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## Summer.

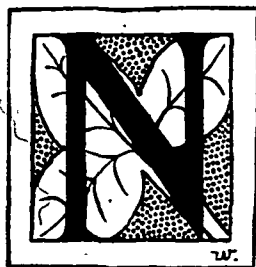
GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.

THE rugged winter days men scarce could bear,  
When snowy raiment clothes the peaceful land,  
And hoary Frost-King with his gripping hand  
Restrains the lakes and rivers everywhere;  
Did they not know that skies more sunny fair  
Would come with joyous birds, with forest grand,  
That newly-clad in verdant vesture stand,  
With blossoms fragrant in the balmy air?

So I the storms of life's tempestuous sea  
Could scarce endure, did I not truly know  
That death will end all pain, all toil and strife;  
That our eternal summer is with Thee,  
O Lord! who art our solace here below,  
Our sweetest joy, our refuge and our life.

## The Natural Wisdom of Child-Life.\*

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.



NATURE has always had a strange influence over the hearts of men. In every language epithets are applied to her that are expressive not of her own attributes, but of the feelings she awakens in men; for example, we constantly hear such expressions as, "a melancholy day," "a cheerful view." But Nature's influence does not end with feeling. Man not only sympathizes with her moods, but he receives from her inspirations in keeping with these moods that lift him triumphantly above the fencings of logic, by which all reasoning is guided, into a clearer atmosphere where the sunlight beats on the mountain-tops, while the valleys are shrouded

in mists. The experience of most men will tell them that on the wings of feeling they soar high into the light of Nature, while with reason as a staff they must keep to the earth, and can struggle upwards only by tortuous paths, which are beset by the allurements of passion and prejudice to lead them astray.

Those, moreover, that have cherished Nature most have regarded her inspirations not merely as interpretations that take place in man's heart, but have looked upon her as a language that is expressive even apart from man's interpretation. Out under the dark blue sky glinting with stars; by the roaring sea, entranced by the music of its thunder; in the leafy solitude of the woods,—under any circumstances when Nature's influence is particularly strong, she is, as always, but then most noticeably, as Coleridge said,

That eternal language which thy God  
Utters, who from eternity doth teach  
Himself in all and all things in Himself;

and only those that feel her inspirations least, who slight the heart for the reason, deny this. Moreover, Nature's wisdom is compelling and certain, as Cowper testifies thus:

Trees and rivulets whose rapid course  
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,  
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,

Deceive no student. Wisdom there and Truth,  
Not shy as in the world and to be won  
By slow solicitation, seize at once  
The roving thought and fix it on themselves,

and the only explanation of this fact is that it is divine.

Hence, the world's great men have not been dependent upon modern discoveries for any of their wisdom, but from the beginning have been the teachers of men of mere knowledge. They were not necessarily versed in science or any human learning, or, if they were, they made it subservient to a higher learning, an infused wisdom. They were the men that went out into the desert, and there,

\* Prize Essay for English Medal.

apart from the hubbub of the world, received wisdom that satisfied all yearnings and hoarded up treasures of inspiration; then, returning to the world taught men, and men's hearts forced them to heed. They have been the great poets of all the ages, who found their solitude in the midst of men in their own hearts, wherein Nature lighted all dark places as lightning illuminates a gloomy sky, and there have learned to appreciate Nature and cherish her wisdom. Wordsworth, for example, says:

Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods  
And mountains, and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear,—both what they half create  
And what perceive: well pleased to recognize  
In Nature and the language of the sense  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,  
And all my moral being.

The consideration, however, must be made that men range in this capacity to benefit from Nature from the great poet to whom every manifestation of her laws and every aspect of her beauty is fraught with suggestions of the unseen and mighty meanings for life, to the "insensible clod" whose only delight is found in carnal pleasures. Why this difference? Surely it can not be attributed to Nature. She has constantly the power that she seems to have acquired merely when the moment of our inspiration comes; for while we are languishing others may be ravished almost to ecstasies. The fault, then, must be in man; and since nature acts not only on the intellect but on the heart, man must have some power to obscure her light and to cast a shadow on his heart. We know that this is done so effectively by some that their souls are in utter darkness, enlivened by none of the beautiful images that only the rays of Nature's wisdom can throw on the retina of the soul. What this obstacle is and what the shadow that it throws we may see by a simple fact.

When man is strongly under the influence of Nature, as on a beauteous evening, when

The holy time is quiet as a nun,  
Breathless with adoration,

and he sees the splendors of a sombre sunset, checkered with russet and gold, and inspirations flash through his soul as light across the sky, every fibre of his being quivers in response to something greater than himself—his soul alone is active, and his grosser self is entirely forgotten. Hence, since we invariably miss from our view this self when we pierce

with the eye of the soul deep into the secrets of Nature and see visions and long vistas of wondrous thoughts, we should readily believe that it is habitually its gloomy and morbid outlines that darken our vision. That this is a fact must be known from the experience of all. We all realize that when we prostrate ourselves before this grim idol, its chilling shadow falls upon the soul. This shadow is the self-consciousness that is cast by every idol that man rears between himself and the light; and all sin is this idolatry. When Adam and Eve sinned, the shadow fell across their souls, and for the first time they became self-conscious, realizing that they were naked and lost the full effulgence of Nature's light.

From this we may infer that the most unconscious of self see most clearly into Nature; for this only means that their souls are in the radiance of the light. The child, of course, is the best example of this unconsciousness. He comes into the world bringing no shadows of his own and stands only in those of others' sins. Hence, at the birth of reason, the child of all in the world sees most clearly into Nature. The light of Nature sweeps into his soul with no ominous outline to shade its rays. He sees without knowing he sees, with that sublime unconsciousness that is the heritage of those that never knew the deeper gloom. He is almost like Adam and Eve before the fall: free from doubts and perplexities that lurk only in the dark, because he has not yet obscured the light. His soul is bathed in beauty; he is conscious of nothing but life, which means the activity of joy and sympathy and love intense.

Consequently, it should not be a matter of surprise that the child often has the same effect on men as nature has; for the child is a reflector of Nature's brightness, and often throws a ray of light upon those souls that sit in the gloom. Hardened men have been strangely affected in the presence of a child as less hardened ones are in the presence of Nature; and lovers of Nature are always lovers of children. Hartley Coleridge is an example. He is strongly attracted by a deaf and dumb little girl, whose countenance sweetly betrayed the beauty within. He says:

And yet methinks she looks so calm and good,  
God must be with her in her solitude,

suggesting God as Nature does. Likewise, we have the picture of Wordsworth watching a boy standing alone in the evening, shouting till the echoes sounded,

And when there came a pause  
Of silence such as baffled his best skill;  
Then sometimes in that silence, while he hung  
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain torrents.

The boy died, and no wonder that this grave,  
sympathetic man felt so deep a regret, born  
of a keen appreciation, that on summer  
evenings, as he says, he often stood a long  
half-hour,

Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies;  
for the mere sight of a pure child will awaken  
this sad, sweet feeling, fraught with a vague  
regret, that Nature often gives. One of Heine's  
most beautiful songs runs thus:

Most like unto a flower thou art,  
So lovely, pure and mild;  
A saddening gloom creeps o'er my heart  
While gazing on thee, child.

And when my fingers idly stroll  
Across thy silken hair,  
I pray the Lord to keep thy soul  
So lovely, pure and fair.

Perhaps Charles Lamb also felt this regret  
when he wrote,

When I forget thy loving way,  
Then life and all shall cease.

This love for the child-life is not, however,  
merely an attraction for its white beauty, but  
it contains a yearning for the child's wisdom  
that best appreciates spiritual things; and this  
yearning is doubtless the cause of that tone  
of regret so noticeable in those we have  
quoted. It may have been so unconsciously.  
Many, however, consciously regretted the loss  
of Nature's wisdom. Henry Vaughn says:

Happy those days when I  
Shined in my angel-infancy!

When on some gilded cloud or flower  
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity;  
Before I taught my tongue to wound  
My conscience with a sinful sound,  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A sev'ral sin to every sense,  
But felt through all this fleshly dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Wordsworth, too, finds in this theme the  
inspiration for the Ode that is, perhaps, his  
greatest work. He traces the gradual loss of  
Nature's influence on the heart as the child  
grows to manhood:

Heaven lies above us in our infancy,  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows  
He sees it in his joy:  
The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

The very fact that Wordsworth believed, as  
he expressed not only in this Ode but also in  
his letters, that the child came fresh from a  
brighter life and that

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,  
only shows how intense was his belief that  
the child receives the most radiant light of  
Nature's wisdom. His error was a natural one.  
Man has lost something. It is not, however,  
another and a brighter life, but another and  
a better nature. Sin has darkened this nature  
by throwing a widening shadow over the  
whole human race. Besides, the fact that  
Wordsworth's Ode is so famous shows that he  
struck a chord whose music rebounded in  
echoes from many hearts. The melody he  
played for the world made men appreciate  
more than they had ever before what they  
really felt. Nor was it merely a poetical senti-  
ment that he diffused. Emerson regarded the  
Ode as a philosophic value. He said that  
it was a high-water mark of English thought  
in the nineteenth century. Mr. Hamilton W.  
Mabie, a writer of our own day, says: "I believe  
that in the thoughts and feelings and sufferings  
of childhood an observer will often catch, as  
in a flash of revelation, some fruitful sugges-  
tion of his own relation to the universe, some  
far-reaching analogy of the process of his own  
growth. This wisdom of experience which  
often ripens in untrained minds into a kind of  
clairvoyant vision, is the deepest wisdom after  
all, and books are only valuable and enduring  
as they include and express it."

Doubtless there are many more that felt and  
wrote thus. We can, however, appreciate such  
writings only by concrete examples. Hence  
if we wish to feel fully the truth of the state-  
ment that the child-life abounds in beauti-  
ful images, and lives in a bright domain all  
its own, we must look for examples in our  
own experience. Who has not felt better in  
the presence of a child, who came like one  
carrying cool, dripping flowers across his  
sun-beaten path? Or who has not paused  
in wonder at a simple expression dropped  
unconsciously from childish lips, bearing, as  
it were, a message from another land? We  
feel, then, in the presence of these embodi-

ments of brightness, beauty and wisdom that we are on holy ground; we feel a higher presence, such as a poet felt when he said:

Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,  
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine;  
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,  
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not.

These experiences, however, have the limi-

tation of being strictly personal. But if we wish, for purposes of illustration, to come into contact with such characters that we all know, we must go to fiction where our common acquaintances live. Let us then enter Shakspeare's domain where they live most humanly, and share the feelings that they awaken.

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT ISSUE.)

### His Introduction.

GEORGE O'CONNOR, '05.



N express agent at a railway station on the H. E. and W. I. RR. not a great distance from Houston, Texas, was checking off the express packages which he had just received from the east-bound express when the telegraph operator, just recently installed, picked up a small express package and said, "MacNally is it? Well, where in the world can you go that you won't find the Irish? Miss Molly MacNally! Can it be possible! Say, do you know this Miss MacNally?"

"Why, certainly, we all know one another here and within six months, should you remain, you will know every man, woman and child in the county. This social frankness or freedom is one of the many peculiarities of the country, and you must adopt it if you wish to succeed. And I have good reasons to know this girl, since she has called every morning for the past week to see if this package had come."

"Then you can describe her," said he in a voice betraying his emotions!

The agent thought that he noticed the eyes of his inquirer brighten up with the hope of meeting Miss Molly. "If that package was only a telegram, I could see—" and presently his whole countenance seemed to gather the lines and tints of fated disappointment. At first the express man was touched with sympathy for the new operator, but in an instant his thoughts took a mischievous turn, and he answered: "Her father is in business here. She is a young lady of about twenty with dark complexion, black curly hair, and jet black eyes. When she parts her rosy lips she displays two rows of the daintiest white pearls."

"Yes? yes? How strange; but yet it is possible," he exclaimed. "If I could only see her."

"Well," returned the agent, "you may take my place at the window to-morrow morning

and she will call, I am sure, not later than 8 o'clock. There you will have a chance not only to see her, but to talk with her. The package is marked, 'open to inspection,' and I am sure she will avail herself of that privilege."

Next morning the operator took the offered place at the express window. He was somewhat annoyed at the unceremonious way in which the people asked for their goods. A small boy or two had come near the window and asked if mamma's box had come or if there was anything for papa. Then an old negro, whose gray hair, or rather wool, was sticking through a torn hat, backed a rattling wagon up against the platform and yelled out, "I is come fur Massy J. B's ice and Cap'n R. A's beer."

"They must think that I am a mind reader," said the operator, turning to the agent who was sitting at the ticker. But just then a knock turned his attention to the window and a buxom negro lass drawled out: "Is dat ere 'spress pawsal come here yit?"

"For whom?" he asked.

"Faw Mollie MacNally," she answered.

"Yes, it is here," he said, "but have you an order for it?"

"No, I's not, Mister Agent. Who must I git dat order fawm?"

"From Miss MacNally, to be sure. But you had better tell her that she should come herself as the package is 'open to inspection.'"

Had he seen the agent's face as he passed quietly behind him into the warehouse, or if the closed door had not shut out the burst of laughter, he would have guessed that something was wrong. He was doomed to a more shocking surprise; for the negro girl, rolling her white eyeballs round in wonderment and parting her red lips in a giggle said, "I is her dat you call, Miss MacNally. Dat udder Mister Agent neber is axed me fur any order."

## Summer Musings.

## The Lark and the Owl.

SAID the lark to the owl as they perched  
 On twilight's ridge of gray,  
 "Why do you hoot while others sleep,  
 And sleep while others pray?  
 You whirl through the darkening night,  
 A-watching for plunder and greed,  
 And you hide your face from the morning's light,  
 Come follow the life I lead.  
 I shoot at the morning star,  
 I'm off where the planets are,  
 I join my voice with the cherubim  
 And there my wild ecstatic lay,  
 Across the world eternal rings  
 Until the music of the spheres,  
 With all its beauty, power and might,  
 Doth even reach your sleepy ears,"—  
 Said the lark to the King of the Night.  
 "Oh! you," said the owl to the lark,  
 "Are up in the clouds I ween,  
 But here I sit in this tree at night,  
 A king in a kingdom supreme.  
 I hoot and I hoot all around,  
 'Til the birds lay a-trembling in sleep,  
 And the field mouse takes to his hole in the ground,  
 And the frog to the greenish deep.  
 Go, tear off your lays in the sky,  
 Go, sing to the stars with your might,  
 But here in this apple tree perched shall I  
 Ever be King of the Night. S. J. J.

## May I Go as the Flowers Go.

THE Winter long is past  
 And the Summer's here at last,  
 As the streams and rippling riverlets proclaim;  
 And the fields in flowers lie  
 Underneath a smiling sky;  
 While the robins are a-nesting in the lane.  
 But the robins soon will go  
 As did the winter snow,  
 And the streams and riverlets will seem to sigh  
 For the gentle little flowers  
 That have blossomed 'long their bowers  
 As they droop again their lily necks and die.  
 I, too, may have to go  
 Ere another winter snow,  
 Those dark December days are wont to bring,  
 But before I say good-bye  
 I will ask our Lord on high  
 To keep me as the lilies of the Spring.

## Rondelet.

TO plug and cram,  
 That's what examination means.  
 To plug and cram  
 And then to sit just like a clam  
 And flunk at last; 'tis this that weans  
 Me from those oily midnight scenes  
 To plug and cram. W. E.

## Uplift the Harp!

AWAKE, thou bard, thine Orphean gift,  
 Attune thy harp anew,  
 Thy touch possesseth force to rift  
 From darkest clouds their dew.  
 Thy notes can sway the mightiest soul,  
 As Timothy's sad strain;  
 Their breathings soothe the cruelest dole,  
 Assuage the keenest pain.  
 Thy stroke might swerve an heavenly sprite  
 Earthward to catch thy note;  
 'Twill fill the youth with hero's might  
 To don the Emerald coat.  
 Dissension from the isle shall flee,  
 Like darkness 'fore the sun,  
 United Erin, Erin free!—  
 The harp can blend her one.  
 Not dead! Its energy divine,  
 As in Milesius' day,  
 Might nerve this hour the stalwart scion  
 To fight his father's fray:  
 To forge the pike, to point the steel,  
 Seek shelter on the hill—  
 Stout hearts to-day thy strains would feel  
 And heed with dauntless will.  
 Uplift the harp, wipe off the dust,  
 The web of years erase,—  
 This gory print! it is not rust,  
 No, 'tis thy father's trace.  
 Leave not unhallowed and unstrung  
 This herald of thy land,  
 But twine the green where once it clung  
 And ply thy skilful hand.

T. J. C.

## That Strawberry Patch.

APATCH alluring to the eye,  
 While slept contented lazy Towser,  
 It was a shame to pass it by,  
 That patch alluring to the eye.  
 I leaped the fence that guarded high;  
 And carry now, upon my trouser,  
 A patch alluring to the eye,  
 While sleeps contented lazy Towser.

E. F. Q.

## To a Friend.

S. V.

IF eyes could tell the story  
 That in my soul doth start,  
 If words one half its fervor  
 Or meaning could impart,  
 I'd dare my fate and future  
 At the altar of your heart.

But no, its fullest meaning  
 My heart is locked within,  
 I'll try to pluck the nettles  
 Along your path have been;  
 I'll plant a few sweet roses  
 That your glory shall not dim. J. J. S.

## Newspaper Work Versus Ethical Development.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, '01.



WHEN the college graduate threads across the stage for the last time, amidst the plaudits of a few, and takes his degree he looks around the world to see what is in store for him. He has frequently done this before, and his eye is set on newspaper work, for he finds a peculiar fascination in this field. He looks over his Litt. B. or his A. B. to see what his qualifications are. He finds four years of English, as many of Latin and Greek, a smattering of German and Spanish, a superficial knowledge of History, the Political and Social sciences, but here he does not stop, for at the end of all this accumulated bunch of human wisdom is two years of Philosophy. He passes over psychology, cosmology, logic and many other branches that go to make up part of his philosophic development, until his eye rests on ethics, and then along the ethical thing until he comes to that small chapter that has ever charmed him—mental reservation. He has a dim recollection that he always used mental reservation, sometimes with a bad conscience, and long before he knew this scientific method of dodging the truth. And now that he is about to begin a newspaper life he has a faint consciousness that this kind of ethical development is going to help him in working a game of bluff as he becomes a factor in a newspaper office.

A college graduate is generally a very wholesome fellow; he believes in men and women, for he is inexperienced and has not been deceived by many of them; he does not suspect his associates, for the men that have commonly taught him are simple, right-minded men. He is not inclined to weigh an answer asking himself whether the truth or non-truth will better him most. On the whole, his college associations and class work have given him good ethical development.

In the newspaper office he is told what to avoid. The magazine editor will advise him against "pipes," fictitious stories; but the "star" reporters may tell him that a "pipe" not libelous is usually interesting reading—something the public wants. His collegiate method of writing English is overhauled; all touches of style condemned; he is told to

hand in short, pointed sentences, and then is sent to the suburbs. Here he finds that a really good story is a rarity. He feels that he must turn in copy to hold his position; he has heard other reporters tell of the many cleverly worked out "pipes" they have printed, and he naturally asks himself if he isn't capable of this development. He has written stories for his college paper; his fertile brain begins to work and then the results.

## MAKING NEWS.

A reporter on a Lake Street trolley car in the suburban section of Chicago, called Austin, saw ahead of him a large wagon load of loose hay. His note-book contained but a few news items. The wagon went along lumberingly until lost to the view of the car. However, the following day a Chicago paper came out with the following item:

## WHO IS THE CULPRIT?

A wagon load of burning hay on Lake Street, yesterday afternoon, furnished the Austin Fire Department with an exciting thirty minutes. John Smith of Cahoun County was the victim. While he was driving along Lake Street with a load of hay it was discovered that the hay was on fire. A wind was blowing, and the heat and flames grew so intense that he could barely save the horses from injury. A fire alarm was turned in, but when Company 5 appeared on the scene the railroad tracks were a mass of glowing hay. Traffic was delayed for an hour. It is thought that a small boy seen following the wagon ten minutes before the fire was discovered is the culprit." A reporter does not commonly desire to cause trouble, but he invariably wishes to be present when trouble occurs.

Last summer the servant girls in Chicago formed a union. This union had many novel features furnishing good news items. A suburban reporter thought that it would be an excellent idea if he could form an association of caddies. He had heard that those on the Maywood links were dissatisfied, and he came upon a band of them when they were airing their grievances. This was about the first of July. So he suggested a union, a schedule of prices, and in case the golf players did not submit to their demands, a strike on the Fourth—the day on which a prize contest was to be played on the Maywood links between two clever rival teams.

The formation of a caddies' union was even more novel than the servant girls' organization, so this furnished him with news. The agree-



ment to demand a raise of wages on the Fourth was kept secret. So when that day came and both golf teams were on the green ready to measure their skill, the President of the Caddie Union demanded the increased wage, or if this was not granted he stated that he would order a strike. The managers of the golf club were taken by surprise, and held a meeting to determine on some course of action; they tried to coerce the strikers, but the union remained firm. Finally, as a last resource they sent messengers to the surrounding villages of Melrose Park, Oak Park, Harlem and River Forest to get a band of caddies to take the strikers' place. Some came; but the union men stood in the distance throwing stones at the new caddies, shouting "scabs," and threatening to lick them when the game was over. Most of those that had taken the strikers' places naturally deserted; and the game which had been looked to as a great success turned out to be a rare failure. All these things were news items. The unionists were threatened with arrest; this furnished more news. Finally the President of the golf links formed a second union to counteract the influence of the first which was becoming a dominant factor in the golf and the social life of Maywood. Trouble between the two unions brewed so strongly that many of the most bellicose members were farmed out among relatives in the country. All these happenings were commented on at length by the papers, and for a short time Mr. Reporter had an almost inexhaustible fount of news matter.

Opportunities of this kind but rarely present themselves, nor will all reporters take advantage of them; but a good newspaper man will see a strong news feature in a story which he may either put there from his own fertile brain, or bring about a series of circumstances that will lead to its happening. An example:

A reporter was in the village of Maywood when two women got off a trolley car and stated that a fellow on the corner across the way had taken the purse of one of them. L. C. Twining, manager of a large real estate firm, immediately took possession of the fellow and brought him into his office. Twining sat as judge, the reporter as cross examiner, and the culprit was confronted by his accusers. The facts of the case were: one of the women had put her purse on a vacant seat; this fellow had come in, sat near the purse, and then immediately left the car; when the woman

turned for her purse it was gone. This chap was standing on the corner awaiting the next car. Circumstantial evidence was strongly against him. The judge and prosecutor demanded that his pockets be searched. Both he and the woman objected to this. Finally the judge stated that unless he would submit to an examination the local police would be called in. Then the fellow weakened and confessed that he had taken the purse. There were murmurs of "lynch 'im."

The reporter knew that a lynching would make a capital story, but Chicago has never had a lynching, and doubted very much that those placid suburbanites would be aroused to so great a degree. Others were in favor of turning him over to the village police, but the reporter's brain was working. He knew if this happened his "showing" in the morning papers would be poor indeed, for pick-pockets are taken up every day; he must have a good "showing," so he suggested that the woman horsewhip the fellow. This caught the crowd, and they all insisted on it, but both the woman and the culprit demurred. A horsewhip was sent for. Still the woman refused to wield it. Then the reporter began his power of eloquence. He stated that when first it was suggested that the thief's clothes be searched the woman was opposed to that and wished to be lenient; now since his guilt had been clearly established if she still wished to be merciful she could give him the severe whipping he deserved and then set him free; but if she did not do this the culprit would be arrested; she would have to appear against him in the police court; and he would be sent to the workhouse for fully ten months. The reporter's eloquence had its desired effect; the horsewhip became a strong factor in the chastisement of the thief, and the next morning the city papers ran a first page column dealing with the "pluck shown by a little woman who had dared to horsewhip a thief."

These last two stories are but samples of the making of news. All reporters may not be given to this fertile way of filling columns, but a reporter who will not add and develop news features in his story is a rarity. He may look along his course in moral philosophy, and say that this is a parallel case to the use of that diplomatic truth dodger, mental reservation. There are very few happenings of any kind where the facts unalloyed are given to the public. The reporter commonly believes that the people want a good story, and this is

what he gives them. The "piping" of a story becomes the first consideration; the ethics of a "pipe" the last, and consequently his ethical side is not greatly benefited.

#### READING OF NEWSPAPERS.

In order to stand high in the profession it is necessary for him to read the newspapers; not one but all of them. In fact, Mr. Sayler, the author of a clever little pamphlet entitled "A Reporter's Note-Book," says: "Read the newspapers. No reporter can enter on a day's work and do justice to his office and himself unless he is prepared to handle any assignment intelligently. He should be conversant not only with the local news from commerce and finance to sports, but he should know what Congress is doing and what events of interest are taking place in other parts of the United States and the world. Don't say you have no time to read the papers. Take time, or prepare for a brief newspaper career."

Newspaper reading is one of the worst kinds of mental dissipation; it has a tendency to deaden a man's intellectual activity, to lower his ideals; and when we hear Mr. Sayler, who is one of the cleverest newspaper managers in Chicago, say that constant newspaper reading is necessary for a successful reporting career we must give this statement some credence. And what is the effect of an absorption of all the scandals that go to make up the less idealistic side of life. It tires a man's mind so—this and the constant writing of "piped" stories—that he feels when the evening comes loath to pick up a book that makes for his æsthetic or his ethical development.

#### ASSOCIATIONS.

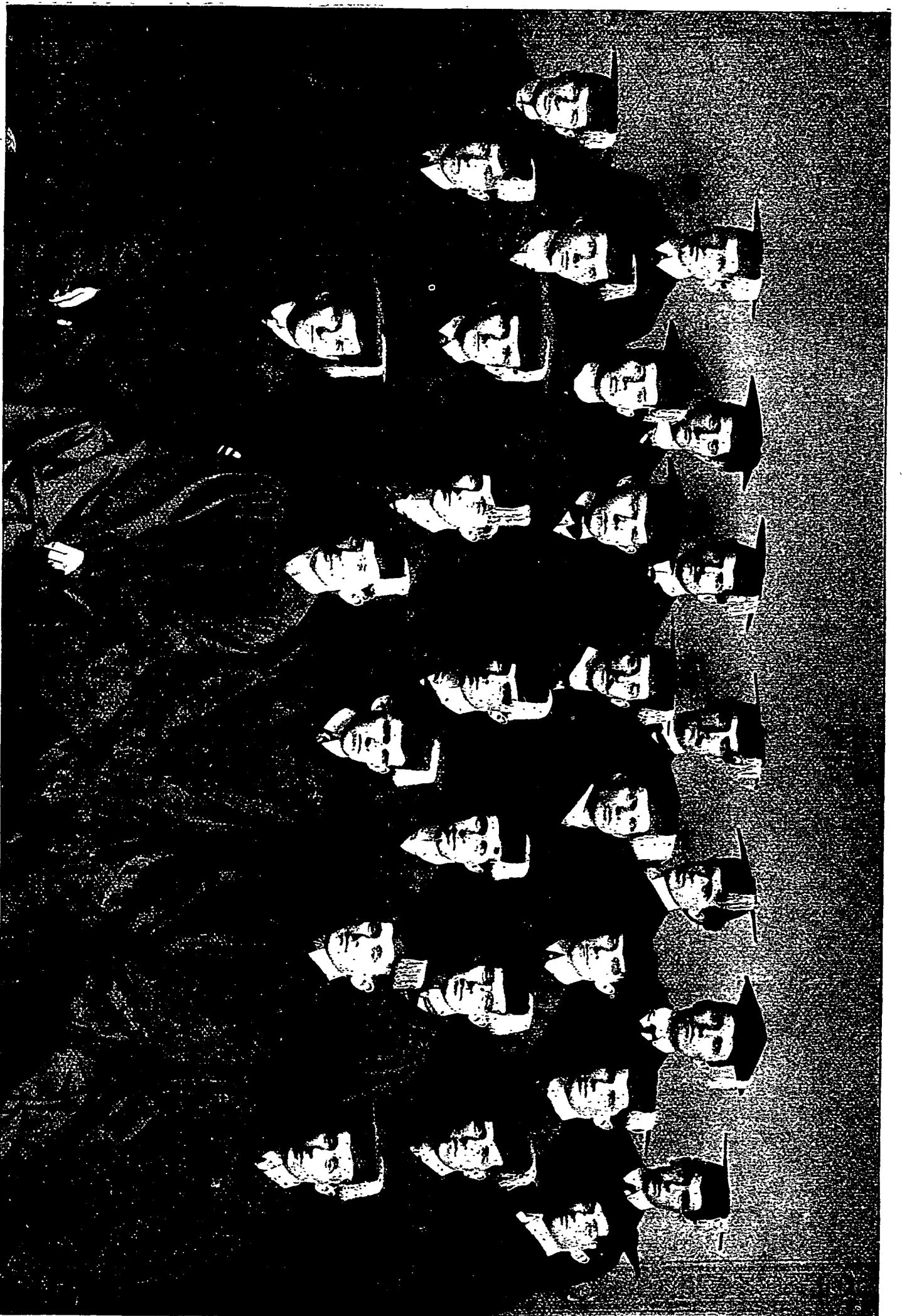
Man is naturally a creature of his environment. If his companions from childhood have been books, and his friends men and women of letters, the chances are many that his mind will take a literary bent. Even when he is fully formed, his constant associates will necessarily colour his views of life and add or take from his culture and polish. When a college graduate is put reporting justice court work or "night police," he begins to see a phase of life that he had but seldom dreamed of. In the police court the vagabonds, "drunks" and thieves, picked up over night, are brought in for trial and sent out to the workhouse. An odor of tobacco commonly fills the chambers; a look of weakness, of degeneracy or of fear is plainly visible on the faces of many of the habitues, voluntary

or forced. On one side sits a tough-looking ruffian accused of assault or robbery; on the other a putty-faced young woman held for shop lifting. In a short time the justice shop (justice here is usually a travesty) becomes the scene of charges and recriminations. Some of the scenes are humorous, but most of them—in fact, nearly all of them—are filled with the bitternesses of life. Scenes of this kind do not commonly tend to the best development a man is capable of.

In the police station itself, where the reporter is doing "night police," the scenes enacted are not usually incidents from a socialist's Utopia. Here he is brought in constant contact, in fact, at times, in intimacy, with men whose occupation leads them to suspect all men. It has been said with more or less truth that a man on the Chicago police force for six months begins to lose all estimate of the value of an oath; men of this kind are not idealistic fellows; their conversation is not on the ennobling things in life; they do not discuss poetry, but like men and women of one calling, talk shop. Shop with them means the history of any thief or murderer, the number of men each one has sent to the state prison. A reporter usually discusses those phases of life, for it is necessary for him to do so to get into the graces of men who furnish him with news. Occasionally it may mean a visit to a near-by grog shop, for the reporter must be a "good fellow" and the policeman always has a magnificent thirst.

If a reporter is doing "night police" in the central part of the city he comes in contact with people that only himself and the physicians can see. His hours are from 8 p. m. to 4 a. m.; during that time he meets that class of faith and hope forsaken individuals who have reversed the order of right living. On West Madison Street alone, for eight or ten blocks, he finds a mass of struggling humanity at all hours of the night and morning—beings whose moral law is a sorry one. Constant contact with people of this kind weakens, and, in fact, almost destroys his belief in the honesty of men and the virtue of women. In the police station the "wagon" rolls in at any and every time bearing some culprits who have fallen from grace. In the cells below he sees peering out at him through the iron grating, victims of the opium and morphine habit, beings beyond redemption, as far as good citizenship is concerned. A first sight of this might disgust him, but he is brought into nightly contact with it.





CLASS, 1902.

Does it arouse in his heart the feeling of a missionary? On the contrary. His mission is not to diffuse religion; a large corporation commonly called the paper, is his employer; he is to get the news. The social side of this darkened mass of humanity does not bother him. His hours are such that he rarely sees the best side of human life, and thus he becomes estranged to it. Mental reservation seldom disturbs his conscience now, and he rarely thinks of ethical development.

A reporter fully understands that the reason for his employment is that he is to get the news. If he passes over a good story, fearing that its publication may cause much misery, and this fact becomes known to the downtown office, the tenure of his position may be an uncertain one. He is not to suppress news; for any suppression must be at the option of the managers of the paper. And thus he gets a "news scent." If a good story is told to him he does not ask whether or not this will injure a person, but will it take; what "showing" will he get with it? I do not mean to say that all the scandals newspaper men hear creep into print. On the contrary; for in that profession are the most honorable of men. But yet the fact is certain that they are dealing with scandals to a greater or less extent, some of which may tend to blast a person's entire career. It is likewise true that a man connected with the public prints can do a great deal of good in the exposing of vice, but frequently the uncovering of this is very harmful indeed to the victim. A weakness which before was known to but a few becomes the property of an entire city. And thus a fellow that has fallen along the uneven path loses ambition to reform. Perhaps many men are right in holding that news of all kinds, whether sensational or of another character, is the property of the public; but surely there can be no ethical development in publishing to the world the follies of a sinner, thereby practically destroying his chances to reform.

There is deep in the heart of every rational being a desire for a perfection greater than that which is. He may not be cognizant of the possession of this desire as a desire; but yet it is the force that impels him onward in his seeking and striving for things that add to his happiness. It is what Bishop Spalding calls the "divine discontent." When a fellow has a happy knack of throwing words together this discontent seizes him and he wishes to turn out work worthy of his best efforts. If

circumstances prevents his doing this he is unhappy. In newspaper life he soon finds that he must compose hastily; that the construction of a newspaper article is the opposite of a clever short story; and that when his day's work is over, his mind is so fatigued he has little desire to bring into being a story with a literary finish. And thus the feeling that his is a life of unfulfilled ambition, seizes him—a feeling that is described very vividly in two cleverly written articles, "Confession of a Literary Hack" in Vol. IV. of the *Forum*.

When a young fellow strikes a newspaper first, his idea of a good story is not a very definite one. With time he improves, so that in a short time he becomes a clever man at his profession. His items may bear a family resemblance to those published in the *New York Tribune* a short time ago, as taken from a Maine newspaper:

"Jeb Williams has already cut two cords out of his woodpile."

"While John Thompson was coming along in front of Taylor's store with a basketful of eggs under his arm, he collided with an unknown man breaking four eggs"—and thus on *ad infinitum*.

Or again, like the "Frightful Example" of bad taste written by a youthful correspondent and given by Mr. Sayler in his "Reporters' Note-Book:"

"At half-past three p. m. yesterday afternoon, as exclusively announced in an extra edition of this paper, a fearful panic occurred on State Street. The sidewalks were thronged with the usual crowds who assemble on bright afternoons on the busy thoroughfare, when some unknown recreant turned in an alarm of fire. In an instant pandemonium reigned and a panic ensued which narrowly escaped having awful results."

"The dead:

"Skidds, Mrs. Seraphina, died at her home in Oak Park last night of heart disease."

"The injured:

"Mrs. Sarah Jones, 2345 Woolly Avenue, ankle sprained and supposed internal injuries. Will probably recover. Unknown woman almost prostrated by nervous shock. Taken home."

"In answering the alarm of fire the engines dashed rapidly around the corners scaring the occupants of Marshall Field's, Carson and Pierie's and other stores. The scene that followed can better be imagined than described. Women fainted and strong men turned pale,

while children ran screaming for their parents. As soon as Chief Sweenie arrived he immediately turned in a 4-11."

"On the top floor of the Fair store Mr. and Mrs. Smith were preparing to take the elevator to make their descent to the street below, but when the car started to go down neither of them were ready, an event which proved most fortunate for both of them. The rapidly descending car was crowded with people when three panic-stricken pedestrians ran in from the street in feverish haste crying "fire" at the top of their voices. The elevator man lost his head, and with carelessness little short of criminality, loosened his hold on the cable. Mr. and Mrs. Jones were preparing to leave the cage when the latter fell, sprained her wrist so badly that medical aid had to be summoned. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Smith on the top floor were devising means to try and make their escape. They could not agree, and finally each went their separate way, making a date to meet later."

"By this time the mob had learned that their fears were groundless and the panic began to give signs of subsiding. It was discovered later by the police, that one young man who had been keeping company with a light-complected young saleslady had in the confusion left for parts unknown."

"Another incident was the hasty exit and successful escape of a thief who stole a marble clock and a purse containing \$5.

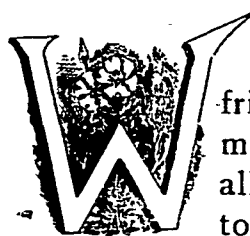
"It is considered little short of miraculous that so few casualties occurred. Had the alarm been raised an hour later when the tide of shoppers had set toward home the death list would have been greatly swollen."

Even though a reporter can successfully go through the transition period and avoid such items as turned in by the Maine correspondent or the "frightful example," there can be but little development in turning out stuff of a similar nature though cleverly written.

A man's moral growth is a relative thing: what would scandalize one would have a charm for another. And this especially is true in the matter of a profession. But admitting this, if one follows a calling where the adding of news features becomes at times a necessity, the publication of scandals a matter of pay, the associating with men whose finer feelings are almost destroyed—as in the case of jail birds, and, in many instances, their captors—it is evident that a profession of this kind can make but little toward his ethical development.

### Wordsworth's Friend.

FRED T. MCKEON, A. B. '02.



E should not be inclined to underestimate the influence friendship exercises in the formation of character; for, despite all our efforts and declarations to the contrary, we are much what intercourse with our fellowmen has made us. A sincere affection possesses us, and the whole world is changed. We forget the biting discomfort of the cold blasts of winter, and we remember only the life and exhilaration in the salt-laden breezes of the seashore and the soothing green of the fields. All the joy we have ever experienced is revived, and gives colour to the very thought of our friend.

The friendship that contributed most toward the formation of the poet Wordsworth's character was that of his sister. After the death of their father and mother, which occurred when they were still quite young, the brother and sister were separated, and did not meet again until Wordsworth was home from Cambridge on vacation. While he was home for his second vacation they formed the project of establishing a home of their own. This they were able to do a few years later through the kindness of an acquaintance that had discerned the poetic talent of the brother.

We must know something of young Wordsworth's temperament if we would appreciate fully the refining influence that was brought to bear on him. He was, as he himself tells us, a homely, uncouth lad of a stiff, moody and violent temper; so much so that once upon some indignity being put upon him, he went to the attic of his grandfather's house with the intention of killing himself with one of the foils that were kept there. He took the foil in hand, but his heart failed. He was an untamed, insubordinate youth, with an independent manner, and an inclination to assume only too readily a tone of scorn—a creature of the lakes and mountains that was tamed principally by his love for nature and the devotion of his sister.

Wordsworth was one of those ardent youths whose enthusiasm was fired by those principles of liberty which had their culmination in the French revolution. But when the leaders of that movement lost sight of their noble purposes and the "reign of terror" set in,

all his overstrained hopes that France would become a living embodiment of these principles were shattered. Later on when England accepted the defiance of the new-born republic and declared war, his perplexity and disappointment knew no bounds. No shock, says Wordsworth,

Given to my mortal nature had I known -  
Down to that very moment; neither lapse  
Nor turn of sentiment that might be named  
A revolution, save at this one time.

Sad at heart and with all his faith in man's power to be controlled by reason destroyed by the turn of events, he lost all feeling of conviction, and gave up the solution of all moral questions in despair.

With his confidence in man Wordsworth also lost that sense of the spiritual in nature which is the very essence and charm of his poetry. He was

To the moods  
Of time and season, to the moral power,  
The affections and the spirit of the place,  
Insensible.

He retained, indeed, his craving for natural beauty, but contented himself with the things of the senses, being, as he says,

Bent overmuch on superficial things,  
Pampering myself with meagre novelties  
Of color and proportion.

This craving for natural beauty, however proved to be the antidote for his poisoned mind. The poet's sister possessed a sensitiveness to nature quite as strong as his, and a delicacy of insight into natural beauty which made her moods in the presence of nature a source of delight to him. And thus influenced by her own desires she made suggestions for her brother's diversion that lay directly in the path of his natural inclinations; so that finally he turned with longing to the hills and dales over which as a boy he had delighted to roam. For days he would go on walking excursions over mountains and through valleys with his sister as his constant companion.

It was well for Wordsworth's peace of mind that at this time he was blessed with the permanent companionship of his sister. Her gentle influence drew him out of the melancholy into which he had fallen, and revived his faith in human nature. One of the most fortunate things of his life was that a companion so appreciative of his every move was willing to devote herself to him so unreservedly. His sister strove to read the very desires of his heart, and "to transfuse all that was best in herself into his larger being. She possessed to the full all the

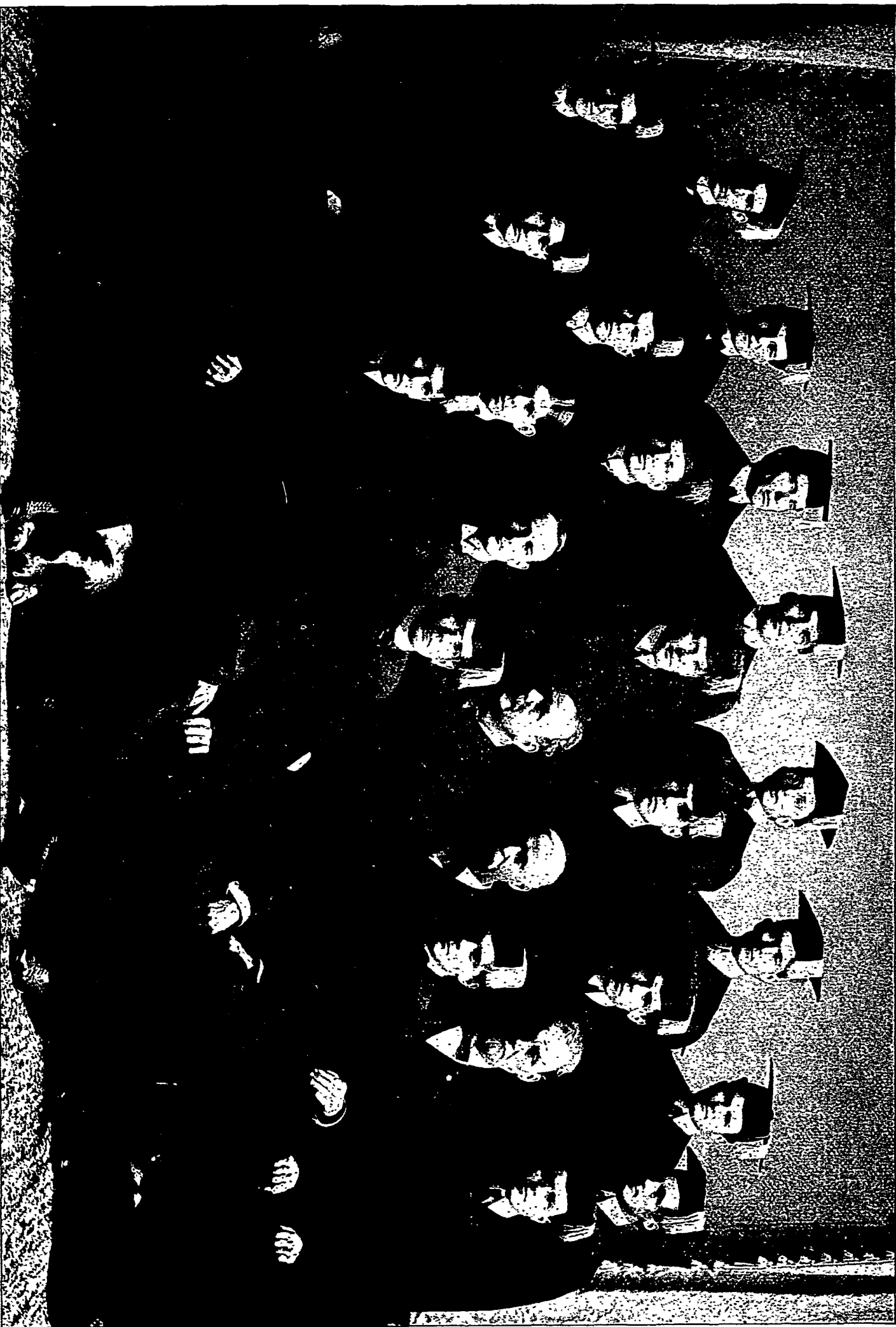
qualities that made the poet prominent. The strain of imaginative emotion was even more conspicuous in her than in Wordsworth, for she was less conservative and restrained. She had not, of course, his grasp of mind or his poetic power; but her disposition resembled his 'with sunshine added to daylight.'"

We may judge of the affection of brother and sister from their letters. In a letter to a friend written shortly before they settled in their first home at Racedown, Miss Wordsworth says: "I hear you point out a spot where if we could erect a little cottage and call it our own we should be the happiest of human beings. I see my brother fired with the idea of leading his sister to such a retreat." Then after explaining their prospects of carrying out the plan formulated during Wordsworth's school days, she continues: "It is enough to say that I am likely to have the happiness of introducing you to my beloved brother. You must forgive me for talking so much of him; my affection hurries me on and makes me forget that you can not be so much interested in the subject as I am." A doubt, however, seems to have crept into Miss Wordsworth's mind whether her friend after all would be altogether pleased with her homely, silent brother, for she says: "Do not then expect too much from this brother of whom I have delighted so to talk to you. In the first place, you must be with him more than once before he will be perfectly easy in conversation. In the second place, his person is not in his favor—at least I should think not; but I soon ceased to discover this—nay, I almost thought the opinion I had formed was erroneous."

Wordsworth's affection for his sister was equally strong and sincere. "How much do I wish," he writes, "that each emotion of pleasure or pain that visits your heart should excite a similar pleasure or a similar pain within me by that sympathy which will almost identify us when we have stolen to our little cottage." After they settled at Racedown she accompanied him in all his travels, and while at home they spent much of their time in long walks together.

My sister ('tis a wish of mine),  
Now that our morning meal is done  
Make haste, your morning task resign,  
Come forth and feel the sun.

Thus the constant companionship and literary sympathy of brother and sister made their lives beautiful, and has given biography one of its most beautiful chapters.



LAW CLASS, 1902.

The poet was not slow to appreciate correctly and to acknowledge the great obligation he was under to his sister for the early tenderness which he imbibed from her. She rounded off the rough edges of his disposition, laying bare the priestly tendencies of his character. In the "Prelude" addressing her he writes:

Thou didst soften down  
This over-sternness; but for thee, dear friend,  
My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had stood  
In her original self too confident,  
Retained too long a countenance severe.

In the same poem he tells us that it was his sister's spiritual insight into the beauties of nature which guided him in the transition of his delight in the purely sensuous beauty of nature to that other sense in which nature became important to him chiefly as the stage of man's action and allied with his ideas, his passions and his affections.

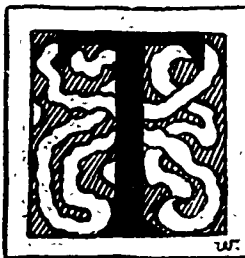
At a time

When nature, destined to remain so long  
Foremost in my affections, had fallen back  
Into second place, pleased to become  
A handmaid to a nobler than herself,  
When every day brought with it some new sense  
Of exquisite regard for common things,  
And all the earth was budding with these gifts  
Of more refined humanity, thy breath,  
Dear sister! was a kind of gentler spring  
That went before my steps.

The characteristic calmness of Wordsworth, so marked in his later years, was not the result of a coldness of temperament, but of a deliberate attempt to remedy the defects which we have mentioned. His was a familiar figure to the peasantry around him, and whenever he was in London he was the centre of an admiring group, which included such well-known men as Lamb, Reynolds and Haydon. Though serious and retiring by nature, Wordsworth tried to adapt himself to the moods of the country in which he was. As years went on the ecclesiastical tendencies of his character became more pronounced, and his home at Rydal was the centre whence radiated a strong spiritual influence. Southey, a valued friend, wished to have his daughter frequent the poet's home, that her character might be influenced by his, and many were attracted to the district out of admiration for Wordsworth. Thus were all the tendencies of his boyhood days given the lie. Instead of the rough, boorish man that we might be led to expect, we find that he is mild and kindly to a fault. And in this, as in the case of many another great man, the refinement was the result of companionship with a noble woman.

### Other than Bullet Wounds.

HAROLD DAVITT, '03.



HE fighting had been fierce all day. The natives had securely entrenched themselves on the hill and every attempt made to dislodge them was futile. Time after time the soldiers started up the hill, but a deadly fire forced them back. Darkness set in at last and the slaughter was stopped.

That night as Lieutenant Marsden was sitting in his tent, his orderly entered and told him a wounded soldier at the camp hospital wanted to see him. In spite of his fatigue, he went over to see what the man wanted. As the surgeon was taking the officer to the soldier's cot he told the lieutenant that the man was badly hurt and might not live through the night.

Marsden went up to the man's cot and spoke to him. The soldier with great effort turned his face toward the lieutenant. He had a bandage around his head and the face was drawn as if in great pain; but the eyes were bright. A doctor would have said it was their last brightness. Marsden started as if shot.

"Barr," he said hoarsely.

"Yes, it's Barr," was the answer, and the face which a moment before was ghastly was now livid. "You never thought you would see me again, did you? Well, nor I you. I came yesterday with Company E of the 33d., and maybe I wasn't surprised to find you here. But for that damned nigger, you would never have seen me."

"But what do you want of me?" asked the lieutenant, struggling to compose himself.

"Only this: the doctor says I must go, and I wanted to tell you that—that Helen loves you yet."

A hard look came into the lieutenant's eyes.

"Barr, if you speak her name again, I'll finish the native's work." He spoke quietly, but his face was very white.

The soldier imploringly raised his nerveless hand.

"Marsden," he said, "I am dying—if not for your sake, at least for her's, listen to what I have to tell you. After you went away, she found that I had lied and she was nearly heart broken. No one knew where



you were, for you left no word. She did all in her power to find you, and always maintained you would come back."—He paused, for it hurt him to talk.—"I have wronged you, Marsden," he said shortly, "but can't you forgive me?"

The words "she loves you yet" were in his ears. Bending over, he took the wounded man's hand.

"May God forgive you, Barr, as I do."

Then he left him and went back to his tent. He never saw Barr again.

The lieutenant's mind was all confused and he could not sleep. As he sat watching the smouldering camp-fire he thought of what Barr had told him. The light of the fire falling on his face threw into clear relief the squarely-cut features and muscular form. The face was not handsome. The mouth was too large, the jaw too square, and a close observer would have said the eyes showed too much impulse.

"Did she expect him? Had he better go back?" The stern look had left the eyes. And then came the memory of Helen Knowlton, their quarrel and the broken engagement; and with the memory returned the old love he had thought dead.

Well, he had shown that he could be as unforgiving as she had been. Even yet, he could not help thinking that he was not altogether wrong.

And then came the thought of how in a burst of anger he had enlisted, and, leaving no word, had disappeared. He was always impulsive, and this time he had been wrong. His three years were almost up, and he was anxious to see his old friends again. "Helen might—" yes, he would go back.

It was the night of a reception at Mrs. Wilhelm's. As Marsden was dressing, he found himself humming snatches of an old waltz that he and Helen used to play. They had played it together on the day of their quarrel. He was quite happy. How good it was to be back and how glad they all had been to see him. And he was to see Helen to-night.

He had arrived only that morning and had intended to rest, but a chance meeting at the station with an old chum had changed his plans. His chum had taken Marsden immediately to his club, where Harry had been renewing acquaintances all day. His friends had persuaded him to attend the reception. At first he refused, but the thought that he might see Helen changed him, and he promised.

When they arrived at Wilhelm's they found

most of the guests there. His friends were right; they were all glad he had come. Marsden could scarcely believe that the three years since he had left had not been a dream. The same crowd, only one thing was lacking—in the fair faces around him he missed one.

As he glanced over the happy, eager faces, he caught sight of a man that singularly attracted him. The man was evidently a foreigner, if his black hair and eyes and peculiar gestures were any sign. His face was sinister, and the pointed beard made Marsden think of the little devils on the army beef-cans. Marsden wondered who he was. The music started in the ball-room, and as Marsden turned to go with the rest, he saw a face that made him start. Instantly recovering himself he went up to her.

"Helen!" he said, his great love showing in his voice and eager manner—"Helen, aren't you glad to see me?"

"Harry! I—yes, I'm very glad," she replied as she put out her hand.

She was quite pale, and seeing that persons were remarking them, he led her into one of the parlors.

Marsden hardly knew where to begin. He wanted to tell her all, but the gulf made by the three years was hard to bridge. At length he told her of his chance meeting with Barr, and that Barr had told him all. He told of the dark period for him since their quarrel; of the great love he had for her, and how the separation had only made it stronger.

"Helen, I have come back to make you love me again. Tell me, you will let me?" he said, pleadingly.

Her face was turned away from him and he saw that she was troubled. The soft strains of a waltz sounded in their ears. It was their waltz. She was crying now.

"Oh! Harry, Harry! if you only knew," she sobbed.

The music stopped. A man apparently in search of some one came, and seeing who was there approached them. If he saw anything unusual he gave no sign. Marsden's face clouded.

"This is my dance, isn't it," the man said to Helen.

"Yes," she answered, and with a wonderful effort she composed herself and arose.

"Gerald,"—to the new-comer—"Gerald, I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Harry Marsden. Harry," and her voice faltered, "this is my—husband—Gerald Vane."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame, August, 1902.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—We are in possession of a handsome set of books, numbering 136 volumes, bound in half morocco, and presented by the Hon. Abraham L. Brick to Father Morrissey. These books, which are on the Civil War, come from Mr. Brick's private library, and are especially valuable for historic research. They are the most comprehensive and complete history of the Union and the Confederate armies and navies from 1860 to 1865. We wish especially to thank Mr. Brick for his valuable donation.

This is not the first time that our Congressman has been good to us. The large cannons on either side of the flag-pole came through his influence, and on many other occasions he has shown a rare felicity to make Notre Dame a recipient of his favours.

—On September 9, Notre Dame will begin, under most favorable auspices, her fifty-ninth year of university work. It has always been the aim of the executive officers here to keep the University in the front rank as an educational institution, and no expense is ever spared to have her meet the highest test of requirements. Improvements have been made this summer in all the houses and in every corner of the university grounds; the Faculty has been increased considerably, and great pains have been taken to provide for the comfort and wellbeing of the student body. Judging by the large number of old students who have already made arrangements for next year, and also by the many new applications received thus far, '03-'04 will be the banner year for enrollment. We are glad to announce that the health and old-time vigor of the Very Reverend President, Father Morrissey, are steadily returning. He will be here at the opening of the school term to welcome the old and the new students and to continue his work of moulding and perfecting them into men of character, mind and heart.

—A few words on the oration and the method of judging an orator seems to us not to be out of place here. Next fall we have the oratorical contest to select the young man who will represent us at Indianapolis a month later. Should he be successful there, he will then be sent as Indiana's defender to Chicago to battle for the championship of the West. Success at Chicago, Indianapolis or even at Notre Dame, means a great deal to a man and his school. Besides the advertisement which may be in it, it will designate him as the cleverest collegiate orator in his school, his state or in the West. This is an honour which every college man should be desirous of winning, and to that end should prepare himself untiringly that he may produce the best work he is capable of. He can not begin too soon; and it is supposed that all the aspirants for the oratorical medal are working on their orations during the summer months.

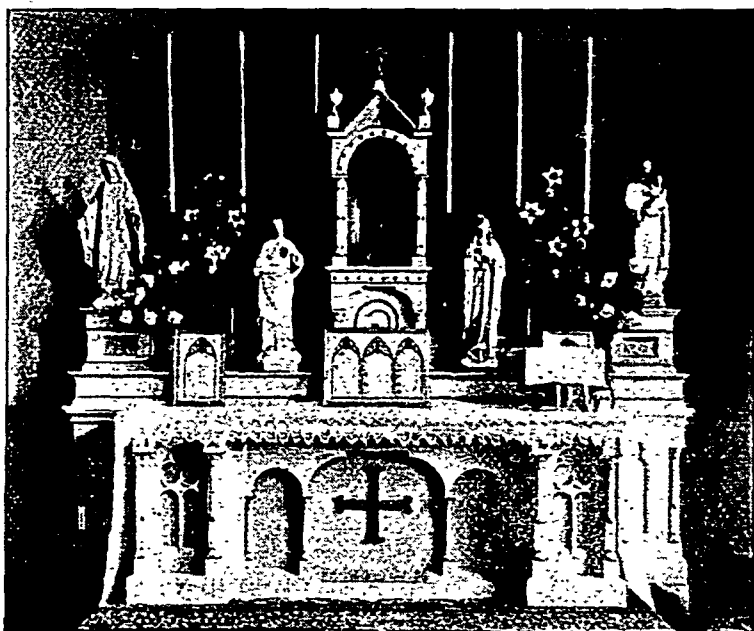
It should be unnecessary to remind even the tyro in oratorical work that the composition of his speech must be polished off with great care. This much accomplished, the greater part, we might say, of his work is yet to be done. He must prepare himself by patient, repeated practice to deliver it in the most acceptable manner. Here is where the medal is generally won, and it is but proper that the contestant who appears best on the stage in setting forth his ideas should be the medallist. We have but little sympathy with that method in which the orator is judged, first, by three critics who pass on its literary merit, and, secondly, by three others who judge of the delivery, etc.

The oration is essentially a spoken discourse. It is not to be read as an essay, and therefore should not be judged as an essay. Its value is supposed to be in the impression it leaves when delivered. In the English essay contest we do not require the essayists to read or speak their productions, and thus have two sets of men to pass on them. And yet there is as much reason in doing this as there is in forcing the young orators to have their orations passed upon by two different sets of judges. The fallacy of this method of judging can easily be seen when we consider that an oration which reads well is often a difficult thing to speak, and *vice versa*. So, to us, it seems that there should be but one set of critics in an oratorical contest, and that these should judge the oration, its composition, style and delivery as it is spoken from the stage.

## The Sorin Hall Chapel.

THROUGHOUT the scholastic year all the halls in the University worked well and nobly, each in its own way, to bring fresh laurels to the Gold and Blue. Sorin Hall was not the least among the workers. Its graduates, this year, were men of no mean ability in the class-room, before the public and in the field of sports. The records they made by their brain and brawn will be inspirations to other ambitious young men who fall heir to their places, their privileges and their honors; but the thoughtful observer will find in their modest little chapel, that nestles so peacefully under the last rays of the setting sun, a lasting record of the Sorinites of 1902. It is their memorial, and they may be justly proud of the marvelous change their zeal and generosity have wrought in this most inviting nook of the hall.

When it was suggested that the appearance of the old chapel could be improved, there were many of the "grads" and "undergrads" who were ready and willing to show, in a very practical way, how this could be done. On previous occasions they had made arrangements, without much taxing of brain or purse, for events of a purely social turn, and the events, owing to the general satisfaction they gave, were always voted a success. On this occasion, though of a highly religious character, they felt themselves equal to the task, and they should be content to leave it to succeeding generations of students to vote upon the result of their efforts.



THE ALTAR.

The temporary altar that served its purpose here and in other less pretentious corners, was soon replaced by a new, beautiful altar of sacrifice in deep cream and gold; the sanctuary was richly adorned, the walls and ceiling tastily plotted off in pink and lavender with filigrees to match, and through the new stained-glass windows now steal the sun's mellow rays to garnish here and there a double tier of handsomely carved oaken pews. A beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, the daily reminder, among other blessings, of their monthly feast-day, the first Friday, when heart and soul are at peace with God, and an inspiring image of Our Lady, the patroness of all at Notre Dame, were added to make the work of remodelling complete. Verily, Sorin Hall Chapel is now a house of prayer, and one instinctively feels that the men who made it such are of the kind that proves ever loyal to the Gold and Blue.

## Fourth of July Celebration.

Those who remained at Notre Dame celebrated the day with the usual patriotic spirit. In the morning they marched to the flag-pole where Peter J. McNamara, standing on the large cannon, a relic of the Civil War, read the Declaration of Independence.

Joseph Cullinan then attested the loyalty he bears his country in his address. "My



NORTH SIDE OF SORIN HALL CHAPEL.

Native Land," and received hearty applause as he concluded: "Ireland has long since tasted of the bitter cup; but her efforts to burst the fetters that foreign force and native dissensions impose on her, have won the admiration of the civilized world; yet the work is still undone, and it is left for us, the young Irish-Americans, to consecrate ourselves to that glorious cause—the liberty of Ireland!

John P. Curry was the orator of the day. In a clever oration he traced the destiny of the United States, and held that since this country had "no blighting traditions to bear it down; no royal sycophants to be leeches on its treasury; no codfish aristocracy to forget its constitution, it must ever remain the democracy our fathers gave us."

The programme closed with the following poem on the American flag composed by Nicholas Furlong for the occasion:

For years our land saw tyrant's might supreme,  
When rising hopes but came to disappear,  
Or fade like fancies in a morning dream,  
Till your bright folds dispelled our trembling fear  
Mid doubt arising.

We saw you waving in the morn's first glow,  
While many hearts yet mingled hope with fears.  
War spread her sorrows and filled earth with woe,  
Yet o'er the darkest clouds of those sad years  
Your stars were shining.

Though poisoned arrows pierced your silken fold  
And death surrounded thee in bloody fight,  
Yet thou! starry emblem, still waving, told  
The hopes of victory from bursting light  
In darkness rising.

Ofttimes your valiant sons at morn's first light,  
"Standing where life and death embrace as one,"  
Have turned to thee, and thy beauteous sight  
Brought forth the dying words: "The battle's won,  
Our emblem's flying."

Then soothing peace her white wings opened wide,  
The olives 'round your floating folds to twine;  
For still you waved o'er spacious land and tide;  
And all that victory might give wert thine,—  
"Emblem of the Free."

Arrows untipped and useless bows unstrung  
Were plowed beneath the scourged and sanguined field;  
The fife and drum on lowly halls were hushed,  
Nor did the foes their blood-stained weapons wield  
Where you were streaming.

Though wild and restless winds blow o'er the grave  
Of fallen heroes, may they blow in vain;  
And sinking into sleep may we see wave,  
Deep in the blue the stars of heaven's domain—  
Our starry banner.

#### The Varsity Baseball Team.

NEVER before, perhaps, in the history of athletics at Notre Dame did the outlook for a successful baseball team appear so poor as at the beginning of the present season. The first call for candidates was answered by a crowd of youngsters who were but mere novices at the game. Capt. Lynch, however, set to work as enthusiastically and earnestly as if the men were of championship timber; everyday practice was carried on in fielding, base running and hitting. The youngsters showed great aptitude, and above all they worked in perfect harmony with their coach and themselves as well.

Of the team of 1901, but three men were on hand—Philip B. O'Neill, our crack catcher; John Farley, the pride of the rooters, and our star short stop, Captain Robert E. Lynch. These three gentlemen, however, were adepts at the game and about the fastest trio that could be found in the Western colleges. Around these three, Captain and Coach Lynch developed a team that on its first appearance in outdoor practice astonished everybody, even the most sanguine. Everything went on smoothly for a time, and Notre Dame's friends felt assured of having at least a fairly good team.

Comiskey's champions, the Chicago-American League team, was engaged for a week. The series began on April the nineteenth, and during that short period the novices showed wonderful improvement. The champions were compelled to play at their best during the whole series, and twice our youngsters held out for twelve innings before surrendering to defeat. The splendid showing made against such a strong combination of ball tossers as the White Sox, gave the Varsity candidates a great amount of courage, and from that time on their practice was marked by a great deal of vim and ginger. Everything went on smoothly for a time, the outlook growing brighter day by day, but several unforeseen circumstances arose just a few days before the college season began which almost upset the entire team. As it was, Capt. Lynch was practically compelled to build up a new team. This sudden blow, or rather, succession of blows, almost disheartened even our staunchest supporters; but that grit which has ever been characteristic of Notre Dame's sons, and the perfect harmony that existed among all





concerned in the welfare of the team, came to the rescue, and Notre Dame came out of the trial with flying colors.

The schedule was by far the hardest ever arranged for the Varsity. It numbered thirty games in all, including the White Sox series and one or two practice games with South Bend. Of the college games, Notre Dame lost but four, one each to Beloit, Minnesota, Knox and Wisconsin. Each of these games were lost only after the hardest kind of a struggle; and in one or two cases the game of a right was won by the Varsity. The Beloit game was the only one in which Notre Dame was compelled to be content with a shut out. The record made was a glorious one, and reflects great credit on Captain Lynch who also acted in the capacity of coach.

A glance over the records achieved by this year's team will no doubt greatly assist our readers in judging their ability.

Record of team during whole year—White Sox series included:

Won 20, lost 10, tied 1; P. C., 667.

College series only.—Won 17, lost 4, tied 1; P. C., 816.

Individual averages during the White Sox series:

	Bat. Per Cent	Field. Per Cent	SB	SH	BB
Lynch	407	980	8	0	5
Farley	347	832	2	3	2
Ruehlbach	228	1000	0	1	1
Fisher	413	875	1	0	0
Gage	380	780	0	1	0
Hemp	250	871	1	1	2
Stephan	197	892	0	2	0
Shaughnessy	173	720	0	0	1
Antoine	428	800	2	0	0
Dohan	364	878	2	0	0
Higgins	145	1000	0	1	0
Hogan	250	1000	0	0	0
O'Neill	316	924	3	1	0

During College series:

	Bat. Per Cent	Field. Per Cent	SB	SH	BB
Lynch	382	935	20	0	13
Farley	335	913	23	3	9
O'Neill	297	958	15	1	5
Gage	359	881	14	4	4
Hemp	215	928	5	9	5
Shaughnessy	289	799	16	4	4
O'Connor	318	883	6	2	7
Stephan	311	982	13	4	1
Fisher	409	1000	2	3	0
Higgins	249	895	0	0	0
Dohan	419	896	0	1	1
Hogan	300	835	0	1	3
Antoine	272	700	0	1	1

General averages for whole year, White Sox series included:

	Bat. Per Cent	Field. Per Cent	SB	SH	BB
Lynch	399	958	0	28	18

Farley	341	873	4	26	11
O'Neill	306	941	2	18	5
Gage	369	835	5	14	4
Hemp	234	899	10	6	7
Shaughnessy	231	759	4	16	5
O'Connor	318	883	2	6	7
Higgins	193	948	1	0	0
Hogan	275	868	1	0	3
Dohan	397	887	1	2	1
Antoine	350	750	1	2	1
Fisher	411	887	3	3	1
Ruehlbach	228	1000	1	0	1
Stephan	255	937	6	13	1

And now we must make mention of the players themselves.

Capt. ROBERT E. LYNCH (Short Stop).

"Bobby" Lynch is without doubt the fastest and steadiest man that ever covered short for Notre Dame. He was ever quick to take advantage of the misplays of his opponents. He is a nonpareil fielder, a sure hitter, and very speedy on the bases. This year in addition to his arduous duties as Captain, he was selected to coach the team, and his wonderful success with a bunch of raw material shows how well he did it. Capt. Lynch knows the game from A to Z. He was very popular with both players and rooters, both of whom placed almost infinite trust in him. At the close of the college season "Bobby" went to the St. Paul Western League team where he is making a splendid record for himself.

PHILIP B. O'NEILL (Catcher).

Sure, steady "Peaches" O'Neill was the backbone of the infield. His genial good nature and his wonderful coolness at critical stages of the game were very encouraging to the pitchers, and very often turned almost certain defeat into glorious victory. He has a phenomenal arm, and this year his throwing was as quick and accurate as a shot from a gun. But very few ever succeeded in pilfering a base on him. This was O'Neill's fourth and last year on the team. He has received offers from several National and American League teams, but at last reports was undecided which offer to accept.

JOHN F. FARLEY (Centre Field).

Farley, the pride of the gridiron, was also the pride of the baseball rooters. He was one of the hitters of the team, and many a time when a hit was needed, John showed himself to be the right man in the right place. He is a very steady player and could be relied on at all times. He led the team in base stealing, and his daring in this respect was the chief feature of many of the games. "John" is a



member of the "Big Three" whose four years of athletic work have expired.

ANTON C. STEPHAN (First Base).

When it was announced that "Jimmy" Morgan, our star first baseman of last season, would not return, critics immediately declared that it would be impossible to fill his place. Stephan, however, filled it, and filled it in very clever style. But very few balls got away from him. He is a very conscientious player, and towards the end of the season made a marked advance in hitting. He has been selected by his team-mates to captain next year's Varsity. Stephan's work next year will be eagerly watched.

ROY E. GAGE (2d Base).

Gage is the heavy hitter of the team and one of the most reliable sluggers we have seen on any college team. He also took good care of second base, although early in the season his arm gave him a great deal of trouble. Towards the close, however, it rounded out O. K. Gage is the best place hitter and bunter on the team and a very speedy man on the bases.

CHARLES L. HEMP (3d Base).

Diminutive, dark-complected "Ducky" Hemp was the surprise of the year. When he announced himself as a candidate, the majority were inclined to laugh at him, but those who watched him perform in daily practice were astonished at the ability the youngster displayed and predicted success for him. His only trouble was inability to hit, but he made up for this by his clever sacrificing, at which he led the team.

FRANCIS T. SHAUGHNESSY (Left Field).

"Shag" was one of the finds of the season. In the early part of the year he tried for sub-catcher. Captain Lynch soon discovered his abilities as a fielder and placed him in right garden. He held this position for three or four games when he was shifted to left to replace Fisher, who had to be dropped because of ineligibility. "Shag" made a brilliant record for himself in all departments of the game, and on more than one occasion electrified the crowd by his phenomenal catches.

DANIEL E. O'CONNOR (Right Field).

O'Connor was unfortunate enough to hurt his hand at the beginning of the regular season and was compelled to retire from the game for almost a month. When he returned he was placed in right where he did good work.

He was very handy with the stick. With a little more experience Dan will be a valuable man.

HARRY G. HOGAN (Pitcher).

Our chief strength, this year, lay in the pitching staff, one of the best Notre Dame ever boasted of. Of these, Hogan is the premier member. Hogan has wonderful speed and curves, but was slightly erratic. If he gains complete mastery over the ball, he will be without an equal in the Western colleges next year. Hogan was selected alter-captain. We hope to see him with us again next year.

JOSEPH DOHAN (Pitcher).

Dohan was a new man. He was the steadiest and most reliable man of the staff. He made several brilliant records for himself during the season, but perhaps the best of them all was his game against Purdue at Lafayette. Dohan is a young fellow with a peculiar delivery, however, which seems to help him greatly. Another feature of Dohan's work during the year was his terrific batting. Dohan will be back.

WILLIAM P. HIGGINS (Pitcher).

The third and last member of our famous trio, is "Happy Bill." "Bill" rounded into form late this year, but when he did he made things hum. "Bill" is cool and steady in the box, but at times he becomes so wild as to lose all control of himself.

ROBERT E. FISHER (Left Field).

Notre Dame decided early in the season to live up to Western Intercollegiate Rules, and as a result of this decision we were compelled to lose Fisher on a mere technicality. "Bob" was slugging the ball at a terrific rate about the time he got word. He has vim and dash that are admirable.

LAURENCE E. ANTOINE (Sub-Catcher).

Antoine did not get much of a chance to display his abilities. He is a conscientious player, possesses a good arm, and will, no doubt, be heard from in the near future.

ALBERT H. RUEHLBACH (Fielder).

The Faculty's decision also cut us out of the services of our star fielder, Ruehlbach. He played through the White Sox series and made an excellent impression.

Such were the men that made up the Varsity for 1902 and won such an enviable position for the Gold and Blue. May the Varsity men of the future be as successful as they have been.

J. P. O'REILLY.

## "The Notre Dame Continental Cadets."

WE present here the roster of "The Notre Dame Continental Cadets," one of the first companies of the Zouaves that Notre Dame can boast of. We are indebted to Mr. John H. Cody, '65, Fort Wayne, for the list of names.

The cadets were a very fine military organization. "They adopted the uniform of the American Revolution: a blue swallow tail coat with the regulation brass buttons and buff facings, buckskin knee-breeches, riding boots and a cocked hat with a tricolored plume." So skilful was their drill that they found very little difficulty in winning at Lafayette, Laporte, Logansport, Indianapolis and Goshen from the cleverest Zouave companies in the state. When the call for troops came the "Continental Cadets" were among the first to enlist, and from a small company of seventy-nine men two members, William F. Lynch and Robert Healy, were brevetted Brigadier-Generals before the close of the war. The roster:

William F. Lynch, Captain, Elgin.  
 Robert Healy, 1st Lieut., Chicago.  
 John Armstrong, 2d Lieut., Chicago.  
 Jerry Foley, 1st Sergeant, Toledo.  
 Charles Armstrong, Chicago, Ill.  
 Thomas Ball, Lafayette, Ind.  
 John Ball, Lafayette, Ind.  
 Benj. F. Barron, Goshen, Ind.  
 John Boylan, Springfield, Ill.  
 John Byrnes, Beloit, Wis.  
 Wm. D. Bundberry, Niles, Mich.  
 Frank Biglow, Lancaster, Ohio.  
 George P. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.  
 Daniel M. M. Collins, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.  
 George T. B. Collins, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.  
 Horatio Colvin, Chicago, Illinois.  
 John Connolly, Lafayette, Indiana.  
 George Colton, Notre Dame, Indiana.  
 Frank Colton, Notre Dame, Indiana.  
 Albert Cassady, Peoria, Illinois.  
 John Clifford, New York City.  
 Douglas Cook, Chicago, Illinois.  
 Thomas Curry, Davenport, Iowa.  
 John H. Cody, Fort Wayne, Indiana.  
 James J. Cody, LaSalle, Illinois.  
 James Donovan, Bridgeport, Connecticut.  
 Dave Fitzgibbon, Indianapolis, Indiana.  
 John J. Fitzgibbon, Indianapolis, Indiana.  
 John H. Fleming, Fort Wayne, Indiana.  
 Peter Forrester, Laporte, Indiana.  
 John Foster, Terre Copa, Indiana.



MR. JOHN CODY, '65, Ft. Wayne,  
 Notre Dame Continental Cadet.

Charles Healey, Chicago, Illinois.  
 James Howard, Chicago, Illinois.  
 Dennis Hogan, Springfield, Illinois.  
 Charles Hibbard, Jackson, Michigan.  
 Daniel Hibbard, Jackson, Michigan.  
 William Hibbard, Jackson, Michigan.  
 John Healey, Scranton, Pennsylvania.  
 Charles Hains, Beloit, Wisconsin.  
 Samuel L. Jackson, Goshen, Indiana.  
 Samuel Jennings, Notre Dame, Indiana.  
 John J. Joyce, Washington, D. C.  
 John Kennedy, Spanish Flats, Colorado.  
 Joseph Lonergan, Lockport, Illinois.  
 Thomas Lonergan, Lockport, Illinois.  
 Jules La Barth, Springfield, Illinois.  
 John Lahr, Lafayette, Indiana.

Joseph E. Lynch, Elgin, Ill.  
 Charles Marrentette, Mendon, Mich.  
 William Marrentelle, Mendon.  
 Edward McNally, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 George Miller, Peru, Indiana.  
 Thomas B. Miller, Peru, Ind.  
 A. McDonald, Crown Point, Ind.  
 George Moon, Goshen, Ind.  
 V. Moriance, Rome, Italy.  
 Louis McKernan, Indianapolis, Ind.  
 John McKenna, Chicago, Ill.  
 Charles Menard, St. Charles, Mo.  
 Peter Menard, St. Charles, Mo.  
 Charles Morrison, Mendota, Ill.  
 James Mahon, Edinburg, Ind.  
 John O'Reilly, Dorpletown, Penn.  
 Hugh Owens, Notre Dame, Ind.  
 James Penders, Lafayette, Ind.  
 Samuel Purviance, Huntington, Ind.  
 James C. Peltier, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
 James Quinlan, Beloit, Wisconsin.  
 William Reynolds, Kent, Indiana.  
 John Reynold, Kent, Indiana.  
 Claude Reopelle, Detroit, Mich.  
 James B. Runnion, Chicago, Ill.  
 Narcissus Revard, Racine, Wis.  
 John Reinbold, Navoue, Ill.  
 Henry Reinbold, Navoue, Ill.  
 Henry C. Sherb, Crown Point, Ind.  
 Peter Swalem, Joliet, Ill.

Arthur J. Stace, Fort Wayne, Indiana.  
 M. Toohey, Chicago, Illinois.  
 Robert Talley, South Bend, Indiana.  
 Daniel Vaughn, County Mayo, Ireland.

## Book Notice.

"Practical Explanation and Application of Bible History," by Rev. John J. Walsh, D. D., must be a welcome addition to the catechist's library. Nothing of importance has escaped the scrutinizing questions; and religious instruction has been so dexterously interwoven with the answers that the teacher will find an interesting explanation of the catechism in the course of bible history (Benzigers publishers).

Athletic Notes.

**P**HIL BUTLER will train the football team next year. He has been selected on account of the great ability shown by him last year in running the Varsity with practically not a stale man on the team. This is the first time that this has happened in the athletic history of Notre Dame. Butler will likewise take charge of the track team. Here he has shown good capability as a coach and as a trainer, turning out a first-class team until some of our "stars" went astray in class work, and the faculty board of control found it necessary to drop them.

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"Bobby" Lynch will be the guiding spirit on the baseball team for the season of 1903. "Bob" is with St. Paul at present, and is playing a magnificent game of ball. Last season he turned a bunch of poor baseball players into a very fast team—and we know that he can repeat the trick again next year. Besides coaching the team "Bob" will take his A. B. It is a rare pleasure to see, as in this case, a combination of a good student and an athlete.

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Word reaches us that Phil O'Neill, the most popular and best-natured player on last year's baseball team, has gone West and is mixing his law practice with occasional games of baseball in Guthrie, Indian Territory. Phil had an offer from the Cleveland team of the American league, but wisely declined it, preferring to follow his profession, the law, in which he ever was a most able student.

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The First Regiment track team of Chicago captured "Jim" Herbert immediately after he left Notre Dame. The wisdom of their action is shown by the fact that Herbert takes firsts in the low and high hurdles of all the big meets he has entered this summer. In fact, at Ravenswood he equalled the Western record in the high hurdles held by Fred Maloney. Herbert should certainly prove a very valuable man to any club with which he will go.

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Our old "star" pitcher, Gibson, is still the prime favourite with Kansas city. Kansas city rallies around him better than around any other man on the pitching staff. And the team that touches up his delivery for more than half

a dozen hits is batting well. After his apprenticeship with the Kansas city, "Gibby" should prove a most valuable man to either the National or the American league.

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McGlew, last year's quarter-back, and who was pronounced by Mr. Horne, Indiana's coach, the best quarter-back in the state, is getting into condition at Sister Lake for fall football practice. With Mac is J. Patrick O'Reilly, Brownson Hall's famous twirler. Mac and O'Reilly have formed a team of Latin-Americans which can do justice to any summer resort. We expect great things of them before the season closes.

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The gymnasium will be under the direction of Mr. Philip Weiss next year. It is little short of the marvellous how Mr. Weiss has popularized gymnastics at the University. Four years ago a class of forty or fifty was regarded as a goodly number; but when the present director took charge the number began to grow until last year three hundred answered the roll call. The gymnasium is admirably equipped in every detail, and the system of training in vogue is that used at Harvard. Mr. Weiss is a student of Dr. Sargeant of Harvard.

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It should be remembered that all members of the athletic teams winning monograms are entitled to the full use of all gymnastic apparatus. This especially should be borne in mind by the baseball and the track men if they wish to do any gymnasium training during the fall.

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From present indications the football team of next session should be as strong as that of last, even stronger. We will lose a few of our best men including Capt. Fortin, Farragher and Lins, but the amount of new material and the further development of old material will offset this loss. With Sammon, McGlew, Doar, Lonergan, Cullinan, Pick, Woods, Gillen, Hannon, Neyre, Kirby and McCullough back as a central piece around which to build a team we can surely expect the best of results. Pat O'Dea, our old "star" coach, and who turned out a winning team last year, will be with Missouri University next year. Whitney of Cornell has been retained. We will now be able to see what Eastern tactics can do with a Western team.

## The Varsity Track Team—1902.

**A**FTER the Christmas holidays, when Coach Butler issued his call for candidates for the Track Team, the likeliest bunch of athletes that could be gathered together by any one college answered the summons. Among the candidates were to be found some of the best short and middle distance runners, half mile indoor champions, and strong men in the pole vault, the shot put, and the other field events. It was easily the best array of athletes that Notre Dame had ever boasted of, and from East to West our glorious colors were feared and admired. Challenges and invitations poured in from the largest universities in the country, all anxious to match their skill and brawn against ours.

It was a rosy outlook. Visions of the Western Intercollegiate championship haunted the dreams of every loyal partisan, and the critics declared our team invincible. Meets were arranged with both Eastern and Western teams, and during the winter months the team gained some glorious victories over some of the most formidable teams in the country. Purdue and Indiana were smothered in a Triangular meet. Wisconsin's well-trained and fleet-footed athletes put up a magnificent struggle against us in the most sensational indoor meet ever held in the West, but the Gold and Blue triumphed.

Our crack relay team, Herbert, Staples, Kirby, and Gearin, entered the Georgetown meet against such redoubtable teams as Cornell, Pennsylvania, Williams, Georgetown and a few more, and to the surprise of all ran away from Cornell's crack squad by more than fifty yards. Our time was several seconds faster than that made by any of the other teams, and clearly established our right to the title of the fastest relay team in America at that time. The St. Louis meet again brought us before the public. We entered but five men in this meet, chiefly for the relay and the half mile, but even with this small quota of men we nearly won the meet.

The relay race was a walk over for our men. The chief feature of this meet was the half mile race with the three fastest men in the country entered, "Billy" Moloney of Chicago University, "Billy" Moran of St. Louis' University, and our own "Billy" Uffendell. This event excited a great deal of interest through-

out the country. Uffendell was banked upon to win the race, but the terrible strain he had undergone the week before, when he broke the world's indoor record, was too much for him. He put up a grand struggle, however, and compelled Moloney to run himself out in order to win. Such was the glorious record made by our team during the indoor season. What a change took place when the outdoor season's work began!

The indoor season over, our troubles commenced. The first outdoor contest we entered was the Philadelphia open meet. This contest was practically the one where we discovered our flaws. While we had been going sailing peacefully on our little way, content with the world and ourselves, our future was receiving a black eye. The first trouble was with the new rule concerning standing in Western colleges. The Faculty Board of the University wisely decided that the time had come for Notre Dame to live up to the spirit of amateur athletics in every manner possible. With this end in view, the Faculty Board decided to obey the rules of the Western Intercollegiate. The principal rule which affects all athletes in our Western colleges is the one which allows only those who are up in class work to compete. There were a few of our men who permitted their heels to run away with their head, and on this account we were affected by this rule. We are far better off without such men, and although we suffered for a time our showing, on the whole, was very creditable.

✓ CAPT. HARLEY E. KIRBY (Shot Putter, Hurdler and Jumper).

This is Kirby's second year on the Varsity, but in that short time he has done more phenomenal work and gained as many points for the Gold and Blue as any of Notre Dame's famous athletes. His most marvellous performance during the year was the breaking the Western Intercollegiate record in the shot put last June. Kirby is also one of the speediest men in the country going over the low hurdles. At the St. Louis meet he took the measure of the champion hurdler, Fred Moloney. He was a member of our famous relay team. Kirby won the gold medal offered by Dr. Stoeckley of South Bend for the one making the largest number of points during the year. He has been selected to captain the track team next year.

J. SULLIVAN (Pole Vaulter and Jumper).

This was Sullivan's fourth and last year as



a member of the Varsity. During the past season he improved wonderfully in the pole vault and was reckoned as among the best men of the country. During his stay on the team, "Joe" has gained the reputation of being one of the pluckiest athletes at the University, and one who performed far better in competition than in practice. He was also a high and broad jumper of no mean ability, but his principal strength was in pole vaulting. He was one of the reliable men on whom we always counted and in whom we were never disappointed. We will miss "Joe," but we have reason to believe that his enviable record will be an inspiration to others to reach even higher notches.

WM. G. UFFENDELL (Half Miler).

"Billy" was another of our reliable men and one of the stars of the team. This year "Billy" did phenomenal work. At the Wisconsin Notre Dame dual meet he smashed the world's indoor record, which had been standing for years. He also did some good work at the Georgetown meet, defending the Eastern cracks easily. "Billy" was a member of our famous relay team. Towards the close of the year we were obliged to lose Uffendell's services because some of the over-zealous members of the Western Intercollegiate Board thought they discovered some flaws in his record. The case hung fire for almost two months and was not decided until the night before the Western when Uffendell was thrown out on a technicality.

M. B. HERBERT (Hurdler and Capt.).

Herbert was unfortunate this year. At the Wisconsin meet he was out of form and was compelled to suffer defeat, and during the rest of the season Herbert was practically out of condition. His best work was done with the relay team and in the hurdle race at the St. Louis meet. In this latter event he equalled the world's record. He also took Fred Moloney's measure a couple of times in the early part of the season. "Jim" resigned the captaincy early in the spring, and was succeeded by Kirby. This was his fourth and last year on the team.

WALTER GEARIN (Quarter Miler).

Gearin fulfilled the expectations of his friends and did splendid work in the 440. He was one of the principal members of our celebrated relay teams, and our main dependence in the middle distance events. His hardest contest of the year was with Poage,

the speedy Cardinal runner. The race between these men awakened a great deal of interest in athletic circles at the time. Gearin beat his man handily, although his leg was swollen, the result of a collision in the 49-yard dash. Gearin is one of the strongest runners in the country, and his athletic career will be worth while following. Gearin was unable to compete during the outdoor season, owing to an injury to one of his legs.

#### Local Items.

—Kahler left during July for Lexington, Ky., to take a position with the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas RR. He will be engaged in practical work during the entire summer.

—Everett W. Hatfield's name was omitted by mistake from the Brownson Hall list of Premiums. He should be accredited with 1st Premium in Arithmetic, Reading, Orthography, Geography and History.

—The South Bend *Sunday News* in its editorial column says: "Notre Dame is on everybody's tongue and yet Notre Dame covers many acres."

And again:

Notre Dame's great Commencement week has come and gone and marks the greatest year in its history as an educational institution. St. Mary's Academy also has just passed through its most successful year, and is the fair neighbor, a mile away, of Notre Dame, the largest Catholic University in America. The alumni and the alumnae of Notre Dame and St. Mary's number up into the thousands and are found in all parts of the world. The curriculum and discipline are rigid, the educational lines broad and liberal, and the institutions merit their great following. Notre Dame is one of the elements of South Bend's greatness and prosperity.

—This bit of verse unfortunately has escaped print, thus far. The author evidently felt the thrill of an inspired one when he brought it into being. The title shows his mood—and the sentiment requires no comment. The phrase "Honest Bill" especially has a wholesome look to it.

#### WHEN I AM DEAD.

When through these tessellated halls  
I cease to tread,  
When lightly waves the verdant grass  
Above my head;  
Who will remember then the one  
There lying still,  
Who bore in life the sobriquet  
Of Honest Bill.  
Or when the early robins come  
To nest again,  
Bringing the summer sunshine in  
Their noisy train,  
Will any think of him whose care  
Made roses bloom,  
Or pray it may be well with him  
Beyond the tomb?

—The dredge on the lakes has finished the task assigned it. Large banks of marl are



much in evidence, taking away that picturesque which was characteristic of the lower ends of the lakes. But these banks will remain only a short time, and when they are gone shrubbery will again come to take their place. Both lakes, with a half dozen small islands dotting them, look much larger than before. The swampy marshes that held sway in both of them have disappeared absolutely, taking with them the malaria-breeding mosquitoes that occasionally came in to disturb our summers. We look from shore to shore and we see greeting us a pleasant expanse of blue water. We begin to idealize and see the islands covered with foliage and on each one of them a bungalow with a large porch where of an evening we can pick our banjo, as some row boats drift by. Our pipes are with us now, and we smoke up as the stars cast their pictures on the shimmering waters. And then to think of those old rustic bridges that will run out from the mainland—bridges we saw in our children's story books, but which since then have gone beyond our vision. It may be that bungalow or rustic bridges will never come, but one thing is certain, that the dredging has added wonderfully to the beauty of the lakes and to the sanitary condition of Notre Dame during the hot summer months.

—We find floating around in our summer room an echo of the school year. It is not inspiring, but we publish it. The sinner—for sinner he was—must have suffered, and, like Kipling, bemoans the fact. We feel as though his innermost feelings should not perish for want of type. Who knows but that a Barré, a TuoHee, or even a Sweeney may be the author.

A fool there was, and he "skived" away  
(Even as you and I);  
In a town not far he went astray,  
With chat and song and roundelay,  
And then stole in at the dusk of day  
(Even as you and I).  
Oh, the hours that went, and the coin he spent,  
Deep in this promised land!  
And now he says he does not know,  
Nor can he find out why the prefects know,  
Nor why they understand.

A fool there was and his class he missed  
(Even as you and I);  
On the banks of a stream toward the west he'd list,  
Nor was it the least that the ladies hiss'd,  
Till a lady shook her little fist  
(Even as you and I).  
Oh, the weight he lost and the pain it cost,  
And the frolics and joys he planned,  
Have passed away on his coming home,  
And as he came he was not alone,  
Then did he understand!

—The religious retreat of the priests and brothers of the Order of the Holy Cross and lasting a week ended on July 5. The different teachers from the many schools connected with Notre Dame, with the exception of those in the South, came in, so that the retreat was largely attended. The order of exercises:

5 a. m.	Rising
5.30 a. m.	Meditation
6 a. m.	Holy Mass
6.30 a. m.	Little Hours
7 a. m.	Breakfast
9 a. m.	Sermon
11.30 a. m.	Particular Examen
12 m.	Dinner
2 p. m.	Vespers
3 p. m.	Chapter
4 p. m.	Matins and Lauds
5 p.	Sermon
6 p. m.	Supper
7.30 p.	Sermon and Benediction
9 p. m.	Retiring

Father Younan had been selected to conduct the services. He is a man of rare ability, and especially so at this kind of work. For years he has been engaged in missionary labours in the United States and India, speaking several languages with remarkable fluency. His eloquence and his power as a speaker held his audience at all times. At the close of the retreat Father Younan gave the papal indulgence, after which the members renewed their vows into the hands of Very Rev. Provincial Zahm. Five young men were invested with the habit of the Order of the Holy Cross. Four of them, Timothy Crowley, County Limerick, Ireland; John J. Hennessy, County Limerick, Ireland; Marcellinus C. Gorski, Chicago, and Fred McKeon are members of the graduating class; the fifth is Walter Lavin.

—The month of July was not an inauspicious one, for then took place one of the most exciting games of which history has any chronicle. The "Lay-Overs" as usual were the culprits; their victims, a motley aggregation of ball-tossers from the wilds of South Bend. The "Lay-Overs" would have won but for a self-destructive eighth inning. They would even then have won only Umpire Hardicanute refused to be intimidated. One of the chief features of the game was Gomez's errorless playing at short (he did not get anything to do). His smiles kept the batters worried, and the knowledge that he had within his coat pocket an offer from the Three-I league made the game doubtful. "Brave Heart" Steele took in the benders that Sullivan dealt out. These came in all sorts of dishes. Some on the half shell, others on the fingers and still others that never came at all, but "Brave Heart" rose to the emergency and took in everything but his "ship." This sailed along some days later. There were many features to the game—one was Kahler's fielding, another Allen Dubbs' pipe on first, a third Tommy Curtis' horizontal smiles, a fourth Johnny Morrissey's need of shin guards. "Babe" on first was one of the heroes of the game (there were eight others). He stopped everything, even playing at times, and died under the shrubbery in a vain endeavor to locate Tommy Curtis' throw to the woods.

—The editor of the *Catholic Citizen*, in an editorial entitled "Credit to whom credit is due," says:

Some of our contemporaries have favorably commented on Dr. McSweeney's letter to this paper, in which he urged that Catholic institutions and Catholic occasions should be utilized at times to honor representative Catholic laymen. Father McSweeney suggests:

"Why not invite them to address the children, who, most of them, will follow their callings in life, not those of priests or nuns. I know two men, graduates of Catholic colleges, each a past member of the board of education, one in the largest, the other in the most cultured city in the United States. Yet I never heard of either being invited to address his own *Alma Mater* nor even a parochial school exhibition."

Notre Dame University must be generously credited with carrying out Father McSweeney's idea in a very acceptable manner. The Lætare Medal has been used in nearly all instances to compliment Catholic laymen of acknowledged worth. And Notre Dame has bestowed honorary degrees—such as Villanova recently gave Grover Cleveland—on quite a goodly list of active Catholic laymen. Of course, there is the danger of Catholic institutions sometimes debasing themselves by picking out for such honors, politicians, Catholic and otherwise, whose lives and methods and ethics are, on the whole, not such as the Catholic parent would like to hold up as models to his sons.

It is perhaps true that we do not sufficiently honor at all times those whom we claim as "our own." But the disposition to do so is growing, and it is a sign of larger views and better things.

We would likewise call attention to the fact that Hon. William P. Breen of Fort Wayne was our Commencement Orator, thereby proving that Notre Dame is always ready and willing to confer honors upon Catholic laymen in many more ways than one.

The July number of the *Rosary Magazine*, in an appreciative article on Mr. Breen, says:

The law is a jealous mistress, but in spite of her monopolizing claims, Mr. Breen has kept a great portion of his affections for the advancement of that Mother Church of which he is a loyal son. He has spoken much in public and on such subjects as "Ozanam," "Montalembert"—the very ideals of Catholic laymen. The phrase goes that "no one is a prophet in his own country," but Mr. Breen seems to be an exception to the rule, for though he is a native and to the manner born of Notre Dame, he is a prophet there and one accredited with uncommon gifts. He was the Commencement Orator at his *Alma Mater* this year.

We admire the wisdom of Father McSweeney's suggestion, and especially so since ours has been a constant endeavor to give Catholic laymen an opening through our lecture system and in many kindred ways.

#### Personals.

—The Right Rev. Bishop Cosgrove of Davenport, Iowa, accompanied by Rev. Father Lambert, called on the Very Rev. President in the latter part of July. The venerable bishop was very favorably impressed with

all he saw here, and we hope he will be with us again in the near future.

—Rev. Francis C. Kelly of Lapeer, Michigan, was here lately on business. His visits usually mean surprises for the boys. This time it is a surprise in the musical line that awaits their return.

—William A. Byrne, LL. D., wife and son, John, of Covington, Ky., spent a few pleasant days with us during the hot spell. Mr. Byrne is a champion of the faith in the Blue Grass State and an accomplished gentleman.

—Rev. Thomas McNamara, '82, who is known throughout the United States as the missionary of Mississippi, stopped off on his way to Chicago to renew old friendships and to revel in the scenes that helped to gladden younger, happy days.

—It will be sad news to last year's students to hear of the death of Bernard Flynn. He died at his home after a short illness, though well prepared for his end. Bernard was a conscientious, promising student of Brownson Hall and a favorite with the boys.

—Mr. Arthur Nestor and Miss Anna E. King, both of Chicago, Ill., were united in holy matrimony, July 14. The fortunate benedict has a host of warm friends at the University who tender him through the SCHOLASTIC hearty congratulations. During his long stay at Notre Dame, Arthur's gentlemanly, winning ways endeared him to all, and we are not surprised that they have won for him his charming young bride.

—The Very Rev. Father C. Colton, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York, and his sister, Miss Colton, paid us a very pleasant visit this summer. Father Colton is an enthusiastic worker in the cause of education. St. Stephen's school, which he established in New York and which now numbers nearly two thousand pupils, is a monument to his zeal. In the Regents' examinations his scholars take their place only at the head of the list.

—William A. McNerny and F. Henry Wurzer have formed a law partnership under the firm name of McNerny and Wurzer with offices in rooms 102 and 104 Dean building. Both are well known young men, former Notre Dame University students, and unqualified success is anticipated.

Mr. Wurzer is private secretary to Congressman A. L. Brick, one of the most substantial lawyers of the West, under whom he has obtained valuable training. He is ambitious, energetic and of legal discernment, possessing those qualities which make the successful advocate. Mr. McNerny has been engaged in the practice of law for some time. He is also an ambitious and energetic young man whose aim is high and who possesses abilities of more than an ordinary character.—*South Bend Times*.