

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 15, 1902.

No. 20.

## Sympathy.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

A WEARY soul encased in fleshy dress,—  
A soul that ever upward seeks to soar,  
But beats her wings in vain to tire the more  
With strivings that are well-nigh profitless:  
Such, man, is thy lone strife in weariness,  
Too weighty is the clay; his quest too sore  
Who clingly e'er seeks thee as before  
And holds thee with voluptuous caress.

A soul in midst of soul-life all alone,  
Who sees where others strive, but can not see  
The strivers waging war so like her own;  
Her only gift is silent sympathy.  
The which comes back in turn; yet not unknown  
This power doth aid to final victory.

## The Game of Whist.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.



WHEN Mary read the short letter a satisfied look came to her face. The letter, indeed, was short; yet in it he had said something that was of the greatest moment to her. He had written that he would be in on the six o'clock Limited, and that he had a question to ask and some things to say which should make a marked difference in their lives.

This young lady was not an exact type of the cold, designing maiden. Like many others, however, she had her preferences; and why not?—that surely is a woman's privilege. The folk at home, particularly her mother, were best disposed toward a certain young man for a son-in-law; and, strangely enough, in this instance the young lady's predisposition literally tallied with theirs. That certain young

man was expected in on the six o'clock Limited.

Mary was an intellectual girl, therefore she had never industriously led her admirers into endless book-talks; she was thought to be an interesting entertainer, for she allowed the young men to talk principally of themselves; she was a strategist, for her predilections were never made too evident. Now since he was comely and she pretty, and since he was coming to settle some momentous question as he saw it, why should not this question appear, at least, to be of the most trivial importance as she saw it?

If Mary had had less confidence in herself and her own powers, she would not have blushed and so confidently have shrugged her shoulders when, after supper, her mother looked at her in a pleased, indulgent way, and said:

"You know, my dear, there are questions and questions!"

Mrs. Seton, if very long since, had evidently taken a somewhat thorough course along like lines. An exasperating sensitiveness frequently clings upon old affairs of the heart.

Mary concluded she should dress very plainly for the evening. In her detestation of ornament she was an exception in her sex. Assuredly, in after years, she should not have to chide herself that she captured him by unfair or artificial devices. No, of course not! She must have forgotten that the very dress she had put on was the one of all the others that Henry Holland had said she looked the sweetest in. The excessive care in her toilet was not studied, either. No,—it was merely a legitimate use of the numberless feminine means by which the person should most appear to have disdained all such means.

Later, when the maid brought Holland's card, Mary scanned it most indifferently and drew a long breath, as much as to say:

"Oh, I may as well play the martyr!" and

directed that the young man be taken into the parlour. This from the library where she sat with her father, mother, and two younger brothers. As she walked from the room so very deliberately, Mr. Seton observed to his wife:

"Girls are strange creatures!"

Mrs. Seton assented. She assented advisedly, too, for she had been one once; and perhaps the husband had that as much in mind as the wife.

"Mr. Holland!" Mary greeted him with an exceedingly conventional hand shake.

"Good evening, Miss Seton!" Holland replied quite at ease.

They took chairs.

"Was your train on time, Mr. Holland? It is now nearly nine," inquired Mary very indifferently.

"Yes, quite on time!" said Holland, somewhat distractedly.

"I received your *short* letter!" In spite of her studied part, Mary gave stress to the adjective.

"Yes?" Holland remarked, "special delivery stamps are a great boon to troubled spirits. They are more private than telegrams and telephones, hastier than the ordinary letter,—in fact, they are everything when one is perplexed in heart and mind!"

Thought Mary: "How wrought up he is—this will bring the climax too soon."

Thought Holland: "I can scarce key myself up for the confession. I told Morden it was not him but me she liked; and, as I told Morden, I love his sister the better; but—confound it!"

"Have you seen Mr. Morden lately?" asked Mary as if she had read the young man's mind.

"Yes; let me see"—Holland, the least bewildered, thumped his fingers on the cherry chair arm—"why—yes; I saw him just this afternoon!"

"I think him one young man out of a thousand!"

Mary read this off quite as if her heart were in the saying.

"I am glad you do; you have good taste!" Holland testified.

Thought Mary: "I shall have to pique his jealousy a bit."

Thought Holland: "Of course, Morden's sister is the only girl; yet—someway—"

Mary remarked: "As for Mr. Morden's sister, is she not the sweetest girl?"

"Indeed, Miss Seton, I have long thought

her to be that!" Testified Holland.—Mary bit her lip. She knew very well he had.

Then there was an embarrassing pause. Holland intently studied a wintry landscape hung well over on the opposite wall. Mary intently traced a complicated figure in the rug with the glittering tip of her right shoe. The two had never found it so hard to appear natural before. The silence had grown positively painful when Mary arose, bravely took a carnation from a cut-glass vase, and handed it to Holland:

"Will you wear a white carnation of mine?"

This bothered Holland, for he was about to have confessed his affection for the other girl. He took the flower.

"You know I should be most delighted to wear it. But where did you get so many carnations?"

"Why do you ask?—Are they not white and large?" asked Mary.

"They are both white and large, and—" Holland paused—"they are numerous!"

"Well, I'll be honest!" Mary glanced mischievously at him. "Mr Morden has sent me flowers for several months now. And—" Mary here threw off all pretense—"the most of the time my mother thought they came from *you*."

"Mary, you should never have—" Holland would have continued.

"I know, but I couldn't help it!" Mary broke in.

"And to think of Morden—just think how he must feel!" Holland was sincere.

"Yes, and think of Miss Morden and all the flowers you have sent her!" Mary was also sincere.

"Yes, but in my case, I—" Holland would have explained.

"Yes, and in my case I—" Mary would not explain.

The thrust told. Holland realized that excuses would no longer do. He was not near so self-satisfied and anxious for the confession now. Finally he asked solemnly:

"Mary, do you care for Mr. Morden?"

For the moment angered, she answered:

"Yes!"

"It's as well, I suppose." Holland sighed, his courage much on the wane. "You know I care an awful lot for his sister? Probably—more than for anyone—that is—"

"Was this the *question* and the *things* you had to say?" Mary asked while she bravely hid her feelings.

"I suppose they were. Why?" asked Hol-

land now somewhat whiter in face than Mary.

"Oh, nothing! Only *this evening* will make a *difference* in our lives!"

Mary went to the piano and blinked hard with two tearful eyes while she played a few rather inconsequent chords. During the while Holland sat in deep thought.

Thought Holland: "I always could play the fool admirably! What a colossal fool I am! There's a woman for you! As for Edith Morden, I doubt—"

His revery was broken, for Mary with affected cheeriness, called:

"Come, Mr. Holland, let us go into the library and ask mamma and papa to take a hand in whist!"

Holland arose and manfully said:

"I'll play on one condition, Mary, and that is that you will forgive what I've said to-night, and believe that I did not at all know my own heart. Will you do that much for me?"

"Yes, Henry! Come, let us go!"

They both went to the library.

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#### Poet and Critic.

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JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

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Although the mediocre critic has failed ignobly in endeavouring to bring men of one school under the standard of another, yet on the whole, the critics have rescued criticism from the hands of the professional pedants or marginal annotators. For the last hundred years criticism has made inquiries into the fundamentals that govern all literary creation. Thus has it ceased to be annotative and philological but creative and literary. For it recognizes the futility of separating a genius from a school, although Moulton in his inductive criticism calls for the interpretation of the work without considering the author's life. It asks are his morals good, his development just, or has he broken away from set forms, and by the strength of his genius created a new form to "convey his message?" "But there is another and more comprehensive question which criticism asks. The work which it studies must conform to something, but it must also reveal something; it must disclose a certain order and beauty of workmanship, but it also must discover its connection with an ultimate order, to which every real expression of man's soul bears witness."

Every work of art, the critic says, must be true to the world soul; and if it does not respond to the emotions of the soul of humanity, it can not be true. It may delineate a certain grade of society, and be clever in its artificiality; but if it has not that vitalizing force common to all men, it can not live. "Nature must be true to itself," and whatever is false to nature can not last. The society novel pictures the fashions of one period, and with the change of fashion comes the death of the novel. But a Thackeray, a Balzac, or a Cervantes depicting humanity, clothes their characters in the manners and fashions of a period, and though the manners and fashions change their novels remain. "Nor can any single work of literary art furnish the elements for æsthetic criticism." Man can not estimate the true value of a work until he has other works to compare it with or contrast it against. And yet, we should see the individuality of a writer, and not view him entirely as part of a group. Although the grouping, or placing him alongside his contemporaries and all men of his *genre*, serve to give him his place in literature, yet the marked individuality of the writer should be considered. The young life of a new century burst out in Keats, Wordsworth, Byron and Shelley, and after them came critics, men of real genius, who extracted from the poets laws of art as they appreciated them.

"The world has its great creative epochs more frequently than its great critical epochs," says Principal Shairp; and then he proceeds to illustrate how Greece had spent her great energy in creation before "Aristotle came, and in his prosaic, methodical way laid line and plummet to the tragedies, took their dimensions, and drew from these his definitions and canons for tragedy, until the tragic, indeed the whole poetic impulse of Greece, exhausted itself."

This is unquestionably true; and the most optimistic of critics can not place criticism on a par with creation, though Byron held them to be equal. Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Goethe soar too high to think of a parity. Nor will they take so disparaging a view as Wordsworth, who held "The critical power is very low, infinitely lower than the inventive," and continuing he says: "If the quantity of time, consumed in writing critiques on the works of others were given to original composition, of whatever kind it might be, it would be much better employed; it would

make a man find his level, and would do infinitely less mischief."

Wordsworth seems to forget that a clever man may be stupid in another calling. In fact, it would be folly for him to leave a certain branch of literature to which his genius has especially fitted him. Matthew Arnold appears to take a more equitable view of the critic and the creator. Admitting that the "critical power is of lower rank than the creative," he proceeds to distinguish between the critic and the creator. He holds opinions dissimilar to Wordsworth's, for he understands the work the creative critic has done for literature as Wordsworth does not understand it. And then he goes on to say: "Is it true that Johnson had better had gone on producing more *Irenes* instead of writing his *Lives of the Poets*? Nay, is it certain that Wordsworth himself was better employed in making his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* than when he made his celebrated preface, so full of criticism, and criticism of the works of others?"

This idea of personality carries us back to the creators and the way they show themselves in their work. "There are few writers," says Bagehot, "that can be known by a few words of their writing; each syllable is instinct with a certain spirit: put it in the hands of anyone chosen at random, the same impression will be produced by the same felicitous means." Bagehot's work is a striking example of the personality of the man. Mr. Hamilton Mabie, in his clever essay on personality, very cleverly and ably contrasts the stamp left by Shakspeare on his works and that left by Johnson. In the former we can tell the man in every line he has written; in the latter we find not that stiff academical, rhetorical fellow his work would naturally lead us to believe him—and this thanks to Boswell. A great writer necessarily puts himself into his writings, for in the writings of a man we expect a revelation of his own character. Who among us would not know Montaigne after reading a book of his essays, or Burton after an hour with his "Anatomy of Melancholy?"

The great critic has a strong personality; he sees deeply and knows that "forms, standards and methods change; but the unchangeable element in all literature is the presence of some aspect of life reflected, reported, interpreted with more or less fidelity and power." It is the universality that does not change; that truth which, despite the garb it wears, remains perennially fresh must

be eternal; no matter its country, language or form, a work true to life will live.

He finds a strong desire, an irresistible impulse to interpret the works of the master. A "passion for contact with great and inexhaustible impulses which unify human life under all conditions, has led these explorers from one continent to another, until a new world lies within our ken." And thus that profession which for centuries before the time of Herder, a Goethe, a Lessing, a Sainte-Beuve, was not much more than an accumulation of dry facts, a *thesaurus* of data, has become an interesting and absorbing study, until now we have a library filled by men like Herder, Lessing, Sainte-Beuve, Arnold, Pater, Lowell, Brunetière and many other great men, whose works rank well with the purely creative work of that period. From each literature through the critic we have discovered the secrets of each race. We can tell the temperament of a nation, now changed, by the way it thought and wrote. We have one literature explained as the flowering over of the literature of a preceding age; the literature of all countries held up in juxtaposition; for to better understand the one we should know the other. The great age of Elizabeth was set against that of Pericles, for the sake of similarity and contrast. We can follow with increasing interest, and intelligently, the rise of one form of literature, its perfection and its gradual disuse; we trace what springs from the withered trunk of this form, its rise, perfection and disuse. We may start with Beauwulf, notice the change in manner, sentiment and thought, till Chaucer; trace the race of lesser lights till Shakspeare; see the Puritanical influence on Milton; the absolute power exercised by Pope over his contemporaries for one hundred years, until Wordsworth broke away from the artificiality of Pope's school; and thus down to our own day. Likewise we can take the novel and the essay, and follow with increasing interest the development of all of these. This is what the critic adds to literature. With the experience of mankind before him, and an intensely keen and analytic mind to select with, he has book after book—books full of himself, and better still, true of the period or the men he delineates.

(To be continued.)

HE whom injustice can not make malevolent is an accomplished man.—*Spalding*.

Varsity Verse.

AT EVENING'S CLOSE.

WHEN shadows come across the day  
As slow the last light fades away,  
And here and there out in the sky  
A jewel meets the gazer's eye,  
Through Fancy's land in joy I stray.

I would not ask the daylight stay,  
Nor hasten stars that in the gray,  
Low sky appear, though lone am I  
When shadows come.

But as they slowly pass me by  
Their brown path seems to testify  
That as the darkness loves to play  
Close to the light upon its way,  
So after joy the time will hie  
When shadows come.

J. L. C.

MY LADY'S GARDEN.

I asked a fair and winsome maid  
From whence the roses came,  
That lightly all her smiles arrayed,  
Day in, day out, the same.

A sparkle in her eyes was seen;  
"If you the place would know,  
The roses that perchance you mean  
Down in my heart do grow."

I said, "'tis strange they are so fine;  
You must unceasing toil,  
In growing roses fair as thine  
Upon such stony soil."

She cried, a frown upon her face,  
"To judge you are not fit,  
Since you have ne'er been to the place  
And nothing know of it."

For peace I offered her my heart,  
And hoped that she would grant  
A plea to use thereon her art,  
And just one flower plant.

At first she laughed, said naught would grow  
On such a barren spot;  
But since I've found that she did sow  
One seed—for-get-me-not.

E. E. W.

RECONCILED.

I heard her sob, and then felt I  
My heart grow calm, my anger die;  
And there within the door stood she,  
And standing gazed so wistfully,  
My eyes in vain sought to descry  
A single tear, but none was nigh.  
Compunction thus came speedily,—  
I heard her sob.

I spoke, yet never a reply,  
But now a tear stood in her eye;  
I spoke again, in entreaty,  
I oped my arms; she rushed to me.  
This child could tell no reason why  
I heard her sob.

J. J. S.

How They Met.

FRANCIS P. BURKE, '03.

The night was stormy. The wind was blowing the snow and sleet across the plains with terrific force. The cowboys of Ranch B were seated around the fireplace in their shanty, trying to pass away the time by telling stories.

Mike Forbes, or "Three-Finger Mike," as he was generally called, was narrating one of his hair-breadth escapes from the Indians back in the seventies. He was in the midst of his tale when a knock at the door interrupted him. Wondering who could be out on such a night, Si Jones, the boss, hastily opened the door.

"Would you give a poor traveller shelter from the storm?" asked a voice from without.

"Well, I reckon," was Si's immediate reply.

The traveller entered. He was a tall man, but his features were concealed by a scarf and a fur cap which was pulled down to his eyes. He wore a heavy ulster coat. His dress would leave one under the impression that he had expected a storm and was prepared for it. In one hand he carried a small-hand satchel, in the other a heavy walking stick.

"Pull off yer coat and squat down thar by the fire," said Si as he took the satchel and stick from the stranger and set them down carefully in a corner of the room.

"Rather a bad night out," continued Si as he resumed his old seat once more after adding more wood to the fire.

"Yes, the night is quite stormy, and I am very thankful to you for the protection you have given me," said the stranger.

"What might be yer name and whar are ye bound for?—if 'tain't no harm to ask," inquired Si.

The stranger said his name was Ralph Brown. That he had been working on a ranch twenty miles below, and had given up the life of a cowboy and was going back East. He had left the ranch where he had been working that morning and was on his way to Sutton, the nearest railway station, when he had been overtaken by the storm and forced to seek shelter. This was all he told them and cowboys, as a rule, are not inquisitive, so they did not ask him for any further information.

A sudden gust of wind blew the door open, and as Si closed and fastened it more securely

he remarked that the boys had better turn in "as them critters would surely be in for a run in the morning."

Bill Smith, Jack Dawson and Tom Collins started out at daylight to look for the cattle and Si prepared breakfast.

The stranger was up early and wished to depart at once, but Si would not hear of such a thing. He must stay and have something to eat.

The boys were gone but a short time when Bill Smith came back to tell Si the cattle were about to stampede. Si was hurrying out to get his pony when Ralph inquired if he could help.

"Yes, if yer want ter come," said Si.

They rode rapidly in the direction that they supposed the cattle were, but some time elapsed before they got sight of them. The herd had not yet broken into that gallop which they always take in a stampede. Jack and Tom were riding along on one side endeavouring to turn the leaders in the direction of a small wood some distance to the left, but their efforts were in vain.

Ralph was well in the lead of his companions. When he came up to Jack and Tom he passed them and rode diagonally across in front of the herd. Perhaps he imagined some of the infuriated bulls would break from the line and charge him, and he would thus be able to swerve the whole herd by taking the leaders from their direct path. Whatever he expected he did not go far before he had as many of the leaders after him as he could desire.

Now began the mad race for the wood. The pony was a fleet one and able to keep a safe distance from the herd, but what if it should stumble? Ralph seemed to realize his dangerous position and carefully guided his pony over the treacherous places that were liable to bring himself and pony to grief.

The cowboys looked with pleasure on this unexpected turn of the cattle and hoped that Ralph's pony would not fail him. Ralph was but a short distance from the wood, and while he was looking eagerly for a place by which he might safely enter, his pony stumbled; the herd passed into the wood, the horse and rider lay mangled upon the plain.

With ill-concealed sorrow the cowboys buried poor Ralph in a rough grave with no mark to tell who slept there. That night Si Jones, wondering who Ralph Brown might be, opened the satchel of the dead man hoping

to find some clue to his identity. But all he found there was a photograph of a beautiful girl with the name of "Edith Merrill, Boston, Mass.," upon the back. Then he searched the overcoat, and in the inside pocket he found the following letter:

BENTON, FLORIDA,

Dec. 4, 1896.

MY DEAR RALPH:—You will be glad to hear that father has at last given his consent to our marriage. My health has not improved since we came to Florida, and the doctor says that he can not save me without an operation. I would not consent unless I could send for you, dear Ralph, for what is the good of me living when you are so far away?

Oh, Ralph! now we shall be happy. Hasten to me. I am so weak, so weak; but I shall live for you. Feeling as if I shall see you soon, I am

Your—Edith.

Si read this letter aloud to the boys and then wishing to hide the tears that came to his eyes he bent over the satchel and busied himself with the contents. After a pause he said:

"Well, boys, what'll we do?"

"We must answer that letter, I reckon," said Mike.

After a diligent search a pencil and small piece of paper were procured, and Bill Smith, who was somewhat of a scholar, wrote those lines with much difficulty, and addressed them to Miss Edith Merrill.

BENTON, FLORIDA,

RANCH B, SUTTON, MONT.,

June 6, 1897.

MISS EDITH—your friend Ralph Brown was killed to-day in a stampede.

BILL SMITH.

The postman for Green Street, Boston, had a letter for Miss Edith Merrill. He noticed that it was forwarded from Benton, Florida, and bore the Sutton, Mont., postmark. When he came in sight of Mr. Merrill's pretty cottage he saw crêpe upon the door.

The Election of Congressman Tom Bronson.

FRANCIS B. O'BRIEN '02.

Tom Bronson was a young, struggling, ambitious lawyer. In the early nineties he heeded the advice of one of his elders and went West, locating in a little town in Wyoming. He soon found that those triumphs which he had so often pictured to himself were but mere fancies of his imagination never to be realized. He had worked, struggled, did every conceivable thing within his power,



but the opportunities to achieve success did not present themselves. Almost discouraged with the law, he decided to turn to the broader field of politics, which seems to furnish the nearest goal for the ambitious and the worthy.

Tom was a stranger among strangers. He had no one to help him, no influential friend to appeal to, whose mere word might bring him into political prominence. An opportunity, however, presented itself, and he secured the position of private secretary to one of the very few Congressmen Wyoming had.

Congressman Dunbar had represented his district for the past twenty years so firm was his hold on the position. Tom, with his ever-present sagacity, here beheld the chance to realize his fondest ambition. The Congressman was a rather elderly gentleman, and would surely retire from public service before many more years. If he performed his work satisfactorily Tom believed he would be the logical candidate to succeed Dunbar.

For six years he served as private secretary. During that time he did most of the work of the Congressman. He wrote his speeches, composed whatever bills he had proposed, and looked after the needs of the people of his state. He even fulfilled some of the social duties of the Congressman, who did not care especially for the social life of the capital. Dunbar's wife and daughter, Marie, however, were not an exception to their sex, and the Congressman always found in Tom a willing substitute. He escorted them to and from the afternoon receptions. He took them to the operas while the Congressman remained at his hotel chatting with his colleagues. Once in a great while an opportunity of accompanying Marie somewhere without her mother would present itself, and Tom never failed to take advantage of it. Mrs. Dunbar never objected. Indeed she had almost begun to look upon him as a member of the family, and it was said by some of the envious ones that she hoped he would be some day.

After the adjournment of Congress, Dunbar and Tom returned to Wyoming to look after the former's law business. They left Mrs. Dunbar and Marie in the East. Tom felt confident that the Congressman meant to retire after that session; and he was not at all surprised when one day he called him into his private office, gave him a cigar and bade him "be seated."

"Tom," he said, "I have represented the people of Wyoming for the past twenty years.

I don't intend to go over my record, but that I have succeeded is evidenced by my continued re-election. I believe I have fulfilled whatever hopes have been placed in me and thus done my duty."

"You have not only fulfilled whatever hopes have been placed in you," Tom added, "but you have done more: you have obtained advantages for the people of this State which no other man could have obtained."

This flattery on Tom's part seemed to be appreciated fully.

"I think," Dunbar continued, "that I have arrived at an age when I should retire from public service, and to-day I wanted to select a successor. You know the people will elect anyone I choose."

Tom could not speak. His face was flushed, and he was surprised at his own nervousness. The time he had been looking forward to for six years had finally arrived. His one ambition, he thought, was about to be fulfilled.

"What do you think about Dick Holden?" Dunbar asked.

Tom did not answer. Was the old man trying to play with him? He looked at his face; surely his countenance expressed seriousness. Here were his fondest hopes blighted. The opportunities that he had long since prayed for were here shattered by a few words from the old man.

The old man was reading Tom's thoughts through the look of disappointment on the latter's face.

"Tom," he said, "I have thought of yourself in connection with this office. I have no doubt that you could fill it creditably, but I am afraid the people would think you too young."

"Mr. Dunbar, for six years my one ambition has been to be your successor. I have worked hard to merit your favour, but I see that you are disposed to bestow it otherwise. You probably know as well as I do that I did most of the work of a congressman while serving you, and I believe I could fulfil the functions of this office satisfactorily."

"As I said before," Dunbar replied, "I don't doubt you could fill the office admirably, but in the first place the people would think you too young."

"Too young! Make the people get over that idea. There are younger members of Congress than I should be."

"To be candid with you," said Dunbar, "I had about chosen Dick Holden as my successor, and to-day I intended suggesting to

you that you might obtain his secretaryship."

"I don't care for that," Tom indignantly replied.

"I think I owe this office to Dick. You probably don't know that it was due solely to his father that I was elected to Congress for my first time. Besides he has another advantage over you: he has always been a resident of this state, and the people know him better than you.

Tom sat silent—he was thinking. He knew that the old man's opinions were not easily changed, and he had probably determined long ago on Dick Holden as his successor. Tom had always felt confident that Dunbar would choose himself, but he was not discouraged. He was one of those resourceful fellows that always find a means. However, he was puzzled a little now as to just what to do. He first thought he might set himself up in open opposition to Dunbar, but on second thought he knew he could do nothing without his support. The idea of going through Congress as Dick Holden's secretary did not appeal to him. He was not worried, though, because he knew he could make a success at something.

One day Tom Bronson disappeared from the town of Cheyenne, Wyoming. No one knew where he had gone. He had said good-bye to no one, not even to his political constituents whose friendship he had cultivated so closely.

Day after day his friends began to miss his genial countenance more and more. Inquiries after inquiries were made of Dunbar, but he professed utter ignorance of his whereabouts. Although he said nothing he thought he knew the reason of his sudden departure. He felt sorry for "the poor boy," but he conscientiously believed that he owed the office to Dick.

Tom's friends were becoming exceedingly anxious about him. Foul play was suspected by some and a police investigation was started. Circulars with his photograph printed on them were sent broadcast throughout the state. The Wyoming newspapers contained an account of his mysterious disappearance with a full description of him. Despite all their efforts to locate him they seemed of no avail.

A month had passed by, and nothing had been heard from him when Dunbar received the following telegram:—"Will arrive in Cheyenne on the 10.58.—Tom."

He read it twice, then he pulled a letter out of his pocket from Mrs. Dunbar in which she said she and Marie would arrive home on the 10.58.

"Funny coincidence," thought Dunbar. That day he went to the station to meet his wife and daughter. Tom was also there. He insisted on riding home in the same carriage with them. After the arrival home Marie affectionately seated herself on the arm of her father's chair.

"I have some news for you, father," she said. The father did not remove his eyes from the newspaper, and in a way that betokened seriousness to Marie he asked:

"When did it happen?"

"Oh, some one has already told you about it. Haven't they?"

"No, I guessed it," he replied.

That day there was an extra edition of the Cheyenne newspaper with a three column account of the marriage of Congressman Dunbar's daughter, Marie, to Thomas E. A. Bronson. The same paper also contained a two column editorial on Tom Bronson, the successor of Congressman Dunbar.

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### The Unexpected.

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JOSEPH P. S. KELLEHER, 1902.

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Albert Hopkins was a fisherman; and, like many of his class, he had the habit of exaggerating. No fish was ever caught larger than the one he could catch; no one knew the haunts of blue-fish and cod better than he; nor could anyone show him anything new in the fishing business. Whatever he would relate he would add or take away a little in order to pose as a hero.

"Well, boys, we had an explosion at our house last night," said he, shouting to some of his friends on Joppa flats one morning in May.

"How's that, Al?" asked one.

"I'll tell you. You remember those cabbages that Job Lattime gave me last fall?"

"Why, No!"

"Didn't Job tell you?"

"No."

"That's strange," said Al pausing, "he generally tells all he knows. Well, at any rate, I'll tell you:

"Last September Vin and I were married five years. To celebrate this event, we gave



a party. Everyone in Joppa came to see us, and brought many a useful present; but Job Lattime sent us one dozen of the biggest cabbages I ever saw.

"'Vin,' said I to my wife after the party was over, 'guess we'll have to hang up these cabbages till winter. We can't eat them now.'

"'Confound that fool, Job Lattime,' said my wife; 'why, I never ate a cabbage in my life! They're only fit for the Irish. I shan't eat one. There!'

"'It won't hurt, at any rate, to take them Vin,' said I. 'Better take what we get, than to get nothing.'

"I hung up the cabbages in the cellar, but my wife, out of spite, hid the largest and best cabbage under a large hogshead on top of a pile of dirt. I often wondered what had become of that cabbage, for I knew we had eaten only eleven. Last night about half-past ten we were awakened by a terrific noise right under our bed room. I jumped out of bed quicker than a flash, so did Vin. She was scared almost out of her wits. I searched the house from top to bottom, but I didn't find anything wrong. I was just going back to bed, when Vin said:

"'Al, go down to the cellar.' I went there. Say, you fellows won't believe it, but I found where the noise came from. That cabbage had taken root in the dirt under the hogshead, and had grown so large that it made the hogshead burst. I'll have no more cabbages in my house."

"Well, sir, that's the biggest lie you've ever told, Al," said Hod Downes. "You'll do. You should study law. Say, fellows, did you hear what happened at Andersons' last night?"

"No," cried several at once, "tell us."

"Well," said Hod, "I brought a basket of clams up to the Andersons' early this morning, and I met Mr. Anderson. He seemed pretty jolly, so I said to him:

"'Mr. Anderson, you seem happy this morning.'

"'Ah! good-morning, Mr. Downes,' returned he, 'I do feel rather gay. I can't help but laugh when I think of how Mrs. Anderson was fooled last night. Come up on the veranda and I'll tell you:

"'We gave a party at our house last night in honour of our tin wedding. Invitations had been sent to all our friends, but my wife forgot to invite the Sudburys, my old friends.

"'Emily,' said I to my wife, 'guess you'll have to send Jamie over to invite the Sudburys. It's too late now to send by mail.'

"'Oh dear me! I did forget them sure enough. Delia,' shouted she to the servant, 'tell Jamie to run over to the Sudburys' with this note.'

"Jamie had been gone over two hours and my wife rushed into the parlour. 'John,' said she, 'isn't it strange that Jamie hasn't returned yet? Surely, it couldn't have taken him two hours to go and come from the Sudburys?'

"'Perhaps,' said I, 'the Sudburys are not at home. They may be up town shopping. Hark! do you hear that noise.'

"I went to the window, raised the curtain and looked. I saw a dozen or more men outside the house. They were a group of men returning from their night work at Kegler's quarry. I could easily see that they were drunk. I pulled down the curtain.

"'Only a few drunken scamps, Emily,' said I.

"'Oh dear!' said my wife, 'if you don't mind, we'll drive over to the Sudburys'. I'm awfully worried about James. Those drunken men will frighten him out of his wits, if they meet him.'

"'Nonsense, Emily,' said I, 'the boy is all right; besides I don't feel like driving out to-night. Why not send the coachman?'

"In less than half an hour the coachman returned, saying that James had not been at the Sudburys' all that day.

"My wife was dumfounded. She shrieked, fell down and fainted. The servants rushed in and asked what was the matter.

"'You blockheads!' I shouted, 'don't you see? Your mistress has fainted. Attend to her at once. Have any of you seen Jamie to-day?'

"'Why, yes,' answered one of the servants, 'he's been in bed since four o'clock. I had orders to call him to-night at nine so that he could stay up all night.'

"'Phew!' whistled I, 'and all this hubbub for nothing? Go, call him.'

"'Well,' I said to myself when the servant had gone, 'another bit of useless anxiety. My wife can't let that boy out of her sight more than an hour at a time without feeling worried about him. And the youngster's been in bed all this time?' Yes, indeed, Mr. Downes, women are queer persons. Yes, sir, the unexpected always happens."

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WE bring into the world the germ of all that we may become; but its culture is left largely to ourselves.—*Spalding*.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 15, 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.

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## REPORTERS.

ROBERT E. LYNCH	J. PATRICK O'REILLY
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—The Law Debating team has been picked to represent us in our contest with the Illinois College of Law to be held in Chicago about the middle of March. The men selected are F. E. Hering, Clement C. Mitchell and J. J. Sullivan, senior lawyers. All of these men have been doing forensic work for the past few years,—especially Mr. Hering, whose reputation as a lecturer, political, social and economic, in northern Indiana is second to none in this section of the state.

—The Forty Hours' Devotion, which began last Sunday morning, closed Tuesday night with a procession. The solemnity of these devotional exercises coming on the eve of Lent must necessarily put us into a frame of mind in keeping with the season.

With the passing of Valentine Day it is time for us to lay aside our garments of frivolity and get down to serious thought for a few weeks. A fasting and abstaining is good for us. They not only develop our spiritual side, give us command of ourselves, but, as it has been pointed out by a physician, they are almost a necessity this time of the year as a hygienic measure. If we observe the regulations of the Lenten season we gain, whether influenced by spiritual or material motives.

—Writing to order is for many a rather uncongenial task. However, it is some consolation to learn that even masters in the world of letters shared this experience. Robert Louis Stevenson was one of those, as was also James Russell Lowell. Neither cared to mortgage his brains to publishers, even under the most tempting conditions. But this does not alter the fact that both were indefatigable workers. It ought to be borne in mind that writing is a trade just as surely as watchmaking or bricklaying. Not only this, but it is a craft that demands infinitely greater skill and a much more arduous apprenticeship. When an author combines technique with genius, then we have the true literary artist. But we are told that genius is nothing more than a capacity for taking the necessary pains. Whether this be true or not we shall not attempt to say, but certain it is that those who have won fellowship with the Immortals were, on the whole, the most painstaking and industrious. It behooves the aspiring author, then, to set to work with a will. Write, rewrite and criticise. Waiting for divine inspiration is too often an excuse for idleness.

—Notre Dame has become a member of the Indiana State Oratorical Association. At the twentieth annual convention of this association held in Indianapolis, Feb. 7, the University, through its representative, Byron V. Kanaley, applied for admission and was warmly received. There has been opposition in past years to Notre Dame's application for membership, but the unanimity of the delegates in welcoming Notre Dame proves that this opposition has fast disappeared. The colleges represented by delegates at the convention are: DePauw, Wabash, Hanover, Franklin, Indianapolis and Earlham. Mr. Kanaley, as he presented Notre Dame as a candidate, was warmly supported by Mr. Charles E. Underwood of Butler College. The Indianapolis *Sentinel* of Saturday said: "The most important action taken by the Annual State Convention was the admission of Notre Dame University to the association. Yesterday B. V. Kanaley, representing Notre Dame, asked that his college be admitted, and the association voted to admit it. The University will send a representative to the contest next year. She will be entitled to the interstate delegate for next year, and her speaker will appear next to last on

the programme at the annual state contest."

Notre Dame's entering this association means a great deal, and opens a wide field for glory to our orators. Our representative orator will be picked in a college try out to be held here some time before the state contest. The winner of the state contest is sent by the association which we have just joined to the Interstate Contest, which is the largest oratorical battle and is participated in by more colleges and universities than any contest of its kind in the United States. Last year this contest was held in De Moines, and this year in May it is to be held in Denver.

Doubtless this great incentive will arouse our orators to their mightiest efforts, and perhaps in a few years it may fall to one of Notre Dame's men to win a first place at the Interstate Contest and what goes with it—the title of Champion College Orator of America. Byron V. Kanaley has been chosen by the Faculty as Notre Dame's delegate to the next association meeting.

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#### Saturday's Concert.

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The Mozart Symphony Club of New York gave an entertainment in Washington Hall Saturday afternoon. This same organization has played before Notre Dame audiences for many seasons. The programme Saturday was varied, and appeared to furnish amusement for all. The numbers were selected to please the popular taste, and probably did so.

Mr. Richard Stoelzer's playing of the Viola d'Amour was, from a musical standpoint, the best number on the programme. The power and sweetness of this instrument of fourteen strings is brought out by Mr. Stoelzer in an artistic manner.

The Cello and Da Gamba soloist, Mr. Mario Blodeck, played with skill and expression. Herr Theodor Hoch is always assured of an ovation from the Notre Dame audience particularly the junior members of it. His tone and execution in playing the cornet are of sufficient account to occupy the attention of any audience. Herr Hoch, however, gave a selection not intended to call for the greatest exertion on his part.

Miss Marie Stori played the violin in a creditable manner, though with little spirit. Her *harmonics* were played with good tone, and her singing called for an encore, although it might have been much more pleasing.

#### The Law Library.

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Among the different departments at Notre Dame the University Law School occupies a prominent position. Its methods of study and work are believed to be the best, embracing the most useful features of the different systems of teaching in vogue throughout the country. Their thoroughness and excellence have been proved by the success in examinations and practice of the alumni of the school.

The law rooms, complete in their respective appointments, are among the pleasantest and most attractive in the University, but the feature possessing most interest for even casual observers is the law library. It occupies a large room, well lighted and ventilated, and contains approximately 2500 volumes. These add greatly, needless to state, to the facilities for study, moot-court work, etc., and are at hand and available for use at all hours of the day. They were remarkably well selected and rank higher in practical utility than many libraries twice as large. Among these books are the National Reporters, which contain all cases decided in the Supreme Courts of the various states and territories. Another important set of books is popularly known as the Federal Reporter System. These reporters contain all cases decided in the Circuit Courts of Appeals and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States. The United States Supreme Court Reports also deserve attention. They contain all the decisions rendered in the United States Supreme Court. Myer's Federal Decisions are likewise in the library, as well as the Vermont and Indiana State Reports.

Perhaps the most generally used set of books in the library is the American and English Encyclopedia of Law, comprising the first and second editions. We have also the Encyclopedia of Pleading and Practice. Every lawyer and teacher bears witness to the value of these works, and with the various reports they are constantly referred to by the law students in their moot-court and class work. Besides the Reports and Encyclopedia we have all the leading text-books. These cover every branch and phase of the law.

Taken as a whole, the library is well adapted to the wants of the industrious student, who but seldom, if at all, seeks in vain for any information he may desire in the domain of law, equity or statutory enactments.

Under the careful supervision of Dean Hoynes, the library has grown steadily, and he is constantly making additions that are of great value, as his long experience and knowledge enable him to select just what is likely to prove of most benefit to the student.

The library room is commodious and comfortable to an exceptional degree. Adjoining the law room it is a favourite place for study, and Mr. C. C. Mitchell, the librarian, is constantly at hand to assist in finding the books needed. In short, it is an excellent working library, and the students are proud of it. Moreover, there is no university in the United States that surpasses Notre Dame in allowing freedom of access to the library and discountenancing "red tape" in its management.

EARLE E. WHALEY, LAW '03.

#### Reserves vs. North Division.

The Varsity Reserves and the North Division High School track team met in the new gymnasium last Saturday afternoon, the Reserves winning handily. The final score was 59 to 21. Despite the large score piled up by the Reserves the meet was interesting, the North Division lads stubbornly contesting each event.

The Reserves secured all the points in the 40-yard dash, the 440-yard run, the 40-yard hurdles and the shot put. In the other events there were some hard contests. The most exciting was the half-mile run between Johnson of North Division and Daly of the Reserves. The two men started out at a fast clip, running about even up to the last lap when Johnson of North Division started to sprint in a manner that took away the breath of the spectators. A moment later they were surprised to see Daly overtake him and remain even with him up to within a few yards of the tape where Johnson forged ahead, beating him by a yard. The mile run resulted in another pretty contest between these two men, Johnson winning in good time.

The high jump and the pole vault were also strongly contested. Draper of the Reserves won the high jump from Hill, and Steffen of North Division won the pole vault after a hard fight with Halloran. The broad jump went to Barrett at twenty feet. The last event, the relay, was won easily by the Reserves. Riley, the first Reserve runner, opened up a gap of twenty yards which

was held throughout by the other men. Riley likewise ran a very fast two hundred and twenty-yard dash. There are but few of the best runners in the West doing this distance in his time, :2 4-5.

The best individual work of the meet was done by Barrett, of the Reserves, who captured first in the broad jump with twenty feet, and first in the 40 yard hurdles. Johnson of North Division also won ten points for his team.

#### SUMMARY.

40-yard dash—Reichardt, R., first; Lonergan, R., second. Time, :4 4-5.

40-yard hurdles (low)—Barrett, R., first; Quinlan, R., second. Time, :5 3-5.

220-yard dash—Riley, R., first; Reichardt, R., second. Time, :24 1-5.

440-yard run—Rayneri, R., first; Moran, R., second. Time, 1:00.

880-yard run—Johnson, N. Division, first; Daly, R., second. Time, 2:17 3-5.

Mile—Johnson, N. Division, first; Daly, R., second. Time, 5:06.

Shot put (12-pound)—McCullough, R., first; Lonergan, R., second. Distance, 42 feet 1 inch.

High jump—Draper, R. first; Hill, N. Division, 2d. Height, 5 feet 5 inches.

Pole Vault—Steffen, N. Division, first; Halloran, R., second. Height, 9 feet 4 inches.

Broad jump—Barrett, R., first; Steffen, N. Division, second. Distance, 20 feet.

Relay—R., first (Riley, Rayneri, Lonergan, Reichardt).

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#### SORIN, 4; CORBY, 7.

The first basket-ball game of the Interhall series was played in the old gymnasium between Corby and Sorin last Saturday evening. The game was very close and exciting, both teams being about evenly matched. The Corbyites, however, won out by a score of 7 to 4. For the Corbyites, Doar, Trentman, and Moxley played fast ball, while Higgins O'Neill and Fink did the best work for Sorin. There was a great deal of unnecessary roughness during the game which, if permitted again, will have a tendency to destroy interest in basket-ball. If a player persists in using rough tactics, the referee should disqualify him at once. The game Saturday evening was marred by a great deal of this work.

SORIN.	THE LINE-UP.	CORBY
Higgins } Fink }	F's	{ Doar Trentman Kasper
O'Neill	C	Moxley
Fortin } Hanley }	G's	{ Nyere Diersen Coleman

Goals from field—Diersen, Kasper, Higgins. Goals from foul, O'Neill, Doar. J. P. O'R.

## Exchanges.

"An Incident of the Crusade" in the February *Xavier* is well done. There are, however, possibilities in the plot which the writer ought to have developed. The story as written should not be made a complete story by itself, but should be used merely to solve the plot of the love affair which is hinted at. "Only a Joke" shows good rhetorical work. We must say, however, that the author should not have permitted the girl to go insane. There is no justification for putting such ghastly work into literary form, if mere ghastliness is sought. On the other hand, we scarcely think the author means that insanity is a meet punishment for the girl's frivolousness. If he does mean that and were running things to suit himself he would have about ninety-four per centum of our girls in Bedlam. It is very much to be regretted that the editor of the *Xavier* did not put more space at the disposal of the author of "Is One Religion as Good as Another." If he had just a few more pages, and if his time were not so limited, he would tear to tatters, aye to very rags, Christian Science, Theosophy, Hypnotism, Spiritism, and the like. As it is, he is forced to deny this boon to an expectant world.

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*The Albion College Pleiad* is up to its usual standard. There is, however, nothing remarkable about the opening verse except that the writer accomplishes the difficult task of riming "great" with "fiat." While reading "The Hebrew Prophet," we had great difficulty in convincing ourselves that we had not been translated to the eighteenth century. When, however, we did finally succeed in setting ourselves right (on account of the references to the Papal assassinations of Lincoln and Garfield) we concluded that the author had dropped in on this world about two hundred years behind his time. We have but one criticism to make: if the *Pleiad's* clientele is so backwoodsified as to swallow this concoction without protest, the author has missed a glorious opportunity. Through a column or so, which would do credit to an eighteenth century religious controversialist, we look in vain for any reference to the "Gunpowder Plot" or "St. Bartholomew's Day." Then, too, he says not a word about "Bloody Mary." 'Tis true that in place of these he introduces

a few new grievances, but what could possibly have prevented him from ringing the changes on "The Scarlet Woman." It is a real pleasure, it is like grasping the hand of a friend of one's childhood, to see once more in print the epithet "Jesuit, cursed." We are not ordinarily a betting man, but we will wager what is coming to us of our editorial salary that the writer of the "Hebrew Politician" could not tell the difference between a Jesuit and an automobile.

J. O'H.

## [Books and Magazines.]

—The publisher of "The Catholic Penny Booklet" is to be heartily congratulated and its work highly commended. Probably there is no cheaper periodical in the whole world, and yet we dare say that it is worth more than its weight in gold. All the articles contained therein, besides being up to date, are written in a clear, terse, sprightly style, and whether they are taken from the field of history and literature or picked out of science and theology, they often give a satisfactory and even novel solution to the most interesting problems of the day. Though these short "tracts" seem to have been written or compiled especially for business men who have no leisure or taste to read bulky volumes, still they are replete with the substance of learned treatises and fragrant with the flavor of the best literary compositions. We wish God-speed to such practical efforts of a truly apostolic spirit.

(League of the Cross, Rev. James M. Hayes, S. J.—413 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.)

—Senator Beveridge continues in that clever paper, *The Saturday Evening Post*, his series of papers dealing with the subject of the far East. This time it is "The Coming War Between Russia and Japan." In the light of recent events, the double alliance between England and Japan, defensive and offensive, ostensibly for the purpose of keeping the integrity of the Chinese Empire, but in reality with the intention of opposing the ambition of Russia, these papers have a special value. The author understands the situation of the far East as but few men do, and better still he speaks without prejudice and with the searching power of a close observer.

The papers, if but for the style, the manner in which the story is told, are very interesting. They appeal to us who as individuals are but mere entities in the common-weal.



## Personals.

—Mr. Flynn of Chicago visited his son who is a student in Brownson Hall.

—Messrs. C. J. and A. J. Kasper of Chicago were the guests of their sons last Sunday.

—Mr. McCarthy of Columbus, Ohio, accompanied his sons on their return to Notre Dame.

—The Rev. Father Guendling of Goshen, Indiana, visited his many friends at the University during the week.

—Mr. John Schmuck, Mr. Thomas Muldown, Mr. Maguire and Mr. M. M. Moloney, Grand Knight of Anderson Council, Knights of Columbus, visited Mr. P. O'Neill of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Thomas F. O'Meara (LL. B. '01) of West Bend, Wisconsin, has entered his father's law-office. As his father was recently elected county judge, Mr. O'Meara has assumed full control of the office.

—Mr. José Hernandez, member of last year's law class has begun the practice of law in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Mr. Hernandez is in with an American firm of clever lawyers that took up their residence on the Islands immediately on the signing of the Treaty of Paris.

—Mr. William Baldwin (LL. B., '01) of Chicago has entered the law firm of O'Shaughnessy & O'Shaughnessy of that city. The firm has a very extensive practice, and he should have an ample opportunity to acquire experience with them. "Bill" had the reputation of being a hard, earnest worker while here, and we feel confident that he will make a name for himself in the legal world.

—Two more of Notre Dame's law students have hung out their shingles. Mr. Alfred J. Duperier (LL. B., '00) of New Iberia, Louisiana, and Mr. Harry P. Barry (LL. B., '01) of Granville, Iowa, have opened a law office in Beaumont, Texas. Mr. Barry tells us that the opportunities in that section are excellent. Both men made a name for themselves while at Notre Dame. Mr. Duperier won the oratorical medal in 1900, and the elocution medal in the preceding year. Mr. Barry won first place on the University debating team last year. With two such men as members, there can be no doubt that the firm of Barry and Duperier will build up a successful practice.

—Mr. Joseph Kenny of Richmond, Indiana, who won the Breen gold medal for oratory last year, won the state oratorical contest which was held at Indianapolis on February 5. He represented Earlham College and spoke on the same subject as last year—*Toussaint L'Ouverture*. Mr. Kenny is to go to Denver, Colorado, in a few weeks to take part in an intercollegiate oratorical contest. He has a strong, forcible delivery and should make a good showing for his state. We wish him success.  
A. L. K.

## Local Items.

—The track team are booked to leave for Washington on February 19.

—The SCHOLASTIC extends its sincere sympathy to Dr. O'Malley who was called home to Wilkesbarre, Penn., on account of the serious illness of his mother.

—Professor (holding up an immense Texan puff-ball): Where does this belong, Mr. McCullough?

McCullough: In the museum.

—LOST:—Some place between the dome and noon, three ideas, a few thoughts, and a lot of energy wrapped up in a pocket-book. Finder may keep the pocket-book, also the energy and the ideas, but will please return thoughts to Wud Billiams, as same are scarce.

—Echoes from Corby Hall:—Do you know Jonathan Friezon?

Have you met the ice man?

Are you in search of the North Pole?

Is that André's polar expedition around the corner?

They'll be no hot time in the old town to-night.—I would I were from Chili.

—Since the cold snap struck Corby Hall, Sorin Hall has become the rendezvous of this band of doughty warriors. Necessity drives the strongest of opponents together. This is evident from the way the Corbyites have invaded our smoking room, lighting their calumets as they sued for peace. Who would have thought it if he were a spectator to the snow battle waged some time ago—

—The Brownson Hall baseball team have begun practice. A number of candidates are out, and these will be weeded down until the team is selected. All having aspirations along this line should get on their batting suits as soon as possible. Interhall games have been popular in the different departments during the past years. This year we should have something tangible, as a banner or a loving cup, to present to the hall winning most games.

—One young gentleman at the University, a Pg., from two points of view, a man that tells funny stories about five o'clock on the mantelpiece, and who holds the two-mile record on Scott Street with Tee Hee, received a sealed package on Valentine's Day. The sender very solicitous that this should not be mislaid had it directed to the care of a responsible person. The package when opened displayed a glove with a large hole in the finger. Some said it was the "ice mit," the only way the sender could freeze the young man out in a humane manner, without hurting his feelings.

—This is but an instance of the willingness of the spirit and the weakness of the flesh. One of our third flat friends made a



Lenten resolution that forty days would pass before a puff of smoke would cross his lips. The other day a friend called at his room and found him behind barricaded doors and the transom fast assuming a smoky colour. No amount of pounding or solicitation would bring him to the door. Now he speaks of Lenten resolutions.

—The night was dark, the air thick with the atmosphere of many a peaceful slumberer, when suddenly the young calcium light gleamed, disappeared and gleamed again. Johnny Electric Bulb had made his debut. Now as he looks over the beautiful display of penmanship before him, he regrets that he lit out. 'Tis sad, boy, 'tis sad, that a precocious youth should be so jerked up in his swaddling clothes. But destiny must be respected. You will come out of it soon.

—Through the action of the faculty board of athletic control in adopting the conference rules in selecting our different teams, Notre Dame loses the services of two good men on the baseball field, Leppert and D. Sullivan. The latter, Captain Lynch states, is one of his strong batters, a man whom he would undoubtedly play in an outfield position. As much as we regret the loss of these men it is better to play the season through without them rather than break, either in letter or spirit, the rules we have come under.

—Mr. Phil Weiss, director of gymnastics, intends to give an exhibition with his gymnastic class the latter part of March. An exhibition of this kind should call forth strong enthusiasm.

There is a rumour afloat that a piano will be put in the gymnasium soon, and that this building will be used in teaching dancing. We hope that there is some foundation to this rumour, for no better place could be selected both on account of the floor and of ventilation. When Brownson Hall reading-room was used for this purpose its limitations were very apparent.

—Captain Lynch has started his training table. But six men have been given place: they are Lynch, Dohan, O'Neill, Ruehlbach, Hogan and Higgins. The table will not be filled until the team is practically selected. The adoption of the conference rules has hurt us especially in baseball, cutting out a few good men that would in all probability make the team. Lynch has the team weeded down to twenty men, and those eligible for practice are Lynch, O'Neill, Higgins, Hogan, Dohan, Ruehlbach, O'Connor, Groogan, Farley, Hemp, Gage, Fisher, Wood, Hanley, Antoine, Shaughnessy, Farabaugh, Kanaley and Dempsey.

—The action of the athletic management in sending a relay team to compete in the Georgetown meet, at Washington, D. C., on Feb. 24, is a commendable one. It not only acts as a spur

in developing new material, but it enables us to measure our brawn with that of the Eastern colleges. Notre Dame has never had a better developed and a faster team. The five men representing us, Kirby, Herbert, Staples, Gearin and Uffendall, are as speedy a bunch of quarter milers as any college in America can boast of. All of them are not only fast but game, and will fight every inch of ground. There is no reason, if the long journey does not tell too strongly on them, why we should not bring back the relay banner.

—For the past number of years the library has suffered from petty vandalism, as the cutting of illustrations out of Harper's and Leslie's weeklies, thereby destroying the practical use of these papers. We have regretted this small "Holliganism" without being able to find the culprits. But now it seems that not satisfied alone with this method of getting their clippings, some of the library habitués have begun cutting pictures out of the advertising pages of the magazines, pasting them on the inside of their watch case and palming them off as their "best" friend. It is time this tomfoolery would come to an end, for the ones guilty of this vandalism are old enough to know better. Besides we know them.

—Last Monday night Milo came back. The next day editors, reporters, and everybody else went around congratulating each other. The reception Milo received would have done credit to Prince Heinrich de Sthudy. It was the greatest that was ever given any man in the history of Notre Dame, and our young hero passed through it all without leaving a single chance for his enemies to crow. He used great tact, was marvellously cool at times, and answered all questions gracefully and without splashing. His old friend and comrade, Dewey Ruleboy was deeply affected and had to be thrown out. The Hand-Ball Trust is preparing to give Milo a banquet on the occasion of his first appearance on the alley.

—W. N. Langknecht has again broken his strength test records, so that now he holds all of the strength test records in the University. They are, 1206 kilos, strength test, 597 kilos, leg test, 31 push ups and 20 pull ups. F. McCullough holds the lung capacity record with 396 cu. in. For a short time last week the rivalry between D. K. O'Malley and Langknecht was keen. O'Malley would break a record one day, and Langknecht the following day. Thus it went on until Langknecht finally succeeded in holding all of the records a second time. The three strong men of the school at present are O'Malley, McCullough, and Langknecht. It is about time that some of the members of the football team would train to hold a few gymnasium records.

—Mr. W. W. Thompson, comedian and athlete, is at present endeavouring to put on a minstrel show at the University for the benefit

of the public at large. His aim is to initiate the students into the mysteries and joys of minstrelsy. He believes with Herr Julius Von Bronebricker, the eminent German writer and chess player, that where students are continually pestered with tragedy, their minds become warped, their intellect destroyed and they themselves become cold, domineering brutes, with no love for jest or song. This is true. Shaksperian plays are all right in themselves, but like anything else we may get too much of them. Mr. Thompson believes the evil can be eradicated only by putting on a few minstrel shows and educating the students to a taste for them. We wish him success.

—Whether morning or night is the most conducive to the strongest and clearest mental impressions has always been a subject of debate to philosophers. So our reporter was not surprised when he heard the question argued again in the Sorin Hall smoking-room the other evening. One of the speakers argued something like this: "For my part," said he, "I think the morning is most conducive to the clearest mental impressions; that is, between the hours of four and five o'clock."

"Why, how do you make that out," inquired the other.

"Well I'll tell you. I room right across the hall from No. — and a very noisy crowd hang out there every afternoon and evening. To see them come down the corridor with their honest-and-truly faces, you would think they were as gentle as kittens."

"Kittens are very frolicsome sometimes," interrupted the other.

"So are these people," continued the first speaker. "Why, really, they have more face than the face of the earth to carry on the way they do. If I open my transom, my whole time is taken up listening to those gossiping fellows across the way, inquiring from each other in regard to friends. The other evening it was nothing but: 'Has the dear got black or blue eyes, and 'what is the colour of the pet's hair?' and 'did it curl naturally or not,' 'could I get an introduction to the little angel,' etc. The only way I can account for such interrogatories is by the fact that one of the visitors to Room — is a promising young artist. Or, perhaps, the young attorney is training for cross-examinations. Surely, the civil-engineers do not need such information."

The reporter was convinced that between four and five o'clock in the morning was most conducive to the strongest mental impressions, at least, to the occupant of Room No. —.

#### Varsity and Reserve Handicap Meet.

The handicap meet, which was held Thursday afternoon between the Varsity and the Reserves, was a great success. The big handicaps given to some of the Reserves caused the Varsity men to exert themselves to the

utmost in order to win, and resulted in several good performances. About the best work of the meet was done by Uffendall in the half mile. "Billy" lowered the Varsity record from 2:04 1-5 to 2:03 2-5, just 2-5 of a second slower than the world's indoor record. Gearin also established a new Varsity record in the four hundred yard run in the relay race, lowering it to 53 2-5. In the two hundred and twenty-yard dash Herbert showed a wonderful burst of speed, one timer catching him in world's record time. In the field events, little fourteen year old Taylor was the surprise of the afternoon. He performed remarkably well for a youngster, securing through his handicap's first place in the pole vault, and tying for first in the high jump. The relay race, in which six Reserve men ran against the Varsity four, was very exciting, Gearin finishing but a few yards ahead of the last Reserve runner.

#### SUMMARY.

40 yard dash, final heat—Kahler, Reserves (4 feet), 1st; Herbert, V. (scratch), 2d. :4 4-5  
40 yard hurdles—Herbert, V. (sc), 1st; Hoover, V. (sc), 2d. Time, :5 4-5.  
220 yard dash—1st heat won by Gearin, V. (sc), :23 3-5.  
2d heat—Staples, V. (sc). :23 2-5.  
3d heat—Herbert, V. (sc). :23 2-5.  
4th heat—Kirby, V. (sc). :23 4-5.  
5th heat—Reichardt, R., :24 1-5.  
Final heat not run.  
440 yard dash (no Varsity men entered)—Rayneri, R. (sc), 1st; Moran, R., 2d. :59 1-5.  
880 yard run—Daly, R. (60 yards), won; Uffendall, V. (sc), 2d. Uffendall's time, 2:03 2-5 (new Varsity record).  
Mile—Shea, V. (sc), won; Steele, V. (sc), 2d. 5:02.  
Shot put—Kirby, V. (sc), first, 37 ft. 11 in.; McCullough, R. (6 in.), 2d, 36 feet 7 inches.  
High jump—Taylor, R. (8 in.), and Davitt, R. (3 in.) tied for first, 5 feet 7 inches; Barrett, R. (2 in.), and Richon, V. (sc) tied for second, 5 feet 5 inches.  
Pole vault—Taylor, R. (2 ft. 4 in.), 1st, 10 feet 7 inches; Richon, V. (6 in.), 2d, 10 feet 6 inches.  
Relay race (1 mile)—Staples, Uffendall, Herbert and Gearin, V., 1st; Lonergan, Riley, Carey, Barrett, Quinlan and Reichardt. Time, 3:38 2-5.

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Carroll Hall, as might be expected, made a good showing in track athletics in their Exhibition Meet, held on the 6th inst. O. Fleischer and B. Taylor were the Captains of the contending sides, the latter winning the meet by a score of 43 to 28.

#### SUMMARY.

40 yard run.—Peerly, 1st; Kotte, 2d; Carey, 3d. Time, 5 seconds.  
12 lb. shot put.—Fleischer, 1st; Peerly, 2d; Cahill, 3d. Distance, 36½ feet.  
440 yard run.—Sweeney, 1st; Fleischer, 2d; Talcott, 3d. Time, 1 m. 5 seconds.  
40 yard low hurdle.—Peerly, 1st; Pryor, 2d. Time, 5 3-5 seconds.  
880 yard run.—Sweeney, 1st; Farland, 2d; Schmidt, 3d. Time, 2 m. 41 secs.  
Pole vault.—Taylor, 1st. Height, 7 feet.  
220 yard run.—Peerly, 1st; Kotte, 2d; Garcy 3d. Time, :26 4-5 seconds.  
High jump.—Taylor, 1st; Peerly, 2d; Pryor, 3d. Height 4 feet 9 inches.