Sunshine and Showers.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

SHAMED with the snows repentant natures grieves,
Weeping in rain till all the children leaves
Peep from the hills and smile its tears away:
Laughing of leaves and sunbeams flushed with play.

The Madness of Rossetti.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.

VERY once in a while a genius is born. Sooner or later the world feels his presence and builds up its cult around him. He may leap into popular favor at a bound, or he may wait through the slow-moving process of time for the world to know and truly appreciate his greatness; but true genius, with its mad ruling impulse, must out. The "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood" is no genius; real genius makes the opportunity if there be none to find. The works of genius are the landmarks on the path of life; the influence of their character dominates the spirit of the age that comes after them; and the true test of their legitimacy is the permanence of this influence.

This is the test that makes the grave idolatry of yesterday seem foolish in the light of to-day, and will make our own contemporary judgments ring hollow and false in the after-judgment of to-morrow. Only by this test can we know true genius from that puzzling combination of talent, conceit and eccentricity, which, produced at the psychological moment, deceives the most crafty. This, in short, is the test which separates the literary sheep from the literary goats.

To place Rossetti among the literary goats would be unfair, or at all events, uncalled for, and would require more than the assurance of a mere novice; but a strong sense of literary justice would demand that he be relegated to a place more suited to his measure of talent. To continue to pay to Rossetti and his Preraphaelite brethren the homage that half a century of English worshippers have paid to them, would be folly; they should still be given credit for whatever of merit they produced, without regard to any theory by which they produced, or said they produced, it. The Preraphaelite theory never was anything more than a theory, and its few followers—who had the temerity to style themselves the Preraphaelite School—violated its principles with the utmost calm and ease in some of the best of their works. This refers, however, to their literary production rather than to their paintings.

Eccentricity is a necessary mark of genius, but genius by no means grows out of eccentricity. The eccentricity of a millionaire is more apt to lead him to a padded cell and a court-appointed guardian over his money than to a tablet in the hall of fame. Talent may be accompanied by a madness of some kind or other, and when to this is added conceit, or self-confidence, or whatever else you may wish to call it, it is apt to create havoc in a small way. Talent and conceit are a well-known combination. Jones and Brown have them; we know them; we value them a little less highly than we should. But Jones and Brown are not mad, and their conceit is forced to con-
fine itself within narrow limits. Add the madness, and place the combination in operation at a favorable moment, and the fumes of incense arise about the shrine of a new god.

Such was the case of Rossetti. He was mad, stark mad. It was his madness that gave full sway to his conceited idea of reformation of the world of art; it was his madness that created his most fanciful figures; it was his madness that made him play with metre and rhyme, spin gossamer and weave it into worsted; it was his madness that ran riot in his sonnets, where plain English words assume wondrous hues and mighty power; it was this very madness, and its freaks of fancy, that made him beloved of poets and made him the "Poet of Poets." But it was this same madness contradicting itself that announced one theory of art, and then in the height of its fervor, pursued another. The strictest of literary forms, the sonnet, was his chosen vehicle, and in the enchantment of its symmetry he loses sight, more often than otherwise, of his crude back-to-natureism. He rises almost to sublimity in places, but there is always the harsh croak of one of nature's frogs, or the bray of one of nature's creatures, waiting gloomily in the background. Walt Whitman, whom Rossetti despised with English disdain rather than with Italian fervor, was more truly a Preraphaelite than he, for Whitman, literary goat that he was, took art and nature by the horns and turned them topsy-turvy for his own crude delight. He scorned even rhyme and metre, and simply tuned his accordion to sing the whole scale of nature. The madness and the conceit of Rossetti were working hand in hand.

In 1850 there appeared the short-lived organ of the Preraphaelites, The Germ, afterwards called Art and Poetry. Its editor was the brother of Dante Gabriel, William Michael Rossetti, and its contributors were the members of the then enlarged band of "P. R. B.'s," as they called themselves. But four issues of the magazine were ever printed; it was a financial failure. In it were printed Rossetti's first works in prose and poetry.

In his literary work Rossetti became acquainted with Elizabeth E. Siddal, a young woman of some poetic talent, and in 1860 he married her. Her death, two years later, saddened him and affected him strangely. He had contemplated bringing out a book of poems at about that time, but his grief seemed to turn his purpose, for he buried the manuscripts of his poems with his deceased
wife. The madness of this project was evidently seen some time later, for in 1869 he had them disinterred and published.

This volume, which was called "Poems," was the cause of much unfavorable comment as well as too lavish praise; his sensitivity found the former gallring, and he settled down to take a morbid view of life in general. He was in constant fear of blindness, and was addicted to the use of chloral, both of which contributed to produce insomnia, which troubled him for the remaining years of his life. Very probably more sober judgment attended his latter years. At any rate, he complied with the request of his critics in the second edition of his poems by leaving out much of what had proved objectionable in the first. Completely broken down in health, and carrying badly a young old age, he died on April 9, 1882.

As the exponent of a theory of poetry, or the father of any particular school, Rossetti is scarcely worthy of mention. What he said, Wordsworth had said before him; what he said he did not consistently follow in his own work, and what he said was carried to its natural end by the sensual music of Swinburne and the grossness of Whitman. Preraphaelitism will be referred to by future generations much the same as will the musical comedy craze.

But as a poet Rossetti can not be denied. His madness here gave him a lasting hold on fame. Some that he wrote is twaddle, much is boldly immoral, but there is much that for sweetness and delicacy, sentiment and imagery, can hardly be surpassed. As a sonneteer he takes a high place in English poetry; very little outside of his sonnets will ever live.

"The Blessed Damozel," written at the age of nineteen, is a beautiful fancy-picture, though here and there his conscious Preraphaelitism jars on musical ears. He tells, for instance, of the soul of a beautiful maiden that "leaned out from the gold bar of Heaven" to her disconsolate lover on earth, and closes a marvellous picture of beauty with the earthy information that.

The hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn;

and in his desire to sing the whole of her charms, he goes on to tell how she bowed herself and stooped...

The poem tells a very pretty story of beautiful, pure love, but its earthy atmosphere intrudes itself all the way through; the heavenly joy anticipated by this loving couple consists in the beatific vision of each other.

More consistent is his treatment of "Jenny," but in this poem his own sympathy seems to predominate over his generally good knowledge of human nature. "Jenny" preaches a fine sermon, and contains many beautiful passages, but the poem should never have been written. Too many of its passages are lurid, and its theme is entirely beyond the pale of the ethical in art. "Art for art's sake" can not be urged as a defense for a work that is open to the general public.

Nor was this the only time that Rossetti sinned in this respect. His first edition of "Poems" contained much that was reprehensible, and while the second edition omitted many of these, it is by no means free from censure. The sway and measured cadence of the sonnet seems to have intoxicated his imagination; of the fifty sonnets intended for his work to be called "The House of Life," almost half are reproachable. And this is a pity, for among the others, and even among the censured ones, are lines and thoughts of near-sublimity. They make one feel that Rossetti might have been a great poet, had he forgotten his selfishness and set himself to his task.

Outside of this fault, Rossetti appeals strongly to the Catholic reader. He manifested a deep religious veneration for the Blessed Virgin; which was probably a part of his Italian nature, for it is characteristic of the Italian to have a certain love for the Madonna, no matter how low he may have fallen, or what his attitude toward religion in general. He sings the praises of our Mother with a fervor that a Faber might envy: his "Ave" is a beautiful consideration of the mysteries of the Blessed Virgin's life. With Our Lord he assumes less familiarity of expression, and the conscious stinting of his phraseology betrays him to the Catholic. His treatment of our Lord is coldly English, but of the Blessed Virgin it
is Italian. He prays as any Catholic would pray:

O Mary Mother, be not loath
To listen,—thou whom the stars clothe,
Who scents and mayst not be seen!

Hear us at last, O Mary, Queen!
Into our shadow bend thy free,

Bowing thee from the secret place,
O Mary, Vi gin, full of grace!

Rossetti has been credited with having a deep knowledge of the nature of women, and a deep respect for them. This is probably true, especially as regards his respect for womankind. But for some reason or other he seemed to find his chief delight in singing woman's wrongs. A woful, doleful note runs through his verses: the same fair maiden sits in the same casement, waiting for the lover who has been held up on the way, and after ages of this waiting, the poor swain arrives just in time to see her funeral procession proceeding on its way; or else the poor maiden has been wronged and either withers away while waiting the hour of revenge, or takes out her spite with a devilish contrivance like the wax man burnt by Sister Helen. Ghosts are not infrequent machines for this harrowing work. And then, of course, there is the lady of his sonnets, but in spite of his protestations of realism and nature\[tal\]cual es, her beauty is painted to the material vanishing point.

The materialistic view of Rossetti produced some fearfully and wonderfully made figures. A composite of his women, as portrayed in his similes and metaphors, would be striking, to say the least. For instance, he says of the unfortunate bride in “A Last Confession”:

She had a mouth
Made to bring death to life—the underlip
Sucked in, as if it strove to kiss itself.

Her body bore her neck as the tree’s stem,
Bears the top branch; and as the branch sustains
The flower of the year’s pride, her high neck bore
The face made wonderful with night and da’.

Her voice was swift, yet ever the last words
Fell lingeringly; and rounded finger-tips
She had, that clung a little when she touched
And then were gone o’ the instant.

And of his love in the bower, we read that she had

Large, lovely arms and a neck like a tower.

We have already seen that

Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

The figure

Once she sprang as the heifer springs
With the wolf’s teeth at its red heart-strings,
may have indicated spasmodic terror rightly enough, but it seems a trifle out of place in describing a maiden who is full of grace and loveliness.

George Ade has a fable which tells in more commonplace form the story of “Youth’s Antiphony.” A few lines will give the tenor of the song:

“I love you sweet: how can you ever learn
How much I love you?” “You I love even so,
And so I learnt it.” “Sweet, you can not know
How fair you are.” “If sweet enough to earn
Your love, so much is all my love’s concern.”

“My love grows hourly sweet . . . .”

But this is taking an undue advantage of Rossetti to read these foibles and fancies of a love-mad imagination in the cool shade of the porch, with the tinkle of ice in the glass to refresh you. He loved and appreciated women, and he appreciated beautiful things said about women. In his translation of Villon’s “Ballad of Dead Ladies,” he asks where are the fair ladies of the past, and then chides himself:

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where are they gone, nor yet this year,
Except with this for an overword,—

But where are the snows of yester-year?

And much that he wrote apart from his favorite theme of love, is remarkable in concept and beauty of expression. An old favorite is his sonnet “On the Refusal of Aid between Nations.” He says:

...because Man is parcelled out in men

Even thus; because for any wrongful blow,

No man not stricken asks, “I would be told
Why thou didst strike;” but his heart whispers then,

“He is he, I am I.” By this we know

That the earth falls asunder, being old.

An excellent thing, with a splendid lesson and fine expression, is “The Landmark.”

Was that the landmark? What,—the foolish well
Whose wave, low down, I did not stoop to drink,
But sat and flung the pebbles from its brink
In sport to send its imaged skies pell-mell,
(And mine own image, had I noted well)—

Was that my point of turning?—I had thought
The stations of my course should, rise unsought,
As altar-stone or ensigned citadel.

But lo! the path is missed, I must go back,
And thirst to drink when next I reach the spring
Which once I stained, which since may have grown black.
Yet though no light be left nor bird now sing
As here I’ll turn, I’ll thank God, hastening,
That the same goal is still on the same track.
Purity and sweetness, with a fragrance of fresh rain—his theory exemplified, without the yellow sky and purple cow!

As a poet, Rossetti will be remembered long after his theory is forgotten, for when his madness rose above his conceit it carried him high, though when they worked together he was a failure. His madness served him well, and really there was little harm in it, for a balanced mind could never have wrought the beauty that he wrought.

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**Varsity Verse.**

**The Haven of Refuge.**

An orphan, yea, and doubly so is he
Who ne'er has knelt to Mary, Queen of May,
Nor knows her refuge—sorrows to allay,
For Christ, her Son, doth hear her every plea.

Full-blessed and happy must that soldier be,
Who, mingling bravely in life's bruising fray,
Has ever at God's throne, in dark or day,
A patroness excelling in degree.

The little ones with childish griefs and frets,
The youth, whose hopes are wrecked upon life's shoals,
The men of earth, bowed down 'neath grievous woes,
All come to seek forgiveness of their debts,
From her who calms the hearts and soothes the souls,
The spotless one, whom Christ for Mother chose.

"I Told You So."

You may meet peculiar fellows,
As you sail across life's sea,
As little Johnny "Know-it-all,"
Or Tommy "Fun-like-me."

But the worst of earthly egotists,
A "guy" you all must know,
Is the one that struts about the place
And says, "I told you so."

If we win the game or lose it,
If we get three hits or four,
If the pitcher fans a batter,
If the captain starts to score,
If it rains or if it doesn't,
It is all the same, you know,
He comes smiling, with his chest out,
And just says, "I told you so."

Of course before some happening,
He doesn't feel so gay,
But just looks wise and scouts around,
To hear what people say.

But when the thing is over,
Why! he knew how it would go,
This poor top-heavy fellow
Who just says, "I told you so."

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**Caging the Lion.**

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The freshman is viewed with a measure of suspicion. It's part of the penalty of being a freshman. If he turns in a creditable piece of verse, or works out four or five problems correctly, one asks with surprise: "Wonder who helped him?" If he keeps well and away from the infirmary, he's not doing any more than he should. If taken down sick, no doubt the rascal is playing off. If he dresses in the newest fashion, he has no brains, and a well-stocked wardrobe supplies the place of an empty head. If not so attentive to this detail of human living, somebody should be paid a salary to take care of him.

Withal your freshman leads a life to awaken a pang of envy in the heart of age. The summer skies are above him all the year, and every night is lit with the moon and stars. He never lingers in the shadow of a care, and his young face is forever to the west. He has no past to sadden him, and the problems of an uncertain future are not yet banked large and black across his horizon. He is young, and youth is morning, when every blade of grass sparkles with diamonds and every flower sweetens the air. If he sometimes loves play and hates books, 'tis because he has a large capacity for joy. When he gets older, the mere matter of a baseball game or a visit to the city will not constitute his summum bonum of happiness. How one rambles!

Freshman English was a large class. A sort of small college in a way. And what notables were gathered there! Phil Donnelly, Fritz Berger, Teddy Baie, Joe McDermott, Moon, Shorty Metz, John Donlan (Corby's pitcher) "Skive" Maxman, and so on till you get tired. The teacher, a clever young Southern priest, understood his charges, and hitched them to the car of English thought. Then he drove them as the man in the circus parade drives that long double line of spotted ponies you and I have seen. The driver,—or rather the leader,—liked his ponies, and the ponies liked him. He was not "easy" in the Notre Dame sense. If
Fritz Berger slept on his exercise and then woke on it, and then put it off, and finally didn’t get it, Fritz knew, pull off any of his twenty-five combinations of excuses, he couldn’t get away with the play. They all knew the same thing. It was a tradition.

One day Teddy Bare said: “Father, I couldn’t get my work for to-day. The light went out in my room last night.”

“How, Father?”

“I merely wish to say, Mr. Berger tried that excuse several weeks ago and he was advised to use the light of faith.”

To-day the routine of class was taken up. Papers were made the subject of comment—favorable or quite the opposite. Then said the teacher after most of the work had been returned: “I have here a production from one Mr. Donnelly which is quite remarkable and—original.” Phil’s heartbeats quickened, Berger was immovable, Joe McDermott pantomimed the expanding head and looked at Phil, while Teddy Bare, who sat next the hero, passed him a quiet poke in the ribs by way of congratulation.

“Here it is,” said the teacher, and he read:

**THE TRIBUTE.**

In football tell me who is best,
Who shows the game to all the rest,
Who is the man in every test?
Myself—Phil Donnelly.

Pray, tell what man in Corby Hall
Is wisest, noblest of them all?
In form fair, in stature tall?
Myself—Phil Donnelly.

Who is so bright in English One?
And makes the other guys feel gone?
The teacher knows and dotes upon
Myself—Phil Donnelly.

Who is, for sure, the coming man?
Who will be leader of his clan?
Who, think you, but the Great-I-Am,
Myself—Phil Donnelly.

When the peal of laughter had died away Phil felt he could never look the world in the face again. Retiring as he was by nature the thrust hit him where he felt it most. Instead of seeing the situation in its true light, as a brainy fellow like him should have done, he very foolishly saw through the dark glass of wounded pride. The teacher relieved the situation somewhat when he said: “Evidently, friends of Mr. Donnelly are having some fun at his expense. The joke may be permitted this once. Repetition would spoil it.” The hint was taken, and the joke was never after repeated.

Class was now over, and Phil, who had recovered a measure of good nature, sought the culprit. He suspected Joe McDermott. That young gentleman was even then on the front steps of Corby listening to Fritz Berger who was reading an account of the “big game” from a Chicago daily.

“Great joke, wasn’t it?” came the sarcastic thrust he aimed at Joe.

“Not mine, Mr. man, be sure of that.”

“O no! Shakespeare came back to life to write it. My! but you do look innocent!”

“Well, I didn’t write it, that’s all.”

Phil produced the deadly manuscript, pushed it in front of Joe’s face, then pointing the index at the hated thing, exclaimed:

“Do you mean to tell me you didn’t write that?”

“I do.”

“Do what?”

“Do mean to tell.”

Then with terrible emphasis:

“Do mean to tell what?”

“Do mean to tell I didn’t write that,” Joe imitated Phil’s earnestness.

Complainant appeals to Frederick Berger who all this time is lost in the pink sheet.

“Berger, look at this.” Fritz starts, simulates surprise and prays to know the trouble, just as if his attentive ear had not caught every syllable.

“Look at this paper!”

Fritz contracts his brows like an old scribe conning thought from a faded manuscript. This done he looks up.

“Fritz, don’t you think this thing could be written by McDermott?” Fritz takes on the “pale cast of thought,” and after suitable reflection makes answer:

“Yes, Philip, Joseph could have written—”

“Don’t you think he wrote it?”

“Philip, who am I that I should judge my brother? Charity covereth a multitude of sins. How shall I, the least of all, judge between you and him?”

“Berger,” persisted Phil, “you know more about this than you care to tell. You are quoting pious texts from the Bible to save
you, though where you picked them up is more than I know. Now I'm going to dig to the root of this thing, and roll back every cloud till I find the sun." This promiscuous intercourse of the figures never worries the freshman.

"Joe, do you still say you didn't write this contemptible thing?" was the solemn, final question advanced by Phil.

"Yes, I still say I didn't write it."

"Above all things, Joseph, don't prevaricate. Of course you remember the story of George Washington and the hatchet. Honor is the greatest thing on earth. Children who obey their parents never tell a story."

There was just a trace of irritation in his voice as Joe snapped back:

"Berger, don't start preaching whatever else you do. It doesn't become you. 'Tisn't natural to you make up, though you're big enough to carry the drum for the salvation army. Even if I did write those lines on Phil, there's wit,—humor,—quality,—class in 'em. Many a long day will go by before your big head could think 'em out."

"Is that so?" and Fritz put the pink sheet down.

"Yes, that's so."

"Well, supposin' I did write 'em."

"The impossible doesn't happen, Berg."

"If I go further an' say I did write 'em."

Joe became solemn, Phil became interested. But the lion wasn't fully caged yet. So Joe continued: "Fritz, in your big head no such airy thing as that of this morning was ever held captive. You're too fleshy for thought. Moon could write it, or in his greatest moments—Joseph McDermott could write it!"

"But Moon didn't write it," was Fritz's absolute denial.

"No?"

"No, of course not. And that shadow of a man, that zero to the nth power, that unspeakable nothingness, Bones McDermott, didn't and couldn't write it."

"You big sand bag—you—you—porpoise, Right Hon. Joseph Desmond McDermott could write it."

"He couldn't and didn't—because the Most Worthy and Right Renowned Frederick Augustus Berger is the author!"

"He is!" exclaimed Phil and Joe in a breath.

"He is! Who else could do it!"

Joe jumped on Fritz's back, Phil knelt strong arms around his legs. How vain to struggle then! Teddy Bare happened along at this moment.

"Here is the author, Teddy," panted Phil.

"What shall we do with him?"

"Make him eat his words," said Teddy, who, snatching the paper which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, proceeded to feed Fritz on his poetic effort. 'Twas not an easy process, for Fritz clenched his teeth which relaxed momentarily when Joe tickled him. Thus the medicine was administered in small doses. Moon heard the struggle from his front room and came down.

Fritz looked tenderly at Moon Face, and Moon's heart melted.

"I'm for mercy," said Moon.

"And spoil my revenge!" thundered Phil.

"And spoil my offended pride!" clamored Joe.

"And spoil my—my—fun," echoed Teddy.

"Show him mercy. We all need it."

"Moon," said Phil dubiously, "I hate to refuse—but you're asking a lot."

"Then, you show the greater friendship in granting."

"Let him go, fellows," was Phil's answer.

"My heart's delight, my treasure, the light of my life, my Moon!" Fritz fell upon the neck of his deliverer, and, as you know, his fall was not the airy touch of a butterfly.

The lads had work to do and each went his way. Phil and Joe walked together to Chemistry hall. The were thoughtful.

"Phil, Moon is the sweetest kid in all the world."

"Yes, sweet is the word, Joe. You remember the two lines of poetry we had in English the other day—

Only the bones of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Moon had another attack last night. I stayed up with him. He caught my hand between his. How hot they were! He fell asleep praying."

"Yes," echoed Joe,

The bones of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

And across their young faces the shadow of anxiety hovered even as a cloud over a sunny landscape.
A poet who advances a new theory of poetry must needs excite interest. In the first place he attempts to run counter to conventional methods, to reduce to a science that which has generally been regarded as incapable of being reduced to rule; and, in the second place, we are anxious to note whether he puts his theory in practice. Since men first began to word their thoughts in metre, poetry has been a fertile subject of speculation. There has been a constant endeavor to expose the essential character of the art, to pin it down to rules and formulae; to say just what shall constitute true poetry; what it must and must not contain. As may be expected much of this theorizing goes wide of the mark. Poetry is elusive; it does not yield readily to principles.

As the last of a long line of those who have written on poetic science, Sidney Lanier deserves especial consideration. In his "Science of English Verse," which is considered the most perfect work of its kind, he asserts that poetry is only one form of music, and that the emotional effect upon the reader depends as much upon the sound as upon the imagery of words. He contends for more freedom in metre, and urges the time values of the words employed as an excuse for this anarchy. Pauses and short lines he regards as valid in poetry, as are pauses and incomplete bars in music. Thoroughly acquainted with music in all its forms and with the firm conviction that he was born to be a great poet, Lanier sought to reconcile the two arts. Like Wordsworth he outlined the system or method, and then attempted to make his poetry conform. But, like the English poet, he did not succeed. Whatever may be his "Science of Verse" as a literary contribution it did not work well in practice. Critics generally admit that Lanier's creative work was harmed rather than aided by the theory, which ran to what they term "metrical and verbal extravaganza."

In the following stanza of "A Night and Day," a poem referring to the death of Desdemona at the hands of Othello, some of his peculiarities in the use of metre are evident.

The innocent sweet Day is dead,
Dark Night hath slain her in her bed.
Oh, Moors are as fierce to kill as to wed;
Put out the light, said he.

Now in a wild, sad after-mood
The tawny night sits still to brood
Upon the dawn-time when he wooed—
I would she lived, said he.

Lanier's premature death prevented his working out the theory completely. He had no opportunity to test it to the full, as did Wordsworth, and there ever must remain a presumption that in a larger and more varied output the ideal might have been brought nearer to the practical. But such a result can hardly be considered probable in any case. As one critic avers, "he tried to make poetry do what painting has done better" as well as "what only music had done before," and the writer concludes with the reflection that with three lives Lanier might have accomplished this.

So much for the "Science of Verse" and its practical application. Lanier never realized his ambition to found a new cult in poetry or to become a great poet. He has never found favor abroad, and even at home he is not universally popular. Yet he is admitted to have been 'a true poet, and among a select circle his poetry is highly prized. Much of his work deals with un-American themes, but on the other hand some of his poems, as "The Marshes of Glynn," "The Song of the Chatachoochee," and the "Mocking Bird," appeal strongly to his fellow-countrymen. Unlike Walt Whitman, who also rebelled against metrical restraint, Lanier had the true poetic touch, and above all poetic substance. Possessed of a delicate fancy and an imagination that ran riot he brought to his task a love of the beautiful in nature and a sublime conception of his mission. In "The Marshes of Glynn" we are set athrill by the pictures conjured up by his imagery.

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven—
With intricate shades of the vines, that myriad-cloven Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—
Emerald twilights
Virginal shy-lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green
colonades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly -woods and glades
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea marshes of Glynn.

Aside from the poetic thought "The Marshes of Glynn” is remarkable for its
subtle rhythmic effect, due to a symphonic selection and arrangement of words. A
marked use of alliteration at the beginning
of words is quite palpable, but it is no less
frequently, though subtly, employed within
the words. The harmony of the lines does
not, however, depend upon alliteration alone,
for the smooth employment of liquids and
fricatives, and the particular vowel or vowels
most frequently accentuated have a large share
in determining the entire effect on the ear;
an effect that has been compared to the
steady tramp of infantry. These artistic
touches may be better observed in the
following lines from the same poem:

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing
withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves
to the sea;
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains
and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the Catholic man who hath
m mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

The “Song of the Chatachooche” is
constructed after the manner of Tennyson’s
“Break, Break, Break,” and attains the
same musical effect.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall
The rushes cried Abide, Abide,
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said stay,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed Abide, Abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

As Whittier sang of the scenes of the North
so Lanier sang of the South, and because
he has commemorated objects dear to the
heart of the Southerner he will always be
held in grateful esteem by the readers of
that locality. The southern forests, where
are “braided dusks of the oak and woven
shades of the vine,” where sits the mocking-
bird “superb and sole upon a plumed spray”
and “sums the woods in song,” “the river
winding through,” the clefts of the hills of
Habersham in the beds of the valleys of
Hall, the sunset on the marsh, the sea with
its incoming and outgoing tide—all shall
be incorporated forever in the treasures of
American song. Lately a story writer of
the South suggested that the mocking-bird,
which the poet had so fitly sung should,
be renamed the Lanier-bird, and surely this
would be a well-deserved tribute to one
who loved nature so deeply and painted her
so tender touch.

The chief criticisms offered against Lanier’s
poetry are want of spontaneity, overworked
musical effect, and a deficiency in uniting
sound and sense. It is urged in defense of
these faults that Lanier, besides being
 cramped by his own theory, lacked time to
revise his work properly. His life was a
constant battle against ill-health and pov­
ty, and it can well be believed that under
more fortunate circumstances he would
have succeeded in overcoming, or at least
materially lessening, the faults pointed
out.

Lanier’s position in American literature
is not yet definitely established. Those who
have taken upon themselves the task of
editing his poems have not ventured an
estimate, but have contented themselves with
recounting popular opinions, preferring to
let the question be settled by time. Many
warm admirers do not hesitate to accord
him a leading place among American poets;
others go to the opposite extreme. It is not
possible that Lanier will ever be considered
more than a minor poet, as his chief claim to
fame so far rests on his lectures concerning
the novel and verse, yet he has added some­
thing to poetic literature, and in that field
is entitled to his due meed of praise.

"INSTEAD of saying that a gentleman is
one who never gives pain, it were less untrue
to say that a gentleman necessarily gives
pain,—pain to liars, cowards, hypocrites,
mammonites and sensualists, to whoever
is false or base or cruel; for the first
requisite
of a gentleman is to be true, brave and
noble, and to be therefore a rebuke and
scandal to venal and vulgar souls.”
Those who last Thursday witnessed the group of ceremonies that proved so rich a setting for First Holy Communion, will not soon forget the day and the event. Splendor of worship is a part of the history of Notre Dame. Indeed one will have to travel far to find elsewhere ritual observances so minutely carried out, and wealth of decoration so harmoniously blended. It is gratifying to find that, despite the many notable religious functions of which Sacred Heart Church is the scene and centre, the tradition of First Communion service has lost none of its old-time glory. The young boys who were privileged to be the central figures in the great event of last Thursday are privileged indeed. For them the day should remain bright with a particular splendor, which the glory of no other day should dim by comparison.

That college student in one of our Middle West institutions who "fasted" to save money for a ticket to grand opera has awakened the usual maudlin sentiment from the usual maudlin people. The daily papers gave him a column in the front page and Caruso gave him a ticket good for a front row. The papers got copy, Caruso got advertisement, and the student got a ticket and his dinner. Thus the trying situation is settled to satisfy the most rigid demands of poetic justice. Grand opera is a luxury, and luxuries cost. If this passionate lover of high vocal expression elected to "fast" in order to enjoy the luxury, he is within his rights. But why burden us with the story, which verges closer on the ridiculous than on the heroic? And why use the word "fast," a word which connotes an act of self-denial for some supernatural motive? When we think of fasting we think of penance for sin; we think of souls struggling against human passion for a more perfect love; we think of silent thought and prayer and a yearning for more intimate self-knowledge and a nearer approach to God. We never think of Caruso and a free ticket and the front page and the aftermath of an "interview." If anybody wishes to starve himself to hear Caruso otherwise than through the graphophone, let him do so by all means, but let him not dignify the eccentricity by calling it a "fast."

The recurrence this year of the decadel performance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau recalls some interesting facts and presents some strange anomalies. It is the last Oberammergau, and best example of what was the beginning of the English drama, the "Mystery" or "Miracle" play. That it alone has so long survived its kindred, and, despite modern hostility to anything mediæval in character, has steadily increased in worth and fame is a most remarkable fact. Most people accept the story of the plague and the consequent vow which is given as the sole motive of the performance as a matter of course. Indeed the facts are so authentic that there is no room for doubt. They are filled with wonder and admiration, however, when they witness the presentation of this great religious tragedy by these simple peasant folk according to the best principles of dramatic art. In its audience, every quarter of the globe is represented as is every shade of religious belief, yet from all alike is heard nothing but the highest commendation. Herein lies the anomaly. How has such a successful play escaped or resisted the all-pervading spirit of modern commercialism?
Why has its financial possibilities been neglected? Why has it not been staged in the great cities? Concerning this we will venture an opinion. Inducement or opportunity was not lacking. Repeated offers of the most extravagant kind have been made, but to no purpose. The reason is obvious. The rendition of the play is the fulfilment of a precious inherited obligation. It is wholly a labor of love. The secret of its phenomenal success lies in the sincerity and the simple faith of the participants. The peculiar environment of the place, its traditions and conventionalities figure largely in the make up of the play itself. It is, as it were, native to Oberammergau, hence, to remove it elsewhere would be to subject it to unnatural influences and to impair its original vigor and impressiveness. It has not been commercialized because no other motive has been more foreign to its production. Its proof against this is the highest evidence of the integrity of its performers and a sufficient guarantee of its continuity.

—In Bridgeport, Conn., the doings of a high school sorority are causing big talk. A girl of seventeen was “initiated,” and now she is a nervous wreck in a sanitarium. Here are some of the performances of the gentle sex. The victim was blindfolded and fed on macaroni boiled in soap. She was informed she had eaten angler worms. She swallowed oiled oysters and was told she had eaten tadpoles. She was “branded” with candle-grease, while a hot poker thrust into a piece of raw meat furnished the imagination with the odor of burning flesh. As a result of all this she became hysterical, and was taken to a sanitarium. Then an expert chemist with the manifold wise saws of his profession proved the obvious: that macaroni, oysters, and soap are perfectly harmless substances. Not so the young “ladies”—at least in the present case. They had invention and their companion had imagination. They used their gift, and they should have known she would use hers, even as they would under like circumstances. Fraternities and Sororities may consider this form of “initiation” rare fun, but surely such concepts of humor are far-fetched in the extreme. It is small wonder that matter-of-fact people are thoroughly disgusted with the doings of those young men and young women who think that all manner of behavior is permissible just because it originates in a Greek letter society.

—About a year ago Cardinal Gibbons stated that there is a solution of the Negro problem in America, and that it lies in religion, and the right kind of education. There has been no doubt in the minds of thinkers, that Booker Washington in his Tuskegee Industrial School has done more to raise the standard of our “black brothers” than any other living man. The negro is what he was made by generations of servitude. Fitted by God for a higher station, he can only reach that station by taking slowly and carefully the intermediate steps. He has not yet arrived at his full development. What he needs now is a technical education such as he receives at Tuskegee. Here he learns the dignity of labor, the honor that is due to the laborer. It is with joy one notes the proposed erection of a Catholic Industrial School similar to that headed by Booker Washington. At the last annual meeting of the Catholic Board for mission work among the colored people recently held in Baltimore, the plan was proposed and adopted. Rev. John E. Burke, the zealous pastor of a colored Catholic Church in New York, is to lead the movement. The school will probably be situated in Alabama. In it the most useful trades will be taught, along with instruction in the dogmas of the Catholic Church. American Catholics can not but realize that this is a work to which they owe their heartiest co-operation. The negro problem will sooner or later be the biggest problem the United States has ever had to solve. If the negro is not educated to realize his duties to the government that freed him, and above all his duties to his God, which embrace the former duties, there will most certainly be a clash between the two races, the negro fighting for power, regardless of his qualifications, and the white crushing him down as unfit for power. This can be averted. A dozen schools in the South such as the one proposed can reform the negro.
Knight of Columbus Initiation.

The newly-established council of the Knights of Columbus at the University celebrated its institution in a fitting manner last Sunday, May 1, by initiating a class of forty-eight candidates, and giving a banquet in their honor. It was Knights of Columbus Day at Notre Dame. The regular students' Mass in the morning was sung an hour later than usual, to permit the South Bend and Elkhart candidates for initiation, and the visiting Knights to attend Mass at Notre Dame. Reverend President Cavanaugh was the celebrant at the Mass, and Reverend Fathers Schumacher and Quinlan were the assistants. The sermon, preached by Father Schumacher, was one of rare excellence, and admirably fitted to the occasion. Dr. Schumacher defended the existence of God and the truth of His teachings, and showed the necessity for their observance, in a logical manner, and closed with a noble appeal to the assembled Knights to be "doers as well as hearers of the word." The sermon made a deep impression, and was a splendid introduction for the work of the day.

The initiation, which was held jointly with South Bend and Elkhart Councils, began at one o'clock in the afternoon, and lasted until seven. The degree work was in charge of South Bend Council and Jerome J. Crowley, District Deputy of the Chicago District. Regarding the work, naturally, little is to be said, though from the happy faces that filled the University halls the several days following, it may be inferred that the purpose of the initiation was fulfilled with a marked degree of success.

The banquet, which began promptly at seven o'clock, was served in Place Hall, South Bend. Five hundred guests, representing many different councils in a dozen or more different states, were present, and joined in the festivities of the evening with a hearty good spirit.

The program of toasts was one fitting the dignity of the occasion. Dr. John Stoeckley, Grand Knight of South Bend Council, and a warm friend of the Notre Dame Knights in their campaign for a charter, was the toastmaster, and was appropriately simple and effective in his introduction of speakers.

The speaker of the evening was Father Cavanaugh, who took for his theme "Religious Education." Commenting on the words of the President of Purdue University, who scoffed at the scramble of the American colleges to "feed from the Carnegie trough," Father Cavanaugh said: "Is it not pitiful that schools and colleges and universities should divorce themselves from their tenets, their faith, their hope, their church, in order that they may accept gifts from Andrew Carnegie." "The heart of culture is the culture of the heart," went on Father Cavanaugh, with fine eloquence, "and the soul of improvement is the improvement of the soul. The highest aim in every age has had religion for its incentive. The great educator has been religion; the great colonizer has been religion. Is it any wonder, then, that religion plays such a large part in the education of the youth? Religion is the only power that has been able to make men better. The belief that a man is accountable to a higher power for his deeds, this it is that reforms the conduct of men and restrains their passions. No substitute has been able to take the place of religion. The commonest one that you hear about is naturalism. The 'natural' man prides himself most on his ability to take care of himself. His pathway through life is strewn with ruined homes and misery; naturalism is a philosophy of life, not of death—no joy for humanity in this world, no hope in death."

Following Father Cavanaugh, Mr. Wm. A. McInerney, of South Bend, spoke for the "Indiana Knights." His talk was pointed and well chosen but brief, owing to a severe attack of throat trouble. Following him, Dr. James J. Walsh, of New York, who happened in as a guest in the afternoon, delivered an erudite address on the contemporaries of Columbus. Dr. Walsh's great work in this field is well known to the students of Notre Dame, and it is sufficient to say that his address was highly interesting throughout.

The other speakers on the regular program were Hon. Robert A. Proctor, State Senator, of Elkart, Indiana, who toasted "The Ladies;" William P. O'Neill, of Mishawaka, Indiana, on "Our Heritage;" and Jerome J. Crowley, of Chicago, on "The Men from Notre Dame." Following this, impromptu
talks were delivered by Warren A. Cartier, President of the Alumni Association, J. Augustin Smith, of South Bend, Samuel M. P. Dolan, of Notre Dame, Grand Knight John C. Tully, of Notre Dame Council, and Reverend Father Quinlan Chaplain of the local organization.


First Communion and Confirmation.

On Thursday, May 5th, the Feast of the Ascension was observed with appropriate solemnity at Notre Dame. The day is set apart in the University calendar for the administration of First Communion and Confirmation. This year the class was favored with ideal conditions. The day was an exceptional one,—clear, blue sky, soft spring breezes and a warm sun. At eight o’clock the procession, consisting of students, clergy and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding, was formed at the Main Building and moved around the quadrangle to the Sacred Heart Church. It was led by the University band and the Carroll and St. Edward Hall cadets, who did themselves proud on their first appearance in full military dress. They manoeuvred well and showed evidences of careful drilling. Solemn High Mass, Coram Episcopo, was celebrated by the Reverend President, assisted by Fathers Carroll and Carrico. A touching exhortation was given the First Communicants by Father Joseph Maguire. The ceremonies previous to the reception of Holy Communion were beautifully impressive, and should linger long in the memories of the young boys who received for the first time the Bread of Life.

In the afternoon Confirmation was administered by the Right Rev. Bishop, who also gave an instructive discourse on the proper dispositions for the worthy reception of the sacrament. The choir chanted the Veni Creator, and the confirmation ceremonies followed immediately. Pontifical Benediction fittingly concluded a singularly happy day. A large number of visitors—friends and relatives of the young candidates—were present for the ceremonies. From the whole-souled manner in which they participated in the exercises, it would seem that the spirit of the day was caught up by the entire student body. It brought back to them the memory of that most eventful day in their own lives, and impressed them anew with the solemnity and significance of First Holy Communion.


Dr. Walsh’s Lecture.

The faculty and students of the University enjoyed a pleasant hour last Monday, when Dr. Walsh, of New York, lectured before them. He spoke of the conditions of labor to-day, comparing them with those of the thirteenth century. His connection with one of the New York hospitals of the East Side has enabled him to make careful observations in the former field, while his exhaustive researches, found in “The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries,” renders him particularly capable in the latter.
The account of the New York waiter, illustrative of the trials and difficulties of struggling humanity in our larger cities, exemplifies the corruption wrought by the industrial insurance companies, which have erected imposing skyscrapers as monuments of their corruption upon the proceeds of lapsed insurance policies of starving workmen. The astonishing statistics, indicating that one out of every four who die in London have been given material assistance, he believes applicable to our own metropolis. The Pittsburg survey, instituted by Mrs. Russel Sage, showed the average wages of labor to be $11.00 per week, with rent aggregating one-third or more of that sum. When rent reaches one-fourth of the income, said Dr. Walsh, deplorable conditions are to be expected.

The question is how we are to reform these conditions and alleviate the pains and sufferings of the laboring classes. Dr. Walsh advanced two possible solutions: one, socialism, leading to unbridled and destructive anarchy; the other, the adoption of a system fashioned after the old craft guilds of the thirteenth century. Comparisons showing the superiority of that to our present system were numerous, the cost of living in every case being less in proportion to the wages paid.

Dr. Walsh is a master of his subject and it is always a pleasure to hear him. He is a man of facts, and a man of facts is to be feared by those who are careless in handling truth.

Local Items.

—Lost.—An open-face gold watch. Finder please leave at Students’ Office.

—Lost.—A quantitative chemistry. Finder return it to Bro. Alphonsus for reward.

—Prof. Benitz delivered an interesting lecture last Thursday on the slide rule.

—The military companies showed to good advantage in the First Communion procession.

—The examination returns are now all in, and bulletins will be sent home within a few days.

—The slide rules are in. The SCHOLASTIC must look for new material for the local column.

—May devotions began with appropriate ceremonies on Saturday evening. Rev. Father Murphy gave a very practical opening sermon.

—Wisdom Cotter’s Invincibles reflected added lustre on their trainer last week by downing the South Bend Gatelys to the tune of 9 to 1.

—The debate between Brownson and St. Joseph Halls will take place May 8 at 8 o’clock in Walsh Assembly Hall. All students are invited to attend.

—Students of the Pharmacy courses have left on an extended trip to Detroit and other points in Michigan, where they will visit and inspect prominent factories of chemicals.

—An announcement of Hart, Schaffner and Marx Economic Prizes for the year 1911 has been sent out. Students desiring to compete for these prizes should report to Father Walsh.

—“Los Pachones de Romana” is the name of a Latin baseball club organized during the week by that enterprising Peruano, Arias, San Pedro, DeLandero, Wolff, Gamboa and Cortazar are prospective stars.

—A force of workmen has been raising the walks and levelling the lawns of the quadrangle during the past week. There is now a suggestion of grass in front of Walsh Hall; the individual blades are doing nicely.

—Freshman and Sophomore English students and members of the Junior Elocution are expected to prepare and deliver orations during this term. The elocutionists are restricted to a study of prominent orators.

Calendar.

Sunday 8—Old College vs. Sorin baseball.

“  St. Joseph vs. Walsh baseball.

“  Brownson Literary Society.

“  Walsh Literary Society.

“  St. Joseph Literary Society.

Monday 9—Band Practice.

“  Orchestra practice.

Tuesday 10—Olivet vs. Notre Dame.

“  Mandolin club practice.

Wednesday 11—Civil Engineering Society.

“  Philopatrian Society.

Thursday 12—Corby vs. St. Joseph baseball.

Saturday 14—Rose Polytechnic vs. N. D.
The Irish History Number of the Scholastic continues to receive commendatory notice in the exchanges. The St. Mary's Sentinel and St. Jerôme's Schoolman are the latest journals to add their words of praise.

The Mexican banquet, to celebrate the "Cinco de Mayo," which was postponed from Thursday on account of First Friday confessions, will be held at the Oliver this evening. Garcia, DeLandero and Pimental are the speakers.

The North Dakota Club was organized last week, and Leo Buckley, the popular president of the junior laws, toastmaster of the freshmen, secretary-treasurer of the Indiana club, ex-Carrollite, Philopatrian and "glad-hand artist" par excellence, was elected to the presidency.

Dr. Carrico has taken charge of the English classes hereafter taught by Father Quinlan who has gone to Washington to make ready for his doctor's degree in philosophy. Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes have been united, and will for the remaining portion of the year devote their attention to the Nineteenth Century Poets.

A few candidates for K. C. membership, who were not ready to enter at South Bend last Sunday will be taken in at Michigan City to-morrow. A meeting will be held in South Bend at the American Hall next Thursday evening at 7:30 for the installation of officers of the Notre Dame Council. All Knights are requested to attend as important business will be taken up.

Athletic Notes.

First of Arkansas Series to Notre Dame.

After getting out of the "Hitless Wonder" class the Varsity succeeded Thursday afternoon in taking the first of the two games scheduled with Arkansas. Bill Heyl was on the mound for the locals, and was a big factor in bringing home the hits, getting two out of three times up. In addition Bill fanned six of the southern men, and with the exception of the last round held them completely at his mercy. Allen and Creekmore walked, and both scored on Van's hit to left. Milford scored Van by a ripping three-bagger to left which sailed over Williams' head. Wilson hit to center scoring Milford. There was much rejoicing when Miller flied out to Williams and Stout followed to Hamilton. Tompkins started out classy with his rain ball, but in the third the locals got by the moisture, and after that had little difficulty in picking out the good ones when they were needed. Score:

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Struck out—By Heyl. 6. By Tompkins in 7 innings, 6; by Rogers in 1 inning, 1. Bases on balls—Off Heyl, 2; off Tompkins, 2; off Rogers, 2. Stolen bases—Quigley, 1; Hamilton, 4; Williams, 2; Phillips, 1; Connolly, 1. Three base hit, Milford. Two base hit, Ulatowski. Double plays—Kelley to Foley to Phillips; Kelley to Phillips. Umpire, Reems.

**

Arkansas Takes Second.

Arkansas by hitting at opportune times succeeded in defeating the Varsity last Saturday by the score of 5 to 1. While the locals binged frequently enough to win an ordinary game it failed to line them out in a manner whereby they might affect the score board. Things looked bright in the fourth with Kelley on second when Williams came up, but the big left fielder succumbed to the wiles of Barber and "Red" was left on base. In the seventh with two men down and Connolly on second, Ulatowski came up amid the plaudits of the assemblage, for "Uli" had lined out a two-bagger in the third; but again Barber put on steam and struck out his man. It remained for the ninth inning to bring about the thrills that looked for a time like many runs. Kelley walked and went to third on Williams' two-bagger to centre. When Fred neared the second station he couldn't get the brakes working, and as a result he ran by far enough to get caught, coming back for the first out. Kelley scored a moment later on an error by the catcher. Phillips walked and went to second on Connolly's hit. Here was the big chance of the game with two men on and only one down, but "Uli" in attempting to clear the bases hit a high foul which the catcher gathered safely in his mitt. Ryan, he of the two-bagger fame, rolled one to the pitcher,
and the first Collegiate battle of the season was lost.

The visitors scored their first run in the third when Allen reached first on Baber’s out at second, stole second, and came home on Coyle’s hit. In the fifth Stout walked, went to second on Baber’s out, took third when Allen hit to left, and scored on Coyle’s second hit of the day. Van hit to left, scoring Allen and Coyle. When Milford made the fourth hit of the inning Ryan was sent in. Milford was caught trying to steal, making the third out as Van took the same route only a short time before. Ryan held them safe in the eighth, but in the ninth Coyle walked, took second on an error by Foley, and scored when Miller hit to center. With the exception of this round Ryan proved invincible, and in addition heralded his advent into the game by rippling off a two bagger over the left fielder’s head in the eighth.

The score:

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Two base hits—Ryan, Ulatowski, Williams. Struck out by Regan in 4 2/3 innings, 2; by Ryan in 4 2/3 innings, 2; by Baber, 6. Bases on balls—Off Regan, 2; Ryan, 2; Baber, 6. Hit by pitched ball—Creekmore. Stolen bases—Kelley, 1; Phillips, 1; Connolly, 1; Allen, 1; Milford, 1. Umpire—Reems.

**

**VARSITY BATTING AVERAGE**

The following is the batting average taken from the five Collegiate games up to and including the last game with Arkansas as compiled by the official scorer. This Average will be printed weekly hereafter.

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**FRESHMEN LOSE CULVER MEET—60-53.**

The Freshmen track team paid their second visit of the year to Culver last Saturday, and although they annexed eight first places out of a possible twelve they lost the meet. This can be accounted for by the fact that they failed to take along enough second class men in which commodity Culver was well supplied, and because of this gobbled up all the second and third places. Martin proved the star of the meet, winning the hundred-yard dash in a trifle better than ten flat. He also won the 220. Sipple showed well in the quarter, and Williams, the Varsity left fielder, won the broad jump by making 21 feet 6 1/2 inches.

**

**NOTRE DAME SHOWS AT PHILADELPHIA.**

When Jimmie Wasson cleared 23 feet 3 1/2 inches in the big relay games held at Philadelphia last Saturday and thereby won the event, he demonstrated that in track as well as in every other department of collegiate sports Notre Dame must be reckoned with. The work of Wasson comes as a surprise to the fans at Notre Dame, for while they realized that he was one of the best all-around men on the team, they did not look for such an excellent showing from him in this event. Philbrook took third place in the discus, the event being won at 129 feet. "Phil" has thrown the discus in practice a hundred and thirty feet, but on account of the difference in the form of the instrument used in the Eastern games he was handicapped.