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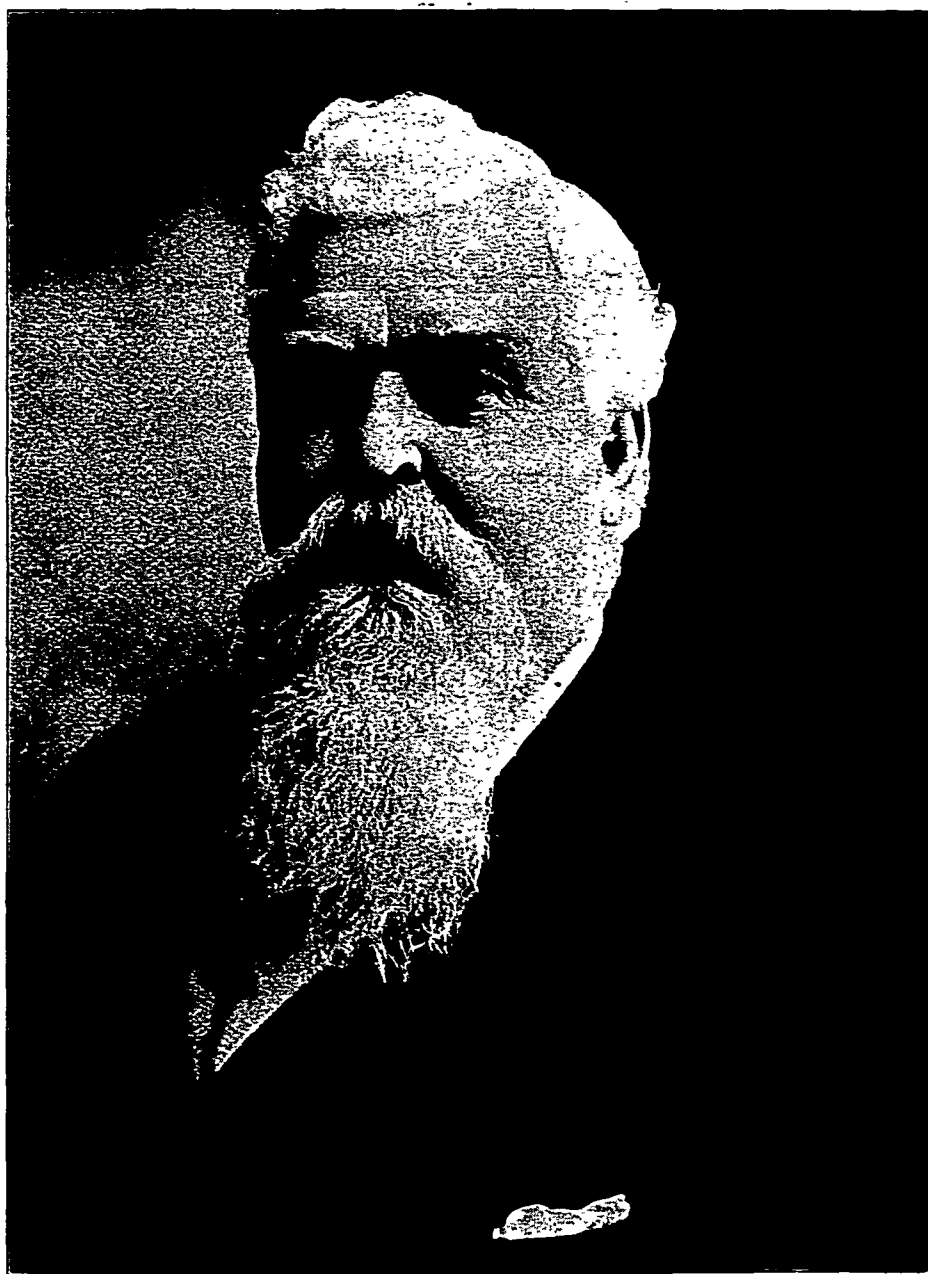
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 24, 1900.

No. 25.



JOHN A. CREIGHTON;
Lectare Medalist, 1900.

The Dawn of Truth.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

WHILE yet the eastern mountains stem at morn
The golden flood, deep jets of crimson bright
Leap up, which stain the sombre edge of night,
Commingling there: then twilight grey is born
To fill earth's spacious dome; and stars forlorn
Retire into the mist, with calm, slow flight,
And shedding till the last a softened light,
Like a woman's kindly eyes—her face all worn.

E'en so when Truth dawns on our ravished gaze,
Slowly, but with triumphant mastery,
We watch with wonder all her beaming glints
That guided us through Doubt's insidious maze,
Fade one by one, and motionless we see
The East arrayed in all her gorgeous tints.

Effects of Environment on the Poems of
Robert Burns.

ANTHONY BROGAN, 1901.

ABOUT seventy years ago Thos. Carlyle awakened the lovers of English literature to the loss they had sustained in the early death of the poet Burns. When they had aroused themselves, rubbed their eyes, and examined into the quaint treasures the dead bard had left them, their leaders immediately registered his name among the immortals; and high in the list they wrote it too, near the name of Milton and over against those of Dryden, Gray and Goldsmith. What did this young man, who had never reached
The years that bring the philosophic mind,
do to win so high a place? By his clear vision he saw material that had lain untouched in the open sunshine for ages. This material was the common experiences of common men. Burns picked it up, passed it through the glowing-furnace of his imagination, whence it came cleared of dross. While his metal was yet at a white heat he wrought it into shapes that will delight and amuse while English remains intelligible.

The accidents that attend genius sometimes make for as much as genius itself. And the heavenly gift of Burns was almost entirely controlled by the accidents of life. For the dispenser of genius, after his careless fashion, dropped one of his most brilliant pearls into the hands of William Burness, the poet's father, instead of carefully placing it in the nursery of a country gentleman to whom he

was gardener. Not that Robert Burns' father was unworthy to beget so renowned a son, but rather that it at first seems a mistake that the poet was not placed where the advantages of early culture and learning would have aided in the development of his talents. It is as useless, however, to deplore Burns' social condition as to regret his lack of concentration, or his unsettled mode of living. From those sprang most of his miseries. And when his soul was harrowed with trials unavoidable in his state of life he found relief in song. Thence have come many of his beautiful lyrics and poems. If we admire the effect, it is senseless to wish the cause had never existed. A Burns nurtured in a palace would not have touched many of the subjects our poet has treated so tenderly and humorously as "The Twa Dogs," "To a Mountain Daisy," "The Auld Farmer," "To His Mare," and other homely themes.

Cultured critics who sit cozily by a winter fire reading and admiring the songs and poems of Burns, bewail the fact that he wasted his powers in parish contentions and love making. Alack! they say, that one who was capable of contemplating the highest was ever surrounded with the basest! Let us see if he was. He had his seat in the theatre of the world, saw the ever-varying scenes of the seasons, heard the free music of the birds, and for actors beheld each man playing his part. And was not Tam Samson and John Lapraik as noble as any lord that ever went up to London in his coach and four? And for grace and beauty did not the country maid he saw crossing the fields to church equal a lady of fashion? Surely, there was more music in her pace, with step so light that she did not crush the daisy she trod upon, than in the rustle of my lady's gown coming in late to the Sunday service? How, then, can we say the poet was ever surrounded by the basest? He was rarely except when he sought out the low and base himself. But he was ever surrounded with the humblest.

If Burns' mind was not stimulated by the sight of beautiful paintings, or his soul stirred by music, he ever beheld what was dearer: the benign face of a virtuous mother. From his cradle to his eighteenth year he heard her croon the sweet songs of his dear Scotland. The influence of having these soft airs sung into his soul is apparent in the poet's lyrics. For in his songs the words and music are so blended that to separate them would be to

make the first part seem almost mere sentimentality, and the second by itself would be so imperative in its demand that no true satisfaction could be found in it until we had words to suit it.

But it is doubtful if ever again we can find a man that will equal Burns in matching words to an air. The plaintiveness of the deep emotion that he expressed very often softened the tune for which he supplied verses. In this way he has added something to the airs of all his best songs. So deeply indeed does his emotion permeate a song that one who is touched by it, yet had never heard it sung, can catch the air truly embodied in the sentiment. This, of course, supposes the singer to have some knowledge of Scotch music. No other song-writer in English can claim this quality except Samuel Lover, yet he can scarcely be deemed even a minor poet.

The characteristic in Burns' lyrics of softening an air may be exemplified by comparing his "Highland Mary" with "Katharine Ogie," a song whose author is unknown. He wrote "Highland Mary" to the air of "Katharine Ogie," but the latter has nothing of the plaintiveness and deep tenderness we find in the former. Another example for comparison is "A Red, Red Rose" with "Low Down i' the Broom." To show how little, however, he depended on the tune of any song for his inspiration, we have only to examine "My Heart's in the Highlands," and "To Mary in Heaven." These, like others that are not written to some air that had sung itself into the memory of his countrymen, are among his best.

Burns' father set him an elevated example. He was prudent, persevering and hard-grained in opinions which he had taken time and care to form. He dearly loved his family, and longed to see his children attain what he lacked—an education. William Burness was by no means an ignorant man, however; for in early life he had been cast into the cupola of adversity, where one must learn, be the knowledge attained good or bad. The molten mass in this furnace consists of two elements—the base and noble, which mingle but never form a compound. Who passes through the seething mixture is permeated by that element that is of like nature with his own—noble if his character is noble, base if he is base. The mind of Burns' father was of a lofty stamp. So in his years of wandering and struggle with the world he assimilated all he saw good in men, but with their evil ways he would have nought

to do. He was able to get down into the motives for action in others; but, like all who prefer the straight open way through life, he never used his knowledge of man's heart to advance himself. As a consequence, he always remained poor—if one having a philosopher's pleasure can be called poor.

What he learned of human nature in his youth, he transmitted to his son, Robert, in after-life. When his toil for the day was over William Burness delighted to instruct his children during his scant leisure hours. Robert was the eldest of the family, consequently the one most intimate with his father in those early days when they lived at Mt. Oliphant near the town of Ayr. The poet himself, whose motto was

"To keek through every (other) man
With sharpened, sly perception,"

after he had seen a good deal of mankind remarks: "I have met few who understood men, their manners and ways equal to my father."

We can easily imagine the stoop-shouldered farmer sitting by his hearth on a winter's night, warning the youthful Robert to beware of the snares and pitfalls outside the parish boundaries. These admonitions were the embryos that later developed into the plants of honor, independence and observation in the mind of the young poet.

But Burness did more for his children than teach them precepts. He instructed them in the elementary branches himself, giving special attention to their religious training. Scotchmen who write about Robert Burns seem fond of calling his father a Presbyterian. The name, however, is too narrow. His great fortitude, honesty, honor, independent way of standing alone, his tolerance of the beliefs of others, can in religious terminology be expressed by only one word—he was a Christian. Heaven alone knows what Burns, with his passions that raged like so many devils, and veins that ran lightning, might have been in after-days if his father had not been so practical a follower of the Master. This religious influence of Burness showed in his son at most unexpected times during his whole life. The poet never went a "kennan wrang," but he felt his conscience prod him. When the father saw his limited knowledge of books could no longer satisfy the growing minds of his sons, Robert and Gilbert, he, with the aid of a few neighbors, hired a teacher. Under this man Robert studied until he had an excellent knowledge of English

grammar, some history and later a smattering of French. The use of French is about the only affectation of which Burns can be accused. He knew hardly enough of the language to ask for a meal at a country inn in France, yet he seemed extremely fond of working hackneyed phrases of the tongue into his letters.

The poet says he owed a good deal to an old woman who lived with his family in his boyhood. She had the largest stock of tales about enchanted castles, haunted lochs, witches, fairies, spunkies, brownies, warlocks and, in short, of the whole uncanny race, than any other granny in the south of Scotland. These stories had a wonderful effect on the boy's imagination. His reading was necessarily scanty, but his fancy always had a dragon, a dead-light or a kelpie to work on.

He tells us himself that he committed the sin of Rime shortly before the age of sixteen:

Amaist as soon as I could spell
I to the crambo-jingle fell.

The cause of his early fall from grace was "a bonnie, sweet, sensie lass," who was his partner in the harvest field. She was the first that "Gart his heart strings tingle," and with slight intermissions some one of her sex had them "tingling" to the day of his death. Burns was truly a disciple of Vanini who held that "every hour was lost, which was not spent in love."

It may be of interest to the followers of other schools of philosophy to know that Vanini lost his head through the fall of an axe. Here is how the poet himself expresses his belief regarding the doctrine: "In spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence and book-worm philosophy, I hold love to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below."

How closely he conformed to this we may note. His first verses at sixteen were addressed to one of "nature's gentle objects," and at thirty-six, when the blood of ordinary men has cooled, his last song was composed in gratitude to a maid who ministered to him in his sickness. That Burns wasted so much time on love and love-songs has been regretted by many. His songs without doubt are the sweetest in the English tongue, yet half of his amatory ones can be spared. Except when he sings of his country, his truest and sincerest notes are struck from his love harp.

The poet left home at nineteen to study surveying at Kirk-Oswald, a hamlet near the sea-coast. Here he learned to fill his glass and

shine as a wit in a sphere of "good fellows." He was doing fairly well with his studies, however, until his dark eye fell on what he calls a charming *fillete*, who lived next door to his teacher's house. The "tingling" process immediately began. One day after he had stepped into the garden to take the sun's altitude he met her, and from that time on he could not distinguish between a quadrilateral and a circle. This ended his trigonometry. He saw how useless was his stay at school, so he returned home, once more to handle the plow.

During his short stay at Kirk-Oswald he had read a great deal, and his natural propensity to observe had improved his knowledge of man. At home he spent his time at work, making verses and, as usual, philandering. At this period of his life he always had two or three love affairs on hand. Up to his twenty-third year his days had been happy enough. Then he went to a neighboring town, Irvine, to learn the trade of flax-dressing. Here a double calamity ruined his prospects. His shop was set afire by himself and a few boon companions who sat up to see the old year out, and a *belle fille*—more of his French—jilted him under most humiliating circumstances.

He returned home again, and his father dying shortly afterward, he became the head and mainstay of the family. He and his brother Gilbert took a farm at Mossgeil. Then the poet suddenly determined to become wise. He read treatises on farming, attended markets, and bought himself a memorandum book to jot down items of agricultural interest. Most of the notes taken by him were of this kind,

O why the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-thrèe and five foot nine—
I'll go and be a soldier.

It is needless to say the farm was a failure.

The next and most noteworthy event in the life of Burns was when he went to Edinburgh at the age of twenty-six to have his poems published. His family was in poor circumstances, and the poet had determined to leave his dear Scotland for Jamaica. Hitherto his days had been happy enough, but at Edinburgh he got the one glimpse of paradise that is granted to the damned soul. His poems were devoured. The unpolished ploughman was the lion of the hour. The scholars and literary men of Scotland opened their homes to him. Even lords wished to have the quick-eyed, high-browed countryman at their dinners. He was a revelation. A ten-months' child able to

throw a bull could not have been regarded as a greater prodigy.

Burns mingled with these unusual companions as if he had been used to their society from his cradle. Since his boyhood he had taken the measure of every man he met. His quick perception soon told him he was in no way inferior to his learned associates in intellect. At least, this is what we gather from a diary he kept at the time, which he called his "commonplace book." He flattered

(Conclusion next week.)

no one to curry favor, but his big heart throbbed in gratitude for any real kindness done him. He said himself that he thought many men of his acquaintance in Ayrshire, though unpolished, were equal in intellect and observation to the scholars he met at Edinburgh. This, of course, we can not altogether believe, for one with his warm nature would be liable to magnify the value of his friends' repartee or shrewdness and lessen that of the scholar of whom he expected a good deal.

Saint Joseph Our Guide.

JOHN L. CORLEY, '02.

(Read at St. Joseph's Hall celebration, March 19.)

AS the ancient tale is truly told
When Israel's youth in the days of old
Placed their wands in love and pride—
As the custom ran—to win the bride,
There came one up of lowly mien,
And gently passed the youth between;
And as he passed 'twas plainly seen
The bearing of this quiet man
Was far from moved by the wonder there,
That he should hope to win so fair
A virgin of the royal clan.

But lo! when the first bright morning rays
Kissed the crest of Sion's hills,
Up to the temple the suitors came.
Some said: "'Tis I," all said the same!
Each listened anew to hear his name;
But each one broke his crisped staff,
And heard re-echoed a mocking laugh.
But soon the bitter scoffers cease,
And the High-priest leads her forth to stand
"Where Joseph waits in the throng in peace,
With the blossoming staff in his aged hand!"

'Twas then when Rome had spread her sway
Out from her Forum far and wide,
To Scotland's hills and Danube's tide,
And Arabia's deserts brown and dried,
And the fertile valleys of the Nile,
Heaped wealth upon this mighty pile—
The centre of the world.
When proud Octavius sallied out
And brought all nations 'neath his crown,
The eastern thrones had toppled down,
And Pompey's ever fair renown
Had lived its time and passed away—
The world had almost reached the day,—
"The fullness of the time."

The mighty gates of Janus closed,
And groping 'round in search of light,
The Stoic mind sought for the truth,
But found no way to guide the youth
From sensual pleasures base, uncouth,
That played the part of gods on high,
And left poor mortal man to die—

The victim of his vice.
'Twas then when even Israel too,
Had almost lost the sight of Faith,
And a thousand gods received the prayer
Of kings on thrones and the slave's despair,
The Son of God in heaven above,
Filled with overflowing love
To redeem mankind, to the Virgin Blessed
Came down—*et homo factus est.*

Then Joseph felt that mystic spell,
When world-vice seemed to mock his care,
But he was told 'mid angels' light
To fear no harm, for God was there—
To fear no harm, for heaven's grace,
Had made his home a sacred place.

And it was he, Saint Joseph true,
That knelt by the Babe in the lonely cave,
And he was first that the Child-God saw,
Of all the men He came to save.
And he was first with the Child to flee,
And the first to seek when He went astray.
And with him in the hum of the tradesman's shop
"The Child grew up in wisdom's way."

Our Patron Saint!—Joseph blessed,
Above all saints we've chosen thee,
To be the father of our home—
Our light, our hope, our guide to be.
'Tis in thy work-shop 'neath thy care,
We use the chisel, saw and plane,
To model out our youthful lives,
Our crown with thee above to gain!

O chosen one, Saint Joseph blessed!
Spouse of Mary, Virgin, Mother,
Foster father of our God!
Never could we choose another
That could guide our young lives truer,
That could make our footsteps surer,
That could teach us as you teach us.
Not another saint could teach us,
Not another hand could guide us,
Not another hand could chide us,
As you can come to show and guide us
In our college home.

Coriolanus and Passion.

JAMES H. MCGINNIS, 1900.

To know a man's desires and aversions is to know his weakness. On the other hand, a knowledge of his passion is a knowledge of his power. Passion, intense passion, makes man act. It is the wheel that is turned by opportunities and talent to give power to man for great deeds either of a good or bad nature. A man without strong passion is like a plant without flowers,—it fills a vacant space in the garden and has some value for contrast, but it never attracts, and seldom pleases us. The drama is all action, and therefore it is based on the human passions.

Shakspeare's heroes are men of intense passion. He starts them out on the swift stream of emotion, and allows them to float along to the estuary of a deeper sea of passion; then on and on through billow and foam, cause and effect, till finally they are wrecked by the storm-breakers of their own creation. Lear's love for his daughters led him to the extravagant act that ruined him. The foul passion of Othello, inflamed by Iago's villainy, forced him to murder his innocent wife and destroy himself. The debasing passion of Antony dragged him down from the pedestal of Roman bravery, and left him besmeared and ruined in the slough of animal filth. In Coriolanus, however, Shakspeare has represented the workings of the human heart when set in motion by the wheel of a somewhat deeper passion.

The character of Coriolanus in the Roman legend and in Shakspeare's play is identical. The one, however, is a realistic improbability, while the other is an idealized reality. Though we read the historical legend with interest, and discover much in it that aids us to understand old Rome with her political factions and social brawls, her proud though brave noblemen, and her virtuous women, we do believe all that is attributed to the youthful Coriolanus. It seems impossible that one man could, through sheer pluck, conquer the Volscian army; then, turned like a weather-cock against his own city by a sudden wind of disappointment, compel the grim-visaged senators of powerful Rome to kneel at his feet and beg him to spare her trembling walls. Yet Shakspeare has taken this crude material from Plutarch, and, by the assimilation of his dramatic genius,

created a character that excels in action all human power without the least seeming improbability. Let us examine the means used to effect this.

The poet discovered in Plutarch's legend that Coriolanus was descended from Ancus Martius, the Sabine king, and that he had for his mother a very proud and generous noblewoman. He also learned that Coriolanus was proud of his birth and hated the common classes. He had won much glory as a soldier, and was ambitious to gain the highest political offer of the state. Pride and ambition were his chief passions. Since the action of the play was to be extraordinary, the cause of this action must also be proportionately great. Therefore the poet intensified these two passions of his hero to the uttermost: The seed of pride was implanted in the hero's blood, but it required the dazzling light of military fame and the storms of disappointed ambition to develop and mature it into action.

Coriolanus were not possible without such a woman as Volumnia for his mother. She is one of the most ideally correct of Shakspeare's creations—true to Roman womanhood and truly the mother of her son. From a few words that the poet makes Volumnia speak we learn the whole character of the woman, as well as the manner in which Coriolanus was reared. She says to Valeria:

"When he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb,... I—considering how honor would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him whence he returned his brow bound with oak."

Such was the mother of Coriolanus, from whom he received the first principles of life, his love of fame, of military honor and his pride and ambition. The creation of Volumnia was a means used by the poet to intensify the hero's passion without adding improbability to his character. Another means that Shakspeare used to arouse the passion and ambition of Coriolanus was the glory he brought to him from the description of the battle of Corioli. So well did he group the events that surrounded the battle, and arrange the circumstances connected with it, that the hero's actions in Corioli seem probable. Still, a whole army would be well deserving of praise for the achievements attributed to this one man. The hero is now as proud as is possible for

a man to be; but his ambition must be excited and his hopes of receiving the highest honors of Rome as a reward for his bravery must be strengthened. To accomplish this, Comminius, the old Roman General, is made to say to Coriolanus after the battle:—

If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
When senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
When great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire; when ladies shall be frighted,
And gladly quaked, hear more, when the dull tribunes
That with fusty plebeians hate thine honors,
Shall say against their hearts, "we thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier."

Immediately the hero begins to picture himself as consul, and at the same time his hatred of the plebeians is increased by being reminded of their hatred of him. The poet has now carried the hero to the very summit of passion, and by a well-directed blow of disappointment he will cast him to the base, again to fight his way upward by an increased passion of pride and revenge. As fire precedes heat, so with Shakspeare passion always precedes action; but as the intensity of the heat denotes the amount of fire, so the greatness of an action connotes the quality of the passion that started it. For this reason the poet is careful to develop passion in his heroes by means of birth, surroundings and deeds, before placing them in the main part of their action.

The passion of revenge in the hero was so intense that not even his dearest friends could dissuade him from destroying his native city for which he had so often fought

fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.

Yet when two forces meet the weaker always receives the greater impetus. Thus when Volumnia and the wife and boy of Coriolanus kneel at his feet, the passion of revenge gives way to his feelings of affection. It was doubtless this beautiful victory of the highest and noblest passion of the human heart—love—that the poet used to offset the other ignoble deeds and feelings of the hero. When we hear the sad words, so full of love, of remorse, and of manliness, "Oh! mother, thou hast saved Rome but lost thy son," we forget everything of meanness that the hero did, and we are apt to believe him after all a generous, whole-souled man. Shakspeare has created many strong, manly characters, but none of them offers so much room for study and consideration as this passionate Coriolanus.

A Flight.

MARCELLINUS K. GORSKI, 1902.

(Translated from the Polish.)

In 1621, during the time of Turkish ascendancy, many slaves were brought to Africa and sold in the markets of Alexandria, Damietta and Cairo. To these poor creatures a return to their native land seemed almost impossible.

Poland held constant commercial intercourse with Turkey, and thus enabled some captives to reveal their place of captivity to their families, and they were easily ransomed. Those, however, that were carried beyond the sea could never be freed from slavery as they were scattered through various cities and villages, and had to undergo at times frequent change of masters, and even losing sight of their own names were lost. In vain was the solicitude of the family, in vain was the devotedness of the monks, whose sole occupation was the ransoming of prisoners from Turkish oppression—they perished in wretchedness and anguish under the burning skies of Africa.

After the defeat of Zotkiewski, near the Yellow Springs, when a large number of Polish captives arrived at Constantinople, a division of these was sent to Africa, together with a squadron of warships. This squadron bore two distinguished men of rank in the Ottoman kingdom, Kassym-bek, the viceroy of Damietta and Rosetta, and Jussuf-Agra, who was the chief judge of Alexandria; there was also with them a regiment of Turkish soldiers.

A favorable wind accompanied the ships as far as the Island of Metelin, formerly Lesbos. After this agreeable weather followed so many threatening storms that they resolved to anchor in the harbor of Stretto, near a small island of the Archipelago. Kassym-bek disembarked together with a detachment of Mussulman soldiers for the purpose of supplying himself with provisions and water.

On one of the galleys there were present about two hundred Christian slaves, chiefly Poles, among whom was one by the name of Marek Jakimowski, taken prisoner in the battle of the Yellow Springs. Jakimowski, from the time he was put aboard the ship, resolved to liberate not only himself but his companions. He prayed and waited for a suitable moment, and at the same time tried to gain favor with those that were over him.

When Kassym-bek went ashore with his

detachment of soldiers, Marek judged that the suitable time had come, and hence intended to make himself master of the ship. He disclosed his intention to two of his companions, Stephan Rotowski and John Stotzryn. They, however, protested that his intention was mad. The Turks were well armed; the Poles possessed not even a knife, having been put at the oars. The galleys were built in such a manner that on both sides benches were placed upon which the rowers sat one after another, and to which they were chained. The oars were fastened to a ring in an opening from which they could not be taken out, while immediately above the rowers stood overseers armed with whips; and though just at that time the ship was anchored, yet the captives remained chained. Those that were somewhat arrogant and not altogether obedient were kept bound under the deck of the ship. There were very few that were used in other employments, although all were placed under strict inspection.

"Then in what way shall we take possession of the ship?" asked the more cautious of Marek's companions. He replied:

"Now, the vessel is somewhat separated from the rest of the squadron. We must act strongly; get possession of the ship, knock down the Turks, and sail out into the open sea, relying upon the help of God."

"And if this should fail?"

"If it fails," rejoined Marek, "they will punish us with a cruel death; but if we succeed, then we shall become free and shall return home."

As nothing could convince these overpowered men, Marek sprang to his feet, and in the boldness of his heart cried out:

"The true man will confide more in God than in his own courage."

He then rushed to the deck and shouted:

"To arms! brothers, to arms! put down the Turk!"

Rotowski and Stotzryn, who formerly opposed this rash step, now rushed to the assistance of their friend. Others, incited by their example, attacked the Turks.

Jakimowski threw open the door of the storehouse containing armor, and the excited Poles quickly snatched up the weapons. The uproar, the screams and the clang of arms did not, however, arouse Mustafa, the captain of the vessel, from his sweet slumber. He thought that it was some execution; that an overseer was punishing a haughty Christian dog perhaps

a little too severely, and the others were rising in his behalf a bit too ardently until they also met with chastisement. Thus he mused when Jakimowski burst in the door of his cabin. The terror-stricken Mustafa with sword in hand grappled with Jakimowski. The struggle was furious but brief; the short sword of the Turk went into the air. Jakimowski seized the captain around the waist and hurled him down into the sea. At this sight, the Mussulmen, with a wild shout and redoubled fury, rushed to slaughter the unarmed captives, but Jakimowski who was then in command, stepped forward. A stubborn fight arose on both sides. The Poles snatched from those that had fallen whatever weapons they could get. In the meanwhile the Turks gave signals, and from the other galleys of the squadron boats were let down, filled with soldiers; hence the number of Mussulmen well armed rapidly increased.

Jakimowski perceived that in a moment his brave followers would be forced to yield to superior numbers. He severed the anchor; the vessel drifted and began to heave with the billows; the sails were unfurled notwithstanding the resistance of the Turks who fought like tigers for every sail and every oar. It happened that at this time the wind was furious; claps of thunder followed in quick succession, while the vessel impelled by the effort of the arms of men flying from captivity, tossed by the storm, leaping from one billow to another, sailed out from the harbor.

Kassym-bek mad with rage ran to and fro like an idiot. Forgetting his dignity, he swore, called upon Mahomet, plucking his beard in despair; for upon this vessel, the best of the whole squadron, were left two of his most precious things—his coffer filled with gold and his wife. He ordered his men to fire. The order was promptly obeyed; the cannons in the harbor were fired, and the crash of the bullets intermingled with the roar of the billows. He commanded all to pursue the fugitives. The galleys sailed out pursuing the heroes, while the heavens darkened more and more, and the rain poured down in streams; peals of thunder succeeded one another; the billows towered high in the air, casting the ships about just as if they were nut-shells; at any moment they might be hurled upon reefs or rocks; at any moment a more impetuous billow was liable to sink the ship. The galleys that were sent out in pursuit of the

Christians, turned back to save themselves; but Jakimowski continued to sail in the open sea. High up the mast fluttered the flag of Kassym-bek, the three golden half-moons, torn by the whirlwind. On board the ship remained only his wife, Rachmed Redyna; upon the decks the Turks committed themselves to the favor or disfavor of the victors. The Poles took their armor and spared them their lives. Profound quiet reigned within the vessel. The storm, fierce on every sea, here upon the Archipelago, that is studded with reefs and with submerged rocks, threatened them with inevitable death. The Poles were not acquainted either with the localities or the sea upon which they were sailing; their knowledge of geography was not positive; they were not mariners, and yet they sailed on, trusting in the divine providence of God.

After many hardships and dangers, they approached the island of Zante. There they were received by monks who gave them a friendly reception and aided them in repairing their seriously damaged ship. When the storm subsided, Jakimowski endowed the worthy monks liberally from the coffer of Kassym-bek, and with their assistance he secured a helmsman and men well acquainted with the sea, after which he safely escaped the Turkish pursuers and landed at Messina. The prime minister of Sicily was informed about these adventures, and wishing to acquaint himself with the heroes, summoned them to Palermo where he resided. He gave a sumptuous banquet in their honor, and rewarded them with beautiful gifts. From that time on their journey was rather a triumphant march.

Preceded by the glory of an extraordinary escape our heroes reached Rome. Through the intercession of Cardinal Barberini, Pope Paul III. allowed them to make a solemn procession to one of the famous churches in Rome. They went there in great pomp surrounded by people, amid shouts of applause, and the Pope in the presence of Cardinals honored the brave Jakimowski with the order of the Holy Cross. Marek in return placed at the feet of the Holy Father one of the standards taken from the Turks. It was a beautiful silk banner with three golden half-moons and various inscriptions wrought in gold. The Pope had it placed in the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. The very same day Jakimowski solemnly gave freedom to twenty Turks, who surrendered their arms in the conquest; likewise he let free Rachmed

Redyna for whom he could have obtained a large ransom; but imbued with magnanimity, he not only let the captive Turks as well as the wife of Kassym-bek free, but even supplied them generously for their return home. From Rome these heroes returned to their native country where they were received with acclamations of joy.

The Procession.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1900.

From the altar blazing with the light of many candles and heavy with the smoke of incense came boys in the bloom of childhood. Vested in cassocks of red, and lace surplices, they walked down the main aisle, between long rows of seats and heavy columns. Each bore a lighted candle in the one hand, the other was over his heart. Like spirits of some forgotten past they came, quietly and silently, their faces white from the flicker of the candles and the garments they wore. They passed, and in their wake came others, bearing candles, one after the other—others older than they; some singing, some reading, some staring.

All had passed; and as the Sacred Host came on, preceded by surpliced priests with lighted candles and chanting, the reverberations of the organ rolling resounded through the shadowy vaults of the church. The chants of the choir grew clearer, and a hazy film of incense crept upward, encircling, and was lost in the shadows of the columns.

All heads were bent in reverence of the great mystery of the Sacred Presence, and through the haze could be seen the crucified Christ erect in the falling day on Mount Calvary, between heaven and earth.

The chains of the swinging censer chimed; the Sacred Host was passing borne by a priest whose hair had grown hoar at the altar of God. Two thurifers walked backward before him, with smoking thuribles incensing the Host. On either side were two priests in white vestments; over him a canopy whose white plumes waved slowly. Once the altar was encircled; twice the procession passed in slow and silent array; the organ pealed, the choir chanted, the incense arose—then to the altar alive with many blazing candles they went. We were in the presence of God—we who are to Him as the mote to the million-world.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 24, 1900.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

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Agricultural Conditions and Needs.

A few years ago a special committee was formed to investigate the congestion of population in cities and the desertion of agricultural districts in New York State; and the report of this committee, published under the auspices of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor in New York City, reveals many interesting facts. It was at once established by the agents of this committee that in 1790 one-thirtieth of the population of the United States and in 1880 nearly one-fourth of the population lived in cities. This fact established a relation between the congested population in cities and the desertion of the farms.

The causes which produced this alarming difference in the respective populations of city and country were found to be manifold. Land values had decreased 50%, and yet this depreciation had taken place in face of the vast increase in the population of the state. The low price of farm products, the opening of Western new land, the price of labor being higher in proportion than prices, the loss of fertility in the soil, the scarcity of good farm laborers, unjust and unequal taxation, the want of tariff protection in farm products and overproduction,—all of these causes contributed to

the decrease of land values and consequently to the desertion of the farm.

It was found, further, that many farmers were anxious to live in the city, and a very high percentage of the youth of the country districts could not be induced to lead an agricultural life. The greater school advantages of the towns and the better opportunity for higher education, coupled with the supposed easier living and the advantages of social life and culture, prompted a large migration to the cities. There was an aversion to country life that was fatal to the development of the farm, and at that time there was a peculiar sadness in the need of agricultural education in the schools. Ignorance of scientific methods of farming and carelessness, bred of discontent, were potent causes of the distress of New York farmers. From being the most comfortable class of American citizens, the farmers became year by year less a factor in the wealth of the nation. A recent writer in the *American Journal of Politics* reports that in 1860 the farmers of the United States owned one-half of this country's wealth, in 1870 a little over one-third, in 1880 a little over one-fourth, and in 1890 a little less than one-fifth!

It was developed, however, in this investigation that wherever a Government Agricultural Experimental Station was established the conditions already stated did not exist. On the contrary, these experimental stations checked the migration to the cities, because the farmers were taught by precept and example that their lands could be made profitable and their life less burdensome. Through the medium of agricultural colleges, they came to see the value of scientific agriculture, and by the establishment of clubs and lyceums they mingled together more sociably than in the past. One lesson can be drawn from this latter fact, that the state should devote more attention to the equipment of agricultural schools, which have already done so much for the farmer directly and for the city laborer indirectly, by checking the influx of the country population into the city. In the words of the report, "The blessed way of deliverance is to be through the pleasant pathway of greater knowledge, which has always brought its blessing to everything to which it has been well applied." With the improvements in agricultural methods farmers will see the wisdom of staying at home and the tenement population will be lessened.

John A. Creighton.

The greater number of our readers will readily recognize the gentleman whose picture we present on the first page of this issue, as he is a man whose manly character, personal worth and boundless charity have won for him a widespread reputation. Perhaps no name among the Catholics of the West stands out more prominently as being that of one who worked earnestly in behalf of charity, than does the name of John A. Creighton of Omaha. Especially is this true if we look among those persons who have contributed generously to the support of Christian education. In Mr. Creighton's home city there are many evidences to substantiate these statements, and they will even go further, for they will show that not only Mr. Creighton himself, but his family as well, has been noted for these splendid characteristics of generosity and munificence. A bit of the Creighton family history is as follows:

The Creighton name first attracted the attention of the public at large at the time of building the great Union Pacific railroad. A line of telegraph was at that time planned for the transcontinental highway, which was to cross the mountains and stretch to the Pacific Ocean. This undertaking would not be regarded in these days of vast enterprises as a gigantic work; but in those early days it was a great undertaking, and it required skill, capacity and large resources to carry it forward. In Edward Creighton was found a man to direct the work.

The contract fell into his hands, and he undertook the work of building the line, pushing it on with unexampled speed and energy until the electric telegraph flashed messages across the continent from ocean to ocean. In this enterprise was laid the foundation of the great fortune which Edward Creighton accumulated during his lifetime, and which was destined to bear splendid fruit after his death, as we shall see. Edward Creighton early established his home in the city of Omaha, and his name, like that of his brother, John A. Creighton, is identified with the early history of that city, to which the public spirit of the Creighton brothers combined to give great impetus. They were foremost in every public spirited undertaking. In a special manner they were benefactors to religion, to education, and to charity. Creighton College at Omaha

is deservedly named in honor of Edward Creighton.

During his lifetime he had proposed to found a free institution of learning to be carried on under Catholic auspices, but, as too often happens, he died before making the necessary legal provisions to carry out his project. He died intestate, Nov. 5, 1874.

His wife, Mrs. Mary Lucretia Creighton, inherited his whole fortune—there were no children: but she inherited more than his fortune. She inherited her husband's noble characteristics, and with earnest resolution she proceeded to carry out his last wishes. In her will she made provision for the erection and endowment of a college in the city of Omaha, "which shall be known as the Creighton College, and it is designed by me as a memorial of my late husband." The trust was committed to the Bishop of Omaha, and to no more gracious or more fitting hands could the charge be committed, for the incumbent of the see was the dear and honored Bishop James O'Connor of lamented memory. The sum thus given over amounted to \$150,000. The peculiarity of the gift and the endowment, apart from its munificence, lay in the provision that the college should be forever free to students of the State. When the buildings were erected and made ready the management was given over to the Jesuit Order.

But the gift, splendid though it was, would certainly not have sufficed to maintain the college according to the requirements which swiftly grew upon it, had it not been supplemented by the generosity of John A. Creighton and his wife, both of whom seconded by large gifts the noble purpose of the original founders. While Creighton College remains as designed, a memorial to Edward Creighton and a shining testimony to the Catholic and loyal spirit of his admirable wife, it will ever be a monument also to John A. Creighton's noble munificence in the same cause, as well as to his wife who shared his spirit and emulated his generosity.

The subsequent large additions made to the college and the astronomical observatory on the grounds were the gifts of John A. Creighton and wife, who were both generous contributors to the fund for the college church near by. Mrs. Sarah Emily Creighton, wife of John A. Creighton, died September 30, 1888.

Large and generous as were the gifts of John A. Creighton to the cause of Christian

education, these have been exceeded, we may say, by what he has since given in behalf of charity. His proudest monument is St. Joseph's Hospital in the city of Omaha. His wife had provided by bequests a fund of \$50,000 as a nucleus to build a hospital. This fund was munificently increased after her death by her sorrowing husband. Indeed he planned on a scale vastly beyond that originally contemplated.

The magnificent building, with its superb equipment in all hospital requirements and paraphernalia and its extensive grounds, represents an outlay of not less than \$250,000. And the work on the building and the choice of appointments was personally watched over and superintended daily by Mr. Creighton in person. The work was for him a labor of love. It is his memorial to his wife. It is a proud and glorious testimony to his truly Christian and charitable spirit. Nor is this all. Subsequently the "John A. Creighton Medical College" was established by his gifts and made part of the Creighton University. There are many other monuments and testimonies of his liberality, but we shall rest content by naming one in particular.

One of the hillsides of the city of Omaha is crowned by a lonely and isolated edifice known to the neighborhood as the "Convent of the Poor Clares." Years ago a little band of these devoted Sisters came to the West seeking in various cities the privilege of a "foundation." They met with scant encouragement. Conditions in most places of their quest were unfavorable. Ecclesiastical authority in many places had other and more urgent necessities to provide for in the way of religious communities; and even in Omaha the place of their final appeal, the good bishop, though sympathetic, hampered by many such burdens in a new diocese, was forced to say them nay. It was then that John A. Creighton, hearing of the appeal of the poor Sisters, came forward and volunteered to give the ground necessary for a convent, and moreover to erect the building; and all this he did with the willing consent of the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor. Later on he provided for the support of the convent. No wonder our present venerated Holy Father Leo XIII. conferred on John A. Creighton the title and distinction of

ROMAN COUNT.

The University of Notre Dame has hitherto conferred the Lætare Medal on distinguished Catholics in recognition of high personal

worth; but especially because of notable services to religion in the different lines of public duty. Historians, journalists, architects, engineers, artists, writers, have been recognized and honored by this distinction. In the present instance the University pays its tribute of homage to a munificent benefactor of charity and Christian education in the person of

JOHN A. CREIGHTON.

The Good and the Evil of War.

War has been the medium through which nations and peoples have settled their difficulties from the earliest records of living man. It is generally the last recourse of modern times, and is only resorted to when all the arts of diplomacy have been exhausted. But in ancient times it was often declared with slight provocation, and was used as a lever to power and aggrandizement. It is really a relic of barbarism, and is nothing but legalized murder on a large scale.

The time has gone when people believed that the cause of justice was sure to win in conflict. They take a more common-sense view of the matter now, and realize that the size of an army and the efficiency of its commander has everything to do with what the result will be. War, no matter how we look at it, is merely a reversion to the obsolete principle that "might is right," and holds as much real force to-day in the final outcome of national disputes as it did when the feudal system was enjoying the full prerogatives of its prime. With all our advance in science, art and manufactures, our boast of civilization and all of its concomitant virtues, we are no better in this respect than our forefathers since the commencement of time; in fact, by declaring and maintaining war we put ourselves on a level with savages.

Still, war has its advantages, bought though they be at the price of human blood. It creates a demand for all articles of warfare, raiment and provisions, and has a salutary effect upon trade in general. And its after-effects, are generally characterized by unusual business activity, or even, I may say, of complete revivals in all lines of trade and commerce. Also, it has a restraining effect upon the greed of nations, as it teaches them to respect the rights of their neighbors and shows them the perhaps unsuspected power of the countries at war. All this does good, and

illustrates the saying, "Once bitten, twice shy."

On the other side, war leaves many homes desolate: the chairs of sons and fathers are vacant, and the widowed ones are often left unprovided. True, "it is sweet to die for one's country," but it is a heart scald for children to be orphaned before they have known the kind solicitude of the paternal heart. Natural death is hard enough when it comes; but the violence of sudden death on the battlefield, is something that makes the stoutest heart sad. A coterie of friends, remembers the dead for a few years; but it is only in the hearts of the dear ones at home that their memory is kept ever green.

A few months of war will often destroy the labor of centuries—priceless works of architecture, the products of genius in bygone eras, which, like old associations, as Longfellow says, "can not be bought with gold." The pillage and ruin of our national capitol by the British in our last war with them, is a blot on the Lion's record, and has left an ineffaceable scar upon the pages of American history. Ancient history furnishes many such instances, none of them less creditable.

J. S. HARE.

Personals.

—Mrs. E. C. Murphy of Lafayette, Indiana, spent a few days at Notre Dame visiting her son, Mr. Edgar J. Murphy of Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. Curtin of Crawfordsville, Ind., spent a few days at the University during the week, the guest of Mr. J. J. McCarthy of Holy Cross Hall.

—Mr. Charles T. Ragan of Maumee, Ohio, stopped at the University on Thursday and Friday to have a brief visit with his friends, and observe some of the many improvements made at Notre Dame since his last trip here.

—The Democratic Press in this section of the country is warm in supporting the candidacy of Captain Orville T. Chamberlain for the office of circuit judge in Elkhart County. Mr. Chamberlain is one of our honored students, and any praise or support the press may give him is well bestowed.

—The Hon. Wm. P. Breen, '77, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, was the orator of the day at the banquet given by the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick in Cincinnati last Saturday. Mr. Breen's speech, which is printed in full in the Fort Wayne *Journal Gazette*, was a very fine oration, and, delivered in Mr. Breen's forceful style, must have been a great treat to his audience at the Ohio metropolis.

Exchanges.

The *Saint John's Collegian* has some very good verses in its last number. The nineteen quatrains on "Time's Warning" are among the best productions sent out in the March numbers of our exchanges.

There can be no doubt that the *Skylark* is with us to stay, and deservedly so too. The ladies in charge of this publication have proved their ability to write prose and verse that bear favorable comparison with the writings of their older sisters and brothers in journalism. "John Ruskin's Ethics of the Dust" furnishes a subject for a cleverly written essay in the front columns of the latest number. In the same edition "The Topic of the Hour" is another well-written essay that presents a very good view of the South African War.

The *Polytechnic*, coming from Troy, New York, is a decidedly interesting college journal. There is a business-like air about its contents that leaves one under the impression that its editors are wide-awake fellows. When they turn their attention to verse writing they give out some very humorous quatrains, though small attempt is made toward writing any verse in a serious vein.

The *Tamarack* is unquestionably one of the leading journals that comes to our table each week. The latest number was edited principally by the Sophomores and Freshmen. Among the best stories in this issue are the one on "When the Curtain went Up" and the one on the "Fight on the Tower." The most important article in the number is the long and able essay on "The Early American Novelists." The editorial pages of the *Tamarack* are always ably cared for, and the writer, Mr. Lawless, displays much talent in his work.

There seems to be a great wave of enthusiasm over the late John Ruskin apparent in the articles of our exchanges these days. Scarcely one that can be picked up is wanting either an editorial or an essay showing the marked ability and great works of the deceased writer. It is a pleasing fact to notice this enthusiasm in praising Ruskin; for if the young men of the country can be thus moved to study the writings of the great English master the effect will be most beneficial.

Local Items.

—That the Carrollites profited by the "rec" days is very apparent from the accounts of their games in this week's SCHOLASTIC.

—The South Bend *Tribune* has paid a compliment to our athletes by putting out a very neat little score card with this season's baseball schedule printed on it.

—The managers are trying to arrange a track meet between Carroll Hall and South Bend High School. The records made last Monday were very creditable.

—There'll come a time some day,
When other days are gone;
That some one will be sorry,
For things he has not done.

—Corby Hall boasts of the finest billiard and pool tables about the University. The new tables are considered perfect by the most expert players in our college circles.

—The letter S attained athletic importance on Monday last when it was found to be the initial of the names of eight out of eighteen point-winners in the Carroll Hall track and field meet.

—It is about time for the baseballs to begin spinning around our campus. The first few days of warm weather always bring forth a large number of enthusiasts who are ready to lame their arms.

—"Nelse" and Justout do not come from the city of Boston; but if there is anything they are not enlightened upon they do not know it. "Nelse" is a general information bureau that can answer questions as thoroughly as a health column in a daily newspaper.

—At the last regular meeting of the Corby Hall Literary Society two changes in officers took place: Mr. Ernest Johnson was elected treasurer, and Mr. Albert Ross was elected a member of the executive committee. By a vote of the society members ten dollars more were added to the magazine fund that will be utilized mostly for the purchase of prominent newspapers, as the table already comprises most of the leading magazines of the country.

—Manager Eggeman announces that he has prepared some series tickets for the Fort Wayne baseball games. The tickets will be put on sale at fifty cents apiece. Anyone holding one of these tickets will be entitled to attend the whole series of games and to occupy a seat in the grand stand. The games are to be played April 9, 10, 11, 12. Anyone that desires to see these games will find it to his advantage to purchase one of these season tickets, for otherwise he would be required to pay the regular admission price.

—It is all up to the final in the debate now. The second set of preliminaries closed on Thursday night, and there is great hopes for a

winning team to be picked from the six men that are left. The trial on Tuesday night developed into the best debate of the season, and those that had favorites in the crowd were highly elated. However, Thursday night developed an equally close and interesting debate, and the men that won their places had no easy task. Now these six men will meet in Washington Hall to fight out the final about April 10 or 11. The six men to take part in the contest are Messrs. Tierney, McInerney, Hayes, Ragan, Kuppler and Sullivan. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who was entitled to compete, withdrew his name because of lack of time for preparation.

—The St. Joe Tigers have elected their officers for the coming baseball season; Matthew Long was chosen captain. Mat was on the team last year, and proved to be the best all-around man "among the Tigers." He is not only a ball player, but he is clever at managing a game, and the boys did well when they elected him as a leader. John Corley was chosen as manager. Although he has never run a menagerie we think the Tigers will be properly managed, and look forward for a good list of pleasant and successful inter-hall games. The Hall track team was also organized for the spring meet. Leslie Brand was selected to lead this team, with James O'Neill as manager. Leslie is discovering "unknown quantities" every day now, and he hopes to bring out a good squad when the time for action comes.

—Last Monday afternoon a track team, headed by Crowley, was defeated by a team under the leadership of Landgraf. The contest was rather one-sided as the score 60-35, will show. Nevertheless, it proved to be very interesting, and cheers for both sides rang out frequently when some close contest was decided. Landgraf's team was practically a two-man organization, as almost all the points were won by Quinlan and Stitch. Of Crowley's men, Grover Strong, the ex-Minims' long-distance man, deserves the most credit. He won the half-mile easily, and took the mile also, both in good time. The other men also showed up well. Crowley's men won the relay easily, and here we must not forget to mention the work of Fred Schoonover. Quinlan, against whom he was running, was almost a half-lap ahead at the start, but before the twenty was finished, Schoonover had regained enough ground to enable Strong, his teammate, to win easily.

—Next Thursday everyone should be at the gymnasium to attend the first wrestling exhibition ever given at Notre Dame. There will be some preliminary struggles between men that Mr. McWeeny has trained for the past few weeks, and they promise to be very interesting. These men have all been noted for their quickness and strength on the football

field, and with the points that Mr. McWeeney has given them about the art of wrestling they should be able to give an exhibition that will be surprising to their friends. The feature of the evening will be the exhibition, contest between Mr. Rooney, the giant gripman from Chicago, who has met all the best wrestlers of the country and who is easily among the top notchers, and our man McWeeney, whose reputation as a wrestler is too well known to need any words said about it here. Those that attend will see a first-class exhibition, and we expect that the whole student body will be there.

—Miss Anna Caulfield, who delivered the pleasing lecture last fall on "The Queen of the Adriatic," delivered a second lecture before the students in Washington Hall last Monday. This time she chose for her subject the "Paris Exposition," and to give more force to her remarks introduced stereopticon views in order to enable the audience to arrive at a more complete knowledge of the many facts presented. Her descriptions of the great French metropolis and the Exposition grounds were very interesting and instructive to those that intend to visit the great international fair next summer. The views that she presented were well selected and the explanations that accompanied them thorough in every detail. In speaking of the Exposition itself she chose to talk of it from an art standpoint, showing the effect it would have on art in general. The hearty applause which the lecture received at the close proved that this one, no less than the former, was a pleasure for the audience.

—The manager gives out the following as the Baseball Schedule for 1900:

April	9.....	Fort Wayne at Notre Dame
"	10.....	Fort Wayne at Notre Dame
"	11.....	Fort Wayne at Notre Dame
"	12.....	Fort Wayne at Notre Dame
April	19....	Columbia Giants at Notre Dame
"	21.....	Michigan at Notre Dame
"	27.....	Purdue at Notre Dame
May	1.....	Notre Dame at Indiana
"	2.....	Notre Dame at De Pauw
"	3.....	Notre Dame at Purdue
"	7.....	Northwestern at Notre Dame
"	12.....	Nebraska at Notre Dame
"	15.....	Notre Dame at Wisconsin
"	16.....	Notre Dame at Watertown
"	17.....	Notre Dame at Beloit
"	18.....	Notre Dame at Lake Forest
"	19.....	Notre Dame at Chicago
"	21.....	Wisconsin at Notre Dame
"	19.....	Oberlin at Notre Dame
June	2.....	Nebraska, Ind., at Notre Dame
"	7.....	Minnesota at Notre Dame
"	8.....	Notre Dame at Kalamazoo
"	9.....	Notre Dame at Michigan
"	14.....	Open

—Last Saturday afternoon the "Preps'" indoor baseball team defeated a team from

Goshen by a score of 47-3. When the Goshen men appeared, many of the "Preps'" supporters predicted defeat for the home team, but after the second inning all fears as to how the game would turn out were dispelled. The Goshen pitcher pitched a slow ball, which at first puzzled our batters who were used to batting against swift men. In the second inning, however, Stephan broke the spell by knocking a ball to the opposite wall. Hubble followed with a hit over the left-fielder's head, and after that the hits came so thick and fast, that Goshen was forced to put another man in the box. The visitors were unable to hit McCambridge's swift balls, and of the twenty-seven outs made by them, thirteen were strike-outs. Only in the seventh inning were they able to force in two runs. One more in the ninth gave them their total of three points. Of the "Preps'" individual playing, little need be said. Should we give each man the praise that is due him for his fielding and hitting, it would require a space much larger than is allowed us here. The fielding was sure and quick, the hitting hard. To keep an account of each man's hits would be useless. Of the best players we may mention two double plays by Philips and one from Kelly to Philips.

GOSHEN—0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 1=3
 "PREPS"—0 8 5 10 0 8 5 11 0=47

—Four brawny athletes from Corby Hall, captained by one "Red" McCormick, won the relay championship last Monday from Sorin and Brownson Halls. Considering the ease with which the race was won and the distance between the winning team and the two others the event was almost a farce. Sorin had the peer of its runners, even the ancient and experienced runner, "Runt," who has won many laurels on the track, and the others were sprinters of no mean repute. The Brownson runners must have thought it was a six-day race, or perhaps some of their friends were taking time exposures of them, as they were only starting their last relay when the speedy "Red" McCormick from Corby was finishing the race in the remarkable time of 1.45. The only time the race was interesting was during the first relay, when Sorin's man kept the lead for a whole lap after having beat the gun some yards. McDonald passed him like a deer at the lap mark, and gave Herder (5 feet tall) a lead of a few yards over Sweeney (6 feet tall), that he increased to a quarter of a lap. Langley and the mighty "Red" increased the lead to half a lap over Sorin and 200 yards over Brownson. The Corby Hall team is willing to give the other Halls a chance to win the championship from them, but no combination of runners in any other Hall is comparable to the Corbyites, so an offer is extended to pick the best team out of the other Halls and pit it against the champion team.

—As a result of some discussion over their respective athletic abilities, a dual track meet was arranged for to-morrow between Wade and Emerson on one side and Buckley and Taacks on the other. All the events of the triangular meet except the mile run are on the programme. The latest reports from their respective training quarters are as follows:

(Special wire to the SCHOLASTIC from Wade's training quarters, Skedunkville, by Gosh.)

Trainer Gallagher, when asked his opinion regarding the outcome of to-morrow's great contest, expressed himself as confident of winning. He denies the report that the great all-around champion, George Dennis Wade, is suffering from cold feet. He says the champion was never in better condition due to his conscientious training, and expects several records to be smashed by him. His team-mate, Ritchie Walph Baldo Emerson, is also in fine form, and Gallagher expects him to surprise his admirers to-morrow by his great work. The two athletes dropped training last night, and expect to spend the greater part of to-day displaying themselves to the public, arranging their toilet, and figuring out their chances.

(Special wire to SCHOLASTIC from Taacks' training quarters, Podunkville, by Josh.)

The two athletes finished training early this morning. Buckley is confident of defeating Emerson in the jumps and shot-put, and expects a place in the runs. The mighty Taacks, however, has been slightly indisposed all week, the result of eating an over-ripe banana, but Trainer McGlue says he will get over it. Thousands thronged the training quarters all day, gazing in open-mouthed admiration, and through a microscope, at the wonderful physique of the two athletes. The party headed by Trainer McGlue will leave here in due time for the scene of the contest.

—Last Saturday afternoon, the ex-Minims effectually turned the tables on the Minims in the second annual dual track and field meet. Last year the Minims won easily, giving the ex-Minims but a few first places. In last Saturday's meet the Minims got but two first and a total of twenty-eight points to the ex-Minims' fifty two points. Still it must be remembered that the ex-Minims of this year were the lads who inflicted so terrible a defeat on the little Juniors last year, and that when they left the Minims, St. Edward's Hall lost many of its best athletes. Unfortunately, lack of space prevents our giving a detailed account of the meet. For the ex-Minims, Blanchfield captured the most points. He took three firsts and one second, and ran the last lap of the 880-yard relay race. Romero, the little short distance man, captured all the spectators by his style of running. He won his trial heat easily in the 220-yard dash, and pushed Blanchfield hard for first place in the finals. Strong's work in the half mile was excellent. He

finished an easy first in two minutes and forty seconds, while McCarthy, his team-mate, pushed Sweeney hard for second place. We must not forget to mention the work of Green and McFarland in the hurdles, nor the performance of Huleatt in the broad jump and high jump. Vivanco and Brand also did well in their events. Of the Minims, little McNamee seemed to be the favorite. He won easily in the pole-vault, and his fine form drew frequent praises from the spectators. Quinlan won the high jump after a close contest with Huleatt, the ex-Minims' man, and Butler would have done something in the hurdles, had he not fallen. He was pushing Green hard with McFarland close behind him when he fell, and McFarland easily took second place. Ervin, upon whom the Minims were depending in the dashes, worked hard, but he was no match for the ex-Minims' fast sprinters.

—The following is the programme rendered by the students of St. Joseph's Hall in honor of their Patron:

- Hymn to St. Joseph..... Quartette
 P. McNamara H. McCauley
 J. McGowan C. Hughes
- Opening Address..... Charles A. Benson
 Essay—"The Life of St. Joseph"..... Charles Hughes
 Recitation—"The American Flag"..... Matthew Long
 Speech—"What the 20th Century Will Reveal"
 John R. Kelley
- Vocal Solo—"The Holy City"..... Hugh McCauley
 Recitation—"Bill and Joe"..... William Curran
 Recitation—"One in Blue, One in Gray"—James Sherry
 Violin Solo—"Fairy Dell"..... Mendelssohn
 James Hart
- Selections from Shakspeare..... William Cameron
 Speech—"American Women in War"..... John Rigney
 Chorus—Selections..... Quartette
 Poem—"St. Joseph Our Guide"..... John Corley
 Essay—"Michael Angelo"..... John Worden
 Duett—"Asleep in the Deep"..... Lamb
 Charles Hughes, James McGowan
- Debate—"Resolved: That the Philippine Islands should
 be annexed to the United States"
 Affirmative—N. R. Furlong J. McGowan.
 Negative—T. Toner P. Flynn.
- Recitation—"Mr. Dooley's Experience with La Grippe"
 H. McCauley
- McNamara's Band..... Quartette

Mr. Benson's opening address was appreciative in tone and worthy of the representative of any Hall in the University. The numbers by Messrs. W. Cameron, John Rigney, M. Long, John Worden and P. Flynn were deserving of special praise, preference being given to the first named. The singing, under Mr. McNamara, brought forth some latent talent. Mr. McCauley's characterization of Mr. Dooley with La Grippe won for him rounds of well-merited applause. The poem of Mr. John Corley, which we reprint on another page of this issue was well rendered. The entertainment was honored by several members of the University Faculty; and the general verdict was that Father Gallagher may well feel proud of the boys in his hall.