most others would have done, and enjoying the luxury and ease with which he was surrounded, he retired to these country places, and it was in these rural surroundings that he accomplished his greatest work—the writing of the “*Æneid*,” which, however, he was unable to complete on account of his untimely death.

His first great piece was his agricultural

poem the “*Georgics*.” This piece showed a new style of life and a new and purer set of ideals, of which the people then knew little. The Romans were awed and charmed by this production in which they found so much fresh thought and music.

His works made him the representative poet of the Roman Empire, and when he appeared in public the people greeted him in much the same manner as they did the emperor. They read his works and liked them, for they embodied not only the Roman rites and traditions but an exquisite tenderness of sentiment and a mysterious love which Virgil alone could communicate. Something there was in him that entered all of his writings, and his style has not been surpassed before or since his time. Maybe he did not surpass the Greek poets, but he was regarded and loved by the Roman people as the greatest of poets.

His earlier works were commented upon and praised, and at the height of the Roman Empire, when she was mistress of the world, and Augustus, who was a good friend of Virgil's, was ruler, he undertook his master-work and the one which in many respects is unsurpassable, the “*Æneid*.”

The incentive to the task of this great epic was due partly to his nature and his ambition to write a poem that would be the best of his time and rank him as the best poet of literary history, and partly to the state of public feeling at the time, the sense of power and mastery that the Roman Empire, felt, and partly to the encouragement he received from his personal friend, Augustus, whose reign and the glory of the empire he wished to have celebrated in a great poem. Thus the inspiration of the piece was not purely literary, but was prompted in great measure by the national pride of the Augustan Age. The works of Homer had sprung from an active imagination and were meant to be only to make great epic poems, but Virgil's masterpiece was occasioned by the influence and condition of the age in which he wrote. This partly accounts for the lameness of his characters. They were not the spontaneous creations of a powerful imagination, but were chosen to fulfil the end Virgil had in view in writing the poem.

He took the legend of *Æneas* for several



reasons: one was that the Romans had some connection with the legendary story of Troy, and that the legend being rather vague in outline gave him ample scope to shape his characters to suit himself, to make them characteristic of his own time. This work was the product of long labor and the result rather of antiquarian learning and reflection than of the imagination, and as a consequence it appealed more to the religious and aristocratic taste of the cultivated classes than to the plebeians. He drew somewhat from the works of Homer and Ennius, but the great part of the work was purely his own, and the style is peculiarly and inimitably Virgilian.

The work on this epic poem on which he spent eleven years was something so stupendous that few men would have ventured it. In addition to poetic power all epic poets must possess Virgil had the faculties of a prose historian. With this poem he took the greatest pains, first writing it in prose and then putting parts of it into verse as his mood enabled him. In many places the work seems to embody personal observation and reminiscence, and the author must have visited many of the localities which he uses in his work.

Virgil shows a great variety of action, although in the matter of action he was not as good as Homer. He kept his different lines of action well separated, and yet they are so carefully conducted that the direction and energy of all combined in the movement of the main current. In this work he does not say very much by way of political reference, and when he does it is only to express his personal opinion concerning good government and loyal and true subjects.

In his characterization it has been said that he was weak; the truth is that it was the work of the imagination of an orator rather than of a dramatist. All of his descriptions had a tendency to be soothing and quiet, this being one of the reasons why Æneas is milder than the heroes of other writers. But Virgil could always praise the ploughshare much better than he could the sword. The rhythm of his poem is not always as perfect as it might be, but we must remember that he intended to spend three years upon revision of the poem, and

that what we have is to be considered merely as a first draught of an artist that was wontedly laborious in the finish of his compositions. This is no doubt the main reason why when dying he begged that the "Æneid" be burned, as he knew it had not been finished as it should be and as he had intended to do.

In this work in which so much of his nature is revealed he seems to have caught and reflected the rays of an unrisen day. He had a power peculiarly his own and he seemed to concentrate the strangeness and fervor of the romantic spirit within the severe and dignified limits of classical art. It was this peculiar style of his which gave him the place he holds in world-literature, and the kind of name and fame that belongs not to any particular age or nation but to all times and all peoples.

Undoubtedly his work is one of the greatest, and shows to the best advantage the strong qualities of the Latin tongue. Perhaps it has touched more people in different classes than the work of any other one man. His tenderness of feeling made him one class of friends, his magnanimous spirit gained him another class, while his expression of longing for rest and yearning for a fuller being in simple, earnest words affected the mind in a peculiar way. Ever since the time of their production the works of Virgil have been held in reverence by the learned and by those who wished to become learned. In every college and university the "Æneid" is the favorite classic of ancient literature. By all the critics for eighteen centuries, Virgil was accorded a place among the greatest of ancient poets. Voltaire even went so far as to pronounce the "Æneid" "the finest monument of antiquity."

In the Nineteenth Century, with the closer study of the Greek language and its poets, Virgil has suffered from severe criticism by the English and German critics. It has even been maintained that his work was merely a copy of the older Greek literature. Notwithstanding, however, that the lustre of his long renown has been somewhat dimmed of late years, and his work somewhat disregarded in favor of the more original productions of the Greek, he will still be cherished as a master in his language and art, and his work as an immortal production.

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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—Dr. T. J. Shahan was formally installed as temporary Rector of the Catholic University of America last Thursday. On behalf of the University the

**Greetings To Dr. Shahan.** SCHOLASTIC offers its congratulations to Dr. Shahan and augurs for him a happy and brilliant administration, for it may safely be assumed that the temporary Rector will be made permanent within a few months. The University has need of just such a man as Dr. Shahan. A brilliant scholar himself, he is well fitted to be the head and leader of an army of scholars; and the example and productivity which he has set will doubtless be a powerful stimulus to other members of the faculty. His modesty and his genial spirit have already won for him the affection of all who know him, and it is not a small thing that the students of the C. U., as well as the faculty, have such a striking example of these virtues before them in their Rector. At Notre Dame Dr. Shahan is a very special favorite. The SCHOLASTIC assures him of the cordial co-operation and sympathy of the University for the administration of which he possesses rare and special qualifications.

—The governor of Ohio is a man of unusual ability and intelligence. He has earned a reputation for good judgment during his long public career. *De Gustibus.* In view of this, the manner that he chose for his commemoration of the Lincoln Centennial is rather startling. Under the caption "Democratic Governor Honors Lincoln by Striking Shackles from Negro," we are informed by the press that he exercised his prerogative on behalf of a negro convicted and sentenced in 1897 for the murder of a fourteen-year-old white girl for whom he had deserted his wife. Now, instances are on record—and many—of Abraham Lincoln's deep human sympathy. It is known that he condoned many of the minor offenses, especially among the soldiery, that he pardoned many men convicted of breach of discipline; but to his credit be it said that he never so compromised himself as to arbitrarily and in the face of a verdict of twelve sworn jurors, condone a crime so revolting as the one in this instance. *De gustibus non disputandum*, and "the quality of mercy is not strained," indeed, but if Hon. Judson Harmon desired to emulate the compassion of the War-President he can hardly justify this manifestation by any parallel instance in Lincoln's career. We trust, however, that the pardon was designed to recall to the minds of the people of the great commonwealth of Ohio the great act of emancipation for which Abraham Lincoln is justly honored. This is the interpretation, at least, which the newspapers have placed on the pardon. True, Lincoln struck the "shackles" from the negro, and other statesmen, less prudent, perhaps, endowed him with suffrage; but the negro whom Lincoln freed is not, let us hope, to be symbolized by this criminal lately made the object of executive clemency. The choice of such a specimen of the race as the object of a symbolical emancipation can only be satisfactorily explained by a lack of forethought. It is to be hoped that the pardon may effect a thorough reform in the disposition of the particular prisoner thus liberated, in case that it has not already taken place; but one may still question the wisdom of the Governor's action as regards the common weal, as detracting from the

certainty with which the average criminal may expect punishment as a consequence of his deed, and as outraging the sentiments of the people of the State who wish to see this class of criminal dealt with very severely as an effective deterrent of repetition. Much better might the Governor have done had he followed Lincoln's example and extended leniency to one of the "old boys in blue" whose offense was less grave and whose expiation has been greater.

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—Method is a prominent feature in every great and successful enterprise. The success or failure of a war depends in great part upon the relative efficiency of the methods of warfare employed. Our gigantic commercial and industrial concerns could not be carried on were it not for their precise and careful methods of operating. And so it is with the student who, but with little time at his disposal and possessing only ordinary talents, perhaps, is undertaking the great enterprise of a college education. His success or failure depends in great measure upon the character of his method of study. In one sense method in study means the proper use and economy of time. It means the foreknowledge of something to be done at each period of study and the habit of doing that particular thing at that particular time. To this end it is good to write out and keep upon one's desk an horarium which will be a reminder of what is to be done and when. Deliberate method of this kind will help to develop in the student the sense of relative values which is so important in our present-day education. As to a method of applying oneself to a subject the advice of Marcus Aurelius is to the point: "Make for thyself a definition or description of the thing which is presented to thee so as to see distinctly what kind of a thing it is, in its substance, in its nudity, in its complete entirety, and tell thyself its proper name and the names of things of which it has been compounded, and into which it will be resolved. For nothing is so productive of elevation of mind as to be able to examine methodically and truly every object which is presented to thee in life."

### Washington Birthday Exercises.

Washington's Birthday was observed in a very fitting manner. As has been the custom for a number of years, the Senior Class presented the University with a fine American flag. State Senator Robert E. Proctor was to have delivered the oration of the day, but owing to legislative business he was detained at the State Capitol and could not attend the exercises. The Rev. President, Father Cavanaugh, made a brief speech of acceptance, thanking the Senior Class for their gift. The Varsity orchestra rose to the occasion with several very pleasing and artistic selections, and the Glee Club rendered one of its best numbers. Mr. Harry A. Ledwidge, '09, read an "Ode to Washington," which breathed a happy mixture of poetic patriotism and heartfelt admiration of the great man. The address of Mr. Ignatius E. McNamee, President of the '09 Class, presenting the flag, was one of the best speeches of the kind ever heard in Washington Hall. The following is the address in full:

Second only in the sacredness of its character to the bond which unites man with his God, lies the obligation of love he owes to his country. If religion is essential to the happiness of every man, it is equally true that patriotism is the basis of progress among all peoples. "He who destroys religion," says Plato, "overthrows the foundations of human society." He might have said the same thing of patriotism with equal truth, for these two fundamental moral forces, religion and patriotism—the greatest in all the world—make and unmake governments; upon them devolves the stability of monarchy and democracy alike.

The world thrills at hearing retold the story of Mucius Scaevola who entered the Etruscan camp to destroy Porsena, their leader, and so save Rome. When the Etruscans took him prisoner and brought him before their king, he was told he would be burned to death unless he would divulge the strength of the Roman army. He thrust his right hand unflinchingly into the blazing brazier and held it there till the bones had burned to a crisp. "Thus," said he, proudly displaying his charred forearm to the Etruscan king, "thus does a Roman fear

your threats, and there are a hundred men in Rome braver than I." His act saved Rome. That was patriotism. François Villon, the poet-brawler of France, went out at the head of the army of Louis XI. to drive the Burgundians from the walls of Paris, though he knew his king had a gibbet awaiting his return. Next morning with the rising sun he rode back into the city, this time at the head of a victorious legion. "King Louis," said he, bowing low as he tossed the captured battle flags before his sovereign, "we bring Burgundian silks for your carpet." Then rising majestically he unbuckled his sword and dropped it on the heap of banners. "And now, Sire, I am ready to die." And that was patriotism.

But we need not go to the Old World to find patriots. In the century and a half of our national existence, the pages of America's story-book teem with the names of men and women, who suffered and died that their country might prosper. And in the front rank of those heroes stand our Roman Catholics; numerically not as great, perhaps, as all the other denominations combined, yet more numerous than any two of them. Not long ago a synod of German Lutherans in New York drew up resolutions asserting that a Catholic might not aspire to the Presidency of the United States, because, they said, he is a Papist first and an American afterwards. If by that they meant that we are Christians first and pay allegiance in matters of faith and morals to the Pope, they are right and we offer no defence. But if they mean that we would tolerate even the great white Father to dictate our action at the ballot-box, or to interfere in matters of state, then they falsify, knowingly or otherwise. We bow to the Church in the things that are God's, and we offer the nation the tribute of Caesar without apology or palliation.

The blood of Catholic heroes has dyed the sod of every American battlefield. 'We stood beside Warren at Bunker Hill, among the minutemen at Lexington and Concord, with McDonough on Lake Champlain, with Barry in every one of his fights. We were with Washington at Valley Forge, at Trenton, on the Delaware, and on down to Yorktown. What man in all the years of the Revolution deserved Washington's

love more than Lafayette with his gallant Frenchmen, all Catholics? Or who were worthier of it than Pulaski and Kosciusko, the Poles?' Where were our critics then, the men who to-day declare we are un-American, the men who deny us the right to the Presidency? They were fighting to maintain the British flag on American soil, fighting with the Hessian troops whom King George had bought like slaves in the market to fight his battles.

Where were they in the Civil War? Their names are missing from the roll. Yet Catholic blood literally drenched the ground in that war. At the battle of Fredericksburg, Meagher's Irish Brigade charged the hill three thousand strong, and with the setting sun the bugle gathered only two hundred and fifty weary, wounded men back into camp. The rest lay scattered, dead upon the hillside—two thousand seven hundred and fifty Catholic men in one day sacrificed in a holy cause. 'When the Rebellion began, we were at Sumter and Bull Run, when it ended we were at Appomattox. Murfreesboro, Stone River, Winchester, Atlanta and Shenandoah were won by Rosecrans and Meagher, Sheridan and Sherman and Shields.' We were on the Rappahannock, at Vicksburg and at Richmond. What is true of those is just as true of every battle from Sumter and Bull Run to Lee's surrender. Yet we are told that we are un-American!

Notre Dame, as a Catholic institution, glories especially on days like this, for they bring her happy memories. She, the mother of warrior sons, gave to the Civil War a Corby, a Dillon, a Cooney, a Gillen and a Carrier. She has now in her Grand Army Post a Leander, a Raphael, a Benedict and nine others of that noble band. Her heart quickens at the sound of those names, and her spirit brightens at the thought of the sacrifice she made in the days of her struggles, when she, like Abel, gave her best fruits, her noblest sons, to the defense of a principle.

It was to help perpetuate the patriotic spirit of the University that the class of eighteen ninety-six inaugurated the pleasing custom of presenting to her a flag on Washington's Birthday. We, their fourteenth successor, come to-day to offer ours. Father

Cavanaugh, the class of nineteen hundred and nine to-day places in your trust this, its banner. To you, our fellow-students, we leave it as our heritage. It will break for the first time from the campus flagpole on Sunday of Commencement week, and the first song it will sing, when it whips the summer breeze, will be its last one a year from that day when it will be struck to give place to a new one, will be a song of patriotism and of loyalty. We will soon go out into the world, clear of eye, with heads erect, asking an even chance and favors from none; ready as were the sons of the gold and blue in earlier years to offer and to give our lives when the nation needs them, and we will leave proud of the cross of Catholicity and proud of the flag for which our Catholic forefathers fought and died.

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Lecture by Opie Reed.

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Mr. Opie Reed, the popular novelist of Southern life and character, was with us on the 18th inst., and delivered before the Faculty and students his very entertaining and instructive lecture on "First One Thing and then Another." Mr. Reed's word of testimony to the great moral influence of Notre Dame must be cherished as highly trustworthy. His lecture was surely a great treat to all his listeners, because there are few men on the lecture platform that are his equals in the knowledge and portrayal of concrete character. He has made a life-study of the various types of pronounced character in the South and West, and possesses the rare faculty of illustrating and visualizing them with a realism that must be apparent to any audience. Episodes and anecdotes from his own experience, aptly worded and related naturally, constituted the bulk of the lecture—but they were connected and recounted only as forcible illustrations of many homely truths. Of this type and purpose was the strongly dramatic story of the Kentucky feud, so impressively rendered and introduced by the speaker as illustrative of the conquering power of love. This was the lecturer's second appearance at Notre Dame, and when he comes again he is sure to be received with enthusiastic interest.

### Oratory and Debating.

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The contest in oratory to select our representative for the State Peace Contest will be held March 20, '09. The splendid showing made by our representative last year, winning first in the State and second in the Inter-State contest should urge our orators to put forth their best efforts to keep Notre Dame in the position she has attained. The best college orators of six important states, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, meet in final competition. The winner in this contest is rightly placed among the ablest college orators of the country. We append the rules governing the contest:

1. Each university, college or other school belonging to the Intercollegiate Peace Association may be represented by one contestant, who must be a *bona-fide* student of the institution he represents.
2. The orations must deal with some phase of the general subject of International Peace and Arbitration.
3. The orations must not exceed eighteen (18) minutes in length.
4. The orations will be graded on a scale of 100 by three judges at the time of the contest.
5. Prizes will be awarded as follows: First prize, \$25.00; second prize \$10.00.
6. The State Contest will be held at Purdue University, April 16.
7. The winner of the State Contest will represent Indiana at the Interstate Contest to be held in connection with the National Peace Congress at Chicago, April 26-28.
8. Prizes for Interstate Contest will be awarded as follows: First prize, \$75.00; second prize, \$50.00.

N. E. BYERS,

Chairman Indiana Committee.

\* \* \*

The Freshman contest in Oratory will be held March 15, '09.

The Presidents of the debating societies in Corby, Brownson, St. Joseph and Holy Cross Halls are to meet in the office of the Director of Studies, Monday, March 1, '09, 3 P. M., to arrange matters for the Inter-Hall debates. The question for debate is: "Resolved, That the Government own and control the Railroads."

If the Freshmen desire a Freshman Inter-Hall debate, let a representative from each Hall report at the office of the Director of Studies, Wednesday, March 3, '09, 3 P. M., to discuss matters connected with the debate.

## Athletic Notes.

## BASKET-BALL.

D. A. C., 25; N. D., 15.

Our basket-ball team suffered their first defeat on the home floor on Saturday last, at the hands of the Detroit Athletic Club. The Varsity, not yet recovered from the effects of their strenuous Eastern trip, battled gamely until the finish, but could not score the needed points. As a result of the brilliant game they played at Detroit, Maloney and Vaughan were guarded with especial care, and at no time during the game did they have a good chance at the basket. Fish and Freeze tried hard to supply the points, but were unable to do so.

D. A. C. (25)		Notre Dame, (15)
McDiarmid	L. F.	Maloney, Gibson
Bush	R. F.	Fish
Cox	C.	Vaughan
Miller	L. G.	Scanlon
Mazer	R. G.	Freeze, McDonald
Goals from field, Fish 4, Freeze 3. Goal from foul, Vaughan.		

\* \*

Armour Institute, 8; Notre Dame, 21.

Eight points against nearly three times that number was all that the team of Armour could count in the game played in the local gymnasium last Thursday afternoon.

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## TRACK.

On Monday afternoon, the Varsity track team was defeated by the Freshman team in the big gymnasium, by a score of 49 to 45. The meet was exciting and brought to light quite a lot of talent. Fletcher for the Freshmen and Moriarty of the Varsity were the highest individual point-winners, each scoring 16 points. The best event of the meet was the mile run which Dana won in 4:38 1-5, slightly slower than the "gym" record. Steers, Ben Oliel and Devine, of the Freshmen, finished almost together and not far behind Dana. Capt. Schmitt ran the 440 in excellent style, winning in 54 1-5 seconds. Here is the summary:

40-yard dash—Wasson, F., 1st; Fletcher, F., 2d; Schmitt, V., 3d; time, 44-5 seconds.

Mile Run—Dana, V., 1st; Steers, F., 2d; Ben Oliel, F., 3d; time, 4:38 1-5.

High jump—Fletcher, F., 1st; Sullivan and McKenzie tied for 2d; height, 5 feet.

40-yard low hurdles—Fletcher, F., 1st; Moriarty, V., 2d; Schmitt, V., 3d; time, 5 2-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Moriarty, V., 1st; Sullivan, F., 2d; Rush, F., 3d; height, 9 feet, 9 inches.

Broad jump—Wasson, F., 1st; McDonough, V., 2d; Roth, V., 3d; distance, 20 feet, 3 inches.

40-yard high hurdles—Moriarty, V., 1st; Fletcher, F., 2d; time, 5 4-5 seconds.

Shot put—Dimmick, F., 1st; Moriarty, V., 2nd; Wasson, F., 3d; distance, 37 feet, 7 inches.

440-yard run—Schmitt, V., 1st; Dionne, F., 2d; Hebner, F., 3d; time, 54 1-5 seconds.

880-yard run—Dana, V., 1st; Steers, F., 2d; Ben Oliel, F., 3d; time, 2:07 1-5 seconds.

Relay—Won by Varsity—Maloney, Duffy, Moriarty and Schmitt. Time

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The following, which for lack of space could not appear last week, gives the detailed result of the recent Interhall Championship Meet:

Forty-yard dash—Mehlen, Corby, 1st; Burke, Brownson, 2d; Connelly, Brownson, 3d. Time, 4 3-5.

Mile run—Brady, Corby, 1st; Foley, Corby, 2d; Gunster, Corby, 3d. Time, 5 min.

High jump—Connell, and McKenzie, Brownson, tied for first; McDonough, Corby, 3d. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

Forty-yard low hurdles—Burke, Brownson, 1st; Mehlen, Corby, 2d; Connell, Brownson, 3d. Time, 5 3-5.

Pole vault—Sullivan, Brownson, 1st; Lopez, Corby, 2d; Rush, Corby, 3d. Height, 9 feet.

440-yard run—Connell and Dionne of Brownson tied for 1st; Hebner, Corby, 3d. Time, 59 4-5 sec.

Shot put—McMahon, Corby, 1st; Huferd, Brownson, 2d; Yund, Brownson, 3d. Distance 34 feet 1 inch.

Forty-yard high hurdles—Fish, Corby, 1st; Shuster, Corby, 2d; Burke, Brownson, 3d. Time, 6 seconds.

Half-mile run—Dean, Brownson, 1st; Foley, Corby, 2d; Sullivan, Brownson, 3d. Time, 2:11 4-5.

Broad jump—Connell, Brownson, 1st; McDonough, Corby, 2d; Huferd, Brownson, 3d. Distance, 19 feet 6 inches.

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## BASEBALL.

The prospects are good for another winning team for this year, though nothing definite can be said until the squad is seen at work out of doors. Manager Curtis feels confident, however, that he can develop a team out of the material that will win at least a majority of the contests arranged for them. The following is the schedule as arranged up to present date:

April 14—Albion at Notre Dame.

" 17—Kalamazoo at Notre Dame.

" 19—Michigan at Notre Dame.

" 21—Michigan A. C. at Notre Dame.

" 24—Open.

" 28—Beloit at Notre Dame.

May 1—Michigan at Michigan.

" 3—Wabash at Wabash.

" 4—Indiana at Indiana.

" 5—Olivet at Notre Dame.

" 7—Wabash at Notre Dame.

" 8—Michigan at Notre Dame.

" 12 or 15—Indiana at Notre Dame.

" 11—Rose Polytechnic at Notre Dame.

" 20—Minnesota at Notre Dame.

" 21—Pennsylvania State at Notre Dame.

" 22 to 29—Trip including Beloit, Northwestern U. of Watertown, Marquette and Minnesota.

June 5—Michigan at Michigan.

Games are pending with St. Viator's, Detroit University, University of Arkansas, Earlham, Marquette and Wabash.



## Heze Clark Speaks Up.

The frisky Detroit critics who added to the gaiety of nations by discovering a long-lost athlete in our "Pete" Vaughan, did a good turn for the University and athletics generally by arousing the attention of Heze Clark, all-around athletic savant and in particular director of athletics at Rose Polytechnic Institute. We reprint his article from the *Indianapolis Star* with a few omissions not bearing on the case of Vaughan:

"No athlete or athletic team can be successful without the 'knockers' getting busy. If they do not knock about one thing it is another. After all, 'every knock is a boost,' and it often works out so.

"The latest knock comes from Detroit against two Notre Dame University basket-ball players. This knock is gladly taken up and passed along by the Chicago sporting writers. Of course if it was against any of Stagg's Chicago University athletes it would not be nearly so important and would hardly be mentioned, if at all, nor with nearly so large headlines.

"The charges made by the Detroit Y. M. C. A. are against Scanlon and Vaughan. These men helped trounce the Detroit basket-ball team recently, and the Detroit Five immediately made charges that Vaughan was a professional, and also that Scanlon had played professional baseball.

"The assertions against Vaughan strike me as ridiculous. If the Notre Dame star was busy playing at Villanova it is queer that his friends at Crawfordsville High School did not know it. Vaughan was first heard of as an athlete when he represented Crawfordsville High School. He is the greatest athlete that school ever turned out.

"Ralph Jones, coach of Wabash College, taught Vaughan basket-ball from the time he started into Crawfordsville High School until he finished that preparatory school. Jones was in hopes that Vaughan would enter Wabash, and he had planned with the aid of this basket-ball wonder to continue to win the State Championship. Much to the disappointment of the Wabash coach Vaughan went to Notre Dame.

"There are dozens of athletes who will swear they played against Vaughan while he was on the Crawfordsville High School teams of both football and baseball, for, if reports from Crawfordsville—Vaughan's home town—are true, the Catholic giant is not much of a baseball player, and was never heard of as such among the High School.

"It certainly is amusing to read these charges against such an athlete as Vaughan, knowing from where he came and knowing that the very year that he is accused of playing at Villanova he was the man most feared by all the football teams that faced Crawfordsville High School.

### CHICAGO CRITICS DISCERNING.

"The Chicago reports, in mentioning Vaughan, speak of him as the man who scored against Michigan University, but they do not say he was the football player who ran through the pick of Yost's football stars for 25 yards and a touchdown. The Chicago reports also speak of the excellent work done by Vaughan when, on Dec. 19, 1908, Notre Dame lost in

an over-time game to Central Y. M. C. A. of that city. Simply as a suggestion, I can't help but say those Chicago reports should mention the excellent goal throwing of Vaughan when Notre Dame defeated the Chicago Y. M. C. A. later in the season by the score of 25 to 8.

"It is the old story. A team or an athlete from the Hoosier state seldom is given credit for his real worth. When an athlete or a team becomes so good that they must be recognized as champion, the mud of professionalism must needs be hurled at them.

"Be it said to Notre Dame University's credit that the great Catholic school has made a record in athletics almost unparalleled the last year. In football Michigan University alone was able to defeat them. In baseball they had far better claim to the collegiate championship of the country than many of the teams in the West that held out for a Western Championship. The Notre Dame team trimmed all the Western baseball college teams, and then went on an Eastern trip. The best of the much-touted nines fell before the Catholics.

"Then again, came murmurings of professionalism. No direct charges were made, because absolutely no proof could be had, but the murmuring among the rooters, managers and athletes of the other schools did not sound good. Notre Dame had won the national collegiate baseball championship, and should have been given due credit for its great achievement. The Notre Dame track team was the equal of many throughout the West, and this branch of athletics was not receiving much attention as compared with baseball.

### BASKET-BALL TEAM WINS.

"This year's Notre Dame basket-ball team has been heard from more than any other team in the country. The men have lost four games. These were on long hard trips. All defeats were by close scores.

"The Catholics made a Southern trip. At present there is a mixup as to which team is the best in the south. Georgia and Vanderbilt and about seven others claim this honor, but when Notre Dame returned from its Southern trip there was no doubt in the minds of the Southerners which state had the best basket-ball team. Notre Dame defeated every team in turn by decisive scores.

"The Southerners took their defeat in good spirit and did not raise the cry of professionalism. They knew nothing against the standing of Notre Dame athletes, and they did not try to start something because they were defeated. The Notre Dame basket-ball team had won on its merits, and the sportsman-like Southerners knew it.

"How different with many of the Northern teams. Chicago University would claim the intercollegiate championship of the basket-ball teams of the country because it won the championship of the 'Big Eight' conference colleges last year and has been defeating about the same teams again this season. They defeated Pennsylvania University last year.

"What eastern basket-ball team has Chicago defeated this year?

"The intercollegiate basket-ball championship should rest with a basket-ball team that has played enough leading college basket-ball teams in different parts of the country to have a well-founded claim. It should not go to some school that seldom plays off its own floor, and has played but one team from another part of the country and has won from a conference of colleges. For some reason many of the larger schools of the West have avoided Notre Dame in making their schedules. The Catholics have, however, in the past sent athletes to the conference meets, and these men have returned to South Bend wearing medals. Smithson is an example.

### FAIR PLAY ASKED.

"I do not mean to boost one college ahead of another. I do mean to give fair play, and when an Indiana school makes a better showing in athletics than schools

from other states it is only fair that the critics from its own state give that school credit.

"Notre Dame is the one school in this state, if there has been any during the last year, that has made itself felt throughout the country. It is this success in athletics that is drawing the fire of the 'knockers.' They are hard losers, and when the triumphant team returns from its victorious trip through the East every Hoosier athlete and fan, no matter what his school is or has been, should be proud of the team from the state of Indiana that has defeated the best of the Eastern, Southern, and also the best of the Western that have dared to play.

"Every athlete of this state should be willing to join the 'kind words club,' and defend the amateur standing of both Vaughan and Scanlon so far as they know how. Of course every 'knock is a boost,' but don't boost that way. Notre Dame has made a great record in athletics, and it does not seem fair that cold water should be thrown on its long list of victories and triumphs won after hard training and hard battling just because some 'knockers' want to cry 'professionalism.'"

### Local Items.

—The members of the Engineering Society will assemble immediately after Mass tomorrow, and under the lead of President Michael Stoakes will go to the city in order to have a group picture of the society taken.

—The Hon. Smith Stimmell of Casselton, North Dakota, will lecture on Lincoln in Washington Hall next Monday. Mr. Stimmell was a member of Mr. Lincoln's body-guard during the war, and his lecture is said to be most interesting.

—The Total Abstinence Society held a smoker last Saturday evening after the basket-ball game. Only about half the members put in an appearance, but the affair was pronounced a success. Father Cavanaugh gave one of his splendid short talks to those present. He was followed by Fathers Murphy, Lavin, Walsh and Schumacher, and Messrs. Hughes, Dolan, Moriarty, Ely, Miller, Havican, McBride, all of whom spoke encouraging words regarding the work of the society.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society marked the centennial of Lincoln's birth by rendering a special program in honor of the occasion. Among the pleasing numbers given were: An Address on Lincoln, The Man, by Paul Byrne; a recitation entitled, "Driving Home the Cows," by R. Bowen; "Barbara Freitchie," W. Burke; the Death of Lincoln, by James O'Flynn, and an address, "Washington and Lincoln," rendered by E. C. Sack. The Society expect to bring out some very promising material in the debating line which will make a strong bid for Inter-Hall honors.

—On the night of Feb. 22d, the members of Old College assembled in parlor B., first floor, of that ancient pile, in order to pay fitting recognition to Washington's Birthday. Ignatius E. McNamee and Prof. Edwards

promoted the enterprise, and he it said that never was promotion more deserving of praise than theirs. A foreign phonograph was requisitioned for the evening, and probably because it could not sing "The Star Spangled Banner," et ilk, La Marseillaise had to be substituted, together with such national airs of Cuba as pleased Simon's critical taste. Fathers Cavanaugh and Moloney graced the occasion with their presence, but Jacob Schneider scorned to do so. Soon after their departure, the revellers decided to disband on account of the fact that Tuesday was a class day. (This is, "over the left shoulder"—all ethical sharks take notice).

—On Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Feb. 17th and 18th, two spirited contests took place in Washington Hall at which the last weeding out of the debating contestants before the final was made. Seven speakers were up each night, four being chosen at each contest, and these men are to meet in a public debate in Washington Hall, Thursday evening, March 4th. The main speeches showed improvement over the first preliminary and the rebutting was good. According to the decisions of the judges the contestants were ranked in the following order, The first four of each list being the debaters that will compete on Thursday evening, March 4th: Wednesday evening, P. Herbert, J. McMahon, F. Walker, G. Finnigan, C. Miltner, W. Carey, T. Manion; on Thursday evening, J. Kanaley, M. Mathis, R. Collentine, J. Fox, J. Quinlan, T. Lahey and McCarthy.

—The Wisconsin Club, which during the recent well-fought campaign, constituted the nucleus of the Republican party in Clay Township, held its annual meeting in Room 21 of the Main Building on the evening of Feb. 18. The chief business of the meeting was the election of officers. The fight for the presidency promised to be a hard one, but the tactics of Mr. John Abraham Lincoln Diener, who before the election regaled the members of the club with a repast of chocolate cake, secured for himself the recognition which his strenuous activity in many fields well deserves. It may be remarked in passing that Mr. Diener promises to be in Wisconsin politics one such a man as the great Senator LaFollette, whose progressive fight for a square deal and clean politics appears to have been the inspiration of Mr. Diener's efforts during the last contest. To the careful observer Mr. Diener bears a close resemblance to Mr. LaFollette, not only in manner but also to the peculiar mode which both have adopted of dressing their hair. The other officers elected were: Fred Dana, vice-president; Carl Pick, secretary; Lawrence Reynolds, treasurer.