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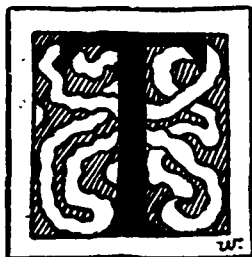
On Tearing a Leaf from a Calendar.

FRANCIS H. MCKEEVER, '03.

ANOTHER month has passed away;
With tireless pace another follows it;
New hopes are born, some old ones are relit:
Time tramples on without delay.
And so, men build from day to day,
Great deeds achieve or wrongs commit,
Earn for themselves the title saint or hypocrite,
But Time ne'er halts upon his way.
In spite of prayer or staying hand,
Of breaking hearts or failing years,
Of fame or fortune, poverty or crime,
We must all needs report at one command;
And hence what one desires another fears,
We all are subject to the tyrant Time.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.



THE name of Stoddard is a famous one in American biography. There is a long list of men and women by that name who have made themselves famous in different lines of work—art, science, letters, and business. We have to do at present with the poet, the author, the traveller, the charming gentleman, Charles Warren Stoddard.

Rochester, New York, was a picturesque little town on the Genesee river, with the beautiful falls tumbling over the slant rocks in a steady roar, when Stoddard was born there on August 7, 1843. He is descended in a direct line from Anthony Stoddard, an Englishman, who came to Boston in 1639, and who is buried in the Granary burying-ground in that city. Many other distinguished

persons beside Charles Warren have claimed descent from this worthy man, among them, Jonathan Edwards, Aaron Burr, General Wm. T. Sherman, Austin Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Grace Greenwood, and John L. Stoddard, the lecturer.

Primarily, Stoddard has always been a nomad, a bohemian if you like, a man who above all things has hated the shams and conventionalities of modern life. He shows this in that charming sketch, "Chumming with a Savage."

"They knew it was morning. I saw them swarming out of their grassy nests, brown, sleek-limbed, and naked.... The news spread, and the groves were suddenly peopled with my dear barbarians, who hate civilization almost as much as I do.... In this chrysalis dug-out sat a tough little body, with a curly head, which I recognized in a minute as belonging to a once friend and comrade in my delightful exile, when I was a successful prodigal, and wasted my substance in the most startling and effectual manner, and enjoyed it a great deal better than if I had kept it in the bank, as they advised me to do."

Travel has led Stoddard to all parts of the world, from the frozen snows of Alaska to the desert wastes of Egypt; from the pagodas of Singapore and Canton to where the natives gather for the weird dances of the islands of the Pacific. He has sat round the blazing fire and shared the romantic life of the pioneer of the Arctic Circle, and basking in the sands washed by the southern seas, has listened to murmuring songs of the tropics. In short, Stoddard has seen thoroughly East and West, the midnight sun and the Southern Cross. And because of his travels, Stoddard is perhaps known more widely, and knows intimately more of the great leaders of to-day in art, science, letters, and other activities, than any other American litterateur. His reminiscences of authors, actors, artists, and

musicians, are most interesting and delightful, and his collection of autographs and personal letters from famous men and women, is varied and extensive.

His "bungalow" in Washington, D. C., where he and his foster-son, Kenneth O'Connor Stoddard, kept bachelor's hall for six jolly years, was a place where noted men were oft accustomed to gather informally and talk. And they esteemed it a rare pleasure to chat with Warren Stoddard and listen to his always fresh and interesting comments on many topics.

One of the great passions of Stoddard's life is his devotion to St. Anthony of Padua. His beloved "bungalow," where he did most of his writing, and where were spent some of his happiest hours, was called St. Anthony's Rest. This absorbing devotion has for years been a marked characteristic of Stoddard's life. In his book "The Wonder-Worker of Padua," written in 1896, he evidences his love of the great Saint of Padua.

Almost from the beginning, Stoddard was a traveller. He seems to have been born to roam. In the "Foot-Prints of the Padres," the chapters entitled "Old Days in El Dorado" tell us the story of his very first journey from home, when he was twelve years old, from Rochester to New York city, down the ocean and across the Caribbean to Nicaragua, thence to the Pacific and up the waters of the Pacific to the land of gold, for California was enjoying its first great boom and excitement. This delicious bit of description contains a splendid account of the early voyages by the Nicaragua route, and the pathetic and at the same time joyful scene that took place on the old wharf at San Francisco when a vessel arrived laden with passengers and letters from God's country.

Then there is the story of early 'Frisco, its quaint foreign quarters, its Chinatown, its Vigilance Committee, and all that made San Francisco in the 40's and 50's the most wonderfully unique city in the whole world for crime, for money, for gambling, for excitement, for general "happy-go-luckiness," as Stoddard puts it.

An interesting episode, because of the persons involved, is narrated in one of the chapters of "El Dorado." It is the meeting of Stoddard with the person who was to be his lifelong friend—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"The ruin I lived in had been a banker's Gothic home. When Rincon Hill was spoiled

by bloodless speculators he abandoned it and took up his abode in another city. A tenant was left to mourn there. Every summer the wild winds shook that forlorn ruin to its foundations. Every winter the rains beat upon it, and drove through and through it, and undermined it, and made a mush of the rock and soil about it; and later portions of that real estate deposited themselves, pudding-fashion, in the yawning abyss below.

"I sat within, patiently awaiting the day of doom; for well I knew that my hour must come. I could not remain suspended in mid-air for any length of time;... While I was biding my time, there came to me a lean, lithe stranger. I knew him for a poet by his unshorn locks and his luminous eyes, the pallor of his face and his exquisitely sensitive hands. As he looked about my eyrie with æsthetic glance, almost his first words were: 'What a background for a novel!' He seemed to relish it all—the impending crag that might topple any day or hour; the modest side door that had become my front door because the rest of the building was gone; the ivy-roofed, geranium-walled conservatory wherein I slept like a babe in the wood, but in densest solitude and with never a robin to cover me.

"He liked the crumbling estate, and even as much of it as had gone down into the depths forever. He liked the sogging and sighing cypress, with their roots in the air that hung upon and clung upon the rugged edge of the remainder. He liked the shaky stairway that led to it (when it was not out of gear), and all that was irrelative and irrelevant; what might have been irritating to another was to him singularly appealing and engaging; for he was a poet and a romancer, and his name was Robert Louis Stevenson."

This is a remarkably graphic description taken from a "A Bit of Old China."

"Here little China flaunts her scarlet streamers overhead, and flanks her doors with legends in saffron and gold; even its window panes have a foreign look, and within is a glimmering of tinsel, a subdued light, and china lamps flickering before graven images of barbaric hideousness. The air is laden with the fumes of smoking sandal-wood and strange odors of the East; and the streets, swarming with coolies, resound with the echoes of an unknown tongue. There is hardly room for us to pass; we pick our way, and are sometimes curiously regarded by slant-eyed pagans, who bear us no good-will, if that shadow of scorn in the

face has been rightly interpreted. China is not more Chinese than this section of our Christian city, nor the heart of Tartary less American.... One frequently meets a travelling bazaar—a coolie with his bundle of fans and bric-à-brac—wandering from house to house, even in the suburbs; and the old fellows, with a handful of sliced bamboos and chairs swinging from the poles over their shoulders, are becoming quite numerous; chair mending and reseating must be profitable. These little rivulets, growing larger and more varied day by day, all spring from that great fountain of Asiatic vitality—the Chinese quarter. This surface-skimming beguiles for an hour or two; but the stranger who strolls through the streets of Chinatown, and retires dazed with the thousand eccentricities of an unfamiliar people, knows little of the mysterious life that surrounds him."

From 1864 to 1868, Stoddard made voyages in the Pacific, and the result of this was probably his best work, one that has been highly praised by critics and has immortalized the lands of the Southern Seas—"South-Sea Idyls." William Dean Howells, America's foremost living novelist and critic, says in his introduction to "South-Sea Idyls."

MY DEAR STODDARD:—It gives me such very great pleasure to hear you are bringing out a new edition of "South-Sea Idyls" that I can not help telling you of it. You knew long ago how I delighted in those things, the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean. I believe I was first to feel their rare quality, and I hope you won't correct me if I wasn't, for I have always been proud of it. I remember very well my joy in "A Prodigal in Tahiti," when I accepted it for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and I think, now, that there are few such delicious bits of literature in the language. The rest rise up like old memories of delight—graceful shapes, areless, beautiful, with a kind of undying youth in them, which I frankly told you, when we first met many years after they were written, I was disappointed not to find in you. You did not retort, and of course I was not reasonable. But my words should have served to show you how fast a hold your "Idyls" had kept on my fancy, and what they had taught me to expect of you. They always seemed to me of the very make of the topic spray, which

"Knows not if it be sea or sun."

I do not see why they did not flow in rhythm under your hand, except that they found a prose there which was fluent and musical enough for them; or had too much of your mustang humor in them to go willingly in harness.

One does these things but once, if one ever does them, but you have done them once for all; no one need ever write of the South Seas again. I am glad the public is to have another chance to know what a treasure it has in your book, for I do not think it has

had a fair chance yet. Our dear Osgood (peace to his generous soul!) brought out the American edition on the eve of the great panic of '73, and so it did not count; and your London publisher deformed your delicate and charming text with illustrations so vulgar and repulsive that I do not think anyone could have looked twice inside the abominable cover. Now I hope your luck is coming, and that the whole English-reading world will recognize in your work the classic it should have known before.

Yours ever,

W. D. HOWELLS.

In 1897 there appeared in the *Ave Maria*—as a translation from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—a tribute to Stoddard written by the celebrated French writer, Th. Bentzon. It is perhaps one of the best things that has been written about Stoddard both as an author and as a man.

It is tempting indeed to quote passages from any or all of these delicious prose lyrics of the "Idyls," but it is indeed a rarer treat to read them entire for ourselves, to wander with Stoddard over moonlit, shaded beaches and through avenues of crowded palms, and lose ourselves in dreaming, and enjoy them thoroughly, wholly.

What truer picture of Stoddard could be drawn than this from Bentzon's pen: "It ('The Prodigal in Tahiti') is the self-narrated story of the prodigal son,—a son whose caprice carries him, with a handful of dollars in his pocket, to the garden of the Pacific, where he finds himself *de trop*. There is no employment, nobody wishes to take lessons of any kind, nobody needs a clerk; and when he represents himself to be the correspondent of a newspaper, he is told to prove it,—a course which he is just then unable to adopt... One fine day the best of inspirations come to him. He quits the city, walks straight before him, and finds paradise. 'Oh, to be alone with Nature! Her silence is a religion, her sounds are delicious music!' Moralizing after this fashion, the wanderer advances farther and farther; he has found his true vocation. The natives, who are lighting their evening fires of cocoanut strippings, welcome him and force him to share their meal of fish and bread-tree fruit... From the threshold of every cabin comes a cordial greeting—*Aloha!* He has only to choose the house in which he prefers to sleep, and forthwith a rug is unrolled, as if of its own accord, for his benefit... He may be just as indolent as he pleases. And throughout his whole life, after this blissful experience, there will remain to him regrets, secret aspirations—in a word, an

indefinable homesickness for this transient commerce with that most seductive of all mistresses—Nature."

I should like much to dwell at length in talking of the "Idyls," but so many very interesting things have been crowded into Stoddard's eventful life that we must hasten on. And one of the most interesting is the story of his conversion in "A Troubled Heart." It is a singularly striking, piquant story of the wonderful struggle that takes place in a man's inner being who has heredity, family, present circumstances, friends, and, even at times, his own wavering doubts of fear and imagination to battle with in the effort to change his religion. There is one passage of such beauty and power that it may well be quoted:

"At last I beheld a congregation that shared a single sentiment; the whole body seemed swayed by one emotion, yet each member of that vast body was individually absorbed in a private devotion.... I was deeply moved; and when my master touched the keys of his instrument, and a prelude as delicate and as full of inspiration as the song of the soaring lark, was breathed among the stately pipe columns that towered almost like a forest above our heads; when the long procession of acolytes entered and, bowing before the tabernacle, ranged themselves within the altar railing;... when the solemn ceremonials were in progress, and the incense-clouded air trembled with the gush of melody that seemed to permeate the very stones of the edifice and to sway that mass of humanity as the tide is swayed slowly to and fro; when every heart seemed to respond to a single pulse—a pulse throbbing in one great heart that was burning with the love of God; when I began to realize this I held my breath and prayed that the ecstasy of that hour might never end. It was a mighty mystery that struck me dumb with awe!... The great building was nearly empty; a few worshippers still knelt in the body of the church or were grouped before the several altars;... a priest was kneeling within the railing, and everywhere still floated the faint, blue filmy clouds that sweetened the air, so that it seemed to have blown softly from the gardens of paradise!"

Stoddard in 1883 was called to fill the chair of English at Notre Dame. We have, therefore, more than a casual interest in the works of the author, we have a deep, personal sympathy,

with the intimate life of the man; for with Stoddard to know him, even in his writings, is to love him. And I think no more fitting description of Stoddard as he is to-day can be found than in the closing words of Bentzon's appreciation.

"What a multitude of strange pictures, how many astonishing figures, must pass and repass, must come and go, in that peaceful retreat where Stoddard nowadays endeavors—without altogether succeeding, I think,—to forget his first dream.... The closest intimacy with Nature, who gives herself unreservedly to whoever belongs to her for good and all!.... Among the professors (of the Catholic University) 'The Prodigal of Tahiti' occupies an exceptional place. They tell me that his course of literature is characterized by a grace and charm and freedom which enrapture his class; yet it is difficult to imagine this impassioned lover of the Southern Seas ever so little imprisoned behind great walls, bound ever so lightly by any rule; and I can not think of him in this last incarnation without recalling the verses that open the series of his prose idyls:

THE COCOA TREE.

Cast on the water by a careless hand,
Day after day the winds persuaded me;
Onward I drift till a coral tree
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

The sea-birds build their nests against my root,
And eye my slender body's horny case,
Widowed within this solitary place;
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

No more I heed the kisses of the morn,
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn;
While all my fibres stiffen and grow numb
Beck'ning the tardy ships,—the ships that
never come!

"Long ago those ships should have brought him success. Perhaps, however, he has something better than what is often understood by that somewhat vulgar word; he enjoys the sympathetic appreciation of some choice spirits, who rank Stoddard's vagabond fantasies among the most delightful bits of literature that have ever appeared in the English language."

As a poet Stoddard ranks high. No less an authority than Swinburne has praised some of

his poetical work in no uncertain terms, and has pointed out one line in particular as having attained the acme of perfection in harmony of both thought and diction. This line is the second in the above quoted poem of Stoddard's, "The Cocoa Tree":

Day after day the winds persuaded me.

Another noted English author, Robert Buchanan, goes even further in his unstinted praise of Stoddard's exquisite verse.

The character and scope of Stoddard's writings is varied and wide and his productions are numerous. Following are some of his more important works: South-Sea Idyls; In the Foot-Prints of the Padres; A Troubled Heart; Mashallah; A Flight into Egypt; A Cruise under the Crescent; From Suez to San Marco; Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska; The Lepers of Molokai; A Trip to Hawaii; Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes; The Wonder Worker of Padua; Father Damien, the Martyr of Molokai; and Garnered Memories, which is now in press.

No account of Stoddard would be complete unless at least passing mention was made of his love for children. Stoddard is an intense lover of children. He is interested in their play, their studies, their sufferings, their sorrows. And the surest, quickest way to reach Stoddard's heart is through a child. Many anecdotes are told of his experiences with children, and of his deep, tender interest in them. And this interest is especially noticeable in his books where one can easily see that children is a topic that is a dear and a pleasant one for him to write of. His own life has been as that of a child, made up of kindness and sympathy, and it is these two traits that have made Stoddard so widely, deeply loved.

The news was indeed welcome that Stoddard has announced his intention to devote himself exclusively to writing. And above all, is it joyful news that we are soon to have his autobiography, a charming account of his travels, the famous men and women he has known, his own varied career; for verily he has chummed with savages, hob-nobbed with paupers and princes, and seen and known "all sorts and conditions of men." And in the writing of this, with all the innate modesty for which he is noted, it can not be but that interwoven throughout the sure-to-be delightful pages, will be glimpses of the inner life of the poet, the author, the world-traveller, the man—our Charles Warren Stoddard.

Varsity Verse.

MY PA'S FARM.

HERE aint no place like my pa's farm,
When't comes right down ter facts;
Fer shuckin' corn inside the barn,
Er haulin' straw from stacks.

When I got home from school last June,
Jes' stuck up as could be,
Said pa, "you'll sing a diff'rent tune,
When workin' here with me."

The second day I'd been at home,
'Twas "Hitch up Deck an' Joe;
That corn has got ter be plow'd some,
I want the stuff ter grow!"

"An' too," said pa, "I want no more
Of things here done by half;
Now when you get the corn plow'd o'er,
Come home an' haul that chaff."

"See, Bill and Nat aint been at work,
Like they had ort ter do;
I guess they've both agreed ter shirk,
An' heap the work on you."

"But don't you mind 'em nary bit;
They'll git their dose some day,
An' be so mad they'll have a fit,
When you git all the pay."

An' so I went,—'cause pa said so,
An' started at my work;
But when I'd plow'd 'bout half a row,
Said I, "I think I'll shirk."

I plow'd till noon,—jes' six short rows,
Then turned in fer a feed;
But 'fore I'd left, pa said, "By Jos,
You'll have ter 'crease yer speed."

I tried my best that afternoon,
To make up fer the morn;
But long 'fore night, I saw my doom,—
I'd plow'd up half the corn.

I say, it aint no dogon'd snap
A plowin' corn 'tween meals,
When, from the time you leave the gap,
Yer pa's right at yer heels!

When harvest came, altho' 'twas slow,
My ole heart leapt three feet;
Fer me, an' sometimes Bill 'ud go,
To help thresh neighbors' wheat.

Soon then came gravel-haulin' round,
Then cuttin' weeds an' wood;
But when pa mentioned breakin' ground,—
"I didn't think I would."

No, aint no place like my pa's farm,
When't comes right down ter facts;
Fer shuckin' corn inside the barn,
Er haulin' straw from stacks.

J. J. MILLS

The Affair of Hadley's.

EDWARD F. QUIGLEY, '03.

Hadley clerked in a down-town department store. Seven long years had seen him, day by day, going to his post of duty in the hush and rush of the early morning and again returning at night in the street-cars to his cottage far out in the suburbs which he bought through some building and loan association.

The only diversion he indulged in was on Sundays when he donned his black suit and fancy waistcoat and stalked forth to the church, cooked his dinner on his return, perchance sauntered out to the parks in the afternoon and was again ready for duty bright and early on Monday mornings, until it began to look as if the spruce, little silken-haired bargainer would eventually evolutionize into a bolt of shriveled worsted, doomed to lie unmolested forever under Marshall Brothers' "old stock" counter.

However, Hadley discovered one day, much to his satisfaction that he was in love—I say to his satisfaction, because during all these years the poor fellow had loved his cracked mirror with a solitary admiration and, although his dry half-merry whistle perhaps betokened contentment, he could not keep from thinking how much more cheerful things would appear with another to double his happiness and to divide his salary.

She had come upon the scene with a whirl and a dash and a pair of lovely, deepest blue dark eyes and rosy cheeks; her people moved into a vacant cottage on the corner of the avenue below and from the summer's evening that Hadley had caught a meaning in her interesting notice of him as he was returning from the city when he promenaded under her scrutiny, making a magnificent turn and an admirably independent disappearance into the cottage, the little fellow began to suffer. He felt sure that her heart had gone out to him, and he knew, beyond a doubt, that something supremely comforting was breathing new aspirations into his daily routine of duties, but as to how to proceed he was utterly at sea. He had posed as a man of fashion and the world, and yet he was so unaccustomed to the ways of either and to mixing in society, that a painful bashfulness took possession of him—a poetic diffidence that gave rise to interminable self-admonitions. He

cautioned himself that at all hazards he must remain distant, reserved and as indifferent as a true gentleman, and await the hand of Destiny to lead him before Miss Grace Potter and evoke an introduction. He must not resort to petty subterfuges for the cherished opportunity. But Destiny had its hand in other business—six painfully long months went by and Hadley had not met his ideal, although he told himself that he had known her all his life, and his shrewed instinct suggested to him that surely she couldn't help but feel that their hearts were henceforth to beat in unison the march through life.

Always had she appeared to take a peculiar interest in him, and he loved to watch her sweet face gazing intently at intervals toward his cottage, when she sat reading on the porch or lounging in the hammock on Sundays.

Winter came, then the coal famine and snowstorms. Hadley eagerly peeped out from his breakfast-room window for glimpses of her, but the house was desolate, the curtains lowered and the snow stood high upon the board walk, as if no one lived there. Fancy now swerved his emotions. Could it be that she was dreaming before a cheerful fire of the bright spring days when she could once more see the gentleman of the graceful and mannerly carriage whom she used to admire with a yearning for nearer friendship?

Thoughts like these drove poor Hadley wild and he could stand it no longer. Either her love must manifest itself, or the disappointment of his life must be suffered before the blossoms summoned her out again. The silly apprehensions as to formality and the chilling demands of social etiquette as well as the suggestions in the *Sunday Eagle's* "What-is-Correct" column were forgotten in one grand ultimate dash for the goal of happiness. Hadley concluded the debate by arguing that as they had been neighbors for almost a year, there was nothing indecorous in attempting to get better acquainted. So he penned a neat, perfumed note of the daintiest blue which he sent by a boy instructing him hurriedly that, if the young lady were not at home, he should leave the message for her. The youth pounded on the door and pulled the bell, until not even the thrilling episodes of his "Nick Carter" could longer restrain his impatience; then he shoved the envelope under the door and was forthwith buried in literature again.

A day passed, and still another with no

answer. Hadley was tormented with all sorts of fears, hopes and brilliant expectancies. Hope clung to him like mucilage and he lived another day. On the fourth morning he peered across the street with not the sign of a living soul to reward his concern, swore at his mirror, put on his hat and opened the door, when—ah! there it lay, a neat unsealed white envelope, delivered the night before perhaps in haste for it bore no address. He came in late from the theatre and had stumbled over it unknowingly.

Some papers or other loose mail matter had blown to the other end of the porch, but Hadley left them lying in his eagerness to hasten inside, where he opened the envelope and drew out a neatly typewritten sheet of note paper.

"Typewrites for a diversion, eh?" he surmised, and eagerly devoured the first few lines with a pleasurable satisfaction:

"Dear Sir," it began, "almost a year ago, it suddenly dawned upon me one day that some affection had reached a very alarming stage of development around my heart. It was about the time I had the good fortune to hear of you—"

"Yes, certainly," put in the delighted Hadley; "she's rather original."

"I knew several acquaintances of my own sex who had at times been susceptible to this internal visitation but never seriously, but there was a gentleman whom I had noticed on several occasions and something—perhaps my foolish imagination—whispered to me that we were both yearning in common to be delivered from this source of anxiety and misgivings—"

"'Twas me!" gleefully exclaimed Hadley; "so she was yearning for me—I might have known it."

"Immediately my tenderest feelings went out to him; everywhere I went the vision of his pitiable, appealing face began to haunt me."

"Pitiable face—haunt me! don't strike me as good figures, by George!" mused Hadley.

"But, thanks to my acquaintance with you, I have been permanently cured, and I heartily recommend to anyone suffering with palpitation or fluttering or any disorder of the heart, Dr. L. A. Smith, Woodruff Building.

"Yours truly,

"MARY JANE COMSTOCK.

"Office hours 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. For other testimonials see outside circulars."

To a Friend.

ROBERT J. SWEENEY, '03.

OVER on memory's canvas
Love paints your picture fair,
Sweet is the face that smiles at me
And soft the sunny hair.

Should you some time in the future,
As one may do, you know,
Require again in your anger
All that love did bestow,

Joyless would I all surrender,
Until naught tokened thee—
Dear, the impress of this picture
You ne'er could take from me.

A Leap-Year Ride.

MATTHEW J. WALSH, '03.

On one of the coldest nights the town had ever experienced several of us were seated round a cozy fire, whiling away the evening with personal anecdotes. From the relation of our own deeds, real or imaginary, we gradually drifted into a recital of the achievements of some of our early heroes—men whose names are familiar to every school-boy. Some one spoke of the nerve shown by Paul Revere when he took his memorable ride. This led to a narration of Sheridan's glorious dash down the Shenandoah, and so on, until the stories of hazardous rides became the chief topic of conversation. The talk was beginning to lag a little, when our friend Pete Ray took his feet from the stove, and in a tone of self-importance gave his testimony.

Revere and Sheridan perhaps did well enough, but I have serious doubts as to whether either of them would now claim a place in history, if at the time of their exploits Middlesex town were swept by a gale such as now rattles against our roof, and if Shenandoah Valley contained but a small proportion of the snowdrifts that show themselves against the windows.

"What was the distance that those chaps rode?" asked Tom Purcell, the musician of the company.

"Oh! anywhere from five to twenty miles," answered Pete.

"Nothing extraordinary in that," said Tom,

"I'd take a ride like that for the fun of the thing, and wouldn't ask to have my picture in history for it either. I'll tell you what I'll do. Give me the old mule, Jack, along with that rickety two-wheeled cart, and I'll split the difference between Revere and Sheridan, go ten miles, and guarantee to break at least one of their records."

"Will it be a straight run?" asked Pete.

"Well, I may make a stop at Connery's and another at John Frees; but that will be all. Tom's boast had quite subdued the crowd, but some one had courage enough to ask:

"When will you make the trial?"

"Why he'll go to-night of course," said Jim Garry in a half-jesting manner.

"Certainly, I'll go to-night," said Tom, "that's what I meant to do right along. Come along to the barn, Maurice, and let's harness up the charger."

All were taken back at Tom's determination, and when they saw that he was really in earnest, they did everything in their power to change his purpose, but to no avail. The mule was soon harnessed, and Tom, accompanied by his friend, Maurice Flynn, who saw the probability of a little sport, and perhaps adventure, in the arrangement, started on his trip. Evanston, which was just about ten miles distance, was to be the terminus.

Before they had gone a quarter of a mile the two began to have some misgivings as to the outcome of their trip. Both were well bundled up, but "The way was long and the wind was cold," and it might be added, that the little mule was infirm and old. The piercing wind was blowing the drifts straight into their faces, and the little beast made a noble effort to drag them through the huge heaps of snow. Soon the two grew too cold to make talk interesting, but they found some satisfaction in watching Jack's tail, which, contrary to all laws of gravitation, was beginning to stand out at right angles, stiff with the cold. In the fear that they themselves might fall victims to the biting air, they urged on the mule, and after another half hour's riding drew up at Mike Connery's door. They were given a hearty welcome, and after their three hours on the road—for the mule walked all the way—they more than relished the hot punch that was placed before them. They were entreated to stay over night and make an early start in the morning, but Tom would listen to no such thing.

It was ten o'clock when they again started

on their trip, followed by the good wishes of Mike, who stood at the doorway until the riders had disappeared in the blizzard. Jack, as well as his drivers had been cared for during the stay at Connery's, and all three now felt that they would be able to pull through the drifts for a week, if necessary. With just a little more resistance to overcome it probably would have taken a week for the trip, but as it was they reached John Frees' about half past eleven, and after getting a thorough warming, and procuring a handful of oats for Jack, they put out on the last lap of their journey.

The wind whistled as loudly as ever and Jack's inharmonious brays sounded through the frosty air like something unnatural. Before they had left Frees' a mile behind, Tom and Maurice were suffering intensely from the cold, though they pretended to be enjoying themselves greatly. As the lights of Evanston began to show a short distance ahead, Tom could scarcely restrain himself. Old Jack was urged to do his best, with the result that just as the clock was striking two, Tom and Maurice found themselves alongside a warm stove in a hotel. At once they began congratulating each other on their successful trip.

"Well we have broken at least one record of repute," said Tom.

"How do you make that out?" answered Maurice.

"How do I make it out? We started on February 29, about eight o'clock, didn't we?"

"Yes," said Maurice.

"Unless I am mistaken," Sheridan, started on his much-talked-of ride on the evening of February 28. We finished, as you see, bright and early on the morning of March 1st; Sheridan did likewise, which makes our time just one day better than that made by Sheridan in his gallop down the Shenandoah."

"You are too deep for me," said Maurice.

"Perhaps so," said Tom, as he stepped up to the desk to send a telegram, "but you see a whole lot depends on whether or not you take a leap year for the time of such a trial."

Summer in the Heart.

Not lost to me the Summer,
The glory of its skies;
For in your cheek the rose is,
The sunshine in your eyes, MACD.

The Student's Friend.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

Man can grow fond of almost anything. I knew a fellow once that liked a cat. It is comparatively easy to become dotive on anything animate—with the exception perhaps of a cat—but to hold dear something inanimate, to love something whose heart-beats you can not feel, something that doesn't breathe, is an uncommon experience. Understand, I am not speaking now of such senseless things as money, heirlooms or dead roses, I confine myself solely to the subject of pets and their equivalents.

My pet doesn't live—never did. I am not in love with a pipe; I ride a bicycle, but a man doesn't usually take that—in his thoughts—to bed with him; neither do I sleep on my Homer. But there is an inanimate object with which I daily come in contact and to which I am really attached—my desk.

I remember reading not long ago a young medical student's account of how he worked—he referred to his desk. If I remember rightly, it was about ten feet high, made in Germany a hundred years ago of a rare quality of oak, wrought with finest Dresden carving, full of secret drawers, etc. Now my desk isn't at all like that. I believe it is about three and a half feet high, made of white pine, and that it can trace its pedigree back no farther than the carpenter-shop at Notre Dame. It has only four legs—weak-kneed two of them—and they are not carved, that is, not by a joiner; I suspect, however, the mutilations they bear are traceable rather to the jack-knife of some absent-minded Junior.

There isn't anything striking about my desk on the outside; the principal thing on top is a click-clacking lid. This lid, like the legs, is carved; it is also spotted here and there, for occasionally my fountain-pen has a hemorrhage of ink and, of course, the poor desk-top gets the full benefit of it. This lid covers a four-sided hole about a foot deep,—now you know the whole secret. As I said before, there is nothing remarkable about the outside of my desk,—less remarkable is the inside. There is, perhaps, only one word to characterize the interior—jumble, chaos is a trifle too strong, as there is a slight attempt at order. You wouldn't know, for instance, that

yonder corner where my watch is lying on my baseball glove, where a spectacle case, two inkstands, a number of pencils, a small volume of Tennyson, four nickels, two neckties, a pair of shoe-laces and a clothes pin are mixed together, you wouldn't know I say, that corner was designed for a special purpose. I call it my pell-mell corner, so you see there is a little bit of order after all.

"Workers of discord raise a shrine to concord,"—this is what I do in the opposite corner. Here there are a number of books piled neatly together, also several boxes ranging in size from a box of "Frog-in your-Throat" to a good-sized tin "treasury." These are all arranged systematically, subjectively speaking.

I have no unnecessary articles in my desk—of course not. Though it is snowing now I need that baseball glove—to look at; and the clothespin—(you're wondering at it, I know) there is a story connected with that: a summer night, watermelons on the porch at a certain farm-house, a scarcity of forks, a basket of clothes pins near by—presto! we were eating *à la chinoise*. That American craze for souvenirs again! You may wonder, too, at those pieces of paper scattered recklessly about, written in pencil; overwritten with common ink and scratched up with red ink they contain, for the most part, burnt-out inspirations. Why I keep them I don't know, unless perhaps I cherish the hope that, Phoenix-like, they may some day rise from their ashes.

I haven't said much about my desk; I have let you pierce, X-ray-like, the lid, and all you've seen is shadowy. I didn't tell you anything about the inside of those mysterious "boxes," nor introduce you to my books, my most faithful friends. I didn't tell you that the golden splendour of the western sun stealing through the window seems to me to glorify those few pieces of pine; I didn't tell you most of my happiest moments are spent at my desk,—lastly, I didn't tell you I wrote this paper there.

Regained.

In some past dream I heard a melody
That deeply fixed itself upon my brain;
In vain I yearned to hear the voice again
Until at last, my friend, I met with thee.

F. F. D.

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—An observation befitting Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy is the remark that a blank cartridge is just as effective as a misfire. There is substance enough in that maxim for several sermons. The young college man is supposed to be using his time in a manner calculated to be of advantage to him and his fellows when the time comes for him to act. He studies day after day by way of preparation for realities which some day must surely come. He is kept from distractions and given conscientious instructions; he is fortified by the knowledge of the mistakes others made in the past, and is shown by precept and example how he may accomplish the most during the present. All this, that he may be justified in expecting to be of some account in the future. But such a young man when he proves heedless of his responsibilities and useless to his fellows, is still worse than the young man whose opportunities and abilities entitle him to be called a blank. The one young man has much to answer for; the other is much to be pitied. And as for results—a blank cartridge is just as effective as a misfire.

—Opinions differ regarding the best method of memorizing prose or verse. Some people read the selection from beginning to end and repeat the process until the whole is committed to memory. Others read the first few lines, and when these are got "by heart," they tack on a few additional ones, then recite all over again,

and so on until the entire piece can be correctly recited. A third method is that of memorizing in sections. Experiments that have recently been made in one of the German psychological laboratories prove the third system to be the least satisfactory, owing to the difficulty of recalling the transitions at the beginnings of the new sections. The second method was more advantageous, but involved a waste of time in useless repetitions. The "learning as a whole" scheme gave the best results. The experimenter shows that rapid memorizing really depends upon many factors, including "the number of repetitions, the amount of attention given to the task, the general familiarity and interest of the subject-matter, and the age of the individual." At present much work is being done at Notre Dame in debating and oratory, and candidates given to memorizing their speeches can test the different methods for themselves. Other students with a liking for experimental psychology might use these methods to indulge their taste.

—One of the current *Weeklies* considers what it calls two of the greatest marvels of the present day as sufficient "to make imagination sit with folded wings and stupid eye." That phrase is violent enough. It must be by way of extenuation that it, the *Weekly*, quotes the remark of a girl who, on first beholding the subject on which scientists and philanthropists have drained their supply of superlatives, said of the Niagara Falls: "Ain't they cute?" Anyway, the two marvels of the present day are held to be Marconi's wireless telegraphy and the Steel Corporation's Profit-Sharing Project. All readers are aware of Marconi's achievement. All readers know that Marconi "has burst through the coarse wall of matter that has isolated us from space and from each other, has transferred thought to that subtle medium called ether in whose boundless ocean swim freely all things, from the most crowded atom of your body to the remotest, loneliest star."

As for the Profit-Sharing plan it is claimed that this will ultimately efface the division into Capitalist and Laborer. It no doubt is a "democratic leap" of civilization forward to employer and employee. Still, why give the credit to any one man, or say, "Morgan's act is not so narrow as generosity or philanthropy—both of them imply strength condescending, however graciously, to weakness?"

—"Priests and People in Ireland" is the title of an article by "Amhas" in the current number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The writer ill conceals his regret at the number and magnificence of the Catholic churches in Ireland, and gives quotations from a recent work by a Dublin University man who charges the Irish clergy with a long list of offences of which the following is a summary: aggrandizement at the expense of the laity; molding the minds of youth not in the direction of self-improvement, but in channels converging to swell the priests' prosperity; interfering with the adult population in every sphere of secular affairs, with the result that the Catholic Irish are the least prosperous of the people in the British Isles; and lastly, terrorizing the enfeebled minds of the aged, so that the savings of industry are captured from the expectant next-of-kin, and garnered into the sacerdotal treasury.

"Amhas" (*I am*, and he *has*—doubtless the relation which the writer would have us believe exists between the Irish peasant and the priest) discounts these indictments just a little, and thinks that, on the whole, the Irish clergy are responsible for the present unhappy state of Ireland. While we do not believe the Irish priests are impeccable, we can not agree with "Amhas," and this difference of opinion is not the result of hearsay. The priests of Ireland to-day are men worthy of their predecessors, to whom historians, Catholic and non-Catholic, have given a good "character." Referring to historians reminds us of a few facts which "Amhas" seems to have innocently overlooked. Has he never heard of penal laws, trade restrictions, rack-rents and absenteeism? All along, these have been concomitants of Irish suffering and failure, but the coincidence was of no moment to "Amhas."

Had we space we would take exception to other of his statements, but we can not help attempting here to explain some of them. He says "there is an increase in the total of cattle and asses; and, in spite of war, the decrease of horses is not large." Now we shall account for these remarkable phenomena. Ireland was not depleted of horses, for the reason that America furnished so many mules; cattle are increasing because the grazing lands are supplemented yearly by thousands of acres of evicted farms; and the increase in the asinine ranks, which "Amhas" has observed, is due to those maimed and penniless volunteers who survived the Boer bullets and went to live in Ireland at the close of the war.

Lectures of Dr. James Field Spalding.

So well does Dr. Spalding know Parnassus, and so much has he in common with its denizens that we suspect he could have made the ascent himself. But had he done so, we might never have the pleasure of listening to his lectures at Notre Dame. Dr. Spalding is an accomplished scholar and author, and when his theme is literature, a subject which his insight and temperament eminently fit him to discuss, it is well to be one of his audience. Last Monday afternoon, he talked to the students on John Keats, and the bare outlines of his discourse that follow here, give a very imperfect impression of his effort.

Dr. Spalding began with a few particulars concerning Keats' parents, and then passed on to the poet himself, who was born in London in 1795. The young Keats was at first an indifferent student, was high spirited and much given to boyish pranks, but he astonished his teachers by suddenly devoting himself entirely to study. His passion for reading continued, and in 1810 he was apprenticed to a surgeon. About this time, his friend, Mr. Cowden Clarke, lent him several books, one of which, Spenser's "Fairie Queene," first awakened his poetic genius. Sometime later, he made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt, Shelley, and other literary celebrities, and in 1817 he abandoned surgery for verse. The following year he published "Endymion," a work to which he gave much premeditation. This was the longest poetic flight he ever took. The poem received much harsh criticism from the reviewers, which gave rise afterward to the opinion that the poet's death was the result of their merciless flings. This, however, was not wholly true: the critics were guilty of brutality, but not of murder. A saying of Keats gives us an idea of his attitude in regard to these men. "The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation.... I was never afraid of failure, for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest."

In the summer of 1818 Keats showed signs of consumption. He was again bitterly attacked by the reviewers; his brother died; and last, and most pathetic for one in his condition, he fell in love. Keats' failing health precluded the possibility of marriage and he continued to nurse his passion and write poetry. After publishing his third

volume, "Lamia, Isabella, and other Poems," he sailed for Rome where he was under the care of a noted physician. He never recovered, but with the loss of health came the belief in immortality, for Keats was, during the greater part of his life, little better than a pagan. His death took place in 1821, when he was twenty-five years old. Dr. Spalding gave a very interesting appreciation of the poet's work. Keats held beauty to be paramount to every other consideration. For him beauty was truth, and truth was beauty. His poetry is a surfeit of beauty. He combined the ideal with the sensuous, and his art is a blending of the Greek, the romantic and the modern. Dr. Spalding is of the opinion that it is much more romantic than Greek, for it lacks Greek repose and simplicity; at best it is only semi-classic. Keats accomplished much for one so young, and had he lived would he not do more and better work? As it is he has won a far more enduring epitaph than that which he composed for himself: *Here lies one who wrote his name in water.*

Wednesday's lecture was on "Charles Lamb" whom Dr. Spalding regards as one of the most deservedly popular writers of the last century. Lamb was born in London in 1775, left school early and became a government clerk in the India House, where he was engaged until 1825 when he received a pension. Before he was twenty he began to write verse, as much through stress of poverty as from any penchant he had for such work. His first poetical efforts appeared in the second edition of Coleridge's poems which were published in 1797. Later, he tried fiction and wrote for the stage, but with poor success. In collaboration with his sister "Tales from Shakspeare" were produced in 1807. He is best known by his prose writings, especially the collection called "Essays of Elia." His death occurred in 1834. Besides poverty, which Lamb had to struggle against in his youth, his life was blighted by the tragic death of his mother which was the result of his insane sister's violence. He was also unfortunate in love, but he overcame the disappointment and renounced all thought of marriage in order to take care of his suffering sister. Lamb was a charming writer, fresh, bright and natural. Particularly in criticism is his genius manifest. It is unique, delicate, airy, yet wonderfully brilliant and discerning. In the letters he has left us, the character of the man is best revealed. He despised cant and sham and saw further than

his contemporaries into the moral heart of things. For Christianity he entertained a profound respect. Wordsworth and Coleridge were his particular friends, but he seems to have avoided Byron and Shelley chiefly because of their flagrant vices, Not indeed that his own life was without blemishes, but they were not serious ones. Perhaps the best estimate of his character is contained in the short phrase, "he was a hero with a failing."

P.

The Symphony Orchestra.

Last Saturday afternoon the Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra gave a concert in Washington Hall. This was the first appearance of the orchestra at Notre Dame. Their programme was much enjoyed.

Mabel Beaman-McKee, the violin soloist, played a solo on "Themes from Martha," which showed expression and ability. She also responded to an encore.

The trombone soloist, Miss Ida Reiter, probably was best received; she played with excellent tone. *Pryor's* compositions for the trombone form the standard for that instrument, and only professional musicians can play them with any degree of success.

Miss Hattie L. Fuller, the cornet soloist, played a difficult solo indifferently well. She appeared to be nervous, and was uncertain of her tones during the solo.

The tenor, George A. Taylor, sang twice with good effect. He has a cultivated tenor voice. Altogether, the concert was of a good order, though it would appear that there is still room for improvement. The most tuneful and pleasing number played by the orchestra was the Sextette from *Florodora*, and this was owing more to its possibilities as a composition than its excellence of rendition.

Offenbach's music is invariably well-written and melodious. The selection "Orpheus," written by this composer, received good treatment. The members of the orchestra played together both in time and expression. Paraphrases on the old songs, such as the "Old Folks at Home," are always well received and deservedly so. *Luders'* "Prince of Pilsen" is one of the latest musical comedy successes, and the selection played from that was full of movement and pleasing airs. The management showed good judgment in the class of their selections, and presented a successful programme for a mixed audience,

An Historic Landmark Gone.

One of the oldest buildings in New York has lately been demolished. The old Hall of Records, a gray, gloomy-looking structure, that stood in City Hall Park, just across from the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge, has had to make way for the construction of the new subway. A witness of old colonial days, it had an interesting history, but its chief claim to our attention is the purpose it served in the revolutionary period. The greater part of the building was erected in 1758, and was used as a debtors' prison until Washington's defeat by the British on Long Island. When the British took New York, the notorious Captain Cunningham was appointed provost, a post that gave him unexcelled opportunities for wreaking his vengeance upon American patriots. One of his first official acts was to imprison about three hundred captured American soldiers in the Hall of Records, or Provost Gaol, the name by which it became then known. For a long time the belief prevailed that within its walls Nathan Hale was confined previous to his trial and execution, but the opinion has been disproved. After Hale's capture on Long Island he was taken considerably farther up town than the Provost Gaol. His execution took place at what was then a peach orchard, but what is now Market Street and East Broadway. But if Hale was not imprisoned in the Hall of Records, several prominent American officers of the time were. Among these were Colonel Allen of Vermont, Captain Travis of Virginia, Colonel Otto Hall and Colonel Williams. The building was not very large, and the space allowed the prisoners was altogether too small. As a result, deaths from suffocation were not uncommon. In the underground dungeons the severest punishment was inflicted. Here, Cunningham confined those whom he regarded with particular dislike, and once below, it was seldom that a rebel again saw the light of day. A stout iron hook was driven in the arch of the corridor, and from this many a valiant soul was launched into eternity. The subterranean dungeons, which numbered six altogether, were on each side of the corridor that ran the entire length of the building. In one of these compartments two hundred prisoners were at one time confined, and so crowded were they that they had to change positions in unison. The sufferings these heroic men endured can be more easily

imagined than described. At the close of the war Cunningham left the country, no doubt to escape the punishment he had so well merited. Later, he was convicted of forgery in London and was executed, a meet death for such an inhuman tyrant. His name will be execrably associated with the foul deeds he has committed, but the building that was the scene of his barbarities will no longer be a familiar sight to the throng that daily crosses Brooklyn Bridge.

MACD.

Brother Azarias.

Many students in passing up or down the stairway on the west side of the main building may not have even noticed on the wall the picture frame containing the photographs of five religious. Some who have seen it may perhaps have had no notion of what these men did, or in what esteem the public held them. Among these five is the picture of an humble monk, whose name is familiar to every student of American Catholic literature, whose work and genial personality are fresh in the memory of many a Christian educator. Brother Azarias was a member of the Christian Brotherhood, an excellent teacher, a brilliant scholar, a power for good in Catholic and non-Catholic societies; one whose opinions on matters literary and religious were eagerly sought after. His pen was guided by keen intellect, an unbiassed judgment, and good common sense. "He would have been to students," writes John Talbot Smith, "what Boyle O'Reilly had been to Puritans and what Archbishop Hughes had been to the country, had death not taken him so soon." Glowing indeed are the terms in which eminent men speak of him, as Archbishop Keane writes: "His richest bequest is his constant, varied, always beautiful, assertion of the great truth that man's thinking and doing are at their best only when pervaded by the divine. He will be admired as a philosophic thinker, as a literary artist, as an acute and judicious critic; but most gratefully will he be remembered and most deservedly honored as a Christian educator." The works of this man are in the library, yet seldom does a student here read one of them. Their literary finish is in keeping with their sound moral tone, and we feel sure that any student who once makes their acquaintance will return to their pages with renewed pleasure.

R. E. L.

Athletic Notes.

The past week has been one of unusual activity in both branches of athletics. The track squad received several new additions to its ranks, a few of whom give great promise. The baseball squad was also increased, the squad now numbering forty men, the largest number of candidates that ever reported for practice at Notre Dame. This shows good spirit on the part of the student body, which means that we will have a successful season, for where there's a will there's a way.

Coach Lynch wants it distinctly understood that from now on he intends to keep strict watch over the work of each and every man. So, fellows, it's up to you to do your best from now on. Perhaps you may be one of the fortunate. If you do any idling now it may affect your chances in the future.

Burns, the south paw from Pittsburg, whose work in practice before the holidays, gave great promise, has again reported for practice.

The fine spring weather of Thursday was taken advantage of by some of the candidates to practise on the campus.

A bad habit which some of the candidates have contracted is that of taking a "lay off" whenever they feel like it. This is an injustice, not only to the coach and captain but to themselves as well. The practice should be stopped as it interferes with the regular routine of work.

After the "weeding out" of last Thursday the following candidates were left: Antoine, Burns, Becker, Bach, Doar, Desmond, Fack, Dempsey, Farabaugh, Gage, Geoghegan, Gray, Hanley, Hogan, Higgins, Kanaley, Keefe, Medley, Maypole, McDermott, Lonergan, Nyere, O'Connor, Opfergelt, Pocketbook, Rudyjoy, Padden, Ruehlbach, Silver, Salmon, Shaughnessy, Stephan, R. Stephan, A. Shea, Sullivan, Sherry, Sheehan, Gerraughty, Kotte, Corbett.

The next weeding out will see about twenty of the above dropped off.

Notre Dame is to be represented in the First Regiment Meet in Chicago on Saturday next. The most promising only will be taken

along to this contest. While we may not look for them to win many points in the contest still the experience will be of great value to them.

Captain Kirby has been doing remarkable work with the shot lately. The other day he hurled the missile close to the 41 foot mark. If he keeps on like this he will undoubtedly attach a few more records to his belt.

"Shorty" Zeigler ran the two miles in good time the other day, considering the short time he has been training. He did not exert himself to the utmost in the trial, and can do far better in competition.

Perhaps the best performance of the week was made by W. Daly, our half miler, when he covered the last quarter in 58 seconds, finishing strong. Daly will make the stars hustle at the First Regiment Meet.

Davy, in the sprints, Koehler, quarter, and Draper, shot put and high jump, have also been doing good work. The latter is not far behind his captain in the shot put.

H. Hoover, our crack hurdler and pole-vaulter, is just convalescent after a severe illness which confined him to the Infirmary for some time. Guerin is also on the sick list. It will be weeks before they can don their suits.

Basket-ball has been revived in all the Halls and promises to be the favorite pastime for the coming month; Corby, Sorin, Brownson and Carroll have arranged games, the outcome of which will decide the Inter-Hall Championship.

The basket-ball season opened up last Saturday night in the Brownson Gymnasium with Carroll and Brownson as the opposing teams. Brownson proved too speedy for their lighter opponents who were also greatly handicapped in height, and won out by a score of 18 to 14.

It was the first game for both teams, considering which the exhibition was of a high order. Brownson had excellent team work, and bids fair to conquer all the other Hall teams. Gray, Padden, Medley and McDermott

played good, snappy ball for the Brownsonites, while Winters, Usera and Pryor excelled for Carroll.

LINE-UP.

Brownson		Carroll
Gray, Padden	Forwards	Pryor, Winters
Medley	Centre	A. Winter
McDermott, O'Reilly	G'ds	Usera, E. Winters
Sweeney, Giggles		

Corby and Brownson were scheduled for last Wednesday, but Corby cancelled the game until next Wednesday. Carroll meets Brownson again to-night. Sorin has not been heard from. J. P. O'R.

College Clippings.

One of the youngsters at our sister institution insists that since she does the locking she is the locker and her private compartment in the gymnasium is the lockee.

Sophomores and Freshmen at Minnesota are to debate the question: "Resolved, That bachelors should be taxed to support old maids."

Students at Michigan are to present "Othello." Indiana University is to stage "As You Like It." Rumor has it that we ourselves will be favored with "Macbeth."

A blue-blood young man once blew into college; blew in all his money; blew out again; went home and was blown up.

Junior: "I find it hard to express my thoughts."

Senior: "The express companies don't carry such small articles."

Wisconsin University is to have a lecture by Senator Tillman, and is now trying to book President Roosevelt.

Edwin J. Kenney, former student at Notre Dame, represented University of Michigan last week in debate with University of Chicago.

The *Columbiad*, the official organ of our Western colony, Columbia University, contains an account of a banquet tendered Very Reverend Dr. Zahm. The principal speaker was Mr. John M. Guerin, a Notre Dame alumnus, father of our present athlete. Prof. John P. O'Hara responded to the toast, "Notre Dame." Columbia University is progressing rapidly, and Mr. Guerin predicts that when this youngster celebrates its Silver Jubilee, it will show greater growth than Notre Dame did during the first twenty-five years of its existence.

The Law Library.

Perhaps no law school in the country can boast of as good a working library as is possessed by Notre Dame. Volume after volume of legal lore, neatly and conveniently arranged in alphabetical order, greets the visitor until his wondering eye gives rise to curious misgivings as to the uses to which they are all put.

The Indiana Reports, of course, are indispensable for local reference and moot-court practice, while the American Digests and Statutes and the National-Reporter System, comprising several hundred volumes, are invaluable as works of consultation. Students doing research work will invariably be found consulting those excellent compendiums: "The American and English Encyclopædias of Law" and the "Encyclopædia of Pleading and Practice," consisting of nearly one hundred volumes. Myer's Federal Decisions; Smith's Leading Cases; Wait's Actions and Defenses; and Lawson's Rights, Remedies and Practice, are good illustrations of some of the treatises which are universally esteemed and of the utmost practical value.

The library, comprising some twenty-five hundred volumes, has been greatly enhanced recently by the addition of the "American and English Corporation Cases." Perhaps the most important shelves of all are those containing the text-books,—a well-chosen collection with such new additions as Randolph on Commercial Paper, Tredeman on Municipal Corporations, Thayer's Cases on Evidence, Abbott's Trial Brief, etc., which our beloved Dean, with proper regard for what is latest and most authentic, takes special precaution to select that the inexperienced may not be misguided by worthless text-books, hundreds of which flood the market.

Two large reading tables afford ample convenience for students to consult the various text-books for purposes of research, thesis, study, moot-court practice or collateral reading. The room is lighted by electricity, and is accessible at all hours. It is made cheerful by paintings and pictures of former graduates, while the beauty and fragrance of potted plants add to its charm. Students of the law school appreciate the scope and advantages of the library, and everything is kept in constant readiness and serviceable arrangement by Francis P. Burke, the genial, popular and devoted librarian. E. F. Q.

Card of Sympathy.

WHEREAS, it has come to our notice that our former beloved companion and classmate, Mr. Charles Moon, has been called to his eternal reward by Almighty God, be it

RESOLVED that we, his companions and classmates, extend our heartfelt sympathy and regrets to his parents and relatives, and furthermore, that a copy of these resolutions be published in the SCHOLASTIC.

C. J. Cullinan
H. J. McGlew
B. M. Daly
G. Gormley
J. P. O'Reilly,—Committee.

Personals.

—The Rev. P. J. O'Callahan, C. S. P., of New York City, visited Notre Dame recently.

—The Reverend John Guendling, pastor of Goshen, Ind., was a welcome guest of the University.

—Rev. J. F. Nugent of Des Moines, Iowa, was a recent visitor at Notre Dame. Father Nugent, it will be remembered, delivered the baccalaureate sermon to the class of 1900, and conducted a very successful retreat the following October. Father Nugent promises a lecture soon.

—From the *South Bend Tribune*:

Wanatah, Ind., Jan. 26.—John L. Conboy, a farmer who resides near this place, says he has been keeping figures on the cost of raising wheat in Indiana for thirty-five years, and he produces an interesting set of items, the result of his own experience. To produce an acre of wheat and put it in the bag it costs for interest, \$3; taxes, 38 cents; plowing twice, \$2; harrowing twice, 38 cents; rolling, 20 cents; cutting, \$1.20; stacking, 35 cents; seed, \$1.25; thrashing, \$1.10; total, \$9.73.

In computing interest he calculates land is worth \$50 an acre, and the interest rate at six per cent. Taxes are set down at \$1.15 on the \$100 of valuation, so that an acre of land would be assessed at \$33.50.

Mr. Conboy is considered one of the best farmers in northern Indiana, and has made wheat-raising a continued study.

F. J. and C. P. Conboy of Sorin Hall are sons of Mr. John Conboy, whom the *Tribune* quotes.

—We take the following from the Topeka (Kansas) *Daily Capital*:

Charles Moon, son of John E. Moon, died at Phoenix, Arizona, Jan. 17, of consumption. Charley Moon was one of Topeka's brightest young men. Wherever he went he made friends, winning a friend with each new acquaintance. He was in Arizona in quest of health when he died. He was not quite 21 years old.

Charley Moon attended Notre Dame from 1899 to 1901. He was a popular young man, and had many friends here, who join with the SCHOLASTIC in extending condolence to the bereaved family.

Local Items.

—Word has been received that Charles A. Gorman is recovering from his recent illness and will soon be with us. This is glad news for the '03 class who will welcome the return of their popular secretary.

—"Boston" and "Cincinnati" made an official visit to the library a few evenings ago. It was the first time they have been seen there in years, and so unacquainted were they with their surroundings that it almost became necessary to "show them the door" before they left.

—In Washington Hall, last Thursday, Father Kirsch gave an interesting lecture on Geology. He explained the various stages in the earth's development, and illustrated his remarks by a series of stereopticon views. The serious-minded among the audience derived profit from the lecture and they are grateful for the privilege of being present.

—The St. Joseph's Literary Society held one of its regular meetings last Wednesday evening. The special feature of the program was the re-election of officers. By closely contested ballots, Mr. J. I. O'Phelan was elected President; Mr. Charles Casey, Vice-President; Mr. Wm. F. Robinson, Secretary; Mr. Maurice Griffin, Moderator; Mr. Thomas Toner, Sergeant-at-Arms. With these experienced men as officers great results are expected of the society during the coming month. Messrs. Robinson, Griffin and O'Phelan entertained the society for the rest of the evening with pleasing speeches.

—Mr. Crumley called a meeting of the Senior class Wednesday evening to decide on arrangements for Washington's Birthday. Other incidental matters also in regard to class pins, class rings, and class entertainments occupied a good deal of time and discussion. The reading of the reports of the various committees consumed the greater part of the evening. The reports show that the committee men have been wonderfully industrious since their appointment, and that they have been faithful to their trust.

The interpreter was kept unusually busy owing to the president's ignorance of German and Gaelic and to the fact that several suggestions in those tongues came from prominent members of the class.

A resolution to erect some memento in Sorin Hall to show the good-will of the class of '03 was considered, but, owing to the absence of many of the members, was laid on the table till some future time. The meeting concluded with an able recitation from Mr. Crumley at the request of the class. The members will be duly notified by the secretary when the next meeting will be held.