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A Memory.

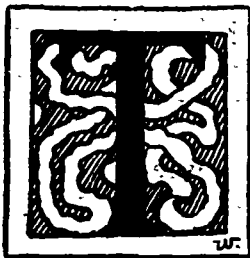
PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

GLAD Summer skies were bright and fair,
Through leafy ways our paths were set;
And trees were crowned with blossoms rare,
And floral incense filled the air,
When you and I last met.

Ah, that was many a year ago;—
The day I'll ne'er forget.
To-night, the orchard's white with snow
And dead the flowers we used to know,
But friend, I love you yet.

Thoreau.

JOHN P. O'HARA, '02.



HERE probably comes a time in the life of every man when he wishes to become a Robinson Crusoe and segregate himself from society. It is just like wishing to be a trapeze performer or President of the United States. Various causes induce the feeling. Anything that makes a boy sore, as, for instance, a severe reprimand from an instructor, or a defeat in college politics, will give him a turn toward hermit life. Then there are cases of unrequited affection and disappointments in other cherished ambitions which will produce the same result. The great majority of men never get beyond a vague longing for a hermitage before the sun comes out again and the temporary chilliness is dispelled. A few, after brooding over the matter, convince themselves that this world is no place for a man of ideals, and that its sordidness and petty meannesses leave no room for a

philosopher. They say, as Thoreau said, that it is better "to sit on a pumpkin and have it all to yourself than be crowded on a velvet cushion."

Whatever the occasion of Thoreau's wishing to turn hermit, the cause of his becoming one is to be found in the intellectual activity of New England at the time. In his early life Puritanism was rapidly losing its hold in New England. "Vagaries of undisciplined thought" were breaking loose, and Transcendentalism, with its "plain living and high thinking" was coming in. The appearance of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" helped the movement along. Things came to such a pass that nothing but tar and feathers administered with unsparing vigour by hard-headed Calvinists kept many from rushing into nudity. Lowell says: "Bran had its prophets and the presartorial simplicity of Adam its martyrs tailored impromptu from the tar pot by incensed neighbours." Vegetarianism became the proper thing. Anti-tobacconists arose whose only regret was that they could not find any Scriptural text against the weed. Teetotalism went so far as to administer bread and milk at the communion. These things got a hold of Thoreau, and he voted man and the customs of society a bore and temporarily took to the woods.

He thought the New England Yankee was too much engrossed in material things. In his opinion, everyone that bent all his energies to business pursuits was as effectually imprisoned as a convict. "It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or a county jail." He could not comprehend how a sensible man could stand at a desk the greater part of his days and "glimmer and rust and go out there." He took great delight in the company of the Canadian wood-chopper who did not exhibit any anxiety or haste in getting to his work. While claiming to be a man with strong leanings toward a spiritual life, he was of no religion in partic-

ular. He tells us that, "As I sat on a hill one sultry Sunday afternoon, the meeting-house windows being open, my meditations were interrupted by the noise of a preacher who shouted like a boatswain, profaning the quiet atmosphere, and who, I fancied, must have taken off his coat. Few things could have been more disgusting or disheartening. I wished the tithing-man would stop him." This was always his trouble. It seemed that every phase of New England civilization bothered him. He wished the tithing-man would stop the whole thing.

Thoreau is usually represented as a naturalist of a high order and as talking of nothing but nature animate and inanimate. On reading *Walden*, however, one finds very little about birds and insects and trees and flowers that has not directly to do with man. He was a lover of nature, and had great powers of observation, which he used to pleasurable advantage, but he did little or no scientific work. He was somewhat pedantic in this line. Whenever he made a discovery he talked about it as if it were original with him. He thought that day well spent on which he discovered the edibility of white-oak acorns. He became so enthusiastic in the work when he succeeded in making sugar from red maple sap that his father saw fit to reprimand his forty-year old son for wasting his time.

At times he regretted the interest he had in nature. It was degrading. A transcendentalist ought not occupy himself with these material things. We find him sighing: "Oh! those youthful days, are they never to return? when the walker does not too enviously observe particulars, but sees, hears, scents, tastes and feels only himself, the phenomena that showed themselves in him, his expanding body, his intellect and heart. No worm or insect, quadruped or bird confined his view, but the unbounded universe was his. A bird is now become a mote in his eye."

The next entry in his diary is this: "Dug into what I take to be a woodchuck's burrow in the low knoll below the cliffs. It was in the side of the hill and sloped gently downward, at first diagonally into the hill about five feet, perhaps westerly, then turned and ran south about three feet, then northeast farther into the hill four feet, then north again four feet, then northeast, I know not how far, the last five feet, perhaps, ascending," and so on.

Passages like these seem to indicate that he was devoid of a healthy sense of humour.

Many of his vagaries would be incompatible with that quality of mind. He took himself altogether too seriously. Although a dreamer he had many correct notions about life. He could not, however, help things by becoming a hermit. If he was permitted a little light on the matter of right living he ought not have hid it under a bushel.

An Ungrounded Suspicion.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

Charles Bortel sat at his office desk with a dozen Law reporters piled about him, but for the moment he had let himself debate upon a question that was not of the law.

"Yes, I should tell him," he was saying to himself, "yet we never know how things may turn out. But we have the time set. Ah, just after Christmas, only six months now! Still, we can't tell what may happen,—yes, that's it,—Blake against Stephenson 34 N. W., got to look that up!" and his friend and engagement were lost in the labyrinths of the Northwestern.

Paul Stace was to come the next day. Bortel and Stace were college friends, of very different temperaments, but closely united in friendship. Yet Bortel debated with himself whether he should tell Stace of his engagement, but his discretion and the "Northwestern" had got the better of him, and the consequence was that Paul was not to know.

Three weeks of the visit soon passed, and Paul was thoroughly regretting that he could not have three more; but every day he was fearing a telegram would call him home. True, Bortel had had but little spare time from his work; he was away on business at neighboring cities more than half the time, hence they were together but little after all; but Paul enjoyed himself. There were gun and dog at his command, and a plenty of game. There was a pretty little silvery lake with a boat and eager fish. There was a driving horse and buggy. All were at his disposal,—and these in early September are good company. But besides, there was Cecilia Gray. He had met her at a party just after his arrival, and had met her many times since. Of course, he had known her only three short weeks, but friendship and love are two different things, and a man chooses a friend in quite a different manner from the way he chooses

a sweetheart. Yet Stace was not in love with Cecilia. That was absurd. He couldn't be! It was true, he had gone to her home often, but it seemed to be her pleasure. No one could make him more at home than she while Bortel was away. So it was a very natural thing for him to see her often, yet he assured himself again and again that he was not in love with her.

One evening the two friends sat together smoking when Bortel looked up suddenly and exclaimed:

"Paul, you must come out here often! It's a shame to be shut up in a city year in and year out when all these enjoyments are here!"

Paul knocked the ashes from his cigar and measured his words as he replied:

"It's hard to tell just how it will be. You see my slack time comes when you are busy, and when you are free I am tied head and foot."

"But you'll get off at Christmas," said the other encouragingly.

"Not an hour," responded Stace. "Christmas is my worst time. When a fellow has his part of a magazine to attend to every month he hates to see December and January come!"

"Yes, that's true, replied the young attorney. Then he continued with no effort to conceal his meaning, "but there will be more attraction out here for you hereafter."

Stace puffed desperately at his cigar. They had talked of everything during their acquaintance except love affairs. Bortel was always too sober minded for them, or at least, Stace held him so. Paul tried an evasion. He only laughed with the query: "Think so?" and then puffed again vigorously at his cigar.

Bortel was too matter-of-fact for mere suggestions. He had noticed the close friendship that had sprung up between Miss Gray and his friend, and he was prepared to discuss the matter freely.

"Yes," he replied seriously, "and I know Cecilia would make you an excellent wife, too."

That was too pointed for Stace. Had he said "a delightful sweetheart," the association would have been milder, but now there came up before him an airy image, with soft blue eyes and golden hair, and he wondered if a man could forget. But this was not the image of Cecilia. Then he felt a peculiar longing to tell Bortel a whole host of secrets, but Bortel was too sober-minded for love affairs, or at least, Paul held him so. He said nothing.

Bortel fell to musing, which brought a sigh of relief to Stace. "A confounded law case

has some good qualities anyway, it makes a man think when you want him to," was the thought that ran through Paul's mind. But Bortel was not thinking of any matter of litigation then. If he had only spoken his thoughts, he would have been heard to exclaim: "What the devil did I say that for!"

When the silence was broken again the conversation ran off upon more club sports.

The next morning the two friends were out with their guns and dogs, and both seemed to be particularly interested in keeping Cecilia's name from the conversation. They shot ducks and paddled out for them; bragged on their dogs, and laughed at each other's poor shooting; so the morning passed. Noon found a telegram awaiting Stace calling him back to Boston.

"Cecilia," Stace began, when they had finished luncheon and were again seated on the piazza for a smoke, "Cecilia," he repeated as he threw the match over the rail, "has promised to drive me out to Natural Bridge this afternoon, so I will send my travelling bag down to the station and we will drive back to the train at five.

"It will be the last time you will see Cecilia this trip, then," said the lawyer, absently.

"The last time," the other replied with emphasis.

"Yes," the lawyer said and was silent.

Then the conversation drifted back to general topics, and went aimlessly from one subject to another—only carefully avoiding any mention of love affairs—until Bortel had to go to a case on trial. They promised to meet at the train at five o'clock, and parted.

The train was just pulling out as Bortel ran into the station that evening; he had been delayed at the office, and he saw his friend on the last platform of the train. Stace shouted out to him a farewell and added: "Old boy, I expect to be out again Christmas!" and his face wore a significant smile.

The other sent back, "Be sure to, now!" waved his hand, and Paul was gone.

Bortel turned slowly around studying the meaning of his friend's words. They were only too plain to him, and as his eyes wandered up the street he saw Cecilia Gray driving home alone.

An hour later a messenger came from Cecilia asking him to come up to see her that evening. He threw the note into the wastebasket and continued his writing. Then he took it out again and read it over and over

as if it was a mystery, or he was trying to detect a flaw. He debated with himself for a while, then answered it, and as the messenger boy closed the door, Bortel muttered, "He concluded that he *could* come back at Christmas, did he? Well, that settles it." But he could not conjecture why Cecilia wanted him to come up; he would go, whatever it meant.

Bortel did not do any more work that day. His thoughts kept running off to Boston and then back to the departing train with the significant farewell from his old friend. Then he would again picture the train speeding off with Stace, and Cecilia driving home alone.

"That's all silly stuff to dream about," he thought, as he closed the office an hour later and started to Cecilia's home. Her face was beaming with happiness as she met him.

"O Charley, I have a,——" but she paused when she saw his calm, steady gaze.

"Not a surprise," he said.

"But ah—ah,—well, let me tell you," she went on somewhat embarrassed by his mood. "Why Paul and I, you know, were talking this evening about the good time we had while he was here—"

"Yes, I knew you would," said Bortel.

"Well he said he could not get back before next summer and it surprised me. I thought surely you would have him out here at Christmas, so I blurted out: 'Why, Paul, you will come out to our wedding, won't you?' I was looking right at him when I said it, and I do believe the little goose thought I was proposing to him! He stammered and stuttered and finally managed to say: 'I'll—don't know,—yes!' Why, it was ridiculous! I never dreamed he didn't know all the time! I started to say that I had a scolding for you when you came in, and you need it, too! Why in the world didn't you tell him and not leave it for me to do?"

"Well, I thought about it at first, but I put it off," answered Bortel. "Next time I shall, though!" and they both laughed.

A Triolet.

A pitcher of water set
On a third-story Sorin casement,
What memories you beget,—
A pitcher of water set—
Of a cloudless day, and yet
Soaked I ran to the basement,
By a pitcher of water set!
On a third-story Sorin casement. Q. E.

Varsity Verse.

A TRIOLET.

AS the sun fades in the golden west
A star lights up the dusky scope.
The day-throbs o'er,—sweet, gentle rest—
As the sun fades in the golden west—
Comes on the world: so in my breast
Rise and fall grim Fear and Hope.
As the sun fades in the golden west
A star lights up the dusky scope.

J. L. C.

A FANCY.

Without the driving snow;
Within a rosy glow
Transformed the room;
While laughter sweet and clear
Fell gently on my ear
From out the gloom.

A maiden passing fair,
With golden, glinting hair
My glad eyes see.
As blue as noon-day skies
The joyful, lovelit eyes
She hides from me.

I note my lady's grace,
Her smile, her lovely face,
Sweet hope is mine.
My heart a rapture stirred
That tongue can never word
'Twas so divine.

But why this sudden start
And strangely fearful heart?
I look about—
The room is cold and bare,
No maiden find I there,—
My pipe is out.

E. E. W.

ORIGINS OF COLLEGE SPEECH.

Tobacco-cutting machines he'd fed
Till heat his brain had jarred,
O'ercome, he fainted, and then they said:
"Poor fellow! he plugged too hard."

Two frightened horses ran away,
A policeman hearing a scream,
Dashed in pursuit—I heard one say:
"Do you think he will make the team?"

E. Q.

TWILIGHT.

Dim shadow-forms, born of the dying light,
Flit by, all robed in gray,
And muffled footsteps of the moonless night
Fall round the bier of day.

C. E. O'D.

RONDELET.

A silver cloud
Floats past against the evening sky.
A silver cloud
That throws a shadow like a shroud
About me here; yet glad am I,
For fleet-winged Fancy's wakened by
A silver cloud. J. L. C.

Poet and Critic.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie points out very cleverly the two criterions by which we give a writer his place in literature,—namely, first, the strength with which he appeals to humanity in general; secondly, by the force by which he appeals to us. Criticism in the hands of a great writer can thus give us an exact estimate of the creator. In fact, it has become so absorbing a pursuit that not a few of our greatest books during the nineteenth century owe their being to its inspiration. With Arnold, Newman, Pater and Bagehot in England; Herder, Goethe, Lessing in Germany, and Sainte-Beuve, Nisard, Taine and Brunetière in France, criticism has produced some highly creative works. But this is merely literary criticism. With Winckelmann, Mommsen, Herbert Spencer, and scores of others, we could estimate the value of criticism to art, history and science. What was obscure before is now made clear to us. We see more plainly than ever "That literature is always the vital utterance of insight and experience." We can trace the moral, religious and social development of a nation from its literature. From a few monuments, literary and of sculpture, we can construct anew the entire fabric of civilization among the ancient Egyptians and Persians. The plays of a nation tell us its humour; the poetry of a nation its sentiment; the oratory of a nation its character. In Greece we find the drama, poetry and oratory full of classicism, concrete imagery, and we know the race; we see the commercialism of the Romans displayed in their poetry and their oratory; ease, sensuousness and voluptuousness, that rich display of drapery which appeals to the Oriental, is found in the literature of the East. Thus it runs from one nation to another—the predominant characteristic of that nation displayed in its literature.

But this is not all that criticism does: it not only shows the true light, but mellows it, and strenghtens men's eyes that they will not be blinded by the density of its flame. "The Humanists destroyed the mediæval traditions of Virgil and brought back the living man, brushed aside the cobwebs with which the centuries of teaching had obscured the great poem, and made clear once more its humour, tenderness and beauty."

A Winckelmann meditating on Greek art "discovered the totality of Greek life." He saw that same grand simplicity and ideal beauty in the work of the Greek sculptor, poet and philosopher; all of them were touched with the same essence of truth, for seeing truly they wrought truly. An Arnold meditating on the sublimity, the passion and emotion in life said: "Poetry at best is a criticism of life." This may not be the most exact definition of poetry, but it is universal as poetry is universal. We find Herder, that keen mind and great critic, breaking away from the formalism of the French in the court of Frederick the Great. This absolute formalism had no terror for him; he was too strong for it. Like Lessing, he told the Germans to be German; he knew that the French sentiment, conventional modes, manners of life and forms of art and literature were neither suited for German mind nor character. Realizing all this, he knew that if there would be a great German literature, they (the Germans) must go out on "voyages of discovery," not in crafts constructed after French models, but in those of German inspiration and German intellect. Men like this are of infinite worth to a nation, for they create in it a national life, and engender a true desire to work in the form most fitted for its temperament. They are an inspiration to many lesser lights, full of genius, but lacking in courage sufficient to break away from the artificial formalism of their time.

"Herder performed for literature service which Winckelmann performed for antique art: he discovered its natural history, set it in normal relations with the totality of human thought and achievement." To men like Winckelmann, Herder, Sainte-Beuve and Arnold, nations will necessarily look in tracing the great literary impulses which took place during the days of these critics, or soon after. They came when they were needed; a vast storehouse of human knowledge and Divine inspiration had been gathering; to them it was left to draw the fundamental laws of art.

These men had great knowledge and a profound understanding of the meaning of life. It is necessary for the poet to have a profound understanding of life, even more so than the great critic; but it is not necessary for him to have knowledge—a world of data. Observation, inspiration and atmosphere are the three essentials for the poet. Shelley speaks like a child in his philosophical discussion;

but being full of that "youthful mysticism," which Hutton finds in him, he wrote in a manner incoherent indeed, but of things beyond the ken of the ordinary mortal. The atmosphere is especially necessary for the completeness of the creator's genius. This is as true of Shakspeare as it is of Scott and Burns. This want of atmosphere of a "current of ideas animating and nourishing the creative powers makes Byron so empty of matter, Shelley so incoherent, Wordsworth even, profound as he is, yet wanting in completeness and variety," says Matthew Arnold. And as another critic puts it: "If Shakspeare were living to-day, his *Lear* would not be an uncrowned king, but the kinsman of that lonely, massive, peasant figure, whose essential and tragic dignity Tourguenieff has made so impressive in the "*Lear of the Steppes*."

We do not ask for this atmosphere for the critic; but who can imagine a great critic without knowledge and judgment? To think of one without these qualities would be a contradiction. Nor can the critic be carried away by his sympathies or his enthusiasm. This is why the poet will make a poor critic. Highly imaginative himself, he will see in the creator qualities which do not exist, and hence may overrate or underrate him. But that man of even temperament, of great knowledge, is the man commonly called upon to be the great critic. He may be an Arnold, a Lessing or a Sainte-Beuve. He sympathizes with the man he criticises; he knows, he interprets him. Not only is his understanding of the creator's works perfect, the creator's life and the effect of his environment on his life, but he, the critic, has a universality of knowledge. He knows not one school of literature, but many; he stands without the prejudices of his time, and from a neutral point passes a just and a clever criticism on the creator.

Matthew Arnold has pointed out how Scherer, though bitter after the Franco-German war, allowed not his prejudices to get the better of his judgment in his estimate of Goethe. Thus it happened that the critic not only stands without the influence of prejudice or favouritism, but he must have a profound understanding of life, if he will do the great creator justice.

Some one has said that to interpret Shakspeare one must have a soul like unto Shakspeare's. This may be carrying the idea of knowledge and temperament too far, but yet it is necessary to understand the passions

and emotions of humanity to criticise well. Nor will it do to be developed along one line, for then the criticism would be partial and one-sided; but the critic must have universality to his genius. His morals must be exact; his æsthetics true, nor should he be lacking in an absolute knowledge of man as a single entity, and of man as a member of society. Ever deep and keen in his criticisms, he should be an explainer, ever ready to analyze, to comment and to interpret; a classifier, a judge and a *littérateur*. Should he possess the former qualities without the last, that of being a clever literary man, his work will almost be in vain. It may be a *thesaurus* of analysis, a book of logical deductions or marginal annotations; but if it is lacking in brilliant and interesting style, how will it hold us? Who can think of Matthew Arnold apart from his luminous style—his well rounded sentences rolling with the depth and rotation of the sea waves?—Sainte-Beuve apart from his? Both these men were high creative artists; intensely keen and brilliant, they gave us the best of their wonderful personality.

Nor can I hold with Mr. Principal Shairp that the "critic has had his day," for with each burst of creative impulse comes a corresponding burst of critical impulse. We see it in Greece during the time of Pericles, in Germany during the time of Goethe, in England especially during the nineteenth century, and in France when Sainte-Beuve wrote and after. It is true that we have had our commentators and reviewers, hacksters and pseudo critics, but the world is always the richer after the stopping of a great soul in it, whether it be critical or creative.

Commentators or reviewers can write appreciatively of any creation, even before there is much of the same kind produced; but before a critic can draw the fundamental rules of art, there must be an accumulation of that kind of literature: the beauty of an object must enter the soul before objects kindred to it will be enjoyed; the "lyric must sing in the hearts of men before the secret of its form is discerned and disclosed." The literature of Greece had accumulated during centuries before that great school of Alexandrian criticism.

With the loss of its independence,—for its life and its poetry, both epic and lyric, was bound up in its existence as a free people—Alexandria lost its inspiration; its men of genius became men of erudition, devoting their time to learned research and to what had

gone before them. To them we are indebted for the science of grammar, prosody, lexicography, mythology and archæology. They produced not much original work, but handed down the literature of their time and before. Such critics as Zenodotus, Aristophanes of Byzantium, Aristarchus of Samothrace, Alexander of Ætolia, Lycophron, Callemachus and many others, during a period of eleven centuries from the fourth century B. C. until the seventh century A. D., when the poetical element was gone, did work in criticising and preserving for which the world will forever be their debtor. They had vast stores to work on, and they drew the doctrine of morality and of art from these works. The Augustan school took much of its inspiration from them, for they opened up a new life to the Romans, and all of the Roman literature was fashioned after their forms.

This is why Matthew Arnold holds that "the critic sets in motion the ideas which the creative writer makes use of when his turn comes. Though the truth of this may be questioned, yet the contrary holds: that the creator puts in being the ideas which the great critic uses when his time comes. When the energies of a race had expended themselves we got the great age of criticism. This was especially true of the Alexandrian school of critics. Lucullus came after the age of Augustus. The time and environment are as necessary for the production of a great class of critics as they are for the production of a great class of poets. We see this in the eighteenth century of English literature, and in the nineteenth century of French and English letters.

It is true that some great creators have soared above criticism; but they were too strong for any artificial laws or formulas, laid down by the critics of their time or before. But yet with Arnold, Bascom and Caine we must hold that the critic 'can aid or divert the current of literary energy'; this is but natural. By virtue of his position as a great critic he will be looked up to by many as an almost infallible judge. This is especially true if he be an Arnold or a Brunetière, for who will rashly question or controvert their opinion?

If the critic is a man of ability, he must be listened to. Since he spoke so truly, so deeply, so analytically concerning things now past, what he says of the present will be respected and believed by men. Macaulay

laid a pen, flaming with indignation, across the fame of the once popular Montgomery, and the fame of Montgomery melted away like chips in the fire. Arnold dispelled the mist that obscured the genius of Wordsworth, and the glory of Wordsworth rose out of the gloom like the sun from behind shower clouds. Men like Howells, Stedman, Matthews and Mabie, can certainly aid or retard the development of a young author. For with them, it seems, that the critical impulse was far stronger than the creative impulse in America this day. Holding the chairs of editors in our principal magazines and being recognized as men of great ability, they can blast the future of many a young aspirant to literary honors.

And now we come down to the final question as to the relative standing of the critic and the creator. Can we compare them; or is their work so dissimilar that we can contrast them? Can we compare or contrast work that is chiefly of the imagination with that which is of the reason? Take Tennyson as an example, in whose work there is "a great preponderance of the artistic quality over the thought itself." Bagehot calls this quality the "ornate." Can we compare Tennyson's work with Matthew Arnold's? that keen and intensely creative critic. No; we can not.

True is it that the critic holds up to us the high standard of moral excellence; that he shows us literary form and finish, taking what is best from an author; that he appeals to us as a high and genuine creative writer; that in many cases, as with Sainte-Beuve, Arnold, Newman, Pater and Brunetière, he shows a creative genius unsurpassed, if equalled, by the creative writers of this period; yet the field in which he works is so much different than the creators that we can not equitably compare them. We can not compare them as man to man, or as work to work; but we can arrive at some estimate of the creator as contrasted with the critic, by the truth and goodness he shows us, and by the profound understanding he has of man as man.

But yet when all is said, it seems to us that for keenness, knowledge and power of analysis, the critic is far beyond the creator; but for purely creative work, for imagination, for a profound knowledge of humanity, of the world's soul and of nature, the creator is far above the critic. So much so in fact, that the greatest poets live in a world into which the critic shall never stray.

(The End.)

Lazarus.

VITUS G. JONES, 1902.

Grief enveloped the home. Death had set its hush upon the very air: while the heart of Mary was too full to give way to tears. She gazed on the pale face of the sleeper, but it seemed a mockery of wax. Her soul burned with the thought that he was too young to die. She half-whispered: "Is that voice with its unearthly sweetness gone from those lips forever?" And the motionless lips of that silent face seemed to answer, "Yes."

Mary knew that the soul of Lazarus, her brother, lay not in that sleeping vesture of clay. Her heart must quickly break. Though his spirit hovered near, though he whispered to her of angels, her heart was resting in his grave; it was swathed in the same linen shroud. Gazing on that limp form she felt it was not Lazarus; for where was that flashing eye, where the caressing hand, where that grief-stealing kiss? Palsied in death.

Lazarus was resting in the tomb. Night had come, and the mourners had gone. Death alone stayed. Others slept, but Mary prayed as she had prayed when she went with Lazarus to hear Christ in Jerusalem. Her bleeding heart, from which the loved departed had been torn, was solaced in the unbreathing hush of the night's last hour. The morning broke, but her soul seemed to have sped from earth. The sun rose in silence through the pathless heavens, and it was announced that Christ was drawing near unto Bethany.

Mary moved not till Martha said: "Behold! Jesus of Nazareth is here, and He calls for thee, Mary." She went to receive His greetings: "It is well," but she saw that His soul was over sorrowful, and with her clasped hands she fell at His feet saying: "Lord hadst Thou been here, my brother had not died."

The Saviour raised her from the ground, asking, "Where have ye laid him?" and He was led to the sepulchre.

Jesus raised His eyes to heaven, and Mary sank upon her knees while He prayed to His heavenly Father. A light shone on His adorable face, and He commanded Lazarus to come forth. Instantly the dead lived, and Mary joyous cried: "Lazarus! my brother, Lazarus!" as she kissed his warm lips. And Lazarus taking Mary by the hand, they knelt at the feet of Jesus and worshipped Him they loved.

On Duty.

LEO J. HEISER, 1902.

The war trumpet had sounded. The President had called for troops to be sent to Cuba, and companies from all the States were hurried off to Tampa for shipment. War, which is always a sad ordeal, comes especially hard on a young man about to be married.

Mr. John Merrill was engaged to Miss Alice Wheatly, and according to the gossips of Massilon, the marriage was to be celebrated within a month, when the call for troops came on and broke up the arrangement. Unfortunately for John he belonged to Company C of the Sixth Ohio Infantry, and had to answer the President's summons.

The day before the message came John and Alice were out boating, and passing by a cemetery where many heroes of '64 were laid, Alice was drawn to express her views on heroes.

"Whenever I see an old soldier, crippled, I imagine how glorious it must be to be wounded in battle for one's country. I do not think a man ought to be content with fighting alone, but he should be eager to receive some wound, which he could carry with him to his grave, a proof of his great love for his country and flag—for I think that there is no flag in the world which can command greater sacrifices than the Stars and Stripes. This has been proved on land and sea.

"Who is the author?" asked John teasingly.

"I am," she answered indignantly.

John rowed on in silence, and said a prayer, the first in years, that Spain would come to peaceful terms; for if war was declared he would have to go, and he did not relish the idea of going to his grave with only one leg, or a cannon ball in him.

The next day the call for troops reached Massilon, and Company C prepared to start for Cuba. When Alice heard the news, she forgot her patriotic sentiment of the day before, and became disconsolate.

"This war won't last long," John said, the night he came to bid Alice good-bye. "Besides I have to show my love for my country, don't I?"

"But—but you may be—be—killed," the girl sobbed.

"Don't think of that, those Spaniards are not able to hit the—"

"Oh John! I dreamed last night that I saw you dead on the field."

"Dreams never come true. Come, cheer up and give me a word of advice, for you know that soldiers sometimes become very bad."

"Not one word. I think you should not go when you know that I want you to stay here." The girl was angry.

"I couldn't stay if I wanted to. I belong to the company, and if I left now I would be justly branded a coward." Alice only pouted.

"Well, good-bye, my time is up. It is hard enough on a fellow to go at all, but your behaving in this manner breaks me all up. That broke down Alice's anger; and when John left a short time afterward he was feeling very light-hearted.

It was the night preceding the battle before Santiago. No sound broke the stillness save the hoot of a solitary owl and the dull tramp of the sentinel as he paced over the ground.

John Merrill was on picket duty from the brow of a small hill to a dense thicket ninety yards away. He was not much given to meditating, but that night he could not keep his mind from wandering back to his home. Perhaps it was due to a letter he had received that morning and signed "Alice." "Only six days more," she wrote, "and then you will be mustered out and can return home. What joy!" John felt happy as he paced his patrol. He pictured their meeting after the long separation. He walked on dreaming pleasantly, wholly unconscious of his surroundings.

As he passed into the shadow of the thicket there was a noise of rustling leaves. The sentinel was aroused. Something crouched in the shadow of a tree; Merrill raised his gun:

"The countersign."

No answer: there was a pause, and then a flash, a report, and the sentinel fell, struck just below the heart.

"Left alone to die," muttered John. "Surely the guard will be aroused by the shot. I hope they'll come in time to take my last message to Alice. I would have been free to-morrow to return home. Poor girl, this will kill her.

He felt the blood running down his side. His clothes were wet with it. A strong man weakens at the thought of death, and John shuddered as he felt his life's blood ebbing away. He had no pain, but death was coming on him slowly. He knew that.

Suddenly there was a scrambling in the brush and a young man, a correspondent

of an Ohio paper, rushed to Merrill's side.

"Quick," said John, "take my last word for Alice."

"Where are you hurt?"

"Never mind me, I'm done for. Tell her—"

"Courage, old man! let me stop your wound, then you'll feel stronger and can talk better."

The young man opened John's jacket, and there lay the bullet among the shattered pieces of his whiskey-flask.

The next day the Sixth Ohio Infantry was mustered out, and two days later the following article, in flaming headlines, appeared in the *Massilon Reporter*:

"The war with Spain has brought many men to the front who were unknown before, but whose gallant deeds have commanded universal admiration and praise. Conspicuous among these is John Merrill of Massilon, Ohio. While on picket duty the night before the battle of Santiago he was surprised by one of the enemy lurking in the brush. Wholly forgetful of self, he thought only of duty, and with the words "The Countersign" on his lips he fell struck just below the heart. Before the guard was aroused the enemy escaped, taking with him all of John's valuables, including a costly Venetian flask which John used as a canteen, and which his father had carried through the Civil War.

"The brave are always awarded, and now Mr. Merrill is able to return home with his regiment. All honor to those who fight for America and carry to their graves the scars of war, received in defending the Stars and Stripes."

"A Warlike Philosopher."

(Horace, i, 29)

What, Iccius, you for Arab's treasures fret!

And now to war proceed

'Gainst Sheba's matchless kings, unconquered yet—

You'll bind the savage Mede?

What alien maid, when you have slain her spouse,

Shall deck your homeward train?

What boy for page from out a tyrant's house

Shall by your side remain?

Some curly youth, one haply skilled to ply

His Seric father's bow?—

That rivers climb the hills, who can deny,

Or Tiber backward flow!

Once, Iccius, you bought books at every sale—

What lofty aims in view!—

But now you change for coarse Iberian mail

All wise Panætius knew.

T. C.

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The Board of Editors.

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REPORTERS

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—We notice that of late there is a dearth of verse in the SCHOLASTIC box. What has happened to our youthful poets? The fact that verse thus handed in is not used is no criterion that this verse is bad. It may not be of the kind we want. The writing of good verse is not an inspiration, but a matter of work and much of it. The harder and longer the work, as a rule, the better the verse. Our youthful poets should not stop the good work. For only in this way can they expect to arrive at perfection—work hard, and much of it!

—The subject for the Intercollegiate Debate has been given out: Resolved, that it would be unwise for the State to attempt to tax personal property. The first preliminaries will be held on March 12; but the day of the debate has not yet been fixed.

Now a word on debating. There are a few honours a man struggles for in his college course. These may be in the field of letters, the forum of oratory, or in the power to compete as an athlete. If he succeeds or is defeated he is the gainer. For he sees his limitations and begins anew the struggle with greater vigour and hope. There is a clearness in his vision or a depth and sonorousness in

his voice or an elasticity in his step. In the field of letters he will develop an easy and pleasing style; on the athletic field, power and grace; but in the forum he will combine the virtues of the other two, for only by ease, originality and enthusiasm in his speech, grace and elasticity in his carriage can he hope to please, convince and persuade.

Shakspeare has said that "life is a stage and that we all are actors." Can it not truly be said that life is a debate and all of us arguers—some weak, some strong, some brilliant? It is a debate, for we are ever taking sides, for good or evil, in the social, political or economic fields, or a hundred other fields open to us. Viewing life thus we should enter this collegiate contest to win—not to get experience, for experience comes with success or failure;—but to win. A clear conception of the question and earnestness in delivery will make anyone a contestant to be thought well of. This comes from work. No man is sure of his honours until the team is picked. "The stars of yesterday may fall." And after all is over we will discover that we know much of a given subject; that we are better prepared to cope with the things of life, and more qualified to wear the mantle of American citizenship.

The Katharine Ridgeway Concert Company.

Miss Ridgeway and the company supporting her gave Notre Dame about the most pleasing entertainment of the present year's Lecture and Concert Course. This took place on Saturday afternoon in Washington Hall. While the work of the supporting artists was up to the standard, Miss Ridgeway's elocutionary powers formed the principal source for the success of the programme.

The outstanding excellence of Miss Ridgeway's reading is a most happy departure from the insipid, tiring affectation of the greater number of young lady readers. She has a strong, pleasing voice, a very pleasing manner, and faultless enunciation. Her gestures are few, though frequent enough, and one of the reasons for her naturalness of manner is the judgment used in gesticulating.

If one more quality may be added to the endowments very truly her own, Miss Ridgeway's entire good taste in her selections is that. Each successive encore—and she was encored most enthusiastically—brought forth a short sketch even more happy than the

preceding one. Miss Ridgeway does not overact; she makes the most of a naturally musical voice, and has a graceful stage presence. She showed dramatic capability in her reading of "The Vow of a Roman"; and the merit of her work in a lighter vein was proved by the hearty applause given her short sketches.

The pianist, Miss Maude Paradis, showed the same good judgment in her selections. Miss Paradis played with expression, and has a cultured technique. Her accompanistic attainments are even higher than her capacity as a soloist. In that she left little to be desired.

Mr. William Lane has a bass-baritone voice of a studied sweetness. He sang with good expression, and is possessed of a strong stage presence.

The violinist, Mr. Davol Sanders, played very creditably. His tone is sure and his playing brilliant but not strong. His interpretation of "The Hungarian Dance" (*Haesche*) was original and pleasing.

Altogether, the entertainment was of a high order and well calculated to please a most exacting audience.

The Uses of Weeds.

The indiscriminate destruction of weeds has deprived the grounds of Notre Dame of much of their former natural beauty. In the hope that this may not continue in the future, especially since improvements around the lakes have been begun on a general plan, we shall here point out a few of the benefits derived from weeds.

Growing plants of whatsoever kind, and weeds in particular, purify the air by drawing off into themselves the carbonic acid gas and often other injurious gases, and by giving out oxygen in return. They also take from the atmosphere, nitrogen, especially the legumes, such as gorse, broom, alfalfa, lupines, perennial pea, etc. These plants have deep roots, which extend into the stiffer subsoil, and after loosening and opening it up so that air and water can have action upon it, suck up from below salts and phosphoric acid. When these plants die they leave their gathered potash and nitrogen on the surface. Now, when the soil is rich in nitrogen and potash it is good soil. The beneficial result of the growth of weeds is especially apparent on our marl lands near the lakes.

Here those pioneers of vegetation change the texture of the marl, and form by their decay a top-soil suitable for the growth of more delicate plants. The sandy soil needs the covering of humus formed by the decaying of weeds, not only for making it rich in plant food but also for making it more retentive of moisture, without which the plant food would not be available to plants. Besides, when all obstructions have been cleared off on sloping grounds, the rain washes down all particles of good soil, the sun beating on the bare ground hardens it more and more, until even trees die for want of food and moisture. In spite of all these facts the burning of weeds and leaves is carried on with great vigor every spring, at least on some parts of the University grounds. If any reader of these lines has any doubt about the evil effect of this work, let him go to the southwest side of St. Mary's Lake, where the scythe has never been wielded nor the firebrand been applied, and see the luxuriant growth of trees, shrubs and wild flowers, or weeds, as some would call them. Here great stretches of thickly matted blue grass alternate with acres of golden rod and New England asters.

Then let him look across the lake where hundreds of hands are busy in spring in raking and burning, and compare the desolate appearance of that side of the lake with the one where nature has been allowed to clothe itself in all its beauty. Professor Greene of the Catholic University at Washington said, on the occasion of his last visit, that he had never seen so many different genera of plants, some of them very rare, growing on one spot as around our lakes.

Some imagine that the ashes of burned leaves and weeds will act as a fertilizer. They forget that these ashes are composed of mineral substances, which, without nitrogen, are of very little use. It has been estimated that one prairie fire will rob the soil of as much nitrogen as would suffice for the growth of five crops of wheat. Others assert that weeds harbor mosquitoes. If these advocates of sanitary improvements, who see but little beauty in wild flowers, were to fill up all mud holes, cover old tin cans, and allow no water to become stagnant in barrels and other vessels, and thus reduce the number of breeding places for mosquitoes, they would confer a real benefit on all persons living on these premises, and deserve their heartfelt gratitude.

Exchanges.

The work in the *Holy Cross Purple* is uniformly good. In "Chaucer's Portrait of the Monks" there is an eminently sound explanation of the poet's compromising picture of the monks of his time. The writer of the much-entitled essay "A Comparison Between Milton's Lucifer and Dante's Satan" very cleverly presents the differing points of view of the two poets. For Dante, the arch-fiend was "a terrible demon, utterly crushed and hopeless for all eternity." Milton had great admiration for Lucifer, and made him really the hero of "Paradise Lost." The editorial page of the *Purple* maintains its usual high standard.

"Making Night Hideous" in the *Oberlin Review* is a ghost story of considerably more than ordinary merit. One sees a touch of the masterhand in the description of the haunted house. "The Scrunchin' o' the Snow" is a pretty bit, done after the manner of James Whitcomb Riley.

The *University of Arizona Monthly* contains numerous good things well done. At first glance, however, it gives the impression of a Tourists' Guide or a Home-seekers' Excursion Book: it is so thoroughly taken up with Arizona's affairs. "The Cliff Dwellings of Arizona" throws some light on those interesting monuments of a bygone time.

An example of a good weekly is the *Purdue Exponent*. "What Is Art?" is, on the whole, a sound criticism of Tolstoy's book of that name. The author is inclined to agree with Tolstoy that art is merely the language of emotion. It is that, but it is a great deal more. When we see all those artists, whom the world has agreed to call truly great, endeavoring to realize the Beautiful, it would seem that the Beautiful has something fundamentally to do with art. When we admit that "so long as any work tells what its author feels, it is art," we have gone to the dangerous length of removing Ethics from the field of art.

One of our most welcome exchanges is the *Tennessee University Magazine*. It is strong in every department and rarely comes without something of great excellence. It seems to

us that the eulogist of George Sand is getting on to dangerous ground when he subscribes to her opinion that an unwedded union between a man and a woman who remain true to each other is less immoral than a lawful marriage of two people who do not remain true. He seems to imply that there may be some palliation for the unwedded union; that it is less than violently immoral. Such a principle is monstrous, and if generally recognized would demoralize society. The writer is a humorist, conscious or unconscious, when he says that the "British and American people have ever held in ardent veneration the tie of matrimony." J. O'H.

Books and Magazines.

—The *Cecelia* monthly magazine (German) devoted to the interests of Catholic church-music is working along a commendable line. The February number contains some superior articles on music, particularly sacred music. In way of supplement, there is an "Ave Regina Cœlorum" by Father Kœnen that reads well.

—The *Penman's Art Journal*, devoted to writing, drawing, designing and kindred lines, is full of sensible notions on the making of successful business men and women. It does not aim to form the bloodless sort of human machine, but to equip capable, living men and women with right notions and business ability. Particular stress is laid on penmanship, and various plates, varying from the ordinary business hand to artistic designs, find place in the current February number. This journal is filled with common-sense hints and advice. Extracts are given from Henry Watterson's address delivered at the Pierce Business Academy, in which he says money is a good thing, but not the ultimate end of a business man's life; that gambling in stocks is a fatal mistake, and wealth not man's greatest ambition. Such quotations are good when found in a live, business man's journal; for most journals of the sort are for money and success at whatever ethical cost. The *Penman's Art Journal* also puts in a strong plea for longer and more thorough business courses.

The policy adopted by some of the business journals is of the shoulder-patting and hand-shaking order. They count success along that hypocritical code of getting on in business. This please-all cult is finding fewer disciples yearly.

Interhall Game.

BROWNSON, 15; CORBY, 8.

The second game of the Interhall series was played Saturday night between Brownson and Corby. The game was very exciting and interesting during the first half, the score at the end standing 3 to 2 in favour of Brownson. During the second half, however, the Brownsonites outplayed their opponents at all stages of the game, and by fast team work won out by a score 15 to 8. Hunter did the sensational work of the evening, throwing three goals from the centre of field. Fisher, centre, and Padden, forward, also played fast ball for Brownson. For the Corbyites, Moxley, Trentman and Dierssen put up the best game.

CORBY	THE LINE-UP.	BROWNSON.
Kasper } Trentman }	F's	{ Padden Flynn Weidman
Moxley	C	Fisher
Nyere } Dierssen } Ruehlbach }	G's	{ Funk Hunter

Goals from field—Hunter, 3; Fisher, 2; Kasper, 1, and Moxley, 1. Goals from foul—Moxley, 2.

The Baseball Squad.

The Baseball squad has been reduced to twenty men, and Captain Lynch announces that the next "weeding out," the final one, will take place no later than March 15. The work of the candidates from now on will be watched closer than ever. No man has a position "cinched" as yet, and Captain Lynch says he will not waste time with those who are unwilling to practise faithfully.

The twenty candidates and the positions they are striving for, are as follows:—Catchers: O'Neill, Antoine and Shaughnessy. Pitchers, Hogan, Higgins, Ruehlbach, Dohan. Infield: O'Connor, Stephan, Groogan, Gage, Hemp, and Lynch. Outfield: Farley, Fisher, Hanley, Farrabaugh, Kanaley and Woods.

In the catching department the contest for sub-catcher is between Antoine and Shaughnessy. Thus far there has been little to choose between them. In the pitching department, the contest will be a hard one, as four good men are candidates for honours. Hogan and Higgins, both of last year's Varsity, have all their old-time speed. The two new men, Ruehlbach and Dohan, are unknown quantities.

J. P. O'R.

Personals.

—Mr. Leo Mulvey of Sorin Hall enjoyed a visit from his father last Tuesday.

—Mr. W. W. Thorpe of Chicago was the guest of his son who is a student in Brownson Hall.

—Master Flook of St. Edward's Hall had the pleasure of a visit from his mother, Mrs. W. Flook of Chicago, during the week.

—Mr. McBride of Akron, Ohio, paid a visit to his sons of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls last Sunday. Mr. McBride has many friends among the Faculty of Notre Dame.

—Word has reached us that Mr. Edward T. Gilmartin (student '96-'97) of Fort Wayne, Indiana, was married on February 5 to Miss Mary Dreier also of Fort Wayne. We join with their many friends in wishing the young couple happiness.

—Last week Daniel Hartnett, M. D., of Toledo, Ohio, an old student of Notre Dame, was married to Miss Schonhart also of Toledo. The ceremony was performed in the Chapel of the Virgin in New York City by the Reverend Andrew Schonhart, the bride's brother. The couple are spending their honeymoon amid the flowers and sunshine of Palm Beach, Florida. The groom is a rising young physician of Toledo and is the son of the late Daniel Hartnett, a well-known political leader of Ohio. He was a student of Notre Dame in '93 and is also an alumnus of Columbia University. The young bride has all those accomplishments and graces that mark the ideal American girl. The SCHOLASTIC wishes Mr. and Mrs. Hartnett long life and happiness.

—We beg leave to copy the following clippings, the first taken from the Janesville (Ohio) *Times-Recorder*, and the second from the Mt. Vernon (Ohio) *Banner*. "Judge Jones of Newark has appointed James R. Fitzgibbon prosecuting attorney for Licking County to succeed Thomas W. Phillips who resigned. The appointment is a good one. Mr. Fitzgibbon is an able lawyer, an eloquent advocate and an honest man of exemplary habits. There will be no scandal connected with the prosecutor's office while he is the incumbent." This is indeed a great tribute coming as it does from a pronounced republican paper. The Mt. Vernon *Banner* says:

"Mr. Fitzgibbon, appointed Prosecutor at Newark, is well and favourably known in Mt. Vernon where he has a host of friends. He visited this city a year ago last fall and delivered the annual memorial address to the Elks. It is considered one of the finest orations ever delivered in the city." Mr. Fitzgibbon graduated from our law department in 1888. The faculty of the law school may justly feel proud of such an alumnus. A. L. K.

In Memoriam.

It is our sad task to chronicle the death of Mr. John Young of South Chicago, student from 1891-1893. Pneumonia was the illness he suffered from. Mr. Young was 26 years old, married but a short time, and engaged in the real estate business in South Chicago. He was a self-made man in the truest sense of the word, for what he had he got through hard and persevering work. The death of a young man of this kind, esteemed for a blameless life and business integrity, and who would surely become a great factor for good in his community, is certainly a loss to our country.

Local Items.

—Get a Notre Dame Athletic Almanac. Price 25 cents.

—FOUND.—One dollar near the church. Inquire at Room 78, Sorin Hall.

—Examinations will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, February 25 and 26.

—LOST—A pair of gold-rim glasses. Finder, please return the same to students' office.

—A full account of the basket-ball games and the relay race will be published in next week's issue.

—LOST—In Brownson reading-room a Watson's "Physics." Finder, please return it to J. F. Lomelin, Brownson Hall.

—The Postgrad table has become demoralized since the authority on Roman Law and the agreeable one have departed.

—Coach Butler will give his team a final try out on Tuesday next, selecting the men that will represent Notre Dame in the Wisconsin meet, March 1.

—The Minims are certainly enthusiastic track followers. It is about time we would have an indoor meet to allow the little fellows to display their ability.

—Don't be surprised if within the next few weeks you should hear of McInerny's and Doran's failure. Both Dempsey and the Editorial "we" have taken the pledge to use only gum till Easter.

—The date of the debate between the Illinois College of Law and our Law Department, to be held in Chicago, has been set for March 15. The Illinois College of Law is making elaborate preparations for the contest.

—The Board of Control at special meeting held last Tuesday passed upon the eligibility of L. J. Sammon for membership on the athletic teams of the University, and ordered Capt. Groogan to allow none of the unqualified members of his team to play against Purdue.

—At last we may use W. B. W. in our columns and be proud of it. Last Saturday, opposed by the best in Chicago, he galloped home a length in the lead; as a consequence the occupant of Room No. 12 is smoking cigars.

—The SCHOLASTIC will be thankful to those that have essays or stories or verse marked "SCHOLASTIC" if they would hand in the same at Room 59, Main Building. The only object in marking these papers is to have them used in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Corby Hall is again in the lead, not in basket-ball but in generosity. When appeals for assistance from the Athletic Association to defray the expenses of the track team to Washington were heard, Corby was the first and, in proportion to its number, the largest contributor. Over 50 dollars were realized.

—Thirty men have entered the Intercollegiate debating contest. All of these have been doing work along this line for some time; so we may expect a team as capable of defending our debating honours as the teams representing us during the past three years. The contest will be held in Indianapolis against Indianapolis University some time during the spring.

—The Meet with Wisconsin, March 1, should prove an interesting one, for both teams are evenly matched. Where they are strong in the sprints, dashes and hurdles, we are stronger, but in the runs they have the better of us. A few points either way may win the meet. Two meets follow the Wisconsin meet. The first in St. Louis, March 8, the second at Notre Dame with Purdue and Indiana, March 15.

—There are some fine examples of studiousness among our law students. Go into the law room at any hour of the day, let the day be one of recreation or study, and you will find a half dozen or more future Marshalls and Storrs silently working over volumes the appearance of which ordinarily repels a student. These workers bring to their tasks such enthusiasm and devotion as do homage to the subject of their pursuit.

—The Basket-ball Team lost its first game of the series away from home to the Indianapolis Y. M. C. A. at Indianapolis. Our fellows were handicapped by losing Groogan, who had to retire with an injured knee early in the game. Glynn replaced him. The Indianapolis News says that Notre Dame was at a disadvantage on the polished floor of the Y. M. C. A. gym. The Y. M. C. A. men wore track suits and our men were encumbered with baseball uniforms. Barrett left to-day to take part in the Logansport game with Purdue.

—The time to organize baseball teams in the different halls is at hand, and from present conditions Corby should have a rattling good ball nine. We have amongst us a player of experience and ability. If the team were organized, and coached by this young man,

the prospects for a good team would be very bright. There is not a player in the University better acquainted with the game than this Mr. Ruehlbach. Get a little move on you, Corby, and organize.

—To-day our basket-ball team is contesting at Logansport the Championship of the State in basket-ball with Purdue University. The team consists of seven able players: O'Neill, Doar, Barrett, Sammon, Captain Groogan and Quinlan. Since we are champions in football, baseball and track work we seek the same honour in basket-ball. The qualifications of the members of the team have been passed on, and the team has been given the standing of any of the athletic teams in the University.

—During the 1st Regiment Meet in Chicago on Feb 6, many comments were passed on the size of the men making up our relay team. All of them, Kirby, Gearin, Herbert and Staples are over 6 feet in height. Not only have they height but speed. To-night they meet Cornell University relay in Washington, D. C. Cornell is said to have the strongest team in the East. Unless the long trip proves too much for our men they should win, for they are certainly a magnificent set of runners.

WANTED A REFORMER.

R-R-o-a-r, R-o-a-r, R-o-a-r.

Like the sound of the foaming surf;
And I would that Dame Fortune could help me
To silence that musical "Murf."

O well for the boys in Brownson,
That they smoke in their quiet way!
O well for the Corby lads,
That "Murf" is not there to play!

And the hideous sounds go on,
Though all the rats are dead:
But O for an axe or a gatling gun,
Or a brick at the back of his head!

R-R-o-a-r, R-o-a-r, R-o-a-r,
On one inharmonious chord,
That some one may take him away;
We pray and beseech the Lord.

—The try outs for the Carroll track team were held Thursday afternoon, and brought out some good performers. The best work of the day was done by Price in the high jump.

40-yard dash.—Cahill, first; Kotte, second. Time, 5 seconds.

40-yard hurdles.—Peery, first; Sweeney, second. Time, 5. 4-5 seconds.

220-yard dash.—Peery, first; Kotte, second. Time, 27 seconds.

440-yard run.—Cahill, first; Foley, second. Time, 1.05.

880-yard run.—Sweeney, first; McFarland, second. Time, 2.38 1-5.

High jump.—Price, first; Taylor and Peery tie for second. 5 feet.

Pole vault.—Taylor, first; Carey, second. 8 feet.

12lb. shot put.—Fleischer, first; Peery, second. 34 feet 11 inches.

—The training quarters, track and baseball, are first and primarily for the men making up these teams. Spectators have no right in either of these places, and the sooner we

enforce this regulation the better. It is coming to be a sorry state of affairs when anyone, whether in an athletic uniform or not, can enter either track or baseball quarters, take anything he finds lying around loose, as a baseball bat or glove, 16lb. shot or vaulting pole, and after using it in a scandalous fashion let it lie in the large gym or put it back in the training quarters cracked or broken.

—This rime has been handed in by a pessimist. He states in a footnote he knows the man he means. But for the love of us we can not tell his hero.

He grew a moustache on his lip,
An ugly thing. No one could tell
The what it was. The hairs were few,
But yet upon his lip it grew
More ugly still. His heart would swell
At thought of it. Yet when he passed the Daily News
This lad would try a simple ruse
To feel the 'stache. He'd brush his brow,
Then grasp his nose
'Till where his pride and great joy grows
He'd feel. But if a gazer chanced to see
This son of Mars, this hero, he
Would stand abashed, until at last
He'd work into an ecstasy,
And feel again.
But yet contented not was he,
Until upon his noble chin
He grew a strange peculiar thing
Of nineteen hairs, all weak and thin,
That made all youths to wonder why
That one who wore such whiskerets
Should never die
Until he lost his breath.
This chap has nerve; he's game and tall,
And he has face withal.

—If too much time would not be consumed I would beg you to read the following contribution from an occupant of Corby Hall who aspires to the stage and who expects to create a stir with verse something like this:

In quick succession I'll recall
The boys that grace old Corby Hall,
And to begin I'll make a rhyme
By introducing Father Time.
(Here old Time is supposed to enter on a hobby horse. He then proceeds.)
And after him but all alone
Comes "Nigger Ed" as he is known
With his crockery arm and his kinky hair,
And his innocent look is on the square,
("Nigger Ed" enters as a ballet girl)
Then comes "Doc," the Logansport swain
With Strings and Skinny in his train.
He has a chew and all is well,
And if you listen he will tell
Of the bar-rooms few and far between
That in his village can be seen.
("Doc" enters in a wheelbarrow pulled by "Skinny and Strings.")
But hark! before we do or dare
Behold this crazed and brainless pair,
Who every night will skip and dance
And set the others in a trance.
(Black and Thompson enter wrapped in a shoestring.)
And after these comes "Deurer George"
Who a few days ago on an empty barge
Floated through this "golden gate,"
Not in a carriage but on a skate.

This is just a sample and is supposed to be a burlesque, introducing some of Corby's well-known characters.

—Smilo made his first appearance on the hand-ball alley Thursday and behaved in a very creditable manner. He wore a new home-spun sweater, with tight laced shoes and was calm and collected at critical moments. The gallery was filled to suffocation (with smoke), and the whole crowd seemed to think the little hero of the "Big Four" game their own. Smilo's opponent was Sir John Watts de Matterwidyu, the celebrated Mexican buck and wing dancer. Smilo smothered his opponent to the tune of 21 to 15. He displayed great strategy in his delivery and often hit the ball. After the game he shook hands with everybody present. When this ceremony was completed he was hustled over to the training room where he underwent a special operation on his teeth preparatory to the hand-ball trust's banquet in his honour. This affair took place in the evening under cover of darkness and was a decided success. Smilo ate everything on the bill of fare, but in such a neat way that it was hardly noticed. His condition at the latest reports was serious, but the doctors expect to bring him through.

—Last Wednesday afternoon, the President of the Junior Law Class issued a proclamation, stating that there would be a meeting of the class immediately after supper. In response to the President's call, the members assembled in the law room, for it was rumored that an interesting matter would be brought before the meeting for discussion. Now, as a matter of fact, the whole thing was to be a practical joke on a member, who, with the exception of Studie, is the best-natured fellow in Sorin Hall. After the meeting had been called to order, the President addressed the members as follows: "Gentlemen," said he, in solemn and impressive tones, "you are not here to-night to honour the speaker. It is the principle which I am here to uphold. To be brief, you probably,—judging from the number present,—think you have been called together in order that you might contribute for some noble cause. In fact, I can read in your eyes how these pleasurable thoughts have gratified you, and how you were planning in your hearts to give your last farthing which should be a tangible proof of your devotion to noble works. Although, gentlemen, I do not like to stand between you and your generous feelings, such is not the case (Applause) Complaint has been made to me by parties that know (then came a fearful pause)—that "roughhousing" by the members of this class must cease. I am informed that it is mostly in the rear of the room, and that Mr. John So-and-So is the ring leader. There has been much noise in that section lately resembling coal rattling down an iron chute, and it must be stopped." After the members recovered from the shock, Mr. John So-and-So sprang to his feet, and demanded the names of the parties who had

made the complaint, and he said he did not see why they should call him a ring leader when there was no ring. A number of members spoke pro and con, more *con* than pro, both in favour and against the accused John. Finally a committee of three were appointed to investigate the matter. The committee brought in a verdict that it was a confusion of ideas of the heavy thinkers in that part of the room, and the wobbling of a pair of ears fanning the flies off a learned cranium, and not John was the cause of the loud noise in that part of the room. John was exonerated.

—The "Notre Dame Athletic Almanac" has been very generously received, some hundreds of copies having been already sold. It is not unlikely that other colleges will produce similar almanacs, following an example in which, we believe, Notre Dame is the leader. It was announced in Thursday's morning papers that Professor Stagg has in view the collection and publishing of records made by the U. of C. athletes.

As might be supposed, there are some errors in the first edition of the "Notre Dame Athletic Almanac,"—some omissions also. Moreover, a few records have been equalled, and others have been broken since the book has been issued. The following are some of the corrections and additions to be made:

Page 13. One Half Mile Run.

World—2 m. 3 s., H. Hayes, Ann Arbor, Mich., March 16, 1901.

Varsity Special—2 m. 3 2-5 s., W. G. Uffendall, Notre Dame, Ind., Feb. 12, 1902.

One Mile Run. Carroll Hall Special—5 m. 47 s., T. Murray, Notre Dame, Ind., March 8, 1899.

Page 14. 40 Yard High Hurdle Race.

World—5 1-5 s., F. G. Moloney, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 15, 1902.

Varsity Special—5 2-5 s., M. B. Herbert, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 6, 1902.

Page 15. In 75 Yard Low Hurdle Race, etc., read "3" Hurdles; so also on page 37. Throughout the Almanac read "Moloney" for "Maloney."

Page 16. For Running Broad Jump. N. D. Invitation read "1901" instead of "1891."

Pole Vault World—10 feet 11 3-4 in., J. Magee, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 15, 1902.

Carroll Hall Special—8 feet 4 in., B. Taylor, Notre Dame, Ind., Feb. 12, 1902.

Page 17. 16lb Shot Put.

World—41 ft. 9 in., R. E. Rollins, Boston, Mass., Feb. 1902.

Page 19. 100-Yard Run.

Read Buschman.

"June 1, 1895.

Pages 101 and 102. Transfer P. W. Bergan, 1900-1901 from Football to Baseball, and insert in latter list M. Donahoe.

Page 124. Add

University of Iowa.

The Gymnasium has no running track.

Iowa Field has a cinder, pear-shaped track approximately 2-5 of a mile in length, with 220 yards straight course 10 feet wide. The inch and one half of screened cinders rest on 3 inches of gravel, making a very fast track.