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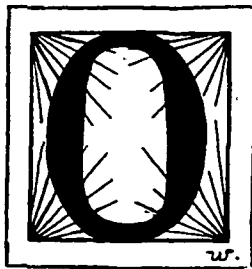
## Mount Callan.

FRANCIS J. BARRY, 1903.

**B**EHIND thy base I've watched the billows roll,  
When golden lay the sun upon the sea,  
And listened to the ocean rhythmically  
Thunder and bellow through the narrow shoal;  
And there I've knelt, and heard the vesper's toll  
Proclaim the toilers from their tasks made free;  
And there I've seen along the silent lea  
The mists of eve in drowsy columns loll.  
Ah! now I see thy heathy peak no more.  
My sun no longer tints thy crimson breast.  
No deep-toned murmurs of the ocean wave  
Are wafted hither from the rocky shore.  
The vesper bell and its ensuing rest,  
No more reminds me of a soul to save.

## A Strange Bit of Moss.

WILLIAM A. SHEA, 1902.



**O**NE room in the Old Mission never has been and probably never will be occupied by a guest. It is a most pleasant room, too, for it overlooks the sparkling channel between the Lake Superior island and the mainland; and the delightful breeze from the northeast always keeps it cool. Many years ago, before the big black steamers of the white man had brought people from the busy outside world to the little island the Old Mission had been a mission indeed, not a hotel. In these far-off days was when the room fell into disuse.

Father Thibideau left the island to visit a small band of Chippewas about a day's travel to the west of us, and he had promised on the day of his return to marry Brave Heart

and Waubana. That day had come, and lovers never parted with lighter hearts than did those two when Brave Heart pushed his boat away from the pier and started across the channel to fetch the priest. The sail bellied out, the little craft lay over, then started through the water like a thing of life. As she moved away the clicking of the ripples under her drum-tight bow was music to the ears of the sailor. The day was hot, but it promised fair. A light breeze blew out of the northeast, and little balls of cloud moved up the sky. Waubana watched till the dazzling water pained her eyes. With a bounding heart she raced up the grassy slope to the Old Mission, which was a real mission then, and not a hotel, whence she could get a better view of the channel. Six miles isn't far, she thought, but from her elevated position she could see that Brave Heart wasn't half way across the channel. The breeze that had carried him so joyously out of the harbour was fast dying. The glassy waves without a single whitened crest were rolling lazily; the heated air was dancing on the white sand of the beach.

Glancing to the southwest Waubana was startled to see an ugly storm sweeping toward her. It was headed by a massive roller of gray with a heavy fringe of black at the bottom. When Waubana passed under the heavy shadow she could see Brave Heart's little craft quite plainly. It was only half way across the channel, and it stood there like a painted picture. The canvas hung straight from gaff to boom. The same boat that had seemed to have the breath of life in her as she sped away from the island now swished about like something dead.

The day turned black; the heated air in the twinkling of an eye became cool. Looking to the southwest Waubana saw that under the advancing storm the lake was ruffled. The white caps were bounding toward her—toward Brave Heart—and how long could his poor

bark stand them? The white-feathered drifts were rushing on, breaking the calm ahead of them with the haste of frenzy. The wind struck the clump of trees at the head of the island a few hundred-yards off and shook them; it caught Waubana, and as she braced herself against it, she tried to doubt its fury. The seething of the water sounded like the flight of pigeons; the small French trading vessel in the cove took up the slack in her anchor-rope, and swung about for a few moments in an effort to break free. The curling breakers tumbled and rushed up the beach. In the dark of the storm the little rag of a sail far out in the channel appeared whiter than ever. To Waubana it was the whiteness of death.

As the gale caught the insignificant craft, Waubana sent up an audible prayer to the God that Father Thibideau had taught her of. Brave Heart was a good sailor—the best the island could boast of; but what would his ability avail in such a terrific gale? The boat had scarcely begun to cut away the shore line across the channel when mast and sail went overboard. Brave Heart was left to be slapped along by the driving waves. Worst of all he would not drift ashore; he must go straight out the channel into the big lake.

As the wind continued the waves grew long and heavy, the French trading vessel tossed wildly and tugged at her anchor. The wretched shell that carried Brave Heart appeared only when borne to the crest of the highest waves; it was filling with water and drifting slowly outward. A whirling, blinding rain swept up the channel and closed out the view of the green hills opposite.

That night Waubana slept in the Old Mission. Father Thibideau might come, and he might have news of Brave Heart. All alone in the great building, Waubana knelt at her window overlooking the starlit channel, and prayed, earnestly for the Indian she loved. Whether it was for his soul or his personal safety she herself scarcely knew; but still she prayed and when she arose from the floor of rough-hewn saplings it was late in the night. How dark the room seemed! almost like a sepulchre. The ceiling was low; standing on tiptoe a man might have reached to it. The walls were hewn logs plastered with mud. The furniture consisted of a bench made of saplings, a print of Raphael's Madonna del Granduca, and a neat bed built in one corner. Everything was silent except for the swish of the little waves on the beach below. Alone

in that big house, Waubana lay down to sleep.


In her first troubled sleep came a dream: some one, a man, was struggling for his life in a heavy sea. His lips and fingers were blue, the cold water was fast taking his strength. She wanted to reach to him, to help him, but something held her. Even when his strength was spent and he began to sink it was impossible to clutch him; but meeting his horror-stricken gaze as he sank she awoke. The floor of her room had turned into a great pool of water. It gave off a strange light as though the glimmer of the moon were upon it. A large quantity of moss floated about in the water, and from the moss radiated a far brighter light which filled the whole room. After a time Waubana lapsed into a refreshing sleep. When she arose in the morning, there was a small damp spot on the floor. Stooping over, she picked up a handful of moss, and that moss was of a kind that is found only at the bottom of Lake Superior. From that day to this no one has ever slept in that room.

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### My Monument.

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.

Horace iii—Ode 30th.

ORE lasting far than shining bronze,  
And higher still than Egypt's stone,  
That lofty battles, winds and suns,  
I've built my monument alone.

Which neither storm nor raging wind,  
Nor wasting showers nor year on year,  
Nor swiftly passing season's time,  
Are able to destroy or sear.

I shall not wholly die, or sever  
All touch of earth when life has passed;  
Posterity shall praise me ever,  
For on my brow Fame's crown is cast.

While the Capitol the priest ascends  
In hand with the vestal, silent, calm,—  
My praises will be sung by friends,  
In glorious song and tender psalm.

When Aufidus flows swift along,  
When Daunus rustic people sways,  
And water scant to the thirsting throng,—  
They'll honor me in many ways.

Exalted from a low degree,  
It shall be said I first the song  
Of Æolis did fit in verse—  
That in Italian sweeps along.

Melpomene that pride put on,  
That by your merits you acquire,—  
And gird my head with Delphic crown  
For song-inspired by heavenly fire.

Rudyard Kipling.\*

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, '01.

(CONCLUSION.)

Another peculiar merit of Kipling's poetry displays itself in his choice of material and his power to make any subject interesting. Subjects the most diverse are handled by him with the same degree of intimacy, and where the ordinary poet would look in vain for material he finds it in abundance. He gathers his material at home and saves us from taking a long and wearisome trip to some far-distant land, whose people speak an unknown language, with whom we have little in common and usually care little about. Then he finds his own age worthy of song instead of taking us back to ancient times to find a topic for his poetry, and "this age of telegraph, Hotchkiss guns and Saratoga trunks has found its only balladist in him. The sea, when he writes of it, is not the played-out ocean of dhow and galley and picturesque but unwieldy three-deckers, but of the darting cruiser, the liner, spurning leagues a day in every weather, the buffeting elements and the engineer. In his 'Seven Seas,' one hears the sound of the screw pounding the waves behind the English ships, the ring of gold on the counters of the merchant, the shrill fifes, the Afghan bullets, and the banjo of the settler, who, by the dying fire, 'sings to the naked stars' the songs of his exile." The ideal world for him is in the actual, and in this he has done well; and "a brain-weary people, sick of abstruse sermons played on dulcimers have hailed with gladness this song and chorus with a banjo accompaniment." Kipling has shown the English people how abstractly and ideally their authors write, and how the greater number of them present what is "Beautiful in nature, noble in man, pure and chaste in woman's heart," but overlook the beautiful in the actual. He writes of nature, and therefore affects all men alike, and as he has written well he may expect to last, for nature is the same in all ages. The same passions that actuated the human mind from the earliest period of man's existence continue to affect it at the present hour, and this is the reason why the true poet can not have far to look for his material, all that is necessary is to go and

take it. He used material so entirely new and a method so novel in "The Seven Seas" and "Barrack-Room Ballads" that he "went straight to the hearts of men, and introduced them to a new and wider sweep of interests and a more just appreciation of the realities of life."

Closely linked with his power to choose his material is his ability to present that material in the clearest and most graphic manner. Simplicity is justly considered the supreme excellence in all matters of art, for by this quality they more nearly resemble the productions of nature, and if we accredit Kipling with no other excellence, he deserves the laurel for this one quality which he possesses in an eminent degree. Nothing is more tiresome to a virtuoso than the gaudy glitter of florid colors and a vast profusion of light unsubdued by shade. In architecture, a multiplicity of minute ornaments and a vast variety of angles and cavities point out mean art. In music we have the same force in play. The wild variations, the useless repetitions and the sudden and unnatural transitions from the key, spoil a piece of music that would otherwise be perfect. So too in writing, whether we consider the style or the sentiment, simplicity is a beauty. A redundancy of metaphors, a heap of sounding and florid epithets, remote allusions, sudden flashes of wit, lively and epigrammatic turns, far from beautifying, serve only to conceal the matter beneath.

Kipling is never ornate; a substantive and a verb from him are often enough to make a scene stand out before us in high relief. If an adjective is used, it has the power to give an object its necessary individuality. He never loses himself in the details that surround an object, for he has that genius which tells of greatness in an author as well as in a painter. "Where the ordinary painter produces his effect with many a stroke and careful elaboration, the great painter produces the same effect with a single bold and suggestive stroke." Kipling usually produces his effects by a single stroke. He always chooses a happy word, and has this word come at the right moment. This clearness of sight is the foundation of all art, for unless we can see our object how can we fix it in our affection or understanding?

Another claim to greatness, not so obvious to the ordinary reader, is Kipling's "enthusiasm for humanity." Probably Kipling does not christen his attribute with this name, or he

\*Competitive essay for English Medal.

may be ignorant that such a quality may be found in his works, but this characteristic penetrates everything he does. In every character, he presents a man, not a painted, clay image; and when "He holds up for our view the soldier, sailor or engineer, the reader always sees the real man beneath the uniform and behind the drink and black-guardism. Often when he speaks of the roughest men, his humanity lends a tremor to his voice, and its waves of silent sympathy, like the new telegraphy, carry his emotions to the hearts of his audience." In his humanity he is ever true, because he paints the characters of men whom he has studied through seventeen years of patient toil. When he sings of men, he goes out and produces the genuine article; he does not evolve humanity from the luxurious cushions of an easy chair, nor seek for inspiration on the boulevards or promenades. He goes among men, talks with them, loafs with them, studies them and learns them. Thus he has acquired an intimate knowledge of men that enables him to speak to all of his countrymen and have all of them understand him. This same fire has enabled him to rouse the flame of patriotism in the hearts of the English, and whatever else we may say of him, we have to concede that he is the poet of the Empire. "He only puts his bugle to his lips when it is sure to be of service, and the blasts he calls forth fill the minds of his countrymen with respect for their country, her duties, and her responsibilities." He says in a "Song for the English":

Fair is our lot, oh, goodly is our heritage!  
 Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth,  
 For the Lord, our God most high,  
 He hath made the deep as dry,  
 He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all  
 the earth.  
 Yea, though we sinned, and our rulers went from right-  
 eousness,  
 Deep in all dishonor, though we stained our gar-  
 ment's hem,  
 Oh! be ye not dismayed,  
 Though we stumbled and we strayed,  
 We were led by evil counsellors, the Lord shall deal  
 with them.

Some critics have blamed this tendency to perpetuate the idea of imperialism, and have accused Kipling of blatancy and "Holliganism." Kipling certainly deals heavily in war-stories and war-poems, but this is no ground for censure. We can not always have peace, nor can we always talk peace, and when the eagle takes the place of the dove on the standards of nations, why should we not have

some one to talk of war? Europe to-day presents the spectacle of a high military camp; all the nations of the continent as well as England are armed to the teeth and are living in mutual dread of each other. They are devoured by an insatiable ambition of conquest and dominion, or by fear of invasion. France is at this moment in a state of restlessness that bespeaks her disquiet. England is in the throes of her biggest war since the Sepoy rebellion. Even our own country is not immune from the imperialistic mania. Some time war may not be a necessity, but the millenium is not yet here, and while war is with us why not sing of war?

In writing of war Kipling has done well and deserves full credit on this side. But though we speak of Kipling as the first writer of to-day, we do not mean to insinuate thereby that he is an impeccable artist; we perceive and acknowledge certain defects, but these do not destroy our esteem for the whole.

Probably the most noticeable defect in all his work is his inclination toward realistic naturalism. This is a pleasure-loving age and the energies of men are bent on all that will tend to give them greater ease and comfort; mankind is averse to pain, and would banish all thought of it from their minds, and Kipling is permeated with this same notion and seems to do homage to the principle "The pleasant is permitted." Again he does not conceal any of the failings of his characters, nor does he throw a veil over their moral degeneracy. On the contrary, the ugliness of actuality is more attractive for him, and he refuses to "Seek art for art's sake amid inartistic reality." He draws a picture of Anglo-Indian life so full of roughness that it becomes unpleasant. He says himself that it is his aim to light up the "dirty corner" of the room, but he has been too consistently faithful in his portrayal of this section. True, he does not go beyond the bounds of truth, but he does overstep the limits of his art, for the doors of art will remain shut to naturalism forever. Even at the expense of naturalism, Kipling did well to expose the prudery of the Englishman who will ignore vice though it be at his feet, and who will not see virtue though it stand before him. English literature possesses in Kipling the first naturalistic author whom his people have been willing to patronize, though his morals have not been the outgrowth of sound philosophy.

"He is naturally strong himself, and with

his enthusiasm for bravery he is led into a total disregard of passive endurance and moral elevation; still his sin is one of omission rather than one of commission." No one will dispute the fact that the man in Kipling's works is always superior to the woman; she seems to be introduced into the plot solely for the development of the hero. He gives his men a being, but leaves the woman as a silhouette. He does not seem to know of the existence of noble women, but seems to form a mental image of something of which he has heard only the name. In "William the Conqueror" he has done well, but even there, the heroine displays fine masculine traits rather than those essentially feminine. Kipling has been called the man's poet, and he deserves the title; but to sing of men does not require strident misogyny for a setting, and Kipling has failed in this one point. Men still place noble women on the pinnacle to which Christ raised them, and all great poets have tendered her her proper glorification. In "The Ladies," "McAndrew's Hymn," and the "Barrack-Room Ballads" he persistently holds up to view those women whose only note of femininity is their apparel, and does not seem to know that there are other women in the world and other manners. This is partly the fault of the age, and Kipling sticks persistently to the tendencies of the day, even the bad ones.

Ours is above all a materialistic age, and it finds its exact echo in Kipling's books. He writes of all that is utilitarian and of all that is in keeping with the tendencies of a pleasure-seeking people. He has perfectly identified himself with our day, and in an era which has such control over the forces of nature that man, by the pressing of a button, can set the most powerful machinery in motion, turn on or off the incredible power of Niagara, or send his ships speeding beneath the water, he has come as its only interpreter.

We may sum up Kipling's claims to greatness by saying that he has been the foremost among men of letters to awaken dormant love of country and to revive in a great people the true sense of their duties. He stirred up the patriotism of the English people, and took it down from the drawing-room and diffused its beneficent influence among millions who had hitherto remained untouched." We think we are just in saying that no poet of patriotism has ever thrilled a people as Kipling has done. This fact, however, would not make

him a great man, still, "to utter one's age perfectly is a most remarkable achievement, and Kipling has sounded a note that will make him famous wherever the heart of an Englishman is throbbing."

Kipling is essentially a popular poet, and we fear for his position when this fit of materialism has played itself out. Public taste will change, and Kipling is too sincere in his work to change with it, and those who to-day swing their censers before him will then be the first to stone him. This has been the case with all popular poets. The works of writers who filled their age with wonder and whose names we find celebrated in the books of their contemporaries are no longer to be seen, or are seen only among the lumber of libraries which are seldom visited, and where they lie monuments to the fickleness of popularity. In literature we have known popularity greater even than his with nothing perennial in the interior of it.

Kipling has laid hold of recent occurrences, and delights his readers with allusions and remarks in which all are interested, and to which all are therefore attentive; but the effect will cease with its cause; the time will come when new events will drive the present from memory; and when the vicissitudes of the world bring new hopes and fears and transfer the love and hatred of the public to other things, Kipling's works, no longer assisted by gratitude or resentment, will be left to the cold regard of idle curiosity—so vainly is talent lavished on transient topics; so little can architecture secure duration when the ground is false.

Do we consider Kipling a great man? The question of greatness would now be a matter of word-precision. Many men of less capacity than Kipling have been heralded to the world as great men, and whoever thinks him a great man may style him so, and yet our epithets to have a sterling worth should have a certain ring of precision in them. First of all we shall set aside the notion of popularity which by its very nature is ephemeral. A few years pass and the name that the very heavens re-echoed is lost amid the shouts that hail the next literary wonder. We shall omit his popularity altogether and hold it as an accident, not as a quality of Kipling's greatness. We shall remove the bonfires, incense and adulation from our subject and in the bare reality seek for a quality that betokens greatness.



We accredit Kipling with sincerity, simplicity, love for humanity and ardent devotedness to his country; but these qualities have been possessed by many poets whom we would not term great. He has taken literature from the parlor and the studio and has placed it in the barracks, the camp, the mess-room, the holds of ships and the cabins of locomotives; in fact, wherever men are. In this he has done well; but it seems to us that nature's loom uses other stuff in weaving the greatness of poets. He has shown the power of song as an actual, present influence in the life of the world, and "in his political ballads and poems of the occasion he has proved his title to be regarded as the most virile singer of his day."

He has identified himself with his age, and it is a prodigious thing to utter one's age well. He has written much, but in all of his works, if we bar out their timeliness, we shall find but few pieces that have the ring of genius in them. Kipling is notorious for the sums he has received, but we shall not measure the greatness of poetry by its value in English gold. Look where you will in Kipling's works you can not find any trace of the ideas or spirit that stirs in the minds of great men.

We would not have the reader think that we wish to disparage the good work he has done; we deem him the most remarkable poet our world has had in a long time, and esteem him highly, though we would not place him in the same class with men of real greatness. With Kipling you may lay your finger on faults real or imagery; you may find his prose crammed with flashy epigrams, and his verse teeming with the false and transient notions of the day, but you can not pass him by. You can not maintain that in estimating the literary forces and tendencies of the age, it is possible to leave him out of account. We shall call him a genuine poet, the poet of his people, and anything more would be flattery. Stevenson said: "Bright is the ring of words when the right man rings them, and Kipling has again and again shown that he is the right man." His is the brightest star in the literary firmament of to-day, and that same star has grown brighter during each of the fourteen years we have known it, and it is not yet near the setting. In our day there is no necessity to plead for Kipling; he is almost too well liked. We hope he may last, and we prophesy that he will, for he is enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen, and will last while England lasts.

### Varsity Verse.

TO MY PEN.

DEAR fashioner of all my weal and woe,  
I dedicate to you this limping rime,  
Companion of my ill-spent midnight time,  
I've ever felt your kindly, fervent glow.  
Oft when my thoughts had lost their limpid flow,  
And far away I heard the old clock strike,  
And ghostly waiter, elf and eerie sprite,  
Had left their flimsy castles of the night  
To revel here,  
You've whispered in my ears the things I know.

Companion of the vagrant days I've seen  
Watching by the sun-shot dancing brook,  
The gray old trout at play, and fling and look,  
Then down beneath the water's silver sheen.  
And then to listen as the flitting robin flung  
Its hallos to the earth, the trees, the sky,  
And e'en before the pulsant echoes die,  
To hear the woods alive with songs as yet unsung.

I've watched the lark mount up its skyey way,  
And singing as it soared, leap up and run,  
As on through bars, vermilion, gold and gray,  
It sought the glowing, dying, glorious sun,  
And piercing on to reach the halls of day,  
Sent back a last sad strain of song  
Re-echoing the clouds among.

And then I'm lost in moods, now sad, now gay—  
But you respond unto my changing soul;  
Again my fancies lift me far away,  
Wand'ring where the leaping sunbeams play,  
Waking with the first faint streaks of day,  
Till clouds and sky and all from pole to pole,  
Are changed in wondrous beauty. And then I look,  
To find that you have turned me out a roundelay;  
And thus, companion of my ill-spent midnight time,  
I dedicate to you this limping rime.

J. J. S.

### A SENIOR'S LAMENT.

My school is o'er; from boy to man  
Seems such a few short, happy years,  
Compared to that long, weary span  
That holds the future's, hopes and fears.

E. E. W.

### RONDELET.

When wild birds sing  
Come moments in their sweetness rare.  
When wild birds sing  
Over copse and meadows ring  
Their melodies; the echoes there  
Fill and thrill the balmy air  
When wild birds sing.

E. E. W.

### TRIOLET.

One dreamy Autumn day,  
I longed for the far-off city,  
And thought of the old back way,  
One dreamy Autumn day,  
But the prefect was "next" they say,  
We met on the path—'twas a pity.  
One dreamy Autumn day  
I longed for the far-off city.

H. D.

## Some Advantages of Journalistic Training.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

When a young fellow gets his A. B. or Litt. B. he does not think that he has the great abundance of knowledge the world commonly believes he thinks. He takes the proper measurement of his fund of ideas and finds it very limited. He may honestly believe that he can swamp a freshman with facts or "bluff," but this proves nothing to him, for a freshman is not the perfection of intellectual development; and thus he becomes conscious of his limitations. He finds that his concepts of most things are not clearly defined; that the data he has been absorbing stands before him like fading beacons in a mist—things obscure. But should he wish to get special knowledge on any given subject, he knows where to look for it. This, after all, is one of the chief benefits of any course. If we know where to seek what we want, our collegiate training has not been in vain.

Thus developed a college graduate goes into a newspaper office. He looks around for the proverbial ink pot, printer's devil and all those beings he dreamed of, and of which Thackeray and Dickens drew graphic illustrations; but as far as his world is concerned they are gone. Then he is sent out to do special assignment or suburban work. Here is where he sees his limitations. He does not know how to ask a question or what to ask. He is not conscious of this fact until he comes into the town office or calls the management up over telephone with the intention of giving it a story. Then he perceives how woefully he has fallen in getting his authority, names. When a young fellow is holding down an editor's cushion on his college paper, contributing verse, stories and essays, it is marvellous how inexact he may become. In his verse he may wander through "clouds," "sunshine," "brooks," "mountains of mists," all things that seem ideal to him; in his stories he will lay his plot in any place or at any time,—the old unities that Aristotle called for do not bother him; in his essays he goes "hither and thither like a painter," picking up stray bits to enrich the web he is weaving. But in all this work he does not struggle for exactness. And thus when he strikes the newspaper office he brings with him this development, and he does not know what questions to ask; how

to get his story. He meets with a murder mystery; proceeds to investigate it; thinks that he has all the data that can be gathered, but when he begins to throw his material together, he discovers that a name or street number, something very important, is missing.

A few failures of this kind, some suggestions (not always angelic) from the managing editor, and the reporter begins to grow exact. If anything happens and he is on the scent, he asks questions which even a clever lawyer on cross examination would not think of. He wants authority for everything. He will not use a fictitious name and address, for the desk man has a city directory ready which will lead to his exposure. He sets his mind on one thing at a time and works at that until it is accomplished. This power of concentration necessarily has a salutary effect, for it teaches a person to work at one subject until what is best in it is had. Often the best in a newspaper story is very poor, but this is not the question. The reporter's ideals may be shattered after a residence with a city daily; he may see sides of life that turn him either missionary or sinner; but after his probation is over he finds that for good mental training, power of concentration and cross examination he is a much stronger being than when he strode across the college stage to get his degree.

## The Rebound.

HAROLD H. DAVITT, 1903.

"Then you did not love me, but my money?" said Herbert Warren, and his voice trembled in spite of his efforts at control.

"Why, Herbert! how can you say that? Of course I like you, but can't you see that our marriage would be impossible?" answered Marie Greening, with just a touch of impatience in her voice and manner.

"Yes, Marie,—quite—impossible," he said slowly. He bowed very low as he said "good-bye," but did not take the out-stretched hand, and the next instant he was gone.

Warren's mind was all confused as he walked down the street, and the more he tried to collect his thoughts, the harder this became. He tried to persuade himself that it was all an ugly dream, and that he must soon awake. The news of his failure had been a light blow compared to this one. When he had gone to

Marie that afternoon, it had been with the feeling that she of all would be the last to desert him. He remembered the surprised look that had come over her face when she learned that through a stroke of ill-luck he had failed; that their plans must all be changed, and she would marry a poor man. His entire possessions were a few worthless mining stocks, but he "was young and strong," he said, "and would make her happy."

Like the cut of a knife came the words that told him she would not marry him now. Not that she did not love him, only she was sure their marriage would be a mistake. "You can not give me the position I must have, and, dear, I would only be a drag on you." He remembered, too, the feeling that had come over him as he pleaded with her. It seemed as if something within himself had fought against his pleading and he had wondered.

His thoughts were suddenly broken upon by a voice calling to him. Turning he saw Betty Rust in her high cart trying to hold her horse and call to him at the same time. He went out to the curb and obeying the command to "Hurry," climbed in beside her. Like a flash "Lady Babbie" was trotting down the street, and many a person turned to watch the handsome black horse and stylish cart that drove by.

"Am I interfering with business, Herbert?" said Betty, as she guided the spirited horse by slower vehicles.

"No, indeed; I was only going to the office for I had nowhere else to go."

"Then you must come to dinner with me to-night. Mamma will be very glad, and I want you too."

Warren hesitated. "Would she be like the other if she knew that he was poor? Would she have invited him thus? He and Betty had always been friends—good friends; but that was all, and if the other had left him, why surely Betty could not be expected to remain his friend."

He was about to refuse, when Betty turned to him, and her soft blue eyes were glistening with unshed tears.

"Oh, Herbert! I know you are going to refuse and all because you are proud. Papa told us about your loss, and we felt badly. Now you must come, or it will be unkind."

"Would you care if I did not come?"

She was intent on her driving for a moment, and Warren as he watched her could not help admiring the ease with which the erect little

figure in its driving suit, controlled the horse. He had never thought her half so pretty, but now as he saw the changing color in her face and the light dancing in her eyes he wondered why he had been so long in ignorance. Her horse quiet again she turned to Warren:

"Must I care before you will come? Then I do care, ever and ever so much."

That night when Warren left her he could not help thinking how different it was from the way he had left Marie. It had only been that afternoon, and yet it seemed years.

"I wonder if Betty would have treated me so," he mused. And the void that had been made by the cruelty of Marie was being filled with the kindness of Betty.

Two months after, Marie Greening sat in her room looking out at the fading light in the west. She had promised to marry Graham Morse, and she thought to herself that at last her wish for money was granted.

"I will be the richest woman in town," she told herself; "and yet I—I wish it could have been Herbert. I wonder what has become of him. I have not seen him for a long time." She felt that she loved Warren as much as she could ever love any man, but the desire for wealth and power had won.

Her eye caught sight of a paper and by the fading light she looked over it, scarcely knowing why she did so. She was about to throw it away, when she saw something that made her pause. It was only a short notice tucked away in one corner of the paper, but it made her heart quicken as she read it. It simply stated "that a supposed worthless copper mine turned out to be one of the richest in the country, and that among the heaviest stockholders was Mr. Herbert Warren of this city. He will be remembered as one of the men caught in the last fall of wheat and who was reported ruined a short time ago."

For a long time Marie sat trying to read the future. "Herbert rich again! He can, he must be mine," she said half aloud. Rising she rang for the maid, and when the gas was lighted walked over to the tall glass. The being that looked back at her was a tall, fair-haired woman whose dark eyes contrasted strangely with her golden hair. That she was strikingly beautiful was beyond doubt, but the face was cold. She was evidently satisfied with the result, for her face was softer when she returned to her chair.

As she sat forming in her mind a plan to win all back again a knock on the door



interrupted her, and the maid came in with an envelope in her hand.

Marie wondered what it could be. An invitation she knew, and her curiosity was aroused. "A wedding invitation, but whose?" Carefully cutting it, she drew out the card. She started as her eyes fell on the paper. Like one dazed she read it through. Slowly the words formed themselves on her lips: "Herbert Warren—married—Miss Elizabeth Rust."

The words seemed to mock her. She bowed her head on her hands. She had lost at last.

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#### The Model Student?

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The ranks enter the study-hall with much noise. Our model student goes to his seat after he has tripped a boy and upset a chair or two. He slowly takes off his collar and tie, replaces his shoes with slippers and all this labour is followed by a deep sigh. He unlocks his desk, raises the lid, lets his lock fall, and recovering it, drops his desk-lid with a crash. He now stands up and rearranges the cushion on his seat; the Brother on the "throne" is not looking, so he hits his neighbor over the head with the cushion. Once more settled in his seat he looks over his long row of seldom-used books and says for the benefit of those around him:

"I wonder what I'll work on to-night."

He picks up one book, glances over it a few minutes and lays it down for another. He opens his desk, and under protection of the lid, safe from the eyes of the Prefect, rummages about. In five minutes he appears again.

"Say, Bill, have got the Algebra duty? Send it over; I want to copy it. If you have time write me four lines of poetry. It's for class to-morrow. Anything will do."

A quarter of an hour is taken up to copy the Algebra. He becomes restless again and throws paper wads at the boy in front of him. A novel is borrowed, but the story is uninteresting and the Prefect is looking his way, so he stops reading. He takes out his watch, and after he has looked at it for some time, says:

"Half an hour before bed-time. I wish that bell would ring."

He winds up his watch with much noise and effort. After a while, he places a book in his lap and then goes to sleep. He awakes in time for prayers, and as he wearily climbs the stairs to bed, thinks that he has earned a good night's rest. A. MCFARLAND, '05.

#### The Blacksmith's Shop.

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The blacksmith's shop at Notre Dame is hard to find, but when once you locate it, you feel amply repaid for your trouble. Inside it is a typical country shop, dark and gloomy; and the rows of horse-shoes hanging behind the forges make you homesick for that little old shop where you used to play and to watch the sparks fly when you were a boy.

The two forges are ancient affairs made from bricks which are now cracked and discolored. A pair of creaky old bellows hangs over each forge, and wheeze and sigh as the smithy pulls the handle. Between the forges is an old rusty iron kettle full of water where the red-hot irons sizzle and spit as they are cooled. Two large anvils with a pair of tongs slung across the horn of each and hammers lying on top brought to my mind the old question: "Which was made first, the hammer or the tongs? How could the tongs be made without the hammer, and how could the hammer be made without the tongs?" I asked the smith if the question had ever been satisfactorily answered, and he told me that although some great minds had pondered over the question it still remained unanswered.

The ceiling of the shop is low and covered with the accumulated dust and cobwebs of years. The small-paned windows do not let in half enough light, and the blacksmith's weak eyes, protected by large glasses, show only too plainly the effect of working here for years.

There is only one piece of modern machinery in the shop and that looks very much out of place. It is used to cut strips and bars of iron and to punch holes in steel plates.

The smithy himself is a character that delights one, and the scene is not complete without him. He is always good-natured, full of anecdotes and ready to gossip; and many a pleasant hour can be whiled away by the side of his glowing forge. B. W. T., '06.

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To be a lover of truth, one must be certain that truth is the highest and holiest that even God can give. To be wholly sincere, to think and act from no other motive than from faith in the truth and goodness of what one thinks and does, is to lead a blessed life.—*Spalding*.

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## REPORTERS

ROBERT E. LYNCH	J. PATRICK O'REILLY
P. P. MCELLIGOTT	JOHN HARTE
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—In direct protest to actions of some of the members of the Philopatrians who were unceremoniously dropped a short time ago the best students in Carroll Hall have made application for membership into this society. A spirit of this kind is certainly the proper one, for it proves that a lack of conduct on the part of any member of the many societies here, will not be sanctioned by the students of the different halls.

—An exchange some time ago in commenting upon the verse that goes to lend flavour to the SCHOLASTIC from week to week said, "Inspiration seems to be in the atmosphere of Northern Indiana." If the same writer were to substitute the word oratory for verse he undoubtedly would be guilty of a like thought. Oratory is certainly with us. Our debating teams have proved this. And the victory of last Wednesday night further emphasizes the fact that we should meet only the strongest teams in the West. But to the debaters of this year, our congratulations go; likewise to the man that trained them.

Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie at Notre Dame.

One of the most instructive lectures ever delivered in Washington Hall was that on last Monday when Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, editor, critic and essayist, spoke on Education. Those of us that had read some of his works naturally formed a very high estimate of what we were about to hear, and our expectations were fully realized. A gentleman free from even the legitimate flourishes of the public speaker and using language simple, concise and teeming with ideas, he treated an old and somewhat hackneyed subject in a manner that made us feel the time at his disposal all too short.

Mr. Mabie, who discussed the topic from a utilitarian standpoint, said in part: Education is unfortunately too commonly identified with text books. It is a prevalent mistake to suppose that education ends when we leave college. No intelligent man ever quits one school but to enter another. His education is never finished. A boy has no right to look forward to any success in life unless he trains himself to do one specific thing well. If you are willing to do anything well it is not only necessary to have a strong arm and a good character but you must also possess a superior education. The special tragedy of our time is not that of the bad man and woman but of the half-educated man and woman. Nothing is so true as this in modern life: a man can choose whether he will be discharged or not. A man who is able to do his work fairly well can be spared if necessary, but a man who can do his work supremely well is indispensable. During the last thirty years we have had the use and need of education clearly demonstrated. It was education applied to arms that made the march to Paris irresistible. And today Germany is turning education to business pursuits with the result that from a commercial point of view she owns South America. Education is an absolute necessity for commercial supremacy, and the day is at hand when a thorough collegiate training will be as much a requirement in the business world as it is now in the professional. Education is the great emancipator. By its aid battles are won, and all great battles are won in preparation. The battles won abroad are first won at home. If a man has not the preparation the occasion is in vain. The occasion finds in the man what he has already put in himself. P. MACD, '03.

Our Debaters Defeat Indianapolis.

Last Wednesday evening three sturdy orators from Indianapolis, armed with copious notes and numerous volumes, appeared in Washington Hall. Their firm intention was to lift the scalps of our debating team, but alas for the frailty of human hopes! When the last cheer had died away, and the decision of the judges was made known, the Indianapolis men left the hall a sadder but a wiser crew. The decision of the judges was unanimous in favour of Notre Dame. This is the fourth time in as many years that Notre Dame has won the Intercollegiate debate from Indianapolis University. Two of the debates were held at Indianapolis and the other two at our own University.

The debate which took place in Washington Hall last Wednesday was on the question: "Resolved, That it is unwise for the States to tax personal property." Indianapolis defended the affirmative. Her representatives were Mr. George Tilden Kern, Mr. Chester Garfield



BYRON V. KANALEY (Class '04.)

and deserve nothing but praise for their efforts.

To say just who did the best work for Notre Dame would be a rather difficult task. If there was any one man who won the hearts of his audience more completely than the rest, it was Byron V. Kanaley. We all know his power as an orator. He has a clear, ringing

that our opponents were laboring under a decided disadvantage. They were in a strange place, and the fact that the majority of the audience was against them could not fail to have some influence upon their work. Our men on the other hand were perfectly at home with their surroundings. They knew the hall in which they were speaking and they knew their audience. Another thing which added greatly to the disadvantages under which our opponents labored, was their lack of team work. True, it was not entirely absent, but the three speeches had not as much connection as they might have had. But for all that, the men from Indianapolis fought hard,



JOHN P. O'HARA (Class '02.)

Vernier and Mr. Charles Foster McElroy. Mr. Kern took the rebuttal for his team: Mr. Byron V. Kanaley, Mr. John L. Corley and Mr. John P. O'Hara upheld the negative. The rebuttal for Notre Dame went to Mr. Kanaley. The judges were the Hon. Robert S. Taylor of Fort Wayne, Prof. T. F. Moran of Purdue University, and the Hon. Richard S. Tuthill of Chicago. The Hon. Lucius Hubbard of South Bend, Ind., acted as moderator.

The men from Indianapolis made a hard fight, but it was a losing one from the outset. They were out-classed at all points in matter and delivery. However, we must not forget



JOHN L. CORLEY (Law '02.)

voice and a forceful delivery that never fails to convince. During his first speech he showed these qualities to good advantage, but it was in his rebuttal that he was at his best. His audience was completely carried away by his speech, and prolonged and hearty applause showed his success.

Mr. Corley and Mr. O'Hara rendered their team-mate valuable assistance. But little could be desired both in their subject-matter and in their delivery. Mr. Corley was strong and his climaxes were very marked. Toward the end of his speech he quite surpassed all his former efforts. As for Mr. O'Hara, he was at his best. His weighty arguments, especially his acute analysis of statistics, and his earnestness, did much to dispel any doubts which might have been left in the minds of the judges as to how to give their decisions.

For the affirmative, Mr. George Tilden Kern did the best work by far. In his first speech he spoke a trifle slowly, but in his rebuttal he was at his best. Toward the close his delivery became decidedly strong and earnest. Mr. Vernier and Mr. McElroy also deserve praise for their work. There were at times too few gestures and then again too many, some of which were exceedingly ill-timed.

After an overture by the University orchestra, Mr. Kern opened the question for the affirmative. He first showed the evils arising from the system of taxing personal property by quoting examples from the various states in the United States. He maintained that though the system worked well while the country was small, it was no longer a suitable manner of raising revenue, owing to the growth of the nation. It taxed, he argued, only certain classes, and was moreover an encouragement for perjury. In conclusion, Mr. Kern proposed a tax on corporations as a substitute.

Mr. Kanaley for the negative maintained that the affirmative were overthrowing the established order of taxation; that they must prove the personal property system unwise and give a practical substitute. He explained that his system was a good one from a political standpoint, first, because it was based on the fundamental laws of taxation, secondly, because of the peculiar nature of the government, and thirdly, because of experience.

Mr. Vernier claimed that a personal property tax was unjust. It could not be levied justly; localities were better able to lay such a tax than the state, and lastly it was entirely

unnecessary for state purposes. He then proceeded to show the merits of the substitute: a tax on corporations, licences, franchises and transfers of property by inheritance.

Mr. Corley argued the question from the standpoint of justice. He in turn attacked the corporation tax as unjust. He maintained that much wealth which was in personal property would escape, and that the evils of his system might be remedied by the appointment of reliable officials. Mr. McElroy claimed that no economists favored the personal property tax, and defied the negative to adduce any authority in favor of their system. Mr. O'Hara in turn took up the economical side for the negative, and showed the workings of the system in Indiana. What was possible in one state, he said, was possible in another.

Mr. Kanaley, in his rebuttal, tore into shreds the chief arguments of the affirmative, and after a brief résumé of the negative arguments, concluded for his side. Mr. Kern, after answering some of the arguments of his opponents, closed the discussion for the affirmative. Then, after another selection by the orchestra, Mr. Hubbard announced that the judges had given the decision to the negative by a unanimous vote.

Gentlemen of the team, you have done well. For weeks you have labored indefatigably in getting at the question in every possible light. You have made many sacrifices to better enable you to bring victory to Notre Dame, and your efforts have been crowned with success. You have our sincerest congratulations. As to the men who went down in the preliminaries, they also may consider themselves as sharing in the glory of the victory. True, they had no opportunity to speak directly for Notre Dame, but their stubborn fights for places on the team, gave the three successful men invaluable assistance so far as practice went.

A. L. K.

#### Magazines and Exchanges.

The May *Cosmopolitan* is an unusually interesting number. The first article is given to a description of the "Staging of a Fairy Play." With the treatment given this and the illustrations based on the subject, one gets much knowledge of the other side of the fairy-crowded stage. "The American Invasion of the London Stage" is handled well by Mr. Rhodes, and from this review it will be found

that the American actresses and actors are very signally successful before English audiences. The short stories are carefully done. "Criticism and Book-Reviewing" come in for a careful discussion by Mr. Brander Matthews. Mr. Matthews stakes out the boundaries separating the modern book-reviewer and the modern critic, and excuses much that goes for criticism by maintaining it is not criticism but merely book-reviewing, and as such is to be tolerated. The representative men of commerce and invention are to be considered monthly under the heading: "Captains of Industry."

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The last *Wrinkle* is a spring fever number. As is evident from the cover there is clever fun to be found in this number. The jester wisely observes that "in spite of all *ought* and *must*, you will burn starlight instead of oil, and will study nature to the sad neglect of all else." The *Wrinkle* is a most jolly visitor, and if its philosophy of life is not water-tight, its presence makes smiles instead of scowls.

\* \* \*

The current *Polytechnic* is also selected from a large number of exchanges that a word of commendation may be given it. The opening article, "The Mystery of a Soul," is one of the cleverest and strongest imaginative sketches to be found in any of our May exchanges. The plot is well-nigh impossible, but it is artistically and interestingly handled, and its end is satisfactory if not joyful. And in close keeping with the real ability shown in the leading sketch, R. von Schlieber's "The Exile" is put into an excellent English setting. We congratulate the *Polytechnic* on its May issue.

\* \* \*

*Chat* invariably contains some things worth reading, and the May issue holds to the standard set by its earlier publications. Pointed paragraphs are written on men and things. "Abusing the Rich" sets forth a sensible set of notions on the subject. Why abuse every man that happens to possess some means? Maybe it is not his fault that he is rich, or perhaps even if he did amass the money himself he is an honest and God-fearing man in spite of his success. The much-written-of queries as to the respective chances of the city-bred and the country-born boy are again treated. Such discussions have grown to be entirely useless; the discussion invariably ends with a statement that after all it entirely depends on the character of the boy in question. There are many clever observations on morals and manners for the successful business man.

F. F. D.

### Nebraska Shut Out.

The fastest and best-played game of baseball seen on the local field this season was the game of May 9 with Nebraska. The tall, "husky" gents from the Nebraska State University played baseball from start to finish, and put so much ginger into their work that our fellows were compelled to fight hard in every inning. The game was a "heart diseaser," and several times the visitors had men on the bases, and would have scored but for the fastest kind of fielding by our lads. The team work of the Varsity was a vast improvement over that seen in any of the other games, and was largely responsible for the victory. "Peaches" O'Neill was the star of the afternoon. He caught several hard foul plays, two of them being brilliant catches, stopped several base runners with his mighty whip, got two nice singles, and from the moment the umpire called "play ball" till the last man was out he worked like a Trojan. Stephan also covered himself with glory and held down the initial bag in perfect style. The sensational play of the day, however, was made by Shaughnessy.

It was in the seventh inning. Thompson and DePutron went out in order, but the next two men up hit, and Hood drew four wide ones, filling the bases. Then Mr. Bell, a six footer, swinging a ponderous club, and with a determined look stepped up to the plate. He met one of Dohan's outshoots squarely on the nose and sent it speeding toward left field at a terrific clip. Fellows in the grand stand shut their eyes while the three Nebraska base runners started for the plate at an easy gait. One Mr. Shag, however, was keeping watch in that direction, and, it seems, had his eagle eye on the ball all along, for before it had gone very far he had leaped after it, caught it, and saved three scores and probably the game. It was a great catch and won for Shag a warm spot in the hearts of the rooters. Farley put up another clever game both in the field and at bat, getting a three bagger in the eighth, and Captain Lynch at short was, as usual, a host in himself. "Joe" Dohan pitched his usual star game, allowing but six hits, and holding the visitors at his mercy throughout. His batting was also very noticeable; in fact, of late he has shown a great liking for singles and two baggers, and at opportune times too.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Nebraska	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	0	0	3	3	0	Hood, 3b	0	1	2	3	1
Farley, cf	1	1	2	0	0	Bell, lf	0	1	0	0	0
O'Neill, c	0	2	5	1	0	Rhodes, ss	0	1	2	1	0
Gage, 2b	0	1	2	1	0	Gaines, 2b	0	0	2	6	0
Hogan, rf	0	0	0	0	0	Bender, c	0	0	4	0	1
Shaughnessy, lf	0	0	4	0	0	Thompson, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Stephan, 1b	1	1	1	0	0	DePutron, cf	0	1	1	0	0
O'Connor, 3b	0	0	1	1	0	Raym'd, 1b	0	1	1	2	1
Dohan, p	0	2	0	5	0	Lethevy, p	0	1	1	3	0
Totals	2	7	27	11	0	Totals	0	6	24	14	2



Stolen bases—Shaughnessy, Stephan, Bender. Sacrifice hits—Farley, Gage. Base on balls—off Dohan, 2; off Lethevy, 0. Hit by pitched ball—by Lethevy, 1. Struck out, by Dohan, 2; by Lethevy, 2. Double plays, Lethevy—Gaines—Raymond; Lynch—Stephan. Two base hit, O'Neill. Three base hit, Farley. Time, 1:35. Umpire, Coffey.

### West Virginia Loses.

The crack nine of the University of West Virginia, which has made a brilliant record against such Eastern teams as Georgetown, Yale, Princeton, and a few more, was easily defeated by Captain Lynch's men on Cartier Field last Tuesday afternoon. The game was one of the most interesting seen here for some time, and abounded in sensational plays. The team work of our fellows was of the best, and at times took the visitors completely off their feet. Both teams played the hit and run game, but the Varsity proved far superior to their opponents in this respect. Gage and Stephan did some clever work with the stick, the former bunting safely twice. O'Neill carried off the batting honors with three clean hits, and also put up his usual clever game behind the bat. Lynch's fielding, Farley's base running and Curtis' phenomenal stop of Farley's line drive over second, were the chief features.

Higgins was the slab artist for the Varsity, and won new laurels for himself by his pitching. He allowed the visitors but seven scattered hits, and twice with bases full and but one man out he retired the side without a run. Bowman for the Virginians pitched good ball, but the stick work of our fellows was too much for him.

The visitors scored one in the first on a base on balls, a steal, and Bowman's hit. Two more were made in the fourth on a free pass, Curtis' double, and Washer's hit to right field. An error by Shaughnessy and two hits were responsible for one more in the sixth, while the last run was made in the seventh on two clean hits. Notre Dame failed to tally until the third when Farley drew a pass, stole second and by clever work on the bases reached home. Stephan scored in the fourth on his own hit and short stop's error. Three more were added in the fifth on hits by O'Neill, Stephan and Antoine, and two in the sixth on hits by O'Neill and Gage. Our last run came in the eighth, when O'Neill, Gage, and Shaughnessy secured hits. Score: Notre Dame, 9; West Virginia, 5.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	W. Virginia	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	0	0	4	1	0	McH'ter, 3b	2	1	3	2	1
Farley, cf	2	0	0	0	0	Mid'berg, cf	0	0	0	0	0
O'Neill, c	2	3	5	1	0	Smith, lf	2	1	0	0	0
Gage, 2b	1	3	2	1	0	Bowman, p	0	1	0	4	0
Sh'ghnessy, lf	1	1	2	0	1	Curtis, ss	1	2	3	2	3
Stephan, 1b	2	2	9	0	0	Schriever, c	0	1	8	0	0
O'Connor, 3b	0	1	2	2	0	Washer, rf	0	1	2	0	0
Antoine, rf	1	1	3	0	1	Schneider, 2b	0	0	0	3	1
Higgins, p	0	0	0	4	1	Miller, 1b	0	0	8	0	0
Totals	9	11	27	9	3	Totals	5	7	24	11	5

Stolen bases—Lynch, Farley, 2; Gage, 2; Shaughnessy. Stephan, O'Connor, Antoine, 2. McHorter. Sacrifice hits—Stephan, Middleberg. Base on balls—off Higgins, 2; off Bowman, 5. Hit by pitched ball—by Bowman, 1. Struck out—by Higgins, 6; by Bowman, 5. Wild pitch—Bowman, 2. Two base hits—Curtis. Three base hits—O'Connor, Double plays—Curtis—McHorter. Curtis unassisted. Umpire, Steiner. Time, 1:50.

### Ohio State Shut Out.

The Varsity applied the whitewash brush for the second time this season. On Thursday afternoon, representatives of the Buckeye State University were the victims for the occasion. Our fellows did not play their usual hard game, but at that they held the Buckeyes safe at all times. Gage was out of the game with a bad leg, the result of a collision in sliding to third in the game with West Virginia. His place at second was taken by Dohan.

"Happy" Hogan supplied the twisters and benders for the Varsity, and proved a puzzle to the visitors. But four hits, two of them being of the scratch order, were secured off his delivery, and during the whole game but one Ohioan reached third base. O'Neill was much in evidence again with his whip, catching five would-be-base-stealers. Not a man stole on him. Shaughnessy and Antoine both connected with the sphere for three baggers. Captain Collins in centre field was the star performer for the representatives of the "Greatest State in the Union."

The second inning resulted in four runs for Notre Dame. Shaughnessy got a life on Atkinson's fumble; Stephan hit; Antoine got four bad ones and Hogan doubled, and later scored on Lynch's two bagger to left. Two more came in the third on Shaughnessy's three bagger, O'Connor's free pass and Antoine's triple. The last came in the sixth on Shannon's error and Lynch's single. Score: Notre Dame, 7; Ohio State University, 0.

### The Score.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	O. S. U.	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	0	2	3	4	0	Kittle, 2b	0	1	1	2	0
Farley, cf	0	0	2	0	0	Collins, cf	0	1	4	0	0
O'Neill, c	0	0	6	5	0	Gould, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Dohan, 2b	0	0	2	0	0	Shannon, 1b	0	1	10	0	2
Sh'gh'ssy, lf	2	1	1	0	0	Naef, 3b	0	1	1	2	2
Stephan, 1b	1	1	10	0	0	Hoover, lf	0	0	3	0	0
O'Connor, 3b	1	0	0	1	0	Phythyon, ss	0	0	3	1	0
Antoine, rf	2	1	3	1	2	Atkinson, p	0	0	0	2	1
Hogan, p	1	1	0	1	0	Wilcox, c	0	0	1	4	1

Totals: 7 6 27 12 2 Totals: 0 4 24 11 6

Stolen bases: Lynch O'Connor, Antoine. Sacrifice hits: Stephan, Antoine. Base on balls: off Atkinson, 5; off Hogan, 2. Wild pitch: Atkinson. Struck out: by Hogan, 3. Two base hits: Lynch, Hogan, Collins. Three base hits: Shaughnessy, Antoine. Double plays: Hogan—Lynch—Stephan. Passed balls: Wilcox. Time, 2:00. Umpire, Spes. J. P. O'R.

## Local Items.

—The Philopatrians extend an invitation to the Faculty to take part in their reception to be held in the parlour to-night.

—Fink: He just told me all he knew and all he didn't know.

Pick: Which took him the longer?

—At Lafayette it is said that "Shag" was found in his room holding a pitcher under a sign that read "Push twice for water."

—Professor: Why don't you get at the meat of the matter?

Mac: This is Friday, and I never eat meat on Friday.

—When the Admiral was up on the dome the other evening he took a look at the moon, and now comes the startling revelation that the man in the moon is dead. Meat has gone up so high that the man in the moon ate it until he took sick and died.

—The baseball team will leave Sunday for their northern trip. They will meet Minnesota, Wisconsin, Beloit, Monmouth and Knox. Although the trip is a hard one and the team is handicapped by the absence of one or two of the men, Capt. Lynch expects to win a majority of the games. The men are in first-class condition and are playing fast ball.

—At the preliminary contest held this week to select men for the Oratorical Contest to be held in Washington Hall on May 21, the six following men qualified: Francis Schawb, Edward Gilbert, John T. Corley, T. Lyons, N. Furlong, and Leo Heiser. The preliminaries showed a close contest, and when the orators appear for the final accounting on the Washington Hall stage we may expect a fierce fight for first place.

—Every afternoon can be seen muscular young men plying the racket in an amazing manner. Ping pong and tennis are the two strenuous games at the school. The tennis elbow is an old friend of ours, and now the ping pong shin bone is beginning to trouble some of our gentle youths. It is said that the Needle Circle intends to add those two tough games to the list they already have. With pink chewing gum, sealing wax, fudges and hand holding life will become worth living.

—Next Monday there will be on exhibition in the parlor of five charcoal drawings and the casts from which they were taken, Venus of Milo. These represent the final competition of the advanced students in the art department. The drawings were sent to Chicago to the professors of the Art Academy. And the considerations upon which they were judged were given importance in the following order: proportion and action, construction and balance, contour and drawing, values, finish, effect and artistic feeling displayed.

Mr. John Worden was given first place; Orrin White, second; John Williard, third; E. Reyneri, fourth; and Wm. Uffendell, fifth.

—Carroll Hall will play St. Edward's Hall a series of tennis games for the inter-hall championship. Masters A. J. Kelly and D. Kelly will represent Carroll Hall; and G. Shannon and Ed Rousseau will sustain St. Edward's Hall. Ten nines have been formed in St. Edward's Hall to play games for medals. Ed Rousseau and John Young will captain the two first nines. W. Healy and S. Jones have similar honours in regard to the second nines. And W. Kasper, T. McFadden, M. Boyce and Hennessy will lead the third nines.

—The state meet, which was to be held in Terre Haute on May 24, has been postponed until June 7. This will give our men an opportunity to get in first-class condition for both the state meet and the conference meet, to be held in Chicago May 30. Two of our best workers are disqualified on account of poor class work. There is no excuse for this, and we hope the men will take a brace. The over-zealous conference board has called upon "Billy" Uffendell, our star half-miler, to answer certain accusations which if proved would make him ineligible. Notre Dame is living up to conference rules in regard to her athletes as closely as any school in the country, and we expect "Billy" to clear himself—that is, if this board can stand for a reasonable and just interpretation of this rule.

—The *Chicago Chronicle*, in an editorial last Sunday, commented upon Uffendell's case; and decided that the actions of the conference committee was not only "non-American" but "biased" and unworthy of true college spirit. He is a *bona fide* student and holds a position at the University, doing a certain amount of work in lieu of his board and tuition. Before he came here he was regarded as a great runner.

This fact would not bring him here or keep him out of the university. We have many young men who can not compete on any team and who have the same opportunity as Uffendell to get an education. Uffendell's offense is that he was an athlete before he began to work his way through college, and this will prevent him competing on his college team.

—Since the introduction of strength test in the Notre Dame gymnasium, Jan. 1, 1901, the total record never exceeded 1000 kilos until Jan. 1902. W. N. Langknecht was the first to set the figures above the one thousand mark, and he has held the record until May 4, when T. A. Toner took it from him by 1385.2 kilos. These men have steadily increased their figures with every trial, and are confident of doing much better. Langknecht is 18 years old and weighs 137 pounds and is the holder of the lung strength record; one that will undoubtedly stand at Notre Dame for many

years. T. A. Toner is 21 years of age and weighs 159 pounds. Following are the best records:

INTERCOLLEGIATE SYSTEM—STRENGTH TEST  
RECORDS.

Total record.—First, T. A. Toner, 1385.2 kilos; second, W. N. Langknecht, 1247.2 kilos.

Lungs.—First, W. N. Langknecht, 56.0 kilos; second, E. J. Peil, 51.5 kilos.

Back.—First, T. A. Toner, 365.0 kilos.

Legs.—First, T. A. Toner, 632 kilos.

Push ups.—First, W. N. Langknecht, 31 times.

Pull ups.—First, W. N. Langknecht, 20 times.

U. arms and chest.—First, T. A. Toner, 341.7 kilos.

Right forearm.—First, J. Fred Powers, 84.0 kilos.

Left forearm.—First, J. W. Eggeman, 82.5 kilos.

Lung capacity.—First, B. McCullough, 396.0 cubic in.  
P. J. Weiss, Director.

—The Senior Laws and the Junior Laws met on the Brownson Hall campus to try their skill as baseball players. That's all they did: they met; they did not play. Trespass was one of the many thousand features of the game; and the way "Pete" McElligott endeavored to fan himself with the bat took their breath away (the Seniors' breath). With the score not even a tie and three Seniors on the bags, "Pete" came to bat. "A scientific bunt," shouted Lottie, but Pete never winked. Bill Higgins was endeavoring to hypnotize him. "Let him hit you," cried ex-Chief Kinney; but Pete refused to be coerced. Then he pulled himself together; winked at Ziegler who dealt out the benders for the Juniors, but he didn't do anything else. The undertaker was sent for—three men had died on base. "Petie" was the official umpire, and his decisions were the feature of game. The only thing he lacked was a knowledge of the game, a good eye, and good judgment. Outside of that his decisions were incontestible. Had he lived in another age and in another country he would have been a Chinese Mandarin; but as it was the cigar sent out to bribe or to kill him by the Seniors had the trick turned, and he killed the cigar. As a consequence, the Seniors nearly lost the game.

The day was a beautiful one. The Poet-Pitcher warbled his lay on third base, and the Chronic Kicker held down short-stop for the Juniors, while the Congressman and "Peaches" O'Neill did the paralytic work for the Seniors. What these two didn't know about the game wouldn't fill a book, but unfortunately they could not give their information to their team-mates. Lottie was a fixture in the field, and his ability to chase long drives brought forth applause. He and Davitt were rivals for fame. Mitchell, Sullivan, McElligott and Crimmins were the Seniors' infield, and they spent their time in missing the ball and working a game of bluff on the umpire. Burke squatted on first for the Juniors. When the play was called on account of time the

Seniors took the game, though the score was 8 to 5 against them. And it is said that had the clock stopped running, and a new umpire substituted they would have won by a much larger score.

—The greatest *coup d'état* in the politics of the University took place last Saturday night. It had long been expected, and the white drawn faces of the twenty-five conspirators who crowded into a bus capable of holding eleven told the desperate venture that was on. The rain came on and collected in large puddles; great threatening clouds gathered on the St. Joe Lake; the sardine-packed crowd hemmed and hawed, but the bus went on. The *coup d'état* was expected to take place in a little red school-house; here it was to be served with ice-cream *a la caucus*. The driver with rare presence of mind, started for the wrong place; the sky shed a few tears, and then concluded that the crowd was not worth being put in soak. The drive was a beautiful one, and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Those that could not get their shoes on their neighbor's white collar proceeded to put the same on his back. If he objected he was stuck under the seat; he didn't object. After the driver had got three miles out of the way somebody shouted to a farmer "are we here?" and he loquaciously answered "yes." Then a colloquy as to whether the farmer was right or not took place. This impeded the progress of the bus, and the Little Man was sent out to do a little pushing. Electricity, Pictures, Bandy and Cap lent him a hand and he refused to return it. The third-class passengers, that is those under the seats, on the floor and near the bus door, got out to walk. A number of vicious farm dogs "sized up" this crowd, growled a bit or two, but wisely refused to mix. After the third-class passengers did their stunt and "sardined" themselves a second time, it was discovered that "Whiskers" was missing. The Errand Boy, who was sent back to investigate, found him wandering in a field digging up Latin roots. After lasooing him, both returned. When the little red school-house was reached it was discovered that Bill had occupied three seats, the Mocking Bird had his feathers ruffled, that Dignity had been sat upon. Here the real *coup d'état* took place. Phil did the spell-binding act; the other Phil did a few tricks with his ears and took a turn on the stove pipe; Bandy for a minute forgot his politics and nearly "queered" the game. Then while Electricity was enlightening the audience until they felt somewhat electrified and P. O. G. was hypnotizing the second precinct, the delegates got in line and the day was won. At the close of the caucus the Little Man was found in the wood bin where he had got lost; Mitchell sighed a sigh of relief; Dignity refused to be jollied; Teddy did a little rough riding, and the bunch came home.