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The Coming of the Robin.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '05.

THE robin comes with piping lay
And loud its wild notes ring;
It calls to earth: "Awake, be gay!
And welcome in the Spring."

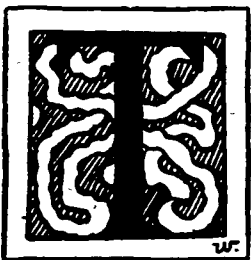
Earth hears the song; no more she sleeps
But opes her myriad eyes;
Through every tiny bud she peeps
To see the laughing skies,

She meets the Spring with welcome cheer,
And leads it to her bower;
Her eyes gleam with a joyful tear:
A dew-drop on each flower.

The robin sings in her lilac nest
To the young beneath her wing;
Light is the heart within her breast,
Sweet harbinger of Spring.

A Glance at Shakspeare's London.

EMIEL DE WULF, '03.



THE history of the London of three hundred years ago is full of interest and attractiveness. It presents to us the London of the Reformation. Its political, social and religious aspects were then undergoing great changes. In this short theme, however, there is aimed at only a brief outline or incomplete account of the buildings, customs and manners of London during the life of Shakspeare, Burbage, Ben Jonson and others who have made many places sacred to posterity by their very names.

The London of their day was comparatively small. It was still surrounded with trenches

and walls, was oblong in shape and bordered on the north bank of the Thames. Its main streets were few in number—Newgate, Cheapside, Poultry, Cornhill,—and ran on a line with the river. They were connected with the Strand and the Thames by numerous, foul, noisome, crooked roads, courts and alleys. "The streets," says Mr. Hamilton Mabie, "were narrow, irregular, overhung with projecting signs which creaked on rusty hinges and, in high winds, often came down on the heads of the unfortunate pedestrians. These highways were still foul with refuse and evil odors." A few streets, however, were rudely paved with round stones "without reference to form, size or regularity of surface." Lamps of various colors, but more especially of red and green, and in some places candles, were hung out in front of houses on dark nights to illumine the city. On Halloween, the eve of Christmas, New Year, the feast of St. John Baptist, and many other feasts, as also on summer nights, large bonfires burned merrily at the street corners.

The main streets were always thronged, not with cars and carriages, but with men either riding or walking. As George Brandes says: "The streets still full of the many-coloured life of the Renaissance, rang with the cries of 'prentices inviting custom and hawkers proclaiming their wares; while through them passed many a procession, civil, ecclesiastical or military, bridal companies, pageants and troops of cross-bow men and men-at-arms." Owing to the wretched condition of the streets riding and walking were very disagreeable. During winter and the rainy seasons the streets were literally pools of water. Certainly it was rather an amusing but pitiable sight to see a poor unfortunate fall into a mud-hole, drag himself through "the kennel" or gutter, and, as he passed along the narrow foot-path, be greeted by draughts of water from the great water spouts that

"gathered the showers as they fell on the roofs of houses and shops and discharged them in concentrated form on the passers-by."

The houses in general were red-roofed, high and many-gabled, two-story wooden buildings. They were all bunched together and crowded into the smallest space possible. Those on the broad and open street of Cheapside, however, were much taller. Many of them consisted of four or five stories, each story projecting above the one below. The front of the houses was of timber or brick. Carvings ornamented the windows and the glass itself was of many colors. The ground-floor was used as a shop in which at least one 'prentice continually bawled out his wares. The south side of the Strand was for many years the abode of the aristocracy; and here stood many noble mansions washed by the waters of the Thames. Social life, however, soon began to shift to the west end, leaving but few nobles within the city walls. The suburbs themselves were regarded as fit only for Jews and others who could not afford to live within the city.

The furniture was very rude: benches in which you sat bolt upright did duty for chairs. The floors of the wealthier classes were strewn with rushes instead of carpets and rugs. No arras or hangings adorned the walls except in the latter days of Shakspeare's life. Straw mattresses did duty for beds and billets of wood for pillows. Beds and straw pillows, however, were not unknown; and the fireplace had just begun to supply the place of the open fire hearth.

Eleven o'clock was the hour for dinner. Wooden or treen utensils were in common use at the table. But tin and silverware were soon to supplant them. Forks were not known in London during Shakspeare's life, but were introduced shortly after his death, as is evident from one of Ben Jonson's plays. The meals were generally concluded with a draught of wine or a smoke of tobacco. The latter though but recently introduced was in such general demand and use that salesmen made their livelihood in selling this herb, as it was then often called. In fact, women enjoyed their smoke as well as did the men.

The two great central attractions of London were the Royal Exchange and St. Paul's Cathedral. The latter commanded the eminence on which the city was built and was a promenade for idlers and the like. Once a church of God, it is now given over to worldly purposes. It had become London's "common

centre of community life where the news of the day was passed from group to group, where gossip was freely interchanged and servants were hired and debtors found immunity from arrest." Men walked about helter-skelter, carrying parcels under their arms or baskets of pears, apples, eggs, potatoes, corn or even coal. In fact, the body of the church was always crowded with an immense body of humanity moving to and fro. Merchants, retailers, farmers, all gazed about and cried out at the grandeur and beauty of the building, quite unconscious.

A word here about the apparel of women may not be amiss. They frequently dyed their hair and at times entwined it with golden threads. They painted, or rather, smeared their faces with paint and were extravagantly ornamented from head to foot. Their chief delight was to wear large and clumsy ornaments of great value. It was a common occurrence to see women walking along with heavy golden chains around their necks. They wore ruffles of enormous size; their garments were large and were gorgeously decorated. In short, they were often so "stuffed out with hoops that one covered as much space as should have served for six women."

The Royal Exchange was built by Sir Thomas Gresham. It was intended to be the headquarters of merchants, who prior to its building had no common place of meeting, but were forced to seek each other out. Here was made known the latest news in mercantile affairs. During the day it was crowded with merchants both foreign and domestic; with merchants from Naples, Venice, Genoa, Madrid, Antwerp, and all gave the place an appearance of oddity by their peculiar and conspicuous mode of dress.

The Thames with its clear blue waters was the highway for Londoners. "The river," to quote Mr. Hamilton Mabie again, "was gay with barges and boats of every kind and noisy with the cries and oaths of hundreds of watermen. The vocabulary of profanity and vituperation was nowhere richer; every boat's load on its way up or down the stream abused every other boat's load in passing; the shouts: 'Eastward ho! or westward ho!' were deafening."

We may well imagine the scene that the Thames presented at twilight when the tide had begun to rise: the sun was setting in the west, all business in the city had been abandoned and the theatres were sending forth

the vast throngs of people who had come to pass away an afternoon. Boats and barges of every kind dot the stream; numerous swans float about or hover overhead, or at the approach of a barge set forth from the waters only to return and add life to the scene. Large boats laden with supplies for the city slowly and majestically cover the space lying between them and Queenhithe or Billingsgate. Wherries and barges filled with pleasure seekers float about quietly amidst the music of guitars. In the distance, perchance comes a tilt-boat laden with passengers from some neighboring borough, and music and song maketh them all cheerful, merry and gay. In conclusion, let us take a glance at the southern part of the city. Only one bridge, the old London bridge, spanned the Thames. It was a town in itself, "lined with buildings and crowded with people, with high gate towers at either end, often ghastly with the heads that had recently fallen from the block at the touch of the executioner's axe." On the southern extremity of the bridge stood Southwark which is now London's emporium of commerce, trade and business, but was then rather a lonely place with extensive rural views in all directions. Large, lonely, neglected, noisome gardens, fields and meadows surrounded each house, and presented a great contrast to the densely populated parts of the city, but more particularly to the London of the present day. Southwark is still a great resort for literary pilgrims, for here stood the Globe theatre in which Shakspeare is said to have held a large share; here this immortal poet lived for many years, and here in the midst of poets, litterateurs, actors and musicians he spent some of the happiest days of his life.

A Traveller's Experience.

D. K. O'MALLEY, '03

"Are all your rooms taken for the night?" I inquired of the hotel clerk. I had been knocking about in a western railroad town all day and was tired.

"Have you any objection to the ground floor?" asked the clerk in reply.

"Not a bit," said I. "I am tired and want a bed."

"All right, sir; this way."

The clerk led the way through a narrow, dark hall into a small dingy room, and placing

the candle on the stand bade me good-night. Being alone I cast a glance around my apartment and saw very little in the line of luxuries. Black walls,—a poorly-fitted door, a stand covered with a week's, and maybe, a month's dust, a bed that was new once, a chair and a small low twelve-paned window. I was too tired to criticise my surroundings and was anxious to get to bed as soon as possible so as to be rested by morning. I placed my revolver on the stand which was near the head of my bed and unfortunately near the window. I had used my last cartridge late that afternoon in trying to bring down a jack rabbit and my placing the revolver on the stand was more through habit than forethought. This done, I was soon in bed and once there was soon asleep.

Good shooting with plenty of game, fine horses and dogs, closely cornered by wild animals yet killing them in the end, flashed through my mind as I lay there. I had been sleeping and dreaming for probably two hours when I was awakened by a noise at my window. I did not stir but lay still and listened. I recollected in an instant how the furniture in my room stood, and wished that my revolver was farther away from the window. I knew it would not aid me in a real struggle, but it might be a means of frightening the intruder away. Besides I knew that the first duty of an efficient burglar was to take my revolver and then he would have me at his mercy. I lay quiet for a few seconds and again I heard a noise. This time it seemed like a heavy cushioned object sliding over my window sill, not three feet from my head. My muscles refused to act; I trembled and shook; I summoned all the strength and courage I could and opened my eyes. I closed them almost instantly. The sight that met my eyes then I can never forget. From the pale light of the moon I saw the outline of a man, twice as large as an ordinary man, kneeling on my window with his hands on the stand. I do not know how long he was there nor was I sure whether he saw my eyes open. I could not speak if I wished nor move a finger. I lay there like a dead man. I can remember thinking of but one thing and that was, how was he going to kill me?

"The d — m thing is empty." I heard very distinctly. This eased my mind somewhat. However, "which did he mean, his revolver or mine?" I knew he must be speaking about revolvers for all kind of firearms and daggers

were before my mind since my awaking. I tried to say a short prayer but was interrupted by a voice outside the window. "Let the poor cuss stay there," was what it sounded like. Those words I thought were the sweetest I ever heard. Shortly after I heard a rubbing over the window sill as before and then the window dropped with a snap. I felt greatly relieved but still was afraid to move. I remained quiet for fully an hour but could hear no sound. Then I opened my eyes sat up and looked about. Everything was as I had left it except my revolver. That was still on the stand but a little nearer the window. I felt for my pocketbook and found it untouched. Now what was to be done—would I get up and wake the proprietor and report my experience or would I let well enough alone? Being a stranger I thought the latter course the better.

The hours from then until daylight seemed as so many days. When I arose and went into the dining-room I expected to hear of a number of robberies which I imagined must have happened during the night. But not a lodger except myself seemed to be disturbed, and sooner than have to answer innumerable questions and to be told in the end that I was only dreaming I held my peace.

After breakfast while reading a morning paper or rather while holding it before my eyes, I overheard the following from one train man to another: "Say, you ought to see the way Pete and I scared a poor tenderfoot last night. You know our train does not come in until 12:50, and in order not to wake up the proprietor we are in the habit of getting into our room through the window. Last night, for some reason or other, the clerk put a stranger in our bed. I was half way in through the window before I noticed the bed was occupied. You would die laughing to see the poor tenderfoot shake. I never saw a man so scared in all my life. He had an empty revolver beside him and not another thing. I wanted to give him a good scare but Pete said 'No,' and we let him stay there." I felt very thankful to Pete for his kindness, but did not dare to say so. The six hours until the next train left that town, seemed a week to me.

Next Door.

It sounds like the roar of a maddened lion
Or a monster that gasps for breath,
But they say it's only an amateur actor,
Rehearsing a part in Macbeth. W. M. D.

Varsity Verse.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

(Horace, Odes III, 9.)

HORACE.

WHEN I found favor in thy sight
No other youth was thine;
No Persian monarch led a life
Of happiness like mine.

LYDIA.

When I was first within thy heart
And Chloë had no hold,
I flourished far more glorious
Than Ilia of old.

HORACE.

Now Thracian Chloë reigns o'er me
The mistress of the lyre;
If her the fates would only spare,
I gladly should expire.

LYDIA.

The son of Thuringe Ornytus
Is now my only joy;
Twice would I gladly give my life
If fate would spare my boy.

HORACE.

But what if olden flames revive
To make our love more keen?
If golden Chloë be cast out
And Lydia be my queen?

LYDIA.

Though he is brighter than a star
And you a cross old bear,
Though you are as light as a cork,
Your lot through life I'll share.

A. J. D.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

(Horace, Odes II, 8.)

Should gods decrease your charms, destroy your grace
As punishment for crimes so wantonly
By you performed, should ill looks mar your face,
Then Truth you'd love, inspired by vanity.

As often as you heap upon your head
A perjury, your beauty brighter still
Appears; where'er you go, our youth misled
Now follows you, intent to do your will.

Your mother's ashes white by which you swear,
The silent stars of night that stud the sky,
The immortal gods, Olympus' beauty rare,
Become to you mere tools of perjury.

Great Venus now herself is smiling; smile
The Nymphs, her maidens fair, and Cupid too
Now yearly sharpens for the cruel wile
His darts,—a bloody pastime to pursue.

New lovers flock each day as gleefully
About; the older threaten, yet ne'er leave
The yoke of your sweet form of slavery,
But seek its toils and burdens to receive.

Young matrons fear for husbands' sake your charm;
Kind mother's filled with maiden's care must dread;
And father's doting view with true alarm
For sons engaged the ruin and pain you spread.

J. R. R.

A True Follower.

R. E. LYNCH, '03.

It was Holy Thursday evening. Within the glow of the sanctuary lamp a monk bent with age knelt before the altar. His snow-white head rested upon his hands clasped in prayer: he was contemplating the passion and death of his Saviour. Night was falling fast; the last shades of twilight flickered along the dim arches and were lost in the shadows of the Gothic pillars; nothing disturbed the deathlike silence that fell over the great Cathedral.

Excitement pervades Jerusalem: the din of the noisy rabble resounds throughout the city. The street is crowded. One man runs past another, and each one strives to heap the greatest insult upon the Prisoner who bears a heavy cross. The blood trickles down His face; His garments are stained brownish-red. The sight of the blood incites the barbarians to strike Him who is weak and scarcely able to drag His heavy burden. His flowing brown hair is dampened by the blood that oozes from His wounded head. His face is pale; His cheeks are drawn, and His expressive eyes give evidence of a heart laden with sorrow. He has brooded over the evil of mankind, and now He journeys onward to fulfil the condition that will appease a disobeyed God. Christ has fallen three times, and at each fall the blood bursts through His wounds and trickles down His bruised Body. The barbarians revile and curse Him, and they vie with one another in striking the Cross-Bearer as He lies scarcely able to move.

The disordered procession comes within sight of Golgotha. The multitude scoffing and laughing circle round the mount and gazes coldly on the Prisoner who stands apart and alone. One passes a remark to another, the rabble take up the slur, and the air is rent with their shouts and laughter. The two convicts that stand among the throng join with the rabble. They, too, are to be crucified; but blood does not besmear them, nor are they wounded. Their Redeemer makes no reply: He is meek and prays fervently. The day is quickly changed. Now darkness is fast falling; the sunlight is swept aside by the black clouds that roll up, one tumbling over another from the

west; a strong wind blows and the dust in a whirl fills the air: the mob turns away, and the executioners find difficulty in arranging the cross, and they swear and blaspheme as they throw His sacred Body upon it; He humbly stretches forth His arms and begs mercy for them who drive the long spikes through His sacred flesh. The wind has gone down a little but the darkness increases. The assembly now gaze on the sad spectacle, but they are not moved to pity; they offer no words of consolation, nor is sorrow manifest in their glances. Jesus is nailed to the cross. A short distance from the multitude stand Mary and the Magdalene; they are weeping. Slowly the executioners raise the cross; Jesus glances toward His Mother. How their Hearts are torn by sorrow. They must part. The darkness deepens; the winds whistle mournfully. The heavens are rent by an occasional flash of lightning: all nature is in sympathy with the sadness of the Redeemer.

The rabble has become quieted. The spectators intently watch Christ. He is between two thieves; they gaze inquiringly toward Him; the prisoner on the right gazes appealingly. The face of Christ grows paler, and the Blood drips profusely from His wounded head. Against the black background of fear-inspiring clouds this sad spectacle appears ghost-like. He raises His large brown eyes to Heaven; the rabble behold a most sorrowful face yet beautiful unto death. The stare of death is just visible; slower and slower do the eyelids meet. The winds almost cease moaning; the darkness thickens. Mournfully does Jesus cry out: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" A death-like silence falls over all; a slight tremor rushes over the earth; one spectator gazes terrifyingly upon another; not a sound is audible save the drip, drip of the warm and sacred blood as it trickles adown His Body and falls upon the earth. His eyes stare heavenward; a dull glassy stare replaces the lustre fast fading from them. Again He cries out—a quiver passes over the Body—the tragedy is ended.

The first rays of the rising sun streamed golden-like into the quiet sanctuary and fell upon the limpid form of one who had taken up the cross of Christ and who had followed Him faithfully to the end.

The Lawyer.

J. J. MEYERS (LAW), '04.

To the close observer, a man's profession or occupation may be readily surmised by certain unmistakable signs or manifestations. The skilful mechanic, the shrewd, calculating merchant and the sharp-sighted, ingenious professional man become so enrapt in their respective occupations that, even when not actually engaged in their business, their actions and their very appearance betray their caste. It matters not where they are,—at home, in the ball-room, at the theatre or elsewhere—their set features will not relax. The sharp-eyed business man seems to be gloating over the bargains of the morrow; the crafty gambler is carefully marking his victim, and the keen, sagacious lawyer is so surcharged with legal matters that he thinks or talks of nothing else.

These marked features are probably more noticeable in the legal profession than in any other. When a mere boy, the lawyer-to-be shows his decided bent. He loves to talk, and is sure to do a great deal of it; he is fond of argument and is stubborn about conceding anything, though his is the weaker side. He takes a liking to politics even before he has left the high school, and at that early age knows the names of all the officials of his state, county and city and the party to which each belongs. Long before his school days are over he and his parents know well he is going to be a lawyer. His father counsels him against taking such a rash step, pointing out to him that there are several attorneys in his home city who are hardly making a living; and his mother, who is ever watchful of her son's welfare, tells him of the terrible evils of the profession: how he must lie, defend criminals, and the like. But all this does not change his mind: he is going to be a lawyer, and a lawyer he becomes.

Although the young attorney, during the first few years of his practice, seldom makes more than a living (and very often he does not do this even), his fellow-citizens are not aware of that fact. From all appearances he is the busiest man in town, for it is well known that hunger inspires the chicken to scratch in a lively fashion. He is agent for a dozen or more good, reliable insurance companies; he does a real estate business and has money

to loan; he makes a specialty of collections; he is most prompt in attending to the settling of estates and foreclosures, and he is active in the trials of cases in the district and federal courts. His brisk rapid gait means business if it denotes anything; still he is ever ready to stop and talk for an hour or more with some prominent politician of his party. He makes every possible effort to become a delegate to the different conventions of his party, and he is usually patriotic enough to accept a nomination for some public office when called upon by his fellow-citizens. He may be seen on the morning of a convention elbowing through the crowd of delegates, careful not to slight anyone, yet spending most of his time talking to those who have some political influence. He succeeds in having a few prominent delegates thrust him to the front, and after a great deal of argument (which invariably results in his favor), he reluctantly accepts any or all honors. He is just the chap to arise in the convention hall after such good fortune and deliver a most eloquent address which was prepared months before in anticipation of this opportunity.

Although the lawyer is often charged with extorting enormous fees for his services and with using other dishonest means in making money he should not be too hastily condemned, for such accusations generally come from prejudiced sources. There seems to be a popular bias against him, and it not unfrequently happens that the man who paints him blackest will some day call upon him to defend him against the terrible hands of justice.

The attorney, looked at from an unprejudiced point of view, is a rather remarkable man. Denounced by a large number of the ministers of his state, cursed by many of his fellow-citizens as a rogue and a trickster, this unique man in humble circumstances has saved by his untiring efforts the life of many an innocent fellow-being and brought properties in dispute to their rightful owner.

An Ancient Record.

A bell in Saratoga rang ninety-seven times—

One stroke for every year of its existence;

'Tis the only case on record when a Saratoga belle

Has tolled her age, and that with great persistence.

D. O'M.

The Double Cross.

ROBERT E. LYNCH, '03.

Masterson had exercised every means of attracting the attention of a pretty miss that passed down Pike's Peak Avenue toward the post-office every morning: he smiled as sweetly as he knew how, adjusted his clothing and the like, but his contortions were unheeded. The gallant had planned well: he would accost the young lady, plead mistaken identity and bring about a conversation. When the opportunity presented itself, Masterson, as the young lady passed, made a step forward, his knees trembled, he stood abashed. The next day Masterson, more resolute than ever, stood near the "General Delivery" window.

"Miss Katherine Peck, please," said a sweet voice, "will you kindly send my mail to 770 N. Weber St., please? Thank you." Turning to a young lady who accompanied her: "O Emily; what do you think? A letter from mother; she says that Fred has got home from St. Louis."

The tree-arched avenues of Colorado Springs were alive with people promenading, horse-back riding or resting on the lawns, all enjoying the cool breezes that swept down from the near-by mountains. In front of a fashionable residence two handsome young ladies, attired in light summer gowns, were playing croquet on the lawn.

"Pardon the interruption, ladies, please, but does Miss Katherine Peck reside here?"

"Yes, sir," said Katherine, brushing back her heavy black tresses.

"I am Mr. Masterson, ladies, an intimate friend of brother Fred."

"Of brother Fred?" asked Kate surprised and glancing smilingly at Emily.

"Yes. He told me when we were in St. Louis to be sure to call on you when I told him that I intended going to the Springs."

All spent a very pleasant evening. Mr. Masterson proved himself to be a most congenial personage, satisfying the young ladies' curiosity concerning brother Fred, especially. He immediately fell desperately in love with Katherine, and as the presence of Emily should be too keenly felt, Howard sacrificed his attention to her by introducing his friend Joe Walsh. One or two evening promenades were sufficient proof that Joe would not interfere with Howard's plans.

"Katherine's eyes are so dreamy, Joe, and her long black lashes just match her pretty brown eyes. Every day that we walk the street you can see many a fellow stare her almost out of countenance: I tell you, old boy, that I am lucky and so are you, if you only knew it."

"You're all right, Howard, and so is Kate, you two seem to get on very well together; you seem to know just how to entertain them, but I—well, I don't know, but I can't please Emily no matter what I do."

"Talk fluently, Joe. I practice some fine-sounding phrases before I go up there. Talk on nature, don't get nervous, and, above all, don't sit like a dummy. Kate thinks that I am prodigiously versed in astronomy, botany and Shakspeare. Just be as free as I am, Joe, and then you can win the girls."

Katherine had frequently remarked to Howard that he was wonderfully clever and his ability to extemporize in verse and in humorous remarks was marvelous. Masterson had become quite an adept in love-making; he also had assumed the self-sacrificing task of trying to reconcile Walsh to his fate, for Joe was a decided failure in wooing Emily; he was a susceptible youth, while Emily was very tantalizing and toyed with him whenever he became serious; this vexed him, and so frequently did he deem himself offended that Masterson was made counsel for Joe in his love affair quite frequently.

"I'll go with her, Howard, but it is only for your sake: I'll help you out."

At every call a new wound was inflicted, every day brought a new resolution to discontinue calling. Walsh, after repeated threats had determined to act, and all the earnest pleas of Masterson were vain.

"Now, Joe before we go inside, promise me that you'll—"

"I'll promise nothing: no use now, Howard."

"Come, now, won't you?"

"No use, Howard, I've stood this long enough," said Walsh shaking his head defiantly as he neared the stairway.

"Well! well! Nothing serious, I hope, Emily?" said Walsh glancing at the two young ladies in tears, and noting the preparations for a journey.

"I hope not; mother telegraphed Kate to come home at once. She leaves to-night at ten o'clock."

"To-night? Heavens, that's sudden," said Masterson sadly.

"Nothing serious, I guess," rejoined Walsh, "or she should have telegraphed you also."

After the train had gone and Emily was safely home, Masterson and Walsh were sitting on the veranda of the Alta Vista Hotel. After twitching nervously in his chair and making several vain attempts to change the subject, Masterson said:

"Yes, I did propose to her and she almost promised me; she's willing, but her mother—confound it!—her mother has to give her consent first. She's old enough to marry and not be tied to her mother's apron strings."

"That's right; you're lucky. I guess that I made a hit there to-night myself?"

You bet you did, Joe. When you spoke about the affair not being serious, I noticed Emily brighten up and—that changed the whole state of things. I guess that's what made Kate sing that song. Did you notice what she sang? When she said "dear heart" she glanced at me and nodded, as much as to say: "You're the one, Howard."

The little differences of former days broke out anew, and Walsh decided to discontinue his visits. Emily chided him too much, and when he told Masterson emphatically that he would allow no girl to make a fool of him, Howard, after considering the matter philosophically concluded it was best for him and Emily to agree to disagree. Now that Kate was gone and as Joe had stopped calling on Emily, Howard courted her, as he told Walsh, "just for Kate's sake." It was not long after that Howard found himself desperately in love with Emily. Now he was wandering into a labyrinth whose paths were leading him at every step into grounds most dangerous. A telegram summoned her home. The case grew worse; how could he write to both? Should Kate get Emily's letter, or *vice-versa*? Should Emily betray his confidence, or should Kate accept his proposal? She had evaded the question of mother's consent; or had brother Fred told them that he was an impostor?

"You will surely hear from me within a few days, Howard. I am perfectly willing, but,—well, mother—you know, mother must be consulted first," said Emily as the train was leaving the pretty mountain town and Masterson who was pondering whether he had not made a mistake in proposing to two girls especially sisters.

Masterson sat at his desk pondering the great step of his life. Before him lay the vital interests of the business that his uncle had

intrusted to him; before his eyes were the dim outlines of two fair maidens. A "corner" on wheat was threatened; last month he could have complied with the requirements of the contracts, but now—if the corner comes Tom Burns goes to the wall, ruined, wrecked. The clamor of the "pit" is unheeded by Howard: there the men are wild with excitement; one man rushes here, another there; the crier uses his lungs to their utmost capacity, the clicking of the tickers, the arrival of those on the verge of ruin, the clamor of those buying at any price—all this has no charm for Masterson who is lost in revery.

"Wheat at 103, Mr. Masterson."

"Great heavens! I'm ruined!" cried Masterson starting from his desk. He could scarcely realize what a dangerous position he was in. He hastened toward the door in time to see his messenger disappearing.

"Mr. Masterson," shouted another messenger, "a telegram."

"From Kate! 'Come to Chicago, immediately. Have mother's consent; she is about to—' what! poor girl! 'about to die!'" Howard said excitedly, as he hurried back into his office and soon was lost in sympathetic feeling for the girl he loved so much. His telegram of condolence must have reached them, and Howard could faintly discern the outlines of himself and his bride-to-be in a home of a marriage at a deathbed scene.

"Mr. Masterson, wheat now at 103½."

Suddenly jumping from his chair he ran to the pit. The speculators fatigued and showing signs of extraordinary mental strain, were nervously crowded round the "crier." When the price went up to 104¼ many men rushed to the door shouting "ruined! ruined!" In the rush for the door was Masterson; he could not handle the business under such trying circumstances; he had failed to buy when his uncle telegraphed him to do so; there was a steady rise in prices since morning, and the indications were that Stiles had "cornered" the market and that Burns and Co. must go to the wall. Hurrying back into the office, his nerves strained to their utmost, his eyes glaring despair, he was confronted by another messenger.

"Come to Chicago, immediately; mother has consented; she is about to—' Well, well! what an ass, am I! I've made a fool of myself! Now a telegram from Emily; I don't know what I'll do; and those girls in such trouble, too," said Masterson, and turning to the

messenger he handed him a telegram for T. E. Burns, Denver. "It's not my fault," thought Masterson, "uncle might have known that I was unequal to such a task: ruined, and bankrupt! I should have bought yesterday. I ought to have known better! Well, I must go to Chicago." Turning to his uncle's private secretary: "Johnson, I must go to Chicago immediately. Tell uncle. I can not face him after what I've done, and in such trying times!"

Howard Masterson was a scared mortal when he entered Chicago; he had slept little in his two nights on the road: his uncle hurrying back to find his business in the hands of strangers, and on the verge of ruin and collapse; the lost opportunity of buying; the confronting of stern brother Fred, the task of confronting two girls to whom he proposed, the increase of Emily's sadness by telling her of his jest when proposing; the sight of a future mother-in-law in the throes of death, and gazing sadly on her daughter marrying a man who had just caused his uncle to go, probably to the wall; all this was the panorama that flitted before him constantly.

"Mr. Masterson?" inquired a youth, accosting every man whom he deemed Howard Masterson.

"Here, sir," said Masterson who was attracted by the name. He hastened into the carriage and within a few minutes Howard was entering the home of his 'fiance'.

"Too late! oh! you are too late!" cried Kate extending her hand.

"Be comforted, poor girl," he said with tears in his eyes.

"Oh, she's gone, Howard! she's gone!" shouted Emily rushing up to him.

"I'm heartily sorry; you have my sincere sympathy, Emily," he said taking her hand gently into his.

At the top of her voice, Kate exclaimed, "Oh! Howard, she's gone!"

"Poor girls!" he said sobbing.

"To dye her hair!" said Emily bursting into loud laughter.

Masterson was astounded and before he could recover his senses the curtain was drawn back, and a pretty miss followed by two young men entered.

"Mr. Masterson, don't you recognize 'brother' Fred?" Taking the young lady by the hand: "This, Howard, is 'brother' Frederico."

A few years later when the Manitou

magazine was publishing the great short story written by 'Howard Masterson,' the editor little knew that the description of the lover coming to find his two sweethearts just married, the ludicrous reception he received, the intense excitement of the man who stood between 'love and duty' and yielded to the former, the sorrowful lover leaving the home of his intended bride and the flight back to the corn-field and farm-life was the narration of the author's peculiar escapade in the field of love.

Aphorisms of Sophomores.

FOR the difference between the best and the worst hours you have spent, your endeavors must be responsible.

BLIND people never follow curiously, but curious people follow blindly.

EXCLUSIVE society is very much like a trust—one is not eligible for admission until he has the coin or the courage to establish powerful opposition.

THE opinions of fickle-minded people are like scraps of paper which the gale carries hither and thither but which always alight harmless.

IF you boast of real refinement see that your knife and fork tell no tales on you.

A CENTURY is illustrious if it produces a genius and one soul that adequately appreciates him.

AN uncultivated talent is like a king who never ruled.

WE are too lavish with the cockle of calumny in the well-tilled fields of our neighbor.

THE egotist is the parasite of society.

NOTHING helps so much to form a man's character as to have his faults nipped in the bud.

VIRTUE is a delicate plant that thrives only when tenderly cared for.

POLITICS is a game which is played in this country to the very limit.

LIFE is a ship on the ocean of Time and needs a strong hand to guide it safely to port.

NATIONS of equal strength settle their disputes nowadays by arbitration; but when the stronger quarrel with the weaker, cannon and bloodshed decide. Still we boast of an advance in civilization since the days when "Might was Right."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—There will be no issue of the SCHOLASTIC on April 4. This is due to the extra work which the special Easter number imposes on editors and type-setters. We would remind those to whom assignments have been made that their contributions should be handed in not later than next Monday. Further delay will cause much inconvenience.

—It is a regrettable fact that many Catholics are not more thoroughly acquainted with the doctrines and practices of the Church. Very often the Catholic student who prides himself on his comprehensive knowledge in various branches of profane learning is unable to explain the symbolic meaning of the different parts of the Mass. It is his bounden duty to assist at stated intervals at the August Sacrifice, and if he is ill informed about the essential elements of this highest type of divine worship, is it not natural for us to suppose that his acquaintance with the deep, touching ceremonies of Holy Week is still more limited? These ceremonies are conducted annually with the utmost precision and solemnity at Notre Dame and their meaning is always the subject of one or more discourses or sermons. Catholic students should give particular attention to the religious exercises of Holy Week, and even non-Catholics may find the reasons for these devotions a useful addition to their store of knowledge.

—An article in a recent *Literary Digest* discusses the influence of the American novel in England. Opinions of several English writers have been taken, and it is gratifying to learn that their appraisal of the art of the American writer is much higher than it was some years ago. One writer states that "time was when we regarded the American novel rather as a picture of American life, than as an exposition of the abstract art of fiction." This view-point has been changed, and the flattering question is discussed across the water, whether the American novel will partake of the "American Invasion" and menace the English novel in England itself. One good proof of the artistic merit of American fiction is the serious consideration it arouses in literary circles abroad.

—Generally, the student does not have to be told to bask in the spring sunshine. He naturally and willingly does the basking. Still many of the so-called "hard pluggers" get small satisfaction out of the days of early spring which, when placed in close contrast with the wintry weeks, stand out rarer than a June day. When a student has existed through the wintry months with his time spent six parts in the close class-room and four parts in his own contracted room, he owes it to a hard-worked pair of lungs and an abused pair of eyes to give his physical make-up some daily and necessary recreation. The "spring fever" is merely a tradition. No student that takes exercise, as he should everything else, moderately, need fear this contagion. The conditions most productive of "spring fever" are shady spots where a person might lounge a whole day away with small help to his body and much detriment to his studies. All that is required of a person who wishes to escape this malady is that he keep in mind that his day's work is the same as it was in the winter, but that it is made pleasanter by the coming of spring.

—The *Saturday Evening Post* devotes an editorial to the difference between the positive man and the passive and negative man. It quotes the statement that of the eighty million persons in this country less than a quarter of a million have made its progress. Wherever one goes one finds the active man of affairs throwing off sufficient energy to charge his camp-followers or his community with varying

degrees of activity. The enthusiast in the class-room, the untiring and brilliant worker in the editorial room, the energetic man in the pulpit, the honest but busy statesman—all form the centre from which radiate sufficient heat and light to cause things to be done. No university class will ever be successful or worth while in which the professor has to furnish all the enthusiasm: that is, not only lay out the spikes and place them, but also take what beneficial exercise results from doing the driving. On the campus the students divide into knots of five or ten, and each division invariably has its prophet, dictator, spokesman and absolute ruler, and instead of sharing the above equally, one boy invariably assumes the entire rôle. That boy is not particularly to blame, for he is a positive and wide-awake young fellow, but his camp-followers are at fault for being inert and docile instruments. There must be soldiers and camp-followers, but were you born to be either?

—The world has been greatly interested in the latest manifestation of the reigning Czar's progressive, liberal spirit. The imperial proclamation of March 12 augurs a brighter and more hopeful future for the Russian peasantry. To them have been promised in this decree extraordinary privileges which, though commonly possessed by the majority of enlightened peoples, have only recently been allowed to the lower classes of Russia. The Czar announces that it is his intention to establish religious toleration throughout his vast domains. One recognizes the importance of this utterance only after a thorough comprehension of the power of the Russian Church. Perhaps the most firmly established of State religions, the Greek Church has, since the foundation of the empire, wielded an enormous influence in the government of the land. That Nicholas III. should have the moral courage and conviction to endanger such powerful interests in this important matter is a most favorable omen of future Russian advancement.

Perhaps of greater importance are the reforms which the Czar proposes to make in the rural laws, but doubts have been very generally expressed whether these praiseworthy intentions will ever be carried out. The world hopes they will. Such measures would bring timely alleviation to the hardest lot among all European peoples—the lot of the Russian peasant.

An Interview.

When a young fellow realizes that he has a special aptitude for this or that profession and that such a calling he is determined to pursue, it may not be imprudent in him to keep that determination to himself. There are scores of misfits made through the generous advices of next-door neighbors, ignorant counsellors and apparently disinterested friends. We can all point to a number of men who are sadly out of place simply because they followed the suggestions of others rather than their own convictions. The mistake was made, of course, in the beginning,—the boy started off wrong; another more serious mistake he made in continuing on the wrong track, and his whole course is nothing more than a series of bungles emphasized daily more and more by the evils they bring upon him.

If, therefore, the young man is certain about the course he should adopt, if he has unmistakable signs that such a place in the world is open to him and such a place he should fill, it would be sheer folly on his part to go about seeking the bewildering advices of life-wreckers. Only when in doubt about his proper sphere or about the most expedient means of accomplishing his aim should he confide his mind and purposes to others, and then only to those who can and will be to him genuine, honest counsellors.

It was to such a man and under circumstances that made counsel necessary that I applied for much-needed help to clear my way towards the legal profession. The advice I was fortunate enough to obtain, the party that gave it and the sincere, honest way in which it was offered, deeply impressed me at the time, and I may do another good turn by briefly recording them here.

I stood before a tall, athletic, well-proportioned, middle-aged man with kindly blue eyes, a clean, ruddy face which might as easily conceal as express an emotion. His hair was black and curly, just beginning to turn gray. His clothes were not at all showy, but plainly told that their possessor was in very comfortable circumstances. He greeted me kindly, and to my query replied that he was the famously misrepresented party. I was shown into his private office, and after he had disposed of such matters as demanded his immediate attention he went through what I

presumed to be his stereotyped informalities for setting callers at ease before attempting to come to the point.

It was my nervousness perhaps which caused him to show unwarranted consideration for me, or it may be that he was deceived by my appearances and thus led up to a supposedly delicate matter; for, like some others with whom I've since become acquainted, he may have mistaken me for a decidedly innocent client to whom the law and the lawyer stood for all that is awful in the world. Be that as it may, he certainly delayed longer than most successful busy men usually do with young strangers, and I confess I felt grateful to him for so doing. I finally stated the purpose of my visit in such a manner that he could divine the rest, and I soon found that my confidence had not been misplaced.

He paused for a moment before attempting to speak, lit a cigar, rose from his chair and stood for a while staring out of the window over the tops of houses far off into his dim misty, almost forgotten past and my uncertain future. Then, turning abruptly, "I take it for granted," said he, "that you haven't come here wholly ignorant of what you propose to undertake; that you have some idea of what the law is, what it means as a profession, as a means of obtaining a livelihood. You've looked up such phases of it as have occurred to you, and no doubt you've built a lot of fancies, be they optimistic or otherwise, around your reliable information. You have your conception of what it is, and as I understand you've come here to get my opinion, my experience and my advice that you may find wherein your fancy or your ignorance has led you astray. I take it for granted, too, that the law to you is purely a business proposition; that you contemplate taking it up for what you can get out of it. You may have other ambitions which can be most easily realized through familiarity with the law, but now these are of secondary importance.

"I suppose many of your friends have painted the dark side of the profession black enough for you, showing you its inadequacy as a means of support, and the folly of entering an already overcrowded profession. For examples and proof of their assertions they have pointed to those innumerable young lawyers who live only from hand to mouth, depending upon a parent, relative or generous friend for 'the rainy days.' And they were partly right,—mostly right." Here a mist

came over the honest blue eyes, and the great man jammed his hands deep into his trowser pockets as he looked once more through the window at his past struggles and surmounted difficulties. A moment later he continued as though thinking aloud: "It's hard, young man, very hard, I tell you, for a fellow to start alone at the bottom and make it pay and still be none the less a man. I know, for I've gone through a great deal myself, and I see any number of poor devils every day real objects of pity, and some who have more business and larger incomes, but are still more to be pitied, for they live by means that neither you nor I would employ. Why," he exclaimed, turning full upon me, "there are two hundred and fifty lawyers right here in the best location in the state and not one-third of them make an honest living. But," he added smiling, "it's not the worst profession in the world. There's immense room for good honest lawyers; we actually need them, and a man who is willing to put as much earnest energy into the law as is required to succeed in any of the other professions will go to the front and stay there.

"You say you have an opportunity of attending college—a law school; that you have your choice of attending school or of studying in an office. What you want to know, then, is which is the more desirable course to choose. Well, you're old enough now to study law—nineteen or twenty—so it would be useless to throw away several years, one year, or even six months, in anybody's office. That's all you do—*throw* it away; you wouldn't learn anything. Suppose you went into an office, suppose you came here to study. I'd give you Blackstone to read and tell you when you had read that I would give you something else. You would mope over that book, in this room or the next, day after day. You would be of little use about the office for quite a while—you don't know shorthand or typewriting, so you would have but little opportunity to familiarize yourself with legal forms; and after you *had* learned a little so as to be of some assistance, you would be worked to death and have no time to pursue your studies. Look at that young fellow out in the next room there. He has been here three years—can't go to school because of his circumstances. He writes shorthand, bangs the typewriter half his time, runs errands, collects bills and does small work about the office. He studies perhaps an hour a day besides what extra time he puts in when he should

be in bed. He'll be admitted in a year or two more, but that is due in a great part to his eternal stay-there qualities, and a correspondence course which he will soon complete.

"But after he's admitted, what will he be? What am I? A mere case lawyer forced to regret over and over again that a college education was impossible. True, you would become familiar with court proceedings, for you could attend trials, etc.; but it is possible, even probable, that you will have abundant opportunities to become familiar with both office and court proceedings after you have completed a course at school and received a degree. Go to school for the two or three years at your disposal, and, if possible, stay there even longer.

"I don't know what the University of Notre Dame is, what its methods are, or whether it is to be preferred to some other colleges or universities, but it is a university and should have, no doubt has, a good law department. I can't advise you as to the best school, that you must decide for yourself, but go to whichever you choose of the good schools, for even the poorest of them is to be preferred to any office. Spend what time and money you can afford there, and then when you know all they can teach you, hang out your shingle and you're on the surest, shortest way to honest fame.

"But before you begin at all make up your mind to be a number one in some one branch of the law. Specialize, specialize, or fail is the verdict of the age. Make up your mind never to plead a criminal case, and don't bother your head about criminal law. There is nothing in it, besides it is not law at all really. Of course if you find yourself particularly adapted to that so-called branch of the law—you'll know if you are—and feel that you would attain international reputation by following it, do so, but first get the civil law to a finish, and trust to it for your daily bread. You won't be disappointed then either, as you might be in the criminal law, for all you need do is know the civil law, be prepared to attend to what business comes to you, and if you have any ability that business will surely come. You will coin money from the start, though you may not be known in more than two counties."

After that short talk with this magnetic character I felt somewhat steadier on my feet, and I believe that his honest words will ring long in my ears.

D. L. MURPHY, '05.

Athletic Notes.

If the fine weather continues, the boat crews will begin taking their regular spins on the lake this week. Last year the men were compelled to lay off until the latter part of April, but from present indications it seems they will be more fortunate this year. The regatta in June promises to be one of the best ever held here, because of the large number of experienced men in school.

H. J. McGlew, who pulled number one on the Senior crew last year, will coach the Brownson crew. He took the men out for their first trial last Thursday morning.

Manager Daly wishes to announce that season tickets will be on sale every morning at 9:30 at the office in the gymnasium.

The Corby Hall baseball team started work in earnest this week, and from the material at hand should have a strong team. Captain Dempsey, Wagner, Lonergan and Fansler are all old-timers, and there is a large number of new men to draw from. Charles Mulcrone was elected Manager of the team.

The Sorin baseball team met last week and elected Robert R. Clarke Manager for the coming season. Nearly all of last year's team are back, and Sorin expects to finish well up in the Inter-Hall race. The captain for this year will be chosen during the week. "Wild Bill" Higgins has been chosen Coach.

Coach Holland is not satisfied with the number of candidates out at present for track honors, and believes that out of so many students he should have a squad of at least sixty or seventy men. There are men still to be developed for almost all the runs and dashes and the majority of the field events, and no one man is certain of a place on the team. It is not too late yet to come out and try, the State Championship and the Western Conference Meets being over two months off yet. A mass meeting of the students will be held to-night in the Brownson reading-room to arouse interest in the team, and addresses will be made by the Coach, Capt. Hoover and Manager Daly. The least you can do is attend this meeting, and show those in charge that

they have your support. They are certainly doing all they can for the benefit of the team, but if the support of the student body is lacking their efforts will count for naught.

The Varsity schedule has been announced by Manager [Daly and comprises 34 games, with three more games pending. The schedule is a very complete one and one of the heaviest that will be played by any college team in the West, and undoubtedly the heaviest ever played by a Varsity team. A series of eight games will be played with the Toledo team of the American Association, after which the South Bend Central League team will be here for six games. The college series opens on April 18 with Michigan Normal.

Mar. 30—Toledo at Notre Dame

Mar. 31—Toledo at Notre Dame

April 1—Toledo at Notre Dame

" 2—Toledo at Notre Dame

" 4—Toledo at Notre Dame

" 6—Toledo at Notre Dame

" 7—Toledo at Notre Dame

" 8—Toledo at Notre Dame

South Bend League Series

" 9—South Bend at Notre Dame

" 10—South Bend at Notre Dame

" 14—South Bend at Notre Dame

" 15—South Bend at Notre Dame

" 16—Notre Dame at South Bend

" 17—Notre Dame at South Bend

College Series

" 18—Michigan Normal at Notre Dame

" 22—Kalamazoo at Notre Dame

" 28—Notre Dame at Greencastle

" 29—Notre Dame at Bloomington

" 30—Notre Dame at Champaign

May 1—Notre Dame at Watertown

" 2—Notre Dame at Beloit

" 6—DePauw at Notre Dame

" 8—Nebraska

" 12—Ohio Wesleyan

" 15—Kentucky

" 16—Purdue

" 19—Northwestern

" 22—Indiana

" 26—Dennison

" 28—Beloit

June 1—Illinois

" 3—Open

" 4—Notre Dame at Delaware

" 5—Notre Dame at Columbus

" 6—Notre Dame at Purdue

" 11—Open

" 17—Open

The Varsity team will, in all probability, be chosen to-morrow or Monday. This selection, however, will not be final, and those who do not find their names on the list need not give up all hope of making the team as their services may be required later. Both Coach Lynch and Captain Stephan are determined to have none but workers on the team, and any man loafing at any one time during the coming season will be dropped.

Manager Kenefick of the Carroll Hall baseball team has arranged the following schedule for his team:

April 2—South Bend at Notre Dame

April 11—Elkhart High School at Notre Dame

April 23—Michigan City at Michigan City

April 25—Buchanan at Notre Dame

April 30—Elkhart at Elkhart

May 2—Laporte at Notre Dame

May 7—South Bend at South Bend

May 9—Hammond at Notre Dame

May 21—Benton Harbor at Benton Harbor

May 23—Benton Harbor at Notre Dame

May 30—Niles at Niles

June 4—Buchanan at Buchanan

Prospects for a close race in the Inter-Hall baseball championship are good this year. All the teams are practising hard under the directions of the different coaches and with the arranging of the schedule a very interesting season is promised. The schedule provides for games between the different teams beginning April 5 and ending May 3. The three teams having the highest percentum of victories after the scheduled games have been played will meet in a semifinal and final game: the semifinal game being between the teams second and third in the percentum column, and the winner of that game will play the leading team for the championship. A banner will be given to the winning team. Captain Stephan and John Farley were chosen as official umpires during the season. Those present at the meeting were Kenefick of Carroll, Lantry of Brownson, Clarke of Sorin, Walsh of St. Joseph and Mulcrone of Corby.

The schedule is as follows:

April 5—Corby vs. Carroll

April 9—Sorin vs. St. Joseph

April 12—Brownson vs. Carroll; Corby vs. Sorin

April 19—Sorin vs. Brownson; St. Joe vs. Carroll

April 26—Sorin vs. Carroll; Brownson vs. St. Joe

April 30—Corby vs. St. Joseph

May 3—Corby vs. Brownson

Several players of the South Bend Central League team have been out practising with the Varsity the past week. They are unanimous in their opinion that Coach Lynch will have a winning team this year.

The Toledo team of the American Association, fifteen men and Manager-Capt. Reisling, arrived at the University last Wednesday morning and immediately started in training. Owing to the overcrowded condition of affairs at the University, but few rooms being vacant, the players will be located at the Sheridan Hotel, South Bend. The players will walk to and from the College to the hotel every day and spend about five hours a day practising on the Brownson diamond. This work is being done to get them in condition for the series which opens Monday.

The fine weather of the past week was taken advantage of by the Varsity to get in some good practice games. Two teams of the strongest candidates, reinforced by some of the South Bend team, lined up against each other daily, with each of the candidates for the pitching staff taking turns in dishing up the benders. From the playing of the candidates during these games, the team promises to be a winner. Becker, who was injured during the indoor practice, has not yet been able to do any catching, and it is doubtful if he will for some time. This leaves Doar and Antoine to don the catcher's mitt. Both of these are good men, and can throw with lightning speed. Doar, however, is the cooler and steadier, and can always be relied upon. Capt. Stephan will hold down the initial bag, and all we hope is that he will maintain the excellent standard he set for himself last year.

At second base, the fight is between Gage and Geoghegan. Gage braced considerably in his fielding the past week, and as he is the heaviest hitter on the team, it seems certain he will hold this bag. The fight for short-stop is a very interesting one, and will undoubtedly be a hard one to decide. Sherry and Shea are both exceedingly fast men in fielding, with Sherry's batting far ahead of Shea's. Dan O'Connor reigns supreme in the neighborhood of third. He is "eatin' 'em up" in grand style and promises to be one of the mainstays of the team. The outfield is a toss-up, with a score of good men to choose from; among them are Shaughnessy, Ruehlbach, Salmon, Kanaley,

Hanley, Opfergelt and Sullivan. The pitching staff will also be hard to determine. Murphy, Burns, Hogan, Higgins, Desmond, Stack and Opfergelt are all pitching good ball, and no definite selections will be made in this department for a few days at least. J. P. O'R.

Personals.

—Father Cullinan of Niles, Mich., was a welcome visitor to the University on Friday.

—Brother Fabian, C. S. C., an energetic canvasser for the *Ave Maria*, is at present making a short stay at Notre Dame.

—Mr. David S. Wright, student '91-'94, has an excellent position in New York City in the great coffee firm of Danemiller and Co. We wish him continued success.

—Sylvester J. Hummer, master in chancery, Chicago, made a short stay at the college during the week. Mr. Hummer is a distinguished graduate of Notre Dame and is now one of Chicago's most successful lawyers.

—One of the most welcome visitors to the University during the week was Mr. George Otto of Elizabeth, New Jersey. Mr. Otto is a brother-in-law of the genial Willie McLain of Carroll Hall who was happy to greet him.

—Mr. Michael O'Ryan, who was visiting his sons, Rev. William O'Ryan of Denver, Col., and Philip of San Francisco, spent part of the week with our postmaster, Rev. Father Maher. Mr. O'Ryan left for his home in Ireland a few days ago.

—Mr. E. D. Staples of Mexico City, our former great sprinter and athlete who broke two or three records last year while at the University, is at present making a short stay at Notre Dame. He has been a student at Cornell during the past year. His many friends here are glad to see him.

—The Hon. C. M. Travis, ex-Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic in Indiana, accompanied by his son, Reverend Mr. Travis of South Bend, paid a visit to the University recently. His visit was most welcome, especially to the members of the Notre Dame G. A. R. Post who felt happy to have the honor of entertaining such a distinguished soldier.

—Alfred Dunlevy Kelley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelley of this city, has accepted the position of private secretary to Colonel Charles Page Bryan, United States' minister to Portugal and will sail for Lisbon April 7.

Mr. Kelley, although only twenty years of age, is an accomplished linguist. He was educated at Saint Paul's Academy, Concord, N. H., and Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind.—(Columbus) *State Journal*.

We wish Mr. Kelley success in his new post.

Local Items.

—Bro. Lawrence announces that he has a large stock of college pins left over from last week's sales which he will close out at half price. Call and see him.

—The Carroll Hall baseball team appeared in new uniforms last Sunday for the first time. They are very natty-looking uniforms, and the members of the team are to be complimented upon their good taste.

—Capt. Beer's "Eagles," so-called, perhaps, because they are "up in the air" most of the time, essayed last Tuesday to win a game from the second team of St. Edward's Hall. At the end of the seventh inning, when the game was called to give the tired "birds" a rest, the score stood 18 to 5 in favor of the Minims' second team.

—A communication has reached us protesting against the conduct of certain students who shoot robins and other wild birds around the lakes. The writer is very justly indignant at this form of sport and requests that it be discontinued. Surely rifle practice can be indulged in without sacrificing these harmless messengers of spring.

—Last Thursday the strong second team of Carroll Hall narrowly escaped defeat at the hands of the Minims. The score was 11 to 9. The surprising feature of the game was the batting of the Minims against such a good pitcher as Captain O'Donnell. The Minims are now confident that they have little trouble in defeating the ex-Minims in the great game of the season.

—In the absence of the appointed men, the work in the advanced debating class last Wednesday was conducted altogether extemporaneously. The question for discussion was, "Resolved: that intercollegiate athletic contests are detrimental to the best interests of the student body." This subject has recently come up before the administrative faculty of Harvard University and hence the debate was timely. There was no lack of interest evidenced among the members of the class. Both sides of the question found firm supporters, and the speeches, though unprepared, went to the root of the subject. Nearly every valid reason *pro* and *con* was brought forward. The majority of the speakers seemed to favor intercollegiate athletic contests.

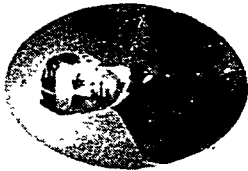
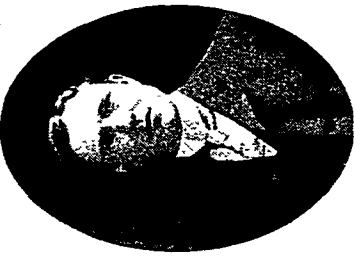
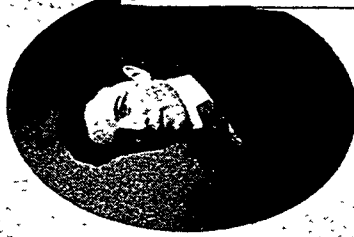
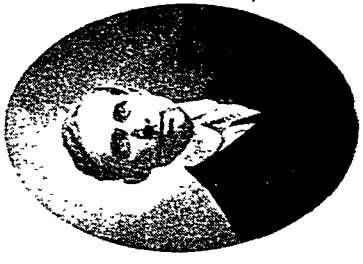
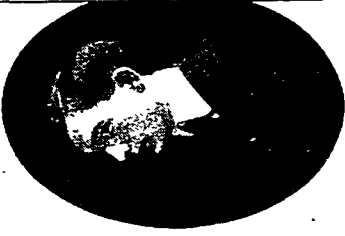
Mr. De Wulf, who proved from historical facts that intellectual and physical development have ever gone hand in hand, showed in his able and logical way that such contests are not bad in themselves, and that evils arise only when their control is not judicious. In many colleges—and Notre Dame is one of them—the athlete must attain a certain percentum in class work before the Faculty

Board of Control allows him to play on a Varsity team. Some speaker claimed that though it was true that athletes were not all industrious students, it was also true that non-athletes had a number of idlers among them; that a boy was not an idler because he took part in Varsity athletics.

It was a notable fact that the opponents of intercollegiate athletics were men who had been two or three years members of our athletic teams. Mr. Dubbs for the negative, outlined very concisely and in a thorough, deliberate manner, some of the most glaring evils of intercollegiate athletics. Though many speakers took the opposite view, all had a profound and deferential respect for Mr. Dubbs' opinions.

—Last Sunday, the St. Joe Specials and a team from Brownson Hall played a very close and sensational game on the St. Joe campus. J. J. O'Phelan acted as umpire, and in that capacity was called upon to make many risky decisions. His characteristic impartiality, however, assured all of fair treatment, and when the Specials were declared victors by a score of 19 to 3 no one could question the result. In fact, the superb form and playing of the Specials led many to expect a higher score in their favor. The day was far from warm, just such weather as the Brownson Hall team like when they indulge in violent exercise, which is rather seldom. The rooters were heard to remark that the Brownson men were not living up to their name—Never Sweats. The latter were accompanied by their coach, Mr. D. Sullivan wearing an Indian blanket.

Quinlevin did the best work for the Brownson men, while Messrs. Malloy and Rogers showed up well for the Specials. There were many sensational plays, the most noted being that of Freeman who never failed to let the ball pass him. Hammer made a wonderful stop on second, but the excitement proved too much for him and he failed to touch his man. As he intends to train at Coney Island this summer we may expect better work from him next year. Captain Murphy, the short stop for the Specials, was "the bright particular star." He has introduced something new in baseball—he bats with his foot. When he received a hot liner, he struck out with his foot to first base paralyzing the runner. The next game is expected to be close. The famous staff of athletic trainers in Brownson, Messrs. O'Connor, McGlew and Hon. Dave Excelsior Sullivan, have promised to coach the Never Sweats, provided the latter can furnish chewing tobacco. If this arrangement falls through, telegraph operator Gomez of the staff of the Sultan of Turkey will try to reach Mike Daly and engage him for the season. In either case uninteresting results are expected.



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