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The World Human.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

I.—CHRISTMAS.

THE world, a type of man, on Christmas day
Was free from doubt and passion's raging throes
That tore with clanging steel and leaden blows
Across her breast, care-worn with constant fray;
For then a peaceful stillness o'er her lay,
And guileless joys and smiling thoughts arose
That frolicked gay or slept in calm repose
As children listless evenings while away.

Then, as man's fairest thought with rapture mild
Brings forth a joy, full, tender, soft and sweet,
That throbs and swells suffusing all the breast,
So, too, in peace earth's Virgin-purest child
Gave birth the Babe of grace, before whose feet
Myriads of ardent souls in wonder pressed.

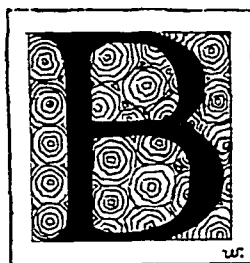
II.—EASTER.

The Child then grew in grace and waxed strong,
And all about His path went up a cry,
Discordant, hateful, while He raised on high
A voice that smote the fastnesses of wrong;
But hatred, blind and raging, fired the throng,
And like a lamb they led Him forth to die,
Grim Vices, Passions hot, with envy ply
The murderous stripes with swishing, cutting thong.

And then dread darkness fell upon the land
Until on Easter morn 'mid dazzling light
He burst all bonds and put the gloom to rout,
Just as within the soul at His command
Joy killed and buried long, with garment bright
Leaps forth exultant from its tomb of doubt.

Easter Day in the House of John.

GEORGE BURKITT, 1902.



UT yesterday and Mary, the Mother, stood at the foot of the cross. On the Sabbath she kneels in the house of John, the beloved disciple; and one by one the scenes of that terrible tragedy pass before her swollen eyes—scenes so vivid that the sorrow of yesterday seems almost a dream of this day's grief. Again she stands at a turning of the street. From a remote part of the city comes a low sound like the rumbling of thunder in a distant storm. Louder and louder it grows, until above the clatter of hoofs and the clashing of steel may be heard the voices of God's noblest creatures crying: "Crucify Him! crucify this King of the Jews!" and the words burn like molten lead into her heart.

There in the crowd a Man staggers under a heavy cross, and the soldiers with fiendish joy strike Him that came to save them. They meet—this Man-God and His blessed mother—no word is spoken; but that loving, lingering glance is a communion of soul and soul that none but divine love knows. Mary forgets everything except that King crowned with thorns. To her the shouts of the rabble are as noiseless as the fall of snow upon the ocean. In that vast multitude she sees but one form, and that is the form beneath the cross. The way to Calvary is as a chain tightening round her heart; each step a link, in each link a thorn.

On a little hill in the outskirts of Jerusalem hang three public criminals, crucified. One of them is nailed to the cross, a crown

of thorns encircles His head, and an inscription proclaims that He is "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." His crime was greater than that of His death companions,—it was the salvation of mankind. She that stands near by is Mary, His mother. Those purple lips were wont to call her name in accents sweeter than the music of ripples on a moonlit lake. With a glassy, almost vacant stare the bloodshot eyes wander from Mary to John, the beloved disciple. The purple lips move:

"Woman, behold thy son!"

Surely that is not the voice that stilled the tempest on Lake Genesareth, and yet those same lips "commanded the winds and the sea, and there came a great calm."

"Behold thy mother!"

And with the words rushes out a stream of blood. They that kneel at the foot of the cross, casting lots for His garments, cry out:

"Vah! thou that destroyest the temple of God, and in three days dost rebuild it, save thy own self: if thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross."

Again the purple lips move, and the filmy eyes gaze heavenward.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

A huge cloud stops before the sun, and the skies grow dark. At the ninth hour the very hill trembles, and He that is the "Light of men" cries out with a loud voice:

"*Eli, Eli, lamma sabacthani!*"

A convulsive shudder runs through the body; the bloody head falls forward, and the Saviour of men hangs on the cross, dead.

The wrath of God falls upon the earth; a spark from the eternal Light splits the sky, and "the veil of the temple is rent in twain, from the top even to the bottom." "Indeed, this was the Son of God."

That terrible day has passed, and the moments of the Sabbath drag by as slowly as the last breaths of a dying man. The body of the crucified God lies in a rude sepulchre, a precious gem in a brazen setting; and Mary kneels in the house of John, the beloved disciple.

A solitary star, the last gem in the crown of night, shimmers faintly and vanishes. The blue in the heavens fades to a gray, over the clouds along the horizon is spread a red veil, and they stand out like grotesque mountains covered with blood. In the zenith a group of gray clouds is suffused with vermilion that fades into saffron, then to white—a huge canvas coloured by the hand of an invisible master. The first rays of the Easter sun glisten in the morning dew like thousands of precious gems. A wonderful peace has fallen upon the earth; the deep quiet is disturbed only now and then by the lowing of a distant herd.

A greater calm comes over the soul of Mary as she kneels in the house of John. A voice sweeter than all the choir of heaven falls upon her ear; and the terrible scenes of the crucifixion, the lonely Sabbath and the night of prayer seem but petty griefs that make this joy more powerful. Before her stands her Son who but lately hung upon the cross: those wounds on His brow are the marks of thorns; the light of infinite love beams from those same eyes that were bloodshot and glassy; those same lips cried out in the anguish of death,

"*Eli, Eli, lamma sabacthani!*"

The shouts and jeers that mocked the crucified God have given place to the voices of angels praising God triumphant, and the heavens resound: "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth! The heavens and the earth are full of Thy glory!"

The Passing of the Shadows.

JOHN L. CORLEY, '02.

RELUCTANT passed the last gray shades of night.
A mystic sadness breathed upon the air;
Lone the cross yet stood on Calvary's height,
And death was there.

Through the dawn they crept out to the tomb,
The unbroken stillness filled their souls with awe;
And 'mong the lowering shadows in the gloom
Lo, they saw!

But scarce "He's Risen!" sounded on the air
When up across the sky the sunlight sprang,
And off from sea to sea and everywhere
Hosannas rang!

Triolet.

WHEN Phyllis walks adown the aisle
 On Easter morn to pray—
 So fair her face, so free from guile
 When Phyllis walks adown the aisle
 I think from Heaven a little while,
 An angel stole away.
 When Phyllis walks adown the aisle*
 On Easter morn to pray.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

Capitulation—Not Wholly.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.



BURROUGHS stopped. In his hand he held the morning paper; before him was her picture—she that had been dearer to him than anything on earth. But his filmy, hazy dreams were torn. He looked again; to him she was dead.

Across the way the cathedral was emptying. The large bell growled and rolled and reverberated. The women came filing past him, masses of finery and Easter bonnets. Their chatter and joy awoke no responsive chord in his heart. But he stood still, the paper before him. For years he had tried to forget her. Perhaps he would have succeeded, but with Easter Sunday, the tolling of the church bells, the women, the bonnets, her picture, there had been an awakening.

On an Easter Sunday they had parted. Strange he had never thought of it before. With her departure his faith in human nature shook; he became a cynic, and his religion did not appeal to him. But now as he stood he felt how utterly alone he was. He walked into the cathedral. This was from a spirit of helpfulness.

The lights burned low in the sanctuary; an odor of charcoal fumes was in the atmosphere, and the shadows fell and clustered about the massive columns, but he heeded them not. He had been brought face to face with the past and its awful reality; he looked along the vestibule of his life to an Easter Sunday years back. Here he stopped; for here they had parted. And now the man over whom they had quarrelled was about to lead her to the altar. Burroughs had despised him because

he looked on him as an effeminate fellow, a time-pleaser. But what of that? The latter had won.

Burroughs recalled vividly their last meeting, himself and the girl. She had stood before the mantelpiece, her head bowed low, and protested that he was not justified in preventing anyone from calling on her; and that if he still thought this way he could go. He had already seen how untenable his position was, but his pride rebelled against submission. In a burst of anger he left. He never knew that she rushed after him to call him back, but as she stood in the doorway irresolute, he disappeared into the gloom. His pride did not weaken, but home life grew unbearable to him, and a few months later he was on board a steam ship bound for the Continent.

Six months afterward he heard that she was married. He did not rave or tear his hair; but smiled cynically and commented on the fickleness of women. He did not show any suffering, but within contrary passions tore him. But now all was over; everything was lost. Why not take it like a philosopher? and this he did. He travelled over Europe; lingered in old Vienna with its quaint and curious houses; smoked Turkish pipes on the banks of the Bosphorus, stopped for months in Switzerland and even attempted to scale the Matterhorn. As year followed year his image of the girl grew more and more ideal. He tried to drive all thoughts of her from his mind; sometimes he succeeded, but in solitude she came back to him with all the strength of former days. Now she had almost ceased to be a corporeal being to him. He had been idealizing her as Dante did Beatrice, and soon thought of her devoid of any weakness of the flesh.

In Switzerland he heard that she was still unmarried, but this news did not seem to affect him. Fully four years had passed since they parted and he was in Berlin. Rubenstein was to play, and the hall was crowded with enthusiastic admirers. Scattered through the audience were young officers of the army, all with scores for the ninth symphony of Beethoven. Their faces wore a cocked, critical look, but they could not follow the score. Rubenstein had an inspiration that night and the audience knew it. They did not applaud, but gazed intently at the player. The audience was conscious of one man only and Rubenstein of none. Piece followed piece, and when finally he stopped fatigued, the house was silent for

an instant, and broke forth in thunderous applause.

Burroughs awoke from a trance, and when he looked about he saw gazing at him two eyes so sad that they seemed to pierce his very soul; he looked again and still the eyes were fixed on him, and in the face there dwelt a look of pathos that he never forgot and could never forget. Even when in the jungles of Asia and in the wilds of our western states it seemed to haunt him, and remained with him till his dying day. It was she; old memories came back with the strength of years, and he cursed himself for his folly, for he had long since ceased to blame her. He looked for her again, but she had disappeared in the crowd. He searched all over Berlin only to discover that she had left for the Italy. When he arrived there he found that she had gone to the Holy Land.

And now an old longing for home seized him; he fought it down for many months, but it came back stronger than ever, for the girl had again entered into his life, and her face pursued him when walking, dreaming or thinking. Fame had come to him; but this meant nothing. His short stories and verse had run through the magazines, but in his heart there was a vacancy. At last weary of European travel, and with the songs of his native land in his ears he turned his steps homeward.

Changed greatly, a man of thirty years, and strongly built he stepped on the American shore. Many greeted him; their friendship had survived his five years of wandering. For this he was thankful, but his mind was on the girl. He wished to meet her. Then came the announcement in the morning paper that she was to marry another, and everything was shattered.

For a long time he sat in the gloom of the church; the shadows gathered thicker around him; a few penitents mumbled out their *aves*, but he was living his life over again. He now saw how empty the future would be without her. The struggle was a great one, but his pride fell, and he determined to see her.

A short time afterward he was ushered into a large drawing-room. Here they met. There were no words of greeting. Both stood silent, and Burroughs said simply:

"I have come back."

She did not answer; but he continued:

"I did not want to come, but I could not help it. I've tried to drive you out of my mind during five years, but I was unable to

do it. To-day I read the papers, and I could resist no longer."—Both were silent.

"You know," he continued, "you and I were always friends."

She bowed.

"And do you not remember that when as children we buffeted the waves together off Bar Harbor and when you thought that you were drowning, I bore you ashore."

She smiled, and his voice grew more cheery.

Thus he went through their childhood, recalling incident on incident till their parting. He told her how her image had ever haunted him; and as he lay awake on the Andes gazing into the worlds of wheeling stars her face was ever before him.

The dusk came on and found them still talking. Her face was sad as she gazed intently at him and his voice was low.

He arose: "I know," he said, "that he has always been good to you, and I the contrary; and that I have nothing to expect from you. But I can not bear to see you married to him—him above all others."

She was silent.

"I know that I shall always care for you; that I do not deserve anything from you. But is there no hope for me?"

She did not answer, but bowed her head.

"I had always thought that some day I might claim you; but soon you will be gone forever."

She was still silent.

"I must strive to forget all our past life, you and all," he continued. "Now since you are to become his wife—"

"No," her voice was full of emotion.

"No," he repeated. He came forward, eager, expectant.

"No, why not?"

"Because—" she stopped.

"Because—" He now was sure that the narration of his great love had affected her. He had noticed that she had followed closely every word he uttered the entire afternoon and he prayed fervently that he was able to defeat his rival as the latter was about to lead the girl to the altar.

"Because?" he again repeated as he leaned over.

"Because," she said amid tears and smiles, "the girl he is to marry is my cousin and namesake—"

A second time they stood before the mantelpiece; this time the girl spoke and he was silent.

Regret.

WHEN dusk steals in like gray mists of the sea,
And twilight dims and fades where I behold
The night fling back its curtains, now unrolled,
Unveiling worlds of blazing light set free;
When the first sweet touch of slumber comes to me,
My spirit as a straying sheep, but bold,
Goes wand'ring on to lands, some new, some old,
But seeking for fair tidings, love, of thee.

Then I behold the beauty of your face,
Your eyes like loadstars in the heavens set,
A tear from out your eye to quickly start,
And down your burning cheeks a course to trace,
With night and shadows then there comes regret,
A tear, a sob, you're gathered to my heart.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, '01.

Mary Magdalen.

VITUS G. JONES, 1902.

EARLY had she learned to trust in the promises made to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. She bows in faith and prayer before the great Jehovah, the unseen God, whose name no Jewish lip durst utter. Kneeling in guilelessness at the altar of her fathers, she lisps her innocent supplications, which ascend to the love-shrouded throne of the omnipotent God like incense from an angel's censer, and He is pleased.

But the tempter has woven a net of darkness across her path; and that fair lily, with her fragrant purity, is drinking deep from the cup of sorrow, poisoned by the artful hand. Vanity has come to hush the voice of conscience; and suddenly, while loitering on the brink of that precipice, where angels fear to tread, she has fallen. Forsaken, she tosses helplessly upon that sinful ocean, till the very rocks yawn to be her shameful sepulchre. Remorse, that relentless tormentor, smites till her heart is transfixed with misery too bitter to bear. Tauntingly the tempter whispers: "All is over; innocence can never be regained; come with the damned, for heaven can never be your portion; the pleasures of the world are your only consolation."

Shame and despair are written on her countenance. Madly she plunges into that dark abyss of debauchery in hope of finding

peace, till her heart has become insensible to love. It is not even moved when her aged father and mother, crushed by her shame, fall under its weight, to find rest in the tomb. Weary of life she longs for death; but the feeble voice of conscience threatens, and she durst not cast herself into eternity.

But lo! there comes a knock at her heart, and she gives heed. She hears her companions scoffing at the humble garment of Jesus of Nazareth, who is preaching in Galilee along the Sea of Genesareth, where she had spent her sinless youth. Who can this prophet be who heals the sick, gives sight to the blind, and raises the dead? It must be the promised Redeemer. And the misery of the Magdalen, welling up from its depths, calls unto the compassion of God. She seeks his presence. She is spurned by the Pharisee and the Levite.

Shrinking from their scorn she mingles with the crowd where she hears the Prophet's words. He is exhorting to virtue, rebuking vice, and yet there is a gentleness in His voice that pierces her very heart; and her head bows in shame. Such gentleness she has never known; and her dead soul throbs with life. Love pours into her heart. She is contrite, and resolved to open her wretchedness to Jesus. Seeking she finds him with Simon, the Pharisee, and she casts herself at His feet. But she is silent, for her words are drowned in sorrow. Her tears fall like rain on His sacred feet, which she dries with her hair; and breaking her box of spikenard, she anoints those feet which are so wearied from seeking her; and which are soon to be pierced with nails for her sake on the cross of Calvary. The sweet perfume scents the room; but it is as nothing in the sight of God, compared with the sweetness of that repentant soul.

Mary, the penitent, is drawn toward the Man of Sorrows by a bond such as earth can never know; and now the remainder of her life is His. He has healed her wounds while she is anointing Him. He has comforted her broken heart, and the kisses He has suffered to fall upon His feet are the signs of love. As she rises, a new life opens to her, for the seal of pardon is on her soul and lightness in her heart.

From now on she will live for Him alone that brought her light and turned her sorrow into joy. She follows Him in His sadness to Jerusalem, where He weeps over the ingratitude of man; and a load falls on her heart because she is solicitous for His sake. She hears the voices that but yesterday cried

"Hosannah in the highest. Blessed is He that comes in the name of the Lord," now shouting "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" And she knows one of His own has betrayed Him for thirty pieces of silver as He was coming from His terrible agony in the garden. Now she beholds the Son of God scourged at the pillar, the mockery of justice, the brutal crown of thorns; and the jeers and scoffs of that infuriated mob lacerate her tender heart. They cry: "Hail! King of the Jews," as they spit in His face and strike Him till it seems He must fall and die. But no, it is not destined that the Son of God should so die. She sees the ruffians throwing the cross, weighed down by the world's endless multitude of sins, on His weakening shoulder; and they drag Him to Calvary, while His every step is consecrated by His sacred blood. Three times He falls beneath His burden to redeem the world, and now they nail Him to the tree of scorn. Still the rabble deride Him.

Mary is overcome by the heart-rending outrages of the crucifixion. The lonely Saviour prays to His heavenly Father to strengthen His constancy in this dark hour, that He man's debts might pay. The earth, to hide its shame, is shrouded in the garb of darkness; and Jesus, in one last agonizing cry, prayed: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" He grows calm again, and He says: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit;" now He gives up the ghost. But Mary's heart, like the adamantine rocks, is rent by the death-cry of the broken-hearted Christ.

The Victim is taken down from the cross; and again Mary anoints His sacred feet with her precious spikenard, and He is laid in the tomb. A night and a day and a night, she is left to watch the rock-closed sepulchre of Him whom she loved.

It is now three days since the death of Jesus; and the vigil of Mary Magdalen is at an end. The all-powerful might of the Saviour, working through hidden forces, that are His messengers, has again caused the world to convulse. The stone is rolled back from the sepulchre; and the Master of life and death comes forth in glory.

In the lingering darkness of the early morn Mary hastens to the tomb. Two angels in white address her saying: "He is gone; He is risen!" And as she turns in sorrow from the entrance to the sepulchre, He that has overthrown death and sin and satan, whispers 'Mary,' and it is Easter morning.

Co-Edisms.

WE talked one day, I and a lass,
By chance left all alone together;—
Though life is short, it came to pass
We talked somewhat about the weather.

But not for long,—soon we began
To speak of different rarities,
And finally we hit on man
And his peculiarities.

And then, I never could tell why,
We talked of different kinds of faces,
And how absurd 'twould be to try
To make two of them change their places.

And then,—she meant no harm, I'll vow—
As we still talked of heads and holders,
That fair maid said, "I wonder how
My head would look upon your shoulders!"

The maid was fair, 'twas just we two,
And so I very softly told her,
"I know quite well what I would do
Had I your head upon my shoulder."

HENRY E. BROWN, '02.

The Easter Hare.

JOSEPH L. TOOHEY, 1902.



ANY strange customs attach to the observance of Easter in different countries. Formerly in Ireland the people arose early Easter Sunday morning to see the sun dance. I presume the poet refers to this custom in this verse from an old English ballad:

But, Dick, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

The dyeing and breaking of eggs is a custom that has long been popular to the observance of Easter in different parts of the world. Among some of the peoples of the East the egg represents the universe and the vernal equinox. The egg has always been an emblem of spring. Like spring, it represents a bursting forth of a buried germ into new life. Hence it has been closely associated with spring and Eastertide from time immemorial.

Another custom, which sprung up among some of the peoples of Europe and came to this country with them, is becoming almost as popular as the Easter egg. This innovation is called the Easter hare. It is closely related with the Easter egg, so close, in fact, that

the one is nearly always associated with the other. In some countries of Europe the children believe that the hare is a second Santa Claus, with large baskets filled with Easter eggs. And in some of the rural districts the children are sent in search of rabbit's eggs on Easter Sunday morning.

The Easter egg formerly had a monopoly of the confectioner's window, but it is now associated with the hare. The American confectioner arranges the eggs and hares in his show window in such a way that they make a good display and become good advertisers for his wares, and thus his highest and sublimest ideas of the Easter festival are fully realized. At times we see one large hare wheeling a barrow full of multi-coloured Easter eggs. Again he may be drawing one large candy egg in a chariot.

But why do we associate the hare with the egg and Eastertide? It is easy enough to see the connection between the egg and the vernal equinox; but what relation does this nocturnal animal bear to the great spring festival? Let us observe some of the pranks of the hare under the light of the moon. The ancients observed marked relations between the hare and the moon which are beyond our conception. The origin of the name Easter is very ancient. The Saxons derived it from the goddess Eostre which corresponds closely to the Phœnician Astarte, goddess of the moon. To get safely through this labyrinth we shall form a chain, the links of which will be the moon, the hare, and Easter. We can connect the moon with Easter from the fact that the date of Easter is reckoned by the lunar cycle. And now we must look for the relations between the hare and the moon.

It is a curious fact of ancient folk-lore that both the moon and the hare are supposed to change their sex. Many of the ancient deities could change their sex at pleasure. The new moon with her increasing brightness was masculine, the waning moon was passive and feminine. The hare was formerly thought to change its sex like the moon. Some one has quoted these lines from the Faithful Shepherdess to verify this supposition.

Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus altering oft and strange
Hecate with shapes three—
Let this maiden changed be.

The Hindoo and Japanese artists were wont to paint a hare leaping across the disc of the moon. In countless other ways the hare has been associated with the moon, and the minds

of the superstitious can see these invisible lines very distinctly in their fervid imaginations. The hare is a nocturnal animal; moreover, they say that he is born with his eyes open and never sleeps during the night. This is another office he performs in company with the moon.

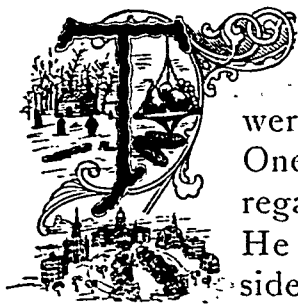
Many superstitious sayings about the hare are common in some European countries. In Russia it is deemed a bad omen if a hare meets a bridal-car. If the hare is run over by the car it is looked upon as a calamity almost equal to an eclipse of the moon. The children in some countries are admonished for making shadow-pictures of rabbits on the wall for they think this is a sin against the moon.

In a certain county in England they say that even the minister is in duty bound to give the young man that brings him a hare before ten o'clock Easter Monday morning, an ample reward. The negroes of this country have not escaped the superstitious practices attached to the hare. They use the hare's foot, or *rabbit's paw*, as they call it, as a talisman or voodoo. This foot must be the left hind one of a graveyard rabbit caught in the dark of the moon. This voodoo is worn to races and when they play any game of chance. A hare crossing a person's path was formerly believed to have the same effect upon his wits as the rays of the moon. Hence the hare like the moon was formerly supposed to cause lunacy. The hare is proverbial for melancholy. When Falstaff speaks of his melancholy, Prince Henry immediately compares him to the hare.

It matters very little how the hare became associated with the Easter egg and Easter. Be this as it may we know that it is an innocent and beautiful custom. The milliner, with her copious designs and patterns of bonnets, plumes and various other paraphernalia that make the female form a thing of beauty, must now share her Easter honours with the confectioner, who has gathered an immense collection of Easter hares and eggs for the delight and indigestion of the children. Phyllis' new Easter gown and bonnet now shares the attention of a fond mother and father with a lad's Easter playthings. These customs afford much innocent amusement for the little folk and will last as long as there are children amongst men. For children will be children and parents will be parents, and whatever brings the two closer together in the law of nature is sure to become popular and last for all time.

From Prison to Penance.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.



THE tide of humanity had set homeward and the cars were returning at a rapid rate. One car after another had disregarded the signals of Wilkins. He had stopped at the wrong side of the crossing, that was all, but how was a man who had not been in a city for twenty-five years to know the traffic regulations? There had been no cable or electric cars on Broadway when he was there before, but he could afford to pay for a cab in those days. Now, however, things were different. Scarcely two months out of jail, where he had spent the prime of his life, he was a pariah and penniless save for fifteen cents.

He buttoned his threadbare coat, which was a sad misfit, and awaited the next car that came clanging in the distance. This time he was more successful. Wilkins scrambled on to the platform where he preferred to remain—he could see so much more of the buildings and streets from that point of vantage and note the changes they had suffered during his absence. As for the people, what were they to him? There was little chance that he should be recognized by anyone, and yet it was the dread of such a contingency that made him turn his footsteps westward when his term of imprisonment had expired. But the temptation to visit his old haunts was too great, and—well there was another reason for his journey. So here he was, returning stealthily almost, in the night, to walk once again through the old Sixth Ward.

"Inside, please, plenty of seats," he heard the conductor remark rather brusquely, which, by the way, is a command rarely justifiable on Broadway where standing room is usually at a premium, and the man accustomed to the behests of jailors for so long did not know how to hesitate when an order was given. A moment later, he was seated beside a rather stylishly dressed young woman that glanced at him coldly, then drew her skirts closer and turned the pages of a monthly magazine. Wilkins did not dare to notice her. The consciousness of his disgrace was still heavy upon him, and he looked askance from under his battered hat and shock of iron-gray hair

at the stream of passengers that flowed in and out. Every now and then he turned his eyes toward the street to see if there was anything left unchanged. The old landmarks of Broadway had all but disappeared, and the well-known houses that he knew had been displaced by tall, stately buildings, so high that it was impossible to trace their outlines in the night. But this was not to be wondered at, for after all, is not a quarter of a century a long span in the lives of men and cities? Nations have come and gone in far less time.

He was now passing through the older part of the borough. The streets followed the European fashion, and were no longer designated by numbers. There was something consoling even in this—Wilkins was nearing the scenes of his early political triumphs. He wondered if *she* was living in the same place yet. This particular pronoun intrudes itself some time or other into the lives of most men, and Wilkins was one of the majority. Probably she had forgotten him long ago, nay more, perhaps she had never returned his love. He would have asked her to be his wife had not that cursed affair in the tavern destroyed all his plans and wrecked his life. How the past came back to him with increased vividness. Yes, a dispute arose about the primaries, and in a moment of passion and partial intoxication he sent another's soul to eternity and disgraced his own. If she had known all the circumstances would she not forgive him? This was the hope that flickered in his heart for many a weary year and helped to elevate him above his sordid surroundings. If he could only see her and vindicate himself, all the misery and humiliation of his imprisonment would be atoned for. He was sure there were still people in the old Sixth Ward that could tell him something of Dick Stanton's pretty daughter;—the Dick that Wilkins helped to make alderman when a strong arm and a stout heart won more adherents than all the eloquence of a Cicero.

Abandoning his reverie he struggled to his feet, a mere parody of the splendid, well-knit man he once was.

"Conductor," he said somewhat nervously, "I want to get off at—at, well you might put me down anywhere. I'm near the old Sixth Ward, ain't I?"

"Yes," was the answer, "down Leonard, and you're right there. Brace up—afraid to step off until we come to a standstill, heart trouble,

eh?" How often do we unconsciously tell the truth?

Wilkins turned down Leonard Street—heavens how the place was changed! A palatial insurance building covered the whole block on his right until he came to Elm. Ah, too well he knew where he was then. There was the Tombs, in truth no misnomer, like a coffin that had been purposely left above ground, the same grim, ghoulisn-looking building, wherein he spent that month of agony awaiting his trial for murder. The circumstances of his crime flashed before him with all the vividness of reality. The revolver he had picked up in the scrimmage—he was accused of having carried it designedly, a charge that aggravated his sentence—the deadly bullet fired almost before he knew, the bleeding corpse at his feet, then the arrest, the crowded court-room and the conviction—all came to his mind as if it were a thing of yesterday. He tried to dispel the unpleasant recollection, and shuddered as he turned toward Park Row.

Did Ryan do business at the corner yet?—the Ryan that Wilkins knew. If so, Wilkins was sure to hear some news of Lucy Stanton. He pushed on weary and footsore, yet inspired by a hope that made him forget half his wretchedness. Ryan's was only a short distance away—he could see across the bamboo doors the besotted patrons standing in rows before the bar and listen to their noisy revelry. Across his path fell the shadow of a church steeple, clearly outlined in the frosty moonlight. Wilkins looked up. It was the same church he attended when a boy. He wondered if the old, severe-visaged pastor was in charge yet, the reverend man that carried a heavy blackthorn on his missions of mercy and was the terror of all the youthful toughs in the neighborhood. The church door was slightly ajar, half repelling, half inviting. Wilkins deliberated for a moment and then hobbled in furtively. He was curious to see how the place looked, as for praying, well that was a practice he seldom indulged in. The church was almost empty. A few

figures, faint and indistinct, were moving at the farther end, arranging the altars and placing flowers before the statues. It was already ten o'clock, perhaps later, and now that his curiosity was satisfied he would depart. The confessional door swung open, and the priest removing the stole from about his neck, walked toward Wilkins, who with the penitent that had just been absolved was the only one in the empty benches.

"Do you wish to go to confession?" the priest asked rather diffidently—the old pastor that Wilkins knew was long since dead. Wilkins started, he felt embarrassed.

"Confession!—me—what for? Lord, I haven't been to confession in twenty-five years. I was just on the way over to Ryan's to inquire for"—he checked himself—"an' I dropped in to see the place, that's all."

"Well, to-morrow is Easter Sunday," the priest rejoined, "and I thought you might care to go—better late than never, you know."

Wilkins remained silent while the priest began to read his breviary, and after a minute's deliberation assented hoarsely, "B'lieve I will, though God knows it's ill prepared I am. Twenty-five years is a long, long time, Father." He was even getting back to the phraseology of his youth.

He shambled after the priest to the confessional, and there with his face pressed close to the grating, went over the squalid story of his life. The words of absolution were pronounced, but scarcely before Wilkins fell back lifeless. The police wagon took him to the morgue—that half-way house between poverty and Potter's Field—and the coroner's verdict was syncope of the heart. Next morning the priest made use of the incident to point a moral, and besought his congregation to pray for the soul of the deceased penitent. And Lucy Stanton, what about her? Why, bless your heart, Wilkins never had a place in her affections. She married a parvenu soon after Wilkins had been convicted, figured in "society" and in the fashion pages of certain magazines, and is now the recognized leader of an exclusive cult.

Redemption.

TWERE sad if Mary found the stone unmoved,
It would have lain a signal of our doom,—
For all His work would yet have been improved,
And man's redemption sealed within the tomb.

J. L. C., '02.

The Revenue Cutter-Service.

JOHN P. CURRY, '01.



HE Revenue-Cutter Service was organized as a branch of the Treasury Department in the year 1790, about eight years prior to the organization of the Navy. Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, had a bill introduced into Congress, proposing that, for the security of the revenue against contraband, a certain number of boats be distributed along the Atlantic sea-coast from Maine to Georgia. Each boat was to cruise over a certain maritime district; and as the districts overlapped, two vessels patrolled each district. Congress appropriated the necessary sum, and the first fleet of Revenue-Cutters consisted of ten boats. The officers and crews, in addition to a proportionate amount of the fines and penalties that were collected in the case of seizures, received stated wages. The apportionment of prize money was afterwards abolished, and increased compensation voted to the officers. Such was the beginning of the present Revenue-Cutter Service.

The commerce of the country at the time of the organization of the Revenue-Cutter Service was insignificant, and a large fleet was not needed to protect the revenue. But, as our country grew westward, and as farming and manufacturing increased, our commercial relations with foreign nations became more complicated. Various kinds of duties were imposed on imports and exports, and navigation laws were passed for the protection of the merchantmen trading in American waters.

It is the duty of Revenue-Cutters to suppress mutinies, enforce neutrality and quarantine regulations. They also inspect all merchant vessels that trade along our shores, examine their papers, determine whether they are engaged in the business for which they were licensed, and whether authorized captains are in command. While patrolling the coast, the Revenue-Cutters discover and report to the proper authorities the absence or imperfections of buoys, lights and other safeguards essential to navigation. Then, too, they take supplies to the many light-houses along the coast. The latter duty is by no means a sinecure, for there are eight hundred and

eighty light-houses along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and about two hundred and eighty on the Great Lakes. These houses consume about two hundred and sixty thousand gallons of oil yearly.

Though the Revenue-Cutter Service is legally considered a part of the civil establishment, it is, in fact, a part of the military force. Our Revenue-Cutters have participated in all our wars. At such periods, subject to the opinion of the President, the Revenue-Cutters may be ordered to act in concert with the Navy.

The vessels of the Service are, as a general rule, ready at a moment's notice to proceed upon prolonged cruises. They are very often sent on important missions, such as the settlement of international complications, or in securing information regarding the geography, resources and climate of new possessions.

The immediate control and management of the Revenue-Cutter Service is intrusted to the Secretary of the Treasury; but the President may order the entire Service, or any part of it, to co-operate with the Navy; and in such case, the Service becomes part of the Navy, and passes out of the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department for the time being.

The officers of the Revenue-Cutter Service are required to be proficient in gunnery and in military practice. The discipline is the same as that maintained in the Navy, and is perhaps stricter. The officers must be familiar with custom, navigation and neutrality laws, and must thoroughly understand all conditions affecting the maritime interests of the country. Vacancies occurring in the list of officers are filled by cadets from the training ships, who have passed the required competitive mental and physical examination. The qualifications are even more exacting than those required for admission to the Navy.

The line personnel of the Revenue-Cutter Service is captain, lieutenant, second lieutenant, third lieutenant; chief engineer, first assistant engineer, second assistant engineer and constructor.

The Revenue-Cutter Service was very active in the recent war with Spain, and was repeatedly commended for its efficiency. During the conflict there were twenty Revenue Cutters, carrying seventy-one guns and eight hundred and fifty-six men, including officers. It was the Revenue-Cutter, *McCulloch*, carried to Hong Kong the dispatches announcing to the world Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila.

Many acts of heroism and many daring rescues have been made along the treacherous coast of Massachusetts and Long Island by Revenue Cutters. In the winter of 1884, Lieutenant John Rhodes and the crew of the Revenue Cutter "Dexter" won the praise of the continent by the assistance rendered the wrecked "City of Columbus," off Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard. The "City of Columbus," with one hundred and twenty-seven souls on board, was on her way from Boston to Savannah, when she struck on the rocks and was dashed to pieces. About fifteen managed to cling to the wreckage until they were discovered by the Revenue Cutter "Dexter." The Cutter lowered a boat, and sent a number of the crew under command of Lieutenant Rhodes to the rescue. Several of the shipwrecked men jumped from the wreckage and were picked up by the rescuers; but two, seemingly unconscious, were seen clinging to the masts. Lieutenant Rhodes tied a rope to his body, and after a number of futile attempts, succeeded in reaching the unfortunates and bringing them to the Cutter. They afterwards died, however, from exhaustion. Lieutenant Rhodes was a native of Connecticut, and he received a vote of thanks from the legislature of that state; the Humane Society of Massachusetts gave him a gold medal; and the President of the United States advanced him twenty numbers.

This is only one of the instances of the many acts of heroism performed by the men in the Revenue-Cutter Service. Men who perform such deeds as these are the heroes of the world. The truest bravery is not always found on the battlefield where valor is applauded by thousands of admiring witnesses; frequently it stands out where few see it, where no selfish purpose is sought—among the men who go down to the sea, who brave the elements to relieve suffering humanity. Although their fields are not the fields of carnage, these heroes fight a harder and more noble battle in the war of the elements.

A bill is now pending in Congress to grant to the Revenue-Cutter Service the same rights and privileges given by law to the army and navy,—such as a retired list, and an increase in pay after a certain length of time in the service. Certainly, the Revenue Service needs no stronger argument than its past history to support the passage of such an act.

A Local Privation.

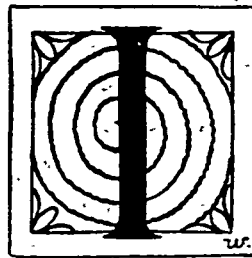
THE lawn is bright with flowers and
The locust fills the air
With sweet perfume, and songsters are
A-flitting everywhere.

The least of these is worthy of
A madrigal or sonnet,
And yet I'd sacrifice them all
To see an Easter bonnet!

JOHN L. CORLEY, '02.

Easter in Rome.

LEO J. HEISER, 1902.



It is astonishing what effect the Church's dignity and grandeur of ceremonial have on the minds of unbelieving visitors to the Eternal City. The scepticism and narrowness of mind is generally swept aside, and reluctant homage compelled by the glory of the Church in Rome at Easter time. To confirm this I quote a passage written in majestic Spanish by Castelar. It is a description of the intoning of the *Miserere* in St. Peter's during Holy Week:

"No pen can describe the solemnity of the *Miserere*. The night advances. The basilica is in darkness. Its altars are uncovered. Through the open arches there penetrates the uncertain light of dawn, which seems to deepen the shadows. The last taper of the *Tenebrario* is hidden behind the altar. The cathedral resembles an immense mausoleum, with the faint gleaming of funeral torches in the distance. The music of the *Miserere* is not instrumental. It is a sublime choir admirably combined. Now it comes like the far-off roar of a tempest, as the vibration of wind upon ruins or among the cypresses of tombs; again like a lamentation from the depths of the earth or the moaning of heaven's angels, breaking into sobs and sorrowfully weeping.... This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness, dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness. It is the voice of Rome supplicating Heaven from her load of ashes, as if under the sackcloth she writhed in her death-agony.... Rome, Rome, thou art grand even in thy despair and abandonment. The human heart shall be thy eternal altar,

although the faith which has been thy prestige should perish as the conquerors who made thy greatness have departed. None can rob thee of thy God-given immortality, which the pontiffs have sustained, and which thy artists will forever preserve."

During Holy Week the service in Rome is the same as performed throughout the Church,—Tenebræ, Adoration on Holy Thursday, and the well-known services of Good Friday and Holy Saturday.

Easter Sunday, the glorious day on which Christ confirmed His doctrine and proved our faith not void, is ushered in with ringing of bells, blowing of trumpets, firing of guns and explosion of mortars placed in the pavement. The early morning pours thousands into the vast nave of Saint Peter's, and while this great throng is pushing and crowding for the best places, the pontifical procession enters. The heaving crowd falls suddenly into an impressive silence. First in the procession are the *garda nobile*, in red and black, wearing casques, then chamberlains in red; prelates in purple; masters of ceremonies in *pourpoints* and black mantles; then come the cardinals and last the Sovereign Pontiff wearing the triple tiara and seated on a gorgeous chair borne by acolytes.

By twelve o'clock Mass is over, and thousands fill the area below the balcony of Saint Peter's, called the *Loggia*, awaiting the benediction given "*Urbi et Orbi*" by the Pope. The ceremonial observed by Pius IX. in giving this Papal blessing is as follows: On the arrival of the Pope in the balcony the first master of ceremonies gave the signal for silence to the military bands. Then the Pontiff seated on his chair, read a prayer asking the assistance of the saints and the pardon of God for the sins of the people. Then rising and extending his hands over the multitude the Pope sang: "And may the blessing of Almighty God, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, descend upon you and abide forever."

This done two Cardinal Deacons read, one in Latin and the other in Italian, the formula of the Plenary Indulgence granted to those there present, and then flung the two papers into the piazza, to be scrambled for by the nearest in the crowd. The Pope rose immediately, gave a simple blessing to the people and left the balcony.

The moment of blessing is solemn and imposing. A wondrous stillness is spread over the kneeling soldiers and people; no sound is heard but the voice of Christ's Vicar,

and the falling of the waters of the fountains. When the blessing is over immediately the cannon of St. Angelo announces to the world that it has been blessed; and the ceremonies of Easter in Rome are over.

To be a witness, a Catholic witness, at these grand and imposing ceremonies must make one fall on his knees and thank God that he is a Catholic; that he is a member of that Church which uses such splendour and magnificence to honour the religion which Christ, in His mercy and love, rose from the dead to confirm on Easter morn.

"Who shall picture," says William Channing, "the splendours of a beautiful Easter Sunday in St. Peter's? Who can imagine the overwrought feelings of the pious Catholic? As the Holy Father passed in the pontifical chair, followed by the most sacred bodies of the Church, and the centre of admiration to his united children. I involuntarily knelt upon the pavement and murmured my prayers; as he blessed the prostrate multitude from the exterior I offered up to Heaven my ardent gratitude for being permitted to take part in this great jubilee."

How wonderful is this joy of the faithful at Easter time! With faith alone there is joy; with scepticism, melancholy. The devil must be always sad. "Which way shall I fly?" he cries in "Paradise Lost."

"Infinite wrath and infinite despair!
Which way I fly, is hell."

We notice in our day that sceptics and non-believers share in the devil's sadness; but the faithful share in the joys of the angels—they both are adorers of Christ's precious Body and Blood; the former see Him with the eyes of faith, the latter behold Him face to face.

A nation's religion is greatly responsible for its character; and reflect on this, the Catholic nation is the only truly joyous people. The Buddhist is sad, the Mohammedan is sad, the Protestant German is gloomy, but the Irish is the gayest race on earth. It is not the race, it is the faith that does it. When England still clung to the good old Catholic faith she was "Merrie England," and while France was sincerely Catholic the French were noted for their gayety. "Last of all, here is America at the knee of mother Church learning of her the cheerfulness that God loveth. May she soon be bathed in the holy 'sunshine of the heart' that is only known within the ring of the true fold, within the light of the true Church!"

Varsity Musings.

At Night.

AS spirits of the night come stealing on,
Noting the long and weary watch I keep
Near the shadowy base of dream's dark mountains
steep,
Alive with phantoms of the days now gone,
Beings long dead, whose life I must prolong
Ever; for at the first full flush of sleep,
Lift they my spirit from its chasm deep,
Like the vibrant soul of some sweet, tender song.

E'en then your image sweet and debonnair,
High in the niche of my poor heart is set,
Or in my soul to rest forever where
Running streams of passion must beget
At last sweet thoughts of thee. And none more fair
'Neath lids of slumber or in dreamland met.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, '01.

An Empty Tomb.

AN empty tomb on Easter day
Gapes open to the cloud's soft gray;
While the golden sun that leaped on high
Is spinning down a glistening sky,
Cool winds upon its damp stones lay.

Its blood-stained linen wrappings sway
When the winds in fitful breezes play;
O Christ, You left for human eye
An empty tomb!

Was it that we might learn to stay
All eager questionings, and lay
Our hopes above, and, calm, rely
Upon Your words that never die,
That you have left for man's dismay
An empty tomb?

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

The "French" Cousin.

HE stood accused: 'twas hard, you see,
To pass the ordeal grave;
And yet he'd braved it just to be
A-doing something brave.

And then the awful sentence came:
"Tis very plain to me
You're not related to Miss Mame
By consanguinity."

"Oh, yes, I am!" he made reply
In scarlet-faced confusion;
"For don't you see? I'm a son of—of a'
Sister institution.

JOHN L. CORLEY, '02.

The Student.

ACROSS his forehead white run furrowed lines
That show the trace of much uncertainty;
His eager eyeballs seek incessantly
On earth the form that but in heaven shines;
Therefore, in all this world he ne'er divines
Aught worth his struggle for supremacy;
And so his life is spent in reverie,
And doubt with doubt across his path combines.

A squanderer he who wastes the talents rare
Which are the price on earth of joy and peace;
He ne'er expended them in efforts bold,
And thus from doubt and pain bought sweet release;
He meditated deep, but could not dare
To live with strength and fruitful victory bold.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

A Wish.

I LONG to sing some gentle strain,
Some melody like April rain
A-murmuring in the arbored dell,
Or words to fall as gold leaves fell
When autumn days had come again.

'Tis not a bold or grand refrain
That sounds o'er battlefield and main,
No song that like the billows swell
I long to sing.

But soft low notes to soothe the pain
That long on saddened hearts has lain:
Or some sweet tale of joy to tell
To life-tired souls, or hush the knell
Of dying Hope—this, this in vain
I long to sing.

JOHN L. CORLEY, '02.

Aurora.

(An Acrostic.)

NOTED you the skylark's flight
Eastward to the breaking dawn?
Listen! On the wings of light
Love's sweet anthem forth is drawn
In the strain we know so well
Ever does his carol swell.

Bright the dawn on yonder hill;
Rising dews the sun proclaim.
Onward, by the shaded rill,
Wheeled in sable shrouds the dame
Night retires before the flame.

FRANK BARRY, '03.

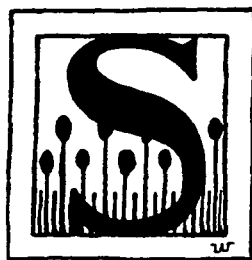
A Reflection.

TO love is sweet all lovers say with zest,
For then your heart is full of bliss and hope;
But oft I think that that's a doubtful best
Which makes its victims scowl and sigh and mope.

F. F. D.

The Passing of their Lent.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.



SURREY was now aboard the east-bound Southern Pacific. From the bronzed cheek and sandy beard to the cowhide boot, his rugged body showed the influence of the Plains.

His blue eyes deep set beneath thick eyebrows were now half closed. He lounged his head against the cushion lost in thought, while the other passengers played cards, and took casual note of picturesque sweeps of scenery.

At their parting, Mrs. Hardy, the overseer's wife, had taken Surrey's hand and had pressed it in a motherly manner, for, of all the nondescript characters that migrated from ranch to ranch along the Lone Star Reservations, she felt instinctively drawn toward this young man, always so silent, steadfast and gentlemanly. Hardy had been outspoken to keep the man, but every offer had been refused, and the night before Surrey left, Hardy took him aside and gave him an extra purse:

"Merely sort o' interest, you know, on what you've done for Mame and the children!" the overseer, with a full voice, apologetically said.

Surrey's sole excuse for leaving had been:

"I think she needs me. I ought never to have left her."

This had been said to Mrs. Hardy shortly before he started away. Whether this referred to a mother, a sister or a sweetheart remained for Mrs. Hardy alone to ponder. For in all those twelve years that Silas Surrey had put up with the knocks and roustabouts of the Plains, this had been the sole instance when he had mentioned his own affairs.

Thus it was that two days before, Surrey took up his few hundreds of savings, made the "gentlemen of the Plains" a blunt but heartfelt farewell, and rode forty miles to the nearest railway station. The white lily that he wore on his store-clothes coat looked as out of place there as the black clothes on the huge form they so badly fit. That lily with its fragrance quite exhaled now wilted on the lapel where Mrs. Hardy had pinned it. If no words had been wasted the motherliness of a true woman had given this token to say that she thought its wearer a man.

There was a compartment in Surrey's heart, locked years and years ago, which held some

secret that, do his best, would burst its bonds at times and convulse this strong man. He had been seen to bend and to weep under its weight. He had wept like a child one Christmas Eve in an old adobe church down in New Mexico. A Mexican *Padre* had come across the border to look after the welfare of a motley mixture of souls. The midnight Mass over, the priest waited several hours for one large-limbed son to leave off his prayers so that the doors might be bolted. When the priest gently touched the kneeling man's shoulder, the penitent looked up with streaming eyes. And likewise, during those almost interminable nights of watch in the full of the moon when the plain and the silent herd became as the unrealities of another world, this secret trouble would overpower him, and he must again go through the throes for the thousandth time. At such attacks in years before he would take a worn note from his wallet. That, however, with what money he then had, had been stolen some years since. He cherished the note because of the hand that wrote it, though its substance was what had wrecked his happiness, if not his life. The words had burned into his very heart, and when the theft had robbed him of his only material remembrance of the writer, he still had its substance to mourn.

Hence most prominent in the fast-working mind and suffering heart of Silas Surrey on this self-imposed journey homeward—as they were at all times—were these few words,—all that were left him of his other days:

"My dear Silas:—Though we were to have been married this morning and the priest and all your friends will be at your mother's house, I feel I can not marry you. My love belongs to another.—NAN —."

For the thousandth time Surrey tried to justify such an action on her part,—she who had always appeared to have cared for him as for herself; for the thousandth time he wondered what the people at his home thought of him for having deserted his mother on that day since when, though he had sent her money and word that he was alive, he had never heard from her; for the thousandth time he wondered if John Marston had been the favored man, and if he and Nancy Horton were happy. He had prayed for their happiness, because he was not vindictive or unable to brook defeat if he chose his own way of putting up with it.

When he stepped from the train at his old

Indiana home-town, Surrey brushed across to the less frequented street. The emotions awakened by the return to these boyish haunts filled his eyes; and the heart that had hardly quickened at scenes of brawl and bloodshed, made him catch for breath when he came up to the church and descried through the dark the familiar lines of the old presbytery. As he passed the church he heard them singing the *Tantum Ergo*—for this was the last day of Lent—and he speculated could old Father Dubay be yet alive? Of course he couldn't, that gray-haired priest who used to plead so patiently with the strong-willed youngster that had once been himself.

Silas walked hurriedly under the big maples, went across the corner lot, and entered a yard in which an old frame house stood. There was a light in the parlor, and guiltily lifting the latch, he hurried through the hall. He looked into the parlor and saw his mother propped in a chair sitting with eyes closed. She was alone. Silas entered with throbbing heart.

"Mother!"—he spoke tenderly—"don't you know me? Your boy is back, and he'll never leave you again!"

"Silas alive? Silas—my son?" cried the mother, and though enfeebled and much wasted with sickness, she withstood the shock to sob in the strong arms of her son.

Before they had unlocked their embrace, Nancy Horton, prayer-book in hand, walked quietly in. When she saw the face and form of Silas Surrey she sank back for the moment overcome. Silas turned and saw her. His body

shook, and it seemed his head would burst.

"My son!"—Mrs. Surrey was the first to speak—"I shall not chide you for deserting Nancy and me. No, not now! You lost a loving wife while I gained a true daughter. Nancy has lived with me and cared for me since my health first gave way."

"My God! mother, I can't understand!" hoarsely protested Silas quite undone.

"You can't, my son? Then why did you desert us as you did?" asked Mrs. Surrey, her wan cheeks now flushed with excitement.

"Desert you! You must know I went because Nancy wrote me she loved another," Silas said, pacing back and forth in agitation.

"I never wrote any such thing to you, Silas," spoke Nancy in a calm, resigned voice.

"What! You say you didn't?" Silas cried, while beads of sweat stood out upon his forehead. For a moment bewildered, he hesitated; then he asked in a threatening voice:

"Is John Marston here, Nancy?"

"No, he died six years ago," she answered.

"And you two never married?" he asked.

"No Silas, we never married," she answered.

"No one knew why, but John left what property he owned to your mother when he died."

"Then Marston was the one who wrote that!" Silas spoke as if to himself. First anger fired his eye, then sorrow at the great injustice done them; when, like a flash, the strength grown of trial gave him courage, and he said in a broken voice: "Nancy, you have always been my true wife! come, and, with mother, let us say a prayer for the *one* that wronged us!"

Fudges and Things.

HENRY E. BROWN, 1902.

I SPIED a charming maid one day
Stowing fudges safe away
Between her rosebud lips.
And though the hand quite often strayed
From box of fudge to mouth of maid,
There were not any slips.

The maiden smiled in mocking glee,
And held a tempting fudge toward me,—
Then made it disappear.

"You see," she said, "this fudge I eat
Because I'm told 'twill make me sweet,
And 'sweet things' are held dear."

"But hold," said I, "for you will find
Two negatives will have, combined,
An affirmative power;
And likewise when a sweet one eats
The sweeter fudge, I fear two sweets
Will serve to make one sour."

And then that charming maiden cried
And pushed the fudges from her side,
And then she sighed, "O dear!"

"Perhaps that 'dear' means me," thought I;
"And so, perhaps I'd better try
To drive away her tear."

"Sweet one," said I, "since you are sweet,
And fudge sweet, too, which you do eat,
Then you must be sweet three:
Pray pardon what I said before,
And I will say for evermore,
You're sweet as sweet can be."

That truly drove the tear away;
And I felt sure I'd won the day,—
But who can, woman judge;
For that ungrateful little Miss,
Instead of giving me a kiss,—
She simply said, "O fudge!"

Much Ado about Nothing.

JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY, '02.



WITH the tenacity with which the sons of St. Patrick have ever held to the doctrine taught them by him, they also clung to all minor customs or practices which circumstances forced him to introduce amongst them, even after such circumstances had changed. Thus it was in regard to the time of celebrating Easter.

The dawn of Christianity was likewise the dawn of the Easter controversies. Even after the Council of Nice had decreed that the feast should be kept on the Sunday following the fourteenth day of the first lunar month, the controversies did not cease because of the use of a new and an old cycle to determine when the first lunar month began.

When Gregory the Great sent Augustine and his Roman monks to make *Angels* out of the *Angles*, they carried with them the new cycle. England was at that time divided into a heptarchy, and as the Roman monks were not succeeding very well in making *Angels*, one of the rulers of the north of England sought the aid of the monks of Iona to convert his people. Hence it was that well-nigh fifty years after the landing of St. Augustine, St. Aidan was consecrated Bishop and sent from Iona with a number of Irish monks. St. Aidan, after the example of St. Columba, celebrated Easter as did St. Patrick, and likewise made an island his home—Lindisfarne, the Iona of the Anglo-Saxons.

The question as to the proper time for celebrating the Paschal solemnity was not much mooted in England till St. Colman—third successor of St. Aidan—was consecrated Bishop of Lindisfarne. From Lindisfarne also came the great exponent of the Roman custom. Born in 634 of one of the noblest families in Northumbria, which was then almost wholly in sympathy with the Irish customs, Wilfrid entered the monastery at Lindisfarne. From here he determined to go to Rome to compare the Roman ecclesiastical observances with the Celtic.

After a few years he returned to England thoroughly Romanized, and took possession of the monastery at Ripon, from which the Irish monks preferred to flee rather than follow Wilfrid's new laws.

Thus the battle royal began. All the petty differences between St. Augustine's converts and those of the Irish monks, turned on the proper time for the celebration of Easter. They both celebrated the feast on Sunday, and that the Sunday after the fourteenth day of the month nearest the vernal equinox, but they had different cycles for determining when this month began, so that it happened that King Oswy of Northumbria—a follower of the Irish custom—was a week in advance of his wife, and he complained of having to rejoice alone on Easter morn, whilst the queen was following the ceremonies of Palm Sunday. In order to regulate this difference the king convoked the famous Conference of Whitby. The question was publicly debated in his presence and before the principal ecclesiastics and laymen of the country.

St. Colman, Bishop of Lindisfarne, with his Irish and Saxon monks, were present as supporters of the old system. The young King Alchfrid and Bishop Agilbert were on the opposition. Bishop Agilbert, not being a very good linguist, made Wilfrid the chief defender of his cause.

King Oswy, in his opening speech, said that as they all served the same God and hoped for the same heaven, it was advisable that they should follow the same rule of life and the same observance of the Sacraments, and that it would, therefore, be well to examine which was the true tradition they ought to follow in the present case. He then ordered Bishop Colman to explain his ritual and justify its origin. The Bishop answered:

"I have received the Paschal usage which I follow from my predecessors who placed me here as bishop. All our fathers have observed the same custom: these fathers and their predecessors, evidently inspired by the Holy Ghost, as was Columba of the Cell, followed the example of John, the apostle and evangelist, who was called the friend of our Lord. We keep Easter as they did, as did Polycarp and all his disciples of old. In reverence for our ancestors we dare not and we will not change."

To this Wilfrid answered:

"We keep Easter as we have seen it kept by all Christians at Rome, where the blessed apostles Peter and Paul lived, taught, suffered and are buried. . . . We know that it is so throughout Christendom in spite of all difference of language and of country. It is only the Picts and the Britons that foolishly per-

sist in contradicting the rest of the world."

"It is strange," replied Colman, "that you speak of our traditions as absurd when we only follow the example of the great apostle who was thought worthy to lay his head upon the breast of our Saviour, and whom the whole world has judged to be so wise."

Argument upon argument was poured forth on both sides, Wilfrid contending falsely that St. Peter had established the custom then followed at Rome. St. Colman did not object to this argument, which goes to show that the Irish knew nothing of the recent change made at Rome, and this because their communications were cut off by the Saxon invasions. Wilfrid, after making some not very complimentary remarks on Columba, said:

"Finally, for your Columba, however holy or powerful by his virtues he may have been, can we place him before the chief of the apostles to whom our Lord Himself said: 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My church, and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.' King Oswy then turned to Bishop Colman, and said:

"Is it true, Colman, that these words were said by our Lord to Peter?"

"It is true, O king."

"Can you then," rejoined the king, "show me a similar authority given to your Columba?"

"No," answered the bishop.

"You are then both agreed that the keys of heaven were given to Peter by our Lord?"

"Yes!" came the simultaneous answer.

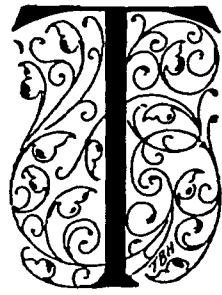
"Then," said the king, "I tell you he is a door-keeper whom I should be loth to displease; but whose laws, in every tittle, I wish to obey to the utmost of my knowledge and ability, lest when I stand at the gates of the kingdom of heaven and find *him* refusing who is proved to hold the keys, there will be none to open them to me."

All agreed with the king except Colman, who gave up his diocese, and taking with him the Saxon and Irish monks who remained faithful to him, he left Northumbria forever.

At Innisboffin, an island off the west coast of Mayo, the place of his birth, he established a monastery for himself and his monks. On account of some quarrels which arose between the Saxon and Irish monks, St. Colman built another monastery on the mainland, called Mayo, where he placed the Saxon monks, himself and the Irish staying on the island. Here he died on August 8, 676, on which day his feast is still celebrated.

An Academy Romance.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.



HE air was laden with perfume from fresh peach blossoms, and up among the locust branches, that were yet bare, a blue-bird's faint call was sweet with suggestions of Spring. Out across the fields could be seen the purple outline of budding maples along the valley of the Monongahela River, and down the gentle southern slopes the violets and hepaticas were peeping out from the grass that was springing into life under the warm sun.

Sister Theresa was out with her class—the Seniors of Mount Saint Clare—and a half-dozen girls interested in botany were gathered around, curiously inspecting the peculiar construction of the "Harvest-berry" blossom. Sister Mary Josephine, too, had been unable to keep her little flock indoors, and along the slope that swept down from the Academy grounds to the Monongahela came the Minims, eagerly running here and there for anything that looked like a flower. Sister Mary coming on behind watching the little tots that were prettier in her eyes than any blossoms.

To approach a Senior was a serious thing for a Minim, but the children forgot all formalities when they saw the white flower, and all crowded around the studious botanists, wondering why anyone could spoil a pretty bloom "just to see how it held itself together."

Bertha Fallon was more interested than any of the other students in the dismemberment of the newly-found curiosity, but when the little girls came running up, she left the flower with her classmates and turned to meet a pretty golden-haired Minim; in a moment the child was in her arms, and a shower of kisses fell on the sweet, glowing face.

By dint of persuasion Bertha gained Sister Mary's permission to keep little Margery all the afternoon, and the child was in a frenzy of delight over her good fortune, when a very serious thing happened. One of the Seniors, Clara Marshall, had called Bertha back to the flower and the Sisters heard Clara say:

"I don't see what you see about that brat to take on so over!"

And Bertha all forgetful exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"O Clara, she has the dearest brother; you don't know how I love him!"

Clara looked back over her shoulder and saw Sister Mary begin to toy with her rosary, while Sister Theresa suddenly became much interested in the soft line of trees across the valley. Whether the girl had become conscious that she had blundered, Clara could not guess, but anyway Bertha was intent on her work when Clara turned to the flower again, and they both were silent.

Sister Mary very plainly showed her disapproval of such girlish notions by taking Margery away with her, upon the feeble excuse that the other children might want to stay too; and Sister Theresa had little to talk about for the rest of that day.

"Bertha Fallon in love!" exclaimed Loreto Brown that evening when Clara told the girls about it, "I'd rather believe Clara Marshall had become a nun!" that was saying a good deal.

"I knew there was something wrong with Sister Theresa all day," said little May Dowery at last, with much wisdom sitting on her brow,—"O that's grand, and Sister's pet too!"

Life was changed for the time with the girls at St. Clare. The little careless remark had started all sorts of speculations bordering on romance, and Bertha's sweetheart was the subject of spirited conversations when the girls were off alone.

As for Sister Theresa, she was broken-hearted. Bertha! her most studious pupil, her best girl, her favourite in the class! Of course, it was all right for Bertha to like Margery's brother if she wished; but why should she have been so deceitful? Here she had made Sister believe that she herself was going to be a Sister. Many was the time she and Sister Theresa had talked of her vocation, and how Sister had admired her when she repeated time and again that she should like to be a teacher, but she should rather be a Sister of Charity, to go about the slums of a great city to gather up the poor invalid children from their dingy hovels! It seemed so noble in Bertha, who had an excellent education and exceptional talents, to find pleasure in such lowly work, and her teacher had taken much pleasure in talking of these things—to think, it was all hypocrisy!

Sister was even more humiliated to hear now and then among the girls a suppressed whisper concerning "Bertha's fiancé." Sometimes she found herself wondering what sort

of young man he was. He must be handsome, for Sister would not select anyone else for Bertha, and he must be a noble fellow; for, despite the fact that Bertha had been apparently deceitful, Sister knew that she would not admire any but a character of sterling qualities.

Sister Theresa tried every way to convince herself that Bertha had not been deceitful. In fact, she could not remember of ever hearing Bertha say that she would be a religious, so perhaps she had always been in doubt as to her vocation, and consequently had never given up little Margery's brother; but then the earnestness with which she had talked of the Sisters of Charity, and the longing Bertha seemed to have to be out among the invalids and poor had always seemed plainer than words to Sister Theresa—she could come to no conclusion.

Easter Sunday had come, and excitement reigned among the senior class, for Loreto Brown had heard Margery tell Bertha that her mother and brother were coming! It was after Mass and the girls were all out on the lawn in eager expectation—they were going to get a stolen glance at him anyway! but Clara had reasoned to the conclusion that "they must be engaged, for Bertha had never spoken of him before that day nor since," and Loreto was wondering "whether they really were engaged, and if they were not engaged would the meeting be the same as if they were engaged!" May Dowery and the rest refused to enter an opinion, while Clara said she knew what she would do if she were in Bertha's place. What that was no one ventured to guess. But where was Bertha? She wasn't on the lawn. None of the girls had seen her for an hour. Sister Theresa had decided against them; there was to be no scene of any nature—Bertha had been sent to her room.

A carriage appeared in sight and the girls began promenading two by two in full view of the convent entrance, eagerly waiting the outcome. Sister Mary had joined Sister Theresa on the lawn, and Sister Mary was just telling the senior prefect how wisely she had acted in sending the girl to her room, when the convent door opened and the Sisters saw that an appeal had been taken to Mother Superior by little Margery, for, to their bewilderment, Bertha ran out to meet the carriage. The driver drew rein at the door and opened the carriage, and in a moment Margery's brother was out with both his arms about Bertha's neck—a little pale-faced invalid child.

The Passing of a Soul.

PUFFLED the footsteps of sorrowing kindred
 Passing through Death's darkened chamber within.
 Heart-stricken friends hear the last pleading moan;
 Watch the death-agony; kiss the cold brow;
 Fear for the soul leaving sin-scarred alone.

Out of the Light
 Into the Night,
 Somewhere a soul's passing now.

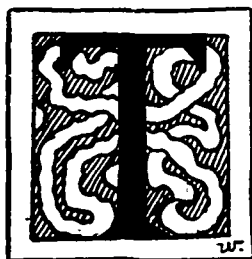
Lo! for the sins of days long forgotten
 Now must be washed in unquenchable fire,—
 Justice demands that no stain shall remain.

Freed from its bondage with radiant brow,
 Angels are bearing that cleansed soul from pain.
 Out of the Night
 Into the Light,
 Somewhere a soul's passing now.

LEO J. HEISER, '02.

An Historical Fact.

JOSEPH P. S. KELLEHER, 1902.



HERE is a fascination about history that affords us a treasury of wonders. The more we think over the events therein recorded, the more we marvel how some of them could have happened. Many persons have become incredulous in regard to some historical facts, because these facts are so extraordinary. The more the years separate them from the occurrences of early ages, the more doubtful they are apt to become about the events of those days. Thus many doubt the authenticity of early historians; the authorship of Homer's epics and Shakspeare's dramas; even some are in doubt about the first discoverer of America. The chief reason for this incredulity is the lack of historical documents. However, the most self-evident fact of all ages—a fact that is supported by the strongest proofs—is denied by a few: the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. And in our age, we are unable to cease wondering at this ancient Easter miracle.

The oldest library of history in existence is the Bible. He must be a dullard that doubts the facts contained therein. Everyone, whether he be a Christian, a Mahometan or a pagan, believes that Jesus Christ lived and went about preaching among the Jewish people. Nearly everyone admits that He was arrested as a malefactor, and put to death. Strauss, a German infidel, denies the death and resurrection

of Christ. He declares that Christ was only in a swoon when taken down from the cross and did not die at that time; hence never rose from the dead. It is illogical for Strauss to say that anyone who had suffered so terrible a laceration as Christ could have been in a swoon. It is against the natural order. How could anyone live after his heart had been pierced with a lance? And we know that the Roman soldier, Longinius, ran his lance into Christ's heart. Renan, another infidel, questions our Lord's resurrection. He admits that Christ died, but he says that the Christians imagined He arose from the dead. Their emotions were so strongly aroused by Christ during His life that they believed they saw Him after His death. In a word, they laboured under an hallucination.

Taking the Bible as the only reliable history of Christ's life and death, we find ample proof to show that He arose from the dead on Easter Sunday. In the twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, we read that toward dawn on the first day of the week, Mary Magdalen and another woman went to Christ's sepulchre. There they saw an angel who said to them: "I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified, He is not here, for He is risen as He said. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid." While the women were returning home, they met Jesus who said to them: "All hail." The guards also confessed that Christ had arisen; for the same chapter says that the ancients bribed the guards lest they should tell the truth. The ancients bade the guards say: "His disciples came by night and stole Him while we were asleep." The ancients were convinced of Christ's resurrection; but were afraid of the consequences if they gave credence to it.

St. Mark writes nearly the same account of the Resurrection in the sixteenth chapter of his Gospel; but he also writes that the followers of Christ refused to believe Mary Magdalen. However, Christ appeared to the eleven apostles, while they were at table and upbraided them for their unbelief and hardness of heart, "because they did not believe them who had seen Him after He was risen."

St. Luke, in the twenty-fourth chapter of his Gospel, further relates that St. Peter, in order to make sure that Christ had arisen, went to the sepulchre only to go away wondering. And while two of the disciples were going to Emmaus, talking about the

things that had occurred, Christ under a disguise, walked along with them and conversed with them on the Scriptures. They questioned Him about Jesus of Nazareth, and expressed their chagrin that He had not yet fulfilled His promise. He went with them to their lodgings, and while eating, "He took bread and blessed and broke and gave it to them. And their eyes were opened and they knew Him." These two disciples went back to Jerusalem and told their brethren that "the Lord is risen indeed." While the apostles were wondering at this, Christ appeared in their midst and showed them His wounds, bidding them to see that He was the Christ.

St. John corroborates what the other three evangelists say in the twentieth chapter of his Gospel. He adds that the Lord appeared to the apostles eight days after He had first appeared to them, and requested Thomas to put his hand in the place of His wounds in order that this incredulous disciple might be convinced; and Thomas exclaimed: "My Lord and my God!" These four Gospels contain the strongest proofs that Christ arose from the dead.

To add to this biblical testimony, we have a passage from Josephus' "Antiquities of the Jews," in which he says that a certain wise and wonderful man, a teacher of the truth, "drew over to Him both many of the Jews and Gentiles. He was the Christ. And when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned Him to the cross, those that loved Him at the first did not forsake Him; for He appeared to them alive again the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold."

Josephus lived close to the time of Christ's death. He was born about 38 A. D., and died 100 A. D. He was a Pharisee, and had evidently heard the facts about Christ's death and resurrection discussed by the Pharisees in their synagogues. Perhaps among them were the descendants of those that had bribed Pilate's guards. This passage from Josephus, together with the biblical records, are the most convincing proofs that Jesus Christ arose from the dead.

The greatest proof of any dead man coming back to life is that he shows himself as he was in life to those that knew him while he was alive, and be recognized by them. Christ appeared to Magdalen and to the apostles. They recognized Him. Hence, their testimony ought to be sufficient proof of His resurrection.

At the Dentist's.

ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902.



PATIENT had been waiting anxiously for half an hour to see the celebrated dentist, Dr. Wanger. Waiting in a dentist's anteroom is not one of the pleasures of life, but this particular personage seemed to be suffering in an extraordinary manner. For a moment he would sit in an arm-chair, then walk to the window and drum on the panes. Sometimes the sufferer paced to and fro, or tossed about the periodicals on the table. In short, he did not seem to be one of the most patient of men. From time to time, the right side of his face twitched in a peculiar way.

Suddenly from the next room came a cry that sent a shiver through his body. Somebody must have parted with a bad tooth. A few moments afterward the door opened, and the late sufferer stepped out with a peaceful expression on his countenance. The dentist appeared and extended his hand toward the side room with an inviting gesture. Frank Petton, the most impatient of men, could enter at last.

He gazed about him with a sinking heart. The room looked like a very torture-chamber. How had he ever dared to come among all these curiously shaped and delicate instruments; these probes, forceps and drills? It had taken all his will-power to persuade himself to come. For three weeks that tooth had been torturing him. He had tried all the old sure-cures, but in vain. The pain grew worse and worse. There was only one course left open, and during a long sleepless night, he resolved to see a dentist. Now that he was there, Frank Petton would have liked best to run away.

"You're not in a very pleasant mood, judging from your face," said the dentist. "Well, I'm accustomed to it. My patients always come with sour faces and leave with a smile. Oh! you will do the same."

"I don't know—I believe—" stammered Petton.

"What, sir?"

"I think it would be better if I came some other time. To-morrow or the day after—"

"Aha!" cried Doctor Wanger, "the old story! Everybody wants to come to-morrow

or the next day. My dear sir, we might as well have the matter over with at once. No doubt you have suffered a great deal?"

"The pain was almost unbearable. But I may as well tell you that I am very nervous."

"Who is not in these days?" replied the dentist with a smile.

"But I am nervous to a very high degree."

"Oh, I see. How old are you, if I may ask?"

"Thirty-five years."

"Married, of course?"

"God forbid, doctor? What are you thinking of—I married!"

"Well, a man can be married at that age."

"True, but think of my condition. This nervousness—"

"But, my dear sir, you make the matter worse than it is. If all nervous people were to remain single that would be the easiest solution of the population problem *à la* Malthus—the race would die out. Now please take this chair. Will you have either cocaine or gas?"

"By Jove! doctor, I'd rather wait. I'm not in the proper disposition to-day."

"Nonsense! Not the patient, but the dentist must be in the proper mood. I can assure you mine is excellent. The last patient cried after the first tooth: 'Doctor, since they come out so easily to-day, please pull another.' So sit just a little higher. Mr.—oh, yes—Mr. Petton. Comfortable position that!"

"I would rather wait," stammered the patient.

"Of course," went on the dentist, "you must not talk much. Open your mouth wide or I may get the wrong tooth. Let's see, of what were we speaking? Oh yes, of marriage. Naturally if a man is nervous the choice of a wife will be harder. In the first place, there should not be two nervous persons in the same house. One, at the least, must have a cool head. I tell you, sir, a prudent woman with sound nerves would be the best cure for your ailment. An energetic little woman like that is better than beef and iron. So the second tooth from the end is the one, eh? Steady for a moment, Mr. Petton. I want to see how badly it is decayed. It does not seem to be worth much. So you are thirty-seven—"

"Only thirty-five," gurgled the helpless victim.

"My mistake. Thirty-five, nervous, unmarried and apparently well-fixed. What remains?" cried the dentist raising his voice. Something flashed in his hand. A cry came from the depths of the chair and all was silent.

"You must marry," continued the dentist calmly. "Here is your tooth, Mr. Petton."

Petton could say nothing, so perplexed was he by the unexpected outcome. The fact that he had passed through the ordeal so easily filled him with satisfaction, and a smile came over his features.

"That went better than I expected," he said.

"How did you pull that tooth?"

"With my forceps, of course," answered Dr. Wanger.

"I mean, did you use ether or cocaine?"

"Ether? why you don't need it. All that was necessary was to divert your attention. However, I meant what I said about marriage. For some persons it is like pulling teeth. It is hard to make up one's mind, but once through with dentist or minister, you are happy."

Some one knocked at the door. The dentist opened it, and on the threshold stood a well-dressed young lady.

"Pardon me, doctor," she said, "I've been waiting to see you for over fifteen minutes, but this pain in my tooth is becoming unbearable. I heard you chatting, so I took the liberty to disturb you. It won't take long. One quick jerk and it's over."

"Why, certainly, Miss Conway," cried the dentist. "It would be too bad to keep you in misery. Had we known, Mr. Petton would no doubt have been—"

"Without a doubt, with the greatest pleasure," chimed in the nervous one.

"You will permit me," continued Dr. Wanger; "Miss Conway—Mr. Petton. Now I'm at your service. What is wrong now? I pulled a tooth only two weeks ago."

"Yes, but you must have overlooked another bad one. It has been paining me so dreadfully."

"You want it filled?"

"Oh no, doctor. That won't last. I'd rather have it out."

The dentist threw a meaning glance at Petton, who was looking with amazement at this resolute young woman.

"It has been annoying you for some time, I presume," said Dr. Wanger, turning to Miss Conway once more.

"Oh, so long! I noticed it for the first time at five last evening."

"And you come to me to-day?"

"I should have come last night, but a friend took me to see 'Aida.' I did not want to miss that."

The dentist threw another glance at Petton.

It had taken him three weeks to make up his mind.

"You want me to pull it then?" asked Dr. Wanger.

"If you please."

"Will you have ether or gas?"

"Why, Dr. Wanger!" cried the young woman, "you know I'm not timid, and, thank God, I'm not nervous. Your steady hand is enough for me."

"Very well, Miss Conway. Please, take this chair."

Three minutes later she was rid of the little tormentor. Not a sound had escaped her, and now she was as bright and cheerful as ever.

"There's a pretty large gap in your teeth now, Miss Conway," said the dentist.

"You can easily remedy that with two new ones. I think a good artificial tooth is better than a bad natural one which only troubles you and makes you nervous."

"Oh! you're nervous too?" cried Dr. Wanger.

"No, not in the ordinary sense. However, I am always impatient when something annoys me that might easily be remedied."

Frank Petton had watched this scene with increasing astonishment. Here was a strange combination. On the one side was the weak, nervous man who dreaded all pain; on the other, the strong, energetic woman, for whom pulling teeth was only a means to something better.

In the meantime a lively conversation had sprung up between the dentist and his patients. They spoke first of teeth, then of men in general, and of nervousness in particular. Frank Petton, once free from that troublesome tooth, was a good conversationalist, and Miss Conway also knew how to make herself agreeable. Dr. Wanger was highly interested in the two. The conversation lasted over an hour, and when at last Miss Conway rose to go, Mr. Petton begged permission to accompany her. The dentist smiled as he watched them sauntering down the street, deeply engrossed in their conversation.

Three weeks later, Dr. Wanger received a card announcing the engagement of Mr. Frank Petton to Miss Alice Conway. The dentist was not surprised. He smiled and nodded his head as if to say: "I expected nothing else."

He hoped to raise a flame, and so he did. The lady put his nonsense in the fire.—*Anon.*

Easter Hymns.

JOHN P. O'HARA, '02.



SACRED song has been a part of the Church's worship ever since that Last Supper when, a "hymn being said, they went out unto Olivet." Many of the sublimest efforts of Christian poets were inspired by the Church's ceremonies, and in grandeur and beauty the old Latin hymns have never been equalled. Striking testimony to their worth is found in the innumerable translations we have of them. There have been published in America alone over a hundred renderings of the "Dies Irae," while the "Stabat Mater" has been but little less honoured.

The old hymns of the Church have the charm of sublime poetry clothed in the language of prayer. Many of the modern hymns seem to indicate that in hymn-writing it is difficult to keep from rhetoric and from laying on unnecessary finery. A hymn is the praise of God in song, and will not be helped much by "the trappings of fine writing." Father Faber has said that

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
Or selfish pleasures sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's feet.

In the Easter season the Christian poet has a magnificent and exhaustless theme. The passion, death and resurrection of our Lord constitute the great central fact on which our religion rests, and have been sung in every age by saints and churchmen who were likewise poets.

The earliest Easter hymns we find are those of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in the latter part of the fourth century. We are told that when the Empress Justina demanded the Portian Church in Milan for the Arians, St. Ambrose and his priest's remained within the church five days and five nights to preserve it from her soldiers. The people of the city flocked into the church to his support, and to keep up their enthusiasm they sang hymns written by St. Ambrose. His hymns are without rime, but simple and of great vigour. The first two stanzas of his hymn, beginning "Hic est dies verus Dei," are thus translated by Mrs. Charles:

This is the very day of God,—
 Serene with holy light it came,—
 In which the stream of sacred blood
 Swept over the world's crime and shame.
 Lost souls with faith once more it filled,
 The darkness from blind eyes dissolved
 Whose load of fear too great to yield
 Seeing the dying thief absolved?

The Roman Breviary contains another hymn of St. Ambrose. It begins "Ad regias agni dapes," and it was sung in the early Church by the newly-baptized catechumens when they first partook of the Holy Communion.

The next great writer of hymns after St. Ambrose was Venantius Fortunatus, who lived in the sixth century. He was one of the last poets of note to whom Latin was a mother-tongue. His fame as a writer of both profane and sacred verse was widespread. To him we owe the splendid hymns "Vexilla regis prodeunt," "Pange lingua gloriosi," and the Easter hymn "Salve festa dies." A translation of this last hymn is given in Shipley's "Lyra Messianica." It begins:

Hail, day of days, in peals of praise,
 Throughout all ages owned,
 When Christ our God hell's empire trod,
 And high o'er heaven was throned.

The hymns which have come down to us from the period succeeding Fortunatus are mostly of unknown authorship. It is not till we come to the eleventh century that we find another great name among hymn writers. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who lived at this time, composed some remarkably beautiful sacred songs. His verses on the Holy Name have been called the sweetest hymn of the Middle Ages. The following is Father Caswall's translation of the first two stanzas:

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast;
 But sweeter still Thy face to see,
 And in Thy bosom rest!

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind!

Peter the Venerable, head of the great monastery at Cluny, and a contemporary of St. Bernard, was also a writer of hymns. Not many of his poems have come down to us, but among those that have there is an Easter hymn. It is of very odd construction and has a music of its own. The first lines are:

Mortis portis fractis, fortis
 Fortior vim sustulit;
 Et per cruce[m] regem truce[m]
 Infernorum perculit.

It looks quite impossible of translation, and all attempts so far have served to prove it so.

Foremost among the sacred Latin poets of the Middle Ages has been placed Adam of St. Victor. He strove to put the conclusions of Scholasticism into poetic form, and it is said that his theology sometimes overmasters his poetry. He has left over a hundred hymns; many of them treating of the Resurrection.

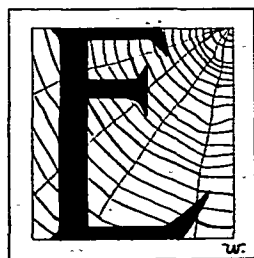
In one of these he alludes beautifully to the coincidence of the spring-time and the Resurrection feast. Worsley's translation of the opening stanza follows:

Now the world's fresh dawn of birth
 Teems with new rejoicings rife;
 Christ is rising, and on earth
 All things with Him rise to life.
 Feeling this memorial day,
 Him the elements obey,
 Serve, and lay aside their strife.

There is a number of Latin hymns which come to us from the later Middle Ages, but their authors are, for the most part, unknown. Hymn writing is still popular, and it has been estimated that there are above four hundred thousand Christian hymns in existence. The best men in this work in English are Keble, Faber, Newman and Herbert.

A Night on the Cliffs.

FRANCIS J. BARRY, 1903.



EVENING fell on the rocky coast, and the seagulls and crouches screamed wildly and piteously above the surge. The sea was rolling high, and the fishermen had drawn their boats to a safe distance from the water, for the sunset foreboded a storm. Already the wind was blowing briskly, and the waves dashed vehemently against the cliffs, sending

long streaks of white spray high into the air.

Mollie Dawson sat by the window, listlessly watching the storm-lashed sea and thinking of the past. Beside her lay the needlework she had put aside to watch the grand procession of the waves and listen to their thunderous music. Her face rested on her hands, and her soft brown eyes had a peculiar expression of sadness.

"What if he should never come back!"

she muttered to herself. "Maybe he likes some foreign girl better than me, and I'm forgotten—no, Charlie's love was too true to end in a few years. He will come back to me, and then, how the world will brighten!"

Steadily the wind increased, and the roaring of the sea drowned all other noises.

"What a night is this!" the girl continued, "and how lonely is this solitude! If Charlie were here I should little mind the storm and the darkness—but what's the use? I've said this a million times."

The girl's voice was low and complaining. She went on in a half sigh, half whisper:

"In two years he promised he'd be back, and now the third year is almost spent—oh! will he never return?"

She rose and retired to her room. The wind continued to increase steadily and was blowing a strong gale. Every now and then the terrible roar of the sea would cease, and for a second or two the whistling of the smaller surges fall on the ear like pitiful cries of distress. No fisherman's heart was at rest that night, for he pitied the poor seafarers that were exposed to the gale and had no haven of safety to turn to.

Mollie threw herself on her bed without undressing, and soon her tears and sorrow were forgotten in peaceful sleep. A terrible gust of wind, that shook the house to its foundations and bellowed in the chimney like a huge monster thrown up by the sea, caused the girl to jump from her bed with a start.

"Oh! was that Charlie?" she exclaimed. "No, no, it was only a dream. God forbid that my Charlie should be so ghastly. His handsome face split in twain; his hair clotted with blood! Oh, horrible sight! Thank God, it was but a dream!"

She went to the window and peered seaward into the black night. Not a star was to be seen, not a light of any kind shone from the dark world before her; but the wind moaned and howled, and the sea roared and sobbed and filled her heart with dread. She was about to turn away when she saw in the distance, far out to sea, a rocket such as seamen use to signal their distress. The girl, who had lived on the cliffs since childhood, knew well what the signal meant, and lost no time in hurrying to the beach and informing the watchmen who strode up and down along the strand in glistening oilskins. She pointed out to sea and simply said:

"There are souls in distress. Look!"

As she spoke another rocket was fired. The watchmen hurriedly prepared a life boat, but soon found that eight strong oarsmen were no match for such a sea.

"God have mercy!" an old fisherman said, "the sea will be their bed to-night."

The fishermen were making a final attempt to launch a life-boat, when they saw Mollie Dawson rush forward on a receding wave, exclaiming:

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie!"

"The girl, the girl, save her!" a watchman shouted, but before any aid could be given the wave had borne her out and she had disappeared.

"Did you see him?" Bill Madden asked in a quaking tone.

"Who?"

"Well, boys, as sure as my name is Bill, I saw Charlie Brooks grab that gal and chuck her clean under the water."

"Then it must be his ghost, for we never saw him. Did we, boys? But there goes the ship right for the rocks. God have mercy!"

The ship came on rolling and creaking, the helpless victim of the wind and waves. Straight toward the rocks she bore, and as the sailors saw her, a wild cry of despair escaped them, and they raised their supplicating arms to heaven. Only a few seconds passed before a dreadful crash was heard. The vessel rebounded, but in an instant returned with redoubled energy, and went smashing into a million splinters among the rocks.

Next morning the sun rose on a dreary landscape. During the night, the roofs had been blown off several cottages along the shore, trees had been torn up from their roots, and ruin and disorder greeted the eye on every side. The wind had fallen, but the sea foamed and churned in the sunlight.

The shore guards discovered the mangled bodies of several of the crew cast ashore from the wreck, and recognized among them their former companion, Charlie Brooks. Mollie Dawson's body was also found with seaweed coiled around her neck and shellfishes clinging to her hair.

Violets.

☉ SUNBEAM wandering through the sky
 Played thief with heaven's blue,
 And left this gentle flower that I
 Might find and dream of you. J. L. C.

An Altered Relationship.

WILLIAM A. SHEA, 1902.

CHARACTERS.—JACK BOND—*A young man from Milwaukee.*

EDITH DENSMORE—*A young lady from Chicago.*

SCENE.—*A row-boat on the small lake at a popular summer-resort in Wisconsin. Jack is rowing lazily. Edith occupies the stern seat.*

TIME.—*The dusk of an August evening.*



JACK (*meditatively*): Yes, four times, but those four and no more.

EDITH (*gazing absently into the fading West*): Our last evening. When the sun rolls down behind those trees again, you'll be in Milwaukee. At this hour, I suppose, you'll be on your way to see *her*.

JACK (*ironically*): Do you really think that I can wait till evening? Quite dramatic, Edith, but you should have greater respect for the truth.

EDITH (*apparently surprised*): Why, Jack, how have I erred?

JACK (*earnestly*): How often during the past two weeks have I told you there is no "her"?

EDITH: Lots and lots of times, but—

JACK: You've grown suddenly honest.

EDITH: But the third day you were here we made a solemn compact to be brother and sister—now didn't we?

JACK: I suppose.

EDITH: And, to say the least, it isn't good form for a brother to propose to his sister.

JACK: Oh nonsense!

EDITH (*enjoying his discomfiture*): Well is it?

JACK: That sister nonsense was only a joke; and it has worked into your system like spring fever.

EDITH: Why, Jack, I really *am* your sister, and I *can't* make myself anything else.

JACK (*picking up the oars, and rowing as if he knew where he was going and intended to get there*): Well, perhaps,—but it really doesn't make any difference.

(*There is a silence during which Jack pulls thirty-eight strokes to the minute for a minute and a half when Edith breaks in and he leaves off.*)

EDITH (*doubtfully*): Why doesn't it make any difference?

JACK: Because I have proposed four times, and I don't purpose to propose again.

(*Pause during which Edith has time to come*

about and set her canvass for a new tack.)

Edith: Burt Holmes asked Marie Van Duser eight times before she finally accepted him.

JACK: But my name is Bond. To-morrow, Bond is going back to work, and it is not probable that he will ever trouble his sister, Miss Densmore, again with his presence.

EDITH: Never?

JACK: Never.

EDITH: But, Jack, you'll never drink, or dissipate, or do anything like that, will you?

JACK: Not for a minute. I enjoy the society of young women too much for that. I want to give some of the rest of them a chance to refuse me.

EDITH: Have you singled out anyone in particular to start with?

JACK: Why, of course! Did you think I intended proposing to a whole squad at once?

EDITH (*With a sudden show of interest*): Tell me, Jack, who is she?

JACK: Do you think that you have the right to ask?

EDITH: Why—why, yes, I do; I'm your sister.

JACK: That's a fact, a stubborn fact. I bow. Her name is Douglas.

EDITH: Mame Douglas? Does she live at 126, Twenty-Sixth Street?

JACK: Precisely (*and Edith gave a little start*).

EDITH (*in a low voice*): You won't have to propose to her four times, Jack;—only once.

(*The slow regular dip of the oars, and the dull sound of the oar-locks were all that stirred the stillness of the afterglow. Finally she spoke.*)

EDITH: And to-morrow evening at this time I suppose you'll be going down to see her.

JACK: So you told me a little while ago.

(*Another silence. Finally she spoke.*)

EDITH: Congratulations, Jack.

JACK: Thank you.

EDITH: But I'm not going to be *her* sister—she's a perfect flirt.

JACK: But you *will* be her sister when she and I are married, for you really *are* my sister, and you *can't* make yourself anything else.

EDITH: I can too. I deny that I am your sister. I take it all back. There!

JACK: Then you must take back those four refusals, for they are founded on the supposition of your sistership.

EDITH (*with a tinge of emotion*): Must I?

JACK: Of course—to be consistent.

EDITH: Well—I—I—but honestly, Jack, I'm tired of playing sister (and Jack hasn't called on Mame Douglas yet).

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The Board of Editors.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901

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REPORTERS.

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—It is our pleasing duty to congratulate Father Morrissey upon his continued improvement, with the hope that he will be able to resume his official duties during the coming week.

—The SCHOLASTIC will be in the hands of the rhetoric classes the next two weeks. This will be the first opportunity the younger classmen have had to show their ability as writers.

—Palm Sunday marked the beginning of the end of Lent. The services were very impressive. The chanting of the Gospel of the day, the Passion of Our Lord according to St. Matthew, by Rev. Fathers Fitte, Kirsch and Maguire put us in the right frame of mind for the services that were to follow. Then came the ceremonies on Thursday, Friday and Saturday,—the services of Tenebræ and the blessing of water, of the Paschal candle, and of new fire this morning.

To-morrow we lay aside our sackcloth and ashes. Easter Sunday is synonymous with happiness; and whatever raiment serves to generate such feelings should be adopted.

—The Easter SCHOLASTIC cover took its being in the artistic mind of Mr. Orrin White, our staff artist. This is the third cover Mr. White has designed for the SCHOLASTIC, the other two being well received. We are indebted to Professor Ackermann for the clever arrangement of the photographs.

—We present this as the editor's number. We have no comments to make upon it, and hope that you will be discreet. Every man is represented for better or for worse. We have struggled to be solemn, artistic and romantic as the paper demanded. If we have failed 'tis no fault of ours, for the intention was good. We have played our court to the Muses, not to one, but to the nine; not entirely with success nor altogether with failure. We have even endeavored to batter ourselves into a passion for versifying. The picture—the photographs we present are of ourselves. We offer them not because we are especially favored, but to follow King Custom. In passing on our ability we hope that you will not judge us by them. This is the only opportunity we have of giving you our picture, and the last one of presenting our thoughts in a bunch. So deal leniently with both.

Law School Debaters Defeat Illinois College of Law.

ON the evening of March 15, in Chicago, the team from the University Law School met in debate the representatives of the Illinois College of Law of Chicago, and won the unanimous verdict of the judges.

The question was, Resolved: That for the general welfare of the people consolidation in production is better than competition. The debate was opened for the affirmative by Mr. Grant L. Allen, who advanced the argument that consolidation was the law of the physical and animal worlds. He also gave some attention to the economic side of the question.

Mr. Joseph J. Sullivan was the first speaker for the negative, and after a very clear definition of terms, stating that general welfare meant a man's development as a social, political and economic being, he treated the social side of the question. Mr. Sullivan held that this was a most important phase, and contended that consolidation hurt man as a social being, morally, intellectually and industrially.

Mr. Ode L. Rankin, the second speaker for Illinois, accepted Mr. Sullivan's statement of the question. He went into the history of consolidations, attempting to prove that the great inventions of the last century were the outgrowth of an age of consolidation, and in so doing overlooked the meaning of the terms as set forth by the negative.

The second speaker for the negative, Mr. Clement C. Mitchell, effectively rebutted the arguments of the previous speaker, and proved conclusively, by a résumé of history from ancient Egypt to the present day, that consolidation was a political evil, as it destroyed the interest of the people in their government; also that it tended to corruption in present legislation.

Mr. Clyde P. La Mar, the last speaker for the affirmative, divided his time between a rebuttal of the negative arguments and the economic side of the question. He held that consolidation lessened waste and expense and made labour more valuable both to employer and employee; also that it did away with crises in the industrial world.

Mr. F. E. Hering, who concluded the discussion for Notre Dame, after brilliant repartee attacking Mr. La Mar, made a sweeping rebuttal of the affirmative arguments and argued against consolidation from the economic standpoint. He showed that consolidation was not a good thing for the masses, as it tended to reduce the price of labour and to increase the price of commodities.

Mr. La Mar, who had the rebuttal for the

affirmative, attempted a general refutation of the negative arguments and reviewed those of his colleagues.

While the judges were preparing their decision Colonel Hoynes, Dean of the Notre Dame Law School, made a brief talk in which he emphasized the value of joint debates as training for the coming lawyer, and paid a well deserved tribute to Illinois for her courteous treatment of the Notre Dame men. His wish that the relations so cordially began

might be continued was especially applauded.

This was the first debate ever had by the law men, and the success of the team will do much toward keeping up the interest in this work. Our men acquitted themselves well, and much of their success is due to their clever team work, each man handling one of the three phases of the question; and also to the careful coaching received from Mr. D. P. Murphy of the law faculty.

PROGRAMME.

Question: "Resolved: That for the general welfare of the people consolidation in production is better than competition."

NEGATIVE.

Joseph J. Sullivan.
Clement C. Mitchell.
F. E. Hering.

AFFIRMATIVE

Grant L. Allen.
ODE L. Rankin.
Clyde P. La Mar.

JUDGES OF DEBATE.

Hon. Luther Laffin Mills.
Judge Edward F. Dunne.
Rt. Rev. Charles P. Anderson.

Presiding officer, Howard N. Ogden, Ph. D., Dean of Illinois College of Law.

E. E. W. LAW, '03.

* We have this cut of the debating team through the courtesy of Mr. Ode Rankin.





A Priest Beloved.

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. NICHOLAS J. STOFFEL, C. S. C.
(Died March 20, 1902.)

THE children loved him, and they needs must weep,
For his great heart was bound in love to theirs.
His students loved him, for he sounded deep
The art of Homer, and he made them heirs
Of all the beauty that the Grecian tongue
In world-enduring melody hath sung.

The toilers loved him, for he gave them cheer
When sin and sorrow made their burden great,
Nor felt his double labor too severe
In guiding soul and mind for God and state.
All they who knew him loved him: none might feel,
Unmoved, the fervor of his priestly zeal.

A Martyr to Duty.

The spring breezes will whisper over his grave in the Community cemetery at Notre Dame, the wild flowers will spread their fragrance about his silent resting-place in earth, a little cross will tell the briefest story of his life, and friends of his will kneel betimes where last they left him, but none will meet him or greet him again as in days gone by; for he is gone from among us, that kind, good, gentle priest. Before the noon hour had come on Saturday last the long funeral procession had wended its way slowly and solemnly from

the church where he had lived and laboured for years, up the long avenue so familiar to him in his daily journey from parish cares to professorial duty in the class-room, on through the grounds so dear to him since first his interests centred in Notre Dame, over the rising slope and through the grove of oaks, into the little city of the dead,—and there the parting word of prayer was said over the body of that martyr to duty, Father Stoffel.

The magnificence of the funeral was worthy of the priest; for he was a man of distinction, worthy of every tribute paid him in the twofold service conducted for the repose of his soul: on Friday in the College church, when the students, assisting at a Solemn Mass of Requiem, were told by Rev. James French of his noble and lovable qualities, and on Saturday when his people gathered about him in his parish church and joined with the Rev. A. Oechtering, who preached the funeral sermon, in giving testimony to his goodness and greatness.

Born in Holzem, Luxemburg, October 20, 1854, ordained priest October 12, 1879, and scarcely completing his twenty-third year in the ministry, active to the last and engaged particularly in the production of a new Greek work, he was a person whose loss will be greatly regretted. As an author he was distinguished in many ways, having begun this part of his labours in publishing a series of Greek Anecdotes and Fables, and later giving to the public excellent editions of the "Antigone" and "Œdipus Tyrannus"—with metrical translation,—and finally an Epitome of the New Testament, a work in Greek which, being the only one of its kind in existence, has attracted the attention of students throughout the world.

It was Father Stoffel's distinction to have given to the people west of the Alleghanies their first glimpse of a real Greek play. Members of the Faculty, students of Notre Dame and guests of the University, will long remember the pleasure they experienced on such an occasion,—and be it borne in mind that not once only but three times he and his classes thus entertained them.

As a teacher he was ambitious of success, energetic in his devotion to duty, inspiring in enthusiasm and in the manifestation of a spirit truly Greek. Finally, as a priest, he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact whether as an organizer of Confraternities and confessor to the students or as pastor of his flock in St. Joseph's parish.

The Death of William Peyton.

SELDOM does a death evoke such deep and universal mourning as was caused by the passing of Mr. William Peyton, of Brownson Hall, last Sunday morning. He was a prime favorite among his fellow-students, who were quick to see the singular beauty of his character, as well as his social and mental gifts. By the Faculty he was regarded with the deepest respect.

No man grows suddenly virtuous and noble, not even on his death-bed; and the strong Christian faith, the tender virile piety, the splendid courage and unselfishness exhibited by our lamented comrade during the last days of his life could only be the fruits of continuous self-discipline acting on a character naturally sweet and strong. When warned that death was imminent his first concern was to prepare his soul for it; then all thought of self vanished, and the noble boy considered only how he could best strengthen and console those whom he left behind. No one who saw him during those days is ever likely to forget his patience, his courage, his affectionate solicitude for others, his sublime resignation to the will of God. Sad, indeed, to the purely natural eye, were the circumstances of his death; yet to the Christian his end seemed of the happiest and most consoling.

The most genuine grief greeted the announcement of his death, and many and fervent were the prayers said for him by students and professors. The funeral was held Monday morning, when Father French celebrated Solemn Requiem Mass, Fathers Regan and Quinlan being ministers. Father Cavanaugh preached the sermon enforcing the lessons of the sad occasion and paying tribute to the noble character of the dead. The sanctuary was well filled with priests, and the lay professors attended in a body. When the Absolution was finished the students defiled past the open coffin to take a farewell look at their dead comrade; then marching out of the church they stood silent and uncovered while the body was borne away to the railroad station. The interment was in Washington, D. C.

Will Peyton is dead, but it will be long before he is forgotten, and long, very long, before the influence of his wholesome, good life will have ceased. May he rest in peace!

Shakspeare's Twelfth Night.

THE students of Notre Dame have come, by past experience, to expect much from the Saint Patrick's Day Shakspearean play. Last year the production of *Hamlet* by Professor John Lane O'Connor and his talented pupils was pronounced by many to be the most artistic play ever given upon the Washington Hall stage. This year, though Mr. O'Connor did not take a rôle, the rendition of *The Twelfth Night* was a worthy second to last year's success. Therefore what is sometimes most hard to do—to fulfil expectations—was satisfactorily done.

Professor O'Connor's work at Notre Dame has been of a high order of excellence, and the University has never shown better in that department over which he now has charge. He is most careful of details and thorough in the practical as well as the theoretical part of elocutionary and oratorical work. He deserves all the praise that can well be said of him. Then next to him the principals shoulder the glory, for Washington Hall on cold rehearsal days was not the Washington Hall of St. Patrick's Day. These young men are all occupied in their various studies, and to labor with Shakspeare, if most productive of benefit, is not most productive of ease and recreation.

In the criticism of the individual work of the young gentlemen, the fact that one name follows another need not mean that the work of those following was less praiseworthy.

William M. Wimberg in the character of *Sir Toby Belch* deserved all the complimentary applause given him. As a faithful portrayal of what it seems Shakspeare had in mind when he created that character, Mr. Wimberg's training and inherent ability showed to the best advantage. As an amateur actor he has now acted many parts, and whether in comic opera or the legitimate drama his efforts have merited great praise.

Harry V. Crumley and Clarence Kennedy, as bosom friends of the revelling *Sir Toby*, share in the good words. Particularly in the duel scene did Mr. Crumley's manner excite applause; and his part in the carousal scene was studiously done. Mr. Kennedy said his lines distinctly, but was not quite as easy on the stage as his two convivial mates.

Of the male characters, Mr. J. J. Sullivan's



TWELFTH NIGHT.

interpretation of the chief steward, *Malvolio*, is doubtless entitled to an equal share in the merit; for to give that difficult part the treatment that Mr. Sullivan did was to display ability in addition to careful training. The manner in which he brought out the steward's weakness of character and his easily duped pride was cleverly done. *Malvolio's* participation in the "ring around the roses" and his stage work upon his release from prison could not be improved on by any amateur actor.

Mr. Heiser's voice and figure lent much to his interpretation of the *Court Fool*, and his interpretation was very correct. To act the fool wisely does surely take a wise man, while to play the wise man frequently requires but a fool. The songs sung by Mr. Heiser added much to the pleasing manner in which he took the part of the *Court Fool*.

As in Mr. Orrin White's former appearances on the Washington Hall stage, his Monday's acting of the principal female character was very properly done. The manner in which Mr. Roche "made up" the various characters aided by

their careful training particularly made the young men good-looking young women. In *Olivia's* coldness toward the *Duke Orsino* and in her violent admiration for *Viola* and afterward *Sebastian*, Mr. White's work was decidedly clever.

Mr. Louis E. Wagner, another one of our young stage veterans, did the part of *Viola* most naturally and pleasingly. His interpretation of *Ophelia* in last year's *Hamlet* will be remembered by all who saw the play, and the ease and grace with which he played *Viola's* part was very like his encouraging adventure as the unhappy *Ophelia* and her *rosemary for remembrance*.

Mr. Charles A. Gorman was *Sebastian*, and the close resemblance in his appearance and acting to that of Louis Wagner made both of them most pleasing to see and hear. Mr. Gorman spoke clearly and did very well in the duel scene.

Mr. P. J. O'Grady was well adapted for the rôle of *Antonio*, and his work in that was first-class.

Also Mr. Louis Best, as *Maria, the maid*, pleased the



LOUIS E. BEST AS MARIA.



LOUIS E. WAGNER AS VIOLA.

audience very much. It requires considerable skill to adapt oneself to such a part and give it a proper interpretation.

Washington McCormick, as the *Duke Orsino*, gave his words with regal style. Mr. McCormick was much at home on the stage, and the elevated manner of his voice and gestures was fitting to the love-sick *Orsino*.

As for Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Fred Kasper and Mr. Myers, their lines were suitably read.

In connection with the success of the production of the *Twelfth Night*, those behind the scenes should come in for a word. And the new scenery, painted by Professor Ackerman particularly for this play, makes its success owing also to his kindness and ability. The Incidental Music went along very smoothly, and the afternoon's enjoyment was enhanced considerably by the



ORRIN A. WHITE AS OLIVIA.

following program directed by Professor Roche and played by the University Orchestra.
Overture—"Morning, Noon, and Night".....*Suppé*
Waltz—"Danau Wellen".....*Ivanowici*

March—"Fantasma".....*Beyer*
"Sounds from Erin".....*Clifford*
Two-Step—"Kentucky Belles".....*Bauer*
"Garde du Corps".....*Hall*

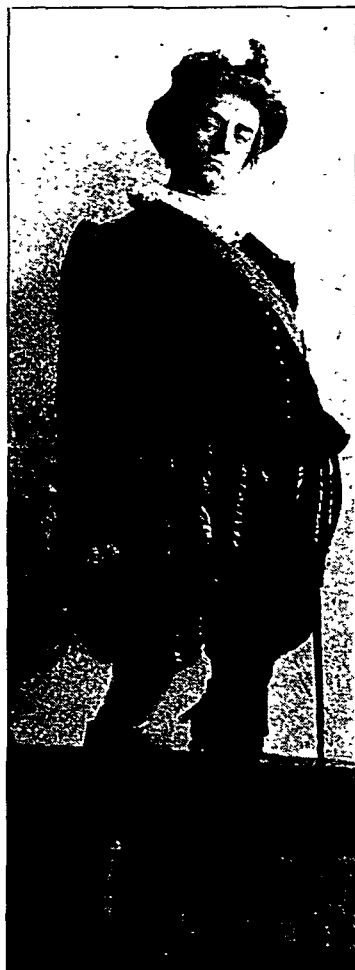
F. F. DUKETTE.

Victorious Again.

N. D. WINS FROM PURDUE AND INDIANA.

SATURDAY afternoon, March 15, the Annual Triangular Meet with Purdue and Indiana was held in the gymnasium and resulted in an easy victory for the Gold and Blue. Our lads secured almost double the number of points won by Purdue and Indiana together, and this too without the aid of Sullivan in the field events. The final score was: Notre Dame, 67; Purdue, 32; Indiana, 9.

Despite the ease with which Notre Dame won, the meet was a decided success; the track was in the best condition possible, and several of the contests brought out sensational performances. World's records were equalled



W. M. WINBERG AS SIR TOBY.

several times during the afternoon, and in one event, the 220 yard dash, Staples clipped off two-fifths of a second. Purdue was strong in the field events, while the State representatives were weak in every department. Our lads secured all the points in the 220, and the majority of points in the long runs, the hurdle race, the quarter mile and the shot put.

The chief feature of the meet was the work of Staples. In his trial heat of the 40 yards, he equalled the world's records; clipped two-fifths of a second, in a trial heat of the 220, equalled it in the final, and won second place in the 40 yard hurdles.

The meet opened up rather inauspiciously for Notre Dame, our representative in the first heat of the forty yard dash being left at the starting-point. A moment later, however, confidence

was restored by Staples winning his heat in world's record time. In the final heat the world's record was again equalled by Rice of Purdue winning by a few inches from Staples; Lockridge of Indiana third. Next came the quarter-mile with Gearin and Kirby of Notre Dame, Carter of Indiana, and Percise of Purdue entered. At the start off, Gearin and Kirby jumped to the lead which they maintained to the finish. The fight for third place was bitter, but on the stretch the Purdue man forged ahead and won out. In the forty yard hurdles the big surprise of the day was sprung by Staples, our crack sprinter. He entered in place of Hoover, who was laid up with a bad ankle, and although it was practically his first attempt in this event, he finished two yards ahead of the third man and only a few inches behind Herbert, the winner.

The half mile was Uffendell's race from the start, but the contest for second honours between Steele of Notre Dame and Wallace of Indiana was the most exciting event of the afternoon. Steele ran a great race beating his man out by a few yards.

In the two hundred and twenty yard dash the three trial heats were won by Notre Dame's entries. In the second trial heat of this event, Staples again brought the spectators to their feet by his phenomenal running. He whirled around the curves in beautiful style, and by a magnificent burst of speed on the home stretch, crossed the tape in :22 4-5 seconds, 2-5 of a second below the world's record established a year ago on the same track by the speedy Corcoran. Unfortunately this record will not stand officially, as there were but two watches held on the race. In the final heat Staples equalled the world's record.

The mile run was a loafing race for ten laps when Steele started a sprint, and for a while kept a comfortable lead. But Miller of Purdue gradually cut down the lead and beat him in by two yards. The two mile run was also a loaf. "Billy" Uffendell won out by sixty yards, Jennings getting an easy second from Barclay of Indiana.

The contests in the field events were more exciting and equal, as Notre Dame's representatives were new, untried men. First and second places in the shot put were captured by McCullough and Kirby with apparent ease. Notre Dame was blanked in the high jump, Purdue's men winning the majority of the

points. The pole vault was a pretty contest between Barrett and Peck of Purdue, Peck finally winning at nine feet six inches. Barrett also did some good work in the broad jump, securing second place. Kirby had this event won up to the last jump when both Corns of Purdue, and Barrett beat him out.

The final event, the one mile relay race, was Notre Dame's race from start to finish, Gearin the last relay runner, finishing sixty yards to the good. The fight for second place, however, was an exciting one. Indiana's first relay runner fell on the last turn and lost about twenty yards. It looked for a moment as if Indiana was out of the race, but Lockridge, her second runner, gallantly set out to overcome this handicap, gradually cutting it down, until on the third relay there was but a few yards difference. This difference was quickly made up by little Martin, and Indiana won out by five yards. Indiana's game struggle won many rounds of applause from the "rooters," whose sympathies were with the State University lads because of their game effort.

The special relay race between two teams of Carrollites was a good one.

SUMMARIES:

40-yard dash—Won by Rice, Purdue; Staples, Indiana, second; Lockridge, third. Time, :04 3-5.

40-yard hurdles—Won by Herbert, Notre Dame; Staples, Notre Dame, second; Lockridge, Indiana, third. Time, :05 4-5.

220-yard dash—Won by Staples, Notre Dame; Herbert, Notre Dame, second; Gearin, Notre Dame third. Time, :23 1-5.

440-yard run—Won by Gearin, Notre Dame; Kirby, Notre Dame, second; Percise, Purdue, third. Time, :56.

880-yard run—Won by Uffendell, Notre Dame; Steele, Notre Dame, second; Wallace, Indiana, third. Time, 2:07 3-5.

Mile run—Won by Miller, Purdue; Steele, Notre Dame, second; Jordan, Indiana, third. Time, 5:27 1-5.

Two-mile run—Won by Uffendell, Notre Dame; Jennings, Notre Dame, second; Barclay, Indiana, third. Time, 11:57.

Shot put—Won by McCullough, Notre Dame; Kirby, Notre Dame, second; Miller, Purdue, third. Distance 39 feet 2 inches.

High jump—Won by Corns, Purdue; Goodspeed, Purdue, second; Smith, Ind., third. Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

Pole vault—Won by Peck, Purdue; Barrett, Notre Dame, second; Goodspeed, Purdue, third. Height, 9 feet 6 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Corns, Purdue; Barrett, Notre Dame, second; Kirby, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 20 feet 8 inches.

Relay race—Won by Notre Dame (Staples, Kirby, Herbert, Gearin); Indiana, second; Purdue, third. Time, 3:45 1-5.

Special relay for Carroll Hallers (Two-thirds of a mile). J. P. O'REILLY.