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## A Pilgrimage.

THE swallows have come from their far-off home  
And the skies are bathed in blue;  
And over the paths again I go,  
Where the primrose pale and the violet grow,  
To a tryst that of old I knew.

Ah, little I care that the way is fair  
And the sunbeams sip the dew;  
For I stop where the gloomy willows wave,  
Above the door of a new-made grave,  
And the dust that once was you.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

## The Nameless One.

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, 1901.



WHO will ever be able to tell how much the cherry-petal has to do with the pipings of the oriole? Or who can explain how much the songs of a poet are affected by his material surroundings? The one is as easy to account for as the other; yet there are philosophers who insist that an approximation to knowing can be made in the latter case. For good data to work on they might study the life and poems of a genius-cursed mortal who walked the streets of Dublin sixty years ago. His existence from the days he crawled about the dingy lane he was born in until the time he lay sick unto death in a charity hospital was mean, sordid, poverty-stricken. His poetry, on the contrary, is refined and highly spiritual. The name of this unfortunate was James Clarence Mangan. He is, perhaps, the truest and best English poet his island has ever produced, though she has given more than her share of singers to the world.

The poetry of Mangan we can profitably read and discuss; the story of his life is

another matter. It seems like doing him an unnecessary wrong to refer to it at all; but as it is an exception to a theory that is gaining wide acceptance in the literary world every day, a glance over the path he travelled may count for something. The Mangan we meet in his poems is a cultured, almost supersensitive being; the man we shall see in everyday prose is a sinful, pitiable mortal.

He was born in a lane of Dublin in 1803. He had scarcely any youth or prime, for he went to work at eleven and died at forty-six, an old man. Mangan had moral perceptions too highly developed for the sphere he had to move in. Through the death, or desertion, of his father he was compelled to support a mother and sister during what should have been the playtime of his life. From his sixth to his eleventh year he attended a school in the lane where he was born. Here the houses were high and gloomy, the windows patched with paper, and clothes' lines stretched from house to house, bedecked with strings and rags. He had never been out of this place until he went to work. His new position was hardly a change. He sat at a desk in an old rookery, labouring as a copyist twelve or fourteen hours out of the twenty-four.

We know but little of his home life before this time. His father, who was a small grocer that failed, had died or deserted his family. Mangan's mother or sister, so far as we can find out, were not more cultured or gentle than their neighbours. Evidently at home he had no high ideals held up to him. His condition as a copyist was worse. Though we might justly conceive that his mother drank and squabbled, she must have shown the frail and gentle boy some kindness; perhaps his sister had a slight touch of his nature; but in the rookery, he had to associate with beings against whom every throb of his heart was a protest.

He drudged along as a copyist until he was eighteen, and then he became a lawyer's clerk.

Here he was a misfit; his companions and their ways did not suit him. He probably exaggerated his sufferings during this period of his life, for in after days whenever any allusion was made to the time he spent in the rookery and in the lawyer's office, he trembled at the memory of deeds he had witnessed in those places. In an autobiographical poem he speaks of those years as a political prisoner might of a sentence served in a tyrant's dungeon. He says:

Tell how the Nameless condemned for years long  
To herd with demons from hell beneath,  
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long  
For even death.

At what time he left this position we can not tell. Most likely he was discharged, for he could not afford to quit with the support of his kin depending on him. There is a gap in his life. We see him at twenty-one, frail and boyish in appearance, distinguished only by very lustrous blue eyes and a face indicative of high intelligence. We take him up again at twenty-five, and find that in the meantime he had fallen in love. This period was the one summer in all the bleak seasons of his life. By some chance he had become acquainted with a family who, materially, were far above him. In this family was a daughter beautiful, accomplished, a coquette. Mangan Phaeton-like, aspired to what only the gods, or men with money, should dare dream of. The young lady, Frances by name, was far superior to any mortal he had ever met. Perhaps he had an ideal, and he thought she was the realization of it; or maybe his poet's nature impelled him to seek the unattainable.

At any rate, something drove him to commit the reckless deed of falling in love with this Frances. The lady encouraged the young poet, for he had woven worthy rime before this time. She deemed him a good subject to practice on, and at first liked his fervid language and original love-making. Mangan was shy and sensitive, and felt himself infinitely inferior to this celestial being. He looked on her from afar with something of the wonder that Milton's Adam must have felt when he saw the angel of the Lord coming toward his bower in the twilight. The angel in this case led the mortal up to so great a height that to look down would be his ruin. How she did it only her kind can tell. But the day of the final wrath came. Mangan, thinking that, at last, the fair creature was within his reach, grasped at her, missed,

stumbled and fell from his lofty pinnacle. The mountain fell on him. The fair Frances, poised amid the snows, told him his place was in the valley. Mangan gathered himself up at the foot of the mountain, and crawled about all bruised and shaken. He was scarcely more than a boy, but his body grew bent and his flaxen hair grey, and the lore of ages was in his heart. He never again tried to clutch a wheeling star: with woman he had no more to do.

We can not tell the last name of his Frances; but we thank her, for she attended in excellent fashion to an essential part of a poet's education. After this single experience in love, he sought the companionship of men. He made a bosom-friend who betrayed him in the hour of need. He was now, at twenty-five, when life should be all promise for him, entirely hopeless; in poverty. His confidence in a supposed friend was misplaced; he was anchored for life to a mother and sister who could not understand him; chained to musty folios when his heart panted for the life of the hills.

The rest of Mangan's life is very dark—very pitiful. He sought consolation in rum and opium, the Nirvana of Poe and De Quincey, and of a thousand others we know naught of. About this time he began to write for weekly national papers, whose aim was to instil some ideas of freedom into the wavering hearts of his countrymen. His recompense was meagre: a just cause has not always gold on its side. He still continued to support his mother and sister, and the rest of his wage went for dark rum. He now resorted to the most depraved resorts of the city. After he would disappear for weeks at a time, then he would appear suddenly, looking like a ghoul; his threadbare clothes dishevelled, his grey hair uncombed and tangled, his face emaciated and his eyes, that once fascinated with their beauty and lustre, burning to cinders deep in their sockets. He had visions then. He saw his father and heroes long dead and demons that never existed. He says of himself:

Dream and waking life have now been blended  
Longtime in the caverns of my soul—

Some friends of his, Drs. Todd, Anster and Petrie, scholarly gentlemen, knew of his state and tried to do something that might turn him from the abyss whither he was running. They had some idea of the intensity of the fire that smouldered in the bosom of Mangan. They got him a post in the Library of Trinity

College. He possessed certain talents, which we shall see more of further on, that especially fitted him for his new position. In the Library he could read and dream, doing his work almost unconsciously. He still continued to haunt the newspaper offices; partly to make money, but chiefly in the vain hope that his lyrics might stir the hearts of his countrymen. His irregular mode of living caused him to lose his place at Trinity Library; the only position that he ever found suited to his nature.

At thirty-five he had grown spectral in appearance. His fine features, almost transparent, had a strange seeming of resignation. He wore the same clothes for half a dozen years; his coat on the finest summer's day buttoned to the chin, and he always carried a heavy weather-beaten umbrella. He glided along the streets, staring and not heeding anyone. He, in fact, did not seem a creature of the earth to the curious ones who would turn to gaze after him.

His friends who felt the keenest pity for the unfortunate poet could do nothing to aid him; for he was shy and reticent and confided in no one. He scarcely thought himself worthy of compassion. He felt how low he had fallen, but never whined; or cursed his God as other men have done under such circumstances. He knew his mind could no longer soar, and that he was chained for life to two demons: rum and opium. There is nothing in our language that pictures the remorse for ill-spent days which poison the hearts of men, better than Mangan's "The Nameless One," written at this time.

A few years later he came back from his last debauch. He caught some disease, and in 1857, surrounded by friends and a kindly priest, he drew his last sigh in a charity hospital of Dublin. His last words were expressions of gratitude to his attendants, and apologies for the trouble he had caused. He went down to his grave shriven, and in his forty-sixth year. His sole possession was a volume of Heine's poems in the original German. This is the brief outline of a career that might have been highly respectable and entirely different if that adaptation to nature could be observed which some hold all beings, man among them, must conform to or suffer. I was about to say that the career of this man might also have been highly useful, but that it is so can no longer be doubted.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Varsity Verse.

LOST LOVE.

Ah, Love, we met in days gone by—  
My heart was open wide;  
I gave you welcome to my breast  
And locked you safe inside.

I followed Fame and soon forgot  
My treasure needed care,  
Befitting some pure guest from Heav'n  
That earthward deigns to fare.

"Some future day when Fame is won,  
I'll tend my prize," I said;  
Striving for Fame, my heart unlocked  
And Love, the captive, fled.

P. MACD.

A REVERIE.

E'en when sadness would fain depart,  
When cluster round our dearest friends,  
"The long-lost venture of the heart"  
Comes back mid charms that nature lends.

When cluster round our dearest friends  
The sombre clouds wear brighter hues,  
And mid the charms that nature lends  
Sweet flowers hang with sparkling dew.

The sombre clouds wear brighter hues  
Amid the joys we love to know;  
Sweet flowers hung with sparkling dew  
Bedeck Life's path where'er we go.

But mid the joys we love to know  
Across the heart can shadows fall,  
To deck Life's path where'er we go,  
Some sad'ning memories to recall?

Across the heart can shadows fall?  
'Tis even so: we've felt the spell;  
Some sad'ning memories to recall  
Is bitter-sweet,—is heaven, is hell.

'Tis even so, we've felt the spell,  
E'en when sadness would fain depart:  
'Tis bitter-sweet,—'tis heaven, 'tis hell—  
The long-lost venture of the heart.

J. L. C.

THE GIRL THAT DIED.

Thou wert a being of human kind  
Whose heart could beat and eyes could light  
With friendship's warm glow;  
And as the streams of spring thy mind  
Could gleam and sparkle in our sight  
In thy wit's kindly flow.

Below the gaze of wheeling stars  
Forever thou must lie;  
Deaf to the bird above thy tomb,  
And deaf to sighs of friends that come  
To muse and wonder why  
So many scape the human doom  
And one so young should die:  
That is thy dust; thy spirit's way  
Now lies within the morning's gates,  
Beyond the hills of day.

A. J. B.

## Savonarola.

GEORGE G. MARR, 1901.

In May, 1898, four hundred years had gone by since the burning of Savonarola, a Dominican priest, whose eloquence and fame were known not only in Florence, but all over Christendom. No man has been reviled more than this religious. He has been called impostor, heretic, political intriguer, forerunner of the Reformation; yet the calumnies of his enemies have done one thing—they have kept his memory fresh. To-day lovers of truth, unhindered by party-strife, can learn for themselves the real character of the friar. Let us among their number lay aside the rôle of partisans and take the more rational part of investigators, praising the good, accounting for the bad, if possible. Let us examine the life of Savonarola, and I am sure we shall be led to admire him, to imitate him, to carry out in ourselves the lessons contained in his life; even more, to become his defenders.

If we judge a priest by his uprightness, by his special virtues, by the noble sacrifice of self for the good of mankind; if our ideal is found in him who first acted out what he delivered from the pulpit; if, moreover, a preacher's success is measured by amendment of lives, then must we venerate Savonarola as another Jonah crying out to his sinful people that the wrath of God is upon them.

On entering Florence, Friar Jerome saw the city enrolled in the party of the devil, which proclaimed debauchery, robbery, murder, despotism of the rich, despair of the poor. The sin and vice into which Florence was plunged were too monstrous for comparison with modern baseness. The task of converting the city was difficult; for the clergy and ministers of the Church were lax—worldly princes, rather than disciples of Christ. Our hearts must quicken when we behold Savonarola, the thin friar, worn with fasting, emerging from his sombre cell, whose bed of straw was so repugnant to the effeminate Florentines, bearing in his heart the conviction that his mission was from God; hence, striving not to please his audience with vain rhetoric, but to denounce their sins and threaten divine vengeance if wickedness were not abandoned. Indeed we wonder how such earnestness could be unsuccessful.

Each sermon went to the hearts of the

people, until soon the whole city became his audience. We can see that hell was suffering dreadful loss from the fact that (1) Immoral songs and ballads were replaced by sacred hymns and music; (2) The annual notorious carnival was done away with, and in its stead were publicly burned impure books, indecent pictures and works of art purely sensual, and other profanities, all of which the people gladly threw into the big bonfire at the friar's wish; (3) The sacraments of confession and Communion were approached more frequently, and by greater numbers; (4) The little children changed their noisy, hurtful games, and instead of forcing citizens to contribute for an evening's fun during the carnival, at Savonarola's suggestion they took up collections for the "Good men of St. Martin," a charitable organization caring for the poor; (5) Furthermore, he had so won the hearts of the people to virtue that many youths, sons of illustrious Florentines, entered the Dominican Order, till in a short time St. Martin's convent numbered two hundred and fifty in place of fifty members. These youths followed the friar for no worldly advantage, since he introduced a greater strictness into his convent. They followed him because the earnestness of his preaching and his genuine love for the eternal welfare of his people led them to see the folly of sin and the importance of right living. They beheld in the preacher a model religious, who first became strict with himself and outdid all the others in fervor. Indeed the ancient spirit and zeal of the order was restored. Several other religious bodies, as a commentator writes, wished to become Dominicans under Savonarola.

I think these facts proclaim Savonarola a great preacher; viewing him simply as a religious preacher we can not find a better ideal to copy. His fearlessness in hurling thunderbolts, alike at princes, prelates and people; his strong conviction that God and right were on his side, make him an apostle; a second John the Baptist, a type that every champion of the Catholic faith should adopt as a pattern and exemplar in life.

Savonarola commands our admiration also as one of Florence's greatest statesmen. His enemies find fault with what they call "mixing religion and politics;" they say that if he had known enough to stick to his convent he would not have come to so ignominious an end. This objection is foolish, for if we were to act blindly on the lesson contained in it we should

waste our time in idleness, lest some misfortune come to us later. Savonarola did the only right thing under the circumstances; moreover, his political influence was always for the highest good of the citizens.

All readers of history know the distress of Florence when Charles VIII. of France advanced on the city. Piero De Medici, the first citizen, was unequal to the occasion, and would not heed the requests of the people for negotiations with Charles. Hence he was expelled from the city. Despair and tumult increased day by day. In this supreme moment all eyes were turned to Savonarola. He mounted the pulpit and by his eloquent words pleaded with the people to be patient, to repent of their sins, for God's justice was at hand. He calmed the storm. After the sermon the people left the Duomo, not a disorderly, heartless mob, but a courageous body that the Signory, or officers of the city, found ready to band for common safety. Savonarola might not have calmed the mob, he might have sat in his cell to read the psalms, lest he do other than spiritual good to his people, lest he be brought into politics. But I do not think his conscience could approve inaction. He had won the hearts of the people, and now in their affliction he must be their consoler and helper, regardless of any earthly fear. The great friar was brought into politics by the condition of the times. It remains to see what good he did for the city.

We note that (1) he quieted the mob by his sermon, (2) by going on several visits to the French king he caused the latter to do no harm to the Florentines. Once he even persuaded or compelled the king by threats of divine punishment to give up the idea of sacking and warring on Florence and retire; (3) by his sermons at these critical moments, when the government was about to fall to pieces, he outlined a system of government based on religion where justice and philanthropy reigned; (4) the good sense and practicability of his system is seen from the fact that within two weeks after his discourses nearly all his suggestions were adopted by the men in power.

The sight of a city turned from confusion and disorder into a government resting on the Gospel of Christ, where charity and beneficence on the part of the rich, industry in the poor and respect for individual rights among all, tells us to admire that man who brought these things about.

"If Savonarola were the religious preacher and patriot, why did the Pope put him to a cruel death?" When you ask this question you are but repeating the calumny that the Pope caused the friar's death. Savonarola disobeyed the Holy See three times: (1) in not going to Rome when commanded by the Pope, (2) in not uniting the Tusco-Roman converts when ordered, (3) in performing religious functions when excommunicated. The friar was wrong in these matters, and though Alexander were a bad man, yet Savonarola's duty as a religious under the vow of obedience, was to obey. We may excuse his fault on the ground of his strong conviction that he was right and the Pope wrong, yet we can not justify it. We were wrong, however, in thinking that Savonarola was guilty of any other fault, and that he was condemned and executed by the Pope for that offence, or by the Pope for any offence.

First, that Savonarola was not excommunicated for heresy is evident from the bull which charges him with disobedience in not joining the two Dominican provinces. "He has been excommunicated not because of false insinuations, nor at any one's instigation, but for his disobedience to our command that he should enter the new Tusco-Roman congregation." The writings of the friar were put to a severe examination after his death. Only fifteen of his sermons were censured as "suspicious." Secondly, that the Pope did not cause Savonarola's death is seen from the fact that the Pope several times demanded the surrender of Savonarola to him if guilty of any crime against religion instead of having him tried at Florence. At Rome he would at least get a fair trial. Alexander in the same document just quoted says: "... We insist that he ask pardon for his petulant arrogance, and we will gladly accord him absolution when he humbles himself at our feet." The Florentines wanted the Pope to let them tax church property; they kept the prisoner when they were not granted this privilege. Evidently they were not bent on meting out justice, but rather on filling their pocket-books. As a further proof of the Pope's innocence in the matter he himself afterward repudiated all blame for the friar's death, and was willing to enroll him among the saints.

The truth about the friar's death is that his enemies, those stung by his bitter reproaches from the pulpit, got rid of him. Savonarola's life had long been in danger; in fact, this served as a plea for not going to Rome at the

Pope's command. It was but natural that these men should do all in their power to lay hands on the friar. Their opportunity came when a certain Franciscan challenged Savonarola to an ordeal by fire. The matter might have dropped, had not Father Dominic, a staunch friend of the friar, by his attacks on the Franciscan brought the affair into prominence. Here the enemies excited the people into a clamor for an ordeal by which they might see whether Savonarola were a devil, or what he was held to be, a prophet from God.

The ordeal did not take place, because when everything was ready and the people eagerly gathered about the place of the fire, Savonarola wished Father Dominic to bear the Blessed Sacrament into the flames, the Franciscans objected and the proceedings came to a tumultuous close. The people lost faith in the friar. Savonarola hardly escaped from the scene alive. When the mob besieged the convent, his followers defended it with arms, and for this action he was arrested by the newly elected government, consisting of the friar's bitterest enemies. Father O'Neill has studied the case of Savonarola well and is always fair, yet he does not state that the court made any specific charges against the prisoner. The latter was put to the rack and his statements falsified by a secretary. Savonarola was of course found guilty, condemned to be hanged and his body burned. For what? We do not know. But certainly, if there were any crime against him the tricks of a lying secretary would not have been needed.

Since Savonarola met death unjustly all the opprobrium cast on him turns to glory. Instead of a criminal, we have a martyr; instead of an impostor, whose name the executioners wished to wipe out, we see a Christian hero, a priest, prophet, religious teacher, saviour of his city, closing a beautiful life mid the ingratitude of those he loved so well. True to the principles and the grand mission from God, this martyr of Florence met death serenely, nobly.

Savonarola well deserves our love. He disobeyed the Pope, but his apostolic life with his repentance and glorious death has wiped out that stain. Were we to weigh his life in the balance, on one side his good deeds, on the other his bad ones, his faults, like pebbles, would be submerged in the ocean of his goodness: while we, no longer prating about his merit, as humble followers, practical admirers, would make his life our own.

#### Lighter than Air.

There are some men that are of opinion they never break a commandment unless physical energy is spent in the doing of a sinful deed. My friend, Hank Moore, for instance, did not think he was doing any wrong when he held over an ace or a pair of kings in a game of poker. Nor did he deem it sinful to plan how he might do personal violence to his neighbour, or to plan a course of whiskey absorption. Yet he felt rather sorrowful when he had actually injured his neighbour's jaw, or when he had been drunk. Remorse laid so deep a hold on him after such deeds that he took a five years' pledge about four times a year. We should not blame Hank, however, for seeing things moral after this perverted fashion. He went by the best light he had.

When first I met him he was a stalwart "pipe-liner" of about thirty years of age. The laying of eight or ten inch pipe for an oil or gas line is perhaps the most active and hardest outdoor work a man can follow.

It did one good to look at Hank after he had been a pipe-liner for nine years. He stood six feet three, and from his thick, light hair to his number ten feet he was almost physically perfect. His face, as is the wont with men that are exposed to the sun, was slightly wrinkled about the eyes and mouth. His blue eyes fairly shone. His shirt open and turned down in front showed a deep chest that had a large ace of hearts stamped on it by the sun.

I was time-keeper in the gang Hank worked with. I thought him a good fellow at first sight, but when he did me a most charitable turn once I determined to make him my friend for life. I was sixteen and small, and our water boy was sixteen and big. He was an awkward country lad, and I in my wisdom took pleasure in telling him of his defects. One day we got into a fight. The result was inevitable. I made a brilliant start, but the young farmer quickly pummelled all the conceit and courage out of me. I was on the point of giving up when Hank stepped in, separated us and saved my honour.

Hank took to me kindly considering differences of age and stature. I think he respected my ability to "figure." Perhaps later on he intended to ask me to write love-letters for him as many of his fellows had done. He showed me some of his best tricks at poker,



and knocked "Toughy" Dean senseless for throwing a shovelful of water on me. There is no telling how close we might have grown had we remained together.

On a Saturday afternoon, Hank was bound to Emelenton for tobacco, and took me with him. The town was nine miles from our camp, but I enjoyed the walk over the hills and along the winding Alleghany. Hank was not a great lover of nature, I presume, because he saw so much of her in her peaceful and angry moods. He whistled most of the way, stopping now and then to show me where he had helped to lay a pipe-line.

When we reached Emelenton I spent all my money on a pair of rubber-boots. Hank had taken a total abstinence pledge a short time before, so he was not to drink at all that day; he intended to lay in a great store of Fire Brothers' chewing and smoking tobacco. While in the store where he was to make his purchase I spied a slot machine, and suggested to Hank that he weigh himself. He stepped on the scale. As he was about to drop a coin in the slot he hesitated, and I, to hurry him up, struck his hand.

Then he swore and swore roundly. He had been holding a five-dollar gold piece between his thumb and forefinger, and I had knocked it into the machine. The store-keeper could not unlock the machine; he told us an agent came every two months to do that.

"And how do I know," he added, "that you put a five-dollar piece in there anyhow?"

This did not help Hank's state of mind. All he had left was thirty cents; twenty-five belonging to an acquaintance of his, and five to himself. He bought tobacco for this. Now, I felt guilty of a serious fault, for the one commodity Hank could not get along without was tobacco. All my money was gone, but I said:

"Hank, if you'll come up street with me I'll square things a little."

He agreed and we walked to where I had purchased my rubber boots. I approached the owner and said:

"Say, mister, I'll sell you those rubbers for half of what I gave you?"

I don't know what the store-keeper thought of my proposition, for Hank lifted me up by the coat collar and carried me thus for half a block.

Our spirits were low and we had no heart for the sights of the town. We silently plodded back to camp.

There we learned that on the following day we were to move on ten miles. This was not cheering news for either of us. We left Emelenton nineteen miles behind, and no one knew how far ahead another town might be. Moore's nickel's worth of tobacco was gone in a day. His "tongs' partner" shared his twenty-five cents' worth with him, but when Wednesday came around there were but two men in camp that had any chewing tobacco. Hank could not, or would not, take any from these. He disliked them, as he said, "on general principles."

Saturday came, and Hank was feeling somewhat better. Everybody in camp, even the foreman, was out of tobacco. The sight of the smoke and the delightful odour no longer tantalized him. A day or two before he was so surly that he hardly spoke to me.

Saturday afternoon we again moved camp six miles. We learned that there was a hamlet about four miles farther on. Hank and I made up to walk there on the following day to get some of the consoling weed. Sunday morning my stalwart friend and patron was almost cheerful. He got half his pay from the foreman. We made an early start for the village, and before we reached it Hank was humming a tune. He already saw himself the possessor of plugs and sacks of Fire Brothers' Virginia leaf.

We found a single store where tobacco was to be had in the village. A resident told us the store-keeper was a strict church member, who would not sell to his brother on a Sunday. Hank's face dropped at this piece of news. We saw the store-keeper. He would not sell for double the price on the Sabbath; no, sir! I never before saw my companion look so disgusted and dejected.

We walked through the little village and were about to leave it behind us when we neared a church. I saw Hank suddenly raise his head and sniff the air as a startled colt might. I looked about to see the cause of his agitation. I spied a demure little man who had a book tucked under his arm walking slowly toward the church. He evidently was the minister and he was smoking a cigar. The whiffs of smoke that occasionally came our way was what made Hank's nostrils tingle. His eyes fairly blazed while he eyed the little clergyman. He reminded me of a wild cat about to spring.

"Kid," he said, "I'm goin' to get that butt."

I saw he was not going to use force, however, so I followed him while he tracked the

little minister. Hank felt certain the cigar would be dropped near the church door, and two inches of it yet remained.

He told me he would break it up, and put it in his pipe as it was more satisfactory that way. He also asked me for a match. The smoker was now within ten feet of the church door. But he did not throw his cigar-stump away. Instead he carefully pinched off the ashes, put the stump in his waistcoat pocket, and entered the church. Hank's face grew purple and his eyes bulged out. I feared his head was about to explode; and it did in several volleys of oaths. His profanity astonished even me who was used to him. He started back for camp and never spoke to me during the whole journey. Nor did he speak to me or anyone else during the entire day.

That night we all went to bed early. Everyone in the camp was gloomy. We were moving farther and farther into the wood every day, not knowing when we should reach a town of respectable size. I could not sleep myself for thinking of home, and I lay tumbling in my cot. About midnight I heard some noise in the tent. I sat up, and at the other end I saw a man moving around. I guessed from his height that the man was Hank. I was right, for I saw his face as he left the tent with a bundle swung over his shoulder on a stick; I jumped up and rushed after him crying:

"Hank, hey, Hank!"

He did not mind my smothered cries until I reached him, and tugged at his sleeve. Then looking down at me a moment he said:

"Well, kid, I couldn't stand this no longer, so I'm goin'."

I asked him to take me along, but he put me off with,

"If I did you'd wind up wrong. Don't give me away an' I'll write to you in a week."

He held my hand in his big paw quite a while, and I thought his sunburned face appeared kinder than usual. Perhaps the moon gave his features a softer expression. At any rate, when he said,

"Goo' bye, kid; God bless you, anyhow," I was crying.

Of course I did not want Hank to notice me so I remained silent. He turned and left me. I watched his lithe swinging form until he merged in with the shadows and trees in the distance. I stood there long after he had gone from my sight. The night was very clear, so clear that although it was early autumn the

stars looked cold. A stream humming along close by was the only sound I heard. I was wondering why Hank left as he did, and why he felt sorry to leave me and still would not take me with him.

In the morning of course he was missing. I did not get the promised letter inside a week. About a fortnight after his sudden departure news reached camp that Hank Moore had broken his pledge at Emelenton, thrashed the owner of the store where he had lost his five dollars, and disarmed three constables in the bargain. At last the citizens rounded him up and jailed him, and hence he could not write to me, breaking his word for the first time to my knowledge.

S. P. DRACHBAR.

### The World's Epics

SEDGWICK HIGHSTONE, 1901.

All poetry may be broadly classified in three groups: lyric, epic and dramatic. It is to the epic that I desire to direct my attention in this article. The word epic comes from the Greek *epos*, meaning a discourse or narration. It is an heroic poem full of splendor and color, and elevated in style, "a poetic narrative of one, great, complex and complete action." The epic, unlike the lyric, is objective. The subject does not express the poet's own feelings, but is related in the narrative style.

There are many requisites for a poet to write a great epic, but the first is the man himself: he should be a genius in the highest sense of the word. He must be a man of wonderful imagination and deep insight. The characterization is another important part of the poem. The characters are to be of diverse types, and always noble and dignified. The epic, like a distinguished lady, never stoops to the ludicrous; it is always pure and grave. A primary principle of the epic is to discard disgusting and shocking objects. To understand this better, we have but to recall the fable of the harpies in the third book of the artificial epic, the "*Æneid*," and the allegory of sin and death in the second book of "*Paradise Lost*."

There are two kinds of thought that should never find a place in a great epic: (1) such as are affected and unnatural; (2) such as are mean and vulgar. Even Homer's work, in a few places, bears these blemishes; but critics



credit them to the age in which he lived rather than to the poet himself. Our greatest epics, especially those of Homer, employ the aid of the gods and goddesses in developing the plots. We must remember that in ancient days these supernatural beings were a vital part of human life. They were a great aid to the poet; for how could he extract his heroes and heroines from their complicated positions, did he not summon the gods? The poet, however, should guard against using this supernatural machinery, as it has been called, to excess. He should aim to give it a color of belief, and at least a breath of probability.

The great national epics are: the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in Greek, the *Râmâyana* and the *Mahabharata* in Sanscrit, the *Nibelungenlied* in German and the *Shah-Nameh* in Persian.

The *Iliad* is a series of old myths and legends that had been handed down among the Greeks for ages, increasing as the years passed, until the masterful mind of the poet Homer moulded them and formed one story with the great Achilles as its hero. It consisted of fifteen thousand hexameter verses, and is the earliest extant relic of European literature.

The story of the *Iliad* is the wrath of Achilles and its dire results. Paris, the son of the Trojan king, had carried from Sparta Helen, the beautiful wife of Menelaus. All his friends joined in the rescue, and his brother Agamemnon led the forces. Achilles, however, was the bravest warrior. The Greeks set sail, and when they arrived at Troy they at once began to fight their enemy. After capturing one of the Trojan cities, Achilles saw Briseis, and led her away captive. They learned to love each other, and day by day this love increased. Soon after the city of Thebes fell, and young Chryseis, the daughter of Apollo's priest Chryses, was captured by Agamemnon. This forms the beginning of the *Iliad*. Apollo aids his friend Chryses, and punishes the Greeks with a pestilence. They learn that the cause of this is the capture of Chryseis, and Agamemnon is forced to free his beautiful captive. Then jealous of Achilles he takes away Briseis. Of course, Achilles and Briseis are greatly grieved at the separation, but Zeus promises to avenge the wrong. Dire results met the Greek forces after this, for Achilles refused to fight.

Day after day the Trojans returned victorious, and at last they sought to set fire to the Greek ships. Patroclus, the best loved of Achilles' friends, desired to avert the danger,

and he begged Achilles to allow him to wear his armour, and at last Achilles consented. When the Trojans saw him, they thought him Achilles, and fled in terror. Patroclus followed them to the very walls of the city, and there he was killed by Hector. Achilles, on learning of his friend's death, once more joined the force, and after several battles the Trojans were almost destroyed and Hector was killed. The poem ends with the funeral of Patroclus and the visit of old Priam to Achilles' tent to beg for Hector's body. When Achilles sees the poor old man kneeling before him he thinks of his own father, and allows Priam to remove the body of his son, and generously orders a truce of twelve days that the body may be buried with fitting ceremonies.

The *Odyssey* is much shorter than the *Iliad*, and is also less unified. The latter is deemed by critics to be the better poem, still there is more in the *Odyssey* to move our feelings. The characters appeal to us more deeply, and then the thought and longing for home permeates the poem.

The *Odyssey* tells of the strange wanderings of Odysseus, or, as he is often called, Ulysses, after the battle of Troy. The first scene of the poem is the "sea-girt isle" of the fair goddess Calypso, where Odysseus is confined. But, by the intervention of the goddess Athena, Zeus frees him, and sends him on his way. Then Poseidon (the Latin Neptune), who is an enemy of Odysseus, causes a mighty storm in which our hero's ship is wrecked, and he is cast upon the shore of the land of the Phæacians. Here that morning Nausica, the daughter of King Alcinous, had come with her maids to wash her raiment. In the evening, when they are about to return home, they see a strange creature covered with the salt sea foam. The attendants flee and leave the princess alone. She gives the shipwrecked man oils and raiment, and when he returns to her she marvels at his beauty. He is then taken to the king to whom he relates his many adventures: of his visit to the land of the lotus eaters, of his sojourn among the wicked Cyclops, of his escape from the cruel giant, Polyphemus, of his joy at the court of the goddess Circe, his journey through Hades, and his temptations in passing the isle of the Sirens. The Phæacians placed him on a swift ship, and he was soon set down on the shores of his beloved Ithaca.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Reporters.

—The Very Reverend President, Father Morrissey, on last Monday left for Baltimore to see Cardinal Martinelli presented with the red hat.

—The lawn concert given on Sunday evening by the University band was highly appreciated by the students. Prof. Roche is to be complimented on the excellent development of his band boys. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing many more evening concerts before the scholastic year ends.

—Of late some newspaper men have dipped their pens in vitriol and written a line or two on Mr Edwin Markham's poems and readings. During the past half year Mr. Markham has been called on frequently to compose occasional poems and to read them at public gatherings. About this the scribes take issue one with the other. Some of them object, and say no poet should be so indelicate as to appear before an audience of cold business men and expose to them the productions of a fervent heart. Others say it is the proper thing, and for weight drag in the corpse of Greece. For our part, we think that Mr. Markham, or any other poet who wants to

take the chance, ought to be allowed to read his effusions in the market-places or in assemblies of men. But Mr. Markham does wisely, for he looks to the higher needs of the soul when the wants of the body have been attended to. He acts as an after-dinner poet. At this time even the most prosaic is liable to have the lyre strings of his emotions fingered. Moreover, Mr. Markham's poetry has usually a good rhetorical ring to it, and for that reason sounds better when heard aloud from the lips of the maker above an empty board than when one merely hears it through the inner ear. For him to read his poetry in public is an advantage; for other poets also it might be of great use. After a few trials, like some actors, they might find what the public thought of them. And finding this out might change their ways before they become confirmed sinners.

—Our series of baseball victories through Indiana clearly entitle us to the State Championship. Our work since then shows that we may aspire to be Champions of the West. This is nothing unusual, for we have won that honour before. Nor do we exult, but merely wish to draw attention to the good work of our athletes, and the recognition they get outside. Our baseball men can no longer be ignored. For the past four years or more they have stood at the head of the list, or very near it. The work of our track men has been of an equal order of excellence, but we regret to say they have not received the recognition they merit. This season we have a team that will prove the peer of any team in the West, and yet so far as arrangements for big meets and matters of that kind go we have no word to say.

The student body should ever keep in mind that our athletes must continually show themselves superior to those of the colleges and universities who arrogate to themselves the power of framing rules; if we wish to get openly that recognition that such schools now tacitly acknowledge. And what most encourages and heartens our men is the enthusiastic support of the student body; they like to feel there is not a single fellow among us whose love of criticism is stronger than his college spirit. Of late we have shown an ardent spirit of appreciation. If we expect our men to continue the good work they have carried so far we must continue to display this same spirit.

Notre Dame State Champions.

SCORE—NOTRE DAME, 25; PURDUE, 14.

Again the Gold and Blue has triumphed over her opponents and Purdue's laurels have suffered in consequence. Never in the history of baseball at Notre Dame was there a more intensely interesting and exciting game played. Purdue started things in the opening inning securing three runs, and repeated the turn in the next inning. All this time our fellows had been in a sort of lethargy evidently, rather unconscious of the fact that those crooked ones that Brownson was sending up must be straightened out for us to win. In the third, however, they woke up to the requirements of the occasion, and when they finished settling old differences with Brownson our run column showed a total of twenty-five and our hit column twenty-three. Nick Ryan relieved Fleete after the third inning, and what our pitcher did to Brownson's curves helped us materially. One three-base hit, two for two bags and a single is not a bad day's work in a close game. But all our fellows batted well. The game was won by good hitting.

Purdue gave a good exhibition of baseball, but Captain Brownson committed the unpardonable mistake of staying on the slap too long, and Notre Dame consequently can claim the State Championship. The Western Championship is yet to be gained, and we hope that Chicago and Illinois will not prevent us from gaining it by stopping our onward march.

THE SCORE

PURDUE	R	H	P	A	E
Greenish, l, c f	2	2	0	0	3
Cornell, s s	2	2	1	2	0
Ruby, 3 b	2	2	1	9	2
Robertson, r f	3	3	1	0	0
David, c	1	1	10	1	4
Brownson, p	0	1	0	5	0
Laidlaw, c, l f	1	0	0	0	0
McKee, 2 b	1	0	1	1	1
Leslie, 1 b	2	1	12	1	2
Totals	14	12	24	19	12
NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, s s	4	3	1	1	2
Morgan, 1 b	2	4	6	0	0
Farley, r f	2	2	2	0	1
Donahoe, c f	4	2	2	0	2
Bergen, 3 b	3	2	4	1	4
Walsh, 2 b	5	3	3	2	1
O'Neill, c	2	2	7	1	0
Ryan, p	2	4	1	4	0
Fleete, p	0	0	0	0	0
Duggan, l f	1	1	1	0	2
Totals	25	23	27	9	12

INNINGS—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NOTRE DAME—	0	0	2	2	2	6	2	6	5=25
PURDUE—	3	3	0	0	0	6	2	0	0=14

Home runs, Ruby, Greenish, Morgan. Three-base hits, Lynch, Farley, Walsh and Ryan. Two-base hits, Ryan (2), Donahoe, O'Neill, Duggan. Sacrifice hit, Donahoe. Struck out, by Fleete, 3; by Ryan, 3; by Brownson, 7. Bases on balls by Fleete, 1; by Ryan, 5; by Brownson, 2. Stolen bases, by Notre Dame, 18; by Purdue, 5. Passed balls, O'Neill and David. Hit by Pitcher, by Brownson, 5. Double play, Cornell, Leslie and David. Umpire, Tindell. Time of game, 2 hours and 50 minutes.

The Maroon Falls Once More.

SCORE—NOTRE DAME, 11; CHICAGO, 3.

For the third consecutive season Chicago has gone down in defeat before a Notre Dame team. Our fellows administered the same dose again last Saturday. Calhoun, the old Kalamazoo pitcher, was on the slab for Stagg's men, but even this man with a reputation, probably made pitching against Notre Dame, could not stay the batting craze our fellows developed. After we started in the 2d inning we kept pounding Calhoun until he looked as if he would like to quit. On the other hand our own Fleete, with an arm full of pains, was an enigma for the Chicagoans. Harper was the only man that could hit to any advantage, securing three of the five badly scattered safeties that Chicago made. While the Maroons were putting up little fly-balls that were easily taken in, our fellows were cracking out clean hits and taking advantage of every point in the game. In fact, our play in this game was the best work our fellows have done, not alone on the trip but even at Notre Dame. From the very first inning we jumped ahead of Chicago, and set a pace that the Maroons could not overcome in two games. Our work was fast and clean, leaving no chance for doubt as to the result.

Farley's batting and fast in-field work by Lynch, Walsh, Bergen and Morgan and a pretty running catch by Captain Donahoe were the features of an otherwise uninteresting game. Of course our batting played an important part in the day's work, and although Calhoun has been charged with the loss of the game for Chicago the good stick work of our men was the real cause. A fast double play closed the game, and for the fourth time in as many years the Maroon colours trailed in the dust.

## SUMMARY.

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, s s	0	0	1	7	0
Morgan, i b	3	1	13	0	0
Farley, r f	2	2	0	0	1
Donahoe, c f	2	0	3	0	1
Bergen, 3 b	2	2	3	3	0
Walsh, 2 b	1	2	5	3	0
O'Neill, c	1	2	2	1	0
Fleete, p	0	2	0	3	2
Duggan, l f	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	11	11	27	17	4
CHICAGO	R	H	P	A	E
Merefield, 2 b	0	1	5	1	1
Place, c f	1	0	3	0	2
Harper, c	1	3	3	3	2
Sloan, s s	1	1	6	1	0
Smith, 3 b	0	0	1	2	0
Horton, l f	0	0	0	0	1
Hoover, i b	0	0	7	1	0
Calhoun, p	0	0	1	3	1
Van Patten, r f	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	3	5	27	11	7

NOTRE DAME—0 3 0 1 1 1 3 2 0=11

CHICAGO—2 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0=3

Home Runs, Farley. Double plays, Lynch, Walsh and Morgan. Three base hits, Farley, Walsh. Two base hits, Morgan, Sloan. Wild pitches, Fleete, Calhoun. Stolen bases, Donahoe, 3; Morgan, Duggan, Bergen, O'Neill. Struck out, by Fleete, 1; by Calhoun, 1. Bases on balls, by Fleete, 2; by Calhoun, 7. Time of game, 1 hour and 55 minutes. Umpire, Tindell.

## Our First Defeat

SCORE—NOTRE DAME, 2; ILLINOIS, 5.

After winning seven games without one defeat to mar our excellent record Notre Dame went down before the Illinois team at Champaign last Monday. Our fellows could have won the game at any time had the necessary hits been forthcoming, but Mr. Falkenberg, who was passing up the curves, stood directly in our way. One time we started well and looked good for some runs, but the pitcher politely struck out three of our batters. The fellows played with all the zest they could muster up to overcome Illinois' lead, not once giving up until the last man was out. Captain Donahoe gained first on a fast ball to Matthews, and without hesitancy neatly stole second and third and came home on a miserable error by Lundgen; and so it was through the game. Lynch's bad inning worried him very much, and he worked like a Trojan to help win out afterwards. To Walsh for his pretty home-run drive when things were looking blue for us

we owe a great deal. Morgan, too, made a brace of singles that might have done us some good in any other game.

The result of the contest gives no indication of the closeness of it. More than once we had men on bases and a good batter up, but victory stood aloof from our standard, evidently out of some grievance. While Falkenberg pitched well and deceived our men at critical points of the game, Fleete did as much, and spread the Illinois four little singles over as many innings. O'Neill supported Fleete well, making a neat throw and cutting off a runner after a catch of a foul fly.

Both sides were blanked until the third inning. Our fellows took a little balloon ascension then, and when the smoke cleared away Illinois had four runs. Just one hit sandwiched in between four errors and a stolen base did all the damage. In the eighth inning another single and a batsman hit together with two more misplays and an out, gave Illinois another run and nearly two. Walsh gave us our first tally in the sixth when he collided with an out-shoot and put it beyond reach into deep left centre-field. Our other run was made by Donahoe's hit past short, a steal of second and third and an error.

## SUMMARY.

ILLINOIS	R	H	P	A	E
Stunwodel, 3 b	1	1	1	4	1
De Velde, r f	1	2	0	0	0
Adset, i b	1	0	12	0	0
Stahl, c	1	0	9	1	0
Higgins,	0	0	0	0	0
Matthews, s s	0	0	1	3	1
Lundgen, 2 b	0	1	1	2	2
Lotz, l f	0	0	3	0	0
Falkenberg, p	1	0	0	2	0
Total	5	4	27	12	4
NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, s s	0	0	3	4	4
Morgan, i b	0	3	5	0	1
Farley, r f	0	0	1	0	0
Donahoe, c f	1	1	2	0	0
Bergen, 3 b	0	0	2	1	0
Walsh, 2 b	1	1	2	1	0
O'Neill, c	0	0	4	1	0
Fleete, p	0	0	0	0	1
Duggan, l f	0	1	5	0	2
Total	2	6	24	7	8

ILLINOIS—0 0 4 0 0 0 0 1 0=5

NOTRE DAME—0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0=2

Home runs, Walsh. Stolen bases, Lynch, Donahoe, 3; O'Neill, Bergen, De Velde. Struck out, by Falkenberg, 9; by Fleete, 2. Bases on balls, by Falkenberg, 2; by Fleete, 1. Hit by pitcher, Lynch, Stunwodel, Stahl. Double play, Lundgen to Adset. Wild pitch, Fleete. Umpire, Tindell. Time of game, 1 hour 45 minutes.

## The Gold and Blue Again.

SCORE—NOTRE DAME, 16; NEBRASKA, 10.

The baseball team from the University of Nebraska tried conclusions with our fellows on Cartier field Wednesday and were sadly worsted. At no stage of the game was the result in doubt; not even in the fifth when the visiting team scored five tallies; for Notre Dame had taken nicely to Townsend's curves, and the men behind the Nebraska man were playing loosely. With the exception of the fifth inning, when the scoring of the visitors on our combination of mishaps served to awaken some interest, the game dragged through two hours with little else to relieve the monotony. Lynch and Morgan cracked out pretty home run drives, the latter sending the ball to the fence in left field.

A fast double play by Lynch, Walsh and Morgan, a double steal by Walsh and O'Neill and the batting of Morgan, Lynch and Farley, were the features of an otherwise slow game. The Nebraska men played poorly in the field, everyone of them, except Reeder, getting his name into the error column. One man is credited with four bad plays. The summary is as follows:

Home runs, Lynch, Morgan, Gaines. Three-base hits, Hood, Lynch. Two-base hit, Bergen. Double plays, Lynch, Walsh and Morgan. Stolen bases, Notre Dame, 11; Nebraska, 3. Struck out by Townsend, 4; by Ryan, 4; by Hogan, 1; by Fleete, 4. Wild pitches, Townsend, Hogan. Hit by Pitcher, Ryan, 1; Fleete, 1. Time of game, 2 hours. Umpire, Dwyer.

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Mr. Fred E. Kuhn, an old student who is now connected with the board of public works of Nashville, Tenn., visited his *Alma Mater* recently. While here he witnessed the game between our boys and the University of Minn. Writing to an old friend of his student days here he said: "While witnessing the game between Notre Dame and the Gophers on my recent visit to the University, some one remarked that a gong was badly needed to start the games, and I myself observed the necessity of this, and I send to the University to-day a box containing a large gong which I wish you would have placed on the grand stand to signal the starting of the games." The gong arrived just in time to start the Nebraska game. The boys are well pleased, and highly appreciate the thoughtfulness of Mr. Kuhn.

## Exchanges.

"The Voice of the Dead" in *The Yale Courant* is the best story that has appeared for some time in any of our exchanges. The plot is unique and skilfully developed. The negro dialect is well imitated and adds charm and vigour to the story. The verse and fiction in the *Courant* are probably the best that come to our table; and even were the articles worthless the artistic make-up of the paper would strongly recommend it.

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The April number of the *St. Mary's Chimes* is up to its usual high standard. *The Chimes* is one of our best convent exchanges. The paper on "Julius Cæsar" is good. The writer has suggested some new thoughts about the drama that are well worth considering. The exchange column always contains apt and pithy suggestions. We quote the following verse:

The sobbing voice of the winter wind  
Is hushed in spring's glad cheer,  
Cordelia comes with loving touch  
To soothe the banished Lear.

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*The Abbey Student* is one of our many exchanges that contains no light reading. The poem to "Caedmon" is good in places, but frequently falls into versified prose. Too many of the articles are written by the faculty. The paper should be the organ of the students, and all the space should be devoted to their productions. The essay on the "Short Story" contains some very good points that are worth remembering. "A Sleigh Ride" shows absolute ignorance of the simplest and most important rules of grammar. The editors should be more careful, and not allow such tracts to creep into their paper. The exchange department is the best part of the present issue.

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"Anent College Honour and the Honour System" in *The Amherst Literary Monthly* is a strong and well-written argument advocating the adoption of the honour system for college examinations. We agree with the writer that the system would benefit us both from the standpoint of morals and results. The verse is fanciful. "The Falls" is a very interesting and well handled story. The ex-man does very little criticising and is content with clippings. This is a quick and simple manner of filling an assignment.

J. M. L.

## Personals.

—Mrs. Knight of Decatur, Mich., visited her son of St. Edward's Hall on last Thursday.

—Mrs. T. Foley of St. Paul, Minn., spent a few days here recently on a visit to her son Frank of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Louis E. Sammon of Brownson Hall left for his home at Syracuse, N. Y., in the fore-part of the week, owing to the recent death of his sister. The heartfelt sympathy of the students is extended to him in his present misfortune.

—Norwood Gibson, our star twirler of last year, has been signed by Manager Tebeau on the pitching staff of the *Kansas Blues*. "Gibby" has many friends here that will await with interest the marked success that his old-time form must necessarily gain for him in his new position.

—Last week Frank Cornell received a letter from J. B. Naughton in which the latter told of his father's death. Joe Naughton was a student here in '97-'99. His gentlemanly qualities and disposition won him many friends here, and they sympathize with him in the loss of his father.

—A Chicago journal of last Wednesday contained an account of the death of Donald A. Latshaw, lately connected with the editorial department of the *Kansas City Star*. Donald was a student here for some years, and was graduated in the class of '87. During his school-days he earned the reputation of being a talented and earnest student, and of having besides those particular qualities that mark the true college man. The SCHOLASTIC unites with the students in condoling with the members of the bereaved family.

## Local Items.

—Hurrah for the Champions of Indiana and the West!

—Mike Fensler says it takes a coal head and a bushel of nerve to be captain of the "Dandelions."

—Found—Between Notre Dame and Saint Mary's a pair of pearl rosary beads. Owner may recover them by calling at Minims' Hall.

—FOUND—Near the Post-office a bottle containing a chemical preparation. Owner may have the same by applying to Father Ready, rector of Sorin Hall.

—Those who rode upon the bus last Tuesday with the players and allowed the rest to drag them through the mud, certainly were overflowing with the college spirit.

—LOST—A Wirt fountain pen, small size, gold filigreed. Probably lost in Main Building

or on walk around the lake. Finder will please return to Frank Dukette and receive reward.

—LOST—A Waterman fountain pen. If finder will please return to E. P. Gallagher, Room 94, Sorin, he will receive for reward six smokable stogies and some legal advice.

—Our special correspondent, Josh Punk, has received a license from the Health Department to travel. He will follow, by freight, the presidential party on its great trip, and will keep us posted from time to time on all matters of interest.

—Griffin (after receiving a slap on the back of the head): "It's too bad a fellow can't have one eye in the back of his head and the other in front."

Kirby: "That would spoil everything. A person could then see both sides of an argument."

—How strangely, yet how fittingly, has nature arranged the order of things! During the winter months we sat in the recreation room and listened with rapture to the out-pouring of Mr. Dames melodious chantings; we may now enjoy that same pleasure on the banks of the lake at sunset.

—Phil Weis announces that the strength tests will be open to the students of the different halls on Thursday and Sunday mornings from nine to twelve. We have strong and powerful men here, and there is no reason why we should not equal the records as held by Harvard and Yale. It all lies with you, men, to work.

—Brave deeds make heroes. Last Sunday afternoon while the restless waters of the turbulent lake were casting billows of seething foam over the deck of the good ship *Minnehaha*, the brave and dauntless Commodore John R. Kelly responded to the cry of his brother-frog for help, and leaped feet-long into what might have been his watery grave if the water had not been shallow.

—Bradley had a peculiar experience last Sunday. He and one of his companions went out walking and happened to connect with a green apple tree. On the way home he felt an urgent need to press on his lower vest button. He did so and with such force that the button hole got hung on one of his vertebrae. This accounts for the downcast appearance of his lower lip of late.

—The Brownson Hall baseball team easily defeated the South Bend Falcons last Sunday p. m. The Brownsonites hit, fielded, and ran bases like veterans, while Dorr was invincible in the boxes, giving the vititors but two hits.

INNINGS—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R H E

FALCONS—I 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—I 2 6

BROWNSON—0 1 3 0 2 0 0 4 0—I 12 1

Batteries: B. Dorr and Antoine; Falcons, Krowble and Kreschiecki.

—Robert Fox and John Lilly, one time



navigators, were out Friday afternoon nailing down carpet on the golf links. Jack says to Rob "Hoot, mon, but 'tis dry work." And Bob answers: "Why for you 'hoot' mon? That minds me o' an owl." And soon they quit laboring. Who fozzled Bob's approach the other day when he was wheeling over to the golf links?

—John Sparks and Dave Molumphy went down to the lake last Thursday to gather a baritone frog for the zoölogy class. They embarked in a canvas boat, armed with a tin can and an old straw hat in which they expected to capture their prey. Shortly after starting out they were attracted by the chirp of a master bass, and straightway made for his delivery hence. Sparks rowed while Molumphy knelt upright ready to grab. Sparks changed his chew of tobacco and Dave grabbed. We can not say what he grabbed at, but it is supposed that he grabbed for the boat. Sparks also grabbed.

—The Corby-Brownson game last Thursday afternoon was one of the best played and most exciting contests ever seen on Cartier Field. Both teams put up fast ball, and from start to finish the game was replete with sensational plays. The contest lasted eleven innings and was finally won by Corby on Hayes' single and an error. Higgins for Corby allowed but three hits, while Dorr had the Corbyites at his mercy giving them but four singles. Groogan's brilliant work at short, his hitting and McDonnell's playing in left were the chief features of the contest. Summary:

Innings—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 R H E

Corby—2 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1—4 6 3

Brownson—0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—3 3 3

Base on balls, Dorr, 2; Higgins, 2. Three base hits, Groogan. Batteries (Corby), Higgins and Walsh; (Brownson) Dorr and Antoine. Umpire, Farley.

—Miss Tessie Cox was agreeably surprised last Wednesday evening, the twenty-sixth anniversary of her arrival on earth, by a visit from the members of the Forget-me-not Club. Each member brought his nerve with him neatly rolled up in a cigarette paper, and enjoyed himself to the limit. Miss Birdie Stubbs, in a neat little speech, presented Miss Tessie with a handful of regrets as a testimonial of the society's love and cool-headedness. Miss McGlew sang "Nearer to the End." Master Joyce then started the entertainment proper by smashing Miss Cox over the back twenty-six times with a two-by-four joist. After each member had repeated this performance and Miss Tessie's remains were collected, the members adjourned to play peek-a-boo, tag, and blind man's buff.

—Messrs. Yockey and Lavelle are at work on a new book which is to be entitled "How to Dodge Demerits." Mr. Yockey has been at considerable expense collecting data for his new volume; having visited many colleges

and universities before honouring Notre Dame with his attendance. Mr. Lavelle has had a great deal of actual experience in the work he is about to treat of in print, and *everyone who knows him* marvels at his success. We know more of his ability along this line than we do of Yockey, who is very modest and can not be prevailed upon to tell how he came by his experiences. Mr. Lavelle also is modest and innocent looking; so innocent, in fact, that a woman once on a time gave him a baby to hold, and when she disappeared, he had a hard task trying to show how he got the mite. As the new book will be useful for students of all nations, the erudite authors intend to have it translated into the Latin, and to entitle it *De Josheris*. There will be no charge for autograph copies. Mr. Duffy has purchased the exclusive right to the sale of the book in America. Mr. Gilbert has ordered four copies so as to avoid the rush.

—Special telegrams received during the past week from Josh Punk, our correspondent with the presidential touring party.

THREE EYES, TENN., May 6, 1901.

The President and his party arrived here at 9.10 a. m. They were met at the depot by the town marshall and the Three Eyes' White Ghost Band of two pieces. The President spoke on expansion, and said that Three Eyes was sadly in need of Expansion. This idea was enthusiastically grabbed up by the inhabitants, and it was decided to purchase Swamp Root, a three acre farm owned by Jacob Wheatsack, and include it within Three Eyes' territory.

PLUM CREEK, ARK., May 7, 1901.

President McKinley and his cabinet arrived here to-day. In the morning he visited the county jail and the new schoolhouse. At the latter place he spoke for three hours and a half on "Problems in Fractions." In the afternoon he witnessed the firemen's parade, and in the evening was the guest of honor at a popcorn party given by the Plum Creek Old Women's Reading Circle. The President is feeling better and left at midnight.

ONE HOE, May 8, 1901.

The presidential party passed through here to-day. Pete Backstock and Joshua Trumbull were at the station as the train passed. They waved their beards at the President and gave several hollers. The President was on the rear platform and smiled.

—Our honorable and esteemed long distance smiler, Patrick Larkins, T. A. I., is out after the strength test record with both feet. His first trial took place the other day in the presence of a very multitudinous audience, consisting chiefly of himself and his thoughts, and proved a record smasher. His method of training is a novel one. He commences his

training the very first thing in the morning by hopping down to the wash-room on his left foot. He then takes a wet towel and with a few energetic blows beats his face into pulp. As soon as his face has resumed its natural shape he gives it a hasty rub down and afterwards turns his attention to his head. With a moist cloth he violently beats his thick box until big chunks of weepings drip down his manly shirt bosom. He next devotes five or six minutes to thinking in order to strengthen his forehead, after which he gathers his thoughts and stores them away in his pipe. A hearty breakfast is next on the programme. The rest of the day he spends in turning flip-flops, balancing himself on his ear, pole vaulting, high jumping, smiling, and eating. This method of training may not appeal to many, but in Patrick's case it has worked wonders. Two weeks ago he only weighed 198 pounds; to-day he weighs more than that. Two weeks ago he could run a hundred in 21 flat; to-day he would like to run it in 9 3-5. Two weeks ago he could not think without blushing; to-day he can not blush without thinking. And in 3296 other ways has his training proved beneficial. At the strength test he made the following records: strength of ear, 1 oz; forehead, 2 lb; face, 16 horse-power; left knuckle, 1 centimeter; thumb, 33½ tons; feet, 2628 horse-power; mustache 1-16 ounce; hip, 2 lb; ankle, 4 watts. Grand Total, 5,678,632. He also chinned (with himself) five times; dipped 73 times; balked 4 times; swallowed his chew 16 times; smiled 321 times; lifted the 1 lb ball 3 times, and then fainted. His next trial will take place on top of the observatory.

#### List of Excellence.

##### COLLEGIATE COURSE.

*Advanced Christian Doctrine*—A. Krug, D. Lynch, W. Higgins, J. McNerny, J. Neeson, E. M. Stahlknecht. *Latin*—G. Marr, M. Gorski, F. Barry, R. Sutton, H. Wolf, G. Farabaugh, J. Carmody, T. Irving, B. Kanaley, T. Lyons. *Greek*—G. Marr, M. Oswald, M. Szalewski, G. Burkitt, F. Dukette, T. Crowley, F. Barry, E. DeWulf, R. Lynch, R. Sutton, G. Farabaugh. *Ethics*—J. P. Hayes, V. Jones. *Philosophy*—T. O'Meara. *Psychology*—H. Brown, F. Dukette. *English*—W. Tierney, J. O'Hara, B. Bernard, A. Coquillard, J. Jenkins, J. Quinn, G. Rafter, B. Kanaley. *Analytic Mechanics*—J. Falomir, F. Gaston. *Mechanics of Material*—J. Falomir, F. Gaston, E. Hay, J. Mullen. *Astronomy*—F. Gaston, O. White. *Graphic Statics*—E. Hay. *Civil Engineering, Hydraulics, Sanitary Engineering*—E. Hay, J. Mullen. *Advanced Surveying*—J. Fahey, E. Wurzer. *Surveying*—B. Enriquez, A. Pancratz, J. Quinn. *Trigonometry*—H. Zeiger. *Thermodynamics*—A. Kachur, J. Carlton. *Machine Design*—R. Garza, E. Guerra, T. Dwyer. *Valve Gears*—E. Guerra, T. Dwyer. *Calculus*—F. Petritz. *Analytic Geometry*—B. Enrique. *Descriptive Geometry*—F. Petritz. *Algebra*—H. Zolpher, T. Donnelly. *Pharmacy*—G. Lins, W. Moore, H. Hoover, R. Gali. *Materia Medica*—J. R. Kelly, G. Rafter, R.

Gali. *Pharmacognosy*—J. R. Kelly, R. Gali, G. Rafter. *Operative Pharmacy*—G. Rafter, R. Gali, H. Hoover, G. Lins, E. Warder. *Microscopy*—W. Gearin. *Geology*—R. Krost, O. White. *Adv. Human Histology*—R. Krost, Wm. Shea. *General Biology*—J. F. Kearney. *Advanced Zoölogy, Human Anatomy, Qualitative Chemistry*—R. Krost. *Advanced Chemistry*—W. Siewertsen, F. Petritz. *Physics*—O. White, F. Petritz, P. O'Grady, R. Garza, L. Guerra. *Electrical Engineering*, J. Carlton, A. Kachur, A. Richon, D. Lynch, W. Kinsella, F. Bouza, E. Smith. *Law*—H. P. Barry, G. J. Hanhauser, J. Hernandez, G. W. Kuppler, W. McNerny, T. O'Meara, L. Cleary, C. Mitchell. *English History*—J. O'Hara, T. Meara. *Constitutional History*—G. Burkitt, R. L. Fox, J. Sullivan, *Mediæval History*—J. O'Hara. *Modern History*—J. P. O'Hara, E. De Wulf. *Colonial History*—J. P. O'Hara. *Political Science*—J. P. O'Hara. *Roman History*—W. Daley, G. Farabaugh. *Parliamentary Law*—B. Kanaley, G. W. Kuppler, H. P. Barry.

##### PREPARATORY AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

*Christian Doctrine*—G. Farabaugh, A. Kotte, R. Kolch, C. Sheekey, R. Gatens, L. Antoine, L. Dwan, J. Dunne, R. Emerson, C. Mitchell, L. O'Reilly, E. Smith, F. Barry, Walter Daley, Leo Kelly, Peter McElligott, Joseph A. Casey, D. Cannon, P. O'Mahoney, S. Guerra, J. Muriel, G. Soler. *Latin*—C. O'Donnell, W. McCormick, S. Sypniewski, W. Nolan, H. Hogan, C. Moon, P. Durkin, J. Corbett, W. Huffman, J. Kelly. *Greek*—G. Farabaugh, W. McCormick, H. Talcott. *Composition*—P. Weis, J. Willard, J. Hart, J. O'Phelan, P. O'Mahoney, W. Siewertsen, T. Toner, W. Dames, L. Gainor, L. Hart, L. Walsh. *Grammar*—W. Maloney, S. Gorka, B. Thorp, L. Gerstbauer, A. Dwan, F. Peery, A. Blakeslee, H. McGlew, M. Hogan, J. Muriel, J. Jaerger, D. Villanueva, G. Portugal. *Algebra*—W. Langknecht, S. Guerra, G. Davis, P. Foik, S. Gorka, M. Herbert, W. Nolan, J. Campbell, L. Gainor, L. Hart, S. Fleming. *Geometry*—W. Siewertsen, F. Burke, W. Cunningham, W. Langknecht, Samuel Guerra. *Elementary Zoölogy*—T. Swantz. *Elementary Botany*—G. Rafter. *Physics*—B. Bernard, J. Quinn, W. Siewertsen, E. Wolf. *Elementary Law*—E. Quigley. *General History*—E. Burke, J. Corcoran, W. Nolan, F. Peery. *United States History*—T. Dwyer, C. Winter, F. Walsh. *Geography*—T. Dwyer, A. Winter, C. Dunham, W. Hall. *Special Orthography*—L. Guerstbauer, E. Joyce, W. Larkins, G. Halpin. *Reading*—W. Hall, W. Winter, B. White, W. Corbridge, J. Munoz, J. Wenrick, S. Velarde, J. Muriel, A. Guillen. *Orthography*—J. Munoz, B. White, W. Hall, A. Guillen. *Book-keeping*—A. Schaab, H. Rindskop. *Arithmetic*—A. Schaab, L. Lyle, T. Harrington, R. Murphy, P. Shorp, R. Porter, J. Kruger, W. McNamara, W. Larkin, W. Gulde, R. Glynn, M. Herbert, F. Sturla, E. O'Connor, L. Keefe, M. Flaherty, F. Walsh.

##### SPECIAL COURSES.

*Shop Work*—F. Smoger. *Drawing*—J. Falomir, R. Rebillot, J. Neeson, S. White, T. Donnelly, W. Siewertsen, D. DuBrul, A. Ill, J. Lavelle, F. Petritz, A. Richon, E. Smith, W. Uffendall. *Artistic Drawing*—J. Worden. *French*—B. Bernard, J. Jenkins. *German*—R. Kolch, T. Lyons, T. Irving, F. Weidmann, J. Geraghty. *Spanish*—A. Pancratz. *Spanish-English*—A. Gillen, S. Villanueva, R. Vilarde. *English-Spanish*—S. Villanueva, I. Muriel. *Telegraphy*—M. Gomez. *Phonography*—G. Ukotter, J. Geringer. *Oratory*—M. Szalewski. *Elocution*—W. Quinn, L. Van Sant. *Music*—C. Rush, A. Krug, J. Carmody.