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The Lætare Medalist for 1901.

HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN, orator and lawyer, has been chosen by the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame this year to receive the Lætare Medal: the highest honor the institution can confer.

The approval of conscience is the fittest reward for well-doing; but even so, the sturdy heart is made stancher by the approbation of worthy men. It is easier to lead the vanguard of civilization when those in the after-ranks show a hearty confidence. No leader is so strong that he is not strengthened by assurances of honest sympathy. A God-speed to the living sounds sweeter than an exquisite elegy over the dead. The manliest act of Robert Louis Stevenson's entire life was his disinterested defense of Father Damien. Not that the stinging philippic scourging the contemptible man that dared to sit in judgment on the great-souled priest has added one whit to the sublimity of life and death on Molokai; those that go there in the fullness of life to minister to lepers are not much concerned about praise or blame. But Stevenson, through his ardent admiration for the Belgian priest, saw, in its purity, the glory of renunciation, and his vision has benefited civilization; for the burning defense of Father Damien has enlisted the sympathy of mankind for those that must suffer the living death; and no man has ever read the philippic that has not been exalted into claiming kinship with the priests and Sisters that go down to serve the lepers of Molokai.

HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN.

The vast bulk of mankind, however, are bound down by duties that prohibit such disposition of their lives. They find themselves engaged in vocations whose claims are exacting. About twenty years ago the Faculty of Notre Dame determined to choose each year, from the ranks of the Catholic laity of the United States, a man or a woman conspicuous in furthering the interests of morality, education, citizenship, and to confer on him some tangible mark of honor that should bear witness of the approbation and sympathy of Notre Dame. It was settled that the honor should be conferred on Lætare Sunday, and that the material symbol should be a gold medal and an address.

Lætare Sunday, the fourth Sunday in Lent, takes its name because the Introit of the Mass for that day begins with the words "Lætare Jerusalem." The Faculty chose this particular Sunday in order especially to associate the occasion of the presentation in the mind of the recipient with a similar usage that has obtained for six centuries in Europe. Early in the thirteenth century the Church inaugurated the custom of giving on Lætare Sunday to one who had performed some marked service in advance of civilization, a Rose blessed by the Pope. Since the purpose to be accomplished in conferring the medal is almost the same as that of giving the Rose, Lætare Sunday was chosen as the most fitting time for its presentation. The bar from which the disk is suspended is lettered "Lætare Medal," and the face of the disk bears the inscription:

Magna est veritas et prævalebit—"Truth is mighty and shall prevail." The reverse has the name of the University and the recipient. The address presented with the medal is painted and printed on silk, and sets forth in each instance the special reasons influencing its bestowal.

Dr. John G. Shea, historian, was the first on whom the medal was conferred. The list of subsequent names numbers some of the most prominent Catholic laics—both men and women—of the United States. Since 1883, the year in which Dr. Shea was the recipient, the following men and women have received the honor in the order named: Patrick J. Keeley, architect; Eliza Allen Starr, art critic; Gen. John Newton, civil engineer; Patrick V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist; Wm. J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty, orator; Major Henry T. Brownson, soldier and scholar; Patrick Donahue, editor; Augustin Daly, theatrical manager; Gen. Wm. S. Rosencrans, soldier; Anna T. Sadlier, author; Dr. Thomas A. Emmet, physician; Hon. Timothy Howard, jurist; Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, philanthropist; John A. Creighton, philanthropist.

The catholicity of this list, considered in any light, can not be questioned. Men and women have been honored, and the number of vocations is increased with the addition of nearly every name. Birth, social position, wealth, have received absolutely no consideration in the selection of the Lætare Medalists. There is only one requirement, but that is absolute—worth. The favored one has no intimation of the honor to be conferred on him until the week preceding its public announcement.

It is a cardinal principle at Notre Dame that to be a good Catholic a man must be a good citizen. The part that anyone takes in public affairs is, of course, largely determined by his environments and ability. If these are favorable to an active participation in public matters he is bound in duty not to hold aloof. An active part in the affairs of the municipality or nation, however, is certain to beget criticism both favorable and adverse. But adverse criticism does not signify, by any means, that the one criticised is wrong. The fundamental consideration is, *honesty of purpose;* and if that is indubitable, the civic honor is untarnished. It is because the Faculty at Notre Dame are convinced that Mr. Cockran has been a consistent Catholic and an exemplary citizen that they have chosen him to receive the Lætare Medal this year.

W. Bourke Cockran was born in Ireland, Feb. 28, 1854. He received a good classical education in his native isle, and then spent several years in academic work in France. In 1871 he came to America with a view to studying law. He secured a position as instructor in a preparatory school, and a few years later was appointed principal in a public school in Westchester County, N. Y. During his years of teaching he read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1876. Wishing to devote his entire time to legal practice, he resigned his position as principal of the school, and settled in New York in 1879.

From the time he was admitted to the bar, Mr. Cockran has taken an active part in politics. His magnificent physique and recognized oratorical ability won for him immediate recognition. In 1888 he was elected to Congress from the Twelfth New York District, and he was re-elected in 1890, carrying his district each time by a big majority. He was given a prominent position in the work and deliberations of the House, and was a member of the Ways and Means Committee in the Fifty-third Congress. He was acknowledged to be one of the most polished orators in the legislative body, and the galleries were filled whenever it was known that he would speak. One of his most famous efforts was his speech at the Democratic Convention held in Chicago in 1892, when he voiced the opposition to Mr. Cleveland. In 1896 he supported Mr. McKinley's candidacy against Mr. Bryan's, but he early took a pronounced stand against President McKinley's Philippine policy, and strenuously opposed his re-election.

Mr. Cockran has been a devoted Catholic, giving his influence, voice, and means to aid in upbuilding the Church in America. He delivered a powerful oration at Cooper's Institute, New York, in 1891, directed against the spoliation of the Propaganda. At nearly every Catholic celebration in the vicinity of New York, in which laymen participate, Mr. Cockran has a prominent position. Of every grave question he is invariably found on the side that has the moral arguments in its favor. On the celebration of Archbishop Corrigan's Jubilee, in 1898, he gave a large donation to the Seminary Fund. He is a frequent contributor to the extensive charities of the Church of St. Francis Xavier.

Mr. Cockran is the youngest of those who have received the Lætare Medal. The formal presentation will be made next month in New York by Archbishop Corrigan.

The Sources of Literature.

WILLIAM D. FURRY, A. B., 1900.

The study of origins is always interesting and helpful; and one need not advance very far in the study before he can appreciate, at least in a measure, the enthusiasm that Agassiz, Darwin, and a host of other men, have displayed in its pursuit. The greatest pleasure, next to finding or making something new, if such can be, is to find a reason and an explanation for that which another has found or made and has kept the secret of its origin within himself.

In our own age, more attention has been given to the problems of origin than ever before. In the field of literature this work may be said to have begun with Wolf's "Prolegomena ad Homerum," published in 1795, though it remained for our age to develop and perfect the work begun by him; and while the work may be said to have only a good beginning, yet sufficient light has been thrown upon the problems of origin in literature as to make the study of literature doubly interesting and helpful.

In the physical world, *Evolution* is the term employed to denote both the various stages through which any organism has passed in arriving at its present condition, and also the process itself. Certainly it will not be doubted at this late day that evolution is God's method for the perfecting of His creation. The only question that can probably arise is as to what extent and to what things the process is applicable. Attempts have been made in our own age to apply it, not only to physical things but to mental, moral and even purely spiritual things. That man's body has been brought to its present state of perfection by such processes as are included under the term evolution, can not be doubted. But the attempt to refer the products peculiar to man as such to this hypothesis is futile. It does not take a strong and well-trained mind to see that the various systems of philosophy, both mental and moral, that are built upon the evolutionary hypothesis are altogether unsatisfactory.

This same hypothesis has also been used as a solution of the various problems connected with the origin and development of literature. But its applicability here is true only in part. Now literature, like man, is made up of two parts, form and matter; and it can easily be inferred that evolution as such applies only to the form and not at all to the substance. It goes without saying that literature is conditioned by the evolution of language, grammar and forms of construction. But here evolution leaves off. It can go no further, though a few men have tried to carry it further rather than admit its failure to satisfactorily explain all things.

That the substance of literature is not to be referred to the laws of evolution is very evident to him that has made even a slight acquaintance with some ancient masterpieces of literature. For he will find in these, such as for instance, the "Sagas of India," the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, and the Æneid of Virgil, the great thoughts that characterize even the best modern literature; and because it contains these great thoughts is its only apology for preservation and present study. The sources of literature, therefore, do not lie as far away from us as we are wont to imagine.

Literature, indeed, is but a record of the life of the race. Life must always, of necessity, precede literature, and there can be no real literature until there has been a great life. The human race must first find out by actual living what life is before it can express itself in great literature. This knowledge, which is the main characteristic of all great literature and the cause of its immortality, is to be obtained, not so much by deliberate and conscious thinking as by the vast distillation of the experiences of the race. And it is especially to be noted that much, if not indeed the greater portion of the knowledge and meaning of life, is held not by those who because of superior abilities, natural or acquired, are able to reduce them to literature, but by men who could only receive experiences and retain them.

This knowledge and experience was born out of a struggle with the stern and unrelaxing forces of nature for a livelihood. Man's deeper thoughts about life, as well as the lessons of love, loyalty, truth and their opposites, were born out of suffering; and the dawn of poetry in the untutored imagination of men arose in response to the beauty of the natural world. Thus all these truths, together with others, were unconsciously learned and retained, and, in one form or another, are found to have been in the possession of the earliest men. Doubtless these men related the experiences peculiar to them to their fellows in the chase or in war, the father related the sum total of his

experiences to his children; and thus, as time went on and their experiences multiplied and deepened, they assumed at the hands of those so gifted by nature, a conventional form either in verse or otherwise, and in these forms became the common heritage of the race.

The more we study literature the more are we impressed with the fact that the germs of all truth were in this ancient thought, that the present literature was there in embryo, and that much of the work in literature since then has been largely an expanding, amplifying and clarifying of these truths. Therefore, when the first poets, artists and thinkers came, men that possessed the power of arranging and expressing in suitable form whatsoever they might choose to express, found scattered about them a vast amount of material waiting for the touch of the artist at which it would spring into order, beauty and significance.

Thus when Homer came he found a whole world of poetry and experience lying hidden, as it were, in the myths and traditions of his race. It was with this material and upon it that he worked, the discovery of which led Wolf and others to doubt the Homeric origin of the two poems accredited to him. It can easily be inferred from the early history of the Greeks that the glorious images of the gods and goddesses formed by them, and which Homer has embodied in his works, the sublime figures of their ancestors, the traditions of their struggles before the dawn of actual history, together with the prowess of their leaders, all were formed out of their deep and manifold experiences of life. Had there not been this material, it is not too much to say that, whatever the natural genius of the man, there could have been no Homer.

The same is true of the literature of any country and of every individual artist. Behind the Indian "Sagas," the "Nebelungen Lied" and the dramas of Shakspere, there is to be found this background of common experience, and the efforts to express it in terms of the imagination. It is upon this material that artists work in all ages. Here, indeed, is to be found the sources of the world's great literature.

Artists may, and probably do, receive an inspiration to write from things and events near them if time and space permit; but it is certain that in most instances they go back to this old deposit for their material. Out of this past experience of the race, this alembic of human suffering and experience, has come all ou great and beautiful ideas.

Varsity Verse.

THE SHAMROCK.

A TRIPLE Leaf, and lo!
The tides of memory set,—
Faith, kindred, home,—and so,
Mine eyes are wet.

P. MacD

THE WANDERER.

The mist floats drowsy on the silent hill,
Low drones the beetle in his heavy flight,
The screech-owls cry; then all about is still;
The sombre spirits walk abroad to-night.

My heart is heavy, for its work not done;
Again I wander o'er strange seas and land,
Where waves rise up to meet the sinking sun,
And bones lay whitening on a desert strand.

The spirit of my youth now beckons me
To follow down the misty aisle of years;
My heart though sad grows young again and free,
As through the mist my native town appears.

With throbbing breast I search each passing face
Gay bands of children romping on the lea;
Alone, unknown, I view my native place,
Strange forms and figures everywhere I see.

My heart is full; I look in vain to catch
A nod or smile, or grasp a friendly hand;
Now sick and sore I feel an outcast wretch,
Or silent stranger, in a stranger land.

What spirit stirs this sadness in my heart,
And wakes fond memories long since sunk in sleep?
What makes a tear from out my eye to start,
And coursing leave its imprint on my cheek?

I seek a land beyond this vale of tears
Where hang the stars in circlets of blue light;
And music of the planets fill the ears,
And day tears back the curtains of the night;

Beyond the land where lies the drifting moon,
Where sinks the sun and where it takes its rise;
Beyond the vaults and spires of blue-domed noon,
Where hang the blazoned walls of Paradise.

The night's near done, and I am tired, alone;
One moment's pain, then all eternal rest;
I've often sinned but now I seek my home,
To find a refuge on Thy tender breast.

The way I've travelled oft through saddening years,
I've stumbled oft; I've kissed the holy rood;
But oh! these spots are marked with blood and tears,
Thou raised'st me up, OLord, and gave me food.

The night is done; there breaks a brighter day.
My sins forgiven, I turn a joyful face;
A cloud leads on, I must from hence away
To lands beyond—beyond all space.

J. J. S.

The Short Story and What Came of It.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

Dunston had come to the seashore, ostensibly for his health, but in reality to write a short story. He had been urged on in this rash course by his cousin, a young lady of strong ambition who believed that in his body dwelt the shade of Shakspere, and Dunston, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, declared that he would write not only one short story but many of them, for they required but little observation and less genius.

Dunston had read nearly everything in the community, written a history of the Turks, another of Babylon, dabbled in mystic and Oriental lore, published a few treatises, polemic and literary, and had even attempted the ascent of Parnassus.

"Why can I not write a short story?" he mused as he walked along the seashore. "I have read the best of them, analyzed them and understand them. If a short story is an episode, as one critic would have us believe, with numerous incidents grouped around it to lend color; or if it is, as other critics maintain, a story complete in itself, which could not be curtailed without spoiling it, or lengthened into a novel without taking from its interest, I should be able to write one with no difficulty."

As he entered the hotel he found a basketful of mail awaiting him, and taking up the *Daily Hawk*, his town paper, he read: "We have it from a reliable source that our eminent citizen and writer, Dunston, is contemplating a series of short stories which will rival De Maupassant's or Richard Harding Davis'. Mr. Dunston has discovered the secret of the short story, and is going to put it into practicable application. Within a short time we may expect productions from his pen which will add to the glory of his already famous name, and to the honor of his town."

With this paper had come scores of letters from high school girls, literary aspirants who besought him to reveal to them the "secret of writing a short story." These letters began "Dear Mr. Dunston," "Mr. Dunston," and "My dear Mr. Dunston," and one went so far as to call him a "dear romantic, sentimental soul."

Dunston thought that his cousin, in a spirit of pride, had betrayed his secret, but he bore her no anger, for he felt that any honor his fellow-townsmen could bestow on him was deserved; so he resolved to develop a plot, and a clever one.

He had read so far when the society paper at the seashore obtained a copy of the *Daily Hawk* and published verbatim the paragraph on Dunston, adding that "Mr. Dunston was a chivalrous young man, and a strong admirer of the ladies." Then the ladies sought his acquaintance and began to discover in him qualities they had not detected before. They insisted upon taking him out driving; they discussed him among themselves, calling him a "perfect dream," until the atmosphere was tinged with Dunstonianism. No social affair was complete without him. All desired his autograph, some his photograph, and a few asked him to write a poem in their autograph albums. Everything the great man said was held sacred and carefully preserved.

The literary ladies regarded him as of themselves. They invited him to their Shaksperian readings, and requested him to lecture before their organization, the Progress Club. The older and more religious ladies asked an article on "Longevity" for their negro mission paper, an essay on the Bible for the Indian mission paper, and a poem for the "Homeless Child." Though distracted by these many things and full of tribulation, yet he clung to his ideal and began. He knew that the best critic would have him make a skeleton of his plot, then gradually fill in with interesting incidents, one naturally growing out of the other, all aiding in the development of the plot and forming a concrete whole.

"But there is no necessity for this," he said. "I read somewhere that De Maupassant's characters and plot grew under his pen, and when he began he had but a faint notion of his story's end. Although I understand that I have neither the facility nor the versatility of De Maupassant, yet my characters should grow under the pen, and incident naturally suggest incident. I shall lay my plot in the Dark Ages," he wrote to his literary cousin, for she insisted upon knowing the drift of his story. "This was the age of chivalry and romance and affords wide scope to the imagination."

But she quickly answering that he do as his contemporaries were doing—"make it very modern"—she wrote: "Richard Harding Davis finds his material in the streets of New York, Thomas Bailey Aldrich among the society folk, Bret Harte in the camps of California—all from the world around us. The day of

the swaggering king, with a hundred petty courtiers at his heels, is gone. The ancient knight, our Don Quixote thundering along with three hundred pounds of mail on his back, has given way to the real man and woman. If one can take the passions and emotions of the human heart, and put them on paper as they are in the heart, no matter where the plot is laid, the work must live."

"I can not be modern," he said. "To be modern is to be conventional, and conventional I will not be. I wish to surround my story with an atmosphere of the ideal, perhaps here and there a touch of the fantastical and unreal, not however as Fitz James O'Brien does in the 'Wondersmith,' and Stockton in the 'Wreck of the Thomas Hyke.' The Dark Ages must necessarily commend themselves; for then the ideal and not the material was paramount. Knights fought for ladies because they were ladies, and not because their bank account stretched into the millions."

He reviewed history to find a suitable character to try his genius on. Margaret of Valois appealed strongly to him, but he could have no simple knight fall in love with her, perform prodigies of valor in her behalf, and be rewarded with her hand; so he selected a mythical heroine, the niece of Godfrey of Bouillon. He drew her "a tall, fair girl, with dancing black eyes and wavy black hair. She was neither haughty nor proud, but wherever she went, she commanded, for she moved with the grace of a queen, and her smile was as sunshine to those laboring in darkness."

He read this description to a young lady at the seashore who had insisted upon a literary friendship with him and she, taking for granted that the original inspiration of this description was a young lady with whom Dunston had often been seen, dropped a hint to that effect. This hint grew into a rumor that Dunston was engaged to be married. Immediately a flock of reporters for the society newspapers swooped down upon him, but he with a wave of his hand refused to have anything of them. Society, which takes to be affirmed what is not denied, and to be true what is denied, for if it were not true, there would be no necessity of denying it, looked upon Dunston as a man about to take orders. The following day, the *Élite*, the society paper, came out in large black type:

"DAN CUPID AT WORK."

"A great writer about to become a Benedict."

"Some time ago it transpired that a very eminent writer among us is about to become a Benedict. Now Mr. Dunston refuses to deny the rumor. Who the happy and fortunate girl is we can not say, but suspicion points to a dark-haired, dark-eyed daughter of Venus. Though courting the Muses, a writer often falls a victim to the finer charms of an offspring of the earth. We congratulate Mr. Dunston on his new found bliss." This quotation was copied by the *Daily Hawk* and greatly exaggerated, even a picture of his supposed *fiancée* was added. Wherever his friends were came letters of congratulation, and his cousin called him up over the long-distance telephone wishing to know if there was any foundation for the story. After he had set things going again in their proper course, he laid out the first few incidents in his setting, and began.

"When the love of Leonore for Gaspar was discovered, her kinsfolk were determined that all clandestine meetings should stop, and Leonore was placed in a high tower bristling with cannon."

"Make it real," whispered the Spirit of Realism. "You can not have cannon at the time of the crusades. The literary hacks will use their hatchets on you; and treat you as they treated Shakspere's coast of Bohemia or poor Keats."

"But I want a cannon to explode and wreck the castle," urged Dunston. "Then amid the confusion, the cries of the wounded and dying, have Gaspar scale a steep wall and rescue her. Think of the vividness of that picture, the excellent display of passions and emotions—hate, love and fear racking the hero's heart at the same time."

He inquired into the history of cannons, found that they were used at Cressy for the first time, and that they had not come into practical use for many a year after. He even questioned an army officer, and that kind-hearted fellow presented him with a large volume on the history of cannons which he was forced to read. So he relegated the cannon to the background, brought Leonore down to the second story, and went on:

"When Leonore realized that she had been separated from her lover, perhaps forever, and thinking that he had been foully dealt with, she determined to sacrifice her life before she would bestow her hand on the perfidious Duke of Anjou. Then to comfort her sorrowing heart, she seized a zither and began a plaintive melody."

"Gaspar, who had been lying in the vicinity of the castle for many a day, was resolved to die for his love should the opportunity present itself. Although he was weak and without hope a new life surged through his veins when he heard the zither, cautiously he approached the window."

"Nonsense," whispered the Spirit of Realism, "Leonore's relatives would never let her have a zither that she might inform her lover in what part of the castle she was confined. Could court ladies play the zither, or was it in existence at that time?" relentlessly continued the Spirit of Realism. "How could the hero approach the window if she were in the second story and the castle surrounded by a moat and a wall? This sounds strongly improbable."

The Spirit of Realism had certainly brought up a strong objection to one of Dunston's peculiar turn of mind. It would never do to have a musical instrument in use one or two centuries before its invention, so he made inquiries of an old gentleman who dealt in musical instruments. But this old fellow mistaking Dunston's enthusiasm appeared at the hotel with many instruments of different climes. In his defense Dunston bought one—one which was called the "Italian Serenader." A reporter of the *Élite* was present, and on the following day there appeared in that paper a paragraph with a heading in the usual large black type.

WHO IS THE GIRL?

"Perhaps this question can be answered by one of our most distinguished visitors. We understand that he is a student of Romance, deeply versed in the language and bouts of the Troubadours. Some night we may be aroused by the seraphic strains of an inspired one as he plays plaintive melodies under his lady's window. Unfortunately this method of declaring one's love has gone out of vogue and only a chivalrous soul would endeavor to revive it. Again we ask who is the girl?"

On the day following this a piece of very bad verse, called "The Serenader" and attributed to Dunston, was published in the *Élite*. At this he was furious. The verse ran:

Under the deep blue sky,
  I stand and sing of thee,
And the night winds mix my sighs
  With the breeze of melody—
Soft and low is the strain
  As it drifts and drifts afar.
List to this soft refrain,
  Thou shining, bright-eyed star.
Must I this vigil keep,
  Under the deep blue sky?
Awake! awake! from thy sleep,
  For my love shall never die—
Awake! ere the storm clouds reign,
  And the rifted heavens weep,
For I'll still at thy window pane—
  My joyful vigil keep.

But he finally calmed himself and took up the controversy with the Spirit of Realism.

"If I do not know whether or not the zither was in existence at that period, how are the readers to find out?" he urged in his defense. "Besides I am an idealistic writer—one that deals more with the imaginary, the ideal, than with the real. But one thing is certain: a moat must have been around the castle, and I shall find it difficult to have Gaspar receive Leonore. I can not have him pull off the iron bars, as Dumas made Porthos do. I must have her leave the castle by a secret passage, meet her lover outside, and then—"

"How will she discover this secret passage?" interrupted the Spirit of Realism. "Surely not by accident, this would be improbable."

"Better have the rescue appear improbable rather than impossible," retorted Dunston fiercely. "People will believe the impossible when it seems probable rather than the probable when it seems impossible. Since you object to her discovering the secret passageway, we can have an old nurse who has been in the castle for nearly a hundred years show it to her."

"Be consistent," urged the Spirit of Realism. "What would a nurse be doing with a young lady? Even if there was a necessity for it, would not the young lady's relatives take every precaution that the nurse could not aid in her rescue?"

He recognized the fact that the short story was not growing naturally; that one thought refused to suggest another; that he was too idealistic and not realistic enough. In a letter to his cousin, the original cause of his inspiration, he declared that the short story was not his forte, and that he was tired of it. But she urged him to continue, for she knew that he must succeed; in fact, she had already spoken to her friends concerning his triumph as a short-story writer. As her opinion had some weight with him he determined to go on.

He knew that he had his hero and heroine in a tantalizing position. Nor could he leave them to themselves to get out as best they could as Mark Twain did, or call on the reader for assistance, as his contemporary,

Frank Stockton. This would not be art, for he felt that a short story should be a rounded whole. By beginning cleverly and interestingly it should lead up to a climax, then a fall in the action, either to the *dénouement* or catastrophe. He declared that neither Twain nor Stockton are in conformity with the best rules of composition when they desert their heroes as they do. So he cursed the ill-luck that he had not first laid out a skeleton of the story and not trusted to his talent to develop a plot as he went along. He had his hero in a false position and must extricate him as best he could. He could not grow tame, for the beginning had been so heroic and interesting with war and love that a tame ending would be an anti-climax. He could not kill his hero off. He had planned a five-thousand-word story with a *dénouement.* Gaspar's death would make it a two-thousand-word story with a catastrophe. "What can I do," he said? "If the hero dies the heroine, to be a true woman, must either commit suicide or enter a convent. Suicide is against my ethics and convent-life against my sentiment."

"Now you have your characters in a nice pickle," snickered the Spirit of Realism. "Kill him off, and let her sing a funeral dirge over him—a fine chance for wet kerchiefs; make it a bob-tailed tragedy."

Dunston crossed out the last few lines he had written, and continued: "He clambered over a high wall and dropt into a skiff which lay anchored in the moat. Leonore perceiving how haggard he looked and how pale he was let fall toward him two biscuits. Suddenly she uttered a cry of pain, for on the opposite wall she saw the Duke of Anjou, who had sworn to have Gaspar's life, take deadly aim at him."

"Nonsense," uttered the Spirit of Idealism, "that you should deal with so modern and so material an object as a biscuit. You take the poetry out of the picture, a young lady in captivity and biscuits—faugh!"

The objection to the biscuits was a weighty one, so he determined to inquire into the history of that commodity. In the hotel was a woman, an authority on the culinary art, for she had written a book called "A History of Cooking." Dunston spoke to her, and she was glad to enlighten a literary man on so interesting a subject. She traced the word biscuit from the Sanskrit through the Egyptian down to the English, and claimed that it was a term often used in poetry. However, she admitted that it had undergone some modifications.

The society reporters who watched every action of Dunston's closely, got hold of this conversation. They declared that neither love nor music caused him to walk along the seashore in silent meditation, but that he was contemplating a book on cooking.

His stock of ideas had in truth run low. His imagination refused to carry him toward a successful conclusion. The story had grown under his pen with a vengeance. This was his first attempt at the short story, yet he could not see why his pen should play him so false. He had thought over the plot from day to day. It is true, his reveries were sometimes interrupted by the face of a woman. But then the troubles this story had cost him; his many trials and tribulations were not compensated by the face of one woman or twenty women. Perhaps he held with the Eastern proverb, "To be faithful to one is good, but to be faithful to many is great."

The society reporters were dogging his footsteps, writing everything about him, even investigating his wardrobe. Designing mothers looked upon him as legitimate prey for their virtuous daughters, and the virtuous daughters insisted upon discussing poetry with him, even to the border line of sentiment. His peculiarities were regarded as eccentricities and a sign of true genius. His life had lost its privacy, for he had become the property of the public. All indigent ministers, artists and poets sought his aid. Church fairs and bazaars requested his attendance. The hotel-keeper, who had lately been reading "Lombroso," grew suspicious of Dunston, and when Dunston was undecided one wet afternoon as to whether he would go outside or stay within doors, the same hotel keeper was heard to say "he thought Dunston might have the *folie de doute.*"

All these and many other evils he traced to the short story as a proximate cause. "These are what I have out of the short story," he said. "Truly a wonderful legacy!" And to add to his bitterness, his cousin, in whom he had taken more than a brotherly interest, wrote "that since he had neglected his God-given talents and taken to writing a book on cooking he ought to become a professional baseball player or a half-back."

He picked up the manuscript of his maiden effort with the short story, and a few other "skeletons" he had laid out, and tore them into small bits. When his cousin heard from him again, he was in Switzerland at the foot of the Matterhorn.

Horace's Faith in the Roman Gods.

LEO J. HEISER, 1902.

Horace, the renowned Roman satirist and lyrist, has often been accused of having no faith in the gods. This is a strange saying from anyone that has read Horace's works. In the four books of the odes alone—to which I restrict myself for my arguments—he shows himself to be a thoroughly religious man. Never does he speak of the gods in an irreverent manner. He believed in one supreme being, Jove, and looked on the other divinities as his servants and assistants—Cæsar was Jove's vicegerent on earth.

It can hardly be possible that any man could express such noble thoughts, lofty ideals, well-spoken reprimands as Horace does without having a deep sense of religion. Horace, like Cicero, was the personification of all the light that the pagans possessed. No one would think of accusing Cicero of want of faith in the gods.

In the fifth ode of the third book, Horace says he believes in Jove hurling his thunderbolts in the heavens: "Cœlo tonantem credidimus Jovem regnare." In the second ode of the first book, lamenting the sad state in which the Roman empire was thrown after the murder of Cæsar, he calls on Jupiter, "the father of gods and men" to send a saviour to the people. He beseeches Apollo, the god of propitiation, smiling Venus, the goddess of love, Mars, the divine originator of the Roman people, and Mercury, the messenger of the gods, the founder and benefactor of civilization, to help them.

As a poet Horace must needs have devotion for the Muse. In the twelfth ode of the first book he calls on her to help him sing the heroes, gods and demigods. He says: "Many are worthy of a song. There are gods, heroes and demigods who want, create and preserve order, justice and morality; there are men who in the past have worked and are still working for the glory and the power of the empire." He names Jupiter's divine children: Pallas, Bacchus, Diana and Phœbus, who help to fight all powers that are opposed to order. Then the demigods, Hercules, the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux, he invokes, begging their assistance. Later on in the fourteenth ode of the second book, in meditating on death, he says, no matter how many prayers and sacrifices man may offer to Pluto, he must cross the Styx; "he must see black Cocytus winding slow."

Horace tells the Roman people in the sixth ode of the third book that they will suffer for the crimes of their ancestors until they have learned to fear the gods; for the fear of the gods is the only thing that will keep them in safety. In the twenty-eighth ode of the same book he celebrates the feast of the Immortals with wine and song. He sings in honor of Neptune and the Nereids; in honor of Latona and Diana.

These are sufficient instances, I think, to prove that Horace had faith in all the gods; but they are by no means the only cases in the odes where he speaks of the Immortals. In nearly every ode he has some reference to the inhabitants of heaven. Although Horace shows his belief in all the heavenly host, yet he holds that only one of them is supreme, and that is Jove.

In the first ode of the second book he addresses him as the "Father sending rain and hail." In the fourth ode of the fourth book he calls on him as the "Rex deorum," and again as the "Pater divum." "Thou wilt maintain thy supreme authority," he says, "by the usual manifestation of thy power and thy wrath." In the tenth ode of the first book, Horace calls on the messenger of "great and supreme Jupiter." These are only some of the cases wherein Horace pays marked respect to Jove. But they are sufficient to prove that he believed him to be the supreme head of the universe.

Horace invoked all the gods, but never with the terms which he applies to Jove. He may sometimes use unbecoming language, but he never shows his unbelief, if he had any, in the divinities; and never failed to make known that in his mind there was but one supreme being. In this idea he was far in advance of the people of his time; surpassed Cicero.

Gebhardi and Gemol, in their book called "Horace Æsth, Comment and Realien," say: "Jove has not an equal among the gods; some, however, stand nearer than others. Juno and Minerva, who with him form the Capitoli-god-trinity, and the eleven forming with him the association of councillors, stand next to him in dignity. Through his all-powerfulness, justice and wisdom, as also his clemency and goodness, is Jove able to watch over the moral system of the world."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—An athlete usually has a good digestion, sleeps well, is good-natured, and consequently is easily imposed upon. We therefore speak for him here. Every afternoon in the gymnasium one can notice that while the runners are training they have to keep dodging continually lest they clash with some onlooker who gets in their way. This is especially true of the west end of the gym near the entrance.

The baseball men have to contend with the same kind of inconvenience. It is well and commendable in the visitors to the gymnusium to encourage the athletes by their presence, but the gallery is a far safer place for the spectators than the track floor, and, no doubt, the baseball players and track men would like to have the extra sea-room.

—An opportunity to gain culture and knowledge always open to us, but one we neglect, is given in the art studio. We have mentioned this before, but it will bear repetition. There are some first casts of the best pieces of sculpture in existence that are well worthy of frequent visits to the studio. And besides these are many prints of famous paintings, which, though they give no idea of colouring, nevertheless, show the character and composition of the original.

Prof. Paradis, who has a great enthusiasm in his work, is always willing and kind enough to explain the finer points that the amateur is liable to overlook. Consider a moment what this means from the standpoint of cultu e. Every college man ought, at least, have a speaking acquaintance with works of art. Here we have a chance to do so, and yet we do not embrace it. While speaking of points it might be well to mention that a student for a small sum can now artistically decorate his room with small copies of the master's works.

A catalogue giving the names of well-known paintings from the early Italian schools to the present time can be had by sending a two-cent stamp to the Perry Pictures Co., Malden, Mass. The little pictures take in almost everything worthy of note. A few hundred of them well arranged would certainly give a student's room a cheerful and refined appearance. We should like to see them become popular among the boys.

St. Patrick's Day.

The year has days of special significance for each one of us. An ambition realized, a friend gained, the dawn of a great truth,—these are fixedly associated with the dates on which they occurred. If the incident has been of particular advantage or benefit we refer to it with pleasure, and manifest our joy on its anniversary. So it is with nations and races. For them, too, the calendar has days whose annual recurrence recalls some important event in their past history. March 17, which is the festival of Saint Patrick, is one of these days for the scattered Irish race.

The story of Saint Patrick has been told so often and so well that it requires a brilliant narrator to add to its charm. However, the most superficial account of his career is not without interest. Opinions differ as to his birthplace, but there is perfect unanimity regarding his sanctity and the scope and result of his labours. Patrick was a Christian captured by an Irish chief and condemned to serfdom in Ulster. Impelled by Divine impulse he fled to France, studied under St. Germanus, and became a priest. Later, he was consecrated bishop. Then followed the opportunity he had so long prayed for. In the year 432 he was sent by Pope Celestine to make pagan Ireland a Christian land. I shall refer merely to his initial effort and the

means he used to illustrate a mysterious truth.

Soon after landing in Ireland he went to Tara, and there proclaimed to the assembled Druids and chiefs the doctrine he had come to teach. His audience were intelligent, reverent and susceptible, but there was one vital tenet they could not accept: the mystery of the Blessed Trinity. It must have been a perplexing moment for the Saint, but God, who never abandons those who serve Him, came to Patrick's assistance. St. Patrick stooped down, and plucking a little sprig of trefoil, or shamrock, that grew at his feet, raised it aloft, and drew attention to the three symmetrical leaves on one stem. This he declared was, in a degree, symbolic of the union of the Three Divine Persons. The effect was supernatural. Forthwith all doubt was put aside, and the assembled multitude believed and were baptized.

This accounts for the adoption of the shamrock as Ireland's national emblem and for the well-known practice of the Irish at home sending sprays of shamrock to their kindred abroad to be worn on Saint Patrick's Day. The sentiment which these little tokens awaken in the heart of the wandering Gael may be inferred from the following lines of which the shamrock is the subject:

Dear emblem of my native land,
  By fresh fond words kept fresh and green;
The pressure of an unfelt hand,
  The kisses of a lip unseen;
A sigh from my dead mother's heart,
  My father's smile revived once more;
O faith, O youth, O joy thou art,
  Sweet shamrock from the Irish shore!

The observance of Saint Patrick's Day is therefore no hollow ceremony. It commemorates the most important event in the history of the Irish race: their conversion to Christianity. But more than this does it recall to the Irishman. It reminds him of the centuries of persecution and gloom through which he has passed to preserve his sacred heritage untarnished. And when you see the shamrock worn on Saint Patrick's Day, do not think it is the expression of some empty custom. O no! It means much to the wearer—at least it ought to mean much. It was instrumental in his country's conversion, and it has been consecrated with the blood of thousands of the bravest and best that ever wielded a sword. May each Saint Patrick's Day intensify the faith of the Gael, and inspire him with renewed zeal for the cause of liberty and right!

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

Notre Dame Wins Triangular Meet.

TWO NEW WORLD'S RECORDS MADE.

The Third Annual Triangular Track Meet, which was held in the new gymnasium last Saturday afternoon, resulted in a splendid victory for our athletes. It was, by far, the most successful event of this kind ever held at Notre Dame both in point of attendance and in the performances. The large gallery and the numerous bleachers, which had been erected for the occasion, were filled with visitors, alumni and students. The gymnasium was artistically decorated with bunting and flags, the stars and stripes and the colors of the three competing teams predominating, and in the northwest corner the University band played its liveliest airs.

The track was very fast, as may be attested by the number of records equalled and broken during the afternoon. Visitors and officials united in declaring it to be the fastest indoor track in the West. In the 220-yard dash the world's indoor record was broken three times in as many trials.

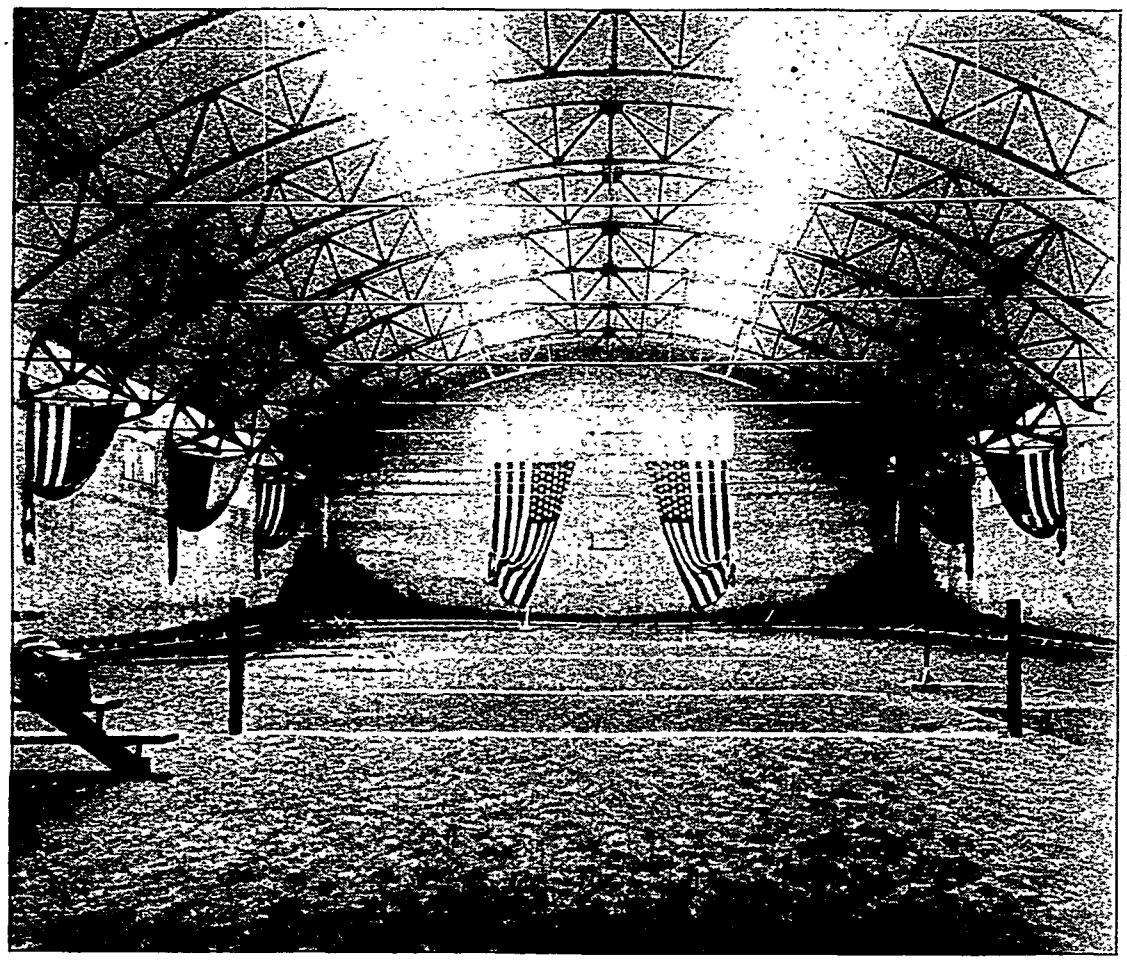
Corcoran started the fun by clipping off one-fifth of a second in his trial heat against Bell of Illinois. Miles of Illinois repeated this performance in the second heat, and a moment later Staples, the freshman runner, added to the surprise of the spectators by clipping off another second. The greatest surprise of all, however, came in the final heat, when "Corc," with a wonderful burst of speed, whirled around the course in the remarkable time of 23 1-5 seconds; four-fifths of a second below the world's record In the running broad jump, Thompson of Illinois raised Pettit's record of twenty-one feet seven and a half inches to twenty-one feet ten inches. The forty-yard dash, forty-yard hurdles, and the half mile were also performed in record time.

As had been predicted, the meet was very close and exciting; and not until the last event had been run off was the result uncertain. Illinois showed up well in the forty-yard dash, the mile run and the broad jump, but failed to figure in any of the other events. The real contest was between the men from the Midway and Notre Dame, and every event in which the Maroon and the Gold and Blue were pitted against each other was desperately contested.

The three trial heats for the forty-yard

dash were all taken by Illinois. Notre Dame securing second in each. The final heat was also captured by the men from Illinois; Bell, English and Miles finishing in the order named. In the forty-yard hurdles, Herbert won his heat against Manning of Chicago, but in the finals Manning managed to beat him for second place by about an inch. Fred Moloney of U. of C. won this event in record time.

There were four starters in the mile run, but after the sixth lap, Hayes of Notre Dame was forced to drop out. Uffendall set a hot pace for eight laps, when Gale of Illinois took the lead and held it to the end, finishing about a yard ahead. Hulbert of Chicago was a poor third. The quarter mile went to Moloney of Chicago, with Corcoran second and Murphy third. Henry of Chicago won the two-mile run easily, finishing a half a lap in advance of Lloyd of U. of I.; Hulbert, U. of C., was third. The half-mile was also taken by Chicago. Uffendall set the pace for five laps, but his exertions in the mile had weakened him, and he was passed by both Lord and Moloney in the stretch. The time, 2.04 1-5, equals the world's indoor record lately established by Moran at Milwaukee.



EAST END VIEW OF GYMNASIUM.

The most sensational performance of the afternoon was the 220 yd. dash when the world's record was smashed three times in trial heats by Corcoran, Staples and Miles, and again in the final heat by Corcoran. "Corc" delighted the hearts of the rooters in this heat by displaying all his old-time speed, and Staples also won fame for himself by his brilliant running. The heat was won by Corcoran, Staples, second, and Miles, U. of I., third.

Notre Dame won the majority of the points in the field events. In imitation of the work of our famous athlete, J. Fred Powers, who was an interested spectator, Glynn put the shot one minute, then took a turn at the high jump, back again to the shot put, and continued in this way until he finally won the high jump at 5 feet 7 inches, and put the shot but a few inches behind "Big John's" mark of 38 feet 9 inches. Ferris of U. of C. was second in the high jump, Sullivan, third, and Pettit of Chicago third in the shot put. Joe Sullivan won the pole vault without much exertion, clearing the bar at 10 feet 2 inches. Glynn tied with Baird for 2d place, and in the toss-up won the medal. The running broad jump resulted in a pretty contest between Thompson of Illinois and Hopkins of U. of C. Thompson finally landed the event by about two inches from Hopkins. Pettit of Chicago was third.

Last came the relay race, the deciding event of the meet. If Chicago won first in this and Notre Dame second they would tie for the meet. Murphy was the first runner for Notre Dame. He started Herbert off with a four-yard lead when they touched hands. Herbert added another yard to this, and sent Gearin five yards ahead of Chicago and Illinois. Fred Moloney overtook him at the turn of the last lap and jumped into Gearin's track when only a few feet ahead of him, thus making it impossible for the Notre Dame man to regain his lost ground unless he ran into Moloney's spikes.

Lord - Wellington - Maloney - Mahoney

Fred Moloney gave his brother about four yards start of Corcoran, who was able to regain only a yard of the ground lost by Moloney fouling Gearin. Some of the spectators thought Chicago had won the relay race. But the unfair work of Fred Moloney had been noticed by many, among them was Earl Wagner of Purdue, inspector at the turn where the fouling had been done. The referee, Pat O'Dea, also saw the Chicago man cut in on Gearin's track. When Powers and Corcoran protested to him the referee could not do otherwise than give the event to Notre Dame. This made the total number of points won by the teams read as follows. Notre Dame, 43; Chicago, 37; Illinois, 28.

Following is a summary of the events:

Forty yard dash—Bell, I., first; English, I., second. Time, 0:04 3-5.

One mile run—Gale, I., first; Uffendall, N. D., second. Time, 4:45 2-5.

High jump—Glynn, N. D., first; Ferris, C., second. Distance, 5 feet 7 inches.

Four hundred and forty yard dash—W. Moloney, C., first; Miles, C., second. Time, 0:54 3-5.

Two mile run—Henry, C., first; Lloyd I., second. Time, 11:10.

Forty yard hurdle—F. Moloney, C., first, Manning, C., second. Time, 0:05 2-5.

Pole vault—Sullivan, N. D., first; Glynn, N. D., and Baird, I., tie for second place. Distance, 10 feet 2 inches.

Broad jump—Thompson, I., first; Hopkins, C., second. Distance, 21 feet 10 inches.

Half-mile run—Lord, C., first; W. Moloney, C., second. Time, 2:04 1-5.

Putting sixteen-pound shot—Eggeman, N. D., first; Glynn, N. D., second. Distance, 33 feet 9 inches.

Two hundred and twenty yard dash—Corcoran, N. D., first; Staples, N. D., second. Time, 0:23 1-5.

Relay race—Notre Dame, first; Chicago, second. Time, 3:30 4-5.

SUMMARY OF POINTS.

Events	Notre Dame	Illinois	Chicago
40-yard dash	..	9	..
40-yard hurdles	1	..	8
220-yard dash	8	1	..
440-yard run	4	..	5
880-yard run	1	..	8
Mile run	3	5	1
Two mile run	..	3	6
Pole vault	7	2	..
Shot put	8	..	1
Broad jump	..	5	4
High jump	6	..	3
Relay race	5	3	1
Totals	43	28	37

That Foul in the Relay Race.

In justice to our brave lads of the track team who did such difficult and excellent work in last Saturday's meet, we are forced to mention the decision rendered by the referee in the deciding event. Some of the Chicago papers by open assertion and mean insinuations gave their readers an idea that the ruling of Pat O'Dea in the relay race was favoritism toward Notre Dame. That we may not testify in our own case we shall quote from the South Bend *Tribune* of March 11, which had a staff correspondent at the meet:

> The disqualifying of Fred Moloney in the relay race is greatly regretted by the students, but they feel that the decision of the officials must be accepted. Until Gearin was fouled in the third relay Notre Dame was in the lead. When Moloney cut in front of the Notre Dame man the latter lost his stride, and Captain Moloney took the last relay with three yards' advantage of Corcoran as a result of the foul.

A word regarding the rule in this case may be well. Before Moloney of Chicago could lawfully cut in on Gearin's track he should have been at least *six feet* ahead of him. Moloney was not this distance ahead, nor even half of it. One of the Chicago papers, commenting on the injustice of O'Dea's decision, says: "The Maroon runner was a *yard and a half* ahead of Gearin when he cut in." He was not over half of this distance ahead of the Notre Dame man, and even if he were the full distance given, Gearin could not take a full stride unless he ran into Moloney's spikes. The foul was seen by Earl Wagner of Purdue, who was the inspector at the turn where it took place. Many others besides him saw it, among them Pat O'Dea, the referee. When the protest was entered, Mr. O'Dea could not in justice do otherwise than give the race to Notre Dame.

Another statement in some Chicago papers we wish to rectify is that the officials, with one exception, were all Notre Dame men. Again we let the South Bend *Tribune* testify for us:

> The statement that the officials, with one exception, were Notre Dame men, is false, as fifteen of the officials never attended Notre Dame, and are graduates of other colleges.

Any charge that an over-zealous or prejudiced reporter can bring against Pat O'Dea's fairness can have no weight with those who know the Australian. Through the West his excellent and gentlemanly work on the gridiron and track have won him the reputation of being above all a real sportsman; loving wholesome and invigorating games for the zest and pleasure of the pastime itself.

More than once last Saturday he showed his spirit of fairness; especially when in the 40 yard dash he gave Miles of Illinois third place in preference to Corcoran, although almost all thought Corcoran had won the place. We do not think that Mr. Stagg of Chicago is the inspiration of any of the insinuations or open

assertions made. He has shown himself too much of a sportsman and too good a one to stoop to anything of the kind. We regret that we must discuss the relay race decision at this late date at all, but still Notre Dame feels she owes it to her athletes to place them right before the public.

Numerous inquiries came here in the early part of the week, asking if the track in which so many records had been broken was correct. To settle all doubts about the matter Prof. Jules Arce, aided by members of the civil engineering department, made a careful measurement of the track and found it correct. "Dad" Moulton will try to have the splendid records made by the men under his charge accepted by the Amateur Athletic Union.

The Gymnasium Building-Fund.

Wilton C. Smith, Chicago, Ill	$100
The Rev. P. A. Baart, Marshall, Mich	25
Friend, Notre Dame, Ind	100
Friend, South Bend, Ind	1000
W. A. McAdams, Williamsport, Ind	25
The Very Rev. F. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich	50
George Cartier, Luddington, Mich	25
J. G. Kutina, Chicago, Ill	1
O. H. Woods, Avon, Ill	1
Lucius Hubbard, South Bend, Ind	50
Dr. F. Schlink, New Riegel, Ohio	5
Chute Bros., Minneapolis, Minn	10
F. T. Slevin, Peoria, Ill	10
The Rev. A. Messman, Laporte, Ind	25
O. Chamberlain, Elkhart, Ind	10
T. T. Ansberry, Defiance, Ohio	5
The Rev. P. J. Crawley, Lebanon, Ind	20
W. H. Welch, Chicago, Ill	10
Miss Lizzie Ryan, Philadelphia	5
William P. Grady, Chicago	10
William P. Breen, Fort Wayne, Ind	100
A. M. Jelonak, Chicago, Ill	2
Ed W. Robinson, Chicora, Wayne Co., Miss	15
Gilbert F. McCullough, Davenport, Iowa	10
A. M. Prichard, Charleston, W. Va	5
Friend, Lafayette, Ind	10
Austin O'Malley, Notre Dame, Ind	25
John H. Sullivan (for son John, St Edward's) Valparaiso, Ind	25
Peter F. Casey (for son Grover, St. Edward's) Chicago, Ill	25
J. A. Creighton, Omaha	250
Durand & Kasper, Chicago	100
Augustin Kegler, Bellevue, Ill	5
John C. Ellsworth, South Bend, Ind	100
Alfred Duperier, New Iberia, La	5
G. T. Meehan, Monterey, Mexico	50
The Rev. E. P. Murphy, Portland, Ore	10
F. C. Downer (for son Henry and nephew Ed Kelly, St. Edward's) Atlanta, Ga	50
Earl W. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa	5
Edward C. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa	5
Wyman & Co., South Bend, Ind	100
E. A. Zeitler, Notre Dame	5
The Rev. N. J. Mooney, Chicago, Ill	50
A. J. Galen, Helena, Mon	5
Samuel T. Murdock, LaFayette, Ind	100
The Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Lapeer, Mich	15
Frank B. O'Brien, Sorin Hall	25
Patrick Murphy, Chebanse, Ill	10
N. K. and W. H. Mills, Thornton, Ind	5
The Rev. Timothy O'Sullivan, Cheltenham, Ill	100
D. A. Hanagan, Chicago, Ill	25
Granville Tinnin, Rushville, Neb	25
John and Mrs. Dougherty, Beaver Meadow' Pa.	1
Michael Hastings, South Bend, Ind	25
August Fack (for his son in Carroll Hall) Helena, Montana	10
P. T. Barry, Chicago, Ill	50
James M. Brady, Windfield, Kansas	10
A. Friend, Boston, Mass	20
The Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, Chicago, Ill	50
Louis J. Herman, Evansville, Ind	5
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert (for sons Martin and George)	25
Friend from Umatilla, Mexico	10
Robert A. O'Hara, Hamilton, Montana	10
John P. Lauth, Chicago, Ill	25
Friend in South Bend	50
Friend who will not allow his name mentioned	250
Miss Ella Murray, Philadelphia, Penn	3
Sherman Steele, Indianapolis, Ind	10
Dr. James J. Creswell, Galena, Ill	1
Carol Von Phul, St. Edward's Hall, N. D	10
R. S. Funk, Redlands, California	5
Julio Usera, Carroll Hall	20
The Rev. P. Blake, St. Helena, California	20
Mr. W. Roberts, Brazil, Ind	1
George W. Burkitt, Palestine, Texas	25
M. Winter, Pittsburg, Pa	100

Personals.

—Mr. T. H. Trentman of Fort Wayne, Ind., made a brief stay here lately.

—Mr. W. J. Graham of Dayton, Ohio, visited his sons of St. Edward's and Carroll Halls during the past few days.

—Mr. P. McDermott of Waktegan, Ill., spent a few days here recently on a visit to his son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. W. Winter of Pittsburg, Pa., made a short stay at the University as the guest of his son of Corby Hall.

—Mrs. and Miss E. Burkitt, mother and sister of George Burkitt of Sorin Hall, are visiting the University.

—Mr. T. F. Carroll, a prominent attorney of Grand Rapids, Mich., was the guest of his son of Brownson Hall on Saturday.

—The Reverend Father Hamilton, C. P., of Pittsburg, Pa., was a guest of the University during the course of the past week.

—Mrs. M. B. Herbert of Chicago was among the visitors at the triangular meet Saturday last, the guest of her son of Corby Hall.

—Mr. Patrick R. Walsh, a prominent contractor of New York City, has been visiting Mr. James Taylor of Sorin Hall this week.

—We learn that Mr. Hugh Mitchell (C. E., '95) and Mr. John B. Murphy (C. E., '96) are at present engaged in the geodetic survey of the Philippines. Both were favorites here at school, and we are glad of their success in the broad and important field of engineering.

—A recent Nebraska paper contains an account of the promotion of Lieut. Joseph Cusack (B. S. '89) to the rank of Captain of Fort Niobrara. "Joe" will be remembered as captain of the Brownson Hall Military Co. A which was at its best when he was here.

A Card of Sympathy.

The students of Carroll Hall tender their heartfelt sympathy to Leroy Dolan who was suddenly called home on Thursday afternoon because of his father's death. They pray that the infinite merciful Father has taken the soul of the departed to Himself, and that He will lighten their companion's sorrow.

CLARENCE J. KENNEDY,
ROBERT L. STANTON,
RICHARD KOLCH,
CHARLES E. RUSH,
LOUIS E. WAGNER—*Committee.*

Local Items.

—FOUND—A valuable gold ring. Owner may apply to Keeper of Natatorium—

—Notice to Loafers.—This is my busy day. Tell your troubles to the office-boy.

—It is too bad that the strength of the head is not taken in that "strength tester," Groogan would make a formidable contestant for such an honor, as our distinguished friend is very head-strong.

—Answers to fool's questions.—Smoking tobacco on the table.

My watch has stopped.
Sorry, but I'm broke myself.
Give it up.

—"Dore's Poetical Inspiration."—The juvenile poet was sitting in the study-hall and just after sunrise. The "rosy fingered" daughter of the dawn is hurrying out of sight—much to the sorrow of the poet who is a lover of nature's daughter, or, in fact, anyone else's daughter. For poets are so.

Oh, Sol! why rise so soon? Thy beacon red
Has kindled on McDanother's bed.
Alas! into the sleeper's eye it streams
And wakes the man from out his dreams.
Oh! thus it is my own unhappy lot
To sleep beside thee, "Mac," in thy unstable cot
'Tis true that Pete his midnight lair has made
Behind some bush; or some bum colonnade,
'Tis true, his room has empty grown
Since he was caught that night in town.
'Tis true that Boots had lots of fun
But still, you see, his race is run.
But why rise up when I'm asleep,
And under my eyelids slyly peep?
Oh, Sol! dear Sol! do let me sleep.

—Henry Ward Beecher Walsh, with Daniel O'Shea in the leading rôle, and Schoonover, Glasheen, McAdams and Sulpher in the minor parts, starts on a two weeks' tour. The first engagement is one for ten days at the Tackhead opera house, where the stock company will present to the predicted vast audience "A Night Off," "The County School House," as played by Mr. Snyder; "The Cast Off," "The Oyster Stew Tragedy," and "When the Flower was in Nighthood." Mr. Butler will accompany the troupe as rubber-necker at the crowds.

—Meyers is assuming too haughty an attitude, both physically and mentally. The insophisticated element has taken exception to his presence, and a move has been made to ostracise him.

—The third annual indoor track and field meet between the Minims and ex-Minims was held in the gymnasium last Thursday afternoon. It resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 40 to 23. Taylor, Carey, Lawton, McBride and Hart were the point-winners for Carroll Hall. Garrigan, Fox, Rotchford, Rousseau, Berteling and Bosworth were the strength of the Minims. Garrigan's half-mile run was the feature of the meet. The following is the summary:

Forty yard dash—Carey, Fox, Rousseau. Time, 5 3-5 seconds.

Forty yard low hurdles—Carey, Rotchford, McBride. Time, 7 seconds.

220 yard dash—Carey, Rotchford, McBride. Time, 29 seconds.

880 yard run—Garrigan, Lawton, Hart. Time, 2 minutes 39 seconds.

Broad jump—Taylor, Lawton, Rousseau. Distance, 14 feet 5 inches.

High jump—Taylor, Lawton, Fox. Height, 4 feet.

Pole vault—Berteling, Carey, Bosworth. Height, 6 feet.

—Last fall shortly before Jack Mullen discarded those celebrated golf trousers that were patterned after the cloth that covered the bench of the chancellor in the court of Exchequer away back in ancient times, he read an old "chestnut" that Chauncey Depew cracked about the middle of the last century. Jack possesses a quaint and delicate sense of humor, that seems to be ill-spent on the coarse and vulgar humorists with whom present circumstances compel him to associate. None of Jack's jokes, however, have to be explained. This old "chestnut" he sprung on the boys the other night, and a profusion of stares and spitting followed. Calm silence prevailed on all sides, which was only interrupted by the clamorous, resonant and nerve-quieting laughter of Jack, who could not contain the pleasure he felt when fond recollections recalled to him how violently and continuously he laughed when the "chestnut" was first sprung on him. Jack's joke was too highly perforated, and in straining it, the pithy part was lost in the crowd.

—Chief Kenny who had been in Chicago during the past few weeks studying the various kinds of fire-escapes, came back to us last Tuesday. There was a dress parade in honour of his return, and the entire company turned out. After casting his trained eye over his disciplined men, he ordered hose cart No. 4, to be trotted out. Chauncey Yockey, erewhile of Escanaba, near Painted Post, was sent to the barn after a horse. When the equine, to use Mr. Yockey's words, was connected with

the vehicle he was unable to make the wheels revolve. Capt. John was hitched up to assist, but it was found that Jack and the horse would not pull together. Then Chauncey volunteered. The "Pelter," it seems, was once in a Kansas cyclone, and hearing Mr. Yockey talk close by became scared and bid fair to land cart No. 4 at the other side of the moon. But the Chief in his masterful way came to the rescue, and with an icy stare froze the horse in his slushy tracks. As we go to press Mr. O'Brien is getting ready "hot wather" to thaw him out.

In My Castle, Recently, 1901.

DEAR EDITOR:—Your welcome epistle received. Am very glad to hear that you are enjoying such excellent health. I also wish to thank you for that bar of soap you sent me. It wiped away that ingrown wart on my forehead after one application. Enclosed please find one dime for which please ship me a wagon load. I will endeavor to have parliament sanction its use in the army for tired feeling, hunger, bullet-holes, and a host of other reasons.

I see that my action in refusing to accept the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle has caused a great deal of criticism over there. But I believe I did the right thing. Of course, Emperor Willie meant all right, but in justice to myself let me say that I never was an admirer of Black Eagles. Even as a boy I refused to associate with them, and now I have no love for them at all. The late Queen's gift was far better.

Ed., the seven, and I are quite chummy these days. I am now teaching him how to shoot without blinking his eyes, and in return he has shown me the correct way to have my trowsers creased. Earl Bobs, J. G. O. I. T.

—John C. Lavelle made his début as a philosopher last Thursday morning, and his friend and neighbor, Chauncey Wellington gave a reception in honor of the event. Mr. Duffy of New York and Paris was engaged to entertain the visitors with his famous phonograph. The guests commenced to arrive about half-past nine, and by ten o'clock Chauncey's apartments were crowded. Mr. Duffy connected the following persons with the phonograph: Judge William Baldwin, Crimithoy Timmins, Louis Carey, J. Pierpont Hayes, J. Pains Curry, H. Philipot Barry, Judge John C. Lavelle and C. Wellington. The other guests, the greater number of whom had not been invited, occupied the chairs, bed and other furniture, and included Dominico O'Malley, E. P. Gallagher, Alexis Coquillard, J. J. Sullivan, poet, philosopher and pole-vaulter. One of the guests left the reception prematurely, and in his absent-mindedness locked the door and took the key away. In the meantime, Mr. Duffy's phonograph rendered a number of fine selections, and everything went well until some one of the party pulled Judge Lavelle's hair. The Judge informed Mr. Coquillard that he would throw him out the window if he did that again. Mr. Coquillard tried to exonerate himself, but it was no use; and every time the Judge was carried away with the selection rendered by the phonograph, some one would pull his hair. The result was that there was a free fight. Several made for the door, but found it locked. A prefect was attracted by the racket and demanded admittance. The crowd inside responded that they had no key. After some delay a key was procured, and the door opened. Each man filed out of the room like a little boy who had been caught in the preserve cellar.

—BITS OF BROKEN PRETZEL.—Birds of ill omen often flock together. When you see an owl beware of a bat.

That man who has a remarkably good appetite should know his vocation.

Floating capital consists in investing one's money in air castles or balloons.

There is more poetry in a full beer bottle than in an empty one.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush—but look to the bird.

At the dinner table the anarchist is not the most dangerous member, but the man with the large appetite.

When you are not capable of saying anything clever, be as the owl: look wise.

A ponderous step, a furrowed brow, and a silent tongue may be the characteristics of a philosopher, but these three often hide an infinity of ignorance.

It is hard for religion, like a sack, to stand upright on an empty stomach.

There is a special place in heaven for men that pay their pew rent.

The most "unstable" animal in creation is a Latin pony.

When you tell a fellow that he has written a clever piece of verse, and he says he doesn't think so he is disappointed if you do not insist that the verse is clever.

That man who bombards Fort Ney with broken bottles and hangs Müessel's Signs in his room is not worldly wise, but poetically inclined.

"A fellow feeling" is an ambiguous term and may or may not move in good society.

A bright mind may shine in classic darkness and illume the path of a few, but a fast "horse" brings succor to many a poor Samaritan fallen by the wayside.

Could Horace have foreseen the band of clever "horses" and horsemen his work would produce, he would have left a few instructions as to how to take a mount.

On your way from town think of the "white man's burden"—if you can think.