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The Grave.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

WHERE the moon plays her palest beams
On the cold grey sentinel stones,
That stand on guard in the old churchyard
Keeping watch over dead men's bones;
Where the dark winged night owls flit
'Round each silent grim-boding tomb,
Thro' death's own bower at the midnight hour,
In the deep and sepulchral gloom;
In that city of solitude
Waits a charnel-home yawning wide—
It may be mine or it may be thine
Fickle death can alone decide.
From the tramp and the mighty king
It compels the same fatal toll;
Death knows not fame nor renown of name
And it only yields to the soul.
'Tis the flesh, and the flesh alone,
That must stop at yonder grim gate,
For the inner soul seeks another goal—
And our lives will decide its fate.

Shadings of Shylock.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '10.



CRITICS of the modern school, without attempting to be as iconoclastic as Count Tolstoi, are almost unanimous in the opinion that Shakespeare was a practical showman as well as a poet. He wrote, not because the fire of genius burning within him created a desire on his part to raise his readers to

an appreciation of lyric poetry, but for a reason far more common and commercial. With him as with many of his successors it was a matter of pounds and pence. When, as a boy, he turned his steps from quiet Stratford towards London, it is improbable that his heart yearned for the fame that is so often unaccompanied by material reward. He did not dream that the inscription above his tomb would one day be read with reverence and awe by a throng of pilgrims gathered from all parts of the world. He did not think of Shakespearean festivals and Shakespearean revivals—scenic and unscenic. It is more probable that he thought of himself as a man of affairs—a man whose face, to use his own words, would be seen “where merchants most do congregate.” It was necessity, chance, if you prefer, that led him to the theatre. It was luck that gave him his first work as an actor, and ability that made him a stage-director. The spark of genius had begun to blaze. And yet Shakespeare had not become an idealist.

At this time Shakespeare realized that there was money in the theatrical business if the patrons of the playhouses were pleased. As a dramatist and as a manager he endeavored to please. A well-attended performance meant the same to Shakespeare as it does to Messrs. Belasco, Klaw and Erlanger, Brady or Shubert. It meant money, and it is to be believed that Shakespeare was just as ambitious to amass material goods as are his managerial brethren of the present day.

Shakespeare was, however, a real artist, and was possessed of certain ideas that he took pride in expressing through the medium of the theatre in which his plays

were produced. Even Count Tolstoi has ventured to say that these ideas were not far in advance of the Elizabethan period. Hence an obstacle presented itself to the poet-manager. In the case of Shylock this obstacle grew into a great barrier.

The Elizabethan Englishman had little consideration for the Jew. He demanded that the Jew on the stage should be made a buffoon—a low-comedy character. Shakespeare could not reconcile his own sentiments with those of his fellow-countrymen. His mind was a century or more in advance of his time. To him the Jew was a fellow-being, created by God and endowed not only with the same faculties but the same rights as other men. When the two opposing forces came together, that is, the demands of the playgoers and the Shakespearean ideas, the dramatist effected a compromise. He created a Jew whose character was so complex that the observer could find the essentials he wanted without suspecting that opposite elements were present in the creation. On the one hand Shylock was revengeful, vicious, bloodthirsty; yet the real Shakespearean idea is to be found between the lines, and the money-lender becomes a wronged man, a fond parent and an indulgent master who merely seeks retaliation for the abuse heaped upon him.

This complexity of character offers a rich field for histrionic interpretation, and actors of the modern school have taken full advantage of the opportunities offered them for bringing out every shade of meaning intended by the author. A study of the Shylock of Mr. Irving or Mr. Mansfield as compared with that of Mr. Skinner, Mr. Mantell or the more extreme Mr. Greet, will show the truth of this observation. The first-named actors have based the interpretation of their rôles on the Shakespearean ideal. The last-named, especially Mr. Greet, bring forth the Elizabethan conception of how the part should be played; the former inspire sympathy and even pity for the Jew, the latter dislike and aversion.

Sir Henry Irving, who is deemed by critics to have been the greatest of a long line of Shylocks, loved the part, and it is said by his associates that he often shed real tears in the scene where Shylock laments the loss of his daughter. He first gained the

sympathy of his audiences by making his Shylock old and infirm with a shuffling step and a voice that trembled and broke whenever he was deeply moved by any emotion. In his first scene he played rapidly, coming to the point in which the bond is mentioned without that calculation and scheming that other actors have used who desired to portray Shylock as a confirmed villain plotting to "catch Antonio upon the hip." In this same scene he speaks of the wrongs done him by Antonio. His tone is not defiant, but carries with it the note of complaint, like a child crying against some fancied injury done by its elders. It is not until after the elopement of Jessica that Mr. Irving began to emphasize the revengeful nature of the Jew. He is a parent, wronged by the daughter he loved and trusted. He is left alone in his old age, and it is then that he seeks reparation for the mistreatment that he has been forced to endure. And as the court not only refuses to uphold his claim but confiscates his property as well, he totters forth, we can easily imagine, to die of a broken heart. Playing in this key, sounding strongly the minor notes throughout, it is no wonder that when the curtain descended on this scene, the audience should be weeping for Shylock rather than rejoicing in the good fortune of Antonio and his dowry-hunting friend, Bassanio.

The Shylock of Mr. Mansfield was treated at length in an article published in the *SCHOLASTIC* a few months ago. Suffice it to say at this time that it was a wonderful piece of histrionism with its various lights and shades flashing in and out of the fabric. It was a finely portrayed character, filled with a grim humor and, in places, bringing to light a poetic feeling that one can easily imagine arising in the heart of an Oriental. The character was broadly conceived and thoroughly human—a careful man of business, forced to cling to his money bags simply because they afforded the only defense left the Venetian Jew.

To Mr. Ottis Skinner belongs the credit of having created a unique Shylock. He reverted to the Elizabethan standards of interpretation without making Shylock a buffoon. He secured the result without lowering the dignity of the character. Where

both the Irving and Mansfield Shylocks had shown an old and infirm man, unable at best to offer but a feeble resistance, the Skinner Shylock was young, full of life and filled with that vivacity of mind that has always been characteristic of the Jew. To appearance he was a man of middle age without even a touch of grey in his hair or beard. Such a character would arouse no sympathy because of his age, and when he appeared on the stage, dressed in rich attire, an ermine-lined cloak thrown about his shoulders and a well-filled purse swinging at his belt, the audience was fully prepared to accept him as a harsh, cruel and oppressing enemy whose only thought was of money and revenge.

Mr. Skinner read his lines with an accent pronouncedly Jewish, and in his first scene he dwelt upon every word, weighing them carefully and at the same time planning how he could best get the advantage of Antonio, whom he had long despised as a business rival. Shylock was always the central figure on the stage, and at no time did there appear to be the ghost of a show for Antonio until Portia arose to her great climax in the trial scene. Jessica became insignificant in the life of Shylock. It must be said; that although Mr. Skinner's technique was almost perfect and his interpretation artistic, the character lost much of its fine flavor, which is generally found to rest in the parental love characteristic of the Jew.

Ben Greet was referred to above as an extremist. He appears so on the surface, yet when one becomes acquainted with his real purpose, one sees that he is not extreme merely from a desire to be different. Mr. Greet is a scholar who has, perhaps, made a closer study of the Elizabethan stage than any other actor of the present day. His idea, expressed in a letter to the present writer, is set forth in the following words:

"I have not attempted to play Shakespeare as it was played in the poet's time. Tradition has left too little upon which to base such acting. My only desire is to play the works of the great master as they were written. My versions are uncut, and I have not rearranged the text in order to allow the exploitation of any star or

to permit heightened climaxes or stage pictures."

The Shylock of Mr. Greet, based on this theory, stands little above the other characters of the play. Like Mr. Skinner, Mr. Greet has made Shylock comparatively young, with a reddish beard and wig. The character is developed carefully and there are but few softened notes. He reaches his best point when in reply to the question as to what he will do with the pound of flesh, Shylock replies: "To bait fish withal." When Mr. Greet reads this line he turns with a doglike growl, and so virulent with hate is the remark that it spoils all chance for the Jew ever to win the sympathy of an audience.

The Belated Inspiration.

S. M. HARRISON, ENGLISH B.

WITH troubles I am sore beset,
And here I sit and fume and fret,
And all because I'm forced to chime
A verse or two, and make them rhyme.

My eyes are wild and tossed my hair,
I move uneasy in my chair;
I scratch my head and chew my pen,
Put down, scratch out, begin again.

They say it takes but little ink
To make the world sit up and think,
But oft that fluid I have dipped,
And torn up many a manuscript,

Yet in my brain no thoughts awake
That would the Earth's foundation shake,
Nor will my sterile pen make cause
To 'rouse the world unto applause.

I can not even make words rhyme,
Nor will the meter come in time.

One line's too short, the next too long,
When one is right the other's wrong.

At last a thought has come to me,—
A Homer I shall never be.
To me the Muses must have lent
This thought, and now I am content.

They that Fear.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.

Business was light at the office that day. Realizing that I would finish my day's work early I telephoned to the theatre and reserved a seat for the evening. Everything went along nicely during the afternoon, and at a quarter to four I closed up my work.

It was a dark December day a week before Christmas. The lights were just coming on. The windows everywhere were filled with the joys of the coming feast. The streets and cars were crowded with Christmas shoppers homeward bound. Long strings of evergreen, wreaths of holly, red bells, and many-colored lights adorned the shops and stores in every street. Fat gobblers dressed and ready for the table swung by the feet at the doors of the meat-shops. A feeling of kindness, of good cheer, of humanity of man to man seemed to prevail on every side. And as I emerged into the crisp fresh air of the street from the Rookery building a feeling of exhilaration passed over me, and I found myself unconsciously taking a brisk pace along with the happy, jostling crowd. There was joy in every step, there was inspiration at every new picture which flashed upon the eye, and the cheerfulness of Christmas filled my soul.

My quickened pace soon brought me in sight of my destination, the Twelfth Street Station. As I neared this noble structure with its high clock-tower telling forth the time of day my attention fell upon a small urchin sitting on a box in front of a little shop with his elbows on his knees and his chin resting on his palms. Beside him sat a dog, a common cur of the street. He might once have been white, but the dust and dirt of a life in the streets had changed his coat to a dirty yellow. Both seemed lost in thought, gazing purposelessly across the street. It was a picture of loneliness, of poverty and despondency, and while it had appeared that the happy spirit of Christmas reigned everywhere, here, indeed, was a spot where it failed to penetrate.

I neared the boy and spoke to him, but he seemed not to hear, only the dog turned toward me. I laid my hand on the little

fellow's shoulder and spoke to him again. He gave a quick start, looked up at me and turned away. His face, poor fellow, like the coat of the dog, showed plainly the traces of a life in the street. His clothes were unkempt and well worn, and his hands, poor little hands, were unkempt too. I assured him that I meant him no harm and that I would rather be of assistance to him, if it were possible.

It seems strange when I look back and think of it. In my daily journeys to and from the city I had passed many like him without ever giving them a thought. I can't tell why I noticed him. It may be that the picture he presented to my mind was such a contrast to the pleasant ones I had been enjoying that it abruptly broke in upon my consciousness and prompted me to act.

My offer of help seemed to reassure him, and he straightened up and turned his little face towards me:

"Well, sir, I guess you are all right, and all dat, but I've met so many people what wasn't dat way dat I'm scared of everybody now."

Ah yes, the Christmas spirit had failed to penetrate this little heart. This was the condition of a mere child—filled with fear, suspicious of the world,—“scared of everybody now.”

“My boy,” I said, to comfort him, “you know, not all people wish to harm. There are some who would be glad to help you, and I am one of them. Why are you afraid of everybody now? Have people been cruel to you? Haven't you a mother, or father, or a home?”

He stood up and kicked the box aside and the dog got up too. The boy looked away from me, off into the distance, and the dog got around in front of his master, and with pricked up ears stood looking at us both. The boy spoke:

“Yes, I've got a home and a Dad too, but Mom's with God.”

“But why are you afraid?” I asked. “Doesn't your father treat you kindly; are there people who are not kind to you?”

“Oh yes, I guess dey all treats me fair. Dad isn't home much, and when he is why he don't pay much 'tention to me.”

“Doesn't your father ever talk to you

and tell you stories of fairies or goblins or of days when he was young like you? Does he ever tell you how he wants you to be a good boy and grow up to be a good man? Doesn't he tell you things like that?"

The little fellow looked at me and a faint smile flashed across his face.

"Aw, yer kidding me now," he said, "I guess you are one of those fellahs what brings us kids to school, and I am pinched again."

"No, my boy," I said, "you are not pinched this time, but I want you to come with me to the passenger station yonder and tell me why you are afraid of everybody now."

He stuffed his little hands down in his coat pockets and looking away toward the station he said:

"I don't tink I'd be afraid of you if I knew you wasn't going to pinch me—'cause it's lonesome at the jail and dey asks you all kinds of hard questions."

We walked along, he by my side and the dog ahead, and shortly we came into the brilliantly lighted depot. We were soon seated in a secluded corner of the large waiting room. The boy seemed to take courage when he found that this time he was not to go to "jail;" and as I was removing my gloves he looked up at me and smiled, and pointing to the dog who was busily engaged in devouring the remains of some traveller's lunch which had been thrown to the floor near our seat, he said:

"Dat's what I gets for not watching dat Bounce, for that dog'll beat you to it every time if you don't keep yer eyes on him."

"Why," I said, "would you eat that?"

"Sure," he replied, "dat's good; it was in a sack when he got it." He was laughing now, for it seemed to amuse him at seeing Bounce extracting the scraps from the sack. He turned to me, his face brightening up, and said:

"Why wouldn't you eat it? If it's in a sack it's all right, ain't it?"

I realized that he looked at life in a different way from that in which I had been accustomed to view it, that his views were those of necessity; it was life or starvation to him and I answered him:

"Yes, I guess it's all right if it is in a sack.

But come, you were to tell me why you are afraid of people, why you think everybody wishes to harm you, to put you in jail? Things must be rather poor at your house, are they not?"

His attention was not now on the dog, but he was again gazing off into the distance. The pleasure and merriment had left his face and tears came to his eyes.

"No, I haven't got much of a home now. Dad used to be good to me, but now he acts as though he didn't know I was livin'. He doesn't talk to me, and it makes it lonesome, for he's de only one in de world dat I cares for, and I'd like to be friends with him. Since God took Mom home's been a lonesome place for me—everything's so quiet. When Mom was there we had all we wanted to eat and Dad was good then—to Mom and me. But now everything's cold and empty. Dad don't bring home much to eat. He asks me sometimes if I'm hungry. It kind of scares me, and I say 'no,' and then he doesn't say any more, but sits and sleeps—sometimes Dad goes to sleep on the chair and falls off onto the floor. It scares Bounce and he jumps up and barks."

"My little boy," I interrupted, "when your father doesn't bring home much to eat, what do you do for food? Are there ever days when you are hungry all day long?"

It was a sad case and I feared I knew little of what this poor little creature who was battling practically alone in the thoughtless world really suffered. He had begun to place confidence in me and was becoming interested in his own little tale of hardships and want. The tears had faded away and the look of dejection had left his face.

"Well when Dad don't bring home much to eat," he replied, "Bounce and I goes out and looks for something. Sometimes the man what keeps the bake-shop near our house lets me sweep out for him or clean his cellar, and then he gives me bread and cookies what's kind of hard, but Bounce and I likes 'em. Sometimes we gets some swell cookies with jell on 'em only they are dry. I soaks 'em in water and dey are just as good as new. And then we work for the man what runs the grocery store and he gives us bananas what's kind of black. Bounce usen't to like bananas, but he eats 'em now same as I do, only he wants salt on his." The relating of this

tickled the little fellow and he laughed out in real glee. Bounce on hearing his master's voice came scurrying back from his hunt under the seats for more castaway food, and entered into the jollity by wagging his tail and assuming a very pleasant expression. If it can ever be conceded that dogs laugh, then Bounce was surely laughing, highly elated and surprised, perhaps, to behold his master in so jovial a mood.

"Yes, Bounce and I," the little fellow continued, "hunts around when we gets hungry and finds something like that. But we didn't have to do that when Mom was here, for we had lots to eat then. And home was nice and warm and we never used to get lonesome."

"My boy, how long has it been since your Mama was taken from you?" I asked him.

He gazed down at the floor and a thoughtful look came over his face.

"Oh, it was a long time ago," he sighed, "I was only six years old when Mom took sick and died. Dad says that's how old I was."

"And you have been alone since then?" I asked.

"No, not all alone, for there was Bounce and Dad besides me. Dad was good to us for awhile after God took Mom away, and I used to go to school and things wasn't so lonesome then. Bounce and I used to sit around the stove, evenings, and wonder what Mom was doing and if she'd ever come back. I'd ask Dad if she would, and he'd look into the fire, and then after awhile, he'd say, 'Maybe.' But now I know that she will never come back, for when God takes you He keeps you, and you never come here any more."

Tears were beginning to flood his eyes again.

"No," I said to him, "your Mama will not come back any more; but you must not think of that. Think of the time when you will go to her. She is in the land where there is no hunger, no fear, no lonesomeness,—nothing but love and kindness and happiness. Think of the time when she and you will meet in a new home like that, where you can live forever and ever. She will never be taken from you then, but you will always be together. Then your Papa, he will be there too. He will be kind to you and will talk to you and tell you stories, and all will be happiness.

These are the thoughts you must think: these are the hopes you must cherish. Remember that your Mama is waiting for you. She is watching you every day. She wants you to be a good boy, so that when you die you may go and be happy with her."

The little fellow had listened attentively. The hurrying to and fro of the throngs of people homeward bound was a spectacle of which he was not aware.

The time had passed swiftly even for me, and I found that we had been in the station an hour and a half. I had missed three suburban trains and the next was to leave in five minutes. I got up to go. We walked together to the large door leading out to the trains and the little fellow informed me of the location of his shallow home. We reached the gates and I paused to bid him good-bye. I pressed into his hands three crisp bills, the money I had meant to use for a box in the theatre. The sensation which the possession of these bills cast upon him caused him to become completely overawed. It was a lot of money to him, and its possibilities were limitless. In an instant the awe turned to joy, but a joy which at first he was unable to express. He grasped my hand in both of his and on gaining his voice the true sincerity of his heart broke forth. The grandest eulogies that were ever paid to men are as nothing in comparison to the thanksgiving which this waif of the street felt and offered to me. It was the thanksgiving of a soul which for years had not received very much from the world to be thankful for.

It was a pleasant sacrifice that I made that evening as I sat in the library musing upon the incident. I became for the first time to consider truly that numerous contingent of humanity which might well be classed as "Those that Fear." This was a scene in the drama of life that was new to me. It told of the inhumanity of man to man. Its pathos reached the soul—the theatre might not have done so.

Nature's Homage.

Fair May is here with all her charms
To welcome our most loving Queen;
All Nature turns to honor her

Who watches o'er us all unseen. T. D.

May.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

SEASON of showers and fresh b'ooming flowers,
Rainbows in glory like new beaming day;
Sunshine and shadows and verdant clad meadows
Season of happiness, season of May.

All things to beauty thou seemest in duty
Bound to adorn like a queen in array;
Jewels and laces and bright gleaming faces,
Season of comeliness, season of May.

Season of pleasures and font of rich treasures,
All that the harvest will ever display
Thou art now nursing, their fragrance dispersing,
Season of hopefulness, season of May.

Modern Spanish Literature.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '12.

While modern Spanish literature may be said to date from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, a well-defined element has entered into it more recently which marks a distinct improvement, and which should indeed be cause sufficient for a new classification. It was chiefly through the influence of Varela that Spain was freed from the dominating influence which French literature had exercised since the accession of the Bourbons to the throne in 1701. Although in its nascent state it lacks the virility and fecundity which should characterize a literature that is to live, there is an unmistakable spark of vitality. The writers of the pre-French period were characterized by their romantic originality and great power, but these qualities were mercilessly sacrificed for the artificial French pseudo-brilliance which intervened and held Spanish literature captive for a century and a half. But there is no doubt that a new era is dawning, and unless it is choked by the faddists of to-day, Spain will regain a place of prominence in the world's literature. Varela himself, writing of this emancipation, says: "We owe much to foreign influence, not only in theory and perception, but in criticism as well. We

have followed the classical French models of Luzan, and we have borrowed our romance from Paris.... Fortunately, from the depths of this base vassalage there comes the cry, faint though it is, of emancipation. I protest most vigorously against the repeated assertion that, except for local color, there is nothing Spanish in our literature of to-day: notwithstanding the indisputable imitation, we possess to-day, and we always have possessed, a deep fountain of originality in our literature."

But although Varela was the first of this latter-day school to eliminate all traces of foreign style from his writings, he was not the first to exhibit this marked tendency. The patriarch of this revolution may be said to be Campoamor. Ramon de Campoamor y Campoosorio, born in 1817, had a rather checkered career. He early abandoned his idea of becoming a Jesuit, and tried the practice of medicine for a while, turning finally to poetry and politics—a rather antithetical mixture. He tried the drama and the philosophical essay without any measure of success, though his mock-controversy with Varela on metaphysics and poetry has enriched the fund of Spanish humorous productions. He attained perfection in his *doloras*, *humoradas* and *pequenos poemas* (short poems). He himself defines these creations in terms that are almost as confusing as the names themselves: "a dolora is a dramatized humorada, and a pequeno poema is an amplified dolora." The humorada is nothing more nor less than one of those aphoristic verities which are as old as the world itself, and a dolora is a transcendental "fable in which this truth is enacted." He prides himself on being commonplace, but he has few equals in the subtle skill with which he enforces a trite truth. But the literature of the period cried out for something more vigorous than a songster. The cry was heard and the response came in the person of Juan Varela y Alcala Galiano, born in 1827. He spent his early life in the diplomatic service of his country. Although he made his debut in literature at the comparatively late age of forty years, he was extremely prolific, and the good he has done to Spain's literature is incalculable. His strenuous protest against foreign influence was noted in

his earliest poems. A painstaking effort to follow the technique of such writers as Luis de Leon is very noticeable, and although his verses show no inspired perfection they are of great value as they mark a return to the gravity and dignity which are so characteristic of the best productions of the noontide of Spanish literature.

His first novel, "Pepita Jimenez," was a revelation. It was "the cutting of the cable with which France held Spain in tow." It is essentially Spanish, and displays what Coventry Patmore calls "that complete synthesis of gravity of matter and gaiety of manner which is the glittering crown of art, and which, out of Spanish literature, is to be found only in Shakespeare, and even in him in a far less obvious degree." His later works, "Doña Luz," and "Comendador Mendoza" have excelled his first effort. His diplomatic training really stood in his way as a critic, for he was prone to be lavish in his compliments; but his wide reading, his cosmopolitan life and his clearness of expression suit him admirably for critical work. His "Cartas Americanas" are delightful examples of complimentary criticism. His recent death has robbed Spain of a figure which meant much to her national literature.

A really unworthy competitor of Varela is Leopoldo Alas, better known as "Clarín," who is as much feared as a critic as Varela was loved. He is merciless in his exposition and denunciation of whatever he considers fraud or pretense in literature, and although his intolerance is distressing, the bold way in which he attacks an established reputation and the attitude he assumes in defence of his expressed opinions have won for him some distinction. He wrote one novel, "La Regenta," but it was a complete failure. Its style was decidedly Ibsenesque.

A man scarcely less original than Varela is José María de Pereda who began life as a simple rustic up in the Pyrenees, and won his fame by depicting life as he knew it there. Unfortunately for him, the public was not in a receptive mood when he began to write: it had fed upon the sentimentalism of Trueba and Caballero, and the realism of Pereda came as a rude awakening. His style is energetic, and he truly depicts the nature

which he loves. His best novels are "Don Gonzalo Gonzalez de la Gonzolera" and "Pedro Sanchez."

The living influence of a book finds a splendid and pleasing illustration in the novel "Pequeneces" written about twenty years ago by Padre Luis Coloma, S. J. It was a society novel, but in its pages there was nothing of which society could be proud. It probably attracted more attention than any book of the time, for it boldly attacked the vice and immorality of the Spanish nobility and aristocracy, and its blows were telling. Although the author was a Jesuit, his early life had been spent at court, and besides the deep insight into human nature which seemed intuitive in him, and which was developed by his studies and in the exercise of his priestly office, he was thoroughly acquainted with the life about which he wrote, and he knew whereof he spoke. He was, moreover, a master of the literary art. There are no more exquisitely fragrant pages in the literature of any nation than in the first chapter of his famous novel. He has great power and dramatic ability, and his simplicity and tenderness of expression soften the cruelty of the scenes he depicts. His noble aim shines through his work, and although Father Coloma must find some gratification in having enriched the literature of Spain with so priceless a gem, he seems to find his chief content in feeling that he has contributed in some measure to the good of his fellowman.

In sharp contrast to this man, who wrote in open defiance of public opinion, and who with a single book gained a lasting reputation is Benito Perez Galdos, a native of the Canary Islands. He is probably the most prolific writer of the period. Although essentially Spanish, his style and general conduct partake of our present day "Americanism." He felt the popular pulse and knew how to respond quickly. Therefore, we note three different stages in his writings—the historical novel, the political novel and the contemporary romance. James Fitzmaurice Kelly, of the Royal Spanish Academy, ventures the prophecy that "Fortuna y Jacinta," and "Angel Guerra" will stand as monuments of his fame, though other critics are less sanguine and prefer to regard him rather as a pass-

ing comet whose brilliance will be short-lived.

But no movement is ever carried on successfully without an attempted reaction. A regrettable return to French models is noted in Armando Palacio Valdes and Emilia Hardo Bazan. The decadence of the Spanish drama is also a matter of sincere regret. Two writers in particular have occupied themselves with it during the last quarter of a century, but the results are really discouraging. I refer to José Echegaray and Gaspar Nuñez de Arce. Though Nuñez de Arce's "Haz de Leña" is the best historical drama produced in Spain within the past century, it falls far short of what we should expect from the successors of Lope de Vega and Calderon de la Barca. Nuñez de Arce, however, saw his mistake in time, and contented himself with his songs. His poem, "Gritos de Combate" (Cries of Combat), which is a fierce denunciation of anarchy and a plea for liberty, is worthy of a prominent place in Spanish literature.

But there is a new and practically undeveloped field open to Spain, and judging from the quality of the work produced thus far in the Latin-American States, she may hope to again attain a place of honor in literature. Strange though it may seem, the smallest of these states has produced the man whose reputation is most apt to live. Juan Zorilla de San Martin, a native of Uruguay, has had the honor of producing the first epic of real merit dealing with the American Indian. In "Tabaré," he tells of the passing of the "Charrúas," and his treatment of his theme is superb. It may almost be called a lyric epic, as he has followed with pleasing effect the lyric contrivance of "assonance," peculiar to Spanish literature and has breathed his own soul into "Tabaré," the semi-savage hero. It adds to the sedate originality of Spanish verse the inspiration of the wild and picturesque life of the South American Indian.

Although the other Republics of South America have been more tardy in producing a national literature, there are several worthy representatives of the school of modern Spanish literature in Latin America. Ricardo Palma in Peru, Heredia in Cuba, Juan de Dios Peza, Manuel M. Flores, Lopez Portillo, and Ignacio Altamarano in Mexico, are perhaps the most worthy of mention.

Although lyric poetry has been considerably neglected, men of such merit as Santos Chocaur have saved it from absolute oblivion.

To quote Varela: "The fault lies not with the authors, but with the Spanish public." It has been found to be a difficult matter to train the popular taste, so long accustomed to the dashing and impassioned French style, to the simpler elegance of the real Spanish. Even now, we find writers of recognized merit, such as Perez Escrich, debasing themselves to suit the popular taste rather than endeavoring to carry on the work so nobly begun by Campoamor and Varela. Political disturbances, anarchy, social disorders and adverse criticism, all seem to tend to repress this flower which has had so auspicious an opening, but we may still hope that the proverbial common sense and good judgment of the Spanish people will rise to the occasion and not allow it to perish.

Evening.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.

OFT I wander through the woodland in the quiet
 after glow
 When o'erhead the silvered glory of the starry lights
 doth show,
 And I pass beneath the elm-trees peopled with a
 minstrel throng
 But the gladsome throats are weary and refuse the
 pleasing song.

 Rocked within a lily bower dreams the beetle bold
 and free,
 Cradled in the blushing rosebud sleeps the weary
 honey-bee,
 High among the ivied giants, sent'nels of the silent
 grove,
 Flits the brightly burning firefly and the bats and
 owlets rove.

 Out upon the heaving bosom of the moonlit river
 rides,
 Fairylike, a masted sailer 'gainst whose gently
 rocking sides
 Wash the waves in mirthful fashion while the lulling
 evening breeze,
 Sweeping landward in its ramblings, makes sweet
 music through the trees.

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—According to news dispatches the peerless leader of the National Irish party in the British House of Commons, William

Redmond, introduced a comprehensive bill providing for Justice to the removal of Catholic disabilities, an alteration in the accession oath and repealing old statutes hampering religious orders in the acquisition of properties. Although this measure was supported by the opinion of all fair-minded men in England, and had the public endorsement of Premier Asquith it provoked an opposition from other sources that proves the tendency towards what is scientifically termed atavism. For, just before Mr. Redmond arose to speak on his measure a petition of protest signed by 30,000 persons was handed to the chairman. It was a great many years ago that Blackstone wrote his commentaries on the English law. The list of penalties and disabilities there summarized suffers by comparison with the edicts of the early Roman emperors against the Christians. In an apologetic tone the commentator observes that the more severe are very rarely invoked to utmost rigor. "And,

indeed," he says "if they were, it would be very difficult to excuse them. For they are rather to be accounted for from their history and the urgency of the times which produced them, than to be approved as a standing system of law. It ought not to be left in the breast of every merciless bigot to drag down the vengeance of these laws upon inoffensive, though mistaken subjects." Battle after battle, in which brains and justice have been pitted against prejudice and ignorance have resulted in the repeal of the more aggravating of these laws. The few that still remain on the statute books have no justification in policy of justice and they will, no doubt, be eventually if not presently removed, for we believe that the English people as a body stand for justice.

—From far away Nova Scotia comes a letter from a Methodist minister addressed to the Catholic press. It is an appeal to

Catholics to make their faith known to the non-Catholic world—to correct the slanders that are current among non-Catholics and to give a reason for the beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church. Such a letter coming from a clergyman of the Protestant church is rare, to say the least. It is all the more surprising when it is taken into consideration that this minister is a resident of Nova Scotia, a section that has long been known as a seat of the narrowest bigotry. The letter is sane; it is practical, and it voices a sentiment that marks the writer as a man of broad mind and unprejudiced thought. He states that among Protestants there are many who do not really know that a church existed during the period between the Ascension of Christ and the Reformation. This latter is accepted as a new revelation without taking into account the power that preserved the faith during the fourteen years prior to the time of Luther. These people do not know the Catholic Church. They know a thing they call "Romanism" or "Papacy," which is merely a distorted caricature of Catholicism. It is from such men as this minister who know the truth and are not afraid of expressing it that the Catholic Church is enabled to gain a true conception of the Protestant attitude. Through a medium of

this kind, the missionaries of the Church can plan the campaign that will bring the light where it is most needed. And it should not be left to the clergy alone to do this. Every layman who loves his faith should be a missionary in this work. He should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him and should have at hand the information, explanation and the reasoning that prove to a certainty the sacred claims of the Catholic Church. Thanks to the Nova Scotia minister for his sincere and courageous suggestion. It is up to us to act upon it.

Statement.

In the account of the final Interhall Freshman debate between Holy Cross Hall and Corby Hall which I contributed to the SCHOLASTIC of last week one of the judges of the contest was quoted to the effect that "They (Corby) had the better arguments, but they did not put enough force into them." The correctness of the quotation was subsequently questioned, and upon inquiry made to the particular judge I found that I had seriously, though unintentionally, misquoted him—what he did say having been merely that they had the better side of the question.

J. F. O'Hara.

Lecture by Judge Dunne.

Last Wednesday forenoon the student body had the pleasure of listening to a very instructive discourse on Municipal Ownership by ex-Mayor Edward F. Dunne of Chicago. On his appearance upon the platform the lecturer was greeted with a munificence of applause which evidenced the esteem entertained by all at Notre Dame for this great leader in public affairs. Judge Dunne displayed a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of his subject, showing what a tremendous tendency has grown up within the last twenty-five years towards the municipilization of all public utilities. He weighed carefully the arguments on both sides of his question, and basing his contention on the experience of the past, both in this and in foreign countries, produced striking statistics from which he concluded that Municipal Ownership was both feasible and desirable.

Book Reviews.

THE COIN OF SACRIFICE. By Christian Reid. The Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

"The Coin of Sacrifice," recently issued in booklet form, is an admirable story—in form and *substance* a genuine piece of literature. We emphasize the latter element because very many things that pass for literature do not possess that prime essential, solid substance. The theme is indissoluble marriage. The situation is strong and convincing; the setting entirely plausible; the intensification artistic; the diction is natural, the style vigorous and elegant throughout. The story is not faultless in every respect, nor is it calculated to fascinate, but it does illustrate rightly, forcibly and interestingly, one of the most vital concerns of our religious, social and civil life. Lovers of fiction ought to read this story, and any person who, having read it, fails to appreciate its worth needs to find fault with himself.

THE LEPERS OF MOLOKAI. By Charles Warren Stoddard. The Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Charles Warren Stoddard has painted many beautiful word pictures, but never during his career as an author did he use this gift to better purpose than in "The Lepers of Molokai." This little volume, which comes from the press of the Ave Maria, is a gem of descriptive writing. The author displays a broad sympathy for those unfortunates who are forced to spend their lives in exile, and he gives an accurate account of their life in their island home. He mingled with them; he visited their homes; he saw them at their amusements. In one chapter he tells of a visit to Father Damien, that brave young priest who was as truly a martyr as those who gave up their lives for the faith during the early Christian era. To read of this man is to love him, and Mr. Stoddard has omitted no detail from the picture. "The Lepers of Molokai" is a good book for Catholics, but we recommend it especially to be placed in the hands of non-Catholics. It will show them what our missionaries are, and how little they consider their own comfort in

their efforts to benefit the lives and save the souls of others.

THE PREACHERS' PROTEST. By Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. Peter Reilly, publisher, Philadelphia, 25 cents.

The "Preachers' Protest" comprises a series of lectures on "Religion, Politics, Bigotry" occasioned in the first place by the notorious protest of certain Protestant leaders against the fine, American letter on the subject of religious bigotry in politics published by President Roosevelt during the campaign of last Fall. The second and third of the three lectures were delivered in direct answer to the criticism in reply and the charges against Catholics and Catholicity preferred on the lecture platform by Rev. S. M. Vernon, D. D., a prominent Methodist divine of Philadelphia. Appendices furnish the answers of Dr. Vernon to the lectures of the author, and the letter of President Roosevelt to J. C. Martin. Father McDermott's treatment of the several points raised is at once strong and courteous. Anyone desirous of knowing just what these revamped charges were and what are the answers to them should secure a copy of this publication.

COSTUME OF PRELATES. By the Rev. J. A. Nainfa, S. S. John Murphy Co., Baltimore. \$1.50.

"The Costume of Prelates" of the Catholic Church according to Roman etiquette, by Father Nainfa, Sulpician, Professor of Church History and Liturgy in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, is a book which supplies a need, as there has been hitherto no work in English of the kind on that subject. The work treats first of the different classes of prelates who are entitled to wear a special costume, then of the general materials and colors prescribed, and, finally, of all the details of prelatial dress, with addition of some of the principles governing ecclesiastical heraldry and the special privileges of Doctors. The work has the *Imprimatur* of Cardinal Gibbons, and it will no doubt be accepted as a standard. Those who have a duty of knowing the things contained in this volume will be pleased to have them set forth in such handy form, and others may find in the book much interesting instruction on matters that are little or confusedly known even by intelligent Catholics.

First Communion by Large Class on Ascension Day.

Last Thursday, the Feast of the Ascension, was a truly impressive occasion for everyone at Notre Dame, and an ever memorable one for those who had on that day the great happiness of receiving Holy Communion for the first time.

The ceremonies began with a solemn procession of the student body, professors, communicants in uniform, clergy, ministers and Bishop, from the parlor of the Main Building around the quadrangle to the church. During the procession appropriate hymns were played by the University Band. All having arrived at the Church Solemn High Mass *Coram Episcopo*—the Rt. Rev. H. J. Alerding of Fort Wayne occupying the throne—was celebrated by the Rev. President Cavanaugh, assisted by Fathers Walsh and Lavin as deacon and subdeacon. An eloquent sermon befitting the occasion was delivered by Rev. Father Schumacher. At the Communion those who were to receive entered the sanctuary and with most edifying devotion ascended the steps of the altar to receive the Most Holy Sacrament.

This year's class, one of the largest ever prepared at the University, counted thirty-six members, nearly all being students of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls. The final instruction, extending over several weeks, was given by Rev. Father O'Malley, and the retreat of two days preparatory to their first approach to the Sacred Table was most successfully conducted by Bro. Alban, C. S. C. Those who received were:

FIRST COMMUNION AND CONFIRMATION.

James Louis Kelly, William Thos. Nelson, Paul Daniel Nelson, James Francis Russell, Francis Walsh, Franklin Van Cleve, Jack Conrad Wittenberg, Oscar Henry Schwalbe, Dean William Comerford, Louis Jas. Weldon, John Russell Denvir, John W. Henry, Samuel Allerton Dee, Richard Francis McCarthy, Irwin Isaac Hunniford, John Francis Sullivan, Vincent Bernard Quinn, Thomas Seery, Guilford Fuller Homan, Sylvester Vyzral, Edward Warren Denvir, Clarence Franklin Hommowun, Job Evans Stevenson, Joseph Wilson Mullally, Thomas Davis Glynn, Paul

Fant, Francis Marion Walsh, George Walker Clarke, Francis Michael McInerney, Mark Antony Rumely, Flournoy J. D. Stevenson, Bert Aloysius Railton, George F. Holden, P. Fay Wood, Carmo Del Dixon, Robert M. Bowen.

FIRST COMMUNION ONLY.

Frank Ramirez, Roberto Ramirez, José Zapata, Lino Zapata.

At one-thirty in the afternoon all again assembled in the church, and nearly all of those who had received Communion in the morning, together with Messrs. Andrew Harold McConnell, Harry A. Curtis, Leo Buckley, Clement Ulatowski, Henry Dean Hammond, John O'Donnell, Francis Stramek, Henry George Glueckert, Edward Leo Monaghan, received Confirmation from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding. Before the administration of the Sacrament the Bishop addressed to the *Confirmandi* a beautiful sermon of instruction and exhortation. After the Confirmation followed Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, and the day's services were concluded with the hymn "Holy God," sung by the congregation. The joyful day was still further gladdened for a number of the First Communicants by the presence of their parents and other relatives. Everyone who attended the services must have felt that it is a privilege for one to be able to make the First Communion at Notre Dame; and it really is. The preparation is more careful and adequate than any that can well be given in other places, and no effort is spared to give the day of First Communion its due solemnity and impressiveness.

In the College World.

Right Rev. Bishop Lillis of Leavenworth, Kansas, delivered a lecture at the University of Kansas recently on the divorce evil in America.

The board of education, by a vote of six to three, passed a resolution recently prohibiting Catholics from teaching in the Toronto public schools.

W. J. Warner, '02, of Cornell, twice All-American guard, has been secured to coach

the Wabash eleven next year. He has had much experience and success as a coach.

An Indiana Inter-Collegiate Press Association has been organized and held its first meeting on May 7 at Indiana University. De Pauw, Wabash, Butler, Earlham and Indiana are members of the association.

The Jesuits have turned over the management of St. Louis University to a board of laymen. The only reservation made in favor of the clergy is that the President shall be a Jesuit, and that he and the Archbishop of St. Louis shall be *ex officio* members of the board.

The new "Boston College" at Newton, Mass., will be a splendid example of modern college architecture. The plans provide for fifteen buildings in English Collegiate Gothic style. Work on the buildings will be started next summer. The Most Rev. Archbishop O'Connell of Boston, is an alumnus of the college, and is doing all in his power to carry the work through successfully. The college will remain at its present location in Boston until a great part of the work is completed. O. S. A.

Personals.

—H. A. Drew, of the 'Varsity pitching staff in 1900, is now at Long Pine, Neb.

A welcome visitor to the University during the past week was Dr. James C. Monaghan. Unfortunately Dr. Monaghan did not find it possible to arrange a convenient hour for a lecture.

—A Chicago paper of recent date contains the following reference to James T. Keefe (Ph. B., 1907), who is at present taking post-graduate work at Iowa State University:

Keefe, the former Notre Dame star athlete, who is eligible to run for Iowa in the state intercollegiate field meet to be held at Des Moines on May 29, will enter the 220-yard and possibly the quarter-mile in addition to the half-mile. Keefe has a record close to 0.50 flat in the quarter, and if he succeeds in getting into condition it is believed he is good to win both the longer races and possible place in the 220.

—Among the old student visitors during the past week were: John T. Kane, Pontiac, Ill.; Stewart Graham, Chicago; Kenneth

MacDonald, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Joseph Kerrigan, Kankakee, Ill.; N. Nelson, Chicago; Byron V. Kanaley, Chicago.

—Nicholas J. Sinnott (A. B., 1892) is making a reputation for himself in the Oregon Senate. *The Portland Labor Press* of Feb. 18 thus reports Mr. Sinnott's talk in the interests of the Employers' Liability Bill:

Mr. Sinnott, who introduced the bill, made a splendid plea for its passage. His address on this bill was the most impressive talk delivered before the Upper House during the entire session so far. Large, distinguished, pleasant, powerful and deliberate, Senator Sinnott is easily the master of debate in the Senate, but very few measures have been championed by him and none had his sympathy and incessant attention so much as this bill.

No senator on the floor speaks less than Sinnott, yet compared to the rest who are numerous heard on all manner of bills, he stands high in the regard of everyone, and when Sinnott speaks the Senate listens. It does not always heed his advice, however, for the very good reason that lack of understanding and diversity of interest decree otherwise. Nevertheless, Senator Sinnott is entitled to the lasting gratitude of labor for what he has accomplished in the past and for his efforts during this session.

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame, 87; M. A. C., 39.

The Michigan "Aggie" track team, came, saw, and was conquered on Cartier Field by the Varsity, Thursday, May 13. In every event they were easily outclassed with the exception of the pole-vault and the two mile run.

Two state records were broken at the meet. In the shot-put, Dimmick on his first effort heaved the pill out 43ft. 2½ inches for a record, and in the discus-throw Philbrook broke his own record of 125ft. 3in. established earlier in the year at Culver, with a throw of 130f. 1in.

Considering the condition of the track and the strong wind that was blowing, some of the events were run in very good time. Duffy reeled off the quarter in 54 seconds, finishing strong. MacDonald made his first appearance on the track this season and took third place in this event. In the 220-yd. dash, Wasson took first place with a comfortable lead and MacDonald ran a pretty race, beating out Oviatt for second honors.

The two-mile race was one of the most exciting events of the meet. After several of the men had run nearly a quarter of a mile it was discovered that Tillotson and Perkins—two of Michigan's star men—and Steers of Notre Dame, were not in the race. As an act of courtesy to the visitors, Coach Maris consented to start the race over again. At the beginning of the last quarter, Steers and BenOliel were far in the rear. But BenOliel made a wonderful sprint and succeeded in making up a good deal of ground, thus getting third place.

The work of Sullivan in the pole-vault was a surprise to many. Moriarty was kept out of the meet owing to an injured leg, and it was expected that we would get a third in the pole-vault. But Sullivan stuck right with Bancroft and divided first honors with him.

Summary.

100 yd. dash—Wasson, 1st; Connell, 2d; Loveland, 3d. Time, 10 2-5.

Mile-run—Steers, 1st; Tillotson, 2d; Devine, 3d. Time, 4:47.

120-yd. high hurdles—Philbrook, 1st; Schmitt, 2d; McNab, 3d. Time, 16 4-5.

440-yd. run—Duffy, 1st; Oviatt, 2d; MacDonald, 3d. Time, 54.

220-yd. dash—Wasson, 1st; MacDonald, 2d; Oviatt, 3d. Time, 22 3-5.

Half mile—Dana, 1st; Allen, 2d; Oviatt, 3d. Time, 2:03.

220-yd. low hurdles—Fletcher, 1st; Cartwright, 2d; McNab, 3d. Time, 26 4-5.

Two mile run—Perkins, 1st; Tillotson, 2d; BenOliel, 3d. Time, 10:40.

Shot-put—Dimmick, 1st; Philbrook, 2d; Burroughs, 3d. Distance, 43 feet 2½ inches.

High jump—Fletcher, 1st; Allen, 2d; Connell, 3d. Height, 5 feet 6 inches.

Broad jump—Wasson, 1st; Roth, 2d; Allen, 3d. Distance, 20 feet 10 inches.

Pole-Vault—Sullivan and Bancroft, 1st; Baker, 3d. Height, 9 feet 6 inches.

Discus-throw—Philbrook, 1st; Dimmick, 2d; Burroughs, 3d. Distance, 130 feet 1 inch.

Hammer-throw—Dimmick, 1st; Wheeler, 2d; Philbrook, 3d. Distance, 137 feet.

* *

N. I. A. A. TRACK MEET.

The annual meet of the Northern Indiana Interscholastic League was held on Cartier Field, Saturday, May 15, with great success. Despite the threatening weather a large number of loyal rooters came from the various towns which are in the league.

Hammond High School won the meet with a total of 37 points. South Bend was second with 27¼ and Goshen third with 26¼.

The winner of the gold medal for individual work was Dick of Goshen High School, Kennedy of Hammond, and Grant of South Bend, giving him a close race for the honor.

A man who attracted considerable attention for his all-around good work was Kirby of South Bend. Entered in seven events, he took places in four of them, winning 7¼ points for his team, and with a little luck he would probably have won the first honors for individual work. In the 220-yard low hurdles, Kirby lost his stride near the end of the race and hit one of the hurdles. He had a bad fall, but even at that he succeeded in taking third place.

* *

Notre Dame, 8; Rose Poly, 0.

The game on Wednesday afternoon was as easy as most of the others of the season have been.

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Rose Poly						
Bradford 2b.....	4	0	0	2	3	3
Mooney, 1b.....	4	0	0	7	0	0
Lawlor, c.....	4	0	0	4	2	0
Beckman, p.....	4	0	2	1	1	0
Schuck, ss.....	4	0	0	3	2	0
Watts, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Buckner, lf.....	3	0	1	4	0	1
Wyeth, cf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Bennett, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	0	1

Total 30 0 3 27* 8 5

* Daniels out—hit by batted ball.

	AB	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Notre Dame						
Connelly, 3b.....	4	2	4	1	0	1
McKee, cf.....	4	0	2	1	0	0
Daniels, 1b.....	4	0	0	11	0	0
Kelly, lf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Hamilton, rf.....	3	3	2	0	0	1
Moloney, ss.....	2	1	0	0	2	1
McDonough, c.....	4	0	1	12	2	0
Bothwick, 2b.....	3	2	1	1	5	0
Burke, p.....	4	0	0	1	3	0

Total 32 8 10 27 12 3

Rose Poly—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0
Notre Dame—0 4 0 1 1 0 1 1 x=8.

Struck out—By Beckman, 3; by Burke, 10. Bases on balls—Off Beckman, 4. Hit by pitcher—By Beckman, 2; by Burke, 2. Two base hits—Connelly, Beckman. Three base hits—Connelly. Home Run—Hamilton. Stolen bases—Hamilton, Moloney, Bothwick, McKee, Connelly, Barret, Wyeth. Sacrifice hits—McKee. Umpire—Deehan.

* *

Notre Dame, 12; Minnesota, 6.

The diamond contest with Minnesota on Thursday afternoon did not measure up to anticipations. The game was ragged on both sides to the amount of 14 errors for the two teams. Scanlon pitched his usual game for six inning, but went to pieces in the seventh. Minnesota was in the lead and the situation did not look good. But Heyl was substituted for Scanlon with the desired effect. A magnificent rally on the part of the locals in their half of the seventh and sustained through the eighth realized eight runs. Phillips pitched fine ball for Minnesota, but support was lacking.

Notre Dame—2 2 0 0 0 0 6 2 *=12 13 5
Minnesota—0 0 0 2 4 0 0 0 *=6 5 9

Bases on balls—Off Scanlon, 3; off Heyl, 2, off Phillips, 2; off Victor, 2. Two base hit—Hamilton. Hit by pitched ball—McGovern, Stockland. Struck out—By Scanlon, 4; by Heyl, 2; by Phillips, 4; by Victor, 1. Passed balls—Stockland, 2. Umpire—Deehan, South Bend.

* *

Penn State, who came yesterday bearing a collection of fine scalps, left their own marked 9-0.

Local Items.

—Lost:—A scarf pin. Finder please return to the Students' Office.

—The University grounds now present a beautiful appearance. The tress are in leaf

and the flowers and shrubs have begun to make a fine showing. This is the finest time of the year at Notre Dame and everybody seems to be enjoying it.

—Lost.—A bunch of keys. Finder will greatly oblige owner by delivering them to Brother Alphonsus.

—Last Sunday afternoon nine doughty baseball champions from Carroll - Hall marched over to Dujarié Institute sanguine of an easy victory. But it seems the little fellows at the Institute, after an exciting game, surprised them to the time of 17 to 16. The Carrollites, however, were consoled by the promise of another game in which they hope to recover their prestige.

—The work on Walsh Hall is progressing rapidly and one can now gain some idea as to what the exterior of the new building will be like. The side walls are being erected and the stone trimmings are being put in shape. Work on the building will be pushed as rapidly as possible during the summer, and it is expected that when school opens in September, the rooms in the new hall will be ready for occupancy.

—Invitations to the Commencement exercises are now ready for distribution to the members of the graduating class and some have already been mailed. As has been the custom of former years the invitation is extended by the President and faculty of the University. Besides those extended by the members of the class, the University will send the usual number of invitations to the alumni and friends of the institution.

—In a very exciting game of baseball, last Sunday afternoon, Corby succeeded in defeating the crack Sorin nine, 15 to 5. The showing made by Corby was a great surprise to all, Sorin having been touted all year as a sure winner of the Interhall championship. The very decisive victory of the Corby team rather changes the color, and it begins to look as if the championship pennant would float from the Corby pole at the close of the Interhall league series. Corby's splendid team-work is deserving of the highest praise, and the individual playing of several of the men is also worthy of notice. Attley, who was in the box for Sorin, started out to pitch an excellent game. In the fifth inning his work was particularly brilliant and Corby was goose-egged. But after this he seemed to take a trip skyward, and the Corby sluggers had no trouble in hitting him at will. In the ninth inning he allowed nine runs. Mehlen and Sommers were the particular stars for Corby. Their work was consistent throughout, and if they acquit themselves in future contests as they did against Sorin, Corby's baseball stock should remain far above par.

—A work of art of more than common interest has been received at the University during the past week. It is a bust of the Most Reverend Alexander Christie, D. D., Archbishop of Portland, Oregon, and it is the work of Brother John Berchmans, C. S. C., of Columbia University, Portland. The mingled strength, dignity and amiability of the Archbishop are brought out with wonderful success, and the bust is one of the most artistic bits of work in the University collection.

—The number of visitors at the University last Thursday made the day seem almost like a commencement occasion. Most of them were attracted by the fact that they had children in the First Communion and Confirmation classes. Several parties came from Chicago in automobiles, returning home on Thursday evening. Dinner was given Thursday noon with the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding as guest of honor. The band concert in the morning proved an attraction and the baseball game in the afternoon drew its share of attention.

—The course of lectures on literary subjects which is being given by the Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith, continues to attract the favorable attention of the student body. Father Smith is an interesting talker, and it is gratifying to note that the lectures are attended by many who are not enrolled in the English department. Many visitors have availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing the lectures of Dr. Smith, and have pronounced them of unusual interest. The last lecture will be given on the 29th of this month.

—The President has received application from a high school in a neighboring state for two professors. One is to have classes in History and English, the other in Science and Mathematics. The work is about the same as that found in the average high school, and the salary will be from six to seven hundred a year. The high school counts one hundred and fifty students. Anyone desiring further information may confer with the President. There is also a vacancy for an assistant in the Commercial Department of a college in Kentucky. A graduate, or one almost ready for graduation, would be eligible for this position.

—Work continues on the *Dome*, and it is announced by those in charge that the book will be ready for distribution on June 1, or shortly after. Most of the copy is now in the hands of the printers and much of it has already been put in type. The board of editors are giving their best efforts to the work and as was announced a short time ago, the book promises to be one of the most interesting ever issued by a Senior class at Notre Dame. The cover

design is said to be of great artistic merit and will go far towards making the *Dome* a welcome addition to any library. Subscriptions continue to come in from the alumni who are taking an active interest in the affairs of the University. Those who have not already subscribed, and who wish to have their subscription charged on their bills are requested to hand their names at once to Edward P. Cleary, Old College.

—For the first time in many months, the University flag was raised last week. This is one of the surest signs of spring and a large number of students attended the event. It had been necessary to repair the tackle on the flagstaff before the flag could be run up. There was some discussion as to who would climb the pole to make the necessary repairs, but Brother Columbkil volunteered his services, and with an ingenious arrangement of ladders, went to the very top of the pole. Although the Brother is a man advanced in years he displayed an iron nerve in climbing to the dizzy height. His work was watched during an entire afternoon by an interested body of spectators and when it was finished and he reached the ground in safety he was greeted by a hearty round of applause. It was no little feat, as he was compelled to erect his ladders ahead of him as he ascended, and as he came down he brought the ladders with him. The flag will continue to fly on such days as the weather permits throughout the remainder of the school year.

—The University Glee Club, assisted by some of the best talent in the University, will give a vaudeville bill in Washington Hall on Sunday evening. This announcement will come as a pleasant surprise to most of the students, as the Club, under the direction of Professor Petersen, have kept their plans quiet. For several weeks they have been rehearsing, the original plan having been to have a minstrel entertainment. This was given up, however, owing to a lack of time, and a vaudeville bill was substituted instead. The entertainment promises to be interesting from start to finish. Notre Dame's comedians are too well known to need introduction. It will be a treat to see some of our sedate students and sturdy athletes appearing in character make-up and singing topical songs. These songs have been given local application by the university song writers and are sure to make a hit. The Glee Club has a large repertoire of choice songs both comic and sentimental, and several soloists of more than local fame will appear in musical offerings. The University Orchestra will also be out in full force with a new line of music. This will be the last dramatic treat of the year, and will no doubt prove one of the most enjoyable.