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## Easter.

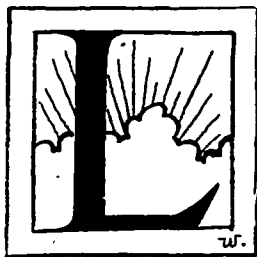
WHEN, at such times as these, we ponder o'er  
The scenes that are recalled to mind to-day,  
We must rejoice that we a part can play,  
And like the Magdalene, our Lord adore.  
Throughout the world the gladdest tidings soar,  
And hearts uplifted now devoutly pray;  
Again in pleasing fancy they portray  
The gladness on the earth that day of yore.

And now, though many centuries have past,  
Its beauties still we ever plainly see;  
As long as good and evil here abide,  
As long as love and truth and faith shall last,  
The heart of man will fondly turn to Thee,  
Regret and yet rejoice because You died.

FRANCIS H. MCKEEVER, '03.

## The True Mary Magdalene.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.



LITERATURE and modern dramatic art draw much of their best inspiration from religious sources, scriptural and otherwise. The wonderful religious and political history of immortal Rome has become of late years a favorite theme with the novelists, while the recently staged Miracle Plays of "Everyman" and "Mary of Magdala" show that in the drama this tendency to go back to the fountain-heads is also at work.

Apropos of the present production of this latter drama comes up the discussion of the exact identity of Mary Magdalene. Catholic theologians have long since settled this question to their satisfaction. In the liturgy of the Catholic Church St. Mary Magdalene is identified with Mary of Bethany, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, and with the "sinner"

of whom St. Luke speaks in his seventh chapter. Mr. Moncure D. Conway contributes to the *March Critic* a very interesting article characterized by the editor as a "New View of Mary Magdalene."

The writer says that Mary Magdalene were more fittingly called Mary the Calumniated. It is generally taken for granted that the biblical character, Mary Magdalene, was a woman of immoral life; whereas the fact is we have no historical writing, either sacred or profane, to justify this supposition. "There is not," Mr. Conway says, "another instance in history of a woman's name having become proverbial through thirteen centuries as representative of a certain type of character without the slightest historical foundation for it. A further anomaly is that the legend ascribing to Mary Magdalen an immoral life has been perpetuated by admiration for her; and probably most readers of these words will feel irritated at the thought of parting with the romance which poets and artists have found so fascinating."

All the truly historical writing we have concerning Mary Magdalene is, when compared with the volumes that discuss her identity and her character, very meagre indeed. The first specific mention of Mary Magdalene that we find in the Four Gospels is in St. Matthew (xxvii., 55, 56):

"And there were there many women afar off, who had followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto Him; Among whom was Mary Magdalen..." There is here no word to indicate that she had been a sinner or that she was a penitent—we learn only that she *ministered* unto Him; this supports the theory that she was a woman of means.

It is a matter of some importance to us to know the origin of the title "Magdalene." The city of Magdala was located in Eastern Galilee on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and it is generally supposed this was the home

of Mary, hence her title. The best philologists give the meaning of the word as that of "tower" or "castle," and Mr. Conway states that in the ancient Mystery of "Mary Magdalene" her residence is described as "The Castle of Maudleyn." The Talmud, however, gives this version, that Magdalene is derived from "Migdala"—"a plaiting or curling of the hair usual with abandoned women." The rabbi-compilers of the Talmud, the most bitter enemies of our Divine Lord, are, however, hardly the proper authority to consult on a question that concerns the honor of one of His followers. So far, then, we have simply Mary Magdalene ministering to Jesus; in verse sixty-one of the same chapter we find her at the tomb, and in the following chapter St. Matthew tells how she came to the sepulchre on the first day of the week and found the stone rolled back and her buried Saviour risen.

St. Mark also names Mary Magdalene only in connection with the Passion and Resurrection of our Divine Lord. In chapter fifteen we find that she watched the Crucifixion, "looking on afar off," and that she beheld the place where He was laid. Verse nine of the sixteenth chapter reads: "But He rising early the first day of the week, appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils." This concluding phrase has led some scriptural students astray; some have unjustly read into it the meaning of Mary's quasi-sinful past. On this point Mr. Conway says: "To the above New Testament record of Mary Magdalene it is necessary to add that Jesus is said to have cast seven *daimonos* out of her.... There is in the New Testament no moral connotation with the dæmonic diseases with which apparently Joanna and Susanna were also afflicted...." This opinion is perfectly correct; demoniacal possession, in the Gospel, does not necessarily imply moral depravity. Under "Demon" in the "New American Cyclopaedia" we read: "To attribute certain nervous maladies and mysterious diseases to demoniacal agency has been as universal as the belief in demons.... At the commencement of our era the belief [that which attributed nervous maladies; etc., to demoniacal possession] was general throughout the known world, and was recognized in the Gospel, where Christ is represented as casting out demons."

For the sake of accuracy, however, we must add that in St. Luke there is nothing stated

that would lead us to believe, as Mr. Conway does, that Joanna and Susanna had also been possessed. The Evangelist simply says that along with Jesus there were "certain women who had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities: Mary called Magdalen, out of whom seven devils were gone forth, . . . and Joanna, the wife of Chusa, Herod's steward, and Susanna and many others who ministered unto Him of their substance." Of Mary it is clearly stated that she was *healed*—the word would suggest deliverance from a disease—of evil spirits; but of the others nothing definite is said. Commenting on the clause "out of whom seven devils were gone forth," Father Maas, S. J., (*The Life of Christ*, p. 159) has this note.

"Explanations: 1. St. Ambrose and many other interpreters explain this of a real possession by many evil spirits; the great number of devils is expressed by the number seven. 2. St. Gregory, Venerable Bede and many others see in the possession merely the figure of the lewd life of Mary, from which she had been recalled by Jesus."

This latter argument seems to us to move in a vicious circle. If anywhere in the Gospel it was specifically stated that Mary Magdalene had lived a lewd life, they would be free to interpret this phrase as they like; as it is, they base their proof on the assertion which they attempt to prove. The "seven devils," they say, is a figure of lewdness, because Mary Magdalene was lewd; but how do we know she was lewd? She was possessed of seven devils! On the other hand, we find in St. Luke's seventh chapter the story of the anointment of Jesus by a woman who was a sinner, of whom Jesus said many sins are forgiven her. The last verse of this chapter is: "And He said to the woman: thy faith hath made thee safe, go in peace."

Though opening a new chapter, the next verse of the Gospel narrative has a close connection with the last quoted, and the second verse of this next chapter—the eighth—names Mary, out of whom seven devils were gone forth; a verse which we have hitherto quoted. Considering the proximity of these two incidents in the Gospel story, some Catholic theologians have argued that the sinner and Mary Magdalene are identical.

It is a notable fact that of late years it is only non-Catholic exegetes who put forth the opinion that Mary Magdalene has been calumniated, though in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries noted Catholic theolo-

gists could be found supporting both sides of the discussion.

Herr Franz Delitzsch, a profound German exegete and noted Hebraist, draws, from some source unknown to us, a beautiful account of the first meeting of our Lord and Mary Magdalene, the meeting in which Jesus cast the devils from Mary. According to the German writer the event took place on the Sea of Galilee near the shores of Capharnaum; this story is out of harmony with all Catholic tradition on the subject. Dr. Cunningham Geikie, a noted non-Catholic student of scripture, has this paragraph:

"Of this little band, so slightly yet so endearingly mentioned, a surpassing interest attaches to Mary Magdalene, from her unfounded identity with the fallen penitent who did Jesus honor in the house of the Pharisee Simon. There is nothing whatever to connect her with that narrative; for to think that she led a sinful life from the fact of her having suffered from demoniacal possession confounds what the New Testament distinguishes by the clearest language. Never, perhaps, has a figment so utterly baseless obtained so wide an acceptance as that which we connect with her name. But it is hopeless to try to explode it, for the word has passed into the vocabularies of Europe as a synonym of penitent frailty.

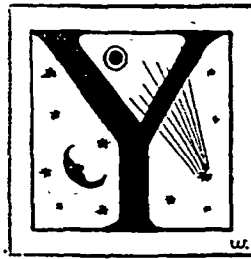
Under "Mary Magdalene," the *Century Dictionary* has:

"A woman described by Luke, and mentioned elsewhere in the Gospels as a demoniac from whom seven devils had been cast out and who was closely associated with Jesus, especially at the Resurrection. She has commonly been identified, erroneously, with the woman who was "a sinner" mentioned in Luke (vii. 37-50), and also, with even less ground, with Mary of Bethany."

It is true we have no scriptural authority for the identification of these three biblical characters; and we can only suppose that the great Doctors of the Church arrived at that conclusion because they were possessed of a tradition which has not come down to us. However exegetes to-day may question the origin of that tradition as well as the authority of the Missal and the Breviary on historical matters, surely the opinion of such profound theologians as Tertullian, Saint Ambrose, Saint Jerome, Saint Augustine, the Venerable Bede, St. Gregory the Great, Saint Bernard and Saint Thomas Aquinas, is not to be slightly considered.

## A Change in Principals.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.



YOU never have said you did." Larkins spoke earnestly. He stood by the piano idly sorting the music.

"Are you sure I never have said it?" Ada asked, while looking distractedly

toward the park.

"At least never to *me!*" said Martin, as he took up a late piece from the music rack.

"Just the same, I have said as much to you," answered Ada as she leaned nearer the window apparently more intent at the growing darkness.

"Charlie keeps you supplied with the late songs?" Martin observed while glancing at the handwriting on the music.

"It would appear so," Ada answered.

"I always have thought Charlie was the man," Martin stated, as he left the piano and took a chair in the corner where he could not see Ada.

"You never have said you did!" retorted Ada still much interested in the shadows forming about the arc-light in the park.

"Are you sure I have never said it?" Martin asked mockingly.

"At least never to *me!*" she quickly answered.

There was a long silence. Ada started to light the gas; Martin insisted that the fire-light was restful. She then took a chair at the right of the fireplace. He remained in the corner. The clock struck six. Thereat Martin aroused himself somewhat.

"Do you expect Charlie in this evening?" he asked.

"Yes!" she replied.

"Do you expect to call on Nina to-night?" she asked.

"Yes!" he replied.

There was another spell of silence. After a time the clock struck the quarter. Thereat Ada aroused herself and asked:

"Nina has always been your ideal, hasn't she?"

Larkins quickly foiled:

"Charlie has always been your ideal, hasn't he?" They both caught themselves saying:

"I never have said—" and abruptly left the sentence unfinished. At the half hour Martin talked on soberly:

"You always have said, Ada, that you preferred a medium-sized blond a professional man preferred;—a college degree or two, not barred. You have said, also, that you would prefer a man somewhat older than yourself, of very stern and commanding ways, in fact, one with a future. You—"

Ada interrupted him to say:

"You, yourself, Martin, have always gone into raptures over the stately and dignified brunette: the young lady who never has become too cultured through seminary training; one of the practical, modern young girls. In fact, such as can cook well and argue well and be just a little cruel sometimes."

Martin greedily took advantage of the pause:

"Charlie, you know, pretty nearly fills the bill. He has a future, also a very becoming blond head of hair; he has several college degrees, and at the same time sufficient conceit to be stern and commanding. He is considerably older than you, has had a professional training; he is—"

"And Nina is such a dignified, dark-featured girl," Ada quickly chimed in. "She never has had a seminary training, but she has had several affairs of the heart. Now, Nina is immensely practical; she invariably makes fudges for you when you call. She argues well, and she never fails to mistreat you sufficiently to humble you!"

Ada stopped speaking and looked toward the fire. Martin consciously noted the clock strike the three-quarter hour. Both acted ill at ease. Finally, Martin looked covertly at Ada and confessed:

"I am over-tall, light-headed—probably in more ways than one—but not light-haired. I am not a professional man and have no degrees—with the exception of the thermometer hanging in my office. I am not worth a cent at commanding, especially when it comes to commanding the young ladies. I haven't much of a future, if you refer to foreign consularship or cabinet positions. I—" Ada nervously broke in:

"No one ever has complimented Ada Simmons on being a stately and dignified brunette. Heaven knows I have always been short and not dignified enough. Unfortunately, for your standard, I did have some years at a convent school—enough to interfere seriously with convictions as to the necessity of feeding young men fudges and taffy, and coddling their vanity too much."

"Ada," Martin, more restless, interposed: "you may send me home any time you may wish. I suppose you have yet to dress for Charlie's Sunday evening call?" Ada bit her lip. Martin persistently continued:

"You know very well I am everything but what your ideal is!"

"And beside, Martin, you are very aggravating!" said Ada, arising to light the gas. As the gas flashed she added:

"You know I am anything but your ideal."

"Yes?"—Martin watched the floor, "you have always told me how Nina and I suited each other. and—"

"To-night is the first time you ever have said a word against Charlie's going with me!"

Ada remarked this with considerable sincerity, emphasizing the same by throwing the burnt match into the fire. She dropped wearily into the morris chair and continued:

"When I told you that I was to say 'yes,' or 'no' to Charlie on Easter Sunday, all you did was to look bored and to congratulate me on my opportunity. I believe you mumbled something to the effect that if all girls had such an opportunity they might almost forget their Easter headgear. Why did you insist on coming in on the afternoon of this very day in order to make me miserable?"

Martin appeared very much broken up and did not answer at once. Finally he replied:

"I couldn't help doing it, somehow. I—must be going."

He arose to go. She also arose.

"I suppose, then, I am to congratulate you and Nina?" Ada said looking Martin hard in the face.

"I never have said you need do it!" he answered with some spirit.

"At least, you never have said it to *me*?" she said bewitchingly.

"Then why need I congratulate you?" Martin asked excitedly.

"I never have said you need!" Ada answered, blushing.

"Ada I'm undone—I'm weak," confessed Martin dropping into a chair.

"Sit over by the fire, you—why Martin you are so pale!" Ada stood by Martin's chair for a minute looking very worried and very happy. Then she said impulsively:

"I'll just telephone Charlie that I have an engagement to-night!" She ran to the phone, and Martin shouted after her:

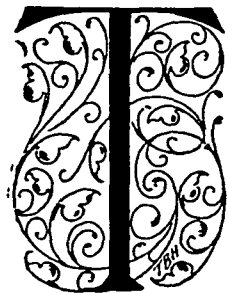
"Yes, for land's sake, tell him you have a *new* engagement!"

The Resurrection.

WHEN springtime's voice has ceased to ring fore'er,  
 And flurrying snowflakes fade and winter's blast  
 Has gone; when night has o'er the world her last  
 Dark mantle spread, and heavenly planets flare  
 No more; when death has freed man from his care;  
 When heaven and earth to nought are crumbling fast;  
 When all that was of things inanimate is cast  
 Into the great abyss of nothingness—despair—  
 Then, Lord, wilt Thou remain the First, the Last;  
 While we, poor mortals, at Thy seat must stand  
 To render answer for the race we've run.  
 Oh! happy they who at that trumpet's blast  
 Arise in God to hear that last command:  
 "Come, thou, My faithful servant, 'twas well done!"  
 ROBERT E. LYNCH, '03.

"The Picture that Was Never Painted."

CHARLES A. GORMAN, '03.



THE issue of the SCHOLASTIC for January 2, 1892, announced that Mr. Paul Wood, a student at the University, was busy preparing studies for a colossal picture representing the Reverend Father De Seille administering to himself the Holy Viaticum. Those acquainted with the life of the saintly Father De Seille and the touching story of his last hour on earth can alone appreciate the beautiful subject of the painting proposed.

Father Louis De Seille, born in Belgium, came to Indiana about the year 1832 to labor as an apostle of the Indians. There is no chronicle of the good works of the zealous missionary. We know, however, that throughout his mission, which included parts of the three states, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois, his people loved him dearly and grasped every opportunity of showing that love. From their fruit alone we know his labors; and the fruit was abundant, as those missionaries who followed him attest. In the fifth year of his ministry he returned one day to his home at Notre Dame after a stay of several weeks with the Pottawatomies, an Indian tribe encamped some thirty-five miles distant. He had been up to this time enjoying good health, but was now taken suddenly ill. He seemed to have a premonition of death, for he spoke of sending for a priest; but none could be persuaded that there was any

immediate danger. On the following morning he became much weaker and two messengers were despatched for a priest, one to Chicago, the other to Logansport.

Many had been the tedious journeys which this faithful pastor had made in order to administer the Holy Sacrament to some dying penitent. Confident now that his own death was not far off he longed to have that consolation for himself. No priest, however, was to usher him into eternity with sweet words of comfort. He must take that awful step unassisted by man. God willed it. The messengers returned unaccompanied, for both priests were too ill themselves to come. What disappointment must the dying priest have experienced! But that devoted love which he had cherished for Our Lady through life was to be his solace in death. He begged those about him to pray to her for him. Devoutly and frequently aloud he commended himself to her and in her placed all his confidence. Only a little hour and his earthly pilgrimage would be done; and it grieved him to know that he must die without confession. Mary, however, did not forsake him. Was it not she that prompted him to that final saintly act of a saintly life?

Wasted and weakened by the unknown disease the pious priest sat up in his bed with much difficulty and bade his attendants carry him into his little chapel which was in the adjoining room of his little hut. According to his wish he was vested in surplice and stole. Supported by his friends he knelt for some moments in silent adoration. He then took the ciborium from the tabernacle, his hand all a-tremble with weakness and awe. Here at the altar upon which he had so often and so fervently offered up the Great Sacrifice, he administered to himself the Holy Viaticum. Profound was the thanksgiving that followed, and so long that his attendants feared that he would die in their arms. Gently they bore him back to his bed, and in less than half an hour, repeating again and again the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, his countenance aglow with a light that was not of earth, the worthy priest was with his God.

A sublime scene must this have been—the dying priest prostrate before his God in the Holy Viaticum at that rude altar in the log hut. A few Indian friends kneel in adoration with him while he receives his Saviour into his bosom and awaits for Death to bring him home. What nobler subject for a painting?

The brilliant work which Mr. Wood had

done in his few years at Notre Dame led all to expect much of this ambitious effort. Mr. Wood as a child attended the school of the Sisters of Mercy at Chicago. At an age when others had scarcely the use of reason he astonished his elders with his clever drawings. His efforts were encouraged by his teachers and his work improved steadily. Satisfied that he possessed genuine talent, the Sisters placed him under the direction of one of their number who made drawing her special study. A little while guided by her and he was ready for one who could make of him the artist of which his early talent gave promise.

The good Sisters had had some paintings done for them by the Italian master, Gregori, who was then at work decorating the halls at Notre Dame. In him they saw the man who could perfect the gifts of their charge. When Gregori was shown the work of the little schoolboy he became enthusiastic: he declared that he had never before seen such talent in one so young. Mr. Wood was thereafter his protégé. He was sent to Notre Dame where he pursued his art studies under Gregori with an earnestness and determination that augured well for success. He was never satisfied with his own work, and each unsatisfactory attempt but spurred him on to greater effort, and this, if I mistake not, is an essential characteristic of true genius.

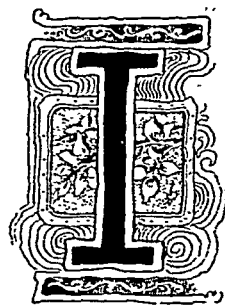
Not a few of the pictures which adorn the college walls are his productions. Most noteworthy among these is perhaps that immense painting which shows Father Corby, C. S. C., giving a general absolution to the soldiery under fire at Gettysburg.

The study which Mr. Wood had made for his painting of Father De Seille was a grand conception—a grand conception of a noble subject. All looked forward to the day when his task should be completed. But the ways of Providence are strange. The very next issue of the SCHOLASTIC contains a notice of the death of this budding genius. While spending the Christmas vacation with his parents at Chicago, a fire-alarm was sounded in the hotel at which they stopped. All hastened to the elevators as the speediest exit. The car started suddenly as Mr. Wood attempted to board it. He was thrown and crushed between the car and the side of the shaft.

Thus was the life of the gifted Wood brought so suddenly to a close and the promised picture of Father De Seille never painted.

### My Mystery.

HENRY EWING BROWN, '02.



WAS wheeling through southern California. I had made about ten miles on my way from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles when along in the middle of the afternoon the storm burst upon me and forced me to seek shelter in a quaint old-fashioned villa, nestled in the side of a woody hill about a half mile back from the road. At the door I was met by a withered, soured old man, who acknowledged my introduction curtly, and replied that he was Don Juan Alvarez, the master of the estate. He bade me welcome in a manner that plainly showed that he realized that sheer necessity had forced me to invoke his hospitality and that for this sole reason he accorded it. Everything about the house, from the close-shut front windows and dust-covered furniture to the single crabbed old domestic who hobbled after her master to the door on my first entrance, proclaimed the fact that here no visitor was wanted. However, further progress through the storm was out of the question; so my unwilling host and I, his unwilling guest, prepared to make the best of our uncomfortable positions.

After a change of clothing had been provided me, we returned to the library, where my churlish host was soon deep buried in some ancient manuscript, apparently entirely forgetful of my presence. We read in silence until the darkness of the summer evening began to creep into the room; then supper was served. During the meal not a single word passed between us. My host produced cigars and motioned me to join him on the veranda in a smoke.

Through a side door we went onto a wide porch extending half the length of the house. We sat in silence, smoking. The rain had almost ceased and the night was oppressively warm. Through the rifts in the cloud the moon was visible, and its soft light transformed the grounds before me till I thought I viewed a scene from fairyland. From where I sat, I looked across a green, fruitful valley to another hill, perhaps a quarter mile away. Through the centre of the valley ran a mountain stream, and from its banks a level plain of green stretched back to where the



sentinel trees reared high a mighty wall to mark the first rise of the hill. Where we sat in silence we could hear the steady drip of the rain on the trees, and from the valley there came to us the sound of the swirl and rush of the little river.

I had drawn my chair up to the rail, and sat gazing straight before me across the valley. My host sat near me with his head thrown back and his eyes closed. As I looked across toward the opposite hill, I saw a solitary figure detach itself from the solid background of forest, and slowly advance toward us. Down to the stream it came, and across a little bridge I had not before observed; and I now saw it was a man bearing in his hands some odd-shaped instrument. Up the slope he came till he stood not fifty feet from us, directly beneath the window at the corner of the house. As I gazed at him I could note, even in the moonlight, a striking resemblance to the man who was now my host.

The strange man lifted the object that he held in his hands, and I saw that it was a musical instrument. He began to play. At the first notes, the man in the chair beside me gave a sharp, choking gasp and half rose to his feet. His glance turned swiftly from the man below to me, and I have no doubt but that it was in his mind to make me leave the place before that happened which he knew was about to happen. But before he could take any action, the man below began to sing. In a strong, clear voice he sang an old Spanish serenade. At the end he bowed and kissed his hand toward the window. No answering signal came. Then a wild, maniacal shriek rang through the night, and the singer turned till he faced the spot where we sat. He waved his instrument above his head menacingly toward us, at the same time breaking into a torrent of accusation in some Spanish dialect I could not understand; and in the dim light I could see that his face assumed a look demoniacal in its malignity. Then suddenly, just as I was beginning to fear an attack, all vigor seemed to leave him, and he turned and moved away with bowed head and slow step. Down the slope he went, across the bridge and back into the shade of the trees whence he came.

I turned to my host for some explanation of the strange performance, and found him fearfully changed. He had drawn himself half out of his chair, and was glaring at me through the dusk like an animal at bay. In

a voice tense and hissing, he whispered at me:

"That man is mad. He is my brother. He killed my father and my cousin Mercedes, his sweetheart, because he thought my father had forced her to marry me. And then he went mad, and he knows not she is dead, but thinks she is my wife, and comes to serenade her here and rave of vengeance against me. He hides out there in the mountains. The law can not find him; but God has punished him. Sir, should I have him hanged? What should I do? Sir, tell me, do you think that I am mad?"

At this last question, in which were centred all the hope and fear of years, the old man thrust himself forward out of his chair and searched my face with eyes that fairly glowed in the intensity of his dread. Indeed his madness was most evident to me then. The horror of this last discovery was too much for me. Into the house I dashed and out of the front door, catching my wheel from the hall where I had left it. Down the steps I stumbled, and pedalled furiously out onto the main road. The moon lighted my path, and I rode on and on recklessly through the night with one sole thought, to get away from the accursed spot. On, on, I went, till suddenly I felt my wheel strike something in the path and knew that I was thrown headlong to the ground. Then all was blank.

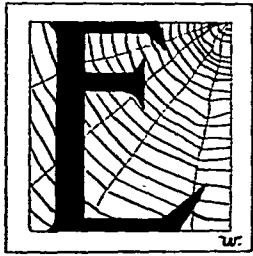
Weeks later I came to my senses in a small inn in Santa Barbara. I had been picked up and carried there unconscious. The experiences of that night, together with my fall from the wheel, brought on brain fever.

When I told my tale of the mysterious house, I was immediately the centre of interest, for I cleared up a mystery that had been puzzling the inhabitants for many days. It seems that about two weeks after my adventure, the people in Santa Barbara noticed a red glow back in the direction of this old villa: and when they reached the place they found nought but ruins. In the still smoking embers they found the remains of two men and a woman. For the woman and one of the men they could account; but who the second man was they did not know. My story left no doubt but that the third victim of the fire was Pedro, the murderer.

What was the final act in this tragedy by which the three were killed, no one shall ever know. But I incline to the belief that Pedro was enticed into the house by his crazy brother and there imprisoned, and that then the house was set afire.

## Easter in the City.

FRANCIS H. MCKEEVER, '03.



ASTER in the city.

The morning sun lifts into a cloudless sky and lights up the grim walls of the old cathedral. The dazzling rays penetrate the richly stained windows and flood the nave and sanctuary with a mellow light. Outside all is brightness. At the corner of the edifice, his clothes travel-stained and threadbare, with shoes badly worn, his hands plunged into his pockets, and his young face furrowed with care, there stands a man avoiding all and shunned by passers-by. Twelve months an outcast; yet the suffering of years has been crowded into that short time. Costly equipages roll up before the door and lesser means approach on foot, and the old

## A Ballade of Easter.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

THE custom is from ancient times,—  
Nathless, the theme is not yet old,—  
To place, when ring out Easter chimes,  
Pale lilies 'mid the altar's gold,  
In mem'ry of the stone back rolled.  
By angel, lighting midnight's gloom,  
While slept the Roman warriors bold;  
Where bright the Easter lilies bloom.

When after-years brought black disgrace  
And Moslem sword despoiled the East,  
With spear and battle-axe and mace,  
Thronged Christians, as men bid to feast,  
Who for a time Christ's tomb released,  
And made to bow the Sultan's plume.  
What though, o'ercome, at last they ceased!  
For them the Easter lilies bloom.

Though still above the household hearth,  
Hang high the laurels and the bays,  
Small Truth or Justice has the earth;  
Sinful and dark are grown men's ways.  
Strange had it seemed in olden days  
Were there, alas, destroyed all room,  
By those whom mock Ambition sways,  
For Easter lilies fair to bloom.

## L'ENVOI.

Prince, though afar our footsteps stray,  
Avert from us a too-just doom,  
That we, at God's great Judgment may  
Behold Thine Easter lilies bloom.

## The Promise.

ROBERT J. SWEENEY, '03.

THE world was plunged in horror and dismay  
The restless dead their sealed graves broke ope,  
And nature, shudd'ring flung its sombre cope  
Across the heavens and the sun's bright ray.  
The curse of Deicide on creatures lay;  
The loss by man of man's supremest hope;  
Infinite grief was felt in smallest scope,—  
The dirge of æons in a little day.

A new sun rose upon the sin-steeped clime,  
And as night's gloom to heaven's light gave place  
The Saviour broke the chains of sin and strife,  
Setting in glory 'mid the sky of time  
A second arch of promise to the race—  
Eternal promise of eternal life.

leave their burdens; young and old of church fills. Pretty faces, new frocks, and gay bonnets pass him in almost endless procession but are unnoticed. The deep tones of the organ are heard while belated worshippers take their seats, but the strains fall unheeded on his ears, so completely is he engrossed in his meditations. The monster bell rings out its final summons and the powerful vibrations from the belfry rouse him from his reverie. He slinks into the rear of the church, but there is a look of determination on his countenance. The penitent enters the confessional.

The Church has laid aside her penitential garb. Rare flowers adorn the altar and a thousand blazing candles shed their brightness on the scene. The priests are clad in their richest vestments, and the finest music adds to the splendor that marks the observance of this glorious anniversary. The very air is permeated with a spiritual joy that mingles with the faint odor of perfume and burning incense. With what reverence the worshippers kneel.

The face of the penitent softens; he has made his peace with God. *Gloria in excelsis*, the choir sings, and the vast congregation slowly makes its way outside.

The immense crowd goes its way and he is left standing alone, but there is a new expression on his face and his head is lifted. Hope has been renewed, and the Christ that rose glorious and immortal on the first Easter has raised him to a new life.



An Automobile and Some Other Things

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.



YOUNG Whitman was independent. In which everybody said he was just like the "old man." The "old man's" independence had won him the two great things of his life—his fortune and his charming wife. For the Whitmans, it may be said, had had footmen and a coat-of-arms for some generations, and the coat-of-arms had the motto: *Esto Viri* in red letters on a field of green.

Whitman Sr.'s father had opposed Whitman Sr.'s marriage to a remarkable extent, but this latter gentleman, who of course was then young, was independent, and as a result the present Mrs. Whitman, Sr. And as for the fortune—well, "old man" Whitman, as he was called on the *Board*, had fought shy of the Trust. Several other interests sided with him, and the Trust broke. Old Whitman cleared four or five millions on the "bust," and he smiled just a little, for naturally he felt that his independence had been vindicated and the motto on the coat-of-arms sustained.

But this is straying from the story. Young Whitman was in Paris, and it was Easter Sunday. The wide boulevards were crowded with equipages. The creations of Worth and Felix which society had longed to see, were displayed on beautiful women who sauntered the Bois de Boulogne at four o'clock Easter afternoon after Vespers in the big cathedral.

Whitman heard the chimes of Notre Dame sound the hour. He picked up the American edition of the *Herald* and turned to the society page. He had evidently read it before for he skipped here and there through a three-column article.

"Big Stir in Society! Romance in Higher Clubdom!

"Jack Whitman, the popular young clubman, son of John D. Whitman, has been threatened with disinheritance. Whitman, it seems, after graduating from college and while taking a trip in the West in the interests of his father, met and loved a girl whose name it is impossible just at present to ascertain. Young Whitman's attentions attracted the notice of his father. The son was sent to Europe, presumably on business, but in

reality, as it has since been found, to be more in the company of a certain American heiress who is also now travelling in Europe.

"It is said the American heiress is beginning to impress young Whitman, and that he is fast forgetting the girl in the Western state, for the American and Jack Whitman have been seen together a good deal of late.

"Society anxiously awaits developments, for it wonders if the Whitman spirit will appear in John D.'s favorite son as balanced against the probable loss of the family millions..."

He kicked the paper across the room, and his face looked as it did before the Princeton game. He walked the room, only stopping now and then to viciously kick the paper which always seemed to land again with the headlines staring up at him. Then he sat down and thought. And evidently John D. Whitman, Jr., was deeply moved, for he arose after a long while and selecting a cane from the rack, stood determinedly in the middle of the room, contemplated the shape of a patent-leather shoe and said: "*It's worth it.*" And he banged the door behind him.

Whitman paid little attention to the scenes about him as the chauffeur guided the carriage from the *Ritz* down the Place Vendôme, then through the Rue de Rivoli to the Place de la Concorde, to the Arc de Triomphe by way of the Champs-Élysées, and onto the Bois de Boulogne. They were going toward the Park, and as Whitman slowly raised his head he started, for right ahead was the American heiress and the Count Stoni de Chatelaine. He watched the pair intently. The Count, an expert chauffeur who was running his auto himself, seeing a long clear stretch ahead, speeded. Whitman ordered his man to follow the auto ahead.

A street urchin had stopped a little cart loaded with papers in the middle of the street and stood there frightened at the big auto coming with such speed. The boy turned and ran for the side. The Count said something to his companion and turned the lever. The cart, struck with nice precision, was lifted into the air and the papers flew in all directions. The Count turned for an instant and laughed. The heiress smiled approvingly and passed a compliment. And as she looked over her shoulder she saw Whitman excitedly touch his chauffeur on the shoulder and point back to the urchin who stood cowering on the curb; and the smile left her face as she saw Whitman's big auto swing slowly

round. Then the Count turned a corner.

Whitman's face was white as the auto steered out of the way of pieces of the cart, and he said: "It's a shame. The kid didn't have a show." And evidently as the chauffeur talked to the boy in French, and lifted him in beside Whitman, where he sat dirty and grimy and frightened on the cushions, evidently I say, Whitman must have used some pretty appropriate language, for the chauffeur looked at him approvingly.

A cablegram went to a girl in a Western state that night—a cablegram worth the family millions of a very rich man. And that night as Jack Whitman sat by the open grate—for April nights in Paris are a bit chilly—his face wore the same expression it had *after* the Princeton game. Perhaps you remember that game, how Whit—but that's another story. And I think the "old man's" spirit had descended to the son.

But the story got out, and this particular phase of the fair show and the "kid" evidently touched the "old man"—touched him somewhere between his check book and his human nature, for both were affected, since John D.'s son and a sympathetic *real* woman, who is Mrs. Jack Whitman, wife of New York's most popular clubman, are down in Lucerne for the summer.

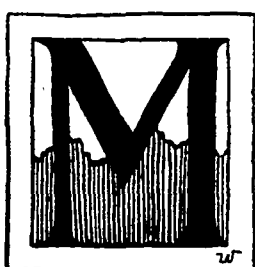
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#### Some Early Presidential Elections.

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ROBERT E. HANLEY, '03.

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R. BRYCE, in his work on our governmental institutions entitled "The American Commonwealth," deprecates the fact that every four years the United States is thrown into turmoil by a presidential election; that business is suspended, party passion aroused, and unnatural excitement created. Whether the country suffers any permanent injury from these frequently recurring elections I shall not presume to say, but a brief glance at some of the earlier presidential elections convinces us that the contests of to-day are waged with much less passion and bitterness than formerly.

The two elections of Washington were uneventful inasmuch as they were unanimous. The opposition that developed during his terms of office was not directed against Washington personally but against the men

of the Federalist party who surrounded him. *The National Gazette*, a paper edited by Philip Freneau, attacked Hamilton and the leading Federalists, and even Washington himself. In a cabinet meeting Washington complains, "that rascal Freneau sent him three copies of his paper every day, as though he thought he would become a distributor of them. He could see in this nothing but an impudent design to insult him."

When Washington withdrew to private life the people were divided into two great political parties—the Federalists and Republicans. The former doubted the capability of the people at large to govern themselves. They therefore favored the strongest possible government with extensive powers which would be able to restrain any dangerous outburst of popular sentiment. The Republicans, on the other hand, under the leadership of Jefferson, believed that the whole people were sovereign and should rule; in short, that citizens should be accorded the greatest amount of personal liberty consistent with good order.

In the campaign of 1796 Adams and Jefferson were arrayed against each other, and were it not for the powerful influence of Washington, who enlisted himself in support of Adams, it is probable that Jefferson would have been elected. The vote in the Electoral College gave Adams seventy-one to sixty-eight for Jefferson, thus making Jefferson Vice-President. Although this contest was attended with great bitterness, it was not nearly so defamatory as the one that followed in 1800. The administration of Adams was in no sense a tranquil one. He had alienated himself from the Hamilton wing of his own party, and the Alien and Sedition Acts had aroused the anger of the Republicans to the highest point by the time the contest of 1800 opened.

Libellous pamphleteers and rhymesters, whose effusions were more forcible than polite, played an important part in this campaign. Adams was denounced as a kingly autocrat, while Jefferson was pictured as an unprincipled demagogue. When the Electoral College cast its vote for President the result showed seventy-three for Jefferson and Burr, sixty-five for Adams and sixty-four for Pinckney. According to the peculiar electoral system prevailing at that time, each elector voted for two candidates for President, and although Burr was only a candidate for Vice-President,

legally he had as good a claim to the Presidency as Jefferson. Burr showed his dishonesty and double-dealing by tacitly allowing his name to be voted upon in the House of Representatives, instead of withdrawing in favor of Jefferson whom he knew to be the real choice of the electors for President. On account of the hatred which many Federalists felt towards Jefferson, some were desirous of electing Burr. Alexander Hamilton now came forth in a letter in which he declared Jefferson was the less dangerous.

He stated: "To my mind a true estimate of Mr. Jefferson's character warrants the expectation of a temporizing rather than of a violent system." This opposition of Hamilton angered Burr, who on a trivial pretext forced Hamilton into a fatal duel. Adams accepted his defeat very ungraciously, vacating the Executive Mansion at midnight on the 3d of March, and allowing the incoming President to enter without a host to welcome him.

The election of 1804 was extremely one-sided, and resulted in one hundred and sixty-two electoral votes for Jefferson to fourteen for Pinckney. The Louisiana Purchase of 1803 was the object of the most vehement Federalist attack. They declared it to be an unjustifiable usurpation of authority, and prophesied that it would result in the disruption of the Union. Subsequent history has demonstrated the incorrectness of their declarations and prophecies.

Madison, Jefferson's successor, scored a hollow victory over Pinckney who was, for the second time, the candidate of the Federalists. The Federalists infused into this campaign all the energy that a dying cause was capable of, but to no avail; for the widespread diffusion of Jeffersonian principles forever precluded the possibility of another Federalist becoming President. In 1807 John Quincy Adams, son of the ex-President, went over to the Republicans, and soon afterward the Federalists became a faction rather than a party.

In 1812 Madison was once more elected President by a vote of one hundred and twenty-eight to eighty-nine for De Witt Clinton of New York. New England, with the exception of Vermont, gave Clinton its solid vote. The reason for this action was the strong opposition to the war with Great Britain.

When Monroe was put forward as a candidate in 1816, scarcely any opposition was offered to his election, and in 1820 he was practically chosen unanimously. He would have

received every vote in the Electoral College, but one elector from New Hampshire, although pledged to Monroe, voted for John Quincy Adams, saying that no President except Washington should ever receive a unanimous electoral vote.

During the two administrations of Monroe, there prevailed what was known as the "era of good feeling," but after the election of 1824 "good feeling" was noticeably absent.

Four men—Adams, Jackson, Crawford, and Clay—aspired to be successors to Monroe. All were nominally of the same party, and so the campaign was largely of a personal character. The result of the election gave Jackson ninety-nine electoral votes, Adams, eighty-four, Crawford, forty-one, and Clay thirty-seven. As no candidate had received a majority, the names of the three highest on the list were voted upon by the House. Clay used his influence in favor of Adams, who obtained the requisite number of votes for election. Jackson's supporters were furious at what they called the disregard of the will of the people. Clay's partisans were also chagrined at the defeat of their leader, and it is said that some of his most enthusiastic adherents in different parts of the country refused to trim their beards or cut their hair until Clay should reach the White House.

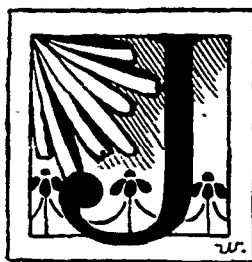
In the struggle of 1828 Jackson achieved a decisive victory over Adams by a large popular vote, and by one hundred and seventy-eight electoral votes to eighty-three for Adams. Jackson headed what were called the "Democratic Republicans," who soon after became known simply as Democrats. Jackson men were strongly in favor of the absolute right of majorities, and Mr. Woodrow Wilson, speaking of this attitude of Jackson's followers, says: "The plain intent of their doctrine was that the votes of popular majorities should command every department of government. It meant national popular verdict; it meant nationalization." The stern policy of this soldier-president is commented upon by Von Holst who entitles one of his chapters "The Reign of Andrew Jackson;" and certainly no occupant of the presidential chair has ever been more autocratic than the "Hero of New Orleans."

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"HITCH your wagon to a star," but use strong traces.—*Aphorisms of Sophomores.*

## The Russell Bill.

ROBERT J. SWEENEY, '03.



JUDGE GLIDDEN, the acknowledged boss of the State Senate, was worried about the Russell bill. The measure was one he had carefully worked up, for a great increase of prestige and political power would accrue to him from its passage. But it seemed now as if his undertaking was going to be nipped in the bud. The Bill had been referred to the Committee on Appropriations, as everyone thought, for a speedy and favorable return. This, however, did not happen. The two Democrats of the committee of five were of course solidly against it, and Senator Warren seemed about to desert the party by voting against it also.

"Anybody but young Warren," Glidden muttered angrily to himself. "I can't do anything with him, and this bill must go through."

The Senator had cherished a strong dislike for Frank Warren since he first laid eyes on him. He considered the young man too pushing, and his growing influence, which he had unknowingly often used unfavorably to the veteran senator, irritated him. This dislike grew when Warren began to pay attentions to his beautiful daughter. Alice, a tall, graceful girl, with fluffy brown hair, was the pride of his rather lonely life, and in his own mind he had planned a brilliant alliance for her. Soon, therefore, the blunt politician gave the young senator from "up state" plainly to understand that his visits were unwelcome. His rage would have known no bounds had he learned of the meetings and walks which the young people took even after the parental fiat had been promulgated.

From the two loyal committee-men the Judge was assured that Warren's position on the measure which an unfavorable report would serve to kill, was very doubtful.

"We don't seem able to influence him," said old Senator Robson, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye. "He seems to be firm against the bill. I think you had better see him personally."

This advice was unpleasant to the recipient. Unlike most successful politicians, Glidden had a very stubborn vein in his character. He preferred to beat down opposition rather

than to win it over. Here, however, there was no hope but in conciliation. How even to effect this was a puzzle, and the old Judge's harsh, wrinkled face showed for some time the contest going on in his mind. But the necessity was pressing. The next day, therefore, the "boss" sought the refractory member and found him alone in the committee-room.

Some disgruntled persons of the opposition in Warren's district said that he won his seat by his good looks. This was saying much, both for the good taste as well as for the influence of his feminine constituents. Certainly he was good to look at. Tall, handsome, athletic, he bore also the look of the man with "brains."

The Judge slowly sat down and cleared his throat. His mission was plainly a disagreeable one.

"Mr. Warren, I have come to see you about an important matter which concerns greatly the interests of our party in this state. I must also say that it is of very great importance to me."

"I hope I am able to be of service," Warren said politely. "If I can aid you without going against my convictions, I shall be delighted to do so."

There was a notable stress on the word "convictions" which had a disquieting effect on the "boss."

"Senator," he began again nervously, "I have come to see you about the Russell bill to which I am sorry you are opposed."

Warren smiled and spoke:

"Pardon me, with your permission before we discuss this matter I should like to speak to you about something which concerns me most closely. I have a great favor to ask of you." Glidden became intensely interested. A favor entails an obligation. He began to feel easier.

Warren continued: "Perhaps you remember, Senator, that some time ago I was deeply interested in your daughter. Now I am proud to say that I have her permission to ask you for her hand."

The Judge grew purple. That this man who was opposing him in his pet project should dare to ask this was too much for him. He heard his companion's voice dully. "Remember that you decide the happiness of both of us. Should you honor me by making me your son-in-law I should always be deeply grateful."

The last words were said in a tone whose meaning Glidden could not mistake. His rage

subsided. Was he willing to throw aside his dislike and to accept this man as his daughter's husband as the price of the bill's passage? was the question his practical mind proposed. There was a brief struggle. His political instincts were strong within him. He spoke:

"Senator, I must say you are not the man I had picked out for my daughter. But since Alice has chosen I presume I can only add my blessing." Frank grasped him by the hand warmly.

"Judge, you have made us both very happy."

"Since that is settled I presume I may revert to my object in seeing you. Your attitude on the Russell bill has worried me. I can't believe you mean to vote it down."

The old man looked at Warren expectantly.

"My mind had not been thoroughly made up," the young Senator said slowly. I have no very good reasons to oppose the measure. Besides, while I might oppose Senator Glidden, I can't afford to cross my prospective father-in-law."

A few hours later Warren was describing the interview to Alice Glidden. Her eyes looked up into his. The most obtuse observer would have noticed the meaning in her gaze.

"O Frank," she said softly, "I am so happy; for you know I could not marry you unless father was willing. But surely you did not sacrifice your convictions to obtain his consent?"

"No, Alice, but I must accuse myself of participating in a conspiracy. I was strongly in favor of the bill all the time, in fact, I helped to draft it. Your father did not know this, and I planned with my two colleagues to give him the opposite impression. They helped me splendidly, and when I made it plain to him that you were the bribe I would accept he overcame his dislike."

"Frank," the girl said after a pause during which something happened, "when we are married, let us frame that dear old bill and hang it up on the wall."

And it was some time before the Judge heard of the conspiracy.

#### All Out.

REJOICE we all that Easter's here,  
For Easter brings out sonnets;  
It brings out smiles on students too,  
Since it also brings out bonnets.

E. F. QUIGLEY, '03.

#### After Waterloo.

ROBERT E. LYNCH, '03.



HE news that fate had decided against the greatest of military geniuses arose from that field of carnage and renown, Waterloo, and was echoed from ocean to ocean, from continent to continent. When the echoes of the booming cannon had reverberated for the last time across the English Channel, the anxiety with which the eyes of all Europe and the world had turned toward Belgium was allayed. The shadows of twilight had passed away and the shades of night enclosed a world whose condition one rain cloud is said to have entirely changed. The moon in all her brilliancy was riding on high, and the blue canopy was scintillating with myriads of planets. The cannons, like grim monsters, were strewn over the bloody field. The pale and blood-stained faces of soldiers lay ghost-like beneath the wan and silvery streams of light. Here and there groups with lanterns bent over ill-fated forms, and shrieks and groans of the dying filled one with horror. In the distance victors were jubilant, and the strains of merriment echoing, mingled with the groans of the dying. Men were hurrying to and fro throughout the village.

Trudging along the road to Brussels, muddy from the incessant rains of the night before the battle, an old soldier was carrying the military cloak of a companion whose eyes were beaming fire and whose hair fell over a fevered brow. Both hurried on rapidly. The face of the elder sad; the other's beaming with despair. Weary and fatigued, broken in body and spirit, they arrived at a small hut lighted by the flickering fire in the grate. The peasants bade them welcome. With trembling hand and tear-dimmed eye the younger soldier drew a chair before the old fireplace. As his scabbard dropped to the floor the faint ring of the sword, before whose blade all Europe shuddered, reached the ears of the listeners. His arms resting on his knees, his eyes staring into the fireplace, the soldier sat as if in a trance. Beside him stood his tried and ever-faithful friend gazing sympathetically on his saddened and despairing countenance.

The fortress at Valence loomed up and a

youth went forth from its portals, bright in military dress, hopeful, light-hearted. The rioters at Toulon were retreating before the masterly work of the artillery under the young Lieutenant-Colonel and the rejoicing populace of France welcomed their deliverer. The massive walls of the Tuileries and its splendid architecture came into view. Within its great halls the master-minds of France sat in deliberative assembly; outside could be heard the clamors of a riotous mob; the National Guard attacked the walls but in vain; one attack follows another, and the besiegers, the victims of the ambition of the rising genius fled through the streets of Paris; now he stood the pacifier, the greatest light in France, her deliverer.

The grandest army that Europe ever saw, moved as a unit in massive columns over the Niemen. Before this grand host the Russian generals retreated; but when Lithuania presented herself as graveyard to the invading army and the Cossacks were seen to fly on the French flanks like vultures at their prey, the old soldier wiped away the perspiration that fell like raindrops from the forehead of the dreamer. The soldiers tired and weary, arrive at Smolensk to find but the warmth of its burning buildings. On they march in perfect unity, but many have fallen, and Moscow, deserted, receives the "Terror of Nations." When Smolensk again flits by, the tears fall from the eyes of the dreamer as he saw his old guard dying in the snows of winter.

France again sweeps by, but her condition is changed: the weeping mother, the broken-hearted sister, the youthful son, stand at the gate of Paris and gaze longingly toward Russia; the people hasten to and fro through the streets; mobs slay and slaughter;—all is confusion and disorder. The head of the young soldier inclines and his eyes stare when he beholds Alexander and the King of Prussia in grand procession and triumph enter the city amid the shouts of the populace. The battlefields of Montenotte and Lodi disclose the Austrians fleeing terror-stricken before the onslaughts of the Grand Army, while Wurmser at Mantua and Bassano arose only to fall before the conquering Corsican; and when the archduke Charles bowed before his superior, the last hope of Austria had fled, and France shone brilliantly through the genius of one man—a smile stole across the haggard countenance of the dreamer and he sighed deeply. Battlefield after battlefield passes on, and the

old soldier still sad gazes lovingly on that countenance over which time and care had heavily left their traces.

Again the France of fire and sword had passed and a milder Paris rejoiced when the greatest man of the times, with pomp and splendor, marched into the Tuileries, her ruler. Again the reign of roaring cannons and Marengo shows a victory. The armies of Europe unite, and all is war, bloodshed and misery. The field of Austerlitz made crimson by the blood of patriots reveals a ghastly sight at daybreak. Then pass in rapid succession the disastrous campaigns in Russia. With countenance showing extreme excitement, his eyes flashing fire, his body twitching, his jaws firmly set, his fists clenched, he arrives at Waterloo. A slight rain drizzles and the two great armies await the signal for battle. The French cavalry under Ney gallop on at a rapid pace and the English cavalry impatiently await the attack. Alas! soon horses and riders fall and utter confusion reigns; a massacre follows and the great ravine runs with blood. The French attack with telling effect and soon the British lines waver.

The day is fast fading and despair seems to seize Wellington who cries out "Blucher or night!" A smile of satisfaction passes over the careworn countenance and the old soldier hides his tears with his companion's coat. The body of the dreamer draws suddenly backward as if in fear: in the distance clouds of dust keep rising, and in a few minutes a mass of cavalry at full speed swing into view; it was Blucher and his Prussians. The faltering English are reanimated and reinforced. They renew the attack; the battle is at its height; time after time the French columns, weary from their all-day fight, hurl themselves against the oncoming host—alas, their efforts are vain. Again and again the French attack only to be driven back. Blucher's flying squadron speeds onward, and like two mighty avalanches the French and English forces are hurled together; the roaring of the cannons, the shouting of the cavalry chargers, the clashing of swords, the cries of the dying intermingle. Through the mist the French column is seen rushing into the jaws of death. Stern, valiant warriors they are, struggling and fighting, and as the Prussian squadron sweeps upon them, the dreamer—it was Bonaparte—jumping from his chair, cries: "No, no! my old guard!" and he weeps on the shoulder of the last of his old and faithful warriors.

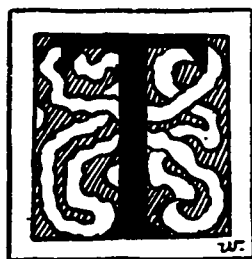


## The Resurrection Flower.

AN opulence of sunset fills the sky  
 And carmine clouds hang like a canopy  
 Above the purpling earth; the threnody  
 Old ocean sounds melts to a restful sigh.  
 Landward amain the herded shadows hie,  
 By twilight shepherded across the sea;  
 All tints dissolve; the lily, color-free,  
 Gleams constant still, but with half-folded eye.  
 Thus once adown Golgotha's rugged height  
 Dense darkness stole, and deeper inward gloom,  
 Born of the awful Deed, filled every heart.  
 The sepulchre closed in Eternal Light;  
 Day dawned within; without, the prisoning tomb—  
 Death's bonds, like lilies' lids, were burst apart.  
 CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

## Out of the Shadow.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY, '05.



TOM OWENS was in anything but a happy frame of mind as he walked down Washington Boulevard one warm evening in the early part of the summer of '98. Many young men of his town had gone to Cuba, presumably to help Uncle Sam in his task of freeing the Cubans, but principally to get glory, while he, a recognized leader in every undertaking and abler by far to endure the trials and hardships of war, remained at home. Deep down in his soul he believed that his country had erred in declaring war against Spain, and hence he refused to give it his sanction by lending physical aid, a step which cost him dearly and made him the target for jeers and insults from his former friends. It wounded him deeply to think that they who had so often witnessed his wonderful feats of skill and courage on the college campus and elsewhere, should regard him as a coward; but he was determined to stick to his present resolution no matter what the consequences.

Tom was a tall, handsome, muscular chap, possessing that pleasing manner and disposition which must make friends everywhere. Just six years before he had begun the practice of law, and in a short while he had merited the name of being the most brilliant young lawyer in that section of the country. Up to the time of the Spanish-American war he

had been looked upon as a possible candidate for Congress at the next election. But now, of course, all his chances were ruined. There was one person in the world, however, whom Tom believed still trusted in him, and that was his affianced, Miss Elsie Redmond, the daughter of the Judge of the Circuit Court and the reigning belle of her society. He had met her at a social function some three years before, when she seemed a really charming girl. That night made him an ardent admirer—succeeding days made them fast lovers.

Elsie had just returned from a long tour of the Continent; and although Tom had written frequently he had never mentioned a word to her about his decision, believing it better to wait until she returned. He was on his way to see her now, and as he neared her home all his gloomy forebodings seemed to be dispelled. It was with a light heart he ran up the steps leading to the house and rang the door bell. Elsie herself came to the door in answer to his summons, and he noticed that she seemed very much surprised at finding him there. Very coolly and deliberately she invited him into the parlor.

"Still here I see," she said, and the sarcasm of her tone stung him to the quick. "I thought you had gone to the front." Tom was dumfounded and it was some seconds before he replied:

"You have heard all, I suppose, but," and there was a slight tremor in his voice as he continued, "I trust, that you, at least, still have confidence in me."

She blushed slightly at this, but retorted somewhat angrily:

"Heard of it? why, I've heard of nothing else since I came home. I had no sooner set foot in the house than the two Bassett girls and May Marvin were over to mortify me with the news. They seemed to be greatly elated over it, too, and showed me letters from Jack Dawson, Fred Mitchell and some more of the boys, telling of wonderful deeds of valor performed on the battlefield, and of promotions they expected to receive for their gallantry. While you, you who should be leading them and outstripping them all—oh! it's disgraceful. You speak of your conscience preventing your taking up arms in such a weak cause! That's bosh, invented merely to shield your cowardice. Bah! I hate cowards."

This last shot told hard on Tom's heart, and after a brief though intense struggle he said, very gently:

"Elsie, you do not understand. Perhaps after I have explain—"

"I do not want your explanations," she broke in. "If you were in the right, explanations would not be needed."

He did not answer and she continued:

"I suppose you'll leave the country now—"

"Do you intend to cast me aside merely for this?" he demanded and a curious look came into his eyes.

"Yes," she answered, curtly, "you may consider our engagement at an end."

She arose as she finished, and Tom, too, got up half dazed by her abrupt manner, glared across the room at her, but only for a second. Picking up his hat he started for the door. He hesitated on the threshold wishing that she might call him back for that word of explanation. But she was as spunky as he was conscience-stricken. So he thrust himself forth into the dark night.

For an hour or so he wandered aimlessly about reverting over and over again to that fatal last meeting. He loved Elsie dearly, and it pained him far more to have her misunderstand and doubt him than all the taunts and jeers he had to face for the past two months. He wondered what would become of him now that all his friends had forsaken him. To leave the place would be cowardice; while to remain there meant a hopeless struggle which he felt he could not endure. Preoccupied with these bewildering thoughts he walked along in the direction of the tenement district, not that he had any special object in going there; he had not paid the least attention whither he was going; and moreover he did not care. Walking somehow brought him a little relief.

He had been wandering thus for some time when the shouting of men and women, the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the clang of fire-bells attracted his attention. Looking around for the cause of the commotion, he beheld large flames issuing from a tenement house about midway down the block. He joined the excited throng and in a few minutes found himself in the first row of curious spectators. The fire fighters soon had their apparatus in working order, but the building before them was doomed, so they turned their whole attention to protect the surrounding houses. A widespread conflagration was imminent; a general alarm was sent in, bringing almost the entire population to the scene. All the tenants of the ill-fated lodging were safely landed and not a soul was missing, at least so

everyone thought; and now the only aim of the gallant fire-laddies was to prevent the spread of the fiery demon.

Suddenly a hush fell upon the vast multitude as they heard an almost unearthly cry for help come from a window on the top floor of the fast melting shack. Women turned away in horror, and men trembled as they beheld a pale-faced woman holding a little baby in her arms swaying to and fro in the window above them. The next instant they were amazed to see a tall, sprightly fellow brave the mad flames and stifling smoke, and like a flash he disappeared in the building. The heat in the neighborhood was terrific. It seemed miraculous that the young man could ever enter the door alive. But who was he, and what was he doing? Surely he would not be so foolhardy as to attempt to rescue mother and child! When they looked again for the woman she had left the window. The next few minutes seemed an age to the anxious throng. They had about given up all hope of seeing the terror-stricken woman or her strange rescuer alive again, when the hero emerged from the door with mother and babe in his large brawny arms. A cry of joy went up from the frantic crowd, and a hundred eager hands went forward to relieve him of his burden. But the terrible strain began to tell upon the unknown hero; and with the cheers and plaudits of the people ringing in his ears he sank unconscious to the ground.

Just a week later at the Mercy Hospital might be seen a sad little circle of friends hovering about the bedside of a dying patient, Tom Owens, the hero of the tenement fire. Elsie Redmond was one of that number, and she wept bitterly when poor Tom in his ravings begged her to trust him once more, and with his last breath he assured her that he was not afraid to go to the front.

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Why—Because.

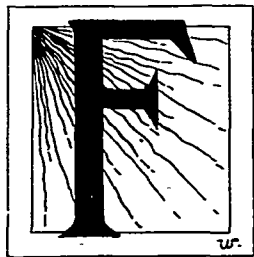
H. E. B.

A ROMAN boy was "hided" without cause  
By his papa, and as he asked him why,  
He simply howled in Latin lingua, "Cur!"

And then the parent struck a passer-by,  
For interfering and insulting him, because,  
He simply howled in Anglo-Saxon, "Cür!"

## Through the Simplon Pass

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.



FEW persons, I believe, have ever heard of the Simplon Pass; or, if they have heard of it, know its builder and the picturesque regions through which it leads. And yet a certain biographer of the illustrious Bonaparte once said that if Napoleon had done nothing else but construct the Simplon Pass, that alone would have made him great.

From Brigue, a small town in the valley of the Rhone, the Pass ascends with gradual windings through green pastures and woody slopes until we reach what is known as the First Refuge. There are eight of these Refuges along the Simplon, and they are all alike. They are small cottages built of stone and were erected by the Monks of St. Bernard in the eighteenth century to afford shelter to travelers over the Alps. At the First Refuge, about three thousand feet above the valley, we stopped for a moment. Far below us from one end of the valley to the other flows the mighty Rhone in silence. Its banks are fringed with woodlands, and it looks like a thread of silver stitched through the landscape. Innumerable little streams meander along the feet of the mountains, until as if suddenly attracted by the larger waters of the Rhone they make a dash for the river. Here and there the vivid green of the meadows is broken by pretty Swiss villages, whose red roofs, no longer red on account of the distance, glisten in the sunlight like the armor on a mediæval knight.

We raise our eyes reluctantly off the valley and view the panorama opposite. Almost from the banks of the river rise majestic mountains which, half clad with forests, tower precipitously until they end in an irregular chain of snow-capped peaks partly lost in the clouds. Far away on every side to the horizon stretches this whitened mass ablaze with the glowing splendor of a July sun. We wonder what could be more undefiled, what more heaven-like, what spot more fit for angels to come and hold a conference, than those virgin heights beyond.

But the guide—he is hired by the trip—rouses us from our rapture and we continue our journey. Farther on, the road turns

around the side of the mountain, and we find ourselves suddenly in the very heart of the Alps. Glaciers, fields of snow, waterfalls, deep ravines, rocky cliffs about us on every side,—all unite to make the scene indescribably wild and picturesque. The road runs for miles along the edge of a precipice over which a false step would mean eternity. At the bottom lies a beautiful lake, which looks as if it had been caught in a trap; for it is hemmed in on all sides by towering mountains. Of the huge glaciers which fill the spaces between the mountain ridges one is especially beautiful. It stretches its glistening length, tortuous and slant-wise, from one snowy summit down between two others. At its base it is arched like a dome, and torn into several crevasses where the bluish-green ice shines clear in the sun from beneath its covering of snow. As it rises jagged and rough into the sky it resembles a mass of gigantic crystals. We wonder that this Cyclopean offspring of winter's frost does not break loose and plunging headlong displace the little lake below from its domain. In the words of Longfellow "it is a gauntlet of ice, which, centuries ago, Winter, the king of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the Sun; and year by year, the Sun strives in vain to lift it from the ground on the point of his glittering spear."

The stillness of the scene is broken only by countless streams, as they rush with turbulence and deafening roar over rocky crags in their rapid descent. Some leap down whole mountains in two or three plunges and are lost in spray on the boulders beneath; others descend from such vast heights that they appear to pour out of the very clouds.

Thus we go on for miles entranced by the impressive grandeur and awe-inspiring beauty of our surroundings. Sometimes our road leads over yawning chasms, from the murky depths of which comes the reverberating roar of maddened torrents. Again we pierce long galleries hewn out of solid rock, over which the waters fall in cataracts from the snowy fields above. Every turn brings some new beauty before our eyes, either in the shaded little valleys below, or in the frowning mountains above.

It is now near evening, and the sun, about to complete his journey, casts mellow rays broken by the loftiest peaks in striking contrast with the dark green and pure white of the shadowed mountains. To make the scene more romantic

the tones of a shepherd's pipe oft echoed among the rugged crags rise from the shallow valley beneath, and the tolling of a bell in a distant monastery is wafted on the cool Alpine air.

Evening is by far the most delightful time in the Alps. The perfect calmness and serenity that pervades everything, the shrill twittering of the Alpine birds in their drowsing flight among the rocks, the tinkling of bells on the sheep as they are meekly driven to the fold from their lofty pastures, the happy yodel of the contented peasant girl as she busies herself about her evening chores—all lend charm and enchantment to an evening in the Alps.

We reach the monastery and take supper with the hospitable monks, and then through a more populous district begins the descent. Immediately in front of us, across the valley, a little hamlet perched high up on a projecting cliff attracts our attention. Then we see several chalets scattered about in similar positions, some even higher up; and the sound of the *Angelus*—a devotion beloved by the Swiss—comes to us across the valley from a tiny church which seems to be hanging at the side of the mountain. We wonder why people build houses in such perilous positions. The Swiss peasant is very much like his sheep; with him the higher up the side of his native Alps the sweeter the pasture. He invariably erects his red-roofed chalet on the highest cliff he can find below the woods. It is true, avalanches—those "thunderbolts of snow," "those strange, self-moving, colossal ships of ice"—often wreak havoc in his peaceful home. But unless the proprietor himself at the same time has taken a short cut to the valley below, he is to be found the next month with his domicile still nearer heaven than before.

As we descend into the peaceful valley the shadows of night gradually creep upon us. We are now entering a deep ravine, the ravine of Gondo, one of the wildest and grandest gorges in the Alps. The rising moon illumines the mountain tops. We plunge into the black ravine with a feeling of awe. Narrower and deeper it becomes at every step until there is scarcely space for the road and the river, and the latter, re-enforced by the waters of innumerable currents, lashes its rocky banks, dashing the spray over us as we ride by its side. Sheer from the foaming waves rise the smooth walls of the gorge to an enormous

height, in some places arching the road and shutting out the sky. The moonbeams stream on the craggy peaks far above our heads as if fearful of penetrating these Cimmerian depths. Their pale light contrasts strongly with the gloom of the ravine, and gives to the scene a ghastly appearance.

On and on we dash with the rapidity of Italian horses; as if trying to outstrip the turbulent stream, crossing it here and there by slender bridges, darting around ragged juts and through dismal tunnels until, behold! in the distance, Italy!

### The Coup-D'état of a Municipal Empire.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.



It was a raw, blustery day in early March. At intervals rain fell, then the sun would come out, the chill wind would rise higher, and anon it would rain again. But in spite of the gloomy, depressing weather, the Hon. Stephen Caxton was very comfortable, as he sat in his well-furnished private office before the great fire and puffed at his good cigar. A faint scent of that which the Good Book mentions in comparison with the adder's sting greeted the olfactory nerves of the casual visitor or client (for the Hon. Stephen Caxton was also Judge Caxton).

No wonder the Judge looked so contented, for there had just taken place a meeting of the important workers of the great democratic machine; and Judge Caxton had planned, as he had done a score of times before, a campaign which was bound to be successful. But it was not because he would reap any pecuniary benefit from the victory (if there was one) that he was so self-complacent. He was wealthy enough already; but he loved power for power's sake, and he fought out every campaign as though the salvation of mankind hung on the success of the democratic party.

He had acquired his influence in a way that was strange to men long used to "bosses" and "ward-keepers." Not that he wouldn't have taken the usual means had other means been lacking; but his resourceful nature had happened to hit on a better way, and this accounted for his departure from the time-honored methods of controlling municipal politics. There were some who said that his wife,

knowing his ambitions, made him promise on her death-bed to use only honorable means in attaining them; and his pretty daughter, Margaret, often unconsciously reminded him of this obligation. The fact is he had become powerful from his ability to view the political field as a military genius would a battleground; and when the enemy's weakest point was discovered, and the strength of his own forces carefully estimated, as the great soldier would order his line of battle, Judge Caxton "made up the slate." As the lesser leaders of the party put it, he "was always there when it came to picking a democrat who could win." So generally was this recognized that the Judge's sanction not only was enough to nominate a man, but even to elect him.

He did not misuse his power—according to his own lights which shone only in the direction of democratic victory;—and private interest never influenced his decision in choosing the candidates. Hence he cared not what manner of man his choice was so long as the "straight ticket" could be elected. His opponents averred that the Judge would support Satan if that personage was a democratic nominee; and his friends always retorted that if he did, the devil would be elected by a landslide. He would not discriminate in favor of his friends when picking a candidate. In that capacity he was like the law: all the party, friends or foes, were equal in his eyes.

Had it not been for this fact, Jim Larkin would never have received his official approbation for the mayoralty that afternoon; for the Judge had no use for Larkin, personally. Indeed he could not refrain from remarking to his secretary, Joe Burbridge, as that young man entered the office:

"Well, Joe, everything is fixed up, but damn that Larkin, I don't like him, though we'll have to put him up anyway."

He did not look at the young man as he said this or he might have perceived that a slight pallor came over the face of the latter, and the corners of his mouth tightened.

"Put Larkin up for what?" asked Burbridge in a slightly strained voice.

"Oh, for mayor, Joe, of course," the Judge answered, looking out the window. "Some day Joe," he continued, "you ought to have a chance for that place. In six or seven years possibly, if you look old enough then. We'll be getting things in line from this on. Don't build too much on it, but of course it is well to have a mark—"

The Judge stopped and looked up quickly when he heard Burbridge's short, sharp laugh. It didn't have a very mirthful ring.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Joe?" he said in a hurt tone.

"Well, Judge Caxton, it's just this: I've been intending to tell you for some time, and you've kind of forced my hand to-night. I've been with you four years and I'm twenty-five years old. You've led me to believe that I suit you pretty well. Now I'm going to ask a favor. I want your consent to marry Miss Margaret, and your support in my campaign for mayor which will open with a speech by myself to-night."

The Judge gasped: "Have some sense, for Heaven's sake, Joe," he began mildly. Then as the full comprehension of the situation came upon him, his anger blazed up and he roared out: "You marry Margaret! Your campaign for mayor! You! You impudent young ass!"

Then he became calm again and said with tears in his eyes:

"Joe, what's got into you? You wouldn't have any show to be elected this year; and you and Margaret are both too young to think about marriage,—for a while anyway. Why don't you take a common-sense view of the whole thing? All you have to do is wait a few years."

"I had made up my mind before I spoke, Judge, and I haven't changed it."

"Well, then, go to the devil," bawled the Judge, and he stalked out solemnly.

It was with a heavy heart that Joe recounted the scene later to the Judge's daughter; but he felt cheered when on his departure the young lady said:

"Joe, don't worry; and remember that you have the hearty support of at least one member of the Caxton family, win or lose."

"And that's better than the old gentleman's influence with the party," laughed Joe.

But he found when he attempted to boom his candidacy that the old gentleman's influence with the party was a subject not for laughter but for admiration. Everywhere it was the same story. All the politicians would rather support Joe than Larkin; but the "old man" had picked out Larkin, and of course what he said was gospel.

Joe adopted the only course left: he made a house-to-house canvass and delivered speeches all over the city. He made a great fight, but the second night before the primaries he admitted to one member of the Caxton

family that the other member had beaten him.

"If your father had only remained neutral, I could have won," he said. "As it is if I could get his backing to-night, it would still be time enough,—anyway, I've made him hustle as I said I would."

Margaret looked thoughtful. She had inherited some of the family genius. "A coup-d'état," she cried at last. "A Napoleonic inspiration, and at the last minute. We'll win."

A confidential conversation occupying two hours followed, and when Joe left the Caxton house, a laurel wreath was before his exultant eyes.

The next night was the eve of the primaries. It had become the custom to have on that night a big parade with bands and torches and fireworks and general good feeling. But in the splendid carriage at the head of the procession there was one place vacant among the fathers of the party. At the last moment Judge Caxton had sent word that on account of a telegram just received, he was obliged to leave town that evening. There were strange rumors afloat too that Joe Burbridge had been conferring with the Judge the night before, but Jim Larkin silenced them, declaring that he had received the final instructions and good wishes of the Judge that afternoon, just after the latter had heard that his brother was killed by a railway accident in California.

It was about 8 p. m. that the Judge and his daughter set out in their open carriage for the Burlington station to catch the 8.33 Limited. "Oh, papa," said the young lady, suddenly drying her eyes. "There's Joe Burbridge. You know he's feeling so bad over his certain defeat, and he's worked for you so long, you ought to say something to him before we leave."

The Judge was kind-hearted and he could not resist his daughter's suggestion.

"But we'll just have time to catch our train," he said, remonstratingly.

"Well," answered Margaret, "let Joe ride with us to the station. That will give you and him time to talk and it will seem like old times again."

At a sign from the Judge, Burbridge approached, and at his request stepped into the carriage. He had shaken hands and was saying a few words of sympathy, when the driver, by mistake, turned down the street which was filled with the oncoming parade.

"By Jove," Dick Deveridge, who was popularly supposed to carry the vote of three

wards in his inside pocket, was saying, "but that young Burbridge put up a great scrap, single-handed. Jim will beat him and that's all. I'm sorry for the youngster, too; he's the right kind. Hullo there, what's,—what's this?"

The crowd was yelling itself hoarse for Burbridge. The cry went like wild-fire. "The 'old man' is with Joe. Hooray, he'll win in a walk. He's got the nomination nailed down!"

Then Judge Caxton perceived his position. He arose and attempted to say something to set himself right, to explain that it was a mistake, but he was not equal to the situation, and the crowd would have none of it. Then the victor of twenty campaigns sat down, baffled. He could plan successfully from the quiet fog of the cigar-smoke in his office, but this sudden need for action overpowered him. The crowd pulled Burbridge out of the carriage and bore him to a platform where he delivered his greatest speech, carefully omitting any reference to the event of that night. Then they were sure that Joe had expected it all the time.

When the carriage at last reached the depot there was a telegram waiting for the Judge stating that a mistake had been made and that his brother was as well as ever. His feelings were soothed too when he found that Larkin did not suspect him of intentionally "knifing" him; and he even rejoiced when Joe Burbridge won by the biggest majority of years. Of course there was a quiet wedding on Easter Sunday, and the Judge still reigns supreme in the councils of the party, but since then he has specialized on the diplomacy of the second empire.

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#### To a Friend.

OFt when I hear the chimes in yonder tower  
And lights are gone, except the stars on high,  
My thoughts return to pleasant days gone by,  
While sleep serene folds earth within its power.  
Once more your beauty, rich as rarest flower,  
Your winsome grace and charm and tender eye,  
Rise up with dearest thoughts; these time defy—  
Again I sip the sweets of some past hour.

Advancing age will dim youth's fairest deeds,  
Misfortune dire may stalk across my way,  
And death claim those it seems I least can spare;  
Then thou wilt be true solace in my needs,  
For when life's woes or sorrows on me weigh,  
To think, dear friend, of thee relieves my care.

FRANCIS H. MCKEEVER, '03.



## A Singer and a Scholar.

FRANCIS J. BARRY, '03.

Let's talk of graves.—Shakspeare.



LITTLE block of granite surmounted by a Celtic cross marks the spot in Holy Cross Cemetery where lie the bones of one whose memory Notre Dame fondly cherishes. The rustling of the forest oaks, that rear their gnarled trunks near by, keep up a solemn dirge, and here the wild birds sing their earliest songs. The epitaph reads:

PRAY FOR  
THE SOUL OF  
ARTHUR JOSEPH STACE,  
BORN AT BERWICK, ENG., JAN. 28, 1838  
DIED AT NOTRE DAME, IND., SEPT. 25, 1890  
POET, SCHOLAR, CHRISTIAN.  
MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

The beautiful tribute "Poet, Scholar, Christian" admirably describes the character of the man whose best years were devoted to education, and whose whole life was marked by exemplary Christian fortitude.

Arthur J. Stace was born at Berwick, County Sussex, England, on the 28th of January, 1838. His parents were well educated, and both, at that time, were members of the Anglican Church. His mother was the daughter of a prominent lawyer at Eastbourne, and was somewhat eminent as a linguist and writer. Owing to Arthur's delicate health, which prevented him from ever attending the common school, his early education was conducted solely by his parents. To his mother's teaching he owed the love for learning and the kindly disposition which made his pupils and friends so much attached to him in after years. In the free country life of his native Sussex, among whose lawns and downs he loved to roam, he developed a strong love for Nature, her beauties and her mysteries, and later on, when the opportunity offered, his chief delight was

To hold commune with Nature,  
to watch her silent workings, and win from her her jealously-guarded secrets.

When he was about ten years old, his mother became a convert to the Catholic faith, and on March 11, 1849, young Arthur was baptized. A little later in the same year he had what he always deemed the

distinguished honor of receiving confirmation from Cardinal Wiseman. About this time his little sister, whom he fervently loved, died. She had been his constant companion in his childhood days, and her early death left a deep impression on him.

In 1852, the family left England and made their home in Toronto, Canada, where the elder Stace received employment as a surveyor. Arthur had little time to explore his new home and compare its forest surroundings with the simple charms of his beloved Sussex. Before he was fourteen years old he was apprenticed as a printer in the office of the *Mirror*, then the only Catholic paper printed in Canada. He worked faithfully at his trade, but, like Benjamin Franklin, managed to devote a few moments each day to good reading and to the cultivation of a literary taste. The strong love for knowledge, which his mother had implanted in him, prompted him to read everything that came in his way, and while yet a boy he used to astonish older heads by the amazing extent of his general information.

In May, 1858, the family moved from Canada and took up their residence at Marshall, Michigan. Here Arthur's talent was soon recognized, for in a very short time we find him abandoning printing to accept a position as assistant teacher in the Catholic school of that city. He continued to teach with marked success till 1860, when he entered Notre Dame University intending to complete the studies leading to the Bachelor's degree. While yet an undergraduate he evinced a notable proficiency in literature—in his essays and verses. In 1864 he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts and two years later the degree of Master of Arts. After his graduation the President of Notre Dame University made him a member of the Faculty. Owing to the broad scope of his knowledge, he was fitted to teach almost any class. He was a great lover of science; in botany he was especially interested. Nothing pleased him better than to take long walks with the botanical students and explain to them the nature and history of the plants they met with on their way. In 1881 he was appointed a member of the engineering corps of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

The trip to the Rockies gave him great pleasure. His letters to friends at Notre Dame were filled with praises of the western country. He made a careful study of the botany of the

region and wrote a little collection of verses which he entitled *Rocky Mountain Poems*. After his return from this trip he made mathematics a specialty and taught the higher classes in that branch till 1889 when he was appointed by President Cleveland on the Committee of Scientific Experts to represent America at the Paris Exposition. His health was beginning to fail about this time, and his friends feared that he would not be able to accept President Cleveland's appointment. He rallied, however, and went to Paris with the Committee. After his return he soon fell ill again and never recovered. He died on September 25, 1890, and his remains were interred in Holy Cross Cemetery beside the grave of Professor Lyons, his warm friend and fellow professor.

Mr. Stace's name as a scholar was widespread in America. In recognition of his scientific learning Mr. Cleveland chose him as one of the most eminent American scientists. His modesty, however, hindered him from coming more before the public gaze; if he had been a little less retiring he might have carved his name in the list of the greatest Americans of the nineteenth century. But Mr. Stace was too little attached to fame and built more for the world to come. His whole life was made admirable by the Christian spirit which fortified him at all times. He had always been a delicate man, and yet in spite of pain and disease he was ever cheerful and hopeful. The humorous poems he has left us are an unfading testimony of the brightness of his character.

Mr. Stace was not a great poet. It may be said that he never took poetry seriously. He wrote more for his own amusement than for the amusement of others. If he had any desire to write for a public, that public was limited to Notre Dame. He loved Notre Dame and her students almost to a passion, and no pleasure was more gratifying to him than the consciousness that the little world which constituted the University appreciated his verses. He was a frequent contributor to the *Ave Maria* and *NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC*, but he wrote under so many different pen-names that it is difficult to collect and make a study of all his works. His essays on botany, published in *THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC*, are valuable not only in the light of science but also as showing the keen observation and the wonderful power of description the writer possessed.

(Continued on Page 456.)

#### Lattermath.

SINCE parting aye must follow time's decree,  
As well may we, my friends, obey the call;  
And leave to future years and mem'ry all  
The thought of days of college minstrelsy.  
Excrescent puns, poor wit, now come to me;  
The sober face—a joker to appall;  
Shaksperian plays, the Senior Ball;  
The like of years just gone we'll never see.  
  
And so, kind comrades true, whate'er befall,  
You know our hearts akin will always be.  
Misfortunes may our after-lives forestall,  
Remembering still, we'll cherish long past glee:  
The card "No Smoking" placed high on our wall.  
The rules, well-framed, oft broke regrettably.  
F. F. DUKETTE, '02.

#### A Trick of Justice.

EDWARD F. QUIGLEY, '03.



SHAFT of sunlight fell through an aperture forming a square patch on the stone floor at which the prisoner, now wide awake, was looking intently. His head rested in a thoughtful attitude upon his hands as he sat there on the edge of his tossed bed. From far below echoed the sounds and noises of the awakening city, the thud of horses' hoofs, the rattle of waggons and the faint whistle of shopmen hastening to work.

For a long time the prisoner gazed at the particles of dust dancing in the sunshine, then an unbroken tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, resounded from the basement of the prison. Outside the cell a guard walked softly backward and forward without interrupting the prisoner's reverie.

A clock struck six somewhere afar off, and the silence was disturbed by the voice of the warden. "Just coffee," answered the prisoner as he arose and began to pace up and down the narrow space. The occupant of cell A wore a suit of black that well became the stern lineaments of his face, his dark eyes, iron-gray hair and firm Western mouth. As he drained the cup of coffee brought him, not a muscle of eye or finger trembled, nor was there the least uneasiness depicted in his whole demeanor.

Suddenly a draft of cold air came from

somewhere down the corridor followed immediately by a rush of hurrying footsteps that lasted a few moments and gradually died away again. Then it was that the prisoner paled slightly and grew a little nervous; but only for an instant.

The warden had unlocked the iron-barred door and confronted the prisoner. The latter, his hands shackled behind him, followed the other down a long, gloomy passage lighted only with a tiny electric globe, then up a small flight of stairs and into a room filled with people. He was led to a platform where a huge wooden structure frowned upon the guards and awed spectators. With the exception of the chaplain, no friend or relative was there to console the prisoner, or lessen his shame by tears of sorrow at his last farewell.

The warden whispered, "Mr. Walters, have you anything to say?" Thanking him, the prisoner turned to the curious with a calm, clear voice:

"Again, to those who have come to hear the sentence of the court executed, I wish to protest my innocence. God knows I never killed my brother. No one have I had to trust or to trust me. Circumstantial evidence and the wrought-up power of eloquence have convicted me an innocent man. I stand helpless before you and can produce no evidence, but nevertheless my guiltlessness will be proved within twenty minutes after I hang. And yet I deserve the penalty about to be inflicted upon me. That is all I have to say."

A few minutes later, the silence was intense as something heavy, capped with a black hood, shot downward through space—there was a low gurgling, a sudden twitching and Henry Walters hung lifeless. The physician's low monotone, as he pronounced him dead, first broke the stillness.

At this juncture a man elbowed through the curious and made way to the platform. He had a haggard face and shaggy eyebrows, and an indescribable gleam in his eyes bespoke a revengeful disposition. After he had whispered a word to the warden and the latter had beckoned to the guards, the stranger turned to the spectators:

"My name is Amos Beal and I am guilty of the murder for which Henry Walters has just paid his life. I expect a like penalty and these men stand ready to protect me from violence."—He paused a moment, and

save the rapid pencilling of two or three reporters, nothing disturbed the stillness of the room.

"I was born and raised in the Blue Ridge Mountains during the dominance of a terrible feud. From my earliest age I was taught to despise anyone bearing the name of Walters as I would a reptile. I do not remember when this was first instilled into my young, hot blood; and why I should bear such bitter enmity towards a neighboring family I never knew or even asked myself. I only recall the terrible effect upon my tender nerves of my father's fierce scowl when he pictured to me how mean and devilish the Walters were. So deep an impression had all this upon me that whenever that name was mentioned, the loathing and deep-rooted hatred of an enraged tiger heaved up within me, and I would shake my clenched fist ominously in the direction of the Walters' county.

One day, years later, my father staggered up the mountain-side, his shirt drenched in blood. That night as he lay dying I shall never forget his mad ravings, his fearful curses and flaming eyeballs. He made me promise to avenge his death with the heart-blood of his assassin, Henry Walters. Scarcely had we buried him than another day I entered the cabin to find mother lying on the hearthstone, a bullet in her heart. Then I made a terrible vow and started out to exterminate the entire Walters family from the face of the earth. I soon learned that there were only two brothers of them living, and they had left the country.

I hunted for ten years and neither of the cowards crossed my path. At last I met them living secluded here in the heart of New England. I met the younger while his brother was in the fields, and stabbed him in their cottage. Then I sat down and waited for the other to come home. Suddenly a maddened thought struck me. To have my revenge over quickly and my lifework accomplished after so long a search would be a disappointment. You know about the blood-stained handkerchief and knife. That selfsame evening Henry Walters excitedly announced to neighbors that his brother had been murdered. The next day the handkerchief was found and proved to be Henry's; a butcher knife also stained with blood was discovered under a bureau; a travelling salesman from New York had passed the house that afternoon, had heard two men quarrelling inside and saw the door

open, and a man come out on the porch cursing and appeared very angry. The witness—it was I—said he believed the angry man to be the accused. Henry Walters was tried, and no one seeming to know anything about the suspicious relations of the brothers, circumstantial evidence convicted him. Thus my work was accomplished—Henry Walters was to die on the gallows. A week ago I interviewed him, disclosing my identity and what I had done. I also tortured the last member of the despicable family by declaring my intention to confess and surrender myself the moment he was dead. The wretch could do nothing—what could he prove when the guard stood only within seeing distance. His doom was sealed. What he has undergone since that time no man can tell. But I have had sweet revenge and I am not sorry. If there still existed a single Walters I should have hunted him down to the end. The hatred of that name was inborn and nourished within me, and it has endured. Life now is not worth endurance since my vow has been carried out.”

The words of Henry Walters has proved true. His staring eyes and lifeless form show that he was indeed far beyond the reach of human aid. Justice had played a trick with this man's neck that retribution might not be thwarted.

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#### To a False Deity.

---

THY raiment shows the lofty heaven's blue,  
And concord's chaplet o'er thy brow is hung;  
A star attends thy advent here among  
The devious ways of men when aught's ado.  
Thy sceptre's mighty, though more peaceful few;  
Gray beards esteem it; awesome gaze the young,  
Yet chant of Muse hath ne'er a tribute sung  
To sound thy deeds the winds and oceans through.

But harmless, thou a shambling mortal be;  
And oft when lounging in old Sorin's shade,  
A chance remark, some stripling raw lets drop—  
Due homage thine—withal elicits glee—  
That echoes thus as struttest thou the glade:  
“Hist, jiggers fellows, yonder goes the cop.”

E. QUIGLEY, '03.

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#### A Leaf in a Life.

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One Easter Sunday, about thirty years ago, a young Episcopal minister walked down from the hall door of a fine old English mansion in Berkshire. The grace and dignity of a gentleman were his. He was of medium height, well knit, and had a lofty forehead

crowned with dark wavy hair. His nose was aquiline, his mouth firm, and his eyes full of soul and light, but his cheeks were pale and sunken from sickness. He had just returned to his native country to recuperate after three years of arduous missionary work among the natives of British Guiana, and one could notice that his step, owing to his long voyage, was somewhat nervous and uncertain.

He had not gone more than a few dozen paces when he paused to view the house and its surroundings. The place was not new to him—it was his ancestral home—but he wished to feast his eyes on cherished scenes and to assure himself that things were not changed during his absence. After a brief survey he set out again, followed by the solicitous gaze of a faithful old servant of the family who peered at him through the heavy curtains of the library window. He walked past the flower-beds, glanced curiously at the sun-dial that had ficklely told the time for generations, and then turning his back on the solid masonry, projecting roof and red brick chimneys, he went down the gravel walk that led to the avenue. On each side were stately elms, beech and fir, with here and there a rugged oak that perchance had sprung from an acorn trampled into the earth by the heel of a Norman baron.

On reaching the end of the avenue he walked meditatively through the open gateway with its fantastic pillars surmounted by the carved figures of two rampant lions, and kept his way up the winding road. The scenery was conducive to retrospection, and mentally he was living his life over. In the dingle below was the parsonage where lived the genial old rector who had helped him to prepare for his entrance examination to Oxford,—itself, venerable old pile, some miles to the north—while yonder was the belt of hills which he had often climbed as a boy to gaze toward Wantage, the birthplace of the good King Alfred. Ah, how glad he was to be again in dear old England with its wealth of memories, its frowning castles, stately spires, barrows and Roman roads.

The soft winds of April fanned his wasted cheeks and he revelled in visions of fair fields and blooming hedgerows. He was now near the hills whereon he could see the trailing shadow of a passing cloud. On and on he went scarcely knowing how far he walked or whither he was going. At length he faced homeward by a circuitous by-road that lay

through a hamlet of cozy, old-fashioned houses set in patches of orchards and well-kept gardens. On a little delta, shaded by a clump of fir and birch stood an humble structure, silent and alone, as though denied admission to the company of the other village buildings. It was a Catholic Church, and he remembered the storm of protest which its erection evoked in the neighborhood and how often its windows had been broken by some ignorant religious fanatics who hated its very name. He wondered how it had survived, but then the people were becoming more tolerant, and anyhow it was a politic concession to the Catholic laborers whose services were so necessary in the summer and harvest.

Dismissing all further thoughts of the church and village he continued his journey. Then happened a little incident that is the kernel of this sketch. A gust of wind carried the leaf of a book past him which he in turn outstripped. Again the leaf fluttered forward a few yards and then stopped in his path like a pet dove. This occurrence was repeated so often that at last his curiosity was aroused and he stooped down and picked up the leaf. A mere glance was sufficient to show that it had dropped from the prayerbook of a member of the church which he had just passed. What it contained was of no importance—a hymn of no great literary merit and interesting only as an example of Catholic invocation to the Blessed Virgin. It began thus:

Hail, Queen of Heav'n, the ocean Star,  
Guide of the wand'rer here below!  
Thrown on life's surge we claim thy care,  
Save us from peril and from woe.  
Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea,  
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

On reading the first verse he crumpled the leaf, and, mechanically, as one often does to a useless piece of paper, he tossed it to the winds. Without an effort he had memorized the piece and undesignedly repeated the last two lines several times on his way home. It was an odd thing that the couplet should haunt him in the way it did. For days and weeks after, it rang in his ears at unexpected moments, and on his later walks the memory of his experience past the little church often came back to him and he found himself repeating,

Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea,  
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

His interest in Catholic doctrine was aroused and seemed to grow with his restoration to

health, and the same year, before the roses had ceased to kindle in English gardens, he became a Catholic.

Later, determined to devote his life and talents to the Church to which Providence had led him, he joined the Jesuit community. A man of fine scholarship, he was appointed to the teaching staff of a well-known Catholic College near London where he spent many years. Afterward he was assigned to one of the Jesuit houses in a large city farther north where his students were not the rich nor the great but the poor and the lowly. In the heart of the slums of this great city he had rented a large hall which he had fitted out with billiard tables, desks and a library, and here he was to be found the greater part of each day surrounded by the youth whom he was laboring so heroically to reclaim. Boys of all religious beliefs and of none at all were welcome, and to the betterment of such as these his unselfish life and brilliant talents were unceasingly devoted. The newsboy lacking capital and the unfortunate whom he met in the purlieus on his way to or from the Hall were equally the objects of his kindness and solicitude. He taught, organized entertainments, conducted excursions—did everything for "my boys" as he affectionately called them. To keep them in useful employment and away from vice was his constant aim. He visited the Hall every morning after saying Mass and spent in it all the time he could spare until ten o'clock at night. When very busy he often remained during the dinner hour with his boys, and on such occasions a ragged little urchin might be seen bringing a flask of tea and a few pieces of bread from the rectory. He is still living, I am glad to say, and engaged in the work I have described, and though a decade has passed since I saw him, Time only serves to halo his place in my memory. However imperfect this sketch, I feel that my record of this noble priest and Englishman and the circumstances of his conversion, which are literally true and which I have tried to weave into "A Leaf in a Life," will not be unworthy of a place in the Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

"THE work of a true man is great enough to make him forget what he has done and to anticipate what is still undone."

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—We are glad to have our beloved President, Very Reverend Father Morrissey, back again at the University and in excellent health. During his absence he visited several points of interest in the Southern States and Mexico where he met with a very cordial reception from many former students of Notre Dame. He found among them all a deep, sincere love for their *Alma Mater*, but the enthusiastic ovation tendered him at his return clearly demonstrates that he has just as loyal, devoted sons here at Notre Dame. One of his first acts after his arrival was to celebrate the early Mass on the first Friday of the month at which the Catholic students received Holy Communion.

—The Lenten season must have left us better for its coming. It was marked by the usual appropriate and very impressive devotions which were conducted, as they always are at Notre Dame, in strict accordance with the prescribed ceremonials. The series of pithy and carefully prepared sermons on subjects of particular importance to the college student proved highly instructive and beneficial, and was fittingly brought to a close on last Sunday with the explanatory remarks of Father French on the ceremonies of Holy Week. We were glad to observe that the students showed by their attendance and conduct in church how fully they entered into the spirit of the Lenten exercises; and

because they did, a happier Easter is sure to be theirs.

—Our managers of athletics have arranged an excellent baseball schedule. Many of the most important games will be played on the home diamond, so that it will be possible for every student to attend. Our men have trained systematically, and, judging from our recent contests with Toledo, we shall have a winning team. Our support should be given them in every manner possible. It may be well enough to show reasonable enthusiasm when they enter the refectories, but something more substantial is needed. We should be found inside the gates at the games and make the welkin ring with our cheers. There, encouragement tells, and there, let it be given.

—True to the promise made in a late issue, we are out with our Easter number. It should be borne in mind that the various articles here offered are not the well-tempered, well-seasoned products of many moons. Very few of the SCHOLASTIC staff are men of decided leisure, and consequently they are not in a position to present flawless literary work. As for the pictures of the staff-members we might offer some lengthy plea but we have scarcely time to introduce to you the gentlemen of the Literature Class who will, we have no doubt, ably succeed us for next week and give, not only the considerate readers but also our humble selves, a few clever hints on the manner of getting up a number in short order.

—Notwithstanding Colonel Higginson's wholesome admonition that young writers should "avoid French as some of the fashionable novelists avoid English," we still find, occasionally, a poor unfortunate laboring in the grammatical pitfalls of the seductive Gallic tongue. Miss Carolyn Wells, writing in the April *Critic*, is responsible for the following: "To me the child, Amabelle, is the gem of the collection, and among the *enfants terrible* of fiction she could easily hold her own." Mr. Brander Matthews says there is a similarity between the habit of dropping into French—usually bad—and the habit of punning. If we may judge from one instance, we should say that in the case of Miss Wells the resemblance denotes twinship. Decidely we prefer Miss Well's puns in good English.



The success which Notre Dame students have achieved in polemics has led them to reach out for new laurels. Last year we won decisive victories over Butler College and the Illinois College of Law, and this year we have entered the lists with Oberlin, one of the leading educational institutions in the United States. In the contest which will be decided with the latter this evening, Notre Dame will have the negative of the question, "Resolved, That the United States should not retain permanent control of the Philippines." The debate promises to be one of a very high order, for success in the preliminary



BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.

trials that have been held at both colleges exacted thorough and exhaustive preparation. It is with no small degree of pleasure that we are able to give the accompanying pictures of the members of our team. Mr. Kanaley, though a young man, enjoys a wide reputation in oratory and debating. For the third time he takes his place on the college team, having won the first during his freshman year. His colleagues, Messrs. Farabaugh and Griffin, are less experienced, but this disadvantage is adequately compensated for by their natural resources. Both are forceful,



GALLITZAN A. FARABAUGH, '04.

able speakers, and the trio form a team of which we all feel proud. Without belittling in the least the ability of Oberlin's representatives, we have a sturdy faith in the ability of



MAURICE GRIFFIN, '04.

our own men to bring us victory. Notre Dame's honor is in safe keeping. Win or lose we stand to a man for our champions, and we wish them Godspeed. May the best—never mind the grammar—team win!      MACD.

(Continued from Page 450.)

His poetical works are principally humorous, yet he has written verses that show a higher poetic genius. To give a fair example we may quote his lines

TO A PANSY IN DECEMBER.

Bright little blossom, thou! whose smiling face  
Gladdens the precinct of God's Holy Place;  
Thy tender stem defies December's frost,  
While other flowers their summer bloom have lost,—  
The stout witch-hazel florets withered lie;  
The gentian's fringed lids have closed her eye;  
Though native to the soil, our climate's rigor  
Has sapped their strength and set at nought their  
vigor.

Thou, little foreigner, so soft and weak,  
Survivest, with the blessing of the meek  
Inherit thou the land, when native pride  
And inborn arrogance away have died,  
So the fierce bisons of the plain resign  
Their pasture to the docile, sweet breath'd kine.

The greater number of his poems, however, are humorous in nature, and many of them are of little interest to the world outside of Notre Dame, being mostly local. His most interesting verses of this kind are comprised in the little volume which the author called "Vapid Vaporings" and which he published in May, 1885, under the *nom de plume*, "Justin Thyme." At the time of its publication, this volume attracted considerable attention, and the writer was universally spoken of as one of America's greatest humorists. The *Catholic World* for August, 1885, commented on it:

"The author of 'Vapid Vaporings' is a humorist, and his humor has a genuine flavor of its own. It is a sunny, winning humor, in which the element of boyish fun might be said to predominate, only that it is kept in check by another quality—wit. In reading this book—which we did right through without being tired—we met suggestions of several qualities of humor: of Leigh Hunt's, of Tom Hood's, of Dr. Holmes', of Bret Harte's, of even Thackeray's. But they were only suggestions—the author's quality is new and of its own class."

It would be a matter of no little difficulty to describe the character of the humor in those verses. In fact, the humor is various. A certain indescribable quaintness runs through the whole collection. The wit is not deep nor

too subtle; it is the sparkling kind that needs no labored reflection to penetrate.

Useless would be the attempt to compare Mr. Stace with Mark Twain or the other noted American humorists. The quality of these men's work is so different from that of Mr. Stace's that there can hardly be any ground for comparison. Very few have succeeded so well as he in parodying the well-known poems and songs of his day. "Cumming Threw the Rye" and "The Meeting of the Waiters" are examples of skilful parodies. "A Vision of the Remote Future" is perhaps the most amusing piece of writing in the whole book.

"Let us launch ourselves," the author says, "we that write for posterity, into the abyss of futurity, and imagine ourselves arrived at the time when the language we now speak shall have become surrounded with a halo of antiquity. Let us take up the volume of Ancient American Anthology, and thus read the remaining fragment of "Kathleen Mavourneen" enriched with copious notes by Dr. Fudge."

The fragment given is only four lines, but Dr. Fudge's notes take up a page and a half of miniature print. The learned commentator calls Professor Flinders to task for his utter ignorance of ancient American literary forms. The unassuming Flinders ventures to class *still* in the verse,

Kathleen mavourneen! what! slumbering still!  
an adverb. But Dr. Fudge indignantly protests against so senseless an interpretation, and declares that the "*still*" was an instrument used in the manufacture of whiskey, a beverage to the use of which the ancient Americans were very much addicted. The exclamation "*what*" indicates the surprise of the speaker at finding the still slumbering—that is unemployed—the exigencies of social life keeping the still going day and night. The person addressed in the song, viz: "Kathleen Mavoureen" was probably a saloon-keeper who made his own whiskey.

Nearly every word in the four lines quoted has a lengthy note, and Dr. Fudge never fails to show the immensity of his erudition in the admirable manner in which he clears up all hitches in the text.

It would seem that this and the poem entitled "Poetical License" are satires on the affected learning of so many compilers of Greek and Latin texts in use in colleges—men who, affecting great wisdom, too often display a great lack of it.

## About Modern Journalism.

**M**R. FRANK A. MUNSEY'S successful publications and his innovations along like lines entitle him to a place among the foremost of present-day journalists and publishers. His recent address on Journalism, which was delivered at Yale University, contains matter of more than ordinary interest. Mr. Munsey has been eminently successful and is an example of the twentieth-century man of accomplishment. He does things. He received his education in the composition and press-room, and, if, like too many of the over-educated, he had not lots to forget, he certainly had lots to learn. Nevertheless, Mr. Munsey persevered, and his perseverance made possible the dollar a year modern monthly.

However, Mr. Munsey differs from many so-called self-made men in that he does not belittle education; while he holds that education is the tools with which the journalist works, he contends that education alone never made and never will make a journalist. The successful journalist is required to have the faculty of accurate observation in addition to a well-stored mind. Mr. Munsey says nothing new when he says that that style is best which comes from a man's soul and is a resultant of his own sanity and individuality. A man must have seen or evolved something worth writing about, and then he must write about it with a sane and sincere touch. The tendency toward imitation is no stronger at present than it has been for nearly a century back, but individuality and originality can seldom grow out of systematic imitation.

Of the typewriting machine, Mr. Munsey makes some pertinent observations when he states that this machine is not conducive to careful work. It is too rapid; it does not readily admit of changes, and he thinks it has a mechanical quality about it from which the pen is free. Few who have spent years dulling lead points and wearing out erasers, while given to commendable and absolutely essential correction and transition, will take issue with Mr. Munsey on the typewriting score. Dictation and machine, as he says, are necessities in business, but they do not lend themselves to the making of the best literature or the best journalism.

Mr. Munsey speaks glowingly of the future that awaits the right sort of fiction and journal-

istic writers. He holds that there is not half enough good fiction written to go around. Such a statement should encourage a certain class of the faint-hearted, but probably basket upon basket of refused manuscripts will never convince the self-satisfied class of candidates that their talents must lie in another line.

Finally, Mr. Munsey claims that the journalism of the future will be of a higher order than the journalism of the past and present; this to be the logical resultant of forces making combination and security necessary. That organized company of publishers which will perfect a system by which the most capable men in all the literary lines can be given sufficient and competent pay and which will enlarge and develop modern methods of journalism by means of boundless capital and brains must hold in its hands the future of journalism. All the statements Mr. Munsey makes are not idle prophecies. His past achievements show him to be a man of more than common executive ability, and many of his dreams will likely come true.

## Athletic Notes.

**A**VAST improvement has been noticed in the work of the Varsity men during the past week. On Sunday Coach Lynch cut the squad down to fifteen men, and it is out of this number that the Varsity will be chosen. The men are playing with a great deal more snap and ginger than heretofore, and if this continues during the season, we will certainly come out with flying colors. The fight for positions has now narrowed down to second, right field and the pitchers' staff. Geoghegan and Gage are still in the contest for second. Geoghegan has been fielding in clever style and has also picked up in batting. Gage has also tried in left. Hogan, Higgins, Murphy, Opfergelt, Burns, Stack and Desmond are the candidates for the pitching department, but the first three mentioned made the best showing and seem to be the leaders. The most interesting fight is for right field. All the candidates are strong fielders and hitters, and are fast base runners. Kanaley, Salmon, R. Stephan, and Opfergelt are the strongest for the position.

The games on Monday and Tuesday were splendid exhibitions. The Varsity men kept the leaguers continually on the jump, and although they were beaten on Monday by a

score of three to nothing, it was due more to hard luck than poor playing. The Varsity won Tuesday's game after an exciting contest. Good hitting at opportune moments was responsible for the victory.

## SUMMARIES:

Toledo, March 30	A	B	R	H	P	A	E	B	H	B
Larkin, ss	4	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	1
Bernard, c f	5	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Flournoy, l f	5	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Owens, 2d	5	0	2	3	3	1	0	0	0	0
Altizer, 3d	4	1	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	1
Connors, 1st	4	0	1	14	0	1	0	1	0	0
Flannigan, r f	3	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	1
Butler, c	2	0	1	4	0	0	1	1	1	1
Carrick, p	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0
Mock, p	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0
Reisling, p	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	6	9	27	14	5	1	2	4	
Notre Dame										
Shaughnessy, c f	4	1	1	3	0	0	0	1	0	
Stephan, 1st	5	1	2	12	0	0	2	0	0	
O'Connor, 3d	3	1	0	2	3	0	0	0	2	
Gage, l f	4	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	1	
Salmon, r f	5	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	
Antoine, c	4	0	0	3	3	0	0	0	1	
Higgins, p	4	1	2	0	6	1	0	0	0	
Geoghegan, 2d	4	1	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	
Sherry, ss	2	0	0	2	5	1	0	1	1	
Totals	36	5	6	27	19	4	3	2	5	
Toledo, March 31										
Austin, ss	6	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Smith, c f	4	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	
Flournoy, l f	4	2	2	1	0	0	0	1	1	
Owens, 2d	5	0	1	3	2	0	0	0	0	
Altizer, 3d	4	2	3	0	1	0	1	1	1	
Connors, 1st	4	4	1	5	0	0	0	1	0	
Mitchell, r f	4	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	
Blankenship, c	4	2	1	5	1	1	0	0	1	
McNeal, p	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	
Upp, p	1	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	
Bernard, p	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Totals	29	16	12	18	6	2	1	4	5	
Notre Dame										
Hanley, l f	4	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	
Stephan, 1st	1	1	0	9	2	1	2	0	3	
Gage, 2d	3	1	1	1	4	0	0	1	0	
O'Connor, 3d	3	0	0	4	1	4	0	0	1	
Sullivan, r f	3	2	2	2	0	1	0	1	0	
Doar, c	3	2	1	2	2	0	0	0	1	
Kanaley, l f	3	2	3	0	1	0	0	0	1	
Shea, s s	2	0	0	1	2	2	0	1	1	
Burns, p	2	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	
Hammer, p	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	
Totals	25	9	8	20	16	10	2	3	8	
Toledo, April 2										
Larkin, s s	5	2	2	4	3	1	0	0	0	
Bernard, c f	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	
Smith, c f	4	1	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	
Flournoy, l f	4	4	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	
Owens, 2d	4	1	1	1	4	1	0	0	0	
Altizer, 3d	4	0	2	0	2	1	0	0	1	
Connors, 1st	5	0	0	10	1	0	1	0	1	
Flannigan, r f	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Butler, c	3	1	1	7	1	0	1	0	1	
Carrick, Reisling	4	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	
Totals	36	9	8	27	13	4	3	0	3	

## Notre Dame

Shaughnessy, c f	4	1	1	4	0	0	0	0	0
Stephan, 1st	4	1	0	10	0	0	1	0	0
Gerraghty, 3d	4	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	0
Geoghegan, 2d	4	0	1	1	3	2	0	0	1
Shea, s s	4	1	1	1	3	1	1	0	0
Dempsey, c f	3	0	0	4	0	1	0	0	1
Opfergelt, r f	4	1	2	2	0	0	1	0	0
Antoine, c	4	0	0	4	1	0	0	0	0
Stack, p	1	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	0
Desmond, p	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 34 4 5 27 10 7 3 1 2

## Toledo, April 6

Austin, ss	4	1	0	1	3	1	0	0	1
Bernard, c f	3	1	1	4	1	0	1	0	1
Flournoy, l f	3	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	1
Owens, 2d	4	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
Altizer, 3d	3	0	1	3	1	1	1	0	1
Connors, 1st	4	0	1	10	0	0	1	0	0
Mitchell, r f	4	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	0
Butler, c	3	0	0	4	1	0	0	0	1
Carrick, p	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 32 3 4 27 7 2 4 0 5

## Notre Dame

Shaughnessy, c f	4	0	1	5	0	0	0	0	0
Stephan, 1st	4	0	0	9	2	0	0	0	0
O'Connor, 3d	4	0	1	5	0	1	1	0	0
Gage, l f	4	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
Salmon, r f	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Doar, c	4	0	0	4	2	0	0	0	0
Geoghegan, 2d	3	0	1	0	2	1	0	0	0
Sherry, ss	3	0	0	2	1	1	0	0	0
Hogan, p	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Opfergelt, p	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0

Totals 35 0 5 27 8 3 2 0 0

## Toledo, April 7

Larkin, ss	4	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	0
Bernard, c f	3	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	0
Flournoy, l f	2	1	0	3	0	1	0	0	2
Owens, 2d	3	0	0	1	4	0	1	0	0
Altizer, 3	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0
Connors, 1st	4	0	1	9	1	1	0	0	0
Flannigan, r f	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mitchell, r f	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, r f	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Butler, c	4	0	0	7	0	0	0	0	0
Reisling, p	4	0	1	1	7	1	0	0	0

Totals 30 1 3 24 14 3 2 3 3

## Notre Dame

Shaughnessy, c f	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Stephan, 1st	4	0	0	11	0	0	0	0	0
O'Connor, 3d	4	1	2	2	2	2	1	0	0
Gage, l f	3	0	1	2	8	2	0	1	0
Antoine, c	4	1	1	4	4	0	0	0	0
Kanaley, l f	4	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Murphy, p	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1
Higgins, p	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0
R. Stephan, r f	3	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	0
Sherry, ss	3	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	0

Total 31 2 7 26 19 4 1 1 1

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The Varsity candidates and the Toledo American Association team opened up the series on Monday March 30. During the week ending April 4 three games were played, the following men were given trials: Catchers, Antoine and Doar; Pitchers, Higgins, Burns, Hammer, Stack and Desmond; Capt. Stephan, first base; Geoghegan and Gage, second base; Sherry and Shea, Short; O'Connor and Gerraghty, third base; Gage, Kanaley, and

Dempsey, left field; Shaughnessy, center-field; Salmon, Sullivan, and Opfergelt, right field.

Wednesday's game was prevented by a heavy rain, and on Friday and Saturday, a big fall of snow put an end to the contests. The leaguers succeeded in winning the three games played, but considering the general shifting around of the candidates, and the want of team work due to the shifting, our fellows, on the whole, gave a good account of themselves. Some of the rooters were inclined to be pessimistic regarding the chances of having a strong team, because of the apparent ease with which the leaguers won, but they must remember that at no time during the week was a team of the strongest candidates pitted against Toledo. Even as it was, the leaguers had to play some fast ball to snatch the first game out of the fire, and Thursday's game was highly interesting. The second game was a pretty contest up to the seventh inning. Then the airships were in demand.

Both catchers caught well, and but few Toledoans were courageous enough to attempt any steals on them. This department seems safe in their hands. Captain Stephan played the best ball of the week. He played hard from start to finish and his vim and dash did much to encourage his team-mates. His base running was usually one of the features of the game. It is pretty difficult to choose between Gage and Geoghegan at second, Gage is undoubtedly the better stickler, but Geoghegan did some clever fielding, which boosts him up quite a bit. The two candidates for short, Sherry and Shea, also put up a hard fight; Sherry, however, has less mishaps charged to his account than Shea. The latter is erratic at times. Both can improve in hitting. O'Connor has all competitors out-classed for third base. He played but five innings during the week owing to a badly swollen hand. Shaughnessy led the outfielders. The great rivalry among Salmon, Kanaley, Sullivan, Opfergelt, and Dempsey for right garden, resulted in some heavy hitting and good fielding. Kanaley, Sullivan and Opfergelt each slugged the ball at a terrific clip, while Salmon and Dempsey came in for the fielding honors.

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The weather man played havoc with the Inter-Hall schedule last Sunday, so the games set for that date will be played later in the

season. Sorin and St. Joseph played Thursday. An account of the game and the standing of the teams will appear in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

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Capt. Padden of Brownson promises to pick his team early this week. The team promises to be unusually strong in the hitting department.

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Of the staff of pitchers, Higgins did the best work. He held the "Mud Hens" down in fine shape and gave them the closest game of the trio; the final score being 7 to 6. He kept his hits well scattered, used good judgment, and had fairly good control. "Bill" should be a winner this year. Burns the southpaw, and Stack, a new man at the pitching game, made a favorable impression and should with a little more experience develop into good men. It is still too early however to predict, especially concerning the box artists as some of them have not loosened out yet. Judging from what has been done, we will be as strong in this department as heretofore.

J. P. O'R.

### Obituary.

Mr. Robert E. Lynch's numerous friends at Notre Dame were shocked by the sad news which summoned him home a few days ago. His brother, who was foreman in one of the Chicago newspaper offices, met death suddenly on last Monday morning. The sympathy felt for Mr. Lynch is the more marked because of the many deaths that have occurred in his family within the last few years. The following expression of condolence comes from the senior class of which Mr. Lynch is a member:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to call to Himself the brother of Robert E. Lynch, one of our fellow-students; and

WHEREAS, We deeply sympathize with him in his sad bereavement; be it, therefore,

RESOLVED, That we, his fellow-students, tender him and his afflicted family our heartfelt condolence.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in the SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be sent to his sorrow-stricken family.

HARRY V. CRUMLEY,

ROBERT J. SWEENEY,

PATRICK MACDONOUGH.—Committee.

### Personals.

—Mr. Dempsey of Manistee, Mich., spent a few days at the University recently, visiting his son Neil of Corby Hall.

—Mr. Ketterjohn, of Paducah, Ky., visited Notre Dame during the last week and took his son Roy of Carroll Hall home for the Easter vacation.

—Mr. A. J. Kasper and wife of Chicago were guests of the University recently, spending a few days pleasantly with their sons George and Frank of Corby Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Antoine of Somonauk, Ill., paid a visit to their son Laurence of Sorin Hall. As Mr. Antoine was a student of Notre Dame in '72, his recent visit evoked many pleasant reminiscences.

—Mr. James M. Brady, graduate of Notre Dame in '92, died at Phoenix, Arizona, on March 28. We learn that his death was marked by true Christian fortitude. To his sorrowing wife and relatives the SCHOLASTIC extends sincere sympathy.

—The *Oregon Daily Journal* chronicles an incident in which two of Notre Dame's graduates, Messrs. John P. O'Hara and Joseph P. Kelleher of last year's class, figured most creditably. It appears from the particulars published that another Portland newspaper, which we do not care to advertise, printed an insulting caricature of Ireland's Patron Saint on last St. Patrick's Day, thereby shocking the feelings of Portland's most worthy citizens. A largely attended meeting was held at which those responsible for the appearance of the caricature were roundly and deservedly scored. We quote the following extract from the *Journal*:

"The hall was crowded to the doors and speech after speech was made in denunciation of the paper that had flaunted the insult. Messrs. Kelleher and O'Hara, the Reverend C. J. Reilly and many others, censured the course of a paper seeking to exploit its wit by insulting the belief of a Christian people. There was a sentiment running throughout the discussion which argued that no man's creed should be trod upon, and that any believer so insulted had a grievance. Mr. O'Hara, while addressing the meeting, said that of all offences of which man could be culpable an attack on the religious convictions or patriotism of another was the most contemptible. 'St. Patrick,' concluded Mr. O'Hara, 'stands to-day as a dual character: he is worshipped by the Catholic Church as a canonized saint, and he stands boldly out as a leader of Irishmen, and every son of the Green Isle honors him as a patriot.'"

### Local Items.

—The new design on the cover of Easter SCHOLASTIC is the work of the Art Department.

—At a recent meeting of the boat club, the following officers were elected: Fred Kasper and Dominick O'Malley, captains of the Senior

crews; Charles Rush and E. Canedo, captains of the Sophomore crews; F. Cano and R. A. Trevino, captains of the Freshmen crews. Charles Mulcrone has been elected captain of one Junior crew, the captain of the opposing crew not having been chosen at this writing. Excellent races may be expected.

—On Sunday evening, April 5, a meeting of the senior class was held in the law room, Sorin Hall. After the minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted, the chairman of the banquet committee read a report which after much consideration it was decided not to accept. The committee was instructed to investigate further and report at the next meeting of the class which was set for the following Wednesday evening. After Mr. Arana's speech, which contained many happy suggestions and was well received, the meeting adjourned.

—On April 2, St. Joseph Specials and Holy Cross played a very fast game of baseball. Holy Cross showed up splendid in the first inning, making five runs; though many believe it was on account of the wild throws and poor head work of the Specials. Malloy pitched well after this inning, allowing Holy Cross to score but two runs. At Malloy's request Captain Murphy took the box for the two last innings. Farley the ex-football and baseball Varsity star pitched for Holy Cross. The score was 8 to 9 in favor of the Specials. Corbett, Feeley, Welch and Pierce played well for the Specials. The Holy Cross stars were Devereux, Hagerty and Ryan. Holy Cross lost the game, owing to their failure to hitch on to the comets of Malloy and Murphy.

—Last Tuesday evening the third of the stereopticon lectures was delivered by Father Kirsch to the law classes of the University. His subject was anatomy, and all those fortunate enough to hear him were greatly interested with his discourse. Beginning with the skeleton, which he compared to the framework of a house, he explained how the bones were held together by ligaments, and how each bone was so situated as to give the best results. The lecturer next described the internal organs, the nerve system and circulation of the blood. In his explanation of the functions of the different organs he exploded many of the popular ideas concerning certain diseases. After a short description of the muscles of the body, the lecture proper was closed by showing a picture of the completed human body. Many of the slides used by Father Kirsch are the result of his own work and are exceedingly well done, especially those on the structure of the bone. This lecture series comprises a number of talks on geology and anatomy and was arranged by Col. Hoynes for the benefit of his law classes. That they are appreciated was shown by the increased attendance and enthusiasm.