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Dalغان River.

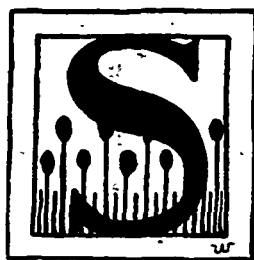
JOHN HARTE, 1904.

PROUDLY you sweep by vale and brake and hill,
O'er many a weir you chant your tireless song.
Your emerald banks invite the joyous throng
And peals of laughter every streamlet fill.
Here lovers roam to pluck the doffodil,
And weave love-knots their courtships to prolong,
While songsters pour their carols rich among
The ivied ruins of castle, rath and mill.

Down by your musing waters oft I've strayed,
And heard the sounds that echoed 'long your shore
When westering sun set tower and town aglow;
But by your side my farewell game is played,
And I shall float in thy clear tide no more,
Nor venture where your clustering lilies grow.

Plans That Failed Not Wholly.

GEORGE BURKITT, 1902.



SOME negroes are as garrulous as drunken sailors. After work they gather round the cabins to "kindah rec'lec' ole times." From daylight to dark they are in the field,—to use their own words, they "don' know de colah ob our shanty"; and yet life is easy for these people. Ambition—they seem to have none! and I know no more perfect picture of happiness than the ordinary plantation negro.

"Law', da's right!" an old man was saying as I stopped at a crowd near one of the cabins. "Wimmins' lub' is mighty unsutt'in, but sence 'way back in de sixties I's 'cided dat men folks is mighty nigh ez unsutt'in ez de wimmins."

The old man's eyes sparkled at the recollection, and I asked his reasons for the opinion.

"Wal, boss," he answered, "it'll tek' a li'l time t' tell yo'; but seein' ez yo's gwine t' sot down an' stay aw'ile, I 'spec' I kin rec'lec' it 'nuff 'zackly t' tell yo' 'bout it."

"Long 'bout de fo'ties, w'en I wa'n' mo'n so high, I use t' b'long t' ole Mostah Hendahson. One day 'e called me 'roun' t' de front poa'ch, an' I knowed some'n' 'uz gwine t' happen, ez sho's I's bahn. Ole mostah an' Cun'l Chahlton wuz a smokin' dey 'cigahs an' a laughin' an' a talkin', an' Marse Will wuz a sittin' on ole mastah's knee. Den ole missis an' Miss Jinny dey come out dyah too an' gib' ole mastah an' Cun'l Chahlton some eggnoggin.

"May, ole mostah sez t' ole missis, 'dis am Will's birtday, an' I's gwine t' gib' Jeff hyah t' 'im. Jeff's oldah'n him by 'bout fo' yeahs uh some sich mattah, an' can he'p 'im wha'ebbah 'e goes. Will, he's yo's from now on, an' I'll mek' out de deed t'morrah."

"Dat eb'nin', ole mostah's niggahs all come obah t' Cun'l Chahlton's, an' sich a eatin' an' a drinkin' I nebbah seed in all mah bahn days! Arftah de feas' ole Cun'l Chahlton called all 'is niggahs 'roun' de back gall'ry an' tole 'em I b'longed t' Marse Will an' hed t' be treated like I done libbed right dyah wid 'em all mah days. So from dat day t' de day 'e died, I nebbah lef' Marse Will, an' I ain' nebbah gwine t' leabe 'im w'en we meets up yondah. Talk 'bout de slab'ry days bein' hahd times; dey don' know whut dey's talkin' 'bout. Jes' 'kase dem fool niggahs up yondah on de bound'ry done run 'cross de line tryin' t' 'scape an' dey mostahs hed t' use powahful means t' keep 'em wha' dey b'longed, de folks in de Norf t'ought de niggahs wuzn' treated right. I nebbah heahed tell ob a single niggah whut wuzn' treated nigh like a w'ite man on ole mostah's plantation. Ez fuh me,—Law', I wuz Marse Will's niggah, an' dey wa'n' none o' de visitin' folks eben ez 'ud say nuffin' t' Marse Will's niggah.

"Marse Will wuz one o' de mos' gem'manfied

boys I ebah see, an' 'e all'uz treated me jes' like I wuzn' brack at all. He wouldn' hahdly do nuffin' 'thout tellin' me 'bout it 'fo'han'. I nebbah hed much dealin's wid any uddah boys, but I's powahful sutt'in dat 'e wuz mo' 'culiah dan de res' on 'em. He nebbah 'peahed t' care much fuh comp'ny, 'specially fuh de gals' comp'ny. Miss Jinny wuz de onlies' one 'e use' t' go t' see arftah 'e growed up; but 'e'd a heap raddah be out wid me an' 'is dorgs a huntin' uh a fishin', I knows.

"He wuz one 'o dem sort whut nebbah sez much, but means whut 'e sez an' all'uz calc'lates t' say it in ez few wu'ds ez 'e kin. It nebbah took 'im be'y long t' calc'late anyfin'; an' w'en 'e once got 'is min' sot on it, all Texas couldn' stop 'im. Eb'body on de plantations t'ought dey wuzn' nuffin' t' do but fuh Miss Jinny an' Marse Will t' marry; an' ole Mostah Hendahson an' Cun'l Chahlton hed done talked 'bout how dey's gwine divide de plantations an' gib' 'em de paht, on t'uddah side 'o de pastuh, whut 'uz so rich dat de cahn 'ud 'gin sproutin' mos' 'fo' yo' planted it. Law', de ole folks wuz bofe in fabah ob it, an' dey hedn' t'ought o' nuffin' else. I knowed Marse Will liked Miss Jinny bettah'n any o' de gals aroun'. Law', he'd a be'n a fool ef 'e hedn'. Any o' de young gem'mans fo' fo'ty miles aroun' would a married 'er at de drap o' de hat. Dey ain' no use talkin', she wuz de purties' chile yo' ebbah sot eyes on. An' she 'peahed t' like Marse Will mighty well; but, I tell yo', yo' can mek' no calc'lations 'bout de wimmins,—dey's mo' unsutt'in dan a young dorg on a possum hunt, but the gem'man folks is nigh ez bad.

"Wal, Marse Will all'uz did like Miss Jinny; but I sez t' mahse'f: 'Ef Marse Will tek's a likin' t' someon' else, 'e ain' gwine lis'en t' de Cun'l; jes' ez sho's I's bahn.' Shó' nuff! Marse Will done went an' took dat likin'. Miss Mollie (she wuz de daughtah ob ole Majah Howell whut libbed on t'uddah side o' Mostah Hendahson's, wha' de li'l' creek jines de big creek),—ez I wuz gwine t' say, Miss Mollie wuz a good huntah an' fishah, an' Marse Will liked huntin' an' fishin' wussah'n a niggah likes sweet 'tatahs an' possum. Arftah him an' Miss Mollie went huntin' one day, an' she killed fo'teen quail ouden sixteen shots, 'e done tole all de ole folks 'bout it. It wuz 'Mollie' dis an' 'Mollie' dat an' 'Mollie' ebe'ythin'. Yo'd a t'ought 'Mollie' wuz de onlies' wu'd in de 'Merikin langwidge. Ole Cun'l Chahlton wuzn' no fool, an' 'e sez kindah observin' like:

"Will, yo' 'peahs t' like Mollie purty well?

"Yas, sah, sez Marse Will, ve'y tuhmined.

"Ole mostah kindah got dem straight up an' down dents in 'is fo'head.

"Does yo' like 'er ez well ez Jinny?' sez 'e.

"Yas, sah.

"Ole mostah got mo' o' dem dents in 'is fo'head.

"Does yo' like er bettah'n Jinny?"

"Yas sah, sez Marse Will.

"W'en ole mostah gits dem dents in 'is fo'head some'n' gwine t' happen might quick.

"I tole yo' I wanted yo' t' marry Jinny,' says 'e, 'an' ef yo' don' I'll disown yo'."

"Law'! I kep' mah eyes sot on Marse Will, 'kase I knowed e' wuz powahful 'noyed by de Cun'ls wu'ds.

"I didn' promise t' marry Jinny,' 'e sez, 'sides dis is some'n' dat consahns me an' Mollie only, an' we's gwine sottle it. I'll obey yo' in ebe'yfin else."

"Marse Will talked ez gem'manfied ez 'e could undah de circumstances; but I see' 'im grittin' 'is teef like w'en 'e wuz gwine fi't some one on 'em at school.

"Arftah Marse Will and Miss Mollie done hunted t'geddah fuh mo'n fo' monfs' she done 'peah t' sottle de question. One day we'd be'n out huntin' an' he'd sot down undah a big tree t' res'. Nobody hedn' said nuffin' fuh a long w'ile, but fin'ly Marse Will sez:

"Mollie, I wan's t' say some'n' t' yo' da's be'y impahtan'."

"Now, in all mah bahn days I nebbah heahed tell o' Marse Will sayin' 'e hed some'n' t' say t' anybody. He all'uz sed it 'thought any sarymony. 'Sides, 'e 'gan fiddlin' wid 'is hat, an' I fo'knowed whut 'e wuz gwine t' say, an' so'd. Miss Mollie. But dey nebbah tole me t' go 'way, an' I jes' couldn' he'p mahse'f but heah ebe'y wu'd 'e sed, 'dough I didn' wan' t'."

"Mollie,' sez Marse Will, we's be'n' gwine wid one 'nuddah fuh nigh on t' five monf's."

"Don' see nuffin' strange 'bout dat,' an' Miss Mollie laughed.

"Fo' dat I nebbah 'peahed t' care much fuh de gals, an' now—"

"Look, Will! Dyah goes ole "Majah,"—bettah w'is'le fuh 'im!"

"Lis'en t' me, Mollie! yo's de only gal in de whole worl'—"

"Majah's runnin' a rabbit, I tell yo'! Bettah call 'im back."

"Mollie, yo' mus' lis'en t' me! I—"

"Yo'll spile Majah by lettin' 'im run rabbits."

"I nebbah lubbed any uddah gal in all mah—"

"Sen' Jeff arftah Majah,' sez Miss Mollie.

"W'en I-got back, Marse Will didn' 'peah t' be be'y happy, an' 'e done got back t' 'is ole way 'o talkin'.

"Gettin' late, Mollie. S'pose we go home?' 'e sez 'thout lookin' at anybody.

"Dat 'uz all,—'e didn' say anuddah wu'd 'til 'e got t' Miss Mollie's house, an' den 'e only sed: 'Good-bye!'

"On de way home 'e tole me all 'bout it; how 'e tole 'er dat 'e lubbed 'er ebbah sence de fus' time 'e sot eyes on 'er; an' how she sed she wuz mighty sorry, but she didn' t'ink she lubbed 'im.

"Jeff,' sez 'e 'I can't lub' any uddah gal.'

"Don' worry, Marse Will,' I sez, 'dey's mo' gals in dis worl' dan 'er, an' yo' won' hab' t' go mo'n a hund'ed miles t' fin' 'em eidah. I'd s'lec' Miss Jinny quickah'n I'd tek' possum in pref'runce t' cahn bread an' 'lasses.'

"She's de onlies' gal I ebbah lubbed, an' I wan's t' mek 'er lub' me, but de "lub'-in-idleness" don' grow 'roun' hyah."

"Wal, Marse Will, de onlies' way is t' mek' 'er jealous, an' yo' ain' gwine t' do it by "lub-in-idleness." Yo's got t' mek' out like yo's in lub' wid some uddah gal. Dem wimmins is wussah'n a balky mule; dey's powahful stubbo'n an' mighty hahd t' mannige.'

"Jinny'll he'p me,—gwine t' ax 'er dis eb'nin'.

"An I clah' t' goodness, ef 'e didn' go tell de whole story t' Miss Jinny an' she promised t' he'p 'im mek' Miss Mollie jealous. I nebbah t'ought Marse Will 'ud 'a' done it; 'kase 'e wuzn't dat sort ob a pu'sson; but dey sez dat 'all is faih in lub' an' wah', an' I 'spec' Marse Will 'uz jes' 'bout ez much in lub' ez the nex' un'. Wal, dey'd go dribin' right 'fo' Miss Mollie's house, an' dance mos' all de dances t'geddah, an' Miss Jinny 'ud eben go huntin' wid 'im.

"Jeff,' Marse Will sez, 'bout a week aftah-wu'ds, 'don' 'peah t' mek' much diff'runce t' Mollie wheddah I likes Jinny uh not?'

"But I tole 'im:

"Marse Will,' I sez, 'yo' don' know. Mebbe she jes' don' wan' t' let on. Yo' jes' keep gwine wid Miss Jinny. I tells yo' de wimmins is powahful 'culiah pu'ssons,—dey ain' no dependin' on 'em.'

"Law', I knowed Miss Mollie lubbed Marse Will jes' ez sho's I knowed he's w'ite an' 'I's brack. An' fin'ly I sez:

"Marse Will, w'y don' yo' ax Miss Mollie now? Sho'ly yo' don' 'spec' 'er t' tell yo' 'thout yo' axin' 'er, does yo'?'

"Go obah an' tell 'er I wan's 'er t' go huntin' wid me t'-morra,' 'e sez.

"Dat eb'nin' I jes' wen' a runnin' t' Miss Mollie's, an' a laughin' t' mahse'f, 'kase I knowed she all'uz cared a heap fuh Marse Will.

"Nex' day we all sot down t' res' undah de be'y-same tree whut we sot undah t'uddah time we wuz a huntin'.

"Mollie,' sez Marse Will, 'bout seben monfs ago, on dis same spot—'

"Yas,' she sez right quick an' anxiouslike.

"Ole 'Majah' might 'a' run fo'ty 'leben rabbits dat day, an' Miss Mollie wouldn' a keehed. Marse Will wuz gittin' a li'l' mo' shaky.

"'Bout seben monfs ago, I fus' tole yo' dat I lubbed yo', sez 'e.

"Yas.'

"An' yo' said yo' wuz sorry, an' all de res', yo' know.'

"Yas, I 'membah,' she sez mo'n mo' quickah.

"I did mah bes' t' mek yo' like me. I t'ought yo'd git jealous, ef I went wid Jinny. But it didn' peah t' mek' no diff'runce t' yo'. 'Stead o' mekin' yo' lub' me, ez I wanted t', I foun' out I nebbah did really lub' yo', an' me an' Jinny's gwine t' marry in de spring. I wan's t' ax yo' ef yo' won' all'uz be frien's wid us.'

"An', boss, I didn' know ef I wuz dreamin' uh jes' mistook, I wuz so supprised."

At Her Feet.

One morning last week a stately young woman, accompanied by a dignified young man, was walking down State Street. The man was talking so earnestly to his companion that he did not notice a banana skin that was lying on the sidewalk.

"Mary, can't you see that I love you?" he was saying. "Promise to marry me and I will do anything you ask. Only command me—" but at this point his foot came in contact with the banana skin, and, looking up into her smiling face, he continued, "and I am at your feet."

She extended her hand to assist him. He arose hastily, and taking her by the arm walked away, laughing heartily over the incident. When I saw the young man in the afternoon, he was in such good spirits that I concluded that Mary had said "Yes."—J. J. D.

Poet and Critic.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

Although the critics have pulled down wrong standards, as Arnold with Wordsworth, and Goethe with Shakspeare, and destroyed many false inspirations, yet many of them have sinned grievously by calling for an "exact creed." They often, as Taine, laid down the system they intended to follow, and then, allowing their artistic judgment to conquer, proceeded to disregard this scheme; or, like Howells, call for absolute realism, and then deliberately forgetting the spectre conjured up, produce their best work under different principles.

For they recognize that a strong and original mind will not go blindly on authority. It should not in literature or in science. It will search into the fundamentals, and see if this theory or belief has any foundation. A weak mind is but putty to be fashioned into a dozen different shapes by the fingers of past generations. A strong mind when it finds the rules and formulas not elastic enough to stretch to all artistic creation will proceed to set up new ones of its own make. It will not, like the early reviewers in passing on a work of art, because this work follows no new form, revile the work and the author. But yet a clever and able critic may set up certain standards, and because the creator does not conform to them condemn him absolutely. Thus did Jeffrey err greatly in his treatment of Wordsworth. Not recognizing that Wordsworth had a mission, he criticised him severely and unjustly, only to have this criticism, like the proverbial boomerang, come back at him.

We have seen the absolute failure of critics of mediocre talent and of genius, in setting up certain classical forms or standards, and calling on the creators to closely follow them. But even this fact does not justify us with Mr. Moulton in taking a deprecating view of criticism, and in endeavouring to dispute its value "in testing its history." Mr. Moulton says "criticism has thus failed in distinguishing what is permanent in past literature; it has proven equally mistaken in what is assumed to be accidental and transitory." The failure of the literary hacks to do justice to the Elizabethans, aye, even the failure of Voltaire and Dr. Johnson, imbued as they were with classical models, to recognize great

qualities in a man, who with wonderful skill constructed a new form of poetry, and then put the vitalizing force of inspiration into it to make it live, proves nothing against criticism in the hands of Herder, Sainte-Beuve, Goethe, Lessing, Arnold and Wordsworth; for these were men who first raised the great names in literature to their proper eminence. They had a profound understanding of life; and recognizing that what was true was eternal, wherever they found truth and beauty they set them up on their proper pedestals.

True is it, that in reviewing the history of criticism, the thing that strikes us strongly is how grossly some critics have failed. We hear of men of whom fame was predicted, and now unknown. The failure of some critics to prove prophetic was held up to us, but the success of other critics is forgotten. Saintsbury, in his studies of the seventeenth century literature, points out many clever fellows as Webbe, Gossom, Sidney and Champion, and many others who wrote good criticism at the time of Shakspeare, but the cleverness and strength of these are forgotten in a Rimer or a Gifford.

Then we have Mr. Moulton who claims that the critic's great failure was due to judicial criticism, or that criticism "which compares a new production with those already existing in order to determine whether it is inferior to them or surpasses them." Moulton, it is true, has ably demonstrated how this criticism has miserably failed in many cases; how it has tended to hamper the flight of true creative genius by weighing it down with set rules; how it has confounded the unchangeability of the morality of art with the form of art itself. And then he proceeds to lay down the principles of inductive criticism, or that criticism which makes no inquiry into a man's life. Nor will the inductive critic judge a man by such standards. He will lay down the rule that "each author is a separate species" and as such ought to be studied scientifically and apart from others; that there are certain fundamental laws of art which can be got at truly, not by comparing him with the models or standards of other times, but by taking him as a separate entity. He will say that "literature is a thing of development and not of improvement," and consequently the critic must realize that the productions of one age are a sort of flowering of the plants of another; that the critic is necessarily far inferior to the creator, and that he can never catch up with him or equal him. "Scientific criticism

of taste (judicial criticism)," he says, "have distinct spheres, and the whole literary history shows the failure to keep the two separate results only in confusion."

Dr. Moulton after this statement, forgets, in his very first study on "Shakspeare as a Dramatic Artist," the fine distinction he has drawn between inductive and judicial criticism. He has declared against the setting up of standards by which to judge the characters, yet he deliberately introduces the "nemesis" of the Greek tragedy to show the artistic conception of retribution in meting out punishment on "Shylock's sin of judicial murder." Then again he tells us not to look at Antonio as we find him; for "Antonio must be understood as a perfect character. We must read the play in its intolerance, and intolerance was a mediæval virtue."

Jeffrey's great fault lay in his too close an application of the judicial method of criticism. His mind was keen and very analytic; but he held to the old forms, and could not see with his Scotch craniness the mysticism of Wordsworth. His was a legal mind, sharp and incisive, with critical acumen, but with no strong appreciation of that school of poetry which came back to the purity of nature, as it broke away from the artificiality of Pope and his satellites. Jeffrey could not understand Wordsworth's worship of nature, and not being able to understand it condemned it. Yet Jeffrey was a great critic. The way he wrote, the amount of writing which he produced—papers that were clever and strong—show him a man of more than ordinary talent. "If Jeffrey was not a great critic," Bagehot says, "he had what very great critics have wanted: the art of writing what does most people good."

Jeffrey's failure was principally owing to his inability to recognize standards other than those existing. He forgot that one age would not fit into another, or the customs of one people into those of a foreign race.

You can not judge the romantic by the classic, or the classic by the romantic. Scherer saw this, as he laboured to build up an elaborate system of criticism. His system would not fit one work though it fitted another; and he must give to one man treatment different from that given to another; he could build his foundations on the sands of absolutism, but the mutability of criticism shifted the foundation. Then he lost his absolute belief in the formation of an unchangeable system

of criticism applicable to all authors.

The critic should know that his self-appointed task is a search of truth. His mission is neither heavenly nor inspired, but very human. If he would be an oracle with any truth, he must understand the fundamentals that make men great. Nor can he apply to one author the same rules or formulas that fit another. The history of England at the time of Shakspeare was much different from that at the time of Milton. The customs, manners, morals, ideas and religions were different. Taine gives us a clear and powerful picture of those two periods. To judge an author of one period absolutely by that of another is to misunderstand criticism.

(To be continued.)

A Harvest Morning.

THOMAS LYONS, 1904.

The sun was rising round and red over the plains. The harvesters, their eyes still heavy with sleep, went wearily to the fields. The yellow wheat stood as high as the shoulder of a man; so ripe, it seemed to invite the sharp sickle. The grass of the prairie was brown and dead. The creek flowed not. A breeze, over bold, for a moment disturbed the solemn stillness, and then died away. A jack-rabbit, startled from his hole in the stubble, hopped a few paces, and then sitting on his haunches blinked questioningly. A prairie-hen rose suddenly and with silent, regular motions of her wings soon was lost in the haze of the horizon.

The buzz of cog-wheels and the metallic click, click, of the reaper told that the harvesting machine had been put in motion. The work of the day had begun.

WE have thrown ourselves on matter with a confidence and vigor hitherto unknown, and our success in subduing it to human uses is without a parallel. But in the rush we seem to have neglected the sources within. The spirit of repose and patience has forsaken us; we have lost the secret of joy, have forgotten how to live, and in the midst of abundance are driven like slaves, goaded like beasts of burden. There is, indeed, a discontent which is divine; it belongs only to those who strive for the best: for truth and love.—*Spalding*.

Varsity Verse.

TRIOLET.

A SWEET voice calls to me
That echoes through the night.
Vibrant with harmony,
A sweet voice calls to me,
And leads me on to see
A morrow dawning bright,—
A sweet voice calls to me
That echoes through the night.

E. E. W.

A MODERN ELOPEMENT.

Upward the air ship e'er flew,
Like the springing of silvery water;
Skyward brow-wrinkled he gazed
At his fleeing and resolute daughter;
Happy, by fortune joy-crazed,
She was waving adieu to her father.
Beside Grace, all beaming with joy,
Stood the truest of lovers, her Homer:
Although her papa said "Nay! nay!"
With the sternness of great Julius Cæsar,
Hopeful since love finds a way
He succeeded by inventive power.
Madly her fierce father shouted,
As he threatened in wrath, but he saw how
Swiftly the air ship raced onward,
As if willing to speed them from sorrow.
Cupid had ordered,—“now hasten!”
By reshooting his grand golden arrow.

F. J. E.

CHRISTMAS TRACES.

What golden hours were they!
So bright with smiling faces;
They tempted us to stay,
And left endearing traces,
Which linger with us yet
That we may not forget.

As age the sparkling juice
Mellows into wine,
The scenes we reproduce
In time become divine,
And naught in life erases
Such rosy-hallowed traces.

E. F. Q.

THE COLLEGE BELL.

The college bell brings dire distress
On every side, and such a mess
It leaves me in! 'Twas yesterday
I closed a letter just half way—
The receiver though was glad, I guess.

When with De Quincy I digress
From Law at night, it rings; and less
Then half my dreams are o'er when—way!—
Goes the college bell!

And if a rule I chance transgress,
Or, Remus-like, roam to excess
Cross boundary lines, while I'm astray
'Twill surely ring! What! Did you say
“'Tis now 12 m.!” There! heaven bless
The college bell!

J. L. C.

A Living Ghost.

FRANCIS J. BARRY, 1903.

“Did I ever see a ghost! Well, maybe I did and maybe I didn't, but at any odds, I knew a man'd swear he saw 'a rale livin' ghost.'”

The speaker was one of four men seated at a small table in Cullinan's sheebeen, playing cards. They were nightly patrons, and they indulged in card-playing, not for gain, even if four halfpence did lie temptingly on the board, but to shorten the hours of the long winter's nights. Tom Kennedy was the oldest man at the table, and was looked upon by the others as possessing great wisdom. He was deemed capable of deciding all matters of dispute. If the newspaper came out with some news, and Tom denied it, the newspaper was wrong; if Tom said such and such a thing was right and such and such a thing wrong, all his acquaintances believed him implicitly. In fact, Father Cleary himself was regarded as no higher authority, for Tom had schooling, and in his younger days had spent several years in Australia among the kangaroos and snakes.

In the course of conversation, Tom Clancy asked Con Doolan if he had heard how Mrs. Falvey was. Con answered that he feared she would do no good, especially since she had seen the ghost of the old weaver Brannigan the night before she was taken ill. Whereupon Tighe Neylon expressed great contempt, declaring that such talk was all bosh, good enough to keep children from going out at night, but not to be credited by men whose hairs were changed. Moreover, he said that he had lived in the loneliest part of the parish for sixty-odd years, and wondered if ghosts existed why he hadn't been so fortunate as to meet one.

“Well, maybe you wouldn't think it very good fortune if you did meet one, Tighe; but let's ask Tom Kennedy. He knows. Did you ever see a ghost, Tom?” Thus Con Doolan got rid of what he regarded a knotty question.

Tom had been smoking during the entire conversation, and his smiling face shone through the cloud that enveloped him like a gleam of sunlight in November.

“Did I ever see a ghost?” he repeated, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. “Well, deal the cards, Con, and I'll tell the story.”

“'Tis a long time ago now, and poor Mihil

Kelly is buried this many a day, God rest his soul! You remember Mihil, Con?" he said, turning to Doolan.

"Yes, indeed, and an honest man never threaded a needle," Con answered.

"Mihil was a good man to be sure. He used to make clothes for the two parishes, and by the same token he was a good hand at that same. Well, the spring fair was coming around and I was working at Dunlavey's. I had bought a suit of clothes a short time before, and hadn't a cross to bless myself with. Everyone was going to the fair and I didn't know from Adam where I could get a few shillings to pull me through with the boys. I didn't want to ask Dunlavey for any more because he gave me more than was coming to me to pay for my clothes. I didn't know what to do.

"One evening I was digging the stubbles by the roadside when here comes Nancy Gilmartin. I threw down my spade and leant against the earth fence to talk to her. That was before these old bones of mine got so stiff, and you may be sure I was as foolish after the girls as the next one. And it was no miss to be foolish after Nancy; sure, when Father Kinnane had his Confirmation class that time he used to say Nancy was the prettiest girl he ever taught the Catechism to. Maybe you'll say I was out of my mind about her, and I was.

"Well, as I was saying, Nancy and I got talking about this and that, and after a while she started to go.

"Sure, you're going to the fair, Tom,' says she. 'Ned Boland was over at the house last night. He as much as said he'd take me to the fair. If you're going, Tom, call at the house on your way and you'll get a lift.'"

I gave her a half promise that I'd go, and the rest of that day I never stopped planning how I'd scrape a few shillings together to take me to Ennistymon. I went to Darby Hurley's wake that night, and after the pipes and snuff were passed around, old Mrs. Hurley came over and sat near me. She asked me, through her sobs, how my mother was from the rheumatism, and began describing old Darby's good points. She said he wasn't a shilling in debt, and that it was a great shame that Mihil Kelly wouldn't pay back the half sovereign he borrowed from him at the Ballycorry races. Mihil was drunk that day, she said, and would never give in that he got a cross from Darby.

"I tried to console her as much as I could, and said it was no honour to Mihil Kelly not

to pay his debts. Just then Darby's sister, Mrs. Mulcahy that lived up in Kilshanny, came in, and a fresh *pil-a-lu* was raised in which Mrs. Hurley hastened to join.

The next day was Saturday, and I was early at my work. I had no more than started when somebody put 'God bless' on me, and when I looked to see who it was, there was Mihil Kelly as neat as you'd like. Mihil was a tidy man at that time. He was straight as a whip and wore a pair of red whiskers. He always had a good suit of clothes, and why wouldn't he, a tailor himself; and he was as sweet as could be.

"'Tis early you're out, Tom,' says he. 'Faith it was no miss for Dunlavey to make service with you.'

"He told me he was going to Ennis to meet some of the Cultamach people that owed him money, and he asked me if he could do anything for me in town. I gave him sixpence, and told him to bring me a half quarter of tobacco from Byrnes'.

"All that day I was breaking my head trying to find some way to get cost for the fair. The thought struck me going in to supper that if I could dress like a ghost I might make Mihil Kelly turn over to me the half sovereign he owed Darby Hurley—the Lord have mercy on both of them now!

"Well after supper I got the sheet off my bed and started out. The night was dark, and I was very glad, because that was what I wanted. I knew Mihil would be home about 8 o'clock, and that he would walk from Talty's cross, for he said he would have a ride from John Marinnan, and the new line wasn't made at that time.

"I dressed myself up under the old white-thorn tree that grew at the cross. I was a good deal afraid myself, for there were long beards of gray moss on the old white-thorn, and its limbs rattled against one another like bones. Sometimes, too, I thought I could see a black thing, like a cloaked person waving to and fro in the branches above me. The wind was blowing, and the way it whistled through that old tree would make anyone shiver. The banshee was nothing to it: wild and lonesome, and not a star in the sky to give you hope. Many a time I thought to run away, but the thought of Nancy Gilmartin walking with Ned Boland at the fair made me hold my post.

"Well, I wasn't long there when I heard a car rattling on the road below, and when it came to the cross it stopped, and I heard

Mihil Kelly's voice bidding 'Good-night' to John Marinan. Up he comes toward me and I began to shiver, for I was afraid of my life some real ghost would come down from the tree and strike me dead for taking his privileges. I plucked up courage when Mihil was within about ten feet of me, and I walked out in the middle of the road very slowly and quietly, holding up my arms with the white sheet waving in the wind. Then I made two or three sighs that could be heard above the wind, and when Mihil came to a stop I began in a deep, far-away voice with a tremor in it, for I was afraid:

"Mihil Kelly, aren't you ashamed? See how you're keeping a craythure from his due. I'd be in heaven to-night but for that half-sovereign I gave you at Ballycorry. Listen, Mihil Kelly, give that half-sovereign to Tom Kennedy, for Tom is an honest boy and many is the shilling he gave me when I was in need."

"I passed him by, and as soon as I was gone out of his sight, I skirted across the fields as fast as I could so as to be at his house before him; and sure enough I wasn't long there when in comes Mihil as pale as death. He couldn't speak. His wife noticed him in a minute and began to fret.

"Arrah what ails you, Mihil *a cushla*? Do you know me, your own Peggy? *O wirastru* Mihil, Mihil what ails you?"

"I was so put about by Peggy's doings that I had half a mind to tell Mihil I was the ghost he saw, but I was afraid now, and besides I was sure of the half sovereign.

"Well, after a little while he came to himself, and he turned to me:

"Do you know what I saw to-night?" he said:

"No."

"Darby Hurley's ghost," says he.

"Arrah, go on. Tell another," says I.

"That's as sure as you're there, Tom. If I didn't see a rale living ghost to-night I'll eat my needles. And, Tom, here's a half sovereign that I owed Darby, I suppose. You know," he said, when I pretended not to be willing to take it, 'Darby told me to give it to you, so for God's sake take it, Tom.'

"So there's the story about the only ghost I ever saw. There may be ghosts, Con, and there may not."

"Well, I suppose, Tighe," Con said, turning to the man that had scoffed at ghosts, "you are right and I am wrong. Far be it from me to doubt Tom Kennedy."

The Study of the Dead Languages.

CHARLES A. GORMAN, 1903.

"In these prosaic days of politics and trade," as one of our Ballade writers calls them, we often hear the cry: "Do away with the dead languages; give us something of more practical use!" The cry may be heard all through the country, yes, throughout the world. We are told in a compromising way that these languages may have some good points, but that they have long since outlived—if it may be permitted us to use such a term concerning dead languages—their usefulness. They have been superseded, they tell us, by the sciences—the *only* studies of this advanced age.

A training in the dead languages, however, if thorough, has many peculiar advantages. We would not though have other studies excluded; for such an education would be, to say the least, incomplete.

The two great tongues of which we talk when we refer to the dead languages are, of course, the Latin and the Greek. Every language has its own characteristic idioms. The idioms of these two languages while in some respects quite similar to each other are more widely different from the English than are those of the modern foreign languages. A study of the dead languages, then, merely from this view-point, requires of the student the closest attention and an untiring patience. These are two primal requisites for success whether in the field of letters or in the more humble pursuits of life. From the cultivation of these springs another most desirable faculty, that of concentration. These results alone would suffice to warrant the expenditure of much time by anyone aiming at a broad development of his faculties. They are though by no means the only or the greatest allurements which this study has for the ambitious.

The relations which these idiomatic constructions bear to other parts of a composition and their precise interpretation when qualified by varying contextual conditions are problems on which the student must deliberate seriously for a long time. In this process research is fostered and the eye and the mind are trained to accurate observation and sound judgment.

There is a tendency nowadays among students to despise the faculty of memory. While it is surely inferior to reason, the

importance of memory as a factor in success and the absolute necessity of its cultivation is, we think, apparent to the thoughtful. It is by the cultivation of that all-important faculty that this study has another advantage. In the mastery of the Greek and Latin forms the memory is generously cultivated. Apart from the forms, it is strengthened furthermore in becoming conversant with the world-wide thoughts which are contained in the writings of those ancient authors.

What writers of English, or of any tongue of our modern times, have such complete mastery over the exact reproduction and expression of the thoughts, so evasively delicate, which course through the brain as had the great geniuses of those dead tongues? Who now can paint for his eager readers the vari-coloured creatures of his gifted Fancy in their proper hues and share that fancy with those happy readers as did these men of old? What better aid to the Understanding than to study these men as they grasp those filmy dreamings and subtle reasonings, and so artfully construct them and present them with a degree of beautiful simplicity that leaves no trace of effort? A reading, study and analysis of these literary giants in whose compositions these qualities, rare among the moderns, are so abundant, will prove a whetstone to the Understanding better than which we know of none.

Nor is the truth of the pictures which they draw their only commendable feature. The presentation is not only exact but surpassingly artistic. The stately flowing period, the short, pithy sentence and the admirable word-collocation are now after two thousand years still the delight of able critics. In environments such as these an artistic taste is fostered in the reader almost unconsciously. By the analyses and comparisons which the study demands an ability to criticise is also incidentally acquired.

But for the literary man a working knowledge of those languages is essential, since the greatest masterpieces of the world's literature are the product of the incomparable genius of Greek and Latin authors. Who has given us a piece of rhetoric that can be compared to Demosthenes' oration "On the Crown"? Who has equalled the strength of Homer or the beauty of Virgil? Though ancient Greece flourished and withered long years ago, and Athens is no more the home of art; though Rome, long since conquered,

reigns no longer proud mistress of the world, these their glories live on forever. Is he a literary man who has never studied and made an analysis of the greatest of all literary creations? Is his taste developed who is not familiar with the grace, the beauty and the art of the greatest artists the world ever produced?

What other study offers so many and so wide a range of advantages? Consider the sciences one by one and you will find they lack that means for broad culture which results from a thorough study of these languages. Though they may develop to a high degree a particular and valuable faculty, still they are like the Æmilian sculptor of Horace:

*Infelix operis summa quia ponere totum
Nesciet.*

Thus it may be seen the benefits to be derived from the study of the dead languages are many and various. They tend most efficiently to fit men for the duties of life; let them be merely ambitious men, who, that they may the more adequately fit themselves for the struggles of the mercantile world, desire to develop their faculties and broaden their minds generally, or literary aspirants who desire besides this to cultivate especially artistic taste and critical ability.

A Resolution.

With firm intent
On penance bent,
On New Year's Day I surely meant
To stint myself and be content
With one good resolution.

Says I to me,
"We'll both agree
That till the dawn of 1903
From tempting lips we'll never flee,
But make due restitution."

I drew a deed
Where I agreed
To keep the oath therein decreed,—
Which, I supposed, would truly read,
"I'll never miss a kiss."

But when I read
What there was said,
My heart dropped to my boots like lead;
For I had sworn,—Would I were dead!—
"I'll never kiss a Miss."

The only way
To save the day,
That I can see, is now to say,
"I'll compromise, and, come what may,
"I'll never kiss amiss."

H. E. B.

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REPORTERS.

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—We sigh for the good old Christian days when on St. Valentine's feast the names of a select number of one sex were put into some vessel by an equal number of the other; and thereupon everyone drew a name which was called his or her valentine, perhaps for a year, again for a lifetime.

But custom has degenerated, and the honourable usage has come down to our own day woefully changed. We no longer find man and maid pledging themselves to be each other's valentine for a certain space of time.

Instead, with the humour, characteristic of our race coming in to fill the vacuum left by the exit of sentiment from our hearts, we send a cartoon, an ugly thing at best, that causes the recipient's ire to rise like the "quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Ah, for ye good old Christian days!

—Father Thomas Cox of St. Jarleth's Church, Chicago, lectured to the students in Washington Hall Wednesday evening. The subject of his lecture was Temperance. He handled it in a novel and interesting manner. He made a thoroughly dispassionate appeal to common sense. An earnest plea was made on behalf of the virtue of total abstinence.

The lecturer very neatly answered the charge which is often made that total abstainers are frequently tipplers. Such a statement, he explained, is a contradiction in terms. The facts are that many tipplers *pretend* to be total abstainers and thereby involuntarily confess the dignity of total abstinence.

The true remedy for the existing evil is to be found in the education of the individual. All legal systems produce merely variations in the form of the trouble without any real remedy. Prohibitionists, though good and zealous men, proceed in their crusade with the mistaken notion that law can make men moral.

Father Cox showed himself to be a humorist of no mean ability in the facetious illustration of his remarks. This, added to his fine presence, his eloquence and practical common sense, make him a thoroughly enjoyable talker.

After the lecture, the Total Abstinence Society gave a smoker in the Brownson Hall reading-room. To Father Marr and President McElligott is due the credit for the success of the evening. The society wishes to thank Mr. Charles Rush for kindly presiding at the piano.

—Another honour has been conferred upon Notre Dame by the Knights of Columbus. A year ago with the introduction of the Society into Indiana, Professor John Ewing was elected District Deputy. A few days ago with the establishment of a State Council in Indiana Professor Ewing was raised to the dignity of State Deputy. The Knights of Columbus in the selection of their State Deputy followed that old Jeffersonian principle of Democracy that the "office should seek the man and the man best qualified for the office."

This organization on account of its cardinal principles, unity, fraternity and charity, has taken possession of what is best in American Catholic young manhood. Notre Dame men, alumni and students, recognize its mission, and have hastened to enroll themselves under its banner. At present eleven professors, seventeen Seniors and eleven Juniors, numbering thirty-nine members in all, represent Notre Dame's strength in the South Bend Council. Last year Notre Dame's representation was nearly as large. These men in going to every section of the Americas bring home with them an ardent desire to give their fellow Catholic townsmen the advantages which they have derived from their affiliation with this society.

To a stranger it must certainly appear that

the enthusiasm of the proselytes of the Knights of Columbus proves that within this organization there is a charm deeper, better, and truer than that of which other societies can boast. It came into being but a few years ago, yet to-day it numbers 100,000 members, and is ever growing. Truly can it be said that it came as an inspiration and as a necessity:—inspiration because of the solemnity of its degrees; for it is fast solving the problem that has so long bothered the clergy and laity: that of uniting what is best in the Catholic laity into an organization which is a unit and a great power for good.

—Kubelik the unloved is paying the price of his folly. Missives come pouring into his office from mesdames whose desire it is to awaken the divine passion. Instead of sighing for what is not, this young musical genius should take to writing verse—a panacea for all ills—and we are positive that within a short time he could “batter himself into a passion.” This was Burns’ method, the success of which has been demonstrated by his biographer Stevenson.

A few lines to a Laura, an idealizing of a Beatrice, even a dedicatory piece of verse to an unknown inamorata, written under the stress of emotion to fill a college paper would give Kubelik the soulful touch he is lacking.

Ah, Kubelik you are on the wrong road! Since you can not love and lose, and if you would be inspired with a genuine passion, become a verse contributor to a college paper.

—“What do you think of a certain book?” I heard one student ask another, mentioning a late popular work of fiction.

“No good,” was the reply,—“nothing compared with one by Thackeray or Scott,” and with this he sealed its condemnation.

His remark recalled Byron’s well-known lines:

A man must serve his time to every trade.
Save censure: critics are already made.

The novel in question had in a very short time passed through several editions, and this fact alone ought to make one pause before jumping at conclusions. Unless one believes the public taste to be perverted he can scarcely attribute sheer worthlessness to a work that has met with general acceptance. Many persons read for the mere pleasure they

derive from the exercise—not for instruction or for the sake of remembering,—and if an author can satisfy their desire, assuredly he is entitled to due recognition. Of some conversationalist, we say he is entertaining, his manner of expression is good, although his words lack weight. Should we not accord certain authors a similar courtesy? Moreover, we should remember that between an ordinary novel and a work of literature there exists the greatest dissimilarity. Their structure is different; the very materials of which they are composed have little in common. One, like the amaranth, blooms for all time; the other lives but a day. We are not justified, therefore, in applying the same literary canons to both. When authors lay claim to genius and set out with the same end in view, the comparative method of criticism may be justifiable, but otherwise it leads to no valid results. An author need not be a Thackeray or a Scott and yet write an entertaining, readable book. If those two—themselves stars of unequal brilliancy—be made the standard by which we are to judge authors, how few of our modern writers will find a place in the literary firmament. There seems to be a place for lesser lights, so let them shine.

—Without a knowledge of the attendant forces at work statistics are of scant benefit or instruction and may well be overlooked. In some cases, however, statistics command widespread interest and may serve to convey a useful lesson. Such, for instance, are those that deal with wars, the forces engaged and the losses and resources of the combatants. But these lines have no bearing on physical warfare: they have to do with the no less interesting subject, the conquest of souls by Christianity. To enlighten us on this point has been the purpose of the statistician’s report of the membership and growth of the religious bodies in the United States for the year 1901. According to this document we are not a very enthusiastic church-going people; for out of the total population of the republic, only twenty-eight millions are church members. But our indifference is more than compensated in the variety of our creeds. No less than twenty appear on the list, and it is safe to assume that this number is not exhaustive. Besides having the largest membership, the Catholic Church gained by far the greatest number of adherents

during the past year—she is credited with four hundred and sixty-eight thousand odd, or two hundred and six thousand more than those gained by all the other religious bodies. Of course, the gains in every case must have been considerably augmented by immigration. In an article written for the *New York Times*, the United States Commissioner of Labour gives the number of immigrants for the year ended June 30, 1900, as 448,572. These, he believes, were pretty equally divided between the Catholic and Protestant faiths, with possibly a preponderance in favour of the latter, and we may reasonably conclude that the same is true of the immigrants for the year succeeding. Conditions affecting increase of population whether from within or without were practically identical for Catholic and Protestant, and it is a fact of much significance that the Catholic Church has so far out-distanced her neighbours in the work in which both are so worthily engaged. Apotheosis of self is rampant, if we are to accept the opinion prevalent; yet is it not some refutation of this view, as well as a tribute to the truth of the Catholic doctrines that the great majority of those in search of a religion, embrace the faith that has least to offer in the way of worldly advancement, while at the same time the most exacting in its discipline and requirements? MACD.

Our First Indoor Meet of the Year.

Before a crowd of twenty five hundred enthusiasts the First Regiment Athletes carried off the first honour, scoring thirty points in their annual meet in the First Regiment Armory, Feb. 6. Notre Dame got but twelve points, winning second place from the nine strong competing teams, but these twelve points do not tell the hard struggle against odds that our boys put up from the start until the finish of the meet.

Ten men represented Notre Dame in this meet. They are Kirby, Staples, Gearin, Herbert, Hoover, Uffendall, Sullivan, Richon, Shea and Steele. All of the men were handicapped; and these handicaps cut an important figure in the events—especially so in the forty-yard dash where our sprinters showed fine form.

Herbert began the good work by defeating Moloney, Chicago's crack hurdler. This came as the surprise of the evening. Starting on the instant of the firing of the pistol with Moloney and Friend, both of Chicago, Herbert, after

the first hurdle was cleared, gradually drew away from them winning by nearly a yard. Hoover was unfortunate in this event stumbling in the semi-finals when he was leading Friend by more than a yard.

The great race of the evening should have been the half mile. But two men were on the scratch, Uffendall of Notre Dame and Webster of the First Regiment. Thirty other competitors stretched along the track with handicaps varying from ten to fifty yards. Then began a remarkable race in which Uffendall used the finest of judgment in passing five or six men on each lap. Webster followed close on his heels. The pace set was a killing one. Each contestant struggled to prevent another from passing him on the narrow turns. On the next to the last lap the starter, through an error, fired off a pistol shot which was to announce the last lap. Uffendall sprinted, beating his man in at the tape by a few inches. He ran a final lap, however, winning by yards, but because a few of the half-milers had stopped with the pistol shot this race was declared no race and the men forced to run it over again. A decision of this kind must certainly meet with censure. Uffendall was in no condition to run the second half-mile, and it fell on Steele to bear Notre Dame's colours, winning a third place after he had received a severe fall in making a turn.

In the mile race the track was a mass of runners, so much so in fact that Shea, whose style of running is a strong steady gait was forced to sprint on the open way, and then virtually walk around the turns.

The big event of the night was the mile relay. It was open to everybody, and came at the end of the long programme, arousing the spectators to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The Central Y. M. C. A. team did not start, leaving the contest between Notre Dame and the First Regiment. In the first relay Staples finished a yard ahead of Slack; Kirby increased this lead four yards on Hayes as he forged steadily ahead; Gearin added another four yards as he circled the track ahead of Moloney. Herbert, the last of Notre Dame's sprinters, was somewhat slow in getting his relay, and when he started he and Smith were breast and breast. The struggle was a hard one; both men struggled out to the last notch, and Smith did not succeed in passing his man until the last lap, when he won by a yard.

The Pole vault and high jump were long drawn-out contests, lasting from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Many competitors had entered the pole vault, and by the time the cross bar was at 10 feet 8 inches the contest had narrowed down to Martin of the First Regiment, Henneberry, Chicago Latin School, Magee, Chicago University, and Sullivan of Notre Dame. All four cleared the bar which was then raised to 10 feet 11½ inches. Martin was the only one to succeed in getting over this height, establishing a new indoor record. Henneberry, who is but a boy, won first place by virtue of his handicap, Martin second, Sullivan third.

By the time of the high jump the galleries were nearly all emptied. But nevertheless, there was a goodly supply of jumpers. All of these, with the exception of Kaecke of the First Regiment, fell out when the bar was raised to 5 feet 8 inches; this clever jumper finally succeeding in clearing 5 feet 10 inches in getting second place.

Notre Dame was never in better condition for a meet than last Thursday night, and we certainly give credit to Coach Butler for the perfection to which he had brought his team

SUMMARY:

Final heat of 40-yd. handicap.—Won by Otto Kaecke, First Regiment, 6 feet; C. Blaire, U. of C., scratch, 2d; F. A. Martin, First Regiment, 7 feet, third. Time, :04 4-5.

Final heat of 40-yard hurdles.—Won by M. B. Herbert, Notre Dame; F. G. Moloney, Chicago, second; Hugo Friend, Chicago, third. Time, :05 3-5.

RESULTS IN OTHER EVENTS.

One-mile handicap—Won by C. F. Holton, Central Y. M. C. A., 45 yards; Fred T. Hall, First Regiment, 25 yards, second; M. Browne, Central Y. M. C. A., 25 yards, third. Time :05:01 1-5.

440-yard handicap—Won by Abe Delves, unattached, 22 yards; E. W. Eckersoll, First Regiment, 20 yards, second; E. D. Sammon, Englewood High School, 14 yards, third. Time :58 3-5.

16-pound shot put, handicap—Won by G. H. Oliver, Morgan Park Academy, 4 feet six inches; R. W. Maxwell, First Regiment, scratch, second; B. H. Falter, First Regiment, 1 foot, third. Distance, 39 feet 2 inches.

One mile relay, open—Won by First Regiment [Slack, Hayes, Moloney and Smith]; Notre Dame, second. Time, 4:01 1-5.

One-half mile, handicap—Won by D. J. C. Weir, First Regiment, 43 yards; H. S. Kirk, Central Y. M. C. A., 30 yards, second; Frank Steele, Notre Dame, 10 yards, third. Time, 2:12 3-5.

Pole vault handicap—Won by W. P. Henneberry, Chicago Latin School, 1 foot; F. A. Martin, First Regiment, 3 inches, second; J. J. Sullivan, Notre Dame, 5 inches, third. Height, 11 feet 8 inches. Martin's actual vault of 10 feet 11½ inches is Central Athletic union record.

Running high jump, handicap—Won by J. J. Sullivan, Notre Dame, 5 inches; A. R. Arens, Chicago Turngemeinde, 4½ inches, second; O. H. Kaecke, First Regiment, scratch, third. Height, 5 feet 11 inches. Kaecke's jump, 5 feet 10 inches.

Exchanges.

There is always to be found among the Ex-men a more or less heated discussion of what ought to constitute a college paper. A noticeable characteristic of these discussions is that you find similarity of opinions about as often as you find similarity of papers. That is to be expected. Each magazine is the product of the necessities, circumstances and character of the men running it. It is just as difficult and just as undesirable to make college magazines conform to a fixed standard as to make men do so. While, then, one may with profit compare the literary matter of one paper with that of another, it is difficult and quite fruitless to attempt to determine whether this paper, taken as a whole, is superior to that. Perfection is that quality of a thing by virtue of which a thing has all it ought to have; and in proportion as each fulfils its mission it is perfect.

The man whose wit and wisdom fills the Ex-column of *The Georgetown College Journal* says he tries to say nice things of those who do likewise unto him (when the nice things are deserved, of course). However, we do not wish him to feel under any obligation to us when we say that on account of his sprightliness and good judgment he is about our ideal of an Ex-man.

Among the strongest of our exchanges is the *McMaster University Monthly*. It has a vigour of prose and finish of verse seldom found in the college world. "My Cathedral" is a sonnet of delightful imagery and well written.

The St. John's Collegian, while lacking in verse, has an abundance of good prose. "The Episode" is a story with fair plot-work and shows very good technical ability. "The Power of the Independent Press" is a vigorous defense of the modern newspaper press. "The Pursuit of Happiness" shows inductively that complete well-being is not of this world.

"Ye may no more contend
There lies the happiest land."

We note the following from an exchange: "The illustrations as well as the reading-matter are both excellent." Excellent and what? or were there but two illustrations? O. A. W.

Personals.

—Mr. Morrison of Fort Madison, Iowa, visited friends at the University.

—Mrs. Burke of Chicago entered her son in Carroll Hall during the week.

—Mrs. Ehrke of Chicago visited her son who is a student of Carroll Hall, last Tuesday.

—Dr. Flynn ('93) of Washington, D. C., visited Mr. P. P. McElligott of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. James Barry of Chicago visited friends at the University during the week.

—Mrs. J. E. Purnelle and Mrs. E. Burke of Chicago, visited friends at Notre Dame last Thursday.

—Mr. Kennedy of Scottdale, Pennsylvania, visited his son Edward of Carroll Hall during the week.

—Mr. J. L. Spalding Slevin (student '96-'99) of Peoria, Illinois, is at present engaged in his father's office.

—The Rev. James Clancy of the Cathedral Parish of Chicago, spent several days with the Reverend Father Fitte.

—Miss Schwab of Loretto, Pennsylvania, was the guest of her brother, Mr. Edward Schwab of Corby Hall, last Thursday.

—Mr. John C. Lavelle ('00-'01) of Center Point, Iowa, is holding a position in a law office at Cedar Rapids. From all accounts Mr. Lavelle is showing great promise in the legal profession.

—Word has come to us that Mr. John Mullen (C. E. '01) is at present working with the Monongahela Railroad Co. at Castelroy, Pennsylvania. He is superintending the erection of all the stone structures on that section. Jack was a prime favourite while here, and we wish him success.

—Mr. Louis D. Herman ('95) of Evansville, Mr. J. A. Ball of Plymouth, and Mr. James McKee (A. B. '93, LL. B. '95) of Versailles, Kentucky, were the guests of Professors Ackermann and Maurus during the week. Mr. Herman was elected State Advocate for Indiana at the recent conference of the Knights of Columbus.

—Among the old students who dropped in during the Knights of Columbus' conference was Mr. Francis O'Shaughnessy (LL. B. '00) of Chicago. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who has acquired some reputation as a speaker, responded to a toast at the banquet given by the Knights of Columbus last Sunday. "Shag" was one of the brightest members of his class, and has become very successful as a lawyer. He was one of the attorneys who represented the Chicago American in its recent successful fight against the street-railway corporations. Mr. O'Shaughnessy is an enthusiastic promoter of the Total Abstinence Union. A. L. K.

Local Items.

—The Varsity Reserves meet North Division High school in the large gym this afternoon.

—Sorin Hall and Corby Hall meet to-night in a game of basket-ball in the Brownson gym. The two teams are about evenly matched and as the victors play Brownson for the championship, the game will no doubt be very interesting.

—What a strange conception of the humorous some persons have! One man thought it quite a joke to waken at half-past six several others who returned from the K. of C. initiation at half-past one. Strange to say, no one was able to see the humorous side of the affair—except the joker.

—A bit of verse has been received from an indignant Sorinite who signs himself a Philanthropist. At his request it is to be printed. But yet we that have been entranced by the musical Dinky Dicer can not understand why this harmonious being should be in discord with a soul perhaps as musical. But genius has many vagaries. We shall print the verse in next week's issue.

—The Brownson Hall Basket-Ball team played at South Bend Saturday night, easily defeating the Y. M. C. A. team of that city. The final score was 55 to 13. The team work was the best they have shown this year. Capt. Groogan, Glenn and Sammon threw goals from every part of the field and proved entirely too fast for the Y. M. C. A. guards. Glenn threw ten goals from the field. The two guards also put up a splendid game for the Y. M. C. A. Barrett did the best playing.

—Water polo is fast becoming popular with the Brownsonites. W. Thompson, Captain of the team, is very much elated over the improvement shown by the candidates during the past few weeks, and says he expects to turn out the best team in the University. Sorin Hall has a few experienced players who intend starting a team soon. A series of games will probably be played in the natatorium between these two teams within the next few weeks. Corby has not been heard from yet.

—The track team will have an opportunity of showing its ability on many occasions this session. March 1 we meet Wisconsin in an indoor meet at Notre Dame; March 8 we send a relay team to St. Louis to compete in the games there; March 15, Purdue and Indiana will meet us in a Triangular Meet in the new gym; on May 31, the Indiana Championships will be held in Terre Haute. In all probability the Western Intercollegiate will see us a factor in Chicago on June 1.

It is the intention of Manager Crumley to run off an athletic carnival in Cartier Field during the spring. Invitations will be issued

to the leading colleges of the East and the West. An affair of this kind would prove popular, and should meet with our hearty support.

—The following men have been passed upon at the athletic board of control, making them eligible to compete should they qualify for any of our athletic teams: Messrs. Antoine, Barrett, Corbett, Carcy, Davey, Dempsey, Dohan, Doar, Duly, Farabaugh, Fetherstone, Flynn, Fisher, Groogan, Gormley, Gage, Gearin, Herbert, Halloran, Higgins, Hogan, Hoover, Hanley, Hemp, Hexter, Jennings, Kirby, Kahler, Kanaley, Lynch, Lonergan, Moran, McCullough, McAuley, Neeson, O'Malley, O'Connor, O'Neill, Pick, Quinlan, Rayneri, Richon, Reichardt, Reulbach, W. Shea, J. Shea, Sullivan, Stephan, Shaughnessy, Steele, Staples, Uffendall, Voight, Wood, Zaehnlé, Zolper.

—During the past few years tests in physical strength have been made regularly at some of the larger universities. Just now at Harvard, Yale, Columbia and other schools men are working almost daily with the different testing machines and apparatus. At Harvard the interest is intense. The candidates are striving to win back the honour of having the first fifty college strong men, an honour won by Columbia last year. General interest is also displayed at Columbia. She has a captain of a strength test league who constantly keeps up the enthusiasm of the college in this line and coaches the men in training. There has been practically no interest at Notre Dame, though she has procured a full set of the testing machines. Our system which was originated by Dr. D. A. Sargent of Harvard and from whom Mr. Weiss, our director, received instruction, is practically the same as adopted by all the large universities. Fall in line, you strong men. Shake off your languor, and get to work.

—Among the juvenile members of the Junior Law class, there are a number of fine, well-behaved youths, who steer clear of the shoals and reefs which beset the path of inexperience. In other words, they do not come around with a confident smile which betrays the fact that they have just looked the matter up, and propound a difficult question to their respected superiors, the Seniors and P. Gs. However, one of the dubs was reading a law book the other day, and discovered a point of law he had never met before. Believing himself intelligent beyond his years, he hustled down to the reading-room, where a number of Seniors and P. Gs. were assembled, and sprung the supposedly difficult question. The wink was passed, and of course no one could answer the question. The future Webster of Illinois was then called upon for the correct answer. He gave it as he had just previously found it in the book, and a general laugh arose. He says he is going to write home and tell the folks he knows more than the P. Gs.

MORAL: He who knows nothing, thinks he can teach others what he just now has learned himself; while he who knows a great deal, can scarcely imagine that anyone is unacquainted with what he says.

—At last Notre Dame can boast of a society designated by Greek letters. The name is Sigma Alpha Sigma. 'Tis not wise to state the ends for which the society was organized; but we may say with all confidence that the organization is entirely harmless *now*. Some time ago the following officers were elected: O'Grady, President; Crumley, Lord Chief Entertainer; Petritz, Lord Chef (and incidentally everything else); Arana, Secretary; Neeson, Inner Guard; Wurzer, Sergeant-at-Arms. The first initiation took place Jan. 30 at the elegant society rooms in Heiney Row. Mr. Baer, of the '03 Engineering class, was the victim. O'Grady opened the ceremony with a speech in which the silver-tongued orator from New York impressed upon the candidate the glorious object of the society. This was followed by ten of the twenty degrees. After this the members repaired to the café Rockford where a sumptuous banquet was served by Petritz who was ably assisted by Arana. Mr. Crumley then further terrorized the victim with some selections. Mr. Baer, needless to say, was very much struck by the ceremonies; so much so in fact, that he had a sore feeling for several days afterward. He is undecided now whether to attribute the said soreness to the initiation proper, or to the banquet served by Petritz and Arana.

—A Tale of Woe. By Longfellow and Poe.

To a hospitable buffet
Went a thirsty student, skiving
Skiving, skiving, skiving, skiving.
Craving for the juice of barley,
Thirsting for the good strong waters,
Burning for the *aqua vite*,
Came the thirsty student skiving
To the hospitable buffet.

"I have thirst, O Mister bar-keep,
You have that which can allay it;
Fill up glass, and fill up schooner,
And I surely shall reward you
With my good red copper kopecks,"
Cried he to the silent bar-keep.

But the bar-keep, standing silent,
Standing silent, silent standing,
Neither answering, nor demanding,
Fixed his eyes upon the floor.
Then three syllables he muttered;
And no other sounds he uttered,
For those three were, "nevermore."

And the skiver still is craving,
Still is thirsting, still is raving;
For the bar-keep, never wav'ring
Kicked him rudely out the door.
And from out the grimy gutter,
Where the skiver's woe is utter,
Comes a low and plaintive murmur,
(Like the sound of flies in butter);
Comes a sad, disconsolate murmur,
Muttering, murmuring, "nevermore—
To this place of gilded mirrors,
I shall skive—O nevermore."

—It may be of interest to some of the old boys to look over the table of contents of "The Notre Dame University Athletic Almanac" which has just been published. The book contains numerous illustrations, prominent among which is a picture of the baseball team of which Adrian C. Anson was a member in 1868. The Almanac contains 124 pages and sells for 25 cents. The contents:

Indoor Amateur Records.
 World—Notre Dame Invitation—Varsity Special—
 Carroll Hall Special—St. Edward's Hall Special.
 Outdoor Amateur Records.
 World—Western Intercollegiate—Intercollegiate
 Conference—Indiana Intercollegiate—Notre Dame
 Invitation—Varsity Special—Carroll Hall Special.
 Varsity Track Team. Annual Champions.
 Indoors since 1898.
 Outdoors since 1881.
 Carroll Hall Track Team. Annual Champions.
 Indoors since 1889.
 Outdoors since 1881.
 St. Edward's Hall Track Team. Annual Champions.
 Indoors since 1889.
 Individual All-Round Record.
 H. Jewett—J. F. Powers—P. J. Corcoran.
 Varsity Track Team Record.
 Scores of games since 1898.
 Special Track and Field Meets.
 Scores of games since 1898.
 Varsity Basket-Ball Record.
 Scores of games since 1897.
 Annual Percentage Summary.
 Varsity Baseball Record.
 Scores of games since 1886.
 Annual Percentage Summary.
 Varsity Football Record.
 Scores of games since 1887.
 Annual Percentage Summary.
 Personnel of Varsity Athletic Teams.
 Since 1886.
 Managers, Coaches and Captains.
 The Government of Athletics at Notre Dame.
 Facts about Western Running Tracks.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

April 7—	Chicago White Stockings at	Notre Dame.
" 8	" "	" South Bend.
" 9	" "	" Notre Dame.
" 10	" "	" South Bend.
" 11	" "	" Notre Dame.
" 12	" "	" South Bend.
" 24—	Wisconsin	" Notre Dame.
" 25—	Wabash	" Notre Dame.
" 29—	Notre Dame	" Indiana.
May 1—	Notre Dame	" Purdue.
" 6—	Indiana	" Notre Dame.
" 8—	Nebraska	" Notre Dame.
" 17—	Knox College	" Notre Dame.
" 19—	Notre Dame	" Minnesota.
" 20—	" "	" "
" 22—	" "	" Madison.
" 29—	" "	" Kalamazoo.
" 30—	Detroit College	" Detroit.
June 5—	Minnesota	" Notre Dame.

A number of dates are still open, bringing the total number of games to be played to twenty-three or twenty-four. Thus Notre Dame will have a very hard schedule before her. The series with Comiskey's White Stockings should prove very interesting, putting our team in condition for the season's work. Capt. Lynch has cut his candidates down to eighteen men. This number will be retained until the fine weather breaks. Then there will be a

gradual weeding down until but thirteen men are retained.

—Once upon a time, a ponderous young man desired to make the acquaintance of a certain young lady. He accordingly confided his hopes to a short, thick-set chap who was a friend of the admired one. Both young men were P. Gs, but one was a little more so than the other, he having skill in using paint. The short, thick-set chap took charge of the campaign. He persuaded a friend to give a sort of admiration party, to which the ponderous young man, the thick-set chap and the admired one should be invited. The plan was carried out to the letter, and all the individuals received invitations. When the day for the meeting arrived, the ponderous one—'twas none but P. Henntoo—and he and the thick-set chap started for the residence where the admiration party was to take place. They arrived safe, and were introduced to many unexpected guests, who unfortunately for the ponderous one and the thick-set chap, had called before them. One of the guests, a very clever young fellow, was a regular talking machine, and the unfortunate ones got no farther than the introduction during the entire afternoon. The human phonograph held sway, and although the ponderous one and the thick-set chap searched for pity in the dreamy orbs of the gentler ones, they found none. Metaphorically speaking, they were away back in the rear. Had it been a clothing store, they would have been taken for dummies. They were saying to themselves, "Oh, if we could only get out of this!" Unfortunately they were seated on opposite sides of the room, and their mental telepathy apparatus was out of order. "Time waits for no man," the human phonograph was still raising the temperature of the room with his hot air, and the unfortunate ones began to perspire, although all that they had said up to this time was, "yes" and "no." At last two of the visitors decided to go, and during this little confusion the ponderous one and the thick-set chap, who had been lost to posterity during the afternoon, got a chance to signal to each other. The thick-set chap sent a message by wireless telegraphy, something like this: "We had better get a move on, it's nearly time for supper." The look on the ponderous one's face answered, "Make a break!" The thick-set chap arose and informed those present that he and his ponderous friend had come back to life, and that they must be going. After a few forced smiles, they made their bows and were escorted to the door. What the ponderous one said to the thick-set chap on the outside can better be imagined than described.

MORAL:—Before you go visiting, find out who's going to be there, and arrange your speeches accordingly.