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A Summer Storm.

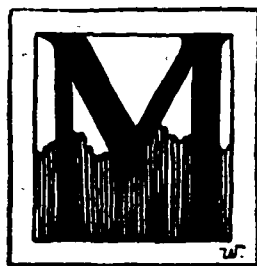
CLIFFORD WESTMORE LAKE.

HERCULEAN monarch of the trembling skies,
Thy grandeur awes me, for in thy broad
course
Is nought can rein thee but the hand of God
Whose serf thou art—fulfilling His decrees
Of vengeance and destruction 'gainst the sins
Of men. His will be done. The thunderbolt
Is thy deep word of warning rumbling low
At thy approach, now distant and anon
Full, sharp and mighty as each wingéd shaft
Of light cleaves through the heavens. Thy advance
Strikes terror into nature: living things
Seek safety; the inanimate would seem
To wake from lethargy and tremble; here
The tender grass-blade shudders, smote to earth;
And yonder stretch of golden-tasseled grain
Is struggling to be free. The great oak bends
Beneath the stress o'erpowering—suppliant now
That solitary king bows his proud head
Before a master. Hark! again the crash;
For in the leafy grove that breasts the storm
The stateliest sycamore is pierced with flame
And splintered falls a victim to the blast.
The fury of the tempest rages on,
Outstripping in its speed the wearied flight
Of weak-winged fugitives. The azure deeps

A moment past but flecked by one stray cloud,
Are sudden veiled as if by the black folds
Of some great battle-standard. The arched line,
Like a thick serried squadron, moves unchecked
In its wide realm, and from its vortex flings
Its wrath of raging winds. But now 'tis past.
The broad expanse, still darkened as by smoke
That marks the conflict-scene where belching files
Of loud artillery pour forth grim death,
Writhes yet in pain. The threatening elements
Have hurried onward toward the sea. The east
Is frowning while the sun a moment smiles
In the far occident. The remnant trail
Is broken in the heavens, and on earth
The spell of terror ceases. The green bough
Sustains itself again. The trusting thrush
Now venturing forth is warbling for delight.
The bearded June-grass stands erect fresh bathed
In the brief after-shower. The crucial strain
Is lifted. Gone are the great clouds. The sun
Returns. A rippling smile of gladness runs
Along the verdant fields. A sweetened scent
Pervades the air, and quickened with new life
The full-blown morning-glory, as at dawn,
Pours from its purpling chalice unto earth
The sweet oblation of its gratitude.

The Pagan Bards of the Gael.*

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, LITT. B., 1901.



ANY not a language that in twenty years has passed from the lips of the ploughman to those of the scholar hold some interest for us? But two decades ago the tongue of the Gael, with very few exceptions, was spoken only by the illiterate peasant. To-day it is cultivated in many of the leading European universities. The study of the language

has even produced a new school of writers who are striving to express the Gaelic spirit in English verse. A widespread movement for the revival of Gaelic literature is now on. A glance at the English translations made by the scholars engaged in this revival may be of interest to us. But a word concerning the workers of the movement.

* Prize essay for the English Medal.

These men are possessed of ample leisure, excellent critical ability and varied learning. They have given the wealth of their minds and hearts to the revival of the literature and language of ancient Erin with a devotion almost religious, and a spirit of sacrifice higher in courage than the chivalry of old. Had they placed their gifts and acquirements before the English literary world fame and honor would have been their meed.

The question naturally arises why men, of talent or genius should spend their days at a task of this kind. The answer promptly comes, that they are of the Gael, and that it is in the nature of the Gael to ever look back and always regret what has passed, or rather what he dreams has passed. For he is said to disregard facts, and to surround with a halo the deeds of ancient days; and this hallucination he treats as a golden age. There was a time when this attribute of the Gael, "to revolt against facts," was deemed a compliment to him, for it superseded the more offensive and injurious prejudice that he was "entirely ineffectual." But that day has passed. The Gael does not disregard facts; he takes them for what they are worth. But he has an understanding of the heart that cold intelligence can never equal; and this understanding takes into account in its interpretation of facts a power behind them and superior to them. Every philosopher worthy of the name considers this power in the formation of his system. And so instead of saying that the Gael is prone to revolt against fact, one should say that the Gael sees more than the fact. He does not maintain that the physical eye sees all. Nor is his nature entirely made up of dream stuff or of humdrum realities.

If we admit these evident principles we can not say that the literary artists who are devoting themselves to the revival of Gaelic literature are chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. Besides, many of the most ardent workers in the movement are not Gaels at all, but children of the stranger; as Drs. Sigerson, Todhunter and W. B. Yeats. The beauties these have found in the bardic poems and tales of ancient Erin have bound them for life to a labour of love.

The poetry of a barbaric age breathes a ferocious spirit. But in the early Gaelic poems we find the fire of enthusiasm of barbaric times combined with an amazing degree of regularity and art. English translations bring

to light poems of surpassing beauty that hint at a literature apparently far ahead of the age they were produced in. We have been assured of the authenticity and antiquity of these poems by eminent authorities like Kaspar Zeuss, a Bavarian, and Eugene O'Curry, both renowned Gaelic scholars.

As it is impossible in a paper of this kind to get a view of the whole field of Gaelic literature, we shall take that period of its existence when the pagan poets of Erin were at their best. According to Eugene O'Curry this was in the third century, in the reign of King Cormac, son of Art the Solitary. Cormac, who was learned himself, encouraged the study of history, jurisprudence, music, art, and literature in his kingdom. He occupied the throne of Erin from 227 to 268 A. D. O'Flaherty in his "Ogygia" says: "Cormac exceeded all his predecessors in magnificence, munificence and learning." Fionn MacCumhaill, the celebrated warrior, was contemporary with this Cormac; as were his sons, Oisín and Fergus. All three were bards, but Fionn took to the more active life of the spear and the sword, and performed those deeds of valour that the Gael to this day loves to relate in a glowing and exaggerated fashion. Oisín sang the deeds of his father and the Fianna heroes, for Fergus, like Fionn, was more warrior than poet.

The poems of Fionn, Fergus and Oisín may be taken as the type of pagan Gaelic literature at its best, though there are other productions of this time, or near it, that surpass even their work. A bardic tale, called the "Sons of Usna," is one, but we shall have more of this tale when Fionn and Oisín have been disposed of.

It will be noticed that the examples of bardic poetry given are chiefly characterized by classic reserve in thought, form and expression. This artistic restraint evident in the poems of Oisín and his contemporaries has led good English critics into believing that the translations of Gaelic poems they met with were mere forgeries. But the careful work done by that great and noble Gaelic scholar, Eugene O'Curry, throws light on the matter. He shows that anyone who aspired to use the bardic power in ancient Erin had to go through a course of preparation that required at least from twelve to fifteen years for its completion. In his "Manners and Customs" he explains in detail the requirements of an historian or a poet. It is true that he speaks of the fifth century, but we have good cause

to believe that these exactions were imposed before the introduction of Christianity. Not the least probable reason is the fact that the Christian Apostles themselves accepted the educational system they found in Erin at their coming, and easily modified it to best serve their purpose for the spread of the faith.

The quick and peaceful conversion of Erin has been a source of wonder to many ignorant of that country's history. We know that the Apostle Patrick found before him many men of cultivated mind, sharpened by study, capable of appreciating new ideas, and thus quick to perceive the sublimity of his teachings and prefer them to the unsatisfactory mysteries and secret ceremonies of their ancient mythology, however venerable it had become in their eyes. If Erin, once converted to the faith, filled the world with her missions, there must have existed in the land previously a thoughtfulness and pliability of mind that nothing but ages of culture could have produced.

Having hinted at this early culture of the Gael, giving as reference the substantial work of O'Curry, we shall see how well the poems of this pre-Christian age deserve the high praise bestowed on them by some of the best critics and scholars in the British Isles.

At the very beginning we meet an obstacle, and a hard one to surmount, for we must examine this literature through the media of translations. Dr. George Sigerson, one of the best translators of Gaelic poems, especially lyrics, says:

"It is hard to reproduce in English the finer traits of the Gaelic art, because these demand a language of open vowels and other aids. This fact must be remembered, for it gave the advantage of subtle and elusive rime, without tiring the ear."

Something, however, has been done to represent the form and style and methods of the bards, while keeping faithful to the spirit and substance of their lays. Dr. Sigerson himself has accomplished a good deal. The selections given in this paper do not represent all diversities of Gaelic verse-forms, but they do reproduce some that are novel, for the bards had to conform to intricate rules far removed from a barbaric age.

For our study we begin with the age of Fionn and Oisín, placed in the third century. The poems attributed to Fionn have to do with the joy of the earth and the glory of battle. Fionn was the chief of the Fianna, a disciplined army, so powerful that every prince

in the island trembled at their approach. The deeds of him and his Fianna band have been the subject of song and story in Erin since the third century. Even now around the hearth of an Irish peasant on a winter's night one can often hear a shanachie, or story-teller, relate the marvellous exploits of Fionn. The era of this poet-warrior opens with short lyrics written by him when he was studying poetry at the court of Cormac MacArt. One is called

WINTER'S APPROACH.

List my lay: oxen roar,
Winter chides, summer's o'er,
Sinks the sun, cold winds rise,
Moans assail, ocean cries.

Ferns flush red, change hides all,
Clanging now, gray geese call,
Wild wings cringe, cold with rime,
Drear, most drear, ice-frost time.

This is archaic in thought and expression for its time. The end-stopped line apparent here was dying out in the lyrics of the Cuchullain period, the age preceding the one we deal with now. This was more in the nature of an exercise for the young poet, and meant, I suppose, to make him acquainted with old literary forms. At first reading, the little lyric seems almost worthless, but could any poet in eight lines condense a more complete description, or produce a more chilling effect?

"A Warrior's Duty" is a type of a class of ancient poems in which the ethics of the pagan Irish are set forth. It was customary when a prince was about to begin his reign for the bard of his clan to give him a rimed exhortation concerning his duties. These exhortations were valuable, coming as they usually did from one who had been the prince's instructor. For the teachers very often were bards, if they did not have the higher degree of *ollamh*. The Greeks and Romans were satisfied to let slaves teach their children, but the instructor of youth among the Gael stood next to the king in power, and often his counsel was asked by the ruler. This gives us some idea how high the place of the bard was in ancient Erin. The advice given in these poems was always of a lofty kind, and at times even kings deigned to write such lyrics. We have Cormac MacArt's "Institutes of a King" and Cuchullain's "Advice to a Prince." They all teach lessons of loyalty, faithful companionship, knightly courtesy, sobriety of bearing and kindness to the weak. To exemplify this kind of lyric we quote from Fionn's advice to MacLugach, his grandson.

MacLugach belonged to the Fianna, but was so indolent that his active pupils complained of him to Fionn who admonished him. The young chieftain took the advice to heart and reformed.

A WARRIOR'S DUTIES.

Thou, MacLugach, shalt discern
What the warrior-order learn:
Keep in hall a courteous mood,
Though in brunt of battle rude.

Gird at none of goodly fame,
Share not in the brawler's shame;
Keep apart thy path, again,
From or mad or evil men.

Be not first to seek thy sleep
Where awake thy fellows keep;
Rules respect, false friendship shun,
Nor revered be ev'ry one.

Speak not thou mere words of might,
Say not thou'lt not yield what's right—
For a shame is mighty speech
When the deed is out of reach.

Never thou thy chief forsake
Till red earth thy life shall take;
Nor for gem nor gold reward
Fail in warrant to thy ward.

Never to thy chieftain's ear
Blame his household too severe,
It suits no true man's estate
Faulding low folk to the great.

Food to foodless ne'er refuse,
Nor for friend a niggard choose;
Never on the great intrude,
Nor give cause for censure rude.

Guard thy garments, guard thine arms
Through the heat of battle harms;
Ne'er to frowning fortune bow,
Steadfast, stern, and soft be thou.

Among early Gaelic poems many love-lyrics are to be found. This ought to be of peculiar interest to us. Loyal comradeship was known among other nations, such as the Greeks, but the ancient Gaels possessed in addition what the Greeks did not have—a high, chivalrous love of woman. Woman with them was man's equal in position, in estate, in power and in friendship. Dr. Sigerson declares that to the ancient Irish Europe owes its earliest love songs. The works of O'Curry bear him out in this. These love-poems usually serve as a preface to a short romance, as the "Song of Cael."

Cael MacCrimtann wins a chieftainess of great beauty by composing a poem in praise of her castle and her charms. It ends,

If she grants me grace at all—
She for whom the cuckoos call—
Then I for thanks will give her
More lays to live forever.

"She for whom the cuckoos call" is a delicate compliment to pay a woman, since the cuckoos call for the fair summer. Such an expression might grace a love-poem of our own day. The name of this chieftainess was Crédé. Cael won her, but his joy did not last. He was killed on the coast of Ventry repelling an invader. The waves swept over him and drew him into the sea. In a dirge written by his distracted bride we have the first expression of reciprocal love to be found in European literature. As this poem contains some of the intricate verse structure of the early work of the Gael, we quote from it. Crédé beside the sea mourns her dead lover.

THE DIRGE OF CAEL.

Moans the bay—
Billows gray round Ventry roar,
Drowned is Cael MacCrimtann brave,
'Tis for him sob wave and shore.

Sore the sigh
Sobs the stag from Drumlis nigh;
Dead the hind of high Drumsailin,
Hence the sad stag's wailing cry.

Wild the wail
From the thrush of Drumkeen's dale;
Not less sad the blackbird's song.
Mourning long in Leitir's vale.

Woe is me!
Dead my Cael is fair and free:
Oft my arms would ward his sleep,
Now it is the deep, dark sea.

Woe, the roar
Rolling round from sea and shore;
Since he fought the foreign foe,
Mine the woe for Cael no more.

Ever raining
Fall the plaining waves above;
I have hope of joy no more,
Since 'tis o'er our bond of love.

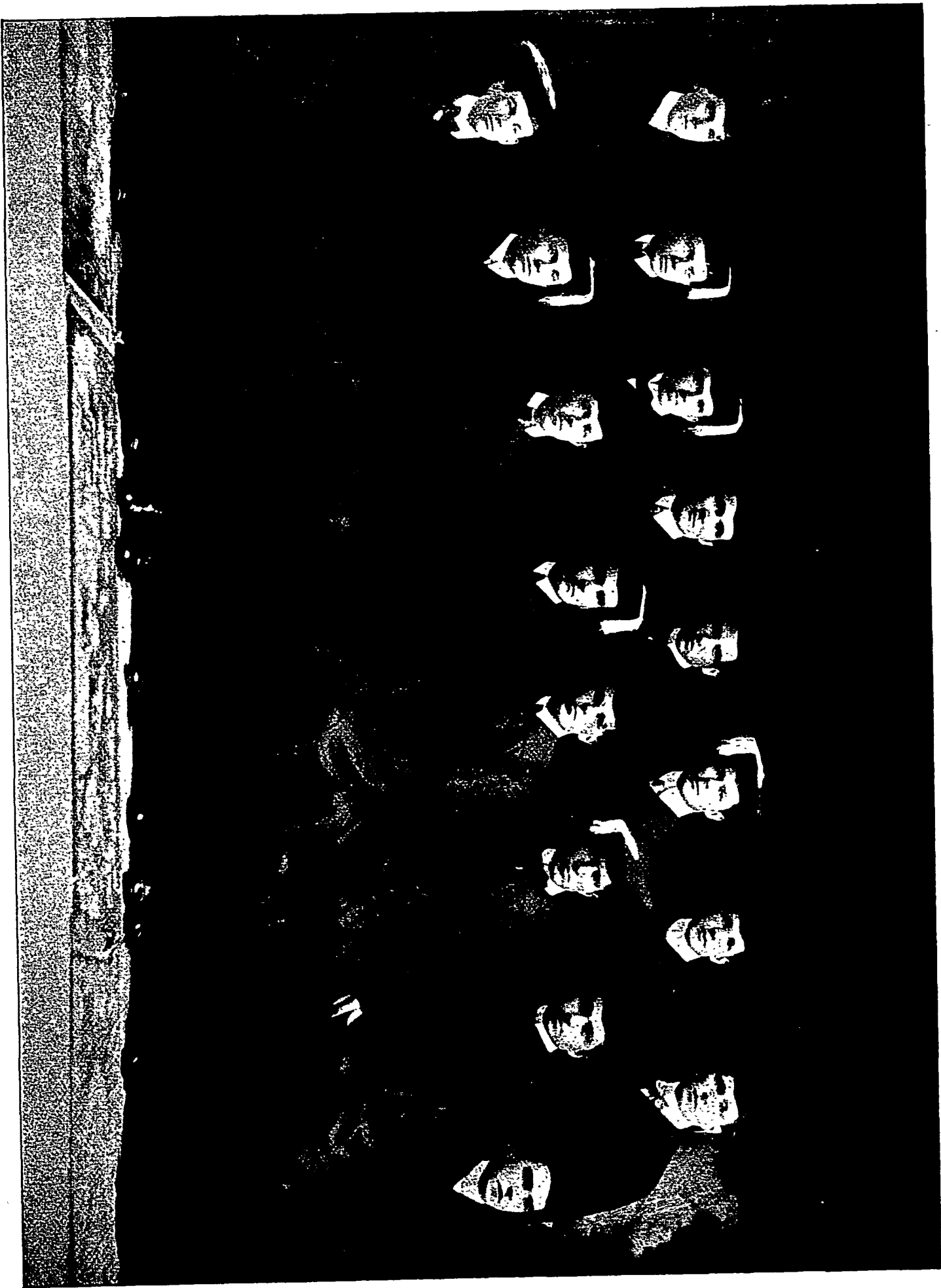
Dead, the swan
Mourns his mate on waters wan,
Great the grief that makes me know
Share of woe with dying swan.

Drowned was Cael MacCrimtann brave,
Now I've nought of life mine own;
Heroes fell before his glaive,
His high shield has ceased to moan.

It will be noted that the first line of each stanza is short, having but three feet, while the others have seven. There is an end rime and an internal rime, as

Wild the wail
From the thrush of Drumkeen's dale;
Not less sad the blackbird's song,
Mourning long in Leiter's vale.

Crédé associates nature with her grief. This



CLASS OF 1901.

association and love of nature extends from the earliest to the latest Gaelic poems. At this day the unlettered Gaelic peasant gives evidences of a love so tender and passionate and constant that it would seem affectation were it not accompanied by a simplicity of life and character that drives away all doubt. In the ancient poets it is more than an affection; in some cases it seems almost a *fusio*. This is especially noticeable in the lyrics of Oisín when he, old and blind, was left alone to lament the destruction of Fionn and his Fianna band. This period is known in Gaelic literature as "The Age of Lamentation," and Oisín says of himself, "I, like an oak in Morven moulder alone in my place, the blast hath lopped my branches away; and I tremble in the winds of the north." The days of the Fianna have passed away, and Oisín no longer has the companionship of heroes, nor the high place at the feast when he sang their praises.

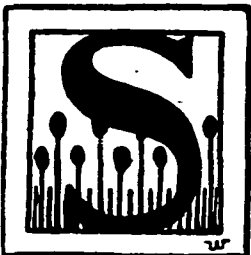
The sight of the sun and the beauty of the world has faded from his eyes. "They praised the voice of Oisín, the first among a thousand bards. But age is now on my tongue, and my soul has failed. I hear sometimes the ghosts of bards and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails in my mind. I hear the call of years. They say as they pass along: 'Why does Oisín sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house and no bard shall raise his fame.' Roll on, ye dark brown years. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains like a blast that roars lonely on the sea-surrounded rocks after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles over them, and the distant mariner sees the waving trees." Lonely Oisín has no fellowship but with grief,

"No heroes now where heroes hurled,—
Long this night the clouds delay—
No man like me in all the world,
Alone with grief and gray."

(To be continued.)

Man's Future.

GEORGE W. KUPPLER, '01.



SHALL we progress or shall we regress? Shall we move onward, or must we move back? This is the question that confronts us to-day. Many assert, and wise men too, that we have reached our limits; that our future is marked, that the imagination can not conceive where men can improve their condition; that we must submit to the economic forces of the times; that we must degenerate and become slaves; yea, that our movements will be those of a machine, transient and mechanical.

These men show you that we send messages across the length and breadth of this land in the twinkling of an eye; they point out to you the mighty engines that dash across the country with their precious cargoes; they show you the vast industrial organizations of to-day where every movement of man is preconceived and executed with a regularity and precision beyond which science can not improve; they point out to you that men are becoming mere cogs and wheels in great industrial systems, directed and controlled by a few, and that they must submit to these forces and become servants and slaves. I agree with these men that science and civiliza-

tion have developed with wonderful rapidity. I agree with them that work has reached a high degree of organization and perfection. But does this mean that we must stop in our progress, and that we can not better our condition of life; that we must submit to the rule of a few?

I contend that as long as man has a will to control him, an intellect to reason, and wants to fulfil, and these are infinite, he will make progress. Then we ask ourselves as we stand here amid the sacred memories of the fleeting century, on the golden threshold of the next, what is man's future? Will it be as brilliant as the past? Will the young man of to-day have those opportunities, those incentives, that lead him to a higher life, to the development of character and manliness? We pause to answer as we think of the objections that are raised.

It has been pointed out to us the tendency to vast centralized combinations of capital, growing larger and more powerful day by day. We see the massing of colossal fortunes by the few, in the wild pursuit of which, man as man, is forgotten; we see the movement which has become almost appalling in its accelerating rapidity to the building up of mighty industrial systems, and men subordi-

nated as parts and parcels of machines. With these facts we may well pause in our answer.

Can it be that Providence intends that men shall become mere fragments of machinery? To be ruled and controlled by a few, to bend their backs when the money kings do but nod their heads? No, the good God created all men equal. He endowed them with intellects that they might reason. He gave them a will that they should be free and unfettered, that they might follow the light of reason. He gave them strength and power that they might work, as the will and reason dictate, to reach a higher, a loftier manhood. He gave these to all that they might develop character—that they might be free. With these gifts of God man is working out his future.

Then, how are we to regard this mad onrush for riches, these gigantic combinations of human mechanism? Will they better the condition of men? Will they hinder science and art from improving and developing? Are we being mysteriously led on some false track? Shall we by and by have to hark back to some point at which society first took a wrong turn and start afresh? Again we answer, no. "Order is heaven's first law." We are moving on in a grand evolution of a social and industrial order, out of a semi-barbarous chaos. The talents, the intellects, the power for organization is everywhere called to the front for active service. There is being slowly wrought out a splendid scheme of human freedom, and the fullest possible scope for personal faculty. The tree of the future is laden with golden opportunities that await but the touch of man to be gathered. In the light over the hilltops is the advent of a brighter and a better day.

We must progress. The wants of man are infinite. His desire to get beyond phenomena, to obtain the best and easiest methods, to be more practical, is stronger now than ever. We are but at the gateway of invention. The massive machinery of to-day are but the toys with which science is amused. There will be grander things; there will be a wider and higher culture; a loftier standard of character, of literature and of art. The torch of progress is moving on, ever on, leading and guiding the way through the black and naked night until we reach the dazzling light of day, the tree of the future.

The coming century will be more sublime than the last. To-day the black man looks upon his boy and says: "The avenues of

renown are open to you, my child; on you will fall the crown, the laurel wreath of fame." Yes, the future is bright. The horizon is filled with glory, with opportunities; but man must be educated to grasp them. He must be taught that through work and perseverance only can he succeed. He must be taught to take advantage of the forces of nature; to enslave the elements; to put shackles upon the unseen powers. He dare not stand still and say that we have reached our limit, that we can not improve our condition, that we must submit to forces which at present appear to be unconquerable. He must be equal to the occasion; he must devise ways and means to meet these powers; he must have patience; he must learn. "Intelligence is not the doctrine of hatred." In it is wrapped the future of man.

The amazing developments of science and mechanics, the ever-widening field of commerce and of art, the ever-increasing problems of politics and of government, have led some to assume that we are approaching finality; that the future of man is marked. But they are wrong, decidedly wrong. There is not the faintest indication of any boundary line beyond which we can not hope to go. We are but at the threshold of the Electric Age. What our homes will be, what our daily lives will be, what our occupations will be, by the end of another generation, no man can predict.

Our life is being revolutionized. The future is ever widening out beyond the power of imagination to realize. And to what do we owe all this advancement? Do we owe it to those who stand still, and with outstretched arms say that we have reached our limits, that science has done all that science can do for man, that we must go back to a state of servitude? No, no. We owe it all to the grit and pluck and daring, yea, the unconquerable determination, of American enterprise. The vigour, the wisdom and the resolution of our fathers have given us this prospective future. And if we, as young Americans, wish to be benefited, wish to reap the harvest which they have sown, we must be active and progressive; we must follow in their footsteps; we must also build for the future.

What a nation would this become if its people were inactive or dormant; if they bowed before what appeared to be insurmountable barriers at the first glance; if they became pessimistic in their views; sluggish and indifferent to their surroundings and future welfare? Would we have a nation of heroes;

would we have a race of active and energetic people, bold in enterprise and conception? Not at all. We would have a nation composed of men—no, not men, but savages; savages worse than any that have yet trodden upon the face of the earth. And if we follow the views of those that assert that we are approaching finality, that we must move back, then, sirs, we will become a nation not of men but of barbarians, unlettered, uncultured and unmerciful.

But as we look about us, and see that the tendency for a long time past has been to larger enterprises, more highly developed organizations, greater undertakings, we need not fear of moving backward, for the tendency at this moment is to greater advancement and progress; and remember, we are just at the threshold of the age of Electricity, and there will still be a greater swiftening of our onrush in the same direction. The foundations upon which our forefathers constructed these enterprises are solid and unshakable. They were not built for the present, but for the time to come, for us their children. On these foundations of good honest labour, we can build anything we please. Make them our corner-stones and our whole structure; tier after tier will be a monument to our wisdom as unmovable and indestructable as the silent Rockies on the slope of the Pacific. The opportunities are before us. The prospects were never more favorable, the chances never better. On us will depend the future of the nation. No time has ever equaled this in business opportunities offered intelligent and active young men. To reap the harvest, we must be energetic, we must persevere. Effort impels to effort; wealth begets wealth. New industries are built up; new ways opened; new methods invented. "It is the law of life." By each striving to get ahead, all make progress. I do not prophesy an age of perfection; but I do say that the future prospects were never better in the history of man.

To take advantage of these splendid openings, we need men rich in honour and integrity—men who will work and persevere, who, when they have once set their ambition on the coveted goal, will never swerve nor halt until they have reached it; whose every defeat spurs them on to greater effort to overcome the opposing forces, so that they might follow the glittering star of progress in the distant horizon. Such men the world needs to unravel its mysteries, and such men

will succeed. Their path is as clear and unbroken as the rings of Saturn, their work as stanch and solid as Gibraltar itself.

Civilized society is entering upon a new era. The garments of the world to be are woven now. The great ocean of discovery is before us. The intellectual domain of the future is open to all. What science will do in the time to come, no man can foretell. It depends upon the young men of to-day. That it will be grander, that it will be more wonderful, no man can deny. "I do not know what inventions are in the brain of the future; I do not know what is to be discovered; I do not know what is in store for the world in the loom of years to be; but I do know that science took a handful of sand and made the powerful telescope, and with it read all the starry leaves of heaven; I know that science took the thunderbolts from the hands of Jupiter, and now the electric spark, freighted with messages of thought and love, flashes under the waves of every sea; I know that science stole a tear from the cheek of unpaid labour, converted it into steam, and created a Hercules that turns with tireless arms the countless wheels of toil," and sends rushing onward the panting giants of commerce. I know that science broke the chains from human limbs, and gave us instead the forces of nature for our slaves; I know that it has made the lightnings our messengers, that it has taken advantage of the fire and flames, the wind and the sea. "These slaves have no backs to bend or cringe; they have no hearts to be lacerated, they have no children to be stolen; no cradles to be violated." Science has given us all. It has enriched a thousandfold our surroundings, our lives, yea, our very selves.

What the grand old seers of the Bible saw far away in the distance, so clear and so sweet, our own prophets and poets actually see on the horizon. Peace, concord, mutual help, a more vigorous union of effort is their vision. It is the latest divine message; it is the latest revelation of the divine will; not this time written in books, or sung by angelic voices from the midnight skies, but plainly felt by every pulse throb the world around, and urged on our acceptance by an invisible yet an almighty power. Yes, the future is bright and laden with golden opportunities. And as we look into the future, we can still see the Angel of Progress enveloped in a maze of glory beckoning us on, ever on.



LAW CLASS AND FACULTY, 1901.

A Fable.

H. C. S.

WHEN time was young and beasts like people spoke,
 Among the brutes an awful plague outbroke;
 From herd to herd, like serpents o'er a mead,
 Smoothly it crept; soon faster grew its speed,
 Its power more strong, and countless swept away,
 While all despaired to check its potent sway.

To baffle this disease, since tears were vain,
 Each brute repaired into a spacious plain.
 Therein, assembled round their mighty king,
 They prayed the lion a council to begin.
 This noble beast, of animals the chief,
 High raised his head and bade them cease their grief.

Though many hours, good friends, I've plied my mind,

Yet after all no remedy can find;
 Still in my thoughts a plan I now perceive
 That shall ere long, methinks, our plight relieve.
 When all things fail in history we read,
 The heavens are calmed if one for all would bleed.
 Since I'm your king, the victim will I be,
 Yet ere I die I wish you all to agree
 Before the rest each truthfully avow
 His grave misdeeds from early youth till now.
 Thus shall we see the cause of this disease,
 And who most sinned shall angered Heaven appease.
 I, as your king, then, first of all must say
 My deeds since infancy until to-day
 Far better might have been; yet, after all,
 When tempted strong the bravest sometimes fall.
 With shame and heartfelt grief I must declare,
 When hunger pressed, I often did repair
 Unto a shepherd's pen and thence withdrew
 Bearing a lamb, and oft the shepherd too.
 If crimes like these to Heaven for vengeance cry,
 Then I'm the victim,—I for all shall die."

Thus grieved, the lord of brute creation spoke.
 Amazed all stood, yet none the silence broke;
 For each well knew as he explored his mind
 Few deeds less foul were difficult to find.
 At length, with serious gait and downcast ears,
 In front of all an aged fox appears,
 His thoughtful looks bespoke advice sincere.
 Slow raised his head and signalled all to hear;
 Bowed toward the lion sorrowing o'er his sins,
 With accents soft the wily fox begins:
 "Pardon, good friends, should I your minds impede
 From graver thoughts than those I beg you heed;
 Age, if not wisdom, warrants me to claim
 Our lord, the king, entirely free from blame.

This truth I fully weighed long ere I spoke:
 Thine acts can ne'er the wrath of Heaven provoke.
 Oh, mighty liege! each one myself would do,
 Yet thou, the king of brutes supreme, dost rue
 Such trival deeds. Dispel unworthy shame;
 This cowardly grief unfits thy royal name.
 A baneful thought doth haunt a lion's mind
 Because in youth upon a lamb he dined.
 From seeming wrong, O king, a favour rare
 Accrues to this vile race. Henceforth they'll bear
 An honoured name, since thou didst deign
 To slake thine hunger pangs with food so plain."

Reynard from countless throats loud-sounding cheers
 Drew forth. His soothing words all cares and fears
 From out their souls into oblivion drove.
 In sooth, the Lethean brooks that gently rove
 Vein-like throughout the vast Elysian ground
 Could ne'er more fast the lion's grief have drowned.

Silence restored, the pardoned king arose:
 "Since in your wisdom, you doth now oppose
 My proffered gift, then straightway let's proceed
 To calm the gods,—those most offending bleed."

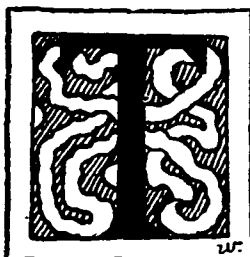
Instead of cheers, remorse and dire dismay
 Received the royal hest. To disobey
 Meant certain death; yet who would next reveal
 His wicked deeds? Who would his past unseal?
 Answers to these were difficult to find;
 For none at present wished to unfold his mind.
 At length, far in the crowd, an aged ass arose.
 Wide was the way they made lest aught oppose,
 For each desired to hear his neighbor's sins;
 Hence on the stage the feeble ass begins:

"Back in the past, 'tis twenty years or more,
 One day—Oh, Heavens that day I yet deplore!—
 A devil urged my foolish feet to stray
 Into a convent lawn that on my way
 Temptingly stood. As hunger pressed me sore,
 I took, alas! one mouthful—one, no more.
 The grass so green, I verily maintain
 That all here present would have done the same.
 Behold my fault; now deem it great or small."
 "A sacrilege! A sacrilege!" cried all.
 "Death to the wretch, the cause of this disease!
 His guilty blood must straight the heavens appease!"

Scarce said than all in one accord surround,
 And soon the ass lay piecemeal on the ground.
 This fable teaches us how now and then
 E'en mighty brutes may measure guilt like men.

On Mount Callan.

FRANK BARRY.



HE perfume of the heath was delicious, the cool breeze refreshing. On the west the billows of the Atlantic rolled majestically on the bay, and broke in fleecy whiteness upon the rocks. A ship far out in the horizon spread her white sails to the wind, and looked like a sea-gull floating gracefully along. The roaring of the sea came to our ears like the rustling of poplars when the west wind blows. To the south lay the rocky promontory of Loop Head with its crags and moors. Its ruined castles, grey lonely spectres, stood out prominently from the crimson heather. Farther south the noble Shannon, with its forts and bridges, lolled peacefully in the fertile plain, and in the dim background the Kerry Mountains towered in misty peaks.

Eastward was a beautiful country dotted over with numerous lakelets. White-walled cottages, and here and there an imposing church or a ruined castle stood out. Sheep and cattle grazed upon the fields, and neat patches of yellow-eared barley vibrated in waves like a sea at the setting sun.

Northward was a dreary moor, brown and uninviting. No sign of life animated its dullness. But a gleam of the sea as it dashed against the cliffs of Moher caught the eye and drew it from the lifeless scene it was contemplating. The great black cliffs bent defiantly against the never-ending fury of the waves whose wrath gleamed forth when their splashing spray caught the sunbeams.

At our feet a little lake about three acres in area, nestled among the heath and crags. It had neither inlet nor outlet. We were throwing stones into the lake when we saw a man coming toward us in great haste. His white flannel jacket waved freely in the breeze as he leaped from mound to mound along the rugged summit. His long, unkempt beard, trailing over his shoulders in gray streamers gave him the appearance of a lunatic recently escaped from his asylum.

"Boys! boys!" he said, coming near and gasping for breath, "I wouldn't throw stones into that lake if I were you."

His frightened look showed that he heartily wished us to stop, but had he not looked so

formidable we might have laughed in his face. He noticed our hesitation and motioned us to sit down, saying that he would tell us a story.

"I suppose," he said, "you have heard of Fionn Macumhaill and his Fenians."

We nodded, and he proceeded.

"Well, when Fionn died a fairy took his sword, and dropped it into the middle of this lake. There was some charm in the sword, for whoever owned it could row out to Hy-Brazil, and never grow old. Long, long before my grandfather's time—you see that ditch over there?—well, three young men heard about this sword and the charm that was in it, and they began to dig an outlet from the lake. These boys were big and strong,—and foolish too—and they began their work with every hope of success.

"They had worked a couple of hours when a great monster put up his head in the middle of the lake, and told them in an awful voice to stop digging. One of the men was so frightened, when he heard the voice, that he let the point of his pickaxe fall on the head of the man next to him and killed him on the spot. He was so put about by this that he ran straight into the lake, and some say the monster chewed him into small pieces. The third man started for home as fast as he could, and on his way met a little gray man cutting rods in the wood yonder.

"'God save you!' said the young man to him, but, instead of answering him like a Christian, the little gray man turned round and struck him on the head with one of the rods he held in his hand. That evening, when the young man went home he complained of a headache, and it wasn't long before his neighbours buried him in that graveyard that you can see down there by the Inagh chapel.

"'Twas a sad day for the poor boys, the day they took it into their heads to [get the sword, and not one ever since has tried to find it. People are very careful when they pass by this lake, and even a cow won't bellow, nor a dog bark within a quarter of a mile of it, and my advice to you, boys, is to stop throwing stones into it, for you can't tell but you may hit the monster, and draw his curse on you; and now, little boys, run home as fast as you can before night comes."

We were no longer disposed to laugh. We hurried home keeping clear of the wood, for fear of encountering the little gray man cutting the hazel rods.

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The New Scholastic Year.

In a few weeks we start the Fifty-Eighth Chapter in the history of Notre Dame. The SCHOLASTIC will be glad to welcome the old students back to their *Alma Mater*, and will join with them in bidding hearty welcome to the ones that make their first appearance in our halls at the opening of the new year. Everything points to a most successful year.

The Faculty remains practically the same. Some slight changes have been made in the curriculum, with a view to strengthening the courses, and in some places the entrance requirements have been made more strict. Special improvements have been made in the laboratories. Notre Dame now offers to her students every opportunity for a thorough course in Classics, Letters, Economics and History, Journalism, Art, Science, Pharmacy, Law, Architecture, and Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.

A great many of the old students have signified their intention of returning, and have selected their rooms for the coming year. The ones who were the big men last year, and who set us good examples of what the student should be, have won their honors and have left us, and the ones who were the boys of last year are in turn to be the big men and to be looked up to as example-setters. On these old boys largely depends the success or failure of Notre Dame during the coming year. It is for them to show the new-comers how a student of Notre Dame should conduct himself; and if the example that they set is what it should be, we need have no fear for the result of this year's efforts. The SCHOLASTIC bids a hearty welcome to one and all, with the hope that each and every one will enter Notre Dame with the determination of advancing the standard of his *Alma Mater*, and with the knowledge that the surest way of doing this is by applying himself earnestly to the work he has mapped out.

What is the Value of Education?

MANY years ago, I remember reading a dialogue between a grandfather and his grandson. The old gentleman had accumulated a vast deal of wealth, and was highly spoken of in his community as a praiseworthy type of the successful business man. The boy had recently been graduated from an institution famous for its courses in arts and letters, and he had sought his ancestor to learn if possible the open sesame to a successful business life.

"You began with little or nothing in the count of wealth, Grandfather, and yet you have become a very rich man. Your education was limited, yet you have succeeded as have few that were given every advantage. For some time I have been pondering on your preparation for life-work as compared with my own, and deliberating over how little there is in common. I am in doubt as to whether my college course will be of much practical use in the strenuous affairs of daily life."

"If the accumulation of wealth is a mark of success, then I have been successful," said the old gentleman. "If the esteem of my fellows is a matter for thanks, then I may rejoice. I have accumulated much wealth; I have been guided by what I consider right; I feel that I deserve well in the minds of men. From early manhood till old age I worked with this consideration ever in thought: that some day I should leave off work, and without a thought of expense enjoy myself in travel; in conversation with leaders of the world's thought; in becoming acquainted with the masterpieces of literature, of painting, of architecture.

"When I was fifty years old I prepared to put my plan into execution. I travelled extensively; I visited the historic places famous in tale and in song; I saw the grandest scenes that nature offers; I met artists, scholars, statesmen; but instead of giving me pleasure, each new venture in carrying out my plans bred dissatisfaction. I visited the battlefield of Bannockburn in company with a young student. In half an hour I was ready to return to my carriage; he was completely absorbed in his explorations. I attached myself to him, and told him that I envied him his enthusiasm. He explained to me the heroism of Wallace, the valor of Bruce, the loyalty of the Scots,

and the tyranny of Edward II. He recited Burn's ode with so much ardor that even my dimmed eyes flashed. When we took the road he was the instructor, and I was the listener.

"At Athens I saw in the Acropolis only picturesque ruins: I missed the spirit, because I knew Pericles, Demosthenes, Xerxes only by name. At Leipsic I wandered through the galleries famous for masterpieces, but even the names of many of the great painters were unknown to me. I returned to America profoundly impressed that wealth is not the greatest thing in life; that I had spent years in getting what many persons envied me; that I had won success in business and had missed—*happiness.*"

It seems to me this simple little tale sets forth pretty roundly the consideration that is being so generally discussed in newspapers, in periodicals, and among educators: Is a college education necessary to a business career? What is the value of education?

The value of a collegiate education is determined to a great degree by ethical considerations. What is the highest aim in life? If it be answered to accumulate wealth, then there are undoubtedly many professions in which a young man having only a high school training may fare as well as, and probably better than, many college graduates; for the former is necessarily limited in his range of knowledge, and is, for this very reason, better fitted to concentrate his mind on the absorbing desire without the inevitable distractions that a fair acquaintance with letters, science and art would breed. As a galley slave toiling continuously at his oar will, in the course of years, develop such enormous strength in his shoulders that he will be able to wield his instrument with a might much beyond that of even a trained athlete; so may a man with a very limited education develop an acuteness in a particular business that will win him vast wealth and notoriety: but the slave has got his long arms gnarled with muscles and his enormous hunched shoulders at the expense of the other members of his body; and when he stands erect he is as misshapen as was Caliban; and very frequently the man who by dint of years of strenuous application has made his name a term to conjure with in the business world, has developed a single talent to the exclusion of all others, and is as limited in his performances and enjoyments as is the galley slave, and his mind is as grotesque in its development as is the body of the rower.

But amassing wealth is not the highest aim in life. If it is, then our ideas of morals, our political institutions—the very foundations of our civilization—are wrong. Wealth, as an economic agent, is of vast importance; but no sane being would assert that economic considerations transcend all others that the mind may contemplate. Manifold production and equitable distribution are matters of absorbing importance in our day; but this is owing to the complexity of our civilization; it is a result, not the cause, of the tremendous material development of our species. Capital is an historical category—a phenomenon whose use and growth can be accurately traced in the chronicles of industry. Less than four centuries ago the merchantile pursuits were rated among those in which men of noble birth or of unusual intellectual endowments should not engage. In the Master's dramas the merchant occupies an inferior social position. As late as Elizabeth's age, custom forbade impecunious young men of ancient lineage to engage in barter and sale. To command piratical expeditions under the guise of exploring was held an honorable vocation by Raleigh, yet this same gifted courtier would have recoiled from an opportunity to engage in a "business career." The Earl of Essex did not scruple to replenish his coffers with treasures gained from the monopoly of sweet wines granted him by Elizabeth; but the collection of the tax was left to inferiors; and the favorite never soiled his hands with musty ledgers or correspondence smelling of the business mart.

The unparalleled creation of wealth of the century just ended was made possible by two great revolutions: the Industrial Revolution in England beginning in 1750 and culminating about 1785, and the French Revolution. In England, the invention of the spinning machine in 1770, the mule in 1779, the weaving machine in 1785, Cort's method for puddling and rolling iron in 1784, and the first use of coke in the blast furnace in 1750, of water power as motive force in 1771, of the steam engine in weaving in 1785, gave rise to the modern factory system that centralizes production and supplies a world-wide market. In France the revolution gave the *bourgeoisie*—the merchant class—a place of prime importance in the state, and had a tendency to emphasize wealth rather than birth and erudition. It is manifest that accumulation of wealth is a recent phenomenon, and can not be credited

with the evolution of the European races.

The highest aim in life is the pursuit of happiness in conformity with ethical principles. Everything that conduces to this end is praiseworthy. Since material comfort is in a degree necessary to happiness, the accumulation of sufficient wealth to insure this is a legitimate and commendable undertaking. But true happiness has its seat in the mind not in the body; it is spiritual and intellectual rather than sensuous. The flower has a beauty for the cultured mind not dependent on color and odor: history interests the student far more when he apprehends the working of natural

house? Does familiarity with the orations of Demosthenes add to one's capacity for doing business? Such interrogations beg the main question. The great consideration for each individual is, How can I get the greatest amount of happiness? If the answer were In accumulating wealth, then there would be little need of hesitation in answering the questions above. But it is not. Wealth is one of the means to an end, and not the most important means either. A Chicago multi-millionaire that died during the present year, when asked once the greatest happiness he derived from his vast wealth replied: "Giving." Moral and



SERVERS IN THE SANCTUARY, 1900-1901.

laws; for striving and suffering stand for or against principles,—they are not fortuitous occurrences.

Education is more valuable than instruction: drawing out of potential qualities counts for more than pouring in knowledge. The young mind should be trained to think for itself—this is education. There is a pleasure in discovering some truth for oneself that can not be got when another tells it.

There has been no end of discussion as to the value of a classical course to a business man. Many ask: What advantage is a knowledge of Greek and Latin in the counting

mental satisfaction, not physical, is the gauge with which to measure happiness. The poor man that can enjoy converse with the great minds of the past and present in art, science, philosophy, has a pleasure that the accidents of wealth can not rob him of.

There is an aristocracy higher than that of birth or wealth—the society of cultured minds. Knowledge of the intricacies of the counting house, the stock exchange, the commercial world will not grant admittance. Credentials must be earned, they can not be bought; and a collegiate education furnishes the firmest foundation to build on.

H.

Moulding the Intellect.

IN one of his delightful essays, Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie tells us that a single flower involves the existence of the universe; earth and sky are met and married in its bloom and fragrance. One might go still further and say that all this and much more is necessary in man's education. Perhaps culture expresses more accurately the modern notion of the education to which I refer; for one may be thoroughly trained, say, in the intricacies of money-making, and yet be unable to admire a beautiful landscape, or distinguish between a sickly music-hall ballad and a song by Robert Burns. By education I mean the full and harmonious development of the human faculties, especially those that are distinctive of man, and not a particular training along special lines which some of our millionaires advocate so strenuously and of which they are themselves an example. True education, then, does not lead to fetishism of any kind, but imparts a broad, liberal knowledge which enables its possessor to value things at their proper worth. And, as I have suggested, the acquiring of this education involves influences the most complex and far-reaching. To facilitate and superintend the process is the work of the university, and the system practised in some departments at Notre Dame during the last scholastic year, I shall here attempt to review.

CLASS ROOM.

Unremitting attendance in class was, as in previous years, a prime obligation on the part of the student. There was much to be gained from this, apart from the disciplinary advantages. Knowledge comes in many ways, but chiefly in a dual stream—from the text-book and the teacher—and in the class-room is a confluence of both. There, the student can satisfy his thirst for learning and overcome those difficulties that beset all investigation by asking questions of his instructor. The latter in turn is in a position to test the ability and industry of the student. Where so many inquiring minds meet there is always sure to be interesting discussion, and the individual student profits from the questions and opinions of his fellows. Thus the work of assimilation goes on, the perception is quickened, the memory strengthened, and the habit of concentrating the attention is acquired.

Moreover, the student is free from those spasmodic fits of study, before examination which usually occur where irregular attendance is tolerated. Recognizing these advantages, the Faculty and instructors exercised the utmost vigilance to ensure the presence of every student at daily recitation, and it is gratifying to record that their efforts in this respect have won the hearty appreciation of parents and guardians.

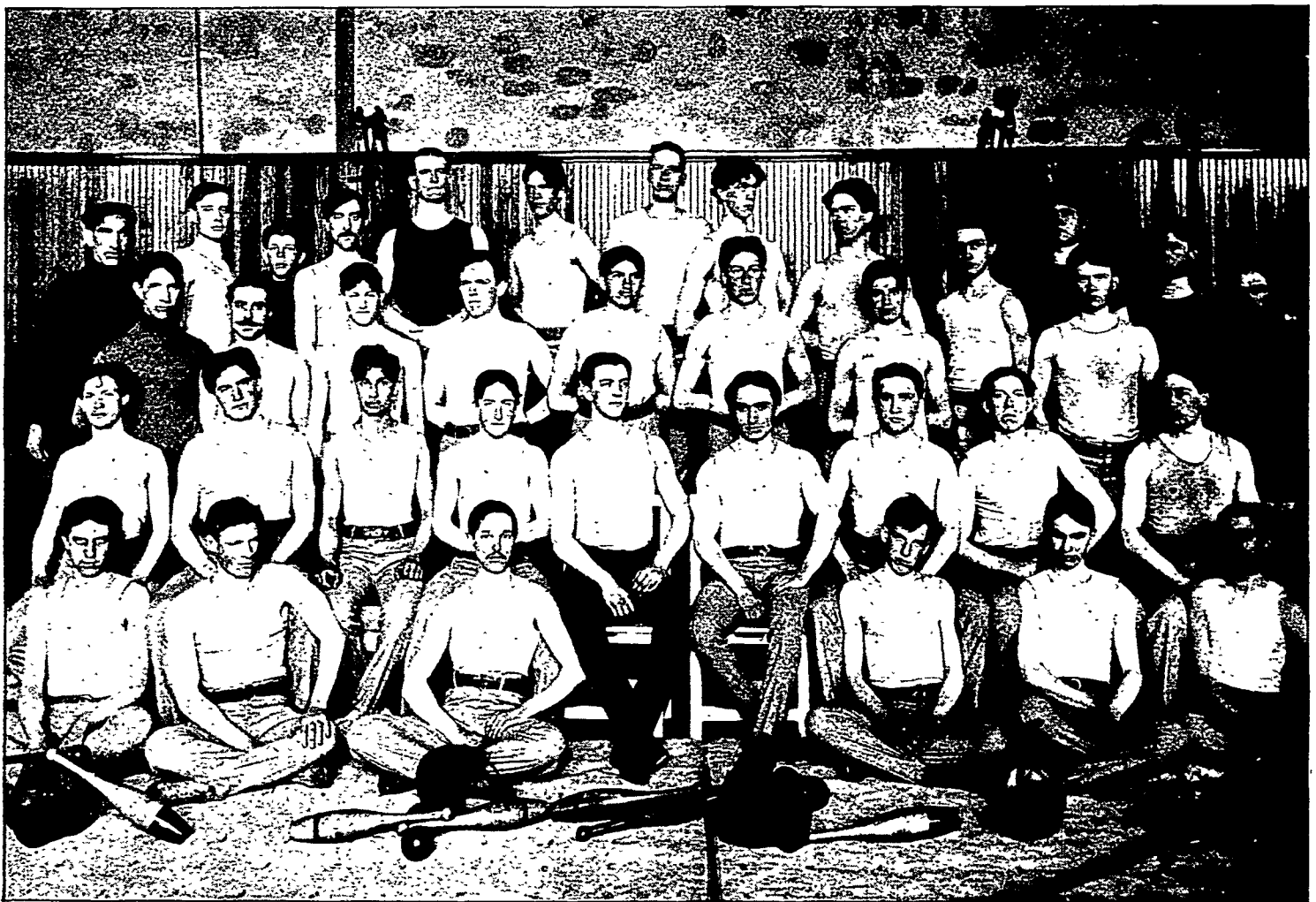
LECTURE.

The Lecture has come down to us as one of the earliest and most effective means of instruction, and despite the profusion of books with us, it is almost as potent a force in the educational life of to-day as it was with the academicians of old. This should not excite wonderment; for after all, there is something in the human voice which renders it superior to the printed page as a medium of communication. I fancy there is no one but would rather hear a good speech delivered than read it in the morning paper. Accompanying the voice is the eye, the countenance, the gesture, the power of creating sympathy,—all of which the lecturer possesses. He is usually a man of keen discernment, of wide culture; above all he has made a special study of his subject—in some cases we might say he is the subject humanized—and with a few deft touches is often able to impart a more precise knowledge of his theme than the average student could obtain by reading several volumes. To men of this class belonged those whom the Faculty selected to deliver the last course of lectures to the students at Notre Dame as the following list will show:—Bishop Spalding on "True Education;" a lecture on "Tennyson" by Dr. Henry Van Dyke (who that has heard him can forget his exquisite interpretation of the great poet laureate?) an illustrated lecture on "Art Exhibits at the Paris Exposition" by Miss Caulfield; "The Yankee Volunteer" by Rev. Francis Kelly; "The Twentieth Century Citizen" by Rt. Rev. Monsignor F. Z. Rooker, D. D.; "The Future of Catholicity in America" by Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa; and lastly "Christian Science" by the ever popular and versatile Dr. Henry Austin Adams. A variety of subjects and all treated in a masterly manner. The benefits to be derived from such a course of lectures can scarcely be overestimated. Indeed it is no exaggeration to aver that to have attended those lectures was to put oneself in the way of no small share of a liberal education.

DRAMA.

We are not much interested in what men think, but we are at times very much affected by what they say and do. Action is, after all, the mainspring of our emotions, that particular thing in the lives of others which moves us deeply, and which concerns us most. Hence its study is well worthy of our time and attention, and nowhere else have we a better opportunity for this study than in the drama as presented on the stage. There, the human passions struggle for the mastery: we see the soul in action, colliding, it may be, with the unseen powers of life as in the

culture finds a home. Here at Notre Dame his plays form part of the daily study of the higher classes in English. Besides exercises on analysis, criticism, plot, and characterization, at least two of his plays are done annually on the stage by some of the dramatic societies connected with the University. For instance, last March, Hamlet was presented under the supervision of the instructor in elocution and oratory, himself an actor of experience and recognized ability. The acting was a splendid success and elicited favorable comment from competent critics who were present. Preparation for these events of course



A GROUP FROM THE PHYSICAL-CULTURE CLASS.

tragedy or exhibiting the foibles and follies of humanity as in the comedy.

To few, however, has the rare gift of writing drama been confided. Indeed some nations have produced no dramatists worthy of the name, and the number in the world altogether has been very few. Fortunately for us the English language has been enriched by one who was the greatest of them all, the inimitable and omniscient Shakspeare. He is to us what Homer was to the age of Pericles: the great poet, the master of his craft, the incomparable tactician of the human emotions. Consequently his works are studied wherever

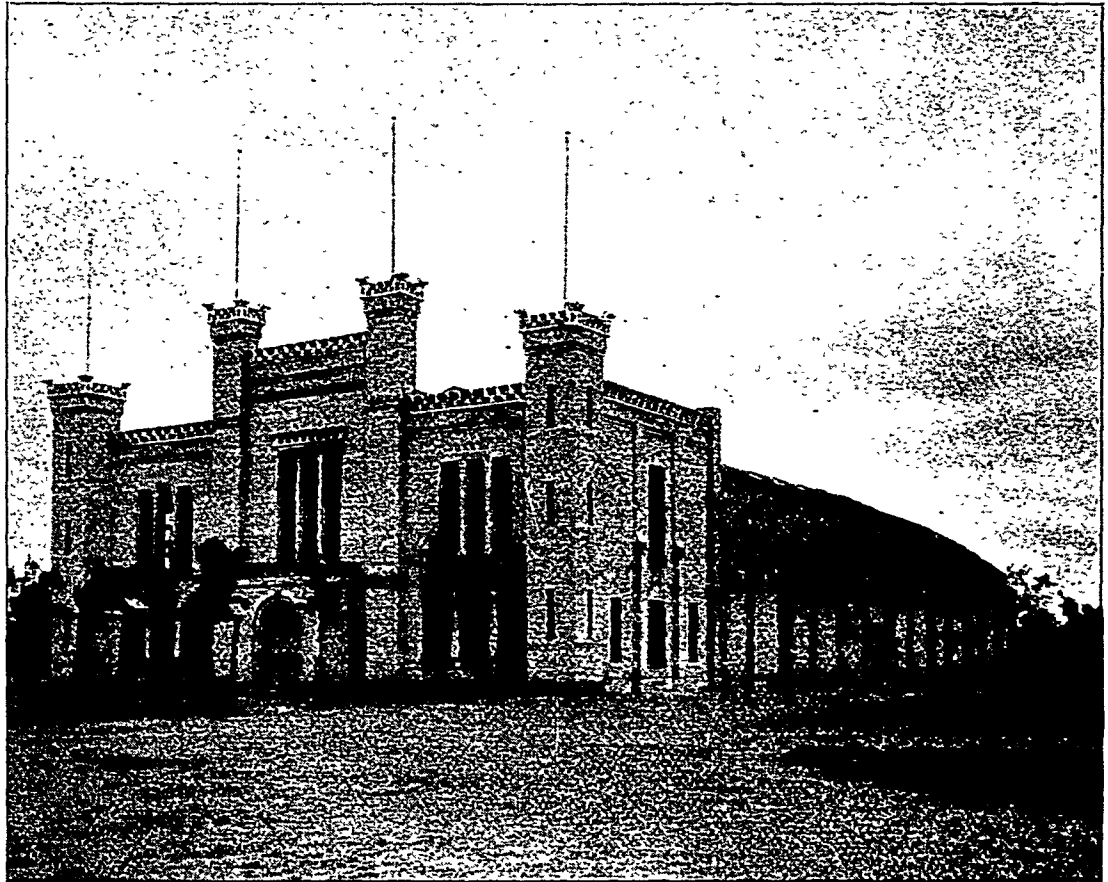
involves considerable labor on the part of the student, but it is effort well directed and often serves to develop talent which would otherwise remain dormant. The students who take part in those plays are selected solely on their merit, and the training they receive in rehearsals fits them admirably for future success in declamation and debate.

Under this head might also be included the musical recitals given by professional and local talent. During the last scholastic year several concerts took place in Washington Theatre, and light operatic work was essayed successfully by the students of the various

Halls. These entertainments are often largely attended by the friends and relatives of the students, and form pleasant landmarks in scholastic life at Notre Dame.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

A well-stored mind is a priceless possession, but its value is greatly enhanced if accompanied by the art of oratory. Indeed the man who possesses both has that at his command which seldom fails to win recognition and success. We do not need to go very far back into history for an illustration. Was it not one eloquent exposition that brought the name of William Jennings Bryan to men's lips and secured him a nomination for president? And this art, so powerful in influencing emotions, so subtle a medium of the speaker's convictions and so important a factor in man's education, is carefully cultivated at Notre Dame. Classes in elocution and oratory are in charge of a competent instructor, and the students in the sophomore, junior and senior years are obliged to take part in weekly disputation. A thorough drilling in parliamentary law is given, and the principles of argumentation fully explained and illustrated. Besides the gold medal for elocution, one is awarded annually for the best oration, and the contests in these departments are invariably very close and interesting. This year, the standard of excellence reached was unusually high, particularly in the oratorical contest. The competitors showed much care and preparation in their work, and some of them delivered their orations with extraordinary precision and effect. But it was in debate that most interest was taken and the greatest success achieved. It might be added too, that success in this department involved a far greater amount of time and application than in any other. Those that survived the preliminary contests—Messrs. Barry, Kanaley, Kuppler—were chosen to represent Notre Dame in the Inter-collegiate with the University of Indianapolis,



THE NEW GYMNASIUM.

and although their opponents were remarkably strong in argument and delivery, yet our boys outstripped them, and added another victory to those won by their predecessors.

RELIGION.

In the preceding paragraphs I have tried to convey some notion of the system that obtains in education at Notre Dame; and incomplete and imperfect as my attempt has been, it would be still more so were I to omit the most important and necessary influence of all—religion. Unlike the Sibyl of old, it is not the intention of the Catholic Church to write her message upon reeds where no one may read it. She seeks to impress it on the souls of men; and true to her mission, Notre Dame aims to educate the heart as well as the head, to inculcate a love of virtue and a zeal for God's glory. The bloom and fragrance of the little flower, to which I referred at the beginning, were all impossible if left to the care of earth, if the sky and the sunshine were shut out of its existence; and how can man, half human, half divine, attain mental perfection without a knowledge of his Creator? To impart this knowledge, to combine the lore of earth with the love of Heaven, is the object of Notre Dame, so that her students, Catholic and Protestant, may develop into men with lofty ideals, men of noble deeds and virtuous lives.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03

Our Baseball Men.

FOLLOWING a long established precedent the SCHOLASTIC presents in this, its midsummer number, a group picture of the members of the baseball team for the season of 1901. In the past some space has also been reserved for a few remarks concerning the work of the team in general and of each player in particular. This year the task is not more difficult probably than it has been heretofore, but the work of the team was so good at times and bad at others that we can neither praise nor censure them to any great extent. We can say, however, that every man on our team of 1901 always played as well as he knew how, and if there were times when our fellows did not play the game they were capable of playing, the poor work was due more to ill-luck. We have but words of praise for the team, and congratulate them upon their gentlemanly and sportsmanlike conduct on and off the field. Every place to which the team went sent out excellent reports of them. They were always warmly received.

CAPTAIN MATT DONAHUE (Centre Field).

Captain Donahue played his fourth season on a Notre Dame baseball team. During the three previous years he earned the reputation of a consistent and reliable player and an opportune batsman. This season he added to his steady playing some very brilliant work, excelling especially in base-running. The captaincy interfered in but a small degree with Matt's playing, and his double task of coach and captain early in the season only served to improve his good work.

PHILIP B. O'NEILL (Catcher).

One of the rarest things in the line-up of a college baseball team is a strong catcher. In this position Notre Dame was fortunate indeed. For the third season Phil O'Neill stood in a Gold and Blue uniform, and although his work had always been of the first-class order he was in much better form last year than ever before. Undoubtedly O'Neill was the best man in a mask and protector that we saw in the college games. He has another year at Notre Dame and may be seen again on Cartier Field.

JAMES MORGAN (First Base).

Jimmie Morgan spent his second season on the Varsity. Last year he was a very con-

spicuous figure on the left hand corner of the diamond; and this year he was pressed into service on the opposite side of the field, and handsomely did he take care of his new position. With due regard for the excellent work of Angus McDonald on first base last year, we think that Jimmie Morgan played that bag probably as it had never been played before at Notre Dame. His batting was a feature of the team's playing. Morgan has a great deal of ginger, and is always in the game. He was elected Captain for next year.

ROBERT E. LYNCH (Short Stop).

At short stop Notre Dame was always safe. Robbie Lynch ordinarily played a remarkably good game. During the past season there were times when Lynch put up phenomenal ball, batting excellently and filling his position magnificently. At other times his form was not good and he made errors. Robbie has another year and should make a very valuable man.

JOHN FARLEY (Right Field).

John Farley covered right field last season for the third year. Farley has never laid claim to any great baseball ability, but he has always given a good account of himself both in the field and with the willow. John led the batting order toward the end of the season. He has another year in baseball at Notre Dame.

WILLIAM H. FLEET (Pitcher).

When Norwood Gibson left Notre Dame last year for good, and Keeley informed the management that he would not be back, our pitching department was in a sorry plight; and when the season opened with Fleet as our best slab artist, the wise ones among us looked worried. But Fleet was made up of the right timber; and when the season closed no player on any team had more friends among the rooters than Fleet. Few games were lost with Billy pitching, and many were the games that he pitched.

FRANK G. BERGEN (Third Base).

Third base is a hard position to fill. This season we left that difficult bag in charge of Bergen. That young man, eager and apparently capable, acquitted himself very creditably. This was his first year on the Varsity, and when we take into consideration his newness, together with his timely batting, we must pronounce his work well done.

JAMES WALSH (Second Base).

Walsh was a new man in a Notre Dame suit. He showed great promise in the opening games, but toward the last he fell off some-



N. D. U. BASEBALL TEAM.

what in his fielding. His hitting abilities make him a useful man.

JAMES DUGGAN (Left Field).

Duggan was on the Varsity for the first time last season. He graduated from junior baseball and spent one season on a Corby Hall team. Being a new man his work was not as good as he is capable of doing. Another season in fast company will improve Duggan wonderfully. His friends expect great things of him next year.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL (Catcher).

In Campbell, Notre Dame had a very useful man. Besides his qualifications as a knight of the mask, Campbell played well at first base and in the outfield, and was also a handy man in the batter's box. He should make an excellent player next year.

HARRY HOGAN (Pitcher).

With worlds of speed and a stock of shoots

and benders sufficient for two men, Harry Hogan started out to make a record for himself. Toward the end, too, he pulled up well, but in the middle of the season he let up somewhat in his pitching. This was Hogan's first year on the team, and his inexperience may have had something to do with his work. His pitching away from home was far better than his twirling on Cartier Field.

NICK RYAN (Pitcher).

Ryan pitched only a few games for Notre Dame. Toward the close of the season his arm was hurt and he was forced to retire. Nick was a tower of strength at the bat, and played well in almost any position.

MANAGER EGGEMAN.

John Eggeman looked after the men earnestly, and was undoubtedly a huge success as manager. He has the happy faculty of making friends of those with whom he has to deal

The Varsity Track Team.

AT the beginning of the season of 1901 the prospects for track athletics at Notre Dame were not of the brightest. Shortly before the Christmas holidays the splendid gymnasium, which afforded such excellent advantages for training, was completely destroyed by fire. Then came the report that our champion all-around athlete and track captain, J. Fred Powers, was compelled to abandon athletics. These misfortunes disheartened the entire student body, and critics predicted a disastrous year for the Gold and Blue. These critics had not reckoned, however, with the recuperative powers of Notre Dame, and, as a result, their predictions failed to carry.

With characteristic energy, the Very Rev. President Morrissey, ably assisted by other members of the Faculty, immediately formulated plans for a larger, better, and stronger gymnasium. Work was commenced at once, and in an incredibly short space of time the gymnasium was completed and everything ready for the athletes to begin work as soon as they returned after the Christmas holidays. That the track men, as well as the other athletes, benefited by this generous co-operation of the Rev. President and the Faculty, the numerous trophies and banners which they won during the year are sufficient proof.

The first meet of the year was the Annual Indoor Championship at Milwaukee the first week in March. This was too early in the season for our men to do any fast work, but they made a creditable showing.

The second event in which they participated was the Triangular Indoor Meet with Chicago and Illinois. It was freely predicted beforehand that, deprived as we were of the services of our famous captain, we would not have the least chance of winning. But fighting bravely to the last, Notre Dame's representatives won out against all odds in the best-contested and most sensational indoor meet ever held in the West. Three times during the course of the meet, in as many trials, Captain Corcoran and his team-mate, Staples, broke the world's record for the 220-yard dash. In the final heat Corcoran lowered it to 23 1-5 seconds, four-fifth of a second below the world's record. Five other events were also performed in record time. The final score of the meet was: Notre Dame, 43; Chicago, 36; Illinois, 28.

The St. Louis U. A. A. Meet resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Gold and Blue. In the half-mile and the 220-yard dash Uffendall and Corcoran, respectively, made record time. The Triangular Meet at Bloomington and The State Championship Meet at



Varsity Track Team.

Lafayette were also won in hollow style. Notre Dame securing almost one half the total number of points in each case.

The last meet of the year was the Western Intercollegiate at Chicago. This meet was won by Notre Dame with almost ridiculous ease. Out of a total of 144 points, our athletes secured 72, their nearest competitor, Drake University, having but 36. Considering the fact that we were without representatives in the bicycle races and the mile run, the performance of our men was marvellous. Every man on the team won from three to ten points, and of the twelve events in which our men entered, they won nine first and the majority of second places.

Now a word about the athletes themselves. The men who composed this year's team were: Captain Corcoran, Eggeman, Sullivan, Herbert, Glynn, Uffendall, Murphy, Kearney, Staples, Gearin, Kirby, and Richon.

Captain P. J. Corcoran needs no introduction. His phenomenal running this season has placed his name high in the list of America's star athletes. His work in the Triangular Meet when he clipped four fifths of a second off the world's record for the 220-yard dash, at the St. Louis U. A. A. where he repeated the performance, and the easy manner in which he distanced all competitors, are performances that can not be surpassed by any sprinter in America. Throughout the season he was beaten but once, and then at a time when he was not in condition to compete. This is Corcoran's fourth and last year on the Varsity.

Eggeman, the giant weight-man, is well known in college athletic circles on account of his shot-putting abilities. At the Milwaukee Meet John hurled the sixteen pound ball within three inches of the Central Assn's record. His work in the hammer and the discus throws was not up to his usual standard owing to his inability to turn on a badly twisted ankle. This is also John's last year on the team.

One of the most indefatigable workers on the team, and one who performed far better in competition than in practice, was our high jumper and pole vaulter, Joseph J. Sullivan. The rooters will always remember "Joe's" splendid work at the Triangular Meet where he unexpectedly secured to us points which had been conceded to our rivals, thus assisting us to win a much coveted victory. This is Joe's second year on the team.

M. B. Herbert showed vast improvement this year in the hurdles and proved a strong point winner. He easily won his event at the Western Intercollegiate. He was also a member of the relay team that competed at St. Louis. His team-mates have elected him Captain for the coming season. This is his third year on the team.

Early in the season Glynn gave promise of following in the footsteps of the famous Powers, but a bad accident to his leg forced him to confine himself to the shot put. In this event he did remarkable work. His best work was in the Triangular Meet when he won the high jump and secured second in the pole vault and the shot put. This is Ralph's second year on the Varsity.

One of the surest point winners on the team was our crack half-miler, William Uffendall. "Billy" is one of the strongest half-mile runners in the West, and has often defeated the best of them in competition. At the St. Louis Meet he broke the Western Indoor record two-fifths of a second, and at the State Meet at Lafayette he lowered the State record to 2.013-5; he is also the holder of the western record for the half mile. This is his first year on the Varsity.

The most conscientious trainer on the team is "Jack" Murphy, quarter-miler and broad jumper. Jack is also one of the headiest runners on the team. Jack often sacrificed his own chances of winning to help along a team-mate. He is a strong runner and can be relied upon at any time. This is his first year.

Kearney is a new man on the team. He is a very graceful vaulter and has done ten feet eight inches in practice. "Jimmy" was unfortunate in the two State Meets, his pole breaking on him each time. He did good work at the Western Intercollegiate, securing second place. He will make a valuable man next year.

Staples, the freshman runner, made his first appearance on a varsity team at the Triangular Meet. In this meet he created a sensation by clipping one-fifth of a second off the world's record in his trial heat of the 220 yard-dash. This record was afterwards lowered by Corcoran. During the season he invariably secured second to Captain Corcoran in both dashes. He ought to make one of the speediest men in the West next year.

The strongest part of the team this season was the quarter mile. In this event there were three of the fastest men in the West. From these we must pick Gearin for special

praise. At the beginning of the season he started out a mere novice in athletics, but before the season closed he was one of the best men on the team. He is a very strong runner and has plenty of endurance. Late in the season he also tried the half with great success. At the Western Intercollegiate he ran away from the field in the quarter, and finished strong in .52. Next year we expect to see him do in less than .50.

Kirby's great work on the reserve team attracted the attention of Trainer Moulton,

the running broad jump. Although this is his first year at the jumping he has done excellent work, having a record of over twenty-one feet in the running broad. He should be a valuable man next season.

"Dad" Moulton, the father of athletics in the West, and one of the best trainers in the country, was in charge of our athletes this season. That he has successfully taken care of them, we all admit, but we must say more: He took hold of a "bunch" of raw material, some of them had never seen spikes before,



WINNERS OF THE SENIOR RACE.

and early in the season he gave him a trial. The result was a surprise to even the veteran trainer, and he was immediately put on the Varsity. In the first meet he entered, the Triangular at Bloomington, he broke the State record in the 220 yard-hurdles. He is also one of our famous quarter milers. Kirby will undoubtedly be heard from next year.

Another man who was given a place on the Varsity, because of his work on the Reserves, is Richon. Richon is good in the high jump and the pole vault, but his strongest point is

and turned them into the fastest runners in the West. This year's work reflects great credit upon him and goes to show that his methods are reliable.

Such was the condition of track athletics at Notre Dame for the season of 1901. From being a one-man team we have come to be looked upon as among the leaders in western college athletics. The prowess and skill of our men is respected wherever we go, and the name of Notre Dame is feared by even the greatest.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.



At Sister Lakes.

NOTRE DAME is quieter than usual this summer owing to the fact that the larger boys who, as in past years, failed to go to their homes for the vacation, are enjoying themselves at Sister Lakes, Michigan. At the time of the general exodus from the University these, accompanied by Brothers Hugh and Vital, left the college grounds and betook themselves to this beautiful summer resort. Since the beginning of the vacation they have been visited by several members of the faculty, prominent among whom was the Reverend President.

Sister Lakes are situated about thirty miles due north of Notre Dame and ten miles distant from Dowagiac; post-office, telephone and express accommodations make the place one of convenience. Hotel Olena is the name of the hostelry where the boys are staying, and Mr. C. H. Rusch is the genial proprietor.

Sister Lakes comprise five lakes, covering about 300 acres, having beautiful sand and gravel shores, shady drives, and excellent facilities for bathing, boating and fishing.

"Forest Home" is the name of a neighboring resort situated on the bluff between lakes. It is said that the pro-

prietor, of one of the hotels here made the following proposition to some men who were not inclined to believe in the absence of mosquitoes: "You pay me ten dollars a week for board, and I will give you two for every mosquito you catch."

The boys have class in English and mathematics every morning. After class each one follows his own bent, and will usually be found bathing, fishing or boating. The afternoons are spent in much the

same way, varied with touring the neighboring country. On Sundays the boys are taken to church by a team of thoroughbreds which Bro. Hugh brought up from Indiana.

Many of the boys are good musicians and have a guitar and mandolin club which helps to pass many a pleasant evening. They are often assisted by some of the other guests. Casualties we have had none; mishaps few. Amusing incidents take their place. The first one happened the day after we arrived here. It was on Sunday. We had to drive five miles to church; two of the boys using their wheels, got there all right, but were lost on the way home and did not reach the hotel until 3 p. m. in company with a farmer who said one of the boys offered him two dollars if he would put them in Sister Lakes. There are some very large fish in the lake,—be prepared, fellow-students, for wonderful fish stories when you return. At present writing piscatorial honors are divided between Bro. Vital and D. O'Malley.

