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## A Day.

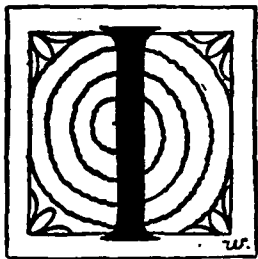
JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

I STOOD in the morn when the dawn's first glow  
Climbed o'er the rim of the slumbering sea,  
And I dreamed of the glare of the high noon-day,  
And the things that awaited there for me.

I stood when the long, slim shadows crept  
Out toward the rim of the pale green sea,  
And I saw my dream in the retrospect  
And a sadness came through the gloom to me.

Rudyard Kipling.\*

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, '01.



IF the difficulty of an art can be measured by the number of unsuccessful attempts to succeed in it, then we should be induced to conclude that the talent for great poetry is one of the rarest endowments conferred upon man. Poetry, as such, is seldom wanting in any age, but like all fine arts, poetry has its eras of golden productiveness and its periods of sterility. Our own day is one of poetical barrenness, for we have no great poet to sing our songs. In fact, the poetry of to-day presents such a contrast when compared with the poetry of the earlier part of last century, that our remark may seem almost a platitude. Then the realm of poetry was bright with a galaxy of great poets, but their departure has left us practically in "the seven years of want."

No definite reason can be given for the present dearth of great poetry, although certain relative causes offer a partial explana-

tion. In the opinion of most literary men, great poetry is largely influenced by environment, and is so closely linked with the life of a nation that the great poets have generally produced their most famous works when their country was at its acme of national vitality, or was being tossed on the waves of shifting religious convictions.

This is very plausible, for the great tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus were written during the brief period that saw the Athenian state at the top notch of pre-eminence and rejoicing in the glory of her national wealth and power. The masterpieces of Virgil and Horace were produced during the "Golden Age" of Augustus, at a time when the world knelt at the feet of Cæsar and when Rome was at the height of her territorial expansion and imperialism. With Dante we see the influence of the religious convictions that obtained in his day, coupled with the incessant strife of Guelph and Ghibelline. His was the "Age of Faith," and the "Divine Comedy" is the epical painting of the glories of Catholic truth. Shakespeare wrote shortly after his country had, for a second time, put on her new religious dress and was adapting herself to it. His age too was an era of great intellectual, political and commercial expansion. Schiller and Goethe wrote their masterpieces during the time when Germany, and in fact all Europe, was tossed about by new and conflicting systems of philosophy. Then for over a century poets were content to skim the surface of life and nature, and deal with their beauties under the guidance of an affected sentimentality, and often in language that belonged to another world; but the reaction of Romanticism set in, and the great poets of the earlier part of the last century were its principals. This movement gradually became exhausted, and poetry dropped into a state of quietism; the pendulum that had swung from one extreme had to start on its

\* Competitive essay for English Medal.

journey back. We can note the loss of vitality in the works of Browning and Tennyson. Their earlier writings display great vigour, and then, little by little, they drop back into a state of fanciful optimism and idealism.

No master-hand has yet intervened to prevent this reaction from attaining its extreme limit. This same quietism and lack of vitality prevails now, and offers a plausible explanation of the present condition of poetry, and, though only a relative cause, helps to justify our assertion that we have no living poet who can reasonably be called great. "We have men gifted with the same talents that enriched the great poets of former times, but the environments, the general conditions that go toward the making of great poetry, are for the nonce lacking." We have neither the joyous and youthful vigour of Greece in her palmy days nor the imperialistic and martial glory of the Romans. The religious convictions of the world are not in a state of ebullition, and in this atmosphere of optimism we have no great poet, unless we bestow that title on Rudyard Kipling, who alone of our poets has made any stride toward greatness.

Kipling has come to us just when our literature needed a new impetus; just when the material of conventional poetry has been worn to a gossamer fineness. Nature vouchsafed us another poet to see the truth and proclaim it, and his verse is the more pleasing as it is in such direct contrariety to the element of hearsaying twaddle and bagatelle into which we were drifting under the influence of optimism and materialism. "He has shed the ceremonies of convention, and fearlessly stepped back from the choir to give his natural voice a trial," and he has very cleverly embodied in his poetry the one element of national life that is now in a state of vitality, imperialism and commercial expansion. With his robust individuality and genuine poetry, he has sung the airs the people wanted to hear, and though they may not be lasting, still they have a powerful influence in our world to-day.

We feel that we ought to apologize for a new attempt on this subject, as our ablest critics have almost exhausted it; but while an author lives and continues his work, no one can say the last word about him. Besides, most of the criticisms of Kipling are impressionistic views of his works, and are anything but perfect, and far from complete. We do not mean to criticise Kipling's works, but rather intend to glance at his poetry, which we

think the best exponent of the forces that are at work to-day in the life of the English world. We know that his works have been viewed from almost every standpoint, but it is so difficult to measure a living author by any true standard, or to estimate what he has done for the world, or will do for it, that Kipling's place in literature is still a fair problem for the literary historian.

The greatest difficulty to be met with in treating this subject is that the author is still with us, and no complete criticism of a man can be written till he is dead; and even then, to be perfect, he would have to rise and perform the task himself, since, as Dr. Johnson says: "He who writes the life of another is either his friend or his enemy, and he will invariably exalt his praise or aggravate his infamy." Besides, as a French prince once said, "No man can be a hero to his valet." If Kipling had died fifty years ago, leaving us the work of his genius that we have to-day, his place in literature would be very easy to locate; but men can not, or will not, believe that the piece of clay toiling by their sides is made of a finer brand than they, or enshrouds a keener intellect. Even fair-minded critics look askance at any new champion, and lay the hardest requisitions on the poor aspirant to poetical honors. They assign this or that requisite as an essential, without which no one could ever become a poet. Sometimes it is his education; he must have studied certain branches; learned, for instance, the language of the ancient masters. Still, Burns was unacquainted with any poetry except fragments of the old Scottish minstrelsy, yet few have sung in sweeter strains than the Scottish bard.

Again we are told that the poet must travel. Is poetry then set in some particular, chosen spot, available only to the wealthy globe-trotter? or is it not rather in every created existence? in every man and in every object that surrounds him? "The passions that stir men's hearts, and the gentle influences of love and affliction are not confined to capital cities and princely salons. The peasant and the monarch are alike in this: they are both men, and both have the attributes of men." Truly the same world may be seen in the avenues of New York, London or Paris that was seen in the forums of Athens, Carthage and Rome. Sometimes the adventurous writer starts out to climb Helicon, and is met in the foot-hills by a sage, who reminds him that he had better go back, as poetry vanished from

the earth some centuries ago and is now inaccessible to mortals. These cloudy speculations even now hang low with heaviness in the literary heavens, but they can not prevent the true poet from rising into the upper glory of light.

Again we are told that there is no material for the poet in these days, when all the energies of men are devoted to the one end—commercialism. This, however, would have little effect on a true poet, and Kipling has made this very commercialism the theme of one of his songs:

The cities are full of pride,  
Challenging each to each,  
This from her mountain side,  
That from her burthened beach.

They count their ships, full tale,  
Their corn and oil and wine;  
City to city they hail:

"Hast aught to match with mine?"

Environment aids poetry but does not create it. Nature is the grand agent in making poets, and poetry is present wherever nature is. It sparkles on the sea, glows in the rainbow, flashes from the lightning and the star, peals in thunder, roars in the cataract and sings on the winds. Poetry is God's image reflected in nature as in a mirror, and nature is present wherever man is; so it is not the material that is wanting, but the keen eye to detect it and the true poet to point it out for us. We have the rough marble, but no sculptor to shape it; we have the canvas, but no artist to make it spring into life at his touch. Kipling has done well in this line, for he has picked up material where others had let it lie for centuries unnoticed. "The life of the barracks and the camp was the most unpoetical of all lives till Kipling became its balladist, saw it was a man's life, and showed its poetry to us," says one of his critics.

Our shrewdest literary men have subjected Kipling to a comparative criticism, and in his case the method was hardly a fair one. They have weighed him in the balance with the great poets of last century and have found him wanting; so far they are right. But Kipling is not governed by the same ideals nor stirred by the same spirit as those men were. He belongs to a different class, and is practically the only one of that class; and how can anyone judge the beauty of an object when he has seen only one of that particular species? If a man born blind were to receive his sight and the most beautiful woman was

brought before him, he could not determine whether she was handsome or not; nor if the most beautiful and most deformed were produced, could he any better decide to which he should give the preference, since he has seen only these two. To distinguish beauty, then, we must have seen many individuals of that species. In the present case we have no other writer whose inspirations are the direct outcome of a sense of national duty and "enthusiasm for humanity," and we must wait until we have seen more men of Kipling's calibre, expressing the same ideas and stirred by the same spirit. We can not be absolute in our decision even then, but must refer it to the supreme court of Time, and even that tribunal, as men have often remarked, reverses its own decrees.

We have also some very clever impressionistic criticisms of Kipling; but the quality of no man's work can be determined absolutely and for all time by the impression it makes in any particular epoch. Every age has had productions that it deemed good, while another age would ignore them altogether. After all, the point of view is allowed to govern too much in most matters of art; and "we look at objects through a personal prism that lends eccentricity of form and colour to them."

We can readily say that what passes for poetry in any given time; is not poetry at all; because it has not the characteristics of the poetry of another given time; but that does not determine its character or quality. For instance, we know that Pope was once a great poet; then he fell to the rank of commonplace, and now literary men are again taking renewed interest in him. Byron's poetry followed the same course, even to the same renaissance. Everyone knows that Wordsworth's early poetry was received with a shout of derision, such as, except in the case of Keats, never attended the first appearance of any poet. Everyone knows too that in a quarter of a century this repulsion was succeeded by the deepest admiration; but to-day we do not look upon Wordsworth as being of the very first rank. In fact, great as he is, Wordsworth will never be a popular poet except among the most finely cultured. Longfellow was once a general favorite, but now his star has lost much of its brilliancy. Tennyson and Browning, though held in esteem, have been quietly pushed from their pedestals. Even the fixed stars of the literary firmament have had their days of eclipse. Milton was long neglected,

then raised to the seventh heaven, and now, is admired but not read. Shakspeare's fame was that of a clever playwright, till the German critics began to appreciate him, and thus brought him into a prominence that is still far from its zenith.

All through the history of literature the same changes of opinion may be seen even down to very recent years. "The poetry of Swinburne, Dante, Rosetti, Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson, was held in the highest estimation twenty years ago, but the emotions that gave life to their verse have become exhausted," and to-day they are not ranked among the great poets. So the statement that Kipling is not a great poet because he differs from the poets of the past, or does not impress his critics favorably, carries little weight with it. Still we do not claim that his poetry is *great* poetry, but it deserves a more careful scrutiny than has yet been given it.

We do not call attention to Kipling because he is so very popular just now, for we are not of those who judge greatness in a man by the extent of his popularity; still, to judge from that very popularity, if Kipling is not a great man, he is a most "noted and even notable man." No poet has ever achieved at his age the popularity attained by this young man of thirty-five, whose fame to-day is bounded only by the limits of the English-speaking world. His ascent, though not continuous, has been remarkably rapid. Introduced to the world by his "Story of the Gadsbys," he came before the public as a prodigy, and received the treatment usually accorded these ephemeral characters. He was greeted with a shower of bouquets, but before the end of the first act, he sank back into the obscurity of a journalist. His dangerous illness a few years ago again rang up the curtain on him, and the attention of the world was once more directed toward him and his works. Everything he had done was found to have some merit and was looked upon with favour. No living writer in the history of our race, ever received such tributes of praise and esteem as those accorded him during his illness. Two great nations, we might almost say the English-speaking world, watched at his bedside or waited with the greatest eagerness for the daily reports of his condition.

"This widespread popularity," says William Dean Howells, "may be taken to mean that a young man, who was first heard of about

fourteen years ago, has come to be a representative force in English literature." At any rate, the grounds for his singular popularity, extending, in a literal sense, from the castle to the hut and throughout the English world, bespeak some rare excellence in his work. That excellence, to our mind, consists in his sincerity, in his choice of material and in his simplicity.

First of all, Kipling is sincere. He always believes his own story, and that belief is necessary if an author would have his reader believe it; and because Kipling believes what he writes, he is able to tell his story simply, and without any of the affectation that makes literature pharisaical. He comes before us with an air of truth; and though usually very blunt, even rough, captivates us with his sterling honesty and straightforwardness. We know he is true, because he depicts the passions that glow in every heart, and the least deflection on his part would be apparent at once, and spoil the whole for us. The majority of poets tell us about gods, goddesses, nymphs, and monsters about whom we know nothing at all and so can not tell whether they are true or not, even if we cared. Kipling's scenes are home-like, drawn from experience, and they awaken in us an emotion corresponding to the emotion that stirred in him, and this is an infallible test of sincerity. "Men are so strangely put together that, when anyone speaks forth the noble thoughts of his own mind with due earnestness, he must strike a responsive chord somewhere in their hearts, and if he does not, then he is wanting in sincerity, without which, Delphi itself could not make a poet of him." This principle may sound simple, and it certainly antedates the time of Kipling, but though all have been acquainted with it, few, like him, have made a practical application of it.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

#### Rondelet.

When spring winds blow  
The song of nesting birds is heard.  
When spring winds blow  
And blue-skied days are passing slow,  
The heart of Love at last is stirred,  
And joy doth mark its every word  
When spring winds blow.

E. E. W.

## The Greatest Proof of Love.

ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902.

The mellow sunshine was flooding the room. The mistress of the house sat at a tea-table with a friend. Both had so much to tell one another about servants, fashions, the engagements, marriages and deaths among their friends. So earnest and at times so loud was the conversation that the dull rumble of traffic in the street below could scarcely be heard. Even the canary, which twittered now and then, had difficulty in making itself heard. Whenever it succeeded, the young woman forced it to silence by an angry hiss.

"Such an unbearable bird! One can scarcely hear one's voice."

Then the bird became silent and looked uneasily about. However, it was soon comforted by the tender little voice that murmured through the bars of the cage: "Dick, dear little Dick!"

The cage stood on a small sewing table in the bay window. Before it, on a rattan arm-chair crouched a small girl of about six years. Brown curls hung about the delicate face; the large eyes, the thin nostrils and the continuous twitching of the small lips showed a sensitive nature. The child had laid its thin arms about the cage; her head rested on her shoulder and she gazed at the bird with tender, loving eyes. Again and again the little girl repeated, "Dick, dear, good Dick!"

"Agnes," came the sharp voice of her mother, "leave that bird for awhile."

The child raised her head with a start and said in a weak voice:

"Mamma, I'm not doing anything to him."

"I know you're not," replied the mother, "I believe you would sooner do something to me."

The two women laughed and continued their conversation. A frightened look came over the face of the child who had sank back into the chair. She looked at her mother longingly, and when at times she stole a shy, hesitating glance at the bird, her eyes always turned back to the mother.

The door-bell rang. The mother sprang up, and her friend also rose. The little girl made a movement as if she too would leave her chair, but the joyful cry with which her mother greeted "the little prince," whom the nurse was just bringing in, checked Agnes. With a

gloomy face she cowered in the chair, and her glance never even for a moment left her mother who was coddling the baby. With every kiss, every term of endearment that came from the table, the flush on Agnes' face became deeper, the longing look in her large eyes became more intense. At last she slipped from the chair and shyly came to her mother's side. The little girl took her mother's arm with both hands and whispered timidly:

"Mamma!"

"Oh leave me!" cried the woman, shoving Agnes away with her elbow. "Go to your Dick!"

Tears came to the child's eyes, her lips puckered, and slowly she raised her hands to her throat as if something were paining her. She crept back to the chair and pressed her face to the window to conceal the tears that were running over the hot cheeks. As if the canary understood the child's sorrow, it fluttered to the side of the cage and picked at the quivering lips. Agnes' tears dried, her eyes lighted up. She pressed her face to the cage and her lips moved. She did not say the words, but only thought them: "Dick, my sweet Dick!" And the bird hopped and twittered and finally fluttered to the ring at the top of the cage where it swung with body down.

Agnes clapped her hands and cried: "Mamma, mamma! see what Dick is doing."

"Agnes, I'm tired of this nonsense," scolded her mother. "Either leave the room or I'll carry out the cage."

"Oh, Grace," interrupted her friend, "allow the child to amuse herself."

"Such excessive tenderness for a bird! The child cares more for the stupid canary than for me."

There was no jest in her voice; it was angry, almost jealous. The tone penetrated to the child's heart, and again that intense longing look came into her eyes. For a long time Agnes remained silent and stared before her. Then suddenly she burst into tears.

"Why, Agnes," cried her mother, "what is the matter? Are you crying about nothing? You know I can't bear that. Go! leave the room."

"I won't—cry—any more, mamma," murmured the child, striving hard to repress the sobs. Again the visitor interceded, and Agnes was permitted to remain. Before the mother continued the conversation, however, she threw an angry look at the little girl. Agnes

shuddered under the glance and then remained silent. Only once in a while she dashed the tears from her eyes, and then a suppressed sob shook her delicate frame. With moist eyes the child followed every movement of her pet. Suddenly—as if an idea had come to her—she smiled.

The visitor rose to go. As the two women left the room, Agnes looked longingly after her mother. Then quickly, as if she were about to do something wrong and feared detection, she opened the window. With trembling hands the child placed the cage on the sill and opened the door.

"Fly away, Dick! fly away! she sobbed."

The bird had seen that the door was open. It fluttered to the edge of the sill and looked about. A few times it raised its wings and then began to hop about on the board. Suddenly the hall door slammed, and some one approached. Agnes started. With angry hisses she drove the bird away, and then sinking back into the chair wept bitterly.

The door opened and her mother entered. She felt the draft and saw the open window.

"Agnes, you terrible child!" How did you dare to open that window? You'll catch cold."

Angry as the tone was it showed a true motherly anxiety. Hastily closing the window, the woman turned to scold the child. Then she saw the empty cage and the little girl's tear-stained face.

"Dick!" sobbed Agnes. "I let him fly—so that—you would not think that—that I loved him better than you!"

The mother's eyes became moist as she saw the expression on her little daughter's face. She was struck by the consciousness of her fault and the great treasure that lay buried in her child's heart.

"My dear little Agnes!" she cried, embracing the frail girl and pressing kiss after kiss upon the hot little face. Agnes threw her arms around her mother's neck and nestled on her bosom. Just then a picking sound came from the window, and raising her head, the mother saw the bird fluttering against the panes.

"Agnes, look! Dick is here. He does not want to leave you."

Without releasing the child she opened the window. The bird fluttered to the door of the cage, hopped in and began to smooth its ruffled feathers.

"Look, Agnes! look! Dick is back."

But Agnes would neither hear nor see. She only clung more closely to her mother.

### Varsity Verse.

A. D. 1900.

DEAR Boy,—My thought is you this livelong day,  
And thus I seek my troubled pen to write.  
No dance or joy, no song or roundelay  
Can cheer me now while you are far away,—  
I wish that you were with me here to-night.

Dear Girl,—the roses burst from out the changing  
wold,

The oriole spills music down the way,  
But book and song and flowers and all grow cold,  
Your picture now before my eyes I hold,—  
I wish that I were with you, love, to-day.

A. D. 1907.

Dear "Hub"—Since I have come I've scarcely had  
a rest,

So pardon me because I did not write.  
Just four short days! *three weeks* I do request.  
The New York cheques are far the headiest—  
I'll pen some lines again to-morrow night.

Dear Wife,—Three weeks? say four I can not now  
demur,

For sea and waves I know for you are best,—  
Your mother with you seek the whirl and whir,  
(The club I must admit I do prefer)

Four weeks! say five, you surely need this rest.

J. J. S.

### RECOLLECTIONS.

Jes' tell me agin in plainest words  
O' th' days when we were young;  
Oh, there ain't no picture pertier'n that,  
Er no song was ever sung;  
Jes' paint fer me th' orchard an'  
It's juicy loaded boughs,  
Where yuo an' me stole apples, John,  
A' drivin' home the cows.

An' let me foller ye once agin,  
Barefoot with fishin' pole,  
A' playin' hookey an' sneakin' off  
Down tu th' swimmin' hole.  
Th' rotten stump, an' springin' board,  
An' our ole raft an' nets,  
Where you an' me dared all th' world—eh?  
Smokin' cigarettes.

Show me th' lane an' its ole rail fence,  
An' th' clover-hidden well,  
Where we waded in dust, then washed our legs  
As th' evenin' shadders fell;  
An' goin' home, we'd fix our plans,  
An' whittle forks an' romp,  
An' hear th' frogs so peaceful like  
Chirpin' in th' swamp.

Take me back tu th' ole homestead,  
When th' sun's bright mornin' rays  
Awoke us from our world'y dreams,  
In childhood's golden days.  
Yes, sit down, John, recall fer me  
The scenes we were among,  
Fer there ain't no picture pertier'n that,  
Er no song was ever sung.

E. Q.



## The Reformation of Quick Johnny Malone.

THOMAS LYONS, 1904.

It was summer on the plains; the green wheat stood waist-high, the prairie-chickens were hatching, everywhere the scent of the wild-rose filled the air. A breeze blew refreshingly from the west, and cooled the loungers who stood about in their shirt-sleeves on the streets of Rushville.

It cooled them, but it did not diminish their thirst; and the bar-tenders in Paddy Foley's corner saloon were as busy as ever. Foley's saloon was the especial pride of Rushville. Foley had named it, "Babylon;" and had the inhabitants of Rushville heard of the ancient city of that name, they would not have believed that its magnificence outshone "Foley's place;" for the Babylon of Rushville had one attraction which the Chaldean city had not had, and that was Johnny Malone, the poker-dealer,—“Quick Johnny,” the cow-boys all called him.

Malone was famous not only for his skill in manipulating the cards, but also as an entertainer, for every Saturday night he made an hour pleasant for the crowd with his songs and speeches. The rest of the evening he gathered in the gold and silver of his auditors, but they cared not, as long as they could not catch him cheating,—if they had detected him he would have fared as did his father, who had been shot for holding six cards in a game of draw-poker. That was shortly after Johnny had been “graduated” from a high-school in a distant city, and as the gambling strain in him predominated just at that time, it chanced that he fell in with Foley and stayed with him in the capacity of poker-dealer.

Foley was not slow to appreciate the lad's talents, and paid him well for “drawing the crowd” on Saturday nights when all the cow-boys were in town. In a short time the “Babylon” was the only place of its kind that kept open on Saturday nights. Furthermore, Malone was the most skilful dealer from the Missouri River to the Cayune Bluffs, so Foley was “coining” money.

But his sky of prosperity suddenly clouded. One Saturday night, a stranger, a “tender-foot” from the East, came into Foley's saloon. He was much pleased with the young gambler, made his acquaintance, and soon became very friendly with him. Then he determined to

reform him. After many conversations with young Johnny, he persuaded him to return East and go to college. The stranger, John Ford, was a well-to-do lawyer in a college town in New York; so, finally, he and Johnny left for New York, and the “Babylon” ceased to monopolize the “speculations” of Rushville.

Johnny began his college life auspiciously. It seemed that he had been a gambler more through misfortune than inclination, and the change at first was easy for him. He studied hard, and became a favourite with both professors and students. He was constantly under the influence of Mr. Ford, with whom he made his home, and the society of his benefactor always tended to elevate him.

But when the novelty of the change wore off, the desire to play again came upon him. He fought hard against it, but his grandfather and father had both been gamblers, and it was in his blood. He could think of nothing but gambling, try as he might, and his face soon became haggard with the struggle. Of course everyone laid this to hard study; but when Mr. Ford even gave him a paternal talk on the evil of over-study, the bitter smile which played about young Malone's lips showed that something was wrong. And so matters ran on.

One day, Ford received a telegram.

“John,” he said, at the supper table, “I wish you would go to the Lake Shore station at eleven o'clock to-night. My wife and her niece are just returning from Europe. It's my wife's whim to walk across the Twelfth Street bridge; she is willing to take a carriage the rest of the way. I wish to humour her, so please don't forget to be there.”

“No, I won't,” responded Johnny, as he went to his room. There all his efforts to study were in vain; his mind continually wandered. Finally he went out on the street. As he passed a large saloon he thought a drink would do him good, so he walked in and called for a glass of beer.

Two men were shaking dice on the bar, and as he set down his glass, something in his eyes drew their attention, for one said:

“Want to come in, kid?”

“How much a throw?” asked Johnny.

“Five bricks,” replied the other.

Malone's hand shot into his pocket, and he threw a five-dollar gold piece on the bar. They all diced, and he won; they threw again and again, till he had won all their money. Then the strangers left the saloon, and he ordered another drink—whiskey, this time.

When he had drunk it the bar-tender motioned to him to follow, then pushed open two folding doors.

What a sight presented itself. At a dozen tables men sat playing. The heaps of gold, the black and white chips, the piles of greenbacks,—all flashed before Johnny's eyes together. He stood still and looked for a moment, as a traveller dying of thirst would gaze upon an oasis in the desert. The rattle of the dice-boxes, the clang of the metal, the shuffling of the cards, the clinking of the glasses, rang as the song of the sirens in Johnny's ears; and he hesitated not, but walked in and took a seat at one of the tables. The fever of gambling had seized him! He began to play. He won, won, won, and as long as he was winning he could think of nothing else.

Suddenly there was a lull in the game, and the striking of a distant clock was heard.

"What time is that?" cried out Malone, anxiously jumping to his feet. for the appointment at the station came to him like a flash.

"Quarter past 'leven," some one answered.

Johnny dashed out the side-door, hoping to be still in time. Everyone knew that that side-door opened upon the most notorious gambling den in the city; and as Johnny stepped out, bare-headed, his face flushed, his eyes lit with the lust of gambling, he met face to face Mr. Ford and two ladies. He turned quickly into an alley, up a side street, and ran straight to the river. He did not pause upon the bridge, but plunged straight down into the water. The cold water brought him to his senses, and its oily taste soon changed any insane intention of committing suicide. The river was narrow, and he had little difficulty in reaching the bank. He scrambled out and ran toward Mr. Ford's residence, and reached his room without meeting anyone.

When he awoke next morning it was with a raging fever. At first, the physician looked grave, but Johnny's constitution was strong, and it was soon evident that he was in little danger. During his illness, one of the ladies he had seen with Mr. Ford, cheered his long hours with her company. She was young and beautiful; Johnny was susceptible, and it was the old story. Soon he began to hope that he might some day be Mr. Ford's nephew; but his heart misgave him when he thought of that night he had played. His mind was torn by the conflicting emotions of love for a woman and remorse for gambling. Again

and again he told himself that his benefactor would no longer deem him worthy of friendship, and he always augmented his pain by acknowledging that it would be justice to treat him thus. Still he hoped against hope.

One day, after Johnny had been convalescing for some time, Mr. Ford came into the room where he was sitting. The lawyer had the serious air of one who has a grave matter in hand, as he began:

"Well, Johnny, you were gambling the night I told you to come to the station, weren't you?"

"I was," replied Malone coldly.

"Have you gambled at any other time since you came here?" continued the lawyer.

"No, I have not," replied the young man.

"Well, Johnny," said the lawyer more kindly, "don't you think you can keep from it hereafter? I tell you, my boy, you don't know how much we think of you. We want you to stay with us all your life."

Johnny's heart gave a great bound. His experience as gambler had trained him in the art of self-control, but on this occasion he was like a school-girl. He could only look confusedly at the floor, while his dark face flushed a darker red. In his embarrassment he did not perceive that a woman had entered the room.

"By the way, Kate, I never introduced you to Johnny," continued Mr. Ford.

"Oh! we've become acquainted anyway," a pleasant voice answered.

"I'll bet Johnny was surprised to find out that you're my wife," said Ford, with a laugh, and Johnny looked up to see—the lady of his unspoken love!

His old habit of self-control reasserted itself, and no one would have guessed from the way in which he arose and bowed that he had undergone more misery in that half minute than most men suffer in a life-time. Then he turned to the lawyer and said rather huskily:

"Mr. Ford, you've treated me well,—much better than I've deserved, but I've disgraced you once, and I'm afraid if I remain with you I should do so again. I'm sorry, but I think I must have been born under an evil star."

The next week's edition of the *Rushville Clarion* announced that "Mr. John Malone, who has been attending college in the East, returned to Rushville to-day; and Mr. Patrick Foley desires us to state that a reception will be tendered Johnny in the 'Babylon' to-night." And from that time on Foley's saloon enjoyed its previous flourishing condition.



## Epode IV. of Horace.

THE tender lamb doth no more hate the wolf,  
His natural enemy, than I do thee.  
The Spanish scourge thy much-scarred back has felt,  
And thou hast worn the badge of slavery.

Though, freedman, thou dost strut along the street,  
Good fortune hath not wholly changed thy race.  
When thou dost walk along the sacred way,  
Canst thou not see the scorn upon the face

Of every passer-by, or art thou blind?  
What Roman else is so effeminate  
That would appear in such a garb as thine?  
No one but thee, a slave, enriched by fate.

Would thou couldst hear these oft-repeated words:  
"This slave that formerly has scourged been  
Until the whip grew weary of its task,  
Is lord of all the horses that are seen

"Now passing noisily o'er the Appian road  
With casks of wine, the best Falernian.  
And, insolent, this upstart claims the right  
To take his seat among the noblemen.

"Of little use will be our ponderous ships  
And brazen galleys 'gainst the servile band  
Of pirates, if a slave is now become  
The military leader of our land." W. J. S.

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He Fired.

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TIMOTHY J. CROWLEY, '02.

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True to his ancestral instincts Moses Spiro had saved something for the rainy day. Though everyone well knew that he had the money, he himself, however, often had serious doubts. Consequently, it would not be unusual to see each night in his dark room the old bald head shining like the crescent moon in the surrounding darkness. There at midnight you could find him bent over the box kissing and conning the golden pieces.

Less to relieve the old man of these scruples than of his coins was Pedro Stefano's intention when at the dead of a dark November night, armed and alone, he visited Moses' cottage in the suburbs of Bertrand.

Slowly and noiselessly Pedro unhasped the shuttered windows and lightly climbed the stairs that led to the old man's room. At the door he stood and paused. He thought he heard the old man breathe. He looked into the street but saw nothing. Everything was asleep. The crisp leaves that carpeted the forest across the road were motionless. All nature seemed breathless, horrified at the

impending act. The stars veiled themselves behind their pitchy fleeces to shut out the ghastly sight. The eye of night drew down its frowning brow, and sunk itself back into its immeasurable socket. Everything in the neighbourhood of Bertrand that November night appeared as dark and desolate as on the Eve of Creation's "Fiat," if we except the lantern that dimly shone through the frosted pane of the police station window and the unseen owl in the graveyard that lazily moaned its wailings into the silent, senseless sky. Man and nature awaited the awful outcome of the foul deed.

Now had come the time when the vengeful Pedro was to wreak his murderous design. He was about to break open the door, but looking through the key-hole his cruel eye caught a glimpse through the darkness of a white, undefinable something at the far end of the room. A glance sufficed. Aware of the old man's nightly custom, Pedro with an assassin's satisfaction fairly leaped with joy.

"Heaven's! what a time," he raptured within himself. "You needn't bother counting it. You can go and sleep."

Noiselessly he poked the heartless iron through the keyhole, and levelling it with steady eye at the pale and motionless object—*he fired*. The ball cut like a meteor through the intervening darkness; and instantly on that quaint old bed-room floor, where for years a parched old man had reposed his languid limbs, there lay this drear November night before the world's gaze—a broken wash basin.

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Book Notice.

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VESPERS, No. 3 IN D, for solo, quartette and Chorus. Paolo Giorza.

The above is a very fine work, and will give complete satisfaction wherever it is sung. Each number is an excellent composition in itself, but the "Domine ad Adjuvandum" and the "Magnificat" deserve special mention. The former is presented in fugue form, with a clear and melodious model, opening in the tenor voice and moving gracefully and pleasingly through the sequences without losing for a moment a particle of its clearness or melody. The "Magnificat" is arranged in solos for soprano, tenor and bass followed by full chorus, and is easily the finest composition in the set. The accompaniments, like those of all Giorza's compositions, are exceedingly fine.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## REPORTERS

ROBERT E. LYNCH	J. PATRICK O'REILLY
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—We were favoured with ideal summer weather for the observance of Ascension Thursday. Soon after eight o'clock the students of the various Halls formed a procession which started from the Main Building, circled the parterre in front of the statue of the Sacred Heart and passed toward the church. The Right Reverend Dr. Alerding, Bishop of the diocese, attended and accompanied by the '02 class in cap and gown, the altar boys and surpliced clergy, brought up the rear. After the procession had entered the church the candidates for First Communion, in charge of Bro. Paul and preceded by the University Band, passed down the aisle to the seats near the main altar. Scarcely had the strains of "Lead, Kindly Light" been rendered when Solemn High Mass was begun. Father French preached the sermon which was for the most part an exposition on the Holy Eucharist. He referred to the types that prefigured this most august Sacrament, its institution, and the great and abiding love of Christ for children. In the afternoon Confirmation was administered by the Bishop, who, owing to recent illness, was unable to preach, and assigned the task

to Father French. Altogether the ceremonies of Ascension Thursday at Notre Dame were profoundly impressive, and he who witnessed them unmoved is one whose religious fervour few might envy.

The following students were confirmed:

George W. Freeze, Michael Joseph; Wm. F. Gasman, Michael Joseph; Carol A. Von Phul, Joseph Stephen; Walter F. Upman, Joseph; John R. Hall, Joseph Sebastian; Edward W. Coleman, Michael Joseph; McKean J. Boyce, Joseph; Wm. J. Hennessy, Joseph Augustine; Ormond L. Houze, Joseph; John Byron Stoner, Joseph; Thomas H. Creveling, Joseph; Francis F. H. A. Strauss, Joseph; Edward Malia, Joseph; Maurice J. Brown, Joseph; Maurice J. Riley, Joseph; Harry N. Roberts, Joseph; Richard D. Gray, Joseph; Edward Connolly, Joseph; Robert J. McGill, Aloysius; Denis A. Morrison, Aloysius; Edward E. Johnston, Aloysius; Mathew J. Kenefick, Aloysius; Stanton A. Sweeney, Aloysius; Francis P. Earl, Aloysius; Francis J. Flook, William; Ector R. Rocheford, William; Francis J. McGinn, Louis Edward; Charles P. Mooney, Andrew; Edwin J. McDowd, Louis Augustine; Gerald A. Shannon, Robert; Leo C. Robinson, Robert; John D. Harrington, Charles; Shorb Floyd-Jones, Augustine; Francis Brennen, James; Roger J. Houze, John; Alfred J. Berkely, Henry; Daniel T. Kelly, Henry; John M. Griffin, Gerald; George M. Quertimont, Mark; Nestor Mambourg, Martin Nicholas; Edward J. Quertimont, Francis Michael; James L. Wood, Michael; John H. Sullivan, Michael; Leon E. Knight, Michael; Thomas J. Lavan, Michael.

—Oratory has ever been a favourite study at the University. We dream of it, and every hall can boast of its spell-binders. Yearly we turn out a winning debating team. And the first of June, or thereabout, finds a number of competitors seeking oratorical honours on the Washington Hall stage. But we have seen the last of our June displays of oratory. Not that we have forgotten this useful branch, but merely transferred the contest to the month of December. The reason for it is this: we have joined the Indiana College Oratorical League. Next February a contest will be held in Indianapolis. This will determine which college shall send the man to represent Indiana at the National Contest to be held in one of the larger cities of the country. Our man to the Indianapolis contest will be the one who wins out here in December.

So it is up to those seeking this honour to prepare their orations in the summer or fall. A winning speech can not be turned out in a day, but is a matter of slow growth, of change and development. And we certainly look to the man representing us at Indianapolis to have the best production of which his genius is capable.

Notre Dame, 2; DePauw, 1.

The game at Greencastle with DePauw was by far the best played game of the trip. Both teams put up a fast article of ball. Hogan held DePauw down to two hits, while McRoberts, who twirled for DePauw, held our lads down to four hits. O'Neill caught another clever game, and Stephan, Hemp, and Farley also played good ball.

DePauw was the first to score, making her lone run in the fourth. Brown singled; McCoy struck out, and Brown went to second on a wild pitch. McKinney hit to right field; Shaughnessy misjudged it, Brown scoring. Notre Dame scored one in the fifth and one in the seventh. In the fifth Shag was hit, Stephan struck out and Hogan hit over right, scoring Shaughnessy. Another came in in the seventh on Hogan's pass to first and Lynch's two bagger. From this time on we were blanked, although we had several men on base.

Notre Dame—o o o o 1 o 1 o o—2 4 3  
DePauw—o o o 1 o o o o—1 2 4

Batteries, Hogan and O'Neill; DePauw, McRoberts and Nicely. Base on balls, off Hogan, 3; off McRoberts, 1. Hit by pitched ball, by Hogan, 2; by McRoberts, 1. Stolen bases, Shaughnessy, 2; McRoberts. Two base hits, Lynch, Farley. Double plays, DePauw. Time of game, 1:45. Umpire, Conley.

### Championship Practically Won.

Purdue's much talked of aggregation of ball tossers endeavored to stop our winning streak at Lafayette on May 2, but failed. The Varsity out-batted and out-fielded the Purduites, and by superior team work held them safe at all stages. "Happy" Hogan started out to throw for the Varsity, and for two innings pitched good ball, but in the third inning he became wild, and was touched up for a few hits, which, together with a few wild throws, gave Purdue five runs. At this point, Dohan relieved him, and from that time on blanked them. "Joe" pitched star ball, allowing but four hits. Every man on the team played clean, snappy ball. O'Neill again held the base runners at his mercy, very few being courageous enough to attempt to pilfer a bag. Capt. Lynch put up a good game at short, and Farley cleaned everything that came in his way. The chief features of the game were Dohan's batting, and Hardy's catch of Stephan's low line drive. The attend-

ance was the largest seen on the Lafayette field in some time, and from beginning to end they rooted for Purdue with a vim that was admirable. But when the last Purdue man went out in the ninth they stopped.

At four o'clock Umpire Eiteljorge gave the signal to start, and Captain Lynch stepped up to the plate. "Bobby" swatted the first ball pitched to centre garden, stole second, and got third on a wild throw. Farley went out from second to first. O'Neill hit one to, short and McKee threw to the plate to catch Lynch, but "Bobby" was too fast; O'Neill stole second; Gage went out from second to first, and Dohan singled to left, scoring O'Neill, but was put out himself at second. Total, two runs. Purdue's only run came in the third. Collins hit; Leslie hit to Hogan and Harry threw wild to second in attempting to head off Collins. Cohen drove a slow one to Gage, Collins scoring. Cornell got a life on Hogan's wild throw, and Ruby singled to centre scoring two runs. Hardy drew a pass, McKee hit, driving in two more, and Gaetze got one in the ribs. Here Dohan went in. Cook hit to Hemp, and Hemp threw to plate and caught Hardy. Collins struck out, and Leslie went out to Stephan. Total, five runs.

Notre Dame added two more runs in the sixth on singles by Lynch and Farley and Dohan's single to left field. In the eighth our fellows cinched the game. McKee fumbled O'Neill's hot grounder; Gage singled, and Dohan got his third hit. Then Shaughnessy hit over right for three bags. At this point our fellows worked a pretty play. As soon as Ruby started his delivery, Shag was off for home plate, and Stephan tapped the ball to the short stop, who became so confused that he held it for fully five seconds. This ended our scoring. Final, Notre Dame, 8; Purdue, 5.

### The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Purdue	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	2	2	1	4	0	Cohen, 2b	1	0	4	6	1
Farley, cf	1	1	2	0	0	Cornell, cf	1	0	0	0	0
O'Neill, c	2	0	9	2	1	Ruby, p	1	2	1	3	1
Gage, 2b	1	2	2	1	0	Hardy, lf	0	1	2	1	0
Dohan, p, lf	1	3	0	3	1	McKee, ss	0	1	0	0	2
Sh'ghnessy, rf	1	1	1	0	0	Gaetze, rf	0	0	2	0	0
Stephan, 1b	0	0	10	0	0	Cook, c	0	1	9	1	1
Hemp, 3b	0	1	2	1	0	Collins, 3b	1	1	0	1	0
Hogan, p, lf	0	0	0	0	2	Leslie, 1b	1	1	9	0	1
Totals	8	10	27	11	4	Totals	5	7	27	12	6

Base on balls, off Ruby, 1; off, Hogan, 2; off Dohan, 1. Hit by pitched ball, by Hogan, 1. Wild pitches, Hogan, Ruby, 2. Stolen bases, Lynch, Farley, Gage, Hemp, Stephan. Three base hit, Shaughnessy. Struck out, by Hogan, 1; Dohan, 5. Ruby, 8. Passed ball, Cook. Time, 2 hours. Umpire, Eiteljorge.

## Wabash an Easy Victim.

Our fellows played loosely at Crawfordsville, and did not exert themselves except in one or two innings. The college lads put up a better game at home than when they were here, but they were completely outclassed. The chief feature of the game was Gage's batting. He got a single, a three bagger, and in the eighth drove the ball over the fence with O'Neill on base.

## The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Wabash	R	H	P	A	E
Higgins, p, ss	1	2	0	3	0	Gooding, 3b	1	0	1	1	1
Farley, cf	1	1	2	1	0	Hasbrouch, 2b	2	2	0	2	1
O'Neill, c, rf	2	0	5	2	0	Poston, 1b	2	2	8	0	3
Fisher, lf	0	0	1	1	1	Lackersteen, p	0	0	2	4	4
Gage, 2b	3	3	3	4	0	Berry, c	0	2	4	0	0
Hemp, 3b	3	0	0	2	0	Roby, rf	1	0	1	0	0
Stephan, 1b	2	0	10	0	0	O'Rear, lf	0	1	1	0	0
Sh'gh'ssy, rf	1	2	2	0	0	Burke, cf	1	1	6	0	1
Lynch, ss, p	1	2	1	4	2	Kane, ss	0	0	0	0	1
Antoine, c	0	0	2	0	1						
Totals	14	10	26	17	4	Totals	7	8	23	7	11

\* Fisher, hit by batted ball.  
\* Roby out, hit by batted ball.

B. B. off Lynch, 3; Higgins, 1; Lackersteen, 3. H. P. B., by Lynch, Higgins, 2; Lackersteen, 3. Sacrifice hit, Hemp. Stolen bases, Lynch, 2; Farley, 2; Hemp, 2; O'Neill, Shaughnessy. Struck out, by Lynch, 2; Higgins, 3; Lackersteen, 2. Passed balls, O'Neill, Antoine. Two base hit, Lynch. Three base hit, Gage. Home run. Gage. Time, 1:50. Umpire, Seivers.

## Indiana Falls Again.

The game with Indiana, which was scheduled for Tuesday afternoon, but was called off on account of rain, was played Wednesday morning. Indiana, for the second time, went down before our heavy hitting lads, this time by a score of 7 to 4. "Bill" Higgins officiated in the box, and pitched a good game. For the first four innings but twelve men faced him. Stephan put up another clever game at first. Dan O'Connor was tried on third base for the first time, and made a favorable impression.

## The Score.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Indiana	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	1	1	1	2	1	Clev'ger, ss	0	0	0	4	1
Farley, cf	2	2	2	0	0	Millet, 2b	0	0	3	3	2
O'Neill, c	2	2	3	0	0	Shaw, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Gage, 2b	1	1	3	3	1	Kelly, 1b	0	2	6	1	1
Dohan, rf	0	2	0	0	1	Thornton, cf	2	0	5	0	0
Shaughnessy, lf	0	0	1	0	1	Neusb'm, rf	1	2	1	0	0
Stephan, 1b	0	2	14	0	0	P. Boyle, 3b	1	1	4	0	0
O'Connor, 3b	0	0	0	2	0	McIntosh, c	0	1	3	3	0
Higgins, p	1	0	3	3	0	Allen, p	0	0	1	1	1
Totals	7	10	27	10	4	Totals	4	6	24	12	5

Stolen bases, Farley, Gage, 2; O'Neill. Base on balls, off Higgins, 3; Allen, 1. Hit by pitched ball, by Higgins, 2. Struck out, by Higgins, 3; Allen, 1. Sacrifice hit, Gage, O'Connor. Double plays, Higgins-Stephan, Gage-Stephan, Lynch-Gage-Stephan. Two base hits, Dohan. Three base hits, Lynch. Time of game, 1:35. Umpire, Coffee.

## Albion Smothered.

Nine brave young men from Albion college glorying in their records against the nines of the Universities of Michigan and Indiana, and filled with the idea that they were the ones fated to down the Gold and Blue, appeared on Cartier Field. Later they left the grounds a disappointed and sad but much wiser crew.

For five or six innings the lads from Michigan played hard, and, aided by some very ragged work on the part of the Varsity, held us to an even score up to the seventh. At this stage of the game Captain Lynch held a council of war with his men, and after due deliberation decided to explode Albion's self-satisfied pitcher, Mr. Simmons. Tuesday night Mr. Simmons, while reposing on his downy couch, had had a dream. He dreamed that he was to conquer the heavy hitting Hoosiers. He had already won fame as the conqueror of I. U., but to win out from Notre Dame meant much more to him. He would become known in his own college circle as the mighty, the invincible Mr. Simmons, and the students of future years would whisper his name with awe and admiration. Too bad, too bad this dream was—well, it was only a dream.

Shaughnessy was the first man to face him in the seventh and he drove one into the sky which Mr. Simmons failed to stop in its downward course. Then began the siege, or the bombardment, whatever it was. Stephan was commanded to hit. He obeyed. O'Connor drove one to the hill. Lynch singled, the next man up likewise, and the next, and the next, and the next—bim, smash, slejz, crack, bing, giant crackers, balloons, air-ships, guns, and many other strange things. Well, when everybody had settled down, the fielders had been resuscitated, and Mr. Simmons notified that the inning was over, the score-keepers got to work, and figured out the following list of causalities. Eighteen men batted; one was given a pass, three were saved by errors, eleven straightened out curves, and fourteen runners crossed the plate.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Albion	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	3	4	1	8	1	Striker, lf	1	0	1	0	0
Farley, cf	2	3	0	1	1	Sebastian, c	0	1	5	2	1
O'Neill, c	2	2	4	1	0	Karsten, 3b	0	2	1	0	1
Gage, 2b	2	2	2	6	0	Hynes, ss	1	2	1	4	3
Dohan, rf	1	0	0	0	0	Simmons, p	0	1	0	5	2
Sh'gh'ssy, lf	2	1	2	0	1	Howe, rf	1	1	0	0	0
Stephan, 1b	3	4	14	0	2	Church, 1b	1	1	13	0	1
O'Connor, 3b	3	3	4	2	3	McKate, cf	1	1	1	0	1
Hogan, p	3	0	0	0	1	Nick'b'k'r, 2b	2	0	2	3	2
Higgins, rf	0	1	0	0	0						
Totals	21	20	27	18	9	Totals	7	9	24	14	11

Stolen bases—Lynch, Farley, O'Neill, Gage, Shaughnessy, Striker, Simmons. Base on balls—off Hogan, 3; Simmons, 2. Hit by pitched ball—by Simmons, 1; by Hogan, 1. Struck out—by Hogan, 4; by Simmons, 5. Wild pitch—Simmons, Hogan. Two base hits, O'Neill. Three base hits—Stephan, O'Connor. Passed ball, O'Neill. Time, 2. Umpire, Coffee. J. P. O'R.

## Carroll Hall Defeats Elkhart.

Last Saturday Elkhart High School sent down a band of sturdy athletes, but they fell before the conquering march of the Carrollites. The day was an ideal one. The grand stand was alive with waving ribbon and shouting high school maids. But even the presence of these fair ones could not bring victory to their schoolmates on the field and track. From the start to the finish the meet was a close one, Carroll Hall now coming in ahead and again Elkhart running up its total count. The injury to Work of Elkhart, who was looked upon as a winner in the pole vault and high jump, facilitated Carroll's victory.

Perry was the star competitor of the day. He captured virtually half the number of points for his co-mates, winning a first or second in every event he entered. Not satisfied with capturing first place in the 100-yard dash he picked out first in the 220-yard dash, then the standing broad jump, and tied for first in the high jump. One of the prettiest events of the day was the vaulting contest between Bryan Taylor and Deitch of Elkhart. Bryan showed fine form, but Deitch succeeded in tying him.

The visitors showed much better form in the half mile and quarter mile than Carroll Hall and virtually ran away from them. Klein of Elkhart took the lead in the quarter and likewise in the half, and never lost his place until he crossed the tape a winner. Close to him was his team-mate, Neusbaum. The broad jump had been granted to Hall, so he found little difficulty in taking it. Fleischer showed his metal by taking the 12 lb shot put with a put of 39 feet 8 inches. Score, 42 $\frac{2}{3}$  to 38 $\frac{1}{3}$ .

## SUMMARY:

100 yard dash—Perry, Notre Dame, first; Deitch, Elkhart, second. Time, 11 seconds.

220 yard dash—Perry, Notre Dame, first; Deitch, Elkhart, second. Time, 24 seconds.

440 yard dash—Klein, Elkhart, first; Neusbaum, Elkhart, second. Time, 58 seconds.

880 yard run—Klein, Elkhart, first; Neusbaum, Elkhart, second. Time, 2:30.

High jump—Taylor and Perry, Notre Dame, Work, Elkhart, tied for first. Height, 5 feet 1 inch.

Pole vault—Taylor, Notre Dame, Deitch, Elkhart, tied for first. Height, 8 feet 7 inches.

Running broad jump—Hall, Notre Dame, first; Klein, Elkhart, second. Distance, 19 feet — inches.

Standing broad jump—Perry, Notre Dame, first; Deitch, Elkhart, second. Distance, 9 feet 2 inches.

Shot put—Fleischer, Notre Dame, first; Perry, Elkhart, second. Distance, 39 feet 8 inches.

Discus throw—Fleischer, Notre Dame, 1st; Bever, Elkhart, second. Distance, 86 feet. J. P. O'R.

## Exchanges.

The *Buff and Blue* is made up very well with its April essays and sketches. It seems to us that this number is better than usual. For an attempt at a ghost story, "The Wraith of the Falls," does pretty well; and the short sketches, "The Cynic" and "Seven Hundred and Eleven" are very readable. Probably the cleverest work is contained in the rather original sketch, "When Doctors Disagree." The writer of this shows imaginative power and some constructive ability as well. The editorials are timely, but on reading them the poor overworked *Alma Mater* is inexcusably abused. It is a wonder that the compositor would not find the type used to spell the above phrase to have been long ago worn out.

The *Albion College Pleiad* shows careful selection. The sentiment in "1776-1902" is good; in fact, the sentiment is better than the verse. "The Evolution of Civilization" is a somewhat exhaustive review of the stages in man's betterment of himself. There could be little fault directed at the matter, though the expression is too strained and it is too conscious and rhetorical. The tendency among young writers, like all of us connected with university papers, is toward the flowery and affected. To write simple, easy-reading prose is an accomplishment hard for young writers to realize. The locals, personals, jokes and exchanges are spicy, and show that there is the right spirit in the making of the *Pleiad*.

The last *University of Ottawa Review* is worthy of a favorable criticism. The subjects treated are somewhat abstruse, yet they show careful preparation. One branch of writing—and a very essential one in the college paper—is entirely scorned, and that is the short story. When at all carefully done these lighter sketches make excellent variety, and it is a mistake to slight these less pretentious articles. There is a deplorable lack of original verse in this number. "The Passing of the Redman" is quite well done. Of late there has been a great deal written about the Indian. This is well, for the Indians are fast passing away.

The April *Widow* sauntered along the other day and brought with her her customary jokes and funniness. The Cornell students should treat the *Widow* with great distinction and gallantry, for she is the one of her kind. The leading verse is headed: "From the Rubicon of Omar Zinck." There is a quaint originality in the substance of this funny paper. Of a fact, there is little that is pretentiously or literarily done, but everything is written in a winning way—the way, of course, the *Widow* has grown to affect at her increased age. F. F. D.



## Personals.

—Mr. M. A. Jewett (C. E. '96) spent a few days with us last week.

—Mrs. Maxwell of Springfield, Ill., visited Mr. Mueller of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Rigney an old student from Elkhart, Ind., spent a few days with Mr. Charles Rush.

—Mr. C. Clevenger of Indiana University was the guest of Mr. Will Riley of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Fensler of Brownson Hall had the pleasure of a visit from his brother of Logansport last week.

—Mrs G. Etter of Chicago, accompanied by Miss Margaret Burke, visited her son who is a member of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. F. T. Farrell of Chicago, accompanied by Mrs. J. G. Shortall, visited her son who is a student of Carroll Hall last week.

—The Reverend Father Guendling, who is pastor of a church at Goshen, Indiana, visited his friends at Notre Dame a few days ago.

—Mr. Julius Hack, '90, of Vincennes, Ind., Mr. Frank Mooney, '97, of Cleveland, O., and Mr. Harry Speak, '98, of Evansville, Ind., spent a few days with us.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Ryan visited their many friends at the University recently. Mr. Ryan received the degree of LL. B. at Notre Dame in 1896 and is now an attorney in Chicago.

—A letter was received recently from Mr. Simon Jennings, who went home a few weeks ago on account of illness. Mr. Jennings has regained his health and wishes to be remembered to his friends at Notre Dame.

—Mr. Julius A. Arce (C. E.) of Peru, South America, who during the last few years taught surveying and Spanish at Notre Dame, expects to pay us a visit in a few weeks. Mr. Arce has a host of warm friends at Notre Dame both among the students and Faculty, who extend to him the heartiest of welcomes.

—We are very glad to announce that Professor John G. Ewing of the History and Economics course will soon be with us again. Professor Ewing has been suffering from a severe attack of illness during the past two months. However, he is now on the high road to recovery and will be among us again in a short time.

—The Athletic Association received a donation from the Hon. Abraham L. Brick a few weeks ago to help in defraying the expenses of sending our relay team to Philadelphia. Mr. Brick's best wishes for the success of our team accompanied the donation. The Athletic Association and members of the team, as well as the entire student body, are deeply grateful to our representative for his kindness.

A. L. K.

## Local Items.

—Lost: A gold watch. Finder, please return it to the office and receive reward.

—The track meet that was to be held at Wisconsin to-day was cancelled by Wisconsin.

—Brownson Hall will play Goshen High School on May 24. The last game there was an eleven inning one, Brownson finally winning out by its superior playing.

—All those desiring to enter into the gentle game of lawn-tennis should get out their rackets and appear in the large gymnasium. The court there is perhaps the coolest spot in the University.

—There is a probability that we will not compete in the Indiana track championship this year. The date has been set for May 30; and this is the day on which the conference colleges will contest in Chicago. Our entrees are filed with both.

—The debating contest between Notre Dame and Butler College will take place in Washington Hall on May 14. Thus far we have figuratively lifted Butler's scalp on three occasions. May it prove that we can perform the same difficult feat a fourth time. Although we feel kindly toward those gentlemen, yet we would have their scalps.

—The preliminaries for the oratorical contest will be held on May 14. But six men can qualify and these will appear on the Washington Hall stage at the end of the month to contend for the medal. The contest last year was one of the best seen at Notre Dame in years. Judging from the entrees this year the fight for first honours should be equally as strong.

—Wm. Langknecht has again broken his record for the total strength test by raising it from 1206 kilos to 1247.2 kilos. Langknecht is but a seventeen year old boy; and it seems peculiar that the big fellows at the University, weight men, football players, etc., should not go into training and endeavor to raise the strength test record to figures boasted of by Minnesota and Harvard.

—Oscar Lippman, politician and diplomat, went out campaigning a short time ago. We knew immediately what the end must be. His campaigns grew incisive and decisive. He was not much above the surface, but, like the undercurrent, he was a factor to be reckoned with. Last Tuesday he put the finishing touches on the noble work by dodging law and as a result Mr. Fogarty was elected mayor of South Bend. And still they will shout "there is nobody like Oscar."

—Man is an imitative animal, and consequently the distinguished success in phrenology, which has fallen to the lot of Teddy, has had the effect of creating a longing in the

heart of Bill Cameron for fame in the same science. Any afternoon these two gentlemen with their "heir apparent to the throne" poses can be seen discussing phrenology. One of Bill's peculiarities is a strong tendency to differ in opinion from other people upon almost every possible subject, and there is much beating of the air and sparring when Teddy is trying to convince them.

—Father Ready prepared a surprise for many of the men at the University who did not know what alterations had been made in the Sorin Hall chapel. Some months back Father Ready perceived what improvements could be made in the chapel, and then, with his characteristic activity, began to bring these about. The walls were handsomely painted; a beautiful altar, built by Brother Columkille, six pieces of statuary ordered and stained-glass windows put in. The improvements in the chapel are not yet completed, and when they are Sorin Hall will have the handsomest chapel in the University. The formal opening will take place when Father Morrissey returns from the South.

—The Philopatrian orchestra in recognition of its valorous service during the year will be given an outing on May 15. Next Saturday the same orchestra will tender a reception to the Faculty in the parlour. On May 22 the Philopatrians will disband at their annual picnic. The society has never been in so prosperous a condition as it is this year—and all due to its genial director. The members have met week after week in debates, recitations, and music. They have whiled away hours in a manner that was as instructive as fun making. And best of all they have successfully staged a Shaksperian play, *As You Like It*, that called forth commendation from even the most caustic of our critics.

—Last Monday night the University tendered Mr. John Lane O'Connor and his band of Twelfth Nighters a banquet at the Oliver hotel. The spread was certainly a glorious one and made the embryonic actors think that they were having "greatness thrust upon them." Lew Wagner and Harry Crumley were on the amusement committee, and proceeded to deal out the humour for the bunch. Even the mermaids on the wall smiled and the sea roared. Piel went into a pipe dream, and when he woke up the olives had disappeared, but fair Olivia still graced the table. Maria was much in evidence during the spread. Later on the banqueters betook themselves to "Quality Street" to see Maud Adams. For this treat the Twelfth Nighters extend their cordial thanks to the gentlemen of the Faculty, for the latter know how to reach the heart of any actor.

—Brownson practically won the Inter-hall Championship last Thursday afternoon, easily defeating Sorin's braves. "Jim" Herbert

essayed to twirl for Sorin, and for a few innings did remarkably well, but in the third Brownson jumped on him, and exploded his curves and his ambition, and Sorin's hopes, and many other things. Opfergelt, the slab artist for Brownson, had the Sorinites at his mercy, allowing but six hits, and striking out eight men. O'Malley's sensational catch of Groogan's line drive, Padden's base running, and Salmon's slashing two bagger in the ninth with the bases full, were the chief features of the game.

Brownson	0	5	1	0	1	3	0	1	4	—15	11	6
Sorin	3	0	1	0	2	0	0	2	0	—8	6	5

—Thursday night the senior classes, collegiate and law, united in a love feast at the Oliver. Good cheer went to assuage the inner man, and for the second time in our history we beheld the pleasing though seemingly impossible spectacle of wolf and lamb peacefully partaking at the same board. The courses, which seemed well-nigh unlimited had had their assuaging effect; the music of Elbel's orchestra had come in to soften any troubled spirits; Oscar Lippman was dreaming of that city attorneyship which soon would be his; Bill Cameron's laugh was shaking the rafters, and even the maids on the walls seemed to wink; Tommy D's smile beamed and lighted up the banquet table, when lo! there came a hush, a storm, and then the toasts of the night were on. Mr. F. E. Hering was the toast-master of the evening.

For two hours the pale blue atmosphere was punctuated with witticisms which even the indomitable Chauncey Depew could never generate. They were original, and even better than original: they either lifted a man into the lands of jokerdom or killed him. And there were no dead ones there after, as "Bill" Cameron said, looking at the depleted board before him; "We had come, we had seen, we had conquered." The inspiration of the evening was caught from the toast-master, and then humorous inspirations came forth. Mitchell, O'Hara, Kinney, Cameron, Wilson, Dwyer and Dukette, set the table agoing at times with tears and smiles,—the fun never ceased and the laughter went on. Brown, Sullivan, Garza, and Krug were called upon for impromptu remarks, and the echo of the laugh-making proclivities of the first men came back. And when all was finished there was not a dry lip in the house, for the water bottles had given up the ghost.

—The proprietor of the "Paper Trust" received a paper a short time ago containing pictures of a number of pretty girls who composed the Beauty Club in a small town. The proprietor selected the prettiest in the bunch, and wrote to her. He had the courage to use his own name. To the surprise of himself and his two assistants, he received an answer. The letters came and went like clock-work; and although photographs were

exchanged, the trust magnate was still in the race. Finally the proprietor informed the assistants that he was going away on a vacation. He has since returned, and we are informed that a member of the Beauty Club now has a dower right in the magnate's estate.

—Teddy at war, Teddy at peace, and Teddy in the hearts of his countrymen is the same Teddy; but Teddy the fudge eater and captivator is a different person altogether. We do not wonder at the natural turn in the tide of human events that has set him at versifying, but for the life of us we can not believe that he is the author of the following acrostic that has been turned in to us.

The first dim bars of the bright June day  
Have set deep fire in her eye.  
E'er the faint, gray streaks of the sun's last ray  
Will leave the shimmering sky,  
I take myself to her little cove  
Down near the St. Joe's billow—  
Or at her feet like a dove, I cry  
Willow! willow! willow!

—Last Tuesday the Faculty acted on Purdue's protest of "Bob" Fischer, our star left fielder. Fischer will not don a Varsity suit during the remainder of the year. His offence is that he played with DePauw, last year, in one or two games. The rule runs that if a player leaves a university, on which team he has played, he must either be a graduate of that school or absent from it a year before he can represent another college. Another Varsity man was suspended from the baseball team on account of class conditions. Two track men are laid up on the shelf as a result of failure in class work—one permanently, the other until he can lift his class conditions. It seems that we will have but few men to represent us in the conference meet, May 31, owing to the inability of some of our "star" members to carry a few classes and compete on one of the athletic teams. If it were that those men did not have the ability to do good class work there would be some excuse; but their failure is due to pure "cussedness".

—When the baseball team returned from the Indiana trip there was an appearance of suppressed excitement visible among the different members. But murder will out, and a few notes from the games will suffice. At Indiana, Shaughnessy, the genial "Shag," stood in deep slumber in right field when a baseball player swatted a fierce ball out into this garden. Some say that "Shag" had been affected by the fair ones in the grand stand, and that the love-light that fell from his eye obscured the ball; but the most authentic story seems to be that "Shag" was awakened from his pipe dream by the swat of the bat. He jumped, looked up into the air and saw some object passing. He started for this, and after chasing it thirty yards stopped to examine it only to discover that it was a bird.

"Ducky" Hemp, the invincible "Ducky,"

was introduced to a wondering audience at a small station in Podunk as an original Filipino. "Bobby" did the spell-binding work, and after commenting very learnedly on the Filipino question he held up "Ducky" to this interested crowd. The Bundy hotel was somewhat overcrowded when the team struck it. "Bill" Higgins was given a bed of the 1492 pattern, and the following morning when "Bill" awoke he discovered that the bed had fallen in during the night and that he was under it.

Joe Dohan seemed to use that hypnotic smile of his with wonderful effect. His only rival in the conquering line being J. Patrick O'R. Memories of Crawfordsville still remain with the latter gentleman.

—The "Giants" and the "Midgets," two Sorin Hall aggregations, met in mortal combat on Brownson Hall campus last week. The game was a hair raising one, and by the time it was finished Tommy D. had nearly a full crop. Score: Midgets, 13; Giants, 10. Harry Browne tossed the ball for the Midgets. D. K. O'Malley held a similar position of trust for the Giants. "Studie," the Silent Lover, stood a short stop where he took in all the high balls that came along. His ability to step on those Triblys of his, and V. Oight's great base running were marked by the enthusiastic crowd and were the features of the game.

John R. came up to bat. There was a look in his eye that had caused the Inter-urban cars many a time to blink. John had been dreaming of fame and baseball. But Harry Browne tossed the sphere a few times across his knee. Johnny bent the crab, strained a few tendons and then struck dismally out. Studie was the next man to step up to the plate. He wore his Prince Henry grin and cap; struck at the air a few times as though he were going to eat them up some, and then concluded that he had better sit down, while the crowd yelled, "What's the matter with Studie!"

At no time during the game was the day in danger. The Midgets started in to win and the Giants started in to oppose them. The dust blew and the Giants felt blue, but the game went on. Sweeney stood behind the bat and stopped balls that under ordinary circumstances would go over the dome. Harry Fink's whip was out of order when Burke stole second; George Kelly had him arrested on the charge of base lifting. Chief Kinney was not on the field; Lottie held down a corner of his room and the game passed off quietly. Occasionally Cupid Wilson got pipe dreams, and the Poet Pitcher, armed with a sonnet, was sent to put him out of trouble. Another feature of the game was the little boy that played centre for the Midgets. The Sun looked down and winked at him, for it recognized an old friend. On account of his old acquaintance with the game he will soon be pensioned.