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The REVEREND THOMAS C. O'REILLY, D. D., of the Diocese of Cleveland,  
Who will deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon, Friday, June 11.

## Memorial Ode.\*

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

A TIME of peace prevails. No more a cry  
 Of battle rents the air, nor cannon's roar  
 Resounds from valleys drenched with human gore,  
 Faded forever from our native sky  
 The gleam of rapine's fire. The world ne'er knew  
 A grander, worthier sight than our fair land  
 Enthroned in harmony, her youthful hand,  
 In which the palm of peace is held to view,  
 Outstretched to all mankind in amity—  
 The land of love, sweet home, where all are free.

And whence this peace? Came it as heavenly dew  
 Unbought, unearned; and have we never known  
 Its bitter cost, the strife, the pain, the groan,  
 The grief of wasting wars? Alas! 'tis true,  
 As they that scan our written story know,  
 Time was when this great land was not so fair;  
 And though we now enjoy her peace, and share  
 Her wondrous glory, 'twas not always so.  
 Say you, who brought such lustre to our name?  
 Who gained for us such lasting power and fame?

Your answer take to-day from countless mounds  
 That mark the sleeping brave from shore to shore;  
 Forth from their gloomy depths loud voices soar,  
 Whose rich, deep tone o'er hill and mead resounds  
 To tell of conflict won, the costly price  
 Of peace, to tell that ne'er would we have felt  
 How sweet is freedom, but for those that knelt  
 And gave e'en life, man's costliest sacrifice,  
 A holocaust unto a country's need  
 That she might live for aye unshackled, freed.

When on the struggling colonies of old  
 Despotism laid her heavy hand,  
 In righteous cause the brave, a little band  
 Of warriors unskilled, rose staunch and bold,  
 And freedom recompensed their glorious deed.  
 Again when slavery's yoke pressed hard, the cry  
 "To arms" rang out; once more our peaceful sky  
 With fire was torn, and blood bedewed the mead.  
 But from this strife that swelled the nation's grave  
 Came victory, the freedom of the slave.

As modest flowers spread a fragrance sweet  
 When day is done and evening shadows fall;  
 Their life—now gone unto the grave's enthrall—  
 Exhales the balm of peace, choice boon. 'Tis meet  
 That we who share the gift their life-blood bought—  
 Our liberty—should swell a song of praise  
 In gratitude, right thankful hearts ablaze  
 With love for God and State, the theme they taught.  
 And if our land has won the world's acclaim,  
 Unto the dead is due this hallowed fame:

\* Winning poem in competition of memorial odes  
 by Seniors and Juniors, read in Washington Hall on  
 Decoration Day.

## Memorial Address.\*



WE gather here to-day to twine  
 a bit of myrtle around the  
 memory of the men who gave  
 their lives that this nation might  
 live. We decorate with the sweet  
 memorials of our love the graves  
 of those who sacrificed their hopes, their  
 desires, their ambitions on the altar of  
 human liberty.

To the indifferent inquirer who asks why  
 Memorial Day is still observed, we answer:  
 It celebrates and solemnly reaffirms, from  
 year to year, a national act of enthusiasm  
 and of faith. To-day, by common consent,  
 we pause in the maddening rush of our  
 selfish existence to become conscious of our  
 national life, to rejoice in it, to recall what  
 our country and its defenders have done for  
 us, and to reflect upon our duty to that  
 country and to them in return.

The celebration of Memorial Day may be  
 the result of a cherished sentiment. But  
 feeling begets feeling, and patriotic feeling  
 begets patriotism. We can not share in the  
 emotions that make this day to the gray-  
 haired veteran the most sacred of the year,  
 and embody those emotions in ceremonial  
 pomp, without in some degree imparting  
 them to those about us. For I verily believe  
 that our Memorial Halls and our battle-  
 fields, the statues and tablets that adorn  
 the public places of every city and town,  
 the tattered flags of our regiments, gathered  
 and preserved with religious care in our  
 State Houses, and above all the celebration  
 and the holding sacred of this day with its  
 funeral march, its solemn drum beat, its  
 shrill-toned life and its decorated graves,  
 are worth more to the youth of this land,  
 by way of inspiring good, wholesome  
 patriotism and the lofty sentiments of  
 chivalry and public duty, than piles of dusty  
 tomes and years of patient instruction.

Yonder goes a Memorial-Day procession.  
 Behold the thin line of heroes, the last  
 remnant of a brave and a noble army, the  
 army to which you and I owe a debt of  
 gratitude. Observe the arched back, the

\* Delivered in Washington Hall on Decoration Day  
 by Mr. Gallitzin A. Farabaugh, A. B., Notre Dame,  
 1904, LL. B., 1907.

shambling step, the empty sleeve, the faded uniform, the silvered hair, the wrinkled face, the intent expression. On each breast is pinned a badge of honor, the insignia of a courageous deed. In each heart there throbs the thrill of war. In each hand is grasped a cluster of nature's fairest flowers. Oh, there is heroic nimbleness in those steps to-day, my friends, and the flash of the battle's fire is in those eyes. For, warriors tried and true, they go to lay their tribute upon the graves of their comrades that have been mustered out. Again they are shoulder to shoulder with those they loved and revered and with whom they were bound by the ties of a comradeship, fused in the fervor of patriotism and welded in the clash of steel.

My friends, those are the men who drilled, stood guard, dug trenches, stormed forts, fought battles; the men to whom this day recalls in reminiscent view the knapsack, the canteen, the musket, the plantation and the camp-ground; the men who charged up the hill, through storms of murderous missiles, against the pits and forts and barricades into the face of a fighting foe, and, driven back with terrible loss, gathered their scattered ranks, and with stiffened sinews they charged again even to the mouths of smoking cannon, and swept, a veritable bulwark of manly courage, back in honorable defeat; men to whom the noise of battle, the resounding drum, the bugle's silvery tone, the shouting of the captains, the crack of rifle, the shrieking of shells and the rattle and roar of artillery, became as familiar as the laughter and prattle of their merry children back in their old homes of peace and love.

Behold the men who fought and bled and suffered, would have died for a principle; the men that to-day form the connecting link in our country's history between the uncertain past and the hopeful future; veterans that know the horrors of war, a little worn and scarred, perhaps, by the ravages of time, but "they wear their wounds like stars." Behold them as they go to place choice flowers upon the graves of their comrades, tokens of love, of reverence and of devotion. Tell me, is there a heart so hard that is not moved to-day by such a spectacle? Is there an eye so firm that will not yield a tear? Grand old men of the Grand Army of the Republic, you

are the real orators of Memorial Day. You and your medals and your flowers, and your empty sleeves, and your flags, and your graves, are silently yet visibly eloquent.

Here at Notre Dame is a little band of noble souls who hail the advent of this day with an enthusiasm no less in degree than that of the largest Grand Army Post in the land. For them it was but a step from the service of their country to the service of their God, from the uniform of blue to the sombre garb of religion. This slowly thinning body has, inscribed on its roster, the names of some of the most renowned chaplains of the War. The nation at large has recently given public testimony of its appreciation for the services of one of their number, the illustrious Corby.

A few years more and the living members of this little Post shall have answered the "Eternal Roll-Call." But we who know them now, know them to be brave hearts, types of Christian manhood, types of American citizenship, as true and as patriotic to-day, though dedicated to the exalted calling of religion, as they were years ago under the inspiration of martial music.

And, my friends, in this hour of commemoration and praise for the men in blue, let us not forget the heroes that fought and lost—the men in grey. For in that struggle, let it be remembered, the sturdy sons of the South were uneclipsed in their loyalty to the flag for which they bled, nor did they doubt for a moment the justice of the cause for which they gave their all. To faith and courage, wherever and whenever manifested, we must bow with reverential heads. Though history's verdict has since proven inexpedient the principles they sought to uphold, yet theirs was such a bravery, such a devotion, such a self-sacrifice, that we are proud they too were Americans.

Nor should we be lacking in our praise for those brave Southerners that survived the conflict. What a picture was that, my friends, which met their view upon that April morning as they turned in defeat from Appomattox Court-House. The men in blue were received into the arms of a victorious North that had seen little of the devastation of war. But the men in grey looked upon a broken, blighted South. Their homes had been destroyed, their treasure wasted, their

trenches filled with their dead, their kindred scattered, their traditions swept away, their social order disrupted. And four millions of ignorant, liberated slaves, appealed to them for guidance and for education. The gloom of defeat seemed darkening into despair. But Southern chivalry, Southern courage, Southern grit, have made a veritable paradise out of the land of the magnolia. I am glad to say the mellowing hand of time has now entirely obliterated the last vestige of factional hate and factional bitterness. "Many fruitful harvests have healed the scars of war." I am glad to say that to-day we can look out upon this broad land of ours and see no Mason and Dixon line, no line of cleavage, but one government, one people, one country, united in name, in thought, in sympathy, in hope—united in freedom's truth. Then just a tear and a flower for the brave men of the South, a tear for the dead, a flower for the living.

I have said that on this day we pause and become conscious of our national life, and reflect upon how we may transmit to posterity the flag as it has been delivered to us, stainless and with all its stripes and stars. For in the answer to that question consists our patriotism. After all, of what real value are pomp and military prowess, illustrious victories, conquering armies, magnificent fleets? To what end is human blood shed, and a host of human lives sacrificed, unless they result in the establishment and in the maintenance of wise laws and national happiness.

The great Civil War, I hope, was fought not to astound the world by the brilliancy of its engagements and the bravery of its participants. For glory, empty, transient glory, avails nothing. Valor displayed in combat, is a less praiseworthy trait in the character of a people, than wisdom manifested, when the combat is over, in the preservation of the goal achieved by the victory. The perpetuity and the greatness of nations depend not so much upon the courage and skill of the warrior in times of conflict as upon the character of the citizen in days of peace. If history prove anything, it leads to this inevitable conclusion, that patriotism should be more carefully safeguarded and nourished in peace than in war. So long as Greece had a

Persian enemy, or Rome a Carthaginian foe their greatness was secure. And to-day, when no public enemy threatens from without, but within the noxious weeds of a material prosperity tend to stifle a people, and wealth and luxury are developing political corruption, class distinctions and irreligion, patriotism begins to lose its vitality, and "The awful hand that wrote at the feast of Belshazzar is inscribing the fate of that nation upon the darkened, page of history's record."

What then is the patriotism of Peace? A great many persons are inclined to regard it merely as a sentimental love of hill and dale, mountain and plain, lake and stream, or as a worthy pride in our country's greatness among the nations. There are others who view patriotism as some abstract, impersonal thing, a something beyond and apart from them, a blessing that is visited upon a special few who are nominated by the populace, national heroes; and whose busts and statues are erected in public places. Of late there is a class of individuals who proclaim themselves patriots, and herald their patriotism from wooden boxes, on street corners,—preachers of politics, men and women, who, with scriptural devotion, forsake home, family and friends, and wander up and down this great land, endeavoring to teach downtrodden masses that their rulers oppress them, that the workingman, submerged in a whirlpool of avarice and greed, produces 90 per cent of wealth and reaps of the benefits thereof but 5 per cent.

But, my friends, if your faith in the principles of this government or in its Constitution is shaken; if the rant of this crowd of demagogues leads you to doubt, cast your eyes to-day upon the little band of battle-scarred veterans, living monuments of American patriotism, and think of all the rest of that Grand Army, who, wrapped in the battle's smoke, fell at the post of honor, fighting for that government and for that Constitution. And if you would be persuaded that there is such a thing as real, true patriotism, that may be the object of our practical devotion in times of peace, here now, and everywhere, and which is within the reach of the commonest man and woman, gaze about you in the ordinary

walks of life at him or her who is doing his simple duty on the farm, in the workshop, in the office and in the home. For true patriotism, my friends, is not alone to be found in the public arena, mantled in the drapery of the national performer. But wherever and whenever there is an action, that which is most generous, most noble, most heroic in the human breast, whether it parades upon the gory field of battle or treads the furrowed path of the ploughshare, whether it inspires the spirit of sacrifice in the Senate Chamber, or nourishes the flower of virtue in the tenement, there, there, is nobility of character, there is heroic conquest, there is true patriotism.

Oh, at how many solitary posts of duty, in the private ranks of life, under the attrition of hard fortune, the chill of neglect, the harshness of scorn, does the patient hand continue to do its work, "the sweet nature distil its love," the brave soul cling to its sublime loyalty to principle? Here are the characteristics of what I have chosen to call the patriotism of peace, even though the world regards them not, even though they are attended with no blare of trumpet nor flaunted on flying banner or emblazoned shield. For, in the words of Holmes: "Whether a man accepts from fortune her spade and will look downward and dig, or from aspiration her axe and cord, and will scale the mountain-top, the one and only success which it is his to command, is to bring to his work a mighty and an honest heart."

Memorial Day teaches the patriotism of peace by recalling in a symbolic way the patriotism of war. The men whose memories we honor to-day, gave their lives that this nation might live. "It is truly for us, the living, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought have thus far so nobly advanced. It is truly for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

### Indifference.

FREDERICK M. CARROLL, '12.

WHAT cares the lark that wings on high  
If e'er we heed its song?  
Unconscious of an earthly sigh  
It pours its lay along.

Indifferent to all else save love  
It soars to meet the blue,  
And in the cloudland realms above  
Its lonely notes thrill true.

What cares the brook with broken strain  
If it but cheer the day?  
It little cares if its refrain  
Is lost beside the way.

It little knows that with its course  
Our greater griefs pass on;  
That from our souls departs remorse  
Of brighter days withdrawn.

But yet the heart that loves to sing  
With overflowing joy,  
Would gladly let its numbers ring  
Some sorrow to alloy.

### The Counterfeit Message.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.

Manager Holton of the Squires and Vaner Iron Works sat at his desk, rapidly glancing through his morning mail when the door of his private office was pushed open and the junior partner of the firm appeared on the threshold.

"Good morning, Holton," said Vaner carefully closing the door. "I've come in to talk over that trouble of ours."

"What trouble?" asked Holton.

"You haven't heard!" exclaimed the other, "well that beats me. Why, the morning paper devotes half a column to it. I tell you it's serious," he continued drawing a chair up to the manager's desk.

"Perhaps it is," mused the manager, "but tell me about it."

"Well," said Vaner looking around to assure himself that there was no third person within hearing distance, "we are threatened with something that's worse than a strike. Some crazy foreigner is over

here in this country "organizing" workmen. He got into town last week, and immediately scraped up an acquaintance with several of our foremen. The result is that the whole five thousand of our employees will meet to-night at the auditorium. The scheme is simply crazy. They want a committee composed of men from among their own number to arrange hours of labor, wages, holidays,—in fact, operate our factory, and we, the owners, keep still and do what we are told. Of course it can't work, but if we don't stop that meeting there is going to be trouble, and we'll lose that big order we got in to-day."

"And what are you going to do about it?" quietly asked the manager.

"Do about it?" retorted Vaner hotly, "that's just what I came here for,—to find out what to do. We've got to do something, anything, to stop this business."

Holton seemed to be in no mood for action, certainly not for hurried action, as he was not in the least disturbed, but asked with an air of the greatest composure:

"Mr. Vaner, are you perfectly sure that conditions are exactly as you have stated them to me? Isn't it possible that you may be mistaken?"

"Nonsense, man," replied Vaner, "why, I have my information straight from the foreman in the foundry, and he's no fool."

Holton was well aware of the truth of his chief's opinion regarding the foundry foreman. If that man was the informant, then there could not be the slightest room left for doubt.

"Well," queried Vaner after a pause, "what is to be done?"

"I'm sure I don't know," meekly responded the manager drawing his hand across his forehead. "But of course," he continued as he saw the look of despair on his employer's face, "that meeting is almost twelve hours off, and something will turn up in the meantime."

Vaner did not exactly like the tone nor the import of this last remark, but it was quite evident that the manager wanted time to think, so without a word of comment he arose and left the room.

For a long time Holton sat at his desk apparently doing nothing, but in reality thinking how he might thwart the designs

of the crafty Frenchman. By the time the dinner hour came he was still as far from a solution as he was when he had first heard of the affair. He jerked his coat from the hook behind the door and started for home. Just as he turned the corner of the street he saw his car leaving the station; he had, therefore, a choice of waiting for another or walking. Since his home was only half a mile from the office he decided to walk, and hence he was not very much behind time when he opened the great iron gate in front of his home and walked up the avenue towards the house.

Dinner passed with unusual rapidity. Holton said but little, and his wife did not urge him to tell her of the trouble that she saw he must have encountered. Contrary to his usual custom, he did not remain at home to enjoy his after-dinner cigar, but left the house at once.

When he arrived at the office, Mr. Squires, the senior partner of the firm, was impatiently pacing up and down the apartment awaiting him.

"Well, Holton," cried he, "have you done anything?" And then before the other could answer he continued, "look here, read this," and he threw an envelope on the desk.

"A telegram," mused the manager, slowly extracting the paper containing the message from its envelope, and reading it over carefully. "Well, that's simple enough. The speaker of the evening is kind enough to send you an invitation to attend the meeting. But I don't like that. Now suppose that urgent business should prevent you from being present to-night, would you be allowed to send me in your place?"

"I don't see why not," was the answer.

"All right then. If you will, I shall ask you to let me represent the company to-night. Just let me have this telegram and give me the rest of the day for myself and you shall have results."

Squires eyed his man curiously for a moment and then ejaculated:

"Well, if that don't beat—go on," and then he turned abruptly on his heel and bolted from the room.

A smile of amusement played about Holton's lips as he watched the curious conduct of his chief; but there were many



things to be done if those "results," which he had promised Squires, were to be achieved. Accordingly, he dashed off a telegram which he gave to the bell-boy to dispatch, and then hurried from the office.

That evening, long before the appointed hour the employees of the Squires and Vaner Iron Works filled the spacious auditorium. Mr. Holton was also there, not that he was to have a part in the proceedings, but merely that he might be better able to carry the assembly's decisions to the company.

A quarter of an hour passed, but the "organizer" had not arrived. The quarter of an hour lengthened into half an hour and still the speaker did not come. The men began to grow restless, and some demanded an explanation from the foreman. Another five minutes passed and then a messenger brought a telegram for Mr. Holton. The manager read it and then arose from his seat. Immediately there was silence in the Hall, and Holton began:

"Men, I have just been handed a telegram from the man who was to address you to-night, and I believe that you have been duped. Here is the message: 'Mr. Holton, Urgent business calls me from the city. I shall never return.—M. Rouget.' Now the only thing left for you to-night is to go home, for you all need the night's rest in order to be on duty to-morrow. Good night, boys."

"Good night," came the echo from all parts of the building, and the men went home with a round of comment not altogether highly complimentary to the Hon. M. Rouget.

The catastrophe was averted, and never since that day has there been any trouble in the Iron Works of Squires and Vaner. Both owners and managers have learnt a practical lesson from this trouble, and the conditions of the laborers have been greatly improved.

Holton is now a member of the firm. Whenever the subject of "organized labor" is mentioned in his hearing, he smiles broadly and says with a knowing twinkle in his eye:

"I'd like to try my hand on another."

If it were as easy to keep a resolution as to make one or break one, many of us would improve much faster than we do.—*Ego*.

## Lanier's Theory of English Verse.

THOMAS CLEARY, '12.

### (CONCLUSION.)

The phrase in verse corresponds to the phrase in music and is known as tertiary rhythm. Phrasing enables the ear to make rhythmic comparisons in a larger order than bar by bar by comparing groups of bars with groups of bars. Phrases are set off by silences of longer duration than the silences between words. Where there is no pause in the sense at the end, the line is called a "run-on line." The stanza constitutes the fifth order of sound grouping. Up to Lanier's time it was generally held that English prosody was based upon accent and not upon quantity. Lanier characterizes this idea as a "misconception arising out of a failure to discriminate primary from secondary rhythm. "Rhythmical accent," he says, "is used both in music and in verse to lay off a series of sounds into bars or measures in music and into feet in classic prosody. This is not a means of creating rhythm, but an arrangement of pre-existing rhythms which exist in virtue of the simple time relations between the units of sound."

Where simple time relations exist among the constituent sounds of a series of sounds, unless these follow each other in such an order that the sum of the times included between any two accents is exactly equal to the sum of the times included between any other two accents, no rhythmization can possibly be effected by accents.

In all beautiful verse rhythm depends as much upon rests or silences as upon sounds. Now, silences can not be pronounced, nor can one silence be distinguished from another by accent. Therefore, if silence is to perform any rhythmic function it must necessarily depend upon its duration. One silence can be distinguished from another only by comparing their relative time. A silence is merely the time elapsing between two sounds. Therefore, "accent which indicates only a certain number of sounds without reference to their time value can not indicate silences at all. The rhythm of Tennyson's poem 'Break, break, break,' is dependent upon

silences, therefore *independent* of accent." This statement Lanier goes on to illustrate by these lines:

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea,  
And would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

"The following strain if played upon a



piano would," says Lanier, "be accepted by every ear as a substantial reproduction of the rhythmic movement of the voice" in reciting the stanza from Tennyson quoted above. "Inspection of the scheme above," he continues, "reveals that more than one-third of the first line and quite one-third of each of the remaining three lines are made up entirely of silences. These silences are of differing time relations among themselves. No application of accent could distinguish a quarter rest from an eighth rest or three quarter rests, nor could accent even indicate the existence of a single one of the rests in the poem. On the other hand, if accent were abolished, if the above notes were struck by a machine incapable of varying the strength of its stroke, that is, incapable of stress or rhythmic accent, or upon a drum incapable of variation in pitch, the result would still be accepted by every ear as unequivocally and pleasingly rhythmical by virtue of the clearly co-ordinable time relations of the sounds and silences involved."

Recapitulating the previous statements we derive (1) that rhythm in music depends upon the exact time relations between sounds and silences; (2) that rhythm in verse and in music are exactly alike, the one being suggested to the ear by speech sounds, the other by musical sounds; (3) that accent has value only when rhythm is established.

In relation to variations in the rhythmic utterance of individuals Lanier has this to say: "The precise relations of consecutive sounds in verse may vary with individuals

within certain narrow limits, the general rhythm of each word of more than one syllable and of each phrase of more than one sound being strictly maintained. In the first line of the scheme of 'Break, break, break,' cited above, each of the sounds break, break, break, is given the value of a (♩) quarter note which represents a long and chanting utterance, many would utter the sound quicker, giving it the value of an (♪) eighth note. In such case the first line of the scheme instead of representing each of these sounds by a ♩ should represent it by an ♪ and complete the rhythmic proportion of the bar by adding another rest (♩), thus replacing the ♩ with an ♪ and an ♩ which are together equal to the ♩ in time value.

"The reader should observe this substitution of a sound plus silence (or rest) with the utmost clearness of conception, for it is a process of universal application among English speakers, and accounts for the fact which has been unaccountable to many persons, of the perfect preservation of the essential proportions of a given rhythm through all the infinite varieties of individual utterances." In other words, the time values within the bar may be distributed in any way whatever, yet the sum of these time values is always equal to that of the other bars in the same line.

The poet indicates the manner in which the verse sounds of his poetry are to be grouped for secondary rhythm by arranging words whose accent is known, in such a way that the ordinary pronunciation accent falls where the rhythmic accent is intended to fall. If the poet, for instance, makes the rhythmic accent to fall upon the first sound and upon every third sound thereafter, so as to group the whole series into bars of three sounds each he may indicate such a grouping by beginning with a couple of three syllabled words whose pronunciation accent falls on the first syllable, and so begin the type of rhythm which is to be maintained throughout the poem, as in the following example.

Wistfully	wandering	over the	waters she
1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2 3
Sought for the	land of the	blessed	
1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2	



Here the pronunciation accent falling on the first syllable of wistfully and recurring on the third sound after, that is, on "wan" of wandering, suggests that the whole series is to be grouped into bars of three sounds each by placing a rhythmic accent on the first sound and on every third sound thereafter. Having indicated the typic time value, the poet may vary the individual time value of the constituent sounds of a bar, so long as the normal time value of the bar is not affected.

Only two kinds of time value were recognized in classic prosody, the "long" and the "short," the former bearing to the latter the proportion of one to two, and all classic rhythmic schemes were formed by combinations of these. In English, however, there are many time values, consecutive verse sounds standing in the proportions, one to two, one to three, one to four, etc., these relations being best represented by the relations between the notes of the musical system of notation. Any attempt, therefore, to apply the "long" and "short" method to English verse as an inflexible standard, must result in confusion.

It has been stated before that the office of accent is apparent only after primary rhythm has been established. Of the function of the accent Lanier says:

"In listening to a poem the ear is enabled to make co-ordinations which result in rhythm, time and tone-color by hearing a rhythmic accent recur at a given interval of time. This rhythmic accent marks off given periods of time for the ear, and the ear's power of exactly co-ordinating the duration of sounds enables it to say as each group passes in review before it whether all the sounds of each group (bar) fulfil in duration the given period of time which is the normal duration of typic time value of each bar. To these sequent summings up and comparisons of particulars of time the ear attaches a particular delight, which is traced in some form over all the human race. Such summings up into bars are effected by means of accents."

As remarked above the poet may imitate "three rhythm" by beginning his poem with a couple of three-syllabled words. The same object may be attained, however, by beginning a line with a two-syllabled word

accented on the first syllable, followed by an unaccented word—

Wistful she | wandered a - | way o'er the | waters—

or the poem may begin by certain groupings of single syllabled words which are pronounced with such an accent and primary rhythm that the poet may trust them to suggest the intended rhythm. For instance, in the line,

Half a league | half a league | half a league | onward,  
Tennyson trusts to the ordinary pronunciation of the words to convey the three rhythm

$\frac{3}{8}$  ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ .

If the rhythmic accent is to recur on every fourth sound (4 rhythm) instead of on every third sound, as in 3 rhythm, the typic bar is thus suggested—

Wistfully she wandered o'er the desert of the waters,  
which gives the rhythm

$\frac{4}{8}$  ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

Wistfully she wandered o'er the desert of the waters.

Equivocal beginnings may be caused by groups of single syllabled words capable of more than one rhythmic interpretation, but the copiousness of our language renders such beginnings quite unnecessary. All the possible rhythmic combinations of English words may be included under the types "3 rhythm" and "4 rhythm."

When the rhythmic accents recur at that interval of time represented by three units of any sort, no matter among how many sounds this amount of time may be distributed, we have the effect upon the ear of 3 rhythm. When the rhythmic accents recur at that interval of time represented by four units of any sort, no matter among how many sounds this amount of time is distributed, then the effect on the ear is that of 4 rhythm (the expression, "no matter among how many sounds this amount of time is distributed" referring only to the general effect upon the ear as 3 rhythm or 4 rhythm.)

Certain favorite methods of distributing the given time of each bar have specialized three very strongly marked forms of rhythm in English poetry. These forms are as follows: "Three rhythm" occurs under the

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# Notre Dame Scholastic

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Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Baccalaureate Preacher.

The baccalaureate sermon closing the scholastic year 1908-9 will be delivered in the University Church next Friday morning by the Reverend Thomas C. O'Reilly, D. D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland, Ohio. Dr. O'Reilly is well known as an able pulpit speaker, especially to congregations of men. The baccalaureate sermon at Notre Dame is always a notable address, and the coming one will, no doubt, be in keeping with those of past years.

—Especially gratifying to those interested in the cause of Catholic education is the work of the "Catholic Educational Association" whose chief object is to "keep in the minds of the people the necessity of religious instruction and training as the basis of morality and sound education, and to encourage the spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness among Catholic educators." Education has ever been of the greatest concern to the

Church, and it is this love for true education which has prompted her priests and people to make the great sacrifice of maintaining a Catholic school system in addition to the public system. It is a heavy burden, and, although willingly borne, the spirit of secularism, which to-day permeates almost every branch of social activity, may, and very often does, produce in the minds of some Catholics a sort of indifference in matters of religion and education which causes serious losses to the cause. Zealous workers individually may easily become discouraged in competing with the well-equipped and highly-endowed secular institutions, and be tempted to compromise Catholic principles with secularism, but an active association of educators, such as this one, by systematizing Catholic education in all its departments and by conference and discussion as to best methods, will not only lend new strength and courage to the workers themselves, but will enable the Catholic schools, as a whole, to compete successfully with the public system.

—A little country of less than a million inhabitants, which, in its eighty odd years of existence, has been the scene of forty-two bloody revolutions, can, strangely enough, teach us a notable lesson of civilization. The Catholic ladies of Montevideo, the capital of the Republic of Uruguay, have started a movement, which, if properly imitated and adopted, will be a powerful method of uplifting the stage. About two years ago Sarah Bernhard made a loudly heralded "final tour" of the principal South American cities. Her repertoire included some unsavory productions of Ibsen, Sardou, Hugo and others. The three plays scheduled to be presented in Montevideo were all strongly anti-Catholic. The Catholic ladies circulated a petition protesting against the presentation of these dramas, but "the divine Sarah" refused to grant their request. In the circulation of the petition, however, it was discovered that very little was known of the character of many of the popular European plays. This was the inspiration for the founding of a bureau of theatrical censure. Its operation was very simple. A committee

of ladies, with the approbation of Monsignor Saber, the Archbishop, made diligent inquiry into the moral status of the plays to be presented, and if it was discovered that the performance might be the cause of embarrassment to a refined audience, a simple and unobtrusive notice to the effect that the play was "inconvenient," appeared in the newspapers. Its effect was magical. No respectable person would be seen going to the theatre on that night. The managers protested, but in vain. Duse, thinking that her art would be sufficient attraction, attempted to brave the rebuke of the censor, but her venture resulted in a heavy financial loss. Other artists of less fame have met with the same effective opposition. The example of these ladies has been imitated in Buenos Ayres with equally gratifying results, and recent reports from Rome say that the Roman matrons have found it a most successful means of combating theatrical vice.

—The negro in this country has always been a problem. That West-Jersey quaker was a true prophet when over a century and a half ago he said: "This A Forward Move trade of importing slaves is in the dark gloominess hanging over the Negro Problem. the land. The consequences will be grievous to posterity."

The heart of the negro problem to-day is not so much an industrial as it is a moral consideration, for the reports of the government show that the negro has advanced materially in industry, property-holding and education, whereas his progress in morality is doubtful, at the very least disappointing. Protestantism, on which the negro has been mostly depending for his spirituality and practical ethics, has failed in the moral uplifting of this people, because of the basic fact that the restraint to immorality which the Catholic Church alone can offer in her doctrine and sacraments has not been extended to the negro. On the other hand, as Rev. John E. Burke says: "Wherever you find a Catholic colored congregation you find unity, order and good moral living." A movement to Catholicize the negro has been vigorously started by the Catholic Board for mission work among the colored people. This effort should have the hearty support of every patriotic American.

(Concluded from page 585)

typic form (1) illustrated by Tennyson's

$\frac{3}{8}$  ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩

"Charge of the Light Brigade."

$\frac{3}{8}$  ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩

Half a league, half a league, half a league onward  
or under the form (2)

$\frac{3}{8}$  ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩

In the latter form the time value of three ♩ ♩ ♩ is distributed among two sounds by making the first sound in the bar a quarter note, equivalent in value to the two first eighth notes of the bar. Under this type may be cited Poe's "Raven."

$\frac{3}{8}$  ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩

Once up - on a midnight drear-ry

The form (3)

$\frac{3}{8}$  ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩

In moi den med - i - ta - tion fan - cy free  
is a reversal of from (2), as the last two eighth notes of the bar constitute a sound of a quarter note's length, and the rhythmic accent recurs on the second time unit in each bar instead of on the first.

"Four rhythm" occurs under the type forms (1)

$\frac{4}{8}$  ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩

(The) rose was new in blossom and the

♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩

sun was on the hill,

or under the form (2)

$\frac{4}{8}$  ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩ | ♩ ♩

Hame came my gude man and hame came he

These five forms include all the types of English verse, as all other forms may be reduced to these types.

It is impossible to give in detail Lanier's treatment of "3 rhythm," "4 rhythm" and the "tunes" and "colors" of English verse. From what has been said, however, his position in regard to the science of verse should be evident. He held that the province of verse was very close to that of music;

that time or duration was essential to poetry; that the classic laws of versification would not hold good in English, and finally that the musical system of interpretation alone explains all the peculiarities of our poetry.

Lanier's lack of training prevented his theories from securing complete acceptance. His treatise has been questioned in many particulars. Yet his main contentions are generally received as correct. And this is especially true of the principles just outlined: the duration of English sounds, and the scansion of lyrical poetry by the musical system. Had he lived longer he might, perhaps, have matured his theory and have elucidated it to more advantage for the benefit of the ordinary student.

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### Book Review.

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LONGMANS' SHAKESPEARE FOR SCHOOLS.  
Edited by A. V. Houghton. Longmans,  
Green and Co., New York and London.

The purpose of this edition of Shakespeare was to furnish in handy size and readable print the text of the dozen of the great dramas deemed most suitable for reading in the schools. The text is complete, with the exception of the expurgation necessary to render it suitable for such use. The pages are not encumbered by elaborate notes, but instead a brief glossary is furnished at the end of the book. The plays given are: "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," "The Tempest," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hamlet," "The Life of King Henry V.," "The Tragedy of King Richard II.," "Twelfth Night," "The Tragedy of King Richard III.," and "Cariolanus,"—800 pages in all of good, clear reading within the thickness of an inch and upon pages that do not adhere to one another in opening or turning. The edition has the advantage on the one hand of being less costly than the same number of plays bound separately, and on the other of being less cumbersome and more readable than the usual single volume containing all the plays. It would be worth while for teachers of Shakespeare to consider this edition when prescribing texts for their students.

### Synopsis of Lectures by Father Smith.

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The following is a topical conspectus of the series of lectures delivered during last month to the English students by the Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith. The reverend lecturer took the pains to draw up the brief and to present a copy of it to each of his auditors, but as many, no doubt, would be glad to have it in printed form we reproduce it here:

THESES:—The struggle between Christian Principles and Neo-Paganism in the Field of Letters.

1. Christian principle founded in the utterances of Christ: "I am the Way and the Life;" "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth."

2. Dry Rot in literature: cause of present decadence: and caused by Naturalism, Pessimism, Agnosticism, false principles substituted for Christian principles.

3. Ibsen: representation of all three errors: his dramas: his introduction into New York.

4. Romantic Drama, faithful to the old conventions: resists the inroad of error successfully: its aid in the Oxford movement and the Catholic revival from 1850; also rejects anti-Catholic drama.

5. Failure of Naturalism represented by Swinburne.

6. Failure of Agnosticism typified by Emerson.

7. Triumph of Christian principles in Longfellow, Newman and Sienkiewicz.

8. Failure of modern criticism; it surrenders not only to error, but to the fads, idols, and press agencies, promoted or invented by scheming publishers and literary cliques.

9. The triumph of Secularism brought about by the Christians themselves.

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### Decoration Day at Notre Dame.

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Last Monday morning, May 31st, Decoration Day was duly celebrated at Notre Dame. Mass was sung in Sacred Heart Church at eight o'clock, after which the student body assembled in Washington Hall. The exercises of the day were held under the auspices of the Notre Dame Post, No. 569, Grand Army of the Republic. The following was the program presented:

Reading Governor's Proclamation—Otto A. Schmid, '09  
"America".....Sung by the Audience  
Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg—John B. McMahon, '09  
Memorial Ode.....George J. Finnigan, '10  
"Nearer, My God to Thee".....Sung by the Audience  
Address of the Day

Mr. Gallitzin Farabaugh, A. B; '04, LL. B. '07  
Decorating the Graves of Deceased Members of Notre  
Dame G. A. R. Post.

Immediately after the close of the exercises in Washington Hall, the assembly proceeded down to the flag-staff where the flag, standing at half-mast, was waiting to be raised to full height. A procession of the old soldiers and the University Band then formed and marched to the graveyard, where the graves of deceased members were decorated.

Mr. Farabaugh in the leading address of the day gave eloquent utterance to some beautiful thoughts which were most appropriate to the occasion. After giving high praise to the courage and fortitude displayed by the men who held our country's fate in their hands during the trying time of war, he dwelt earnestly on another virtue, the practice of which is incumbent on us all—the patriotism of peace. His oration was splendid throughout and well in keeping with the promise given by Mr. Farabaugh during his college days. By mistake the Governor's Proclamation, which was to be the first number of the program, did not arrive in time for the exercises.

The present membership of the Notre Dame Grand Army Post is as follows:

Commander: Brother Leander, Co. B, 15th U. S. Infantry.

Senior Vice-Commander: Brother John Chrysostom, Co. I, 54th Penn. Infantry.

Junior Vice-Commander: Reverend Edward Martin, U. S. Navy.

Adjutant: Brother Cosmas, Battery D, 2d U. S. Artillery.

Quartermaster: Brother Benedict, Co. A, 1st Penn. Heavy Artillery.

Officer of the Day: Brother Raphael, Co. C, 133d Penn. Infantry.

Officer of the Guard: Brother Ignatius, Co. E, 75th Penn. Infantry.

Chaplain: Reverend R. I. Boyle, Co. C, 37th New York Infantry.

Surgeon: Reverend F. Schmidt, Co. B, 100th Penn. Infantry.

Sergeant Major: Brother Eustachius, Co. H, 83d Ohio Infantry.

The deceased members are:

Rev. William Corby, Chaplain 88th N. Y. Infantry.

Rev. James Dillon, Chaplain 53d N. Y. Infantry.

Rev. P. E. Gillen, Chaplain 107 N. Y. Inf'y.

Rev. P. P. Cooney, Chaplain 35 Ind. Inf'y.

Rev. Joseph Carrier, Chaplain 6th Mo. Infantry.

Brother Richard (Wm. Stoney) Co. A, 38 N. Y. Infantry.

Brother Sebastian (T. Martin) Troop. I, 1st Penn. Cavalry.

Brother Polycarp (James White) U. S. Navy.

### Senior Contest in Elocution.

On Tuesday evening, June 1st, the six candidates who had qualified in the preliminaries for the final competition in the Elocution contest, met to decide the supremacy. John McDill Fox was awarded first place with a splendid interpretation of "Her First Appearance," by Richard Harding Davis. His long experience at Notre Dame in elocution and dramatics and fine native talent combined to give him a comfortable margin over all his competitors. Devers made the expected hit in the humorous selection, "Jimmie Butler and the Owl," and was awarded second place. Bowen and Madden, who got respectively third and fourth places, were distinguished for their excellent enunciation. Their selections were well-chosen and their interpretations showed no small ability. Reps was awarded fifth place with Wendell Phillips' "Toussaint L'Ouverture," while Thomas Havican, with a difficult dramatic reading, was given sixth. The program was excellent throughout, all the competitors showing class and giving great promise for future occasions.

By the decision of the judges, Mr. Fox, who is to be graduated this year in the classical course, will be presented with the Barry Medal at Commencement.

### Athletic Notes.

In what was perhaps the most listless game seen on Cartier Field this season, the Varsity defeated Marquette Tuesday, June 1st, by a score of 13 to 0. Burke had the Milwaukee boys completely baffled, and the team, as in the Penn. State game, gave him perfect support and batted the Marquette pitchers at will. Kelly led the Varsity at the stick, securing a home run and two

singles. Every man on the team got at least one hit and one run.

Marquette	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Omelia, ss., lf.....	3	0	0	1	0	2
Fitzgerald, 2b.....	2	0	0	1	1	1
Abler, rf.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Jession, lf., ss.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Foley, 1b.....	3	0	1	7	0	0
McCarthy, c.....	3	0	0	6	0	0
Shaller, cf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Schneider, 3b.....	1	0	0	0	2	0
Leonard, p.....	1	0	0	0	3	0
Klinky, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	1

Total 28 0 2 18 6=4

Notre Dame	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Connelly, 3b.....	2	1	1	0	0	0
McKee, cf.....	3	1	1	1	0	0
Daniels, 1b.....	3	3	2	6	0	0
Kelly, lf.....	4	3	3	1	0	0
Hamilton, rf.....	4	1	2	2	0	0
Scanlon, c.....	4	1	1	9	0	0
Moloney, ss.....	3	1	2	0	2	0
Bothwick, 2b.....	3	1	1	2	2	0
Burke, p.....	4	1	2	0	3	0

Total 30 13 15 21 7 0

Home run—Kelly. Two base hits—Burke, Moloney. Struck out—By Leonard, 1; by Klinky, 2; by Burke, 9. Bases on balls—Off Leonard, 2; off Burke, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Daniels. Sacrifice hits—Connelly, McKee, Bothwick. Stolen bases—Hamilton (3), Daniels (2), Connelly (2), Moloney, Bothwick, Scanlon, Burke. Umpire, Duggan

\* \*

#### WESTERN TRIP.

Minnesota, 3; Notre Dame, 2.

The first game of the Minnesota-Notre Dame series went to Minnesota in the last inning, 3-2. Burke pitched a splendid game and received good support. With the score 2 to 1 in favor of Notre Dame in the last half of the ninth, Minnesota got two men on bases. Then after two men were out and two strikes had been called on him, Hughes put up a fly between Phillips and Hamilton which either man could have captured, but through courtesy each man left it for the other to take with the result that two runs were scored.

Notre Dame	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Connelly, 3b.....	4	0	1	0	1	0
McKee, cf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Daniels, 1b.....	3	1	0	9	0	0
Kelly, lf.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Hamilton, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Scanlon, c.....	4	0	2	12	0	0
Moloney, ss.....	3	0	0	0	1	1
Bothwick 2b.....	1	0	0	1	3	0
Burke, p.....	3	0	0	1	2	0
Phillips, cf.....	1	0	0	1	0	0

30 2 4 26 7 1

Minnesota	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Stockland, c.....	4	0	0	9	1	0
Victor, lf., p.....	2	2	0	0	0	0
McGovern, 3b.....	3	1	1	3	4	0
McCarthy, 2b.....	4	0	0	3	0	0
Ernst, ss.....	3	0	0	1	5	2
Hughes, cf.....	4	0	1	2	1	0
Martin, 1b.....	3	0	1	8	0	0
Johnston, rf.....	3	0	1	1	0	0
Phillips, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
George, lf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0

29 3 4 27 11 2

Score by innings:

Notre Dame—1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1=2

Minnesota—0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2=3

Two base hit—Martin. Hit by pitcher—Daniels, Bothwick. Sacrifice hit—McGovern. Stolen bases—Ernst, Connelly, Daniels. Kelly, Bothwick. Bases on balls—Off Phillips, 1; off Victor, 1; off Burke, 3. Struck out—By Phillips, 7; by Victor, 1; by Burke, 12. Left on bases—Minnesota, 3; Notre Dame, 4. Umpire, Force.

\* \*

Minnesota, 2; Notre Dame, 1.

The second game of the series also went to Minnesota, 2 to 1. Heyl pitched and held Minnesota to three hits, but fortune favored the home team, and we were unable to score the needed runs.

\* \*

Beloit, 4; Notre Dame, 2.

At Beloit the Notre Dame men were unable to hit the ball when hits were needed, Bothwick and Frank Scanlon being the only ones to connect. Beloit bunched their hits to such advantage that they scored four times, defeating us of 4 to 2.

Owing to the fact that there was no official scorer on the trip, we are unable to give an adequate account of the game as we would like to.

\* \*

N. D., 64; M. A. C., 38; Armour, 34.

The Varsity Track Team, both literally and figuratively, ran away with the triangular meet at Lansing last Saturday, the final count being, Notre Dame, 64; M. A. C., 38; and Armour Institute, 34. Dimmick broke the field records in both the shot-put and hammer-throw, winning those events handily. In the 220-low hurdles, Fletcher won in the fast time of 26 seconds, but was disqualified. The hurdles were run on a curved track and the alleys for the various runners were not marked off; so that in rounding the curve, Fletcher, who was in the third alley, switched over into the second by mistake, and the first place went to Armour Institute.

L. C. M.



### Personals.

—John A. McConachie, student 1901-2, resides at 235 First Street, Niagara Falls, New York.

—John C. McCaffery, student 1902-04, is Treasurer of the United States Tent and Awning Company, Chicago.

—John J. Hannigan, student in Chemical Engineering 1906-08, is located with the Rock Island Chemical Co. His address is 420 Normal Park Way, Chicago.

—Thomas G. Sexton, student 1904-07, enjoyed a few days with his friends here last week. He is now in business with his father under the firm name of John Sexton and Sons.

—Glen Ade, student 1904-6, was married to Miss Martha Scott in South Bend on May 28th. After the ceremony the couple went to Kokomo, Indiana, where Glen is in business.

—Charles N. Girsch, student 1889-98, whose marriage was announced in the SCHOLASTIC a month ago, was here, accompanied by Mrs. Girsch, on a recent visit to the University.

—Ambrose A. O'Connell (Ph. B., 1907) visited Notre Dame this week. Ambrose received the cordial welcome he deserved, for he is an ideal Notre Dame man. He was accompanied by Raymond S. Conron, 1903-5.

—W. W. Nichols, student 1887-93, is now with the Illinois Steel Co., Chicago. His address is 50 Wabansia Avenue. Mr. Nichols visited the University recently, reviving many old friendships and forming many new ones.

—Frederick B. Chute (Litt. B., 1892) and Miss Elizabeth McKennan were united in marriage in Minneapolis on May 26th. Mr. Chute is a model Notre Dame man, and the University wishes him the fullest measure of happiness.

—The Rev. William J. Dames, student 1899-'90, will be ordained to the holy priesthood in St. Louis on June 11th. His first Mass will be celebrated in St. Margaret's Church, St. Louis, June 13. William is well remembered at the University where he

counts many friends. He was a popular student, and there will be many unable to be present in person who will rejoice with him in spirit.

—Charles J. Baab, student 1896-98, is State Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Association of Master Plumbers. His home is in Wilkes-Barre, and the *Record* of that city bestows very high praise on the report submitted by Mr. Baab in his capacity as Secretary of the Association.

### Local Items.

—Lost, some time ago, a gold stick pin with diamond setting. Liberal reward for return to Rector of Sorin Hall.

—On Tuesday the Minim Department held their annual outing at the picnic grounds, and from reports seem to have had a good round day of feasting, sport and miscellaneous mischief.

—The right kind of a young man may secure appointment as business manager of a Catholic paper in Kansas. Character and business ability are particularly necessary for success in this case.

—In a game of baseball that was lacking in any special interest, the Faculty team defeated Holy Cross last Sunday, by a score of 9 to 2. Messrs. Shea and Dugan formed the battery for the Faculty, while Quinlan was on the slab for the Holy Cross team.

—Swimming in the lake is one of the most popular amusements at Notre Dame. Every day the students take advantage of the excellent facilities offered for aquatic sports and a number of expert swimmers are to be found among those who are fond of the water.

—Dr. Edward Lee Green, one of the most eminent botanists in the world, and head of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C., is at the University this week. His visit is a compliment to the Rev. Dr. Nieuwland, who was once his pupil at the Smithsonian Institute.

—Despite the fine weather, there are a number of students who insist that the Infirmary is the best place about the University. They flock there in droves before meals, after meals and even during meals. The complaints are miscellaneous, but none of them immediately dangerous, the imaginary ones and spring fever being among the worst.

—Brother Columba of the University Shoe Store, has received an entire new stock of souvenir postal cards which are very attractive. The cards bear pictures of the

Varsity athletes, teams and coaches, and will make excellent additions to student scrap-books.

—Band concerts are now a Sunday feature, the first concert having been given last Sunday evening. The band took its place on the porch of the Main Building shortly after supper and the campus was filled with students from all the halls. The program was interesting and the band was at its best. These concerts will be continued until Commencement.

—Preparations have been completed for the Senior Class banquet, which will be held Wednesday evening in a private banquet room at the Oliver. This event promises to be one of the best banquets that has been given by any student organization in recent years and will cost \$4 a plate. Among those who will speak on the occasion are John McDill Fox, Edward Escher, Leo Hogan, Albert Mertes, John Kanaley, John Scullin, Harry Carr and Thomas Maguire.

—The Military Company of St. Edward's Hall had their final drill-down for the honors of the year on Decoration Day. First place and the Mill Medal were won by Paul D. Nelson; John M. Comerford the medallist of last year, took second place and is awarded a renewal. Quite a number of the company showed prompt precision and military style. The medal for military drill in St. Edward's is the gift of Mrs. H. S. Mill, of Chicago, one of the constant friends of the St. Edwardites.

—In honor of the ex-Philopatrians, the active members of the society gave an entertainment in Washington Hall last week. "A Nigger Boarding House," an amusing little skit was given by six members of the Philopatrian Society and proved an enjoyable feature of the evening. Julius Lee and John McPhee distinguished themselves in leading rôles. The others who added materially to the play were Eugene Murphy, Frank Raff, Henry Cole and Felix Sellers. After the play refreshments were served.

—For three nights last week, Fred Wirthmann of Brownson Hall, sat up until twelve o'clock, experimenting with the wireless telegraph apparatus which he has installed in Science Hall under the direction of Prof. Greene. Mr. Wirthmann recently received a letter from the chief of the wireless station in Chicago, telling him of the nightly messages which were being sent C. Q. D. from New York to Chicago and from Benton Harbor to Chicago. Owing to the fact that the tuning coils have not yet been put in place at the University station, the experiments have not been as successful as it is hoped they will be later. Messages flashing

from New York to Chicago have not been "caught" completely, although parts of messages have been picked up. Recently there has been a great deal of "static" electricity in the atmosphere which hinders the transmission of messages. It is thought that as soon as the local apparatus is perfected that the Notre Dame station will be put in touch with the stations of New York and Chicago. Thursday a party of young ladies from St. Mary's visited the University, and the wireless was demonstrated to them by Prof. Greene.

—Bold, bad bandits are infesting the Avenue and making life a misery for those students who late in the evening are seeking their *Alma Mater* by the walking route. So says our friend Tom Nacivah, and he certainly knows, as it was only a few nights ago that he was "held up" and a demand was made for his money or his life. According to Tom he was shy on the former, but he valued the latter, and resolved that no mere highwayman should have it for the asking. In numerous bouts in and about Sorin Hall he had demonstrated his ability to take care of himself in an emergency, and his courage never faltered. He kept a level head and remembered perfectly just what to do. He had seen a number of moving-picture shows representing pugilistic combats and he knew what the professional boxer would do under like circumstances. With lightning speed his strong right arm shot out, landing square on the point of the jaw of the shorter of the two highwaymen. This desperate man fell to the roadway with a dull thud and then Tom started after the larger of the pair. He offered more resistance than the first had been able to do, and it required a couple of good punches before he was biting the dust alongside his companion. Tom took a good look at the men to see that they were in no shape to bother other students who might be passing that way; then he rearranged his tie, smoothed back the place where his pampadour ought to be and leisurely made his way homeward, so says Tom. However, there is another story being circulated which we discredit entirely, but which we should tell being a paper that prints all the news all the time. According to this latter story, which can only be attributed to enemies of Mr. Nacivah, that gentleman was coming home along the Avenue when two students, who knew that he was heading in that direction, concealed their faces behind false whiskers. They stepped in front of Tom, who upon seeing them stopped not for scientific boxing, but turned his attention to the most approved style of sprinting. His stride was superb, and although the necessary number of watches were not held on his efforts, it is said that a new Notre-Dame record was established.