

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·
-rx-7

VOL. XXXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 11, 1902.

No. 15.

Bernini's Pieta.

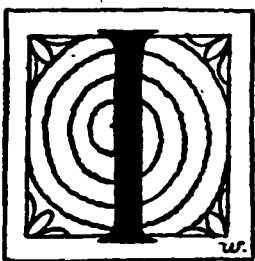
FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

WHITE marble, glistening in the ruddy glow
Of a taper-lamp that flickers fitfully,
The shadows o'er thee bring back Calvary
And make the heart beat in the deepest woe:
A Man with head on Woman's knee lies low,
All stiff and lank, to death's supremacy
While she with hand upraised in agony,
Resigns with faith to what she can not know.

No quaking earth to fill the heart with fear;
No dripping blood to horrify the soul;
No God to bitter pain and hate consigned
To claim our pity at a sight so drear.
No outward thing to add unto the dole—
The naked Fact now sinks into the mind.

The Circus Maximus and Chariot Races.

ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902.



IN the long, narrow valley between the Aventine and Palatine, extending from northwest to southeast, lay the Roman race-course or the Circus Maximus. The work was begun by Tarquinius Priscus who drained the marshy ground and then had it made level. He assigned a part of this space to each of the thirty *curiæ* in which to hold their theatrical performances and games. As the theatres of that period were put up only temporarily, no provisions for a permanent structure were made. The first permanent building probably dates back to the second Tarquin. The arena proper was about one thousand nine hundred feet long and four hundred wide. The Aventine and Palatine

extended along either side and formed a semicircle at the southeast end. The other was closed by a row of *carceres* or, stables in which the chariots were kept before the races. These *carceres* were built about 329 B.C. The whole structure gradually increased in size and magnificence, and after the great improvements made by Julius Cæsar, the Circus Maximus had become one of the most wonderful works of Rome.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus was the first to give us a description of the circus. The lower tiers of seats were of stone, the upper ones of wood. They were supported by three rows of arches under which was a line of booths and shops. The first row of seats, the *podium*, raised twelve feet above the course, was protected by a rail. To make it still more secure in the case of animal fights, Julius Cæsar had a ditch eleven feet deep dug just inside the wall. During the empire the *podium* was reserved for senators and the next tiers for the knights; the third class occupied the remainder. The women, who had a section for themselves at the theatres, here mingled with the men.

The divisions were marked by railings and were cut into wedge-shaped sections by steps running from top to bottom. Often the emperor or presiding magistrate reserved a whole section for his friends or even for strangers. Sixty-four doorways led into the structure. The spectators reached them through broad galleries. So well arranged were they that there was never a crush in leaving the circus. The seats were wide enough to allow a man to pass without brushing against those who were seated, and a groove ran along each row to lead off the water in case of a sudden rain-storm.

The main entrance to the arena was at the northwest end. The gateway passed between two large buildings, each containing two *carceres*. These buildings also contained the

cages of wild beasts and the dwellings of their keepers. Moreover, the loges of the emperor and presiding magistrate were situated at the top. Up to the time of Claudius, the *carceres* were made of volcanic sandstone. That emperor had marble ones erected in their stead. Opposite the main gate was the *Porta Triumphalis* by which the victorious charioteer left the circus.

Down the middle of the course ran a *spina* with *metæ* or turning posts at each end. Each one consisted of three conical columns placed close together on a stone foundation. At first they were made of wood, but Claudius replaced them by others of bronze. The *spina* itself, a wall twelve feet wide and four high, was surmounted by statues and columns. Augustus erected on it an obelisk which is now in the Piazza del Popolo, and Constantine added another now near the Lateran. A platform, containing seven egg-shaped bodies or *ova* was situated on the middle of the *spina*. Each race consisted of seven laps, and at the completion of each lap one of these bodies was removed. This enabled the spectators to see how much of the race had been run. During the republic, there was no wall between the turning-posts, but the *spina* was marked by a row of statues and pillars.

The chief events that took place in the circus were the chariot-races. The chariots were small and light, and when drawn by two horses were known as a *biga*, when with four a *quadriga*. A team of three appeared very seldom, but experts sometimes drove teams of from six to ten horses. In the case of a *biga* both animals were under a yoke. In a *quadriga*, however, the two on the outside ran in traces. The horse on the left was usually the best, for on it rested most of the strain of the short turns. These horses were gathered from all quarters by experts who took into consideration pedigree, age and build. The five-year olds were deemed the best. The price scarcely ever fell below fifteen hundred dollars, and yet, according to Vano, there were at his time four hundred thousand of these animals in Rome.

In the earlier days, the citizens themselves drove in the races. In later years, however, they refused to appear for the amusement of the people, and the office passed to the lower classes especially slaves and freed-men. As in the case of the teams, skilful drivers were brought from all quarters. The charioteers stood in the chariots, but not unclothed

as among the Greeks. They wore short, sleeveless tunics gathered at the waist by a belt. The reins were fastened about their bodies, to enable them to get a more secure hold. Each man carried a knife with which to cut the traces, should the horses become unruly. A leather helmet that covered forehead and cheeks served as some protection in case of a fall. For the same reason arms and legs frequently had a like covering. The tunics, as well as the chariots and harness, bore the owner's colours.

Though the sympathy for a charioteer and his team was great the interest manifested during the republic rested chiefly on the party-spirit that sprang up soon after the introduction of the races. Even during the republic there were two factions, the red and the white, so called because the drivers wore red or white tunics. Two more, the blue and the green came in at the beginning of the empire. The red and the white disappeared soon after, and in later years we hear only of the green and the blue factions.

The chief support of these parties were the companies that undertook to furnish the supplies for the games. As the magistrates in charge of the sports never had enough horses and men of their own, rich capitalists of the knightly rank provided all that was necessary. They kept large stock-farms and numerous slaves who were trained as drivers. Free men, however, were also employed. Each faction had its own training-quarters, *stabulum*, where horses and chariots were kept and where trainers and charioteers lived. At the head was the *quæstor factionis*. He kept an account of the money taken in or paid out and divided the gains among the owners or *domini factionis*. In addition to trainers, drivers, veterinary surgeons and stable-boys, there were many mechanics, tailors and engravers who made chariots and trappings.

After the formation of these companies it became the fashion to wear one or other of the representative colours. Everyone, from the highest to the lowest, the emperor not excluded, worked himself to so intense an excitement over a mere colour that tumults often arose. This spirit, which out-lived even the Western Empire, was still stronger in Constantinople. Here it had assumed more of a political and religious colouring. During the reign of Justinian, one riot after a race lasted three days.

Let us return to Rome and witness a race

during the early days of the empire. The games have been announced long before, and the names of horses and drivers have been given out. On the streets, in the houses, even at the schools, one hears of nothing but the races. Some people go to soothsayers to find out which colour will win. At the training quarters all is excitement. New horses and drivers are trained carefully, and the owners appear frequently to note the progress. Agents of respective factions are trying to bribe the charioteers of others. Some trainers employ magicians to cast a spell over the opposing teams. A drop of this poison in a horse's ear will make him unmanageable. However, neither magician nor poison can harm the steeds of our faction. Those small silver bells on the harness bear a charm against that.

As the day draws near great masses of people pour into Rome from all Italy. The houses of the knights and senators are filled with guests, and whoever has no more room applies to a friend. On the eve of the races people begin to pour into the circus as early as midnight. Though the building will hold over two hundred and fifty-thousand, all who would like to see the games can not find room. Many a poor man has obtained a good place which he will sell to-morrow to one in better circumstances. He can live for months on the proceeds. Day dawns and still the people are coming. The *designatores* or ushers are running about half-distracted in their efforts to find seats for the crowd. As yet, the *podium* is unoccupied. That is reserved for senators, vestals and foreign ambassadors. The seats set apart for the knights also fill slowly, though many a man of the third class has slipped in. The *designator* has just caught sight of one. He hustles the intruder over the rail and drives him to the top row.

At last the immense building is filled. Let us take a look at the crowded seats. There are senators and knights with all their decorations, and the other citizens are also in their national dress, the toga. However heavy and inconvenient this garment may be, custom requires it. In the first days of the empire, all were obliged to go bareheaded, but this was soon abolished by edict. A hum, or rather a muffled roar, goes up from that throng. The crowd is too excited to pay any heed to the small boys who are offering refreshments.

Suddenly a burst of music is heard and the spectators become silent. The festal procession approaches, and now the head, a band of

musicians, enter the main gate. Behind them comes the magistrate in charge of the games. According to custom, he has all the insignia of a triumphant general. Clothed in the *tunica palmata* and purple toga and bearing an ivory sceptre, he stands in a triumphal chariot. A slave holds a golden crown over his head and a group of clients in white togas follow him. Behind the magistrate come the statues of the gods and of the emperor, escorted by the priests. The procession moves slowly and solemnly around the arena, and then the members take their respective places. The musicians take their stand over the *carceres* and the magistrate ascends to his loge.

At a signal the *carceres* are opened and four teams rush out. Their positions have been assigned by lot, and they draw up before a rope at the first turning-post. At length the magistrate drops a white cloth or *nappa*. It is the signal to start. The rope falls and the competitors are off amid the deafening shouts of the spectators. Thick dust envelopes horses and drivers who are bent low over the teams, encouraging them with voice and whip. Now this one leads, now that one. The experienced charioteer restrains his horses for the finish, for the entire distance is about five miles. Six *ova* have been taken down; but one lap remains. The dust clears for a moment. The racers are in the last stretch, but there are only three. Where is the fourth? In trying to make the last turn the charioteer cut in too closely. The chariot struck the *meta*, and was shattered. The unfortunate driver has been badly hurt. The spectators do not mind this; it is a common occurrence. The main point is, which of the three remaining teams will win? All are nearing the line in a bunch. The drivers are urging their steeds to stronger efforts. The spectators are shouting like madmen to encourage their favourites. They stand upon the benches, wave their cloaks or clap their hands. At last what a cheer goes up from the wearers of the blue—the charioteer in blue forces his team to a last desperate spurt, and passes the line just ahead of the others.

The first race is ended. One follows another till evening falls. In all twenty-four have been run. The victorious drivers step before the magistrate's loge to receive their prizes. They salute him with their whips, and as each prize is given out, the winner's name is proclaimed by a herald. If he is a free man he

keeps the reward; if not it must be given to the *questor* of his faction. Cæcina Volateranius is said to have used a novel means to announce a victory to his distant friends. In passing from Greece to Rome, where his *quadriga* was entered for a race, he brought a swallow from the house of each of his friends. As he belonged to the blue faction, bits of blue ribbon were tied about the birds' necks. Then, as his victorious charioteer stepped before the magistrate to receive the crown, Cæcina set the swallows free and they fly at once to their homes.

To-day, the valley is lonely and barren. The magnificent Circus Maximus, the scene of so many grand spectacles, has disappeared. A Jewish cemetery lies among the ruins, and the brook Marana creeps sluggishly along between banks overgrown with tall reeds.

The Coquette.

Myriads of electric lights cast their rays to the floor; a large fountain sent forth sprays of water which glitter in the light. Across the floor came the coquette, a black lace mantilla carelessly thrown across her white shoulders. Her eyelashes twinkle, her eyes sparkle. She looks back over her shoulder at the men that gaze after her. Her finger comes quickly to her carmine lips as young Smith approaches her. On she glides, her skirt rustling, her little red slippers showing, her eyes playing. She shakes her fan at a doctor; she nods to a clergyman; she smiles at an actor.

"A sweet patient," says the doctor.

"A fair penitent," thinks the clergyman.

"A true Bohemian," mutters the actor.

The poet is still, but he is attracted by her gayety, her beauty of figure and face. Mrs. Samuels, deserted, with her two sedate daughters, comments sarcastically on her. Old Sommers, bachelor and roué, turns his monocle on her. A young officer, late from the war, grows abstracted as she passes. Near the arbor she talks to a tall, dark man. She plays with her fan and makes figures with her little red slipper, for she knows the eyes of the men are on her; but he gesticulates and frowns. But she can not remain serious, and thus she goes on—now serious, then smiling; he frowning, she nodding, her eyes playing—and the lawyer, clergyman, doctor and poet in the distance and looking.

J. M.

Varsity Verse.

INGRATITUDE.

A KIN to Pride—coeval with our race,—
Ingratitude! Fit climax for man's woe.
'Mid Moses' train in olden times didst sow
A deathless seed that caused God's kindly face
To turn in wrath; His sons their destined place
He bade them enter not, but to and fro
For forty years by Thee condemned to go
In futile search through deserts' boundless space.

Product of Satan's wiles! well hast thou played
Thy rôle on countless hearts since time began.
Thy past career bespeaks thy future sway
O'er humankind. Thy venal darts invade
With equal fury ev'ry age of man,—
Thee healed, as old, forget and walk away.

T. C.

PARTING.

So now, dear friend, I say farewell!
Though you have e'er been good and true,
But for one fault, I'd love you still,
Nor would I ever part from you.

For often in the days long past
With you I strolled where roses sleep,
Or sat beside a rippling brook
Where humming waters sweep.

In evening hours when work was done
And books and pen were laid away,
I never had a dearer friend
To drive away the cares of day.

And when at night I sat with you
Near to my heart you were caress'd,
Nor could I have a sweeter joy
Than when you to my lips were press'd.

You question how it is I would
Take up a newer friend for thee?
The cause is plain, as you may know,
My old cob-pipe, you're strong for me.

N. R. F.

WHEN THERE'S "REC."

How charming to the student's ear,
And what a welcome boon!
The news spreads fast through every hall:
"There's rec this afternoon."

The idle fellow sitting there,
Who frets and longs for June,
Picks up his cap and wildly shouts:
"There's rec this afternoon."

The scholar poring o'er his books,
His desk with papers strewn,
Looks up and smiles, "Well, what's the use?
There's rec this afternoon."

Ah! the busy world awaits beyond,
And time will very soon
Take us beyond those joyful words,
"There's rec this afternoon."

F. E. Q.

The Sentimentality of Mr. Brice.

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.

Something surely had happened to Brice. He was known to his fellow-brokers on the street as a cautious, conservative man, cold and calculating. It was a matter of street history, as familiar to the messenger boys on Change as it was in the big offices of Morgan and Company, how Brice had seen a fortune melt before the onslaught of the Bears, and had coolly finished reading an editorial in the *Times* on Tammany and its Methods before he lowered his eyes to read his ruin from the ticker.

The waiter who had served him every night at just this hour for the past ten years stood at a respectful distance and wondered. Brice was usually most methodical. He always came into Delmonico's at just ten o'clock, and the stroke of eleven saw him go out from the big doors to Broadway. But now it was far by eleven and he still sat at his table. The hard lines and the square jaw had softened a bit, an unconscious smile and the half-smoked cigar, long since cold, showed that Brice himself did not know that something had happened.

A kind of friendship had sprang up between Brice and the waiter who had so faithfully served his supper just to his liking for the past ten years. The waiter intuitively knew that the broker should not be disturbed, and he jealously watched that no one came near, especially the gossiping, chattering holiday parties that were coming in.

It was Christmas Eve, and for the first time in ten years Brice was thinking of it. He did not know himself what started the thought, unless it was when he stopped in front of Wanamaker's to watch the crowd for a moment. Then he had felt for the first time since coming to New York that he was alone, and, all in all, a stranger. The thought made him a bit chilly. He wondered that it had never occurred to him before. He saw thousands hurrying, scurrying, laughing, talking, joking, and one and all looked merry. Even the newsboy cried "Huxtree" with a something in his voice that spoke of Christmas Eve.

Somehow or other as he stood there on Broadway and saw the laden throng pass by and realized he was not of them,—that was what struck him most, he was not of them—he

forgot about bulls and bears and points and margins. It rather shocked him as he thought of the days in the West when he was trying to grind out a living and a reputation from the law, the days before he had learned to filch thousands in a gentlemanly way. He strove to drive these thoughts from his mind on the way to Delmonico's, to forget the old scenes and their memories, but when he alighted from the cab at the entrance he did not see the crowd on the street nor the clanging cable-cars nor the gay throng in the big dining-hall, but instead a big house in a Western city with a wide lawn in front and two big bronze lions in the yard.

Mechanically he walked to his accustomed table and ate his supper as though nothing had happened. Surely he must not have his waiter see him smiling or looking sentimental. The harsh lines deepened for a moment and the jaw squared, but as soon as the cigar was well under way Brice thought again of the big house and the bronze lions.

Somehow this was the first Christmas Eve in many that he had thought of the girl. Although she was now at Molokai, still she was the girl. He had thought that when she entered a convent all things feminine ceased for him only so far as they invested in stocks.

The hours beneath the big trees, the hard work he put in to win cases to attract her notice and admiration, the presents he made, came back in a flood. Above all and last, practical and successful man of affairs that he was, he could not help thinking of a Christmas Eve a long time ago when he told her of his love, but too late. Another and One higher had been his rival and had won, and the lepers of Molokai were to receive what Brice had lost. Then he had hated to think of her beauty and talents and soft charms wasting beneath the leper's curse. He was proud and stormed, and the thing ended in a quarrel. He knew now he was wrong. Strange he had never thought of it before!—but perhaps he had not had time or had never stopped before in front of Wanamaker's on Christmas Eve to watch the throng pass by. He knew more of life now than then. He had seen New York, and consequently the world. For his lost happiness there were a thousand poor devils the better, a thousand heaps of rottenness drank cool water and listened to a soft voice and saw a pure face, because the girl had gone over the seas to Molokai.

The waiter coughed; Brice started. His cigar was out and the big clock showed far past eleven. The jaw was not square when he arose and was helped into his top coat by his waiter. The man coughed again, this time much harder, and presently said: "Thank you, sir," with much earnestness. The broker returned gently, "It's Christmas Eve," and the waiter in his own mind tried to think of a previous Christmas Eve in ten years that the broker had said this, gave it up, and concluded that surely something had happened. He turned, and watched the portly figure as it went down the big hall among the gay throng and out of sight.

The managing editor of the big daily down on Park Row tapped the arm of his chair with a pencil and said:

"I'm sure, Mr. Brice, this is a rather novel proposition, but of course we are but too glad to accept it. It will give us a big 'scoop' and a page story. But we should much rather have your name in connection with this because—" The managing editor hemmed and checked himself. He did not feel like telling the broker *why* he would like to use his name in connection with a charity dinner, for Brice was not noted particularly among his associates on the street for charity. The professional instinct of the editor caused him to sigh as he thought of the stunner he would lose if the broker refused to allow his name to be used. Brice returned:

"Emphatically, no. If my name is to be used in any way I call the deal off. You people may have the credit if you wish; all I ask is that you fix the details. Pick out the lowest—the poor devils who stand the least show of ever getting a square treat—this is all I wish. I'll call again at ten."

The managing editor thought the affair of such importance that he put the Sunday magazine "special" on the write-up. The next morning's issue of the *World* had a full column in leaded type with the head-lines:

"Big Charity Dinner! The *World* gives a Christmas dinner to-day at twelve to a whole tenement!" And then the account went on:

"Through the munificence of a prominent, New Yorker, who made the novel proposition that the persons of the poorest tenement in the city should receive a big Christmas dinner at his expense, the *World* is enabled to do a great charitable work.

"The *World* was chosen because of its great enterprise and its ability to perform wonders in a few hours. Although but five hours have elapsed since the proposition was made still the tenement has been selected, every inmate notified of the time and place, and the dinner will be served on a grand scale to-day at twelve.

"The *World* would like to publish the name of the benefactor, but it was made an absolute part of the agreement that his name should not be hinted at in any way. The whole story, with descriptions and scenes from the festive gathering of the poorest of the poor in Hell's Kitchen, will come out in to-night's issue."

A few minutes past twelve Brice and the managing editor alighted from a cab about a block from the scene of the dinner. They entered the hall unobserved and stood by the door. Two reporters were taking notes and a sketch artist was busy with his pencil. The "poorest of the poor of Hell's Kitchen" were there just as the *World* had said. They were there in all stages of dress, if there can be said to have been any stages in the garments they wore. They ate and drank, and each jealously watched his share, afraid that the good things could not last, for never before in their experience had good things lasted. There was stillness, and nothing was heard except the steady munching sound as the jaws worked. Only once a kid yelled across the table: "Say dere, dis is no Mill's lodgin'-house dream! Dis is de goods and dey ain't afraid to dish 'em out."

It was an old thing to the managing editor, and he had his eye centred on striking details and things for a good story. But Brice looked the motley crowd over and he saw them dirty, pinched, hungry, many criminals on a small scale, but willing to be such on a larger if the chance should come; diseased, and somehow he thought again of Molokai. And as the managing editor held the door to allow the broker to pass through he thought he heard him say:

"If the street ever hears of it! I wonder if the waiter thinks I'm a sentimental fool!"

THE world is full of intellectual light and moral fervor, which is hidden from the most as it is hidden from savages and mere animals. Become thyself and thou shalt find thyself in a heavenly kingdom.—*Spalding*.

Zebulon Pike and Pike's Peak.

JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY, '02.

"All, all are gone,
Yet still lives on
The fame of those who die."

Who has not heard of Pike's Peak; yet how many can tell you, if you ask them, what that name means? What chivalric associations does not the very mention of that name bring to anyone that knows a little of the history of the hero, Zebulon Pike? Well, to tell you about it, so that you can tell your friends, let us go back about ninety-seven years, when Thomas Jefferson occupied the president's chair.

Shortly after the closing of the Mississippi valley to American trade, and after a long negotiation with Napoleon Bonaparte, President Jefferson, in 1804, purchased what was known as the Louisiana Territory. This territory comprised the present states of Kansas, Arkansas, Iowa, Colorado and perhaps other states. Its actual boundaries were unknown, and very little more was known of its inhabitants or resources. A few missionaries and traders had once or twice travelled through it, but their records were too vague to be of any practical service. Thus it happened that the Government detailed two expeditions to explore the Missouri and the Platte rivers. The Missouri party were under Captains Lewis and Clarke, and the explorers of the Platte were under Zebulon Pike.

Pike's order was afterwards changed, and he was directed to the country lying between the Red river and the Rocky mountains to locate the boundaries between northern Mexico and Louisiana. Strange to say that being sent, as he was, on a great surveying expedition, he had no surveyor assigned him, no clerk in his company except Lieutenant Pike himself, who expresses his condition in these words: "I was at once commanding officer, clerk, surveyor, spy, guide and hunter for the party; and kept my journal and drew my sketches at night by the camp fire in the open air."

Pike's party consisted of twenty men, with a supply of provisions for four months. They started for Bellfontaine on June 11, 1806. They first ascended the Osage river until it became too shallow to float their boats, then they crossed over to the Kansas and next to the Arkansas, sometimes carrying their

boats instead of the boats carrying them. But hardships they had to endure, and this was not yet by any means the greatest; their food-supply had not yet totally disappeared, and they could at least work with a full stomach.

On November 23 they reached the third fork of the Arkansas, near what is now known as the San Carlos. After a day's rest they built here a breastwork of logs and left a few men to guard it while the rest pushed on toward the Grand Fork. Now began their real sufferings. Often they had to sleep in the open air, in the snow without as much as a blanket to cover themselves. They rested a few days, and again set out along the northern side of Fountanque Bouille, keeping close to the mountains, and in a short time reached the base of the Cheyenne mountains, which stood directly in front of High Peak. They began their perilous ascent with the hope and desire of gaining the summit of that peak which now bears the name of their daring leader, and which stands 14,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Their first day's journey up the mountain was tiresome and difficult. They were compelled to climb rocks almost perpendicular, with wellnigh frozen limbs and hungry stomachs; and at last when the shades of night cast their sombre mantle over them, they found not much relief. Their lodging-place was a cave where they lay down without food, water or blankets. In the morning, however, when they gazed down at the prospect below them, they declared that they felt amply repaid for their sufferings by its grandeur, though at the same time they were fairly freezing and starving, parched and sore from the climbing of the day before. On they went undaunted, and on reaching the summit of High Peak, they were up to their waists in snow, and the thermometer marked four degrees below zero. Imagine their surprise and pain when they beheld the object of their toil sixteen miles distant, and twice as high as the mountain they had just climbed. It would cost them a whole day of hard marching to reach even the base of their desired peak. The kind-hearted Pike believed it to be all but impossible for any human being to reach the summit. His soldiers were clad in light overalls, with no stockings in their rough military boots, and besides were half famished, and so he would not allow them to advance. Thus it was through an act of mercy that Pike never ascended the magnificent peak that bears

his name—which name was not given to it until 1859, forty-six years after Pike's death.

Grievously disappointed our hero and his companions retraced their steps, amid renewed misfortunes and hardships, to the Arkansas river. Their provisions were so scant that four of them had for a whole day to subsist on one single partridge and a piece of a deer's rib. At the end of two weeks' starvation they shot a buffalo, and for the first time in those two weeks appeased their hunger. While Pike was crossing South Park, he came upon a vast Indian camping ground, in the midst of which stood a colossal wooden cross. "This is a sign," declared Pike, "that the Indians are Catholics."

The explorer next traversed the Wet Mountain valley and crossed over the Sergre de Christo mountains, near where Fort Garland now stands. Here he made his fatal mistake. He took the Rio Grande river for the Red river, and advancing about eighteen miles along it, he built a fort which he intended to make the headquarters of his explorations. Scarcely had he finished his work when a band of Mexican cavalry bore down upon him, and demanded that he should accompany them to Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico. To his astonished protests they replied that he was invading Mexican territory, and was on the Rio Grande and not on the Red river. He was carried to Santa Fé and thence away South to Chihuahua in Old Mexico. This capture ruined Pike's expedition, and it was not till several months afterwards that he returned through Texas to the United States.

Seven years later, in our second war with England, this valiant soldier, or brigadier-general, led a body of American troops against Little York in Canada, and there received his death wound. He was struck in the head by a stove thrown in the explosion of a magazine which the English had prepared beneath a large castle. However, he did not expire till he saw the British town and seven hundred of the enemy in the hands of the victorious Americans.

The Ruler

The fates of empire on thee rest,
For naught withstands thy sway,
And peace from man thou'rt fain to wrest
Since Eden's fateful day.

Aye, oft thou'st proved a bane to man,
And oft made eyes grow dim;
For care thou canst too lightly span,
Since thou art woman's whim. E. E. W.

When Fox Meets Fox.

ROBERT E. HANLEY, 1903.

Landsbury was seated at his desk vainly trying to solve the intricacies of a passage in Demosthenes. Something besides Greek was occupying his mind, for every few moments Jack would gaze into space and become utterly oblivious of the fact that such a person as Demosthenes had ever existed. Finally he tossed his dictionary aside in disgust, threw himself back in his chair, and savagely muttered: "If George Morton thinks that he's going to take Maud Black to the game next week he's mightily mistaken. I know he's going to call on Friday and ask her to go with him, but if I can help it he himself won't be here on that day."

After he had finished this soliloquy, Jack spent some minutes in deepest thought. Scheme after scheme passed through his mind only to be discarded as impracticable. But little by little his countenance underwent a complete transformation. The muscles around his mouth began to contract, and a cunning smile appeared. The smile developed into a chuckle of delight, and Jack gleefully exclaimed: "That will fix him all right."

Jack had never been an extraordinary student, but for the next three days his answers in class were even worse than usual. He did not mingle with his former companions, but went around alone. One of Jack's chums seeing him walking about the campus in an abstracted manner, remarked to a friend:

"What in thunder is the matter with Jack Landsbury? For the last couple of days he walks by his old friends without seeing them—there must be something on his mind."

"I shouldn't wonder if there is," volunteered the friend, and perhaps it's a girl."

"Perhaps," said the other,—"but let's go over and speak to him."

They walked to the other end of the campus where Jack was pacing to and fro.

"Hello! old man," said the chum, "what the deuce has come over you for the last two days? You go about as if you had suddenly become a 'guard.'"

"I haven't been feeling very well for the last day or so," answered Jack, with a tell-tale redness, but I guess I'll be all right soon."

"I hope so," said his chum.

George Morton's actions during the week

before the game were almost the opposite to those of Jack. He went about his tasks in his usual happy and careless way. The company of Maud Black at the game was almost a certainty, and the only one that could upset his plans was Jack Landsbury. At first he did not think that such a thing was possible, but when he saw Jack so reserved and quiet he concluded that some plan was afoot. The bare possibility of Maud being in Jack Landsbury's company at the game made George very angry and he determined to prevent it by some means or other.

It was not long before he had formed a plan which, in his opinion, could not fail. And when this was done he began to call up visions of a football field surrounded by a wall of frantically yelling humanity. He saw himself beside the lovely Maud, explaining to her the technicalities of the play, and he could almost hear her ejaculations:

"The horrid thing! he struck one of our boys.—Oh dear! he must be killed."

The clang of the clock recalled Morton to the world of reality, and told him that it was time for class.

Whenever Jack and George would meet, each would very solicitously inquire about the other's health, and, strange to say, they would also ask about 'the folk at home.' Then as George would pass on he would smile knowingly and say to himself: "It's a shame to do it, but they say all's fair in love and football."

Two days before the game, while George was sitting in his big arm-chair dreamingly watching the smoke from his cigar wreath and float away, he heard a knock at the door. In answer to his "come in," a messenger boy appeared with a telegram. George hastily tore it open and read:

"Come home immediately. Charles has met with an accident.—PETER MORTON."

George looked at his watch and found that the next train left in twenty minutes. Hurriedly throwing a few things in his portmanteau, he rushed downstairs, called a cab, and was on his way to the railroad station. He barely had time to buy a ticket and get on the train before he heard the conductor cry: "All aboard." As the train sped onward George muttered to himself: "I guess this is retribution for the trick I played on Jack."

Jack Landsbury had classes all forenoon on the day when George received his telegram.

At noon, as he was going to dinner, he himself was handed a telegram. Opening it he read:

"Your sister has suddenly fallen ill. Come at once.—L. J. LANDSBURY."

Jack was astonished, because he had received a letter from his sister only the day before. But he did not pause to think more about the matter. An hour later he was on the train going home.

"It's a strange coincidence," thought Jack, as he watched the trees and fields fly by, "that the trick I played on George Morton, should come back on me in earnest. I'll not send any more fake telegrams."

On the day before the big contest, Miss Maud Black waited in vain for either Jack Landsbury or George Morton to appear, and as evening fell she was very angry at the seeming desertion of her two admirers.

Not until Claude Preston called was her equanimity restored. He told her that both Jack and George had been called home, and he asked to have the pleasure of her company at the game. She accepted his invitation, and the next day Claude was kept busy explaining the details of the play to her.

On Monday Jack and George returned to college. Each had found his family in the best of health, and each saw that he had been tricked at his own game. Two more disappointed and crestfallen schemers than Jack Landsbury and George Morton would be hard to find when they realized that Claude Preston had completely won over Miss Black by his untiring devotion to her during the game.

A Young Girl's Heart.

Life has no shadows for these young girls. Their faces are as fresh as the morning breeze. Those at the window are looking at the red roses moist with dew which glisten in the sun like great rubies sprinkled with pearls. At the piano a young girl is playing softly an old melody; another is reading the morning paper.

"Clyde Blake is dead," she says without looking from the page.

The music ceases, and one face is whiter than the jessamine on the young girl's gown. Her hands still rest on the keys, and she stares at the score like a hare charmed by a cunning serpent.

A single scream bursts from her lips, and she swoons in the arms of her friends. G.W.B.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 11, 1902.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University.

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

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

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

The Board of Editors.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901

| | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| FRANCIS DUKETTE, 1902 | JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902 |
| H. EWING BROWN, 1902 | GEORGE BURKITT, 1902 |
| JOHN P. O'HARA, 1902 | FRANCIS SCHWAB, 1902 |
| P. J. MACDONOUGH, 1903 | ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902 |
| LEO J. HEISER, 1902 | JOHN J. HENNESSY, 1902 |
| VITUS G. JONES, 1902 | WILLIAM A. SHEA, 1902 |
| JOSEPH L. TOOHEY, 1902 | JOHN P. CURRY, 1901 |
| JOSEPH KELLEHER, 1902 | FRANCIS J. BARRY, 1903 |

REPORTERS.

| | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| ROBERT E. LYNCH | J. PATRICK O'REILLY |
| P. P. MCELLIGOTT | JOHN HARTE |
| | J. DOHAN. |

The Visit of Mgr. Falconio.

A signal honour was paid to our *Alma Mater* last Tuesday when his Excellency, Mgr. Diomede Falconio, Delegate Apostolic to Canada, visited the University. The eminent prelate had officiated at a brilliant ecclesiastical function in Chicago, and was due to return to Ottawa to resume the important business of the Delegation on Tuesday; but he delayed his departure from "the States" a day in order to visit Notre Dame and St. Mary's. We are happy to say that he showed the deepest interest in the workings of the University, and expressed admiration at its marvellous growth, its elaborate equipment and the quality of its work. His Excellency promises to return for a longer visit soon.

With Mgr. Falconio were the auditor of the Canadian Delegation, Father Shaefer, who made a most favourable impression; the Very Rev. Hugh Crevier, O. S. M., Provincial of the Servite Order; Father J. Bergeron of the Church of Notre Dame, Chicago; Father B. Maguire, O. S. M., of the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, and Father Charles O'Reilly of St. Columkille's.

—Just before the work of the fall session closed Professor Paradis' art class had on exhibition in the parlor, many clever charcoal sketches and a few water-color drawings. Men that know say that there is a big improvement both in the scope and the artistic finish of the work of this year over that of last. Those of us that were present at the display of the work of the art class a year ago understand what favourable criticism it then evoked. The young artists that supplied the sketches for the exhibition this year, Mr. John Worden, Mr. Orrin White, Mr. John Willard and Mr. Eugenio Rayneri, are the ones that produced some of the best work last year.

We notice the improvement of these young gentlemen, and we wonder why we have not more enthusiasts in Professor Paradis' studio; if not to become painters, at least to get that perfection—the power to criticise and appreciate a painting—which is necessary to a man if he would have culture.

—With the beginning of the new year the SCHOLASTIC finds itself sadly in need of verse and prose. And is looking for all those with bits of verse, essays or stories to turn them in as soon as possible.

The Christmas vacation must have been prolific of many clever romances, perhaps a few tragedies, and an abundance of sonnets or at least rondeaus. These we would like to see on paper, for they certainly must be good, being wrapt up as they are in the author's very existence.

The cleverness of a college paper does not depend upon the number of ponderous essays it may contain, historical or philosophical. Those, for the greater part, are but the rehashing of another's trite thoughts, and usually expressed in language poorer than that of the author from whom they were taken. They do not appeal to the undergraduate, for the style is heavy, and to the man of erudition they are but the work of a novice. So to us it seems that they are without a mission. The essays we desire are those that have a literary turn and finish, or deal with subjects that are in themselves of great interest.

Short clever stories, pastels and verse are the things that give a paper its standing. They appeal to the undergraduate and to the graduate on account of their originality. So these are the things that we seek, for they show work and thought. The biographical

essay, as a rule, represents nothing but a certain amount of time.

The Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC is the Editors' number, containing as it does their best efforts. Easter Sunday seems a long way off, but we can not begin too soon our work for this number. Each man is limited to from one to three columns; so it is up to us to work.

—The relative training of men and women along the paths of higher education seems to be solved by Miss Celestia S. Parrish in an article, "Should the Higher Education of Women be the Same as that of Men"? This question has caused many an unwise philosopher to rack his gray matter; but from the excerpts in the current *Literary Digest* we conclude that Miss Parrish solves the question to her own satisfaction.

She states that the higher education of men and women should be in different fields, "to allow each to assume different phases of the complex work which the home and family necessitate." This upsets our old doctrine of harmony in thought, action, and feeling of man and wife. Then she says, after glancing over the course of education of a Bryan Mawr, A. B.: "By the time she reaches her Ph. D. degree, and even before, she may have attained a fairly good balance of powers, but one would hardly consider her ready without further study to regulate her own life before and after marriage so as to secure the best results for her children. Without assiduous study she would hardly know enough of physiology or hygiene to regulate the physical life of a little child; hardly enough of the psychological laws to train the delicate organism, the child-mind; certainly not enough of chemistry or the hygiene of foods to prevent hopeless indigestion of her household; not enough of bacteriology to guard intelligently a household against germ diseases."

And yet this old world has been going on; and mothers without a single thought on psychology, bacteriology or chemistry raising households of lusty, brawny children. And the peculiar fact about it too is that the women, who, before kneeling at the altar of Hymen, wait until they get their Ph. D., or make assiduous studies into chemistry, bacteriology, and psychology, with the intention of raising a superior household, have no offspring to try their wonderful theories on.

Our Teams.

The gym will afford us most pleasure from now on. Every day we shall mark the progress of our men in baseball and track athletics. Now and then there will be contests of such a nature as to arouse us to congratulation and enthusiasm. Among the candidates for the track team are many old, familiar faces—Herbert, Kirby, Sullivan, Hoover, Staples, Gearin, Uffendall, Steele, and Richon. With this aggregation, ours can hardly be called a one-man team, as it used to. We have different men to shine in the different events. However, there are still a few, on each of whom we can depend in a pinch to bring us ten or more points.

Last year we had a track team of which we felt proud. The team this year promises to create a similar feeling in us. The absence of Corcoran is a big loss, but one that may be compensated for by the "coming out" of Dad Moulton's protégés. The man that surprised us most last year was Kirby. The others did big things, but these were expected. We look to Kirby to startle us again. He will be able to get back to form early, and ought to establish a record in one or other of his events.

We have been, and hope to remain, strong in the runs and hurdles. What we are weak in is the shot-put and jumps. When we had Glynn and Eggeman we had no concern over these events. They gave us our best points. Things are different now. We want men to come out and work along these lines. Just think of it, fellows, a place on the team means a seat at the training table, a daily rub by "Boots," a trip now and then; not to consider the likelihood of meriting newspaper notice, medals, and popularity; nor to contemplate the best inducement of all, the glory of our own *Alma Mater*.

The new fellows that have come out so far "to make" the team deserve some notice. They are a "game bunch," and are going to give some of the veterans a fight for place. This is just the thing, fellows; make it good and hot for them. Make them feel some suspense and uncertainty about their places. The competition will make them exert their best powers, and if they put you down in the end, they will have done something that will stand by them in their contests with outsiders.

There is a spirit of rivalry among the candidates for the baseball team. The contestants for positions are many, and nobody has a "cinch" for place. The practice so far has been of a good, snappy order; the batting in particular has been strong. One fine day the men appeared outside on the Brownson diamond, and their work was nearly faultless. "Bobby" had out his little book, in which he jotted down a memorandum of the individual merits of the players. He filled the book from cover to cover. What a time he will have in selecting his men, if he is to depend on any such thing as personal excellence. He will have to resort to lottery to determine who is entitled to a place.

The men that got on the baseball team last spring were, with one or two exceptions, well able to hold down their positions. There were some crack players among them, too. The team's weakness lay in the pitcher's box, not that the men in that place deserve any criticism; they did all that they could. The fact is they were in fast company. We have been accustomed to expect great work in the box. Gibson gave us the bad habit of depending on the pitcher to bear the burden of the game. Somehow, we still feel that the pitcher is pretty nearly the "whole thing," and if we are over-critical with him, he ought to allow something to this presumption of ours, and not take our censure to heart.

The box this coming spring, we predict, will be a tower of strength. In Ruehlbach, Dohan, Hogan and Higgins we have a set of twirlers that may well give us cause to rejoice. What we want, though, and insist upon, is hard, conscientious practice. The sooner all get down to form the better. Now attend to business, fellows, and we that can not work will do the shouting and cheering.

We started out well in athletics this year. Our football team won the State Championship. Let the other teams follow in the wake of the best eleven Notre Dame has had. We can not be content with local supremacy, we must extend our sphere. The Championship of the West is what we desire. In baseball and track athletics we have less competition for this distinction. In the coming meets and games, then, let us keep in mind this one aim; and when the year is over, we shall perhaps have the pleasure to know that the recognition heretofore denied our college in athletics has at last been gladly given to her.

P. P. McE.

Exchanges.

One of our co-workers on *The Exchange*—she of the young ladies' seminary—says the *Exchange man* would do better to comment less on the cover design and typography and more on the substance of the magazine mentioned. This, of course, was written most impersonally by the young lady. However much adverse to startling innovations, we must commend the sense of the remark. Who would have thought such puritanical simplicity of taste the part of the modern co-ed? Therefore we pass by the very artistic "get-up" of the December *Georgetown Journal* remarkless, and at once enter upon the meat of the magazine. Mind you, we shall not even say how cleverly it is illustrated and decorated. The thought of the opening bit of verse, "Holy Night," is poetical and its expression closely patterns after Tennyson's immortal little poem. "The Fool's Error" is well done. The olden, merry time of kings and Christmas-cheer is faithfully drawn, and the Fool is funny—as most fools are. The court physician takes unkindly the fool's refrain:

Some men are bald within their heads
And some are bald without,
But poor is he, whoe'er he be,
Who's bald both in and out.

There is an essay on "The Training of the Publicist" that eulogizes "This latest offspring of letters, the publicist," in words and figures most flowery and adorned. When allowance is made for the undue but perhaps sincere enthusiasm of the writer, the article is very readable. "The publicist is the writer who guides society by means of pamphlet literature; he is the student of current events, the philosopher of the world's movements, who embodies his thoughts and feelings in pamphlet form." Whether he is all this writer says he is, is a matter left to individual opinion. The sketches and verse, with but one possible exception, are good. The exchange man, too, has a pleasing address.

* * *

The *Minnesota Magazine* for January opens with a very pretentious article on "The Poems of Milton." Study, of course, is shown in the preparation of this paper; however, little that is original can now be said of Milton. "The Problem" contains substance for a clever sketch, yet it loses much in the telling. Under

the heading, "Evening Lights," the writer makes a sensible plea for the old and natural light of the heavens: "The lesser light to rule the night; He made the stars also."

The modern certainly takes his light in large lumps, and from the eye-destroying artificial suns and moons generations of barnacled youths must result. Yes, if we could "go back to the peaceful influences of the stars and the moonlight and the hearth fire." Stevenson says the stars are "cheerful whisperers;" we know they are a silent and blinking multitude ready on any cloudless night to receive confidences, and never ready to disclose them. There is creditable verse to be found in this number.

The January *Xavier* contains some well-prepared work. The opening verse, "The Christmas Dawn," though written on a hackneyed subject, contains a pretty thought and rhymes well. The dialect business should not be thoughtlessly taken up. Where there is nothing in fiction more desired than natural and spontaneous dialect, there is nothing so inexcusable as weak, unnatural attempts along this line. "The Squire's Christmas Goose" is too "long drawn out!" However, there are some natural touches that show talent, and the dialect is especially well written. The sketch "Silvio Pellico" is an instructive account of that unfortunate Italian's life. He will be remembered for his great tragic and poetic composition, "Francesca da Rimini."

"America's Literary Inferiority" goes at the matter in an ungloved manner. It is as well to make the best of it. Europe has still the better of us; but—just how long will this be? And does not some of our literary work compare favourably with England's present-day writers? America is young and conceited, still the thoughtful American knows he does not excel in everything, though, like others, he has hopes. "A Physical Study of Error" is written in favor of metaphysical arguments. The writer takes issue with Lewis who wrote of the metaphysicians: "Their folios on metaphysics are fossils, monstrous and lifeless forms of a former world, having little community with the life of our own." Metaphysics, indeed, is a lively corpse, though its real activity takes place in an atmosphere rare and not breathable except to those who live years in it. This tendency to grapple with abstruse problems is commendable. Only—the college man should o'erstep himself. F. F. D.

"The Juvenile Round Table."

If for no other purpose than to compare the "Juvenile Round Table" with a collection of those morbid productions daily stranded from the ocean of fancy, we should think that the Benziger Brothers' publication would prove an interesting volume. As each one appreciates his own judgment, and we have all a strange love for our own choosing, readers have a very special prejudice against every compilation—even the choicest. This selected collection of short stories, however, from twenty of our foremost Catholic writers, meets that common difficulty better than any of the similar editions. Some of the selections, we think, are too evidently intended to convey the moral, and such didactic, tame reading seldom fails to weary the young imaginative mind. But the stories—and some are especially clever,—the style of the writers and the incidents described are so contrasted that the volume on the whole is made very attractive to the juvenile reader. T. C.

Personals.

—Mr. E. Bosworth of Carroll Hall was delighted when his father called to see him Tuesday.

—Mr. Fred Baker of Dowagiac, Michigan, entered his son Clarence in Carroll Hall. Mr. Baker is well remembered from his visits two years ago.

—The Reverend John Wakefer (student from 1892-'5) payed a brief visit to the University Wednesday. Father Wakefer is stationed at Lafayette, Indiana.

—Mrs. W. D. Scott from Havre, Mont., entered her son, Robert, in Brownson Hall. Mrs. Scott made many friends while here, and we hope to have her call frequently.

—Mrs. Rochford of Omaha, Neb., came to the University during the week to enroll her son as a student of Carroll Hall. We hope to have the pleasure of seeing her soon.

—Mr. George Sweet, a brother of Brother Alphonsus and recently from the Philippines, has been at the University for the past few days. Mr. Sweet has spent three years in the Philippines, and understands the customs, the social, political and economic conditions of the Philippines. He takes no roseate view of a residence in this country, and is strongly opposed to a young American accepting a position there either as a teacher or for a commercial firm with the intention of making a livelihood. Mr. Sweet states that a man can not do much commercially in the Philippines unless he has great capital to back him up; all productive enterprises are held by English capitalists.

A Card of Sympathy

It is our sad task to chronicle the death of Walter Geoghegan (C. E. '98), which occurred at the home of his sister, Pittsburg, during the Christmas vacation. Here Walter had been making his home, as he was a civil engineer in the employment of the Pittsburg Construction Company. Typhoid pneumonia was the cause of his death.

Walter was one of the brightest men in the famous class of engineers that got out in 1898. He was one of the most genial men the University has known; and had that happy faculty of making friends wherever he went. In Pittsburg he was as popular as he had been at Notre Dame; and the papers speak about his funeral, which took place from St. Mary's Church, as "one of the largest and most pathetic seen there in years."

Mass was said this morning for the repose of his soul by the President.

* * *

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has taken unto Himself a brother of Professor McCue, be it

RESOLVED: That we the students of the Engineering courses tender to our beloved Professor, Martin McCue, and to the members of his family our deepest sympathy in this the hour of their sorrow and affliction; and be it

RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that they be also published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

FRANCISCO GASTON,
JOSE M. FALOMIR,
RUDOLPH M. GARZA,
THOMAS F. DWYER,—Committee.

Local Items.

—On Thursday morning Solemn High Mass was sung in the Sacred Heart Church for Professor Martin McCue's brother, who has recently died. The students attended.

—During the holidays Harry E. Brown made an address in the parlour, tendering the congratulations of the students in the University to the President. Father Morrissey responded with warmth.

—Dr. Dave has returned from his vacation, and says the onions are so big in Wethersfield you wouldn't know them. Instead of stopping at Niagara, he spent a few days at Pittsfield.—We wonder why?

—Dr. Stafford of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, will lecture in Washington Hall next week on Julius Cæsar. Dr. Stafford is regarded by many as the cleverest and most interesting Shaksperian lecturer in the country.

—Tommie D., upon reaching the Big City: "Mister, will you please tell me where we are?"—Mister: "Why, I guess we're here, my boy."—Tommie: "Thank you. Have a smoke?" and he passed his friend a cigarette.

—Judging from the following article in the *Elmore Weekly Gazaboo*, the merchants of the town must have increased their bank deposits during the past week—"Lottie Collins is spending a few days in the village."

—These words fell from the lips of the venerable John Harte, as he came upon the scene when two Latin-Americans were giving a fencing exhibition to their friends: "If I had a blackthorn stick, I could clean out the crowd."

—The track team will, in all probability, compete in the Milwaukee Meet early in March. So it is up to those that are desirous to take part in this meet to begin training as soon as possible. The try-outs will be held about the middle of February.

—Bill Cameron conceived the idea late in the year that a vacation spent in Benton Harbor would raise his fame in the historical world. Accordingly he set out to win the admiration of his friends, and after finding that the village was well supplied with furnaces, he came back minus that air of confidence which has so long characterized him.

—Manager Dailey of Brownson Hall Athletic Association has been scheduling during the vacation a number of games for the Brownson Hall basket-ball team. These will be played before the spring. In previous years Brownson has always had a magnificent basket ball team, and with practice this year there is no reason why this hall should not come up to the old standard.

—The second address delivered in this country by Mgr. Falconio since his appointment as Delegate Apostolic to Canada was his thoughtful and deeply religious exhortation to the postulants of Holy Cross Seminary. Coming from the lips—and the heart—of so eminent a churchman, it was most impressive. His Excellency's fluency in speaking English was a pleasant surprise.

—We are always glad to get local news, either accounts of games, happenings on the campus, anything, in fact, that will interest the readers of the SCHOLASTIC. If you have any information of this kind either give it to the reporters or write it up, and put it in the SCHOLASTIC box near the students' office. All contributions should be placed in this box not later than Thursday, if they are meant for the issue of that week.

—John Dubbs has returned. Out of the woolly west he came. Friday night he held a reception in his room in which he discussed the efficacy of the modern fire escape. It is rumored that our John stayed over

at Goshen a few days incidentally to see the beauties of this rural town and to discuss politics with Goshen's legal light. John reports that he saw but one explosion, took no bad money and comes back prepared to begin life anew.

—Mike Dailey's Christmas tree is now but a memory to be recalled only when we think of the \$2.65 and the jar of preserves that hung from its branches. But Mike declares that he will never forget the absent faces of his friends (those not present) and the wonderful speech made by one J. Patrick O'Reihle who called attention to the fact that Mike was and was not at the same time dead; they endeavored to hypnotize Mike's swarthy friends into turning over some of the "long green." But what use is there in recalling those sad, sad hours?

—Have you noticed that poetic fervour that glows in our poet's eye. It came not into being yesterday, nor the day before, but began to develop to its full perfection only during the holidays. Therein hangs the mystery: Holidays, Haney's, our poet, and what not; are we obscure enough? Two blue eyes, a talk on Keats, and a half-hearted compromise; and then a few midnight, mid-winter dreams disturbed by a fair visitant—"disturbed," did I say? The poet says "idealized." Murder must out, and this heavy secret can not remain concealed much longer. "Oh, for the old forbidden stile"! says the poet—Oh!

—It is to be hoped that the Columbian Society will come into being this season. Last session there was some talk among the Brownsonites of re-organizing it, but no action was taken. It is to be hoped that something indeed will soon be done, for surely it seems like criminal negligence to allow a society that has done yeoman service in past years, in the matter of training young debaters, to go out of existence. Four years ago the Columbians could conquer any team of debaters in the University, and easily demonstrated this when they defeated Sorin Hall in joint debate in Washington Hall.

—In the course of a few weeks there will be a published statement concerning the government of athletics at Notre Dame, and it may be of interest to the members of the conference colleges to observe how strictly the rules adopted are enforced. Certain newly accepted regulations may not be retroactive; such is the case among the conference colleges with regard to the ruling on summer baseball. It is very likely that before a year has elapsed the conference colleges will realize that Notre Dame is actually above the standard which they specify in their regulations for colleges that have no legislative membership in the "Big Nine."

—Two plays are in sight for this session and many entertainments in the embryo.

The Philopatrians under the direction of Brother Cyprian will stage "As You Like It" Easter Monday. Those that saw the success they achieved last year along this line, and under the same director, are looking forward to this play with pleasure.

Mr. O'Connor has his elocution classes working on "Twelfth Night" which will be put on the board March 17. The play is one well fitted for university men. Mr. O'Connor is an old student of the stage. So with an honest co-operation on the part of the men to whom parts have been assigned, can there be any doubt of success?

—The Right Rev. Mgr. Robert Seton (LL. D., '93), who resigned as rector of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church in Baldwin Avenue, Jersey city, after a service of twenty-four years, officiated for the last time at Sunday Masses yesterday. His final appearance here will be at the thanksgiving service on the last day of the year.

Mgr. Seton will sail for Rome in a few days where he expects to make his permanent residence. He has given his valuable library to the Notre Dame University of Indiana.—*New York Sun*.

The SCHOLASTIC extends a *bon voyage* to the Rt. Rev. Monsignor, and hopes to be able to give a detailed account of his munificent gift in a later issue.

—Mayor Revokes a License. Privilege to Retail Liquor is Taken from Martin Nelson.—Mayor Colfax to-day revoked the city liquor license of Martin Nelson, who runs a saloon at 134 North Main Street, and Supt. Kline, of the police department, notified Nelson that he now has no right to retail liquor as provided in a city license. The license was taken out last October. The police will watch Martin's place, and make it uncomfortable for him should they catch him disobeying the law. The cause leading up to the Mayor's action was the alleged sale of liquor to students of Notre Dame University. Nelson had been notified not to sell them intoxicants, but, it is said by the police, paid little attention to the notice. To stop him Mayor Colfax revoked the city license.—*S. B. Tribune* (Jan. 8, 1902).

—Mulvey on his return from the rural districts of New York state, reports that some funny things happened to him there. It seems that the home village came down to the depot to serenade him on his arrival, and then insisted upon calling him "Professor." A report went around that he was studying medicine, and the women for miles around brought children suffering with measles to him; somebody stated that he was a chemist so the villagers insisted upon his analyzing an oil well recently struck. To prove the liquid was oil, Mulvey put a lighted match to it—then he had to light out. In the next village he became a social lion. Now he reports that the quiltings, snow parties, etc., were too much for him.

—It is to be hoped that the genial "Boots" Butler will be connected with the track team this year. As far as hard, conscientious work is concerned, we have never had a better trainer nor one that kept the team in better physical condition. The honour of training a successful team may go to those that have the

reputation, but it is often wise to look lower, and see the men that are in a greater degree responsible for the physical condition of a team. Butler is undoubtedly an efficient trainer, understanding that part of the game as well as any of them. As a coach and trainer he might be a great success, for after all we want a man that can keep the men in good condition, then let each man, in his own events, take charge of all the new men working out with him.

—In explanation of recent newspaper reports of an interview with Prof. A. A. Stagg, our representative says that it was an occasion for clearing up some misunderstandings which existed in regard to Notre Dame's attitude in athletics. Our representative stated in the interview that Notre Dame is prepared to enforce the strictest rules that are accepted by any University with which it may have dealings in athletics. And was pleased to hear Prof. Stagg assert that in such event he would stand by Notre Dame. He has been held in the highest esteem by this institution in the past; and no reason exists why the same good feeling should not continue to exist in the future, in spite of the fact that for the present season he has not found it advisable to schedule games with us.

—The latest improved fire escapes will soon be put up on all the halls in the University. Sorin and Brownson Halls have their full quota, and the other halls will be fully provided before the end of next week. It is to be hoped that there will be no Romeo and Juliet balcony scenes, for the watchman, who is a near-sighted gentleman, may begin target practice, thinking that he was shooting at the "stars." But this should not prevent the astronomy class from gazing at the distant planets, and if necessary keeping tab on the moving goddesses. What romances and tragedies these fire-escapes suggest. However, be it as it may, may it be that the battle-axes hanging alongside the fire-escape windows, will not be brought into requisition, not even for the purpose of showing the indomitable D. K. Omal Lee.

—Professor Roche is looking for more material for the choir. He has been working very hard with the men he has, but the number is not sufficiently large enough. As a rule, a man can tell whether or not he can sing, and all those that believe they can should call on Professor Roche with the intention of having their voices tested preliminary to the entrance into the choir. In another field has Professor Roche been making great efforts to reach a high standard of perfection, and that is with the band. The number is large, and each man is doing excellent work; but even here the number is not large enough. Those that can play should join the band, if not for their own

improvement at least as loyal sons of the college. And then at the end of the year we can listen to the strongest and best band Notre Dame has ever had.

—At the beginning of the Christmas vacation P. O'G. took it into his head that he would like to see Chicago. He said to his friends Orrin and Georgia, "I'm going to Chicago." Georgia turned away, and you could see the tears start in his eyes, while Orrin sat down and had a hearty cry. But as P. O'G. had made up his mind, a little thing like this did not feaze him. He packed his dress-suit case, and after putting on his new suit, he went around and bid all the Sorinites good-bye. Next morning found P. O'G. in the big city, sitting in the lounging room of one of the well-known hotels. Presently a short, stubby gentleman came over to him and inquired if he were a stranger. P. O'G. assured the short man that he was a visitor in town, and informed him where he had come from. When P. O'G. had made known the object of his visit, the little short stubby man took him by the hand as kind as if they were brothers, and says he, "I'll show you the town, sonny, and you can feel just as safe as if you were at home on the farm." P. O'G. accepted the kind invitation, and even went so far as to display his roll by insisting upon paying the car fare. The short, stubby man noticed P. O'G.'s self-confident and knowing air, and upon their return from sight-seeing suggested a willingness to show P. O'G. a little game to work on his friends. P. O'G. consented, and the two sat down at one of the tables. Three English walnut shells were next produced and the game began.

"Now, sonny, I'm going to hide the little ball of paper under one of the shells, and I want you to guess where it is," said the stubby man. To the apparent surprise of the short stubby man, P. O'G. guessed right every time. Finally, the short, stubby man cried:

"You're mistaken this time, sonny."

"Not on your life," replied P. O'G.

"O yes," said the short, stubby man with a broad smile.

"I'll bet you," answered P. O'G., thinking he had a sure thing.

"All right, I'll take you," replied the short, stubby man.

P. O'G. produced his certificates stating that there was so much deposited to his credit in the U. S. Treasury, and the bet was closed. The shell was lifted, but there was no ball of paper. The short, stubby man wished P. O'G. a happy New Year and departed. P. O'G. consulted a judge from Woodstock, and was informed that he, the said P. O'G., at the time of the aforesaid mentioned game was suffering from what modern scientists call "Verdancy of the Optics," and that furthermore, the rule of "Caveat Emptor" applies upon one's first visit to Chicago.