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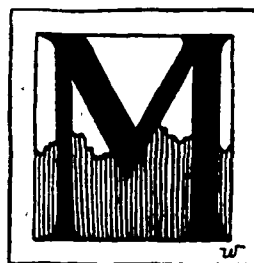
## Birthday Lines to a Friend.

THIS gladsome day but makes your beauty beam,  
Your face more fair, your goodness all more true;  
In years to come the hours I spent with you  
Will haunt my dreams of vanished joys, and seem  
Like slumb'ring flowers beside a crystal stream,  
Or roses steeped in mists of morning dew  
That ope their leaves and glow with brighter hue  
When called from sleep by Summer's day-star gleam.  
To me, dear friend, you never can grow old,  
Though all youth's graces hasten to their end  
And time upon your charms at length lays hold  
To steal the wealth your present favors lend.  
May happiness more rich than gems or gold  
Be yours to-day and with your future blend.

J. H. N., '03.

## American Expansion.\*

J. L. CARRICO, '03.



MUCH has been said about the war policy of the United States in the Philippines. Statesman and diplomat have argued and analyzed every phase of the subject. Little remains to be explained; indeed, any explanation receives little attention. Day by day the struggle is more and more forgotten. Patriots are still dying in a foreign land; but they are far away, and people are quick to forget disagreeable things. But I believe this question is the most important that the American people have ever been called upon to decide. It is a new and a radical question. It concerns honesty rather than expediency; it deals with the liberties of man more than the advantages of an institution. The war policy of this country has been conservative. Now expansion is proposed.

\* Argumentative Paper.

Is expansion justifiable? The question is a plain one and must have an honest answer.

But before entering upon the justice of expansion, let us consider if there is any necessity for it. Do we need a change in our policy? Is this foreign complication advisable? Will it insure permanent benefits?

I believe we have a splendid country as it is. Its geographical position is strongly adapted for isolation. Africa, Asia and Europe are far away. There are vast territories here yet unoccupied; large cities still springing on to populous life. The capabilities of our country are quite equal to its wants. Its exports, already far greater than its imports, are ever increasing. Its commerce is healthy, strong and growing. Its national life has prospered purely amidst the corruption of foreign intrigue. Its past has been filled with brightness. To cultivate the opportunities in our own land is to produce all that is best in the American character. Let us remain Americans! A change perhaps is dangerous.

But granting that expansion is feasible; that the conditions of our country and our commerce necessitate a change in our policy, I do not believe expansion is justifiable. I can not consistently maintain that we own the Philippines. I deny that these islands are unable to govern themselves according to their condition. I believe it is wrong to pursue to the bitter end a doubtful claim; to force a struggling people to bend the servile knee. I believe the principles of our country demand that we allow the people most interested to interpret the meaning of freedom.

When I say the United States does not own the Philippine Islands and never did own them, I simply judge a nation's contract by the ordinary rules of constructions. When the tax-payers contend that the transaction cost twenty millions of dollars—I admit they lost, and answer, honesty is the best policy. Far be it from me to accuse my country of bad

faith, but I deny in this one instance the wisdom of her judgment. We all know that an unjust government forfeits the allegiance of its subjects, and I argue, without policy or prejudice, that Spain did forfeit every vestige of her authority. The Filipinos were deprived of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The right to govern includes the duty of doing justice. A breach of this obligation forfeits the authority. On the ground of humanity, America declared to the world—and the world never doubted—that these islands had every right to strike for freedom. To grant the right to rebel, is to deny the right to govern. Can this authority of Spain be now urged as a justification of our demands? Is it not a new doctrine that declares a nation may dispose of that which it does not possess?

There is yet another explanation upon which the expansionists claim vindication; one that waives all question of expediency; one that admits we do not own the Philippines: it is the claim that these islands are incapable of self-government. This argument rests on principle, but I believe that it contradicts the first principles of our government. The Filipinos are perhaps ignorant and semi-civilized, but they are men, and, as men, entitled to equal liberty. When America denies this, America is inconsistent. The negro in our country was ignorant and he was black, yet the cruelest struggle that ever stained red the pages of any country's history was entered upon to give the negro political equality in the best government the world has known. We allowed the black to form a part of our government; not because the slave wanted liberty, many were satisfied with their condition; not on the ground of expediency or self-interest, the transaction was expensive and divided the nation. The sacrifice was made in the name of freedom: equal freedom to all. Moreover, the African continent is divided into many republics identical with the one desired by the Filipinos. Countless islands in the Pacific Ocean are of this class. Yet are all these allowed to remain in blissful ignorance. Why do we particularize the Philippines?

To assert that a people are unable to govern themselves is but to express a formula of aggression. It has ever been the downfall of the weak; to the strong a convenient pretext for expansion. An experiment in our own country, this argument is as old perhaps as oppression; a weak argument, but it has covered the sins of nations. This truth is

obvious. Turn back the pages in the chronicles of English historical crimes until the index points to the downfall of Ireland; to the oppression of the Colonies; to the conquest of the Transvaal. Do we condemn this doctrine? Is this principle American? A strong army is not a strong justification. Then let us look the conditions of our own quarrel squarely in the face. For months sixty thousand United States soldiers have been opposed by an inferior number of natives. The natives are not yet crushed. The newspapers, which constitute, alas too often, the Bible and the school book of the ignorant, have belittled the struggle. The world, in point of skill at least, is comparing the two armies. If we grant equality, even for a short time, the Filipinos are capable of the fullest independence.

There is yet another reason against expansion when expansion means conquest; a reason that redounds to the credit of Americans; a reason as strong as the arms of the Infant Republic, America, when they burst the bonds of tyranny: it is the inborn love which you and I have for freedom. Never will we allow its true signification to be controverted; never will we deny to the people most interested the right to interpret its meaning; never will we abrogate the first principle of our Constitution. Gentlemen, I believe the American to-day is as good a type, in every respect, as he ever was. Just as strong intellectually, just as good morally; his character is unselfish; his sense of fair play as firm as it was a century ago. All the statesmen did not die with Washington; Lafayette was not the only unselfish man in the world; the words of Patrick Henry still re-echo in the breasts of patriots. The American to-day would sacrifice as much for others as any ancestor that ever lived. This is not mere oratorical exaggeration; this is not mere sentiment; the facts are before us. Is there anyone whose blood does not start quick and strong until it mantles into the flush of honest pride at the memory of Cuba free? Is there anyone who has not a tear for those brave men who offered their lives that they might give to others what our fathers died to give to us?

Cuba and the Philippines were both oppressed; they both rebelled against the same tyrant. Is there such a vast difference between the conditions of these two islands that we would give independence to one and to the other the yoke of servitude? Foreign rule, no matter how high its standard, bears

heavily upon a people who would be free.

Moreover, these Filipinos are not slaves convertible into coin at the option of a master; they were once our companions in arms. We aided them when they were themselves fighting for independence. War was on; towns were stormed; captives taken and men killed when we intervened. There was oppression; there was rebellion; America extended the hand of sympathy to the seekers of liberty, just as France sent succor to the Colonies. Would we have admitted the right of England to sell and to arbitrate our liberty for a compensation? I do not pause for an answer. Money is not above man; the Constitution of the United States is not obsolete, and liberty means the same thing to-day that it did one hundred years ago.

Are we then justified in maintaining a policy of doubtful benefit when the injustice of it stares us in the face; a policy that denies men are equal when it distinguishes between the Cuban and the Filipino; a policy that forgets the first principle in our Constitution when it declares that the authority of a government is not determined by the consent of the governed; a policy which is contrary to the teaching of all bygone statesmen and which is to-day dividing the nation; a policy that would have us chastise Spain, because tyranny forfeits authority and which now directs the conquest of the Philippines because Spain assigned her interest to us; a policy that will breed large armies and navies; that will introduce all evils of militarism, the draft, class distinction and heavy taxation; a policy that seeks justification in expediency and which would have us give up more perhaps than we receive; a policy which contradicts our professions? To continue our past policy is to insure our present liberties; to pursue aggressive smacks of imitation. There are many bad examples. When the world is bad there is virtue in originality. Let us continue to be original! Let us retain isolation.

In this struggle for new things we are either right or we are wrong. If we are right Washington, Jefferson,—all the dead statesmen that fostered perpetual isolation—are wrong. Who will admit it? If we are wrong, if we are using the American flag and all it once represented, as a shield for ignoble purposes, we should stop at once. The path of honor lies in retreat. We should repudiate these new principles that are seeking protection under the folds of the old flag.

### The End of the Feud.

GEORGE J. MCNAMARA, '04.

The mountain storm broke in fury as the eastern height showed the first approach of day. The lightning picked its way from crag to crag as if in search of a resting-place; while the thunder fell headlong down the winding horse path into the swollen creek in the valley. What was left of the echo was washed away by the rain that fell in solid sheets from where the needle point peaks ripped the heavy clouds.

Out of the storm the faltering clatter of beating hoofs preceded the approach of a fagged beast and its worn rider, who looked with relief on the small cabin that clung tightly to the side of a ravine. Sheriffs behind and a rain-swept gorge before, the sight of a mountaineer's cabin was as the opening of a new life to Jim Davis as he rode a fugitive from justice pursued to his mountain home.

The cabin was set back low beneath an overhanging cliff that protected it from wind, rain and sheriff's scrutiny. When the door was opened, a warm gust, filled with the smell of frying bacon, bade the caller welcome in terms stronger than used by the middle-aged woman who led him to the fire.

"Wall, I reckon, yer kinder wet, stranger. Been agoin' all night? Come over hyar ter the hearth an' scatter a little fire-heat over yer. Hyar you, Mary Ann,—I reckon yer could stand a few fingers, stranger, ter kinder overweigh the wetness on the outside—fetch that ere brown jug with the cawn-cob stopper in hya; an' don't wake yer ol' dad neither. Dad's been abed nigh on two weeks now. Come ridin' home last tot'n a minnie ball under hes lef arm, an' I's kinda feared the feuds died out 'sfar as he's able ter help it 'long. Meantime, stranger, yer mought climb up in the loft an' swop with these hyar duds o' dad's. Good Lawd knows they's all he's got; still I reckon he won't need them no more."

Nothing reluctant, the wet rider mounted the creaking ladder to a low, dark, smoke-scented loft that was lit solely through the cracks that divided the logs. Here and there a box was outlined in the misty gloom, and down where the slant met the side were two or three loop-holes.

Returning, dried and relieved, he eagerly

emptied the proffered tin and drew near the open fire where the morning's hoe-cake was still steaming on the kettle lid. He was as secure as a lord in his mediæval castle. He was dry, warm and among those who neither questioned nor were curious. Their home was his. His safety was their care as long as he chose to remain their guest, and it was with this confidence that he backed to the fire and silently viewed the preparation of the meal and watched part of it carried into the adjacent room. In a few minutes the woman was back again, pouring black coffee from the smoke-stained can.

"Dad's been kinder skittish sense he's been hit," she began by way of introduction. "Specially sense hes away off hyar among nobody and he caint move heself about. No! we haint been hyar long. See, stranger, the feud was off long 'fore dad kin remember; but 'long last fall, jest as I war turnin' supper, dad come tearin' in mit hes little boy in hes arms and dropped him on the bed. He aint said narry word but jest went and reached hes rifle and was gone agin into the night. Agin that I knowed somethin' done happened. I turned m' chile over an' there he lay mit the blood dried on hes little freckled face an' one blue eye half peekin' up at me an' hes chubby hands were chuck plum fuller grass, what he clutched in hes death grip.

"That night and next day and next night dad never come home, an' I washed Tommy up jist laik I used ter do. When I come ter hes little bare legs, all scratched mit the briars, I went jest as easy as when he used ter sit there an' wiggle hes fust toe 'bove the water till he'd reckon it war a water-snake an' get afeared. Then I shet he's little blue eye an' smoothed hes hair down, an' I tuck the ol' lace kerchief dad fetched me an' tied it roun' hes neck an' I wondered what kind er man Tom'd be ef they hadn't kilt him. I rolled him in the ol' coat he used te sleep in an' put him back in bed jest laik I used ter do, an' started meltin' the pewter bowl inter bullets.

"Fo' long dad come home agin. 'Sal,' says he, we'll have our buryin' now. When we puts our boy erway, they'll be puttin' three erway beyond the ridge. I fetched 'em, Sal, an' while they's doin' they mournin' beyond, we's going' ter git out. They's all men on t'other side an' only me an' you an' little sis on ourn. The feud's on agin, an' I's goin' te tote you

two erway whar they all won't be takin' sneak shots at yer. Then I'll come back and git 'em all—man 'ginst man."

"Agin that time dad's done fetched 'em all 'ceptin' one, an' they aint no use worryin' 'bout him 'cause the state's got him. Ef ol' Joe Davis hadn't fetched dad he was goin' ter tote us back ter the ridge whar I could see whar m' chile was laid erway."

"I reckon, woman, it aint the Davis-Burke feud on agin, be it?" broke in her auditor, quickened by the allusion to Joe Davis. He knew that the Davis-Burke feud was a possibility long smouldering and apt to be set in motion by the least impetus."

"It be that same, stranger. Davis started it; beins they all shot m' boy Tom. Dad's done fetched they all, 'ceptin' young Jim what the law's got nigh on ten years now, and we's erbout on the level."

"You all moughtn't be Tom Burke's wife, Sally O'Connor, be you?"

"I be, stranger. Wherefore'd you come ter know we an' ourn?"

"I reckon ye don't recollect, do yer? When yer all wa'nt no Burke un nobody else, only O'Connor, they war two courtin' and leadin' fur yer. Don't yer kinder recollect it?"

"Good Lawd! that ain't you come back from the dead, be it? But bein' as it is, Jim, times is changed an' I reckon you'd better not ast them these questions. Ef you'd ast me long ergo I'd been a Davis an' agin all that looks laik Burke. But yer left, an' Tom tuck me fer better or worse, and when Brer Williams said the blessing, I ain't no moah O'Conner, but I'm Burke. Jim, as long as the feuds on I's dead agin you an' yourn. You an' yourn ed kill me an' mine; so, Jim, fur ol' time sake pack out an' go. You can't blame me, kin yer? They was jest you two an' me. When they all toted you up fer life fer killin' the sheriff, Tom come an' toted me home 'cause I never reckoned on seein' you all agin. Now you is come baik I caint told you all the same as 'fore; but, Jim, I kinder don't wish you no hurt. Either you or dad'll drap tother 'cause the feuds on agin. Fer ol' time sake, Jim, git out while ye kin, but fer the 'membrance of what used ter be, don't take advantage of Tom bein's he cain't help heself much with ol' Joe's bullet hangin' on hes insides."

"Sal, fer ol' time sake, I'll go in ter see Tom. I don't bare him no ill. He caint do me no hurt. They's only he on one side an' only me on mine. 'Fore I's tuck, Tom an' me used te

hunt together, 'still together, scrap together an'—you all know tother we did together—the feud ain't goin' ter keep us apart.

"'Twant none o' m' fault the feud's on agin 'cause they hed me tight. Fer ol' time sake I done come back. Fer ol' time sake I want ter see Tom, an' if he 'fuses, I'll ride baik over in Tennessee; 'cause they ain't no life hyar fer me to be sneakin' fer a friend an' a friend sneakin' fer me.—Thar he's callin' now.—You all sit hyar an' I'll go in. Hyar take in gun, an' if you hear a move, shoot me in the baik, 'cause I aint no man if I tech a man whats down."

The soft ashes dropped from the log on the hearth and the fire dimmed, scarcely warming the damp air that came through the logs, as she sat, long, awaiting the outcome. Her little girl cuddled into her lap and the scenes of years ago on the ridge sped through her mind. The present was dead and nought was alive save the past in which she saw the three on the hillside. With her girl folded in her arms, she quietly crept to the door, whence issued smothered conversation, to see her husband supported in the arms of his natural enemy but his boyhood's other self. Trembling and weakened came in the well-known voice of her husband.

"Jim, I reckon the feuds off agin: Fer ol' times sake, I's glad ye come baik agin, cause I feels m'self goin' an' they ain't no one ter leave Sal an' sis to.

"I beat ye out when we all was young, but yer time's come now, 'cause I feels I ain't got long ter be amongst yer.

"Tote me baik te the ridge an' stretch me by me boy down by the spring. Jim, make Sal a wife of yourn an' be good to her, 'cause though she hankered fer ye 'fore ye left, she's been good ter me as any woman was ter man. Leave her have her mournin' fer me though, an' then comfort her an' win her baik as yer did long time ago on the ridge.

"Jim, I thank the Lawd yes come, 'cause I kin leave me wife an' chile now easy. Make a lady of my gal, an' though she be yourn sometime tell her what her daddy's name were. Ef she dies 'fore you, lay her erway with me an' me boy down 'mong dem dat fell on our side. Call in m' wife an' chile now, 'cause ole Joe's waitin' fer me on tother side the dark ridge, and I feel I'se goin' ter carry on de feud there."

"ABOVE our life we love a steadfast friend."

# Varsity Verse.

## PRAISE OF BACCHUS.

(Horace, Odes II., 19.)

I SAW, Posterity, credit what I say,  
In caves remote from men and their abodes,  
Goat-footed satyrs, nymphs in pensive way  
Listening to the wine-god teaching odes.

Euhoe, my soul yet rests uneasily,  
Unsteady throbs my heart filled with the god;  
Euhoe, O mirthful god, sustain thou me,  
And, awe-inspirer, spare thy dreadful rod!

To sing 'tis granted me by nod divine  
The praise of the untiring Thyiades;  
The streams of milk, the springs of welling wine,  
And honey trickling down the hollow trees.

'Tis mine to sing of his blest spouse's prize  
That Bacchus placed up in the heavens wide;  
Of Pentheus' ruined home and his demise  
So pitiful, and how Lycurgus died.

Thou tamest streams and agitated seas,  
And happy in some far-away ravine,  
Dost tie the hair of wild Bistonides  
With snakes that harm not thee of god-like mien.

When haughty Giants high Olympus scaled,  
And threatened Jove, thy father, to disgrace,  
Thou, Bacchus, then the mighty Rhœtus hailed  
In lion's guise, with claws and awful face.

Though fitted for the dances, games and jests,  
'Twas said that thou wouldst ne'er a warrior be;  
But Rhœtus now, with many others, tests  
That war and peace are both the same to thee.

The faithful Cerberus 'slow wagged his tail,  
And scanned the holding fast thy horn of gold,  
But knowing well thou wert no mortal frail,  
Licked thy retreating feet with tongue three-fold.  
J. W. C.

## EVENING RECOLLECTIONS.

When the shadows come at even  
Softly slipping through the hall,  
Stretching out their spectred figures  
Up and down the kitchen wall;

When the open stove is glowing  
And its spirit molten white  
Sears a passage through the shadows  
And is lost in sombre night;

E'er the kitchen lamp is lighted,  
Or the evening meal is spread,  
Memory treads with quickened paces  
Through the valley of the dead.

G. J. McN.

## QUITE TELLING!

I'm told that lawyers live by telling lies,  
By telling money bankers may live "swell,"  
And strange to say, when some great hero dies  
The man is paid who simply tol(le)d the bell.

C. A. G.

## The Relation between Art and Morality.

WILLIAM D. FURRY.

## (CONCLUSION.)

The contentions of such artists as Taine, Henry James, Matthew Arnold and others, that it is the business of the artist to represent nature and life as it is, represents only a part, and an inferior part, of the real theory of Art. We insist that an artist can not represent everything in nature and life as it is, and that there are many things in both nature and life that Art has nothing whatever to do with. No artist will contend that he can paint a pile of offal or of carrion and call it Art. Artists may not only refrain from representing what is coarse, ignoble and debasing, but they are bound to do so. There is much moral carrion, such as finds its way into sensational books and newspapers, that an artist has no right whatever to use. He must use great discretion in the selection of his subject-matter no less than in his treatment of it. Great artists have always exercised such care in the selection of their subject-matter, and because of this, as Ruskin says, they chose habitually sacred subjects, such as the Nativity, the Transfiguration and the Crucifixion. "This implies," he says, "that the painter has a natural disposition to dwell on the highest thoughts of which humanity is capable; it constitutes him so far forth a painter of the highest order, as for instance, Leonardo in his painting of the 'Last Supper;' he who delights in representing the acts and meditations of great men, as for instance, Raphael painting the 'school at Athens,' is so far forth a painter of the second order, and he who represents the passions and events of ordinary life, the third."

To represent human life is, according to the best Art and artists, the supreme function of Art. Both the idealists and the realists agree in saying that Art must represent human life in its various aspects. But what is life? Here the idealists and the realists come to a parting of the ways. The realists, holding a materialistic philosophy, look upon life as a mere animal existence, while the idealists insist that life is the career of souls ever moving upward or downward, largely of their own volition; and this latter view, is, as we have already seen, the one found in the world's great Art. The realists emphasize the first

of these two conceptions of Art; idealists are usually disposed to emphasize the latter; whereas a true theory would be that which would combine them and give us the ideal in the real, not the real without the ideal.

It must be inferred from the contention of the idealists that both downward moving as well as upward moving souls are legitimate subjects of Art. The history of Tito Melema or Becky Sharp or Master Dimmesdale is certainly a legitimate subject of Art. The history of the life of Tito sets before us very vividly and forcibly one of the great facts of human life,—the fact of Retribution. It gives us in a concrete form what we have always seen or heard in the abstract. The story places before us in words the awful judgment upon sin, of which the flaming frescoes of Michael Angelo are only feeble premonitions.

But George Eliot did not write the story of the development of sin in Tito, nor picture the awful doom that was certain to overtake him, without expressing some sympathy for the downward moving soul and some abhorrence for the sins that were impelling him downward with an irresistible and ever-increasing force. The reader can determine her attitude toward Tito. She tells us that she began "Romola" a young woman and finished it an old one, so great had been her sympathy for the sad ending of her principal characters.

The method of George Eliot is the method also of Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne and of the best of our present-day novelists. The great facts of sin with the ruin that follows close upon them have ever been considered as legitimate objects of Art; but the artist that would use them must make them abhorrent not attractive; the punishment that follows them as coming from a source above and beyond human control; and must at the same time, so sympathize with his characters, that by his own feeling toward them he may be able through his Art to move men to emulate what is good in his characters and avoid what is bad. We must, therefore, conclude that in the light of the tendency of Art as illustrated in the works of great artists, there is a definite and vital relation between Art and Morality.

There is yet another class of artists, the last as well as least, who hold that the function of Art is to give pleasure. This position may be granted until we are certain what these artists mean by pleasure. There are pleasures degrad-



ing and pleasures ennobling in tendency. There is the pleasure of the beasts found in the gratification of appetite; the pleasure of the artist in the contemplation of what is beautiful; and the pleasure of man in the pursuit of goodness and truth. There can be no doubt but that the last two pleasures are higher as to their origin and nobler as to their end than the first one. The origin of the first is in the body and tends to bind man to the earth; the last two find their origin in the rational part of man and tend to bring him into touch with the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

The artist must choose which of these two classes of pleasure he will provide for, and is bound by the laws of Morality and Art to choose the higher. To say that Art is a mere vehicle for the giving of pleasure, and mean thereby, as realists generally do, the pleasure that pertains to bodily appetites and passions, is certainly a low view of the function of Art. Art always does afford pleasure, but a pleasure of the higher order. The function of Art is, as we have seen, to interpret human life and nature, and when this is done truthfully and artistically it can not fail to give pleasure. There may be art without a moral purpose whose mission it may be to please, such as Shelley's "Cloud" or Longfellow's "Flower-de-luce." But the highest Art is that which concerns itself with human conduct, and consequently has always had to do with the great moral and spiritual laws of life. What Professor Richardson says of Mr. Cable and his novels is true of all Art, and illustrates the principle contended for here. He says: "Mr. Cable, the wholesomest of later American novelists, is a moralist in a genuine sense. The 'Art for art's sake' dogma gets no encouragement from his short stories and novels. Throughout New Orleans' life he sees the good and bad thread running, but the warp and woof which he weaves therefrom into his books are presented to us as a beautiful and helpful result. He knows what life is and what it is for, and the life he describes is real and complete, not imaginary and partial."

This is precisely what all great artists have appreciated as the function of Art, and have attempted to set forth in their work for the services of others. The artist, therefore, must know what life is and what is its purpose before he attempts to reproduce or interpret it; and he can know neither of these if he does not know what life ought to be. No

man can be an artist, in the highest sense, that does not know what life ought to be, what is the ideal of all life's attempts, and who does not desire, at the same time, that the function of his Art shall be not pleasure as such, but to inspire the reader or hearer to attain the ideal end of life. The function of Art, then, is not pleasure but service. It may give us pleasure, but not such as tends to debauch us. This conception of the function of Art may seem too narrow and puritanical, but it will be found in harmony with the works and teachings of great Art and artists. The doctrine of "Art for pleasure's sake," is not only contrary to the real function of Art, but its tendency is, as Tennyson shows us in the "Palace of Art," "Art for the devil's sake."

#### ARGUMENT FROM INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL CHARACTER.

If it is true that the real function of Art is to show us what life is and what it is for, and that it is necessary for the artist who would do this to know what life ought to be, it follows that high Art must always be the product of a pure and noble character. It is certainly true that no man can interpret human life who is not sound and sane. The artist is always conditioned upon the man. No man can interpret this life of ours, which, as we have seen, is profoundly moral, except he presents a clear and pure surface upon which that life may be reflected. A rotten stick may at times glow with heat; but it glows only for a moment, because there is no sustained power of light and heat behind it; so also it is with the artist. There have been artists who without any moral character at all in themselves have dazzled the world for a time with apparent flashes of genius. But their star soon set; for the man that would continue to produce work that the world will appreciate and cherish, must live in harmony with the fundamental laws of life.

This truth can be illustrated from the Art of any age. Shakspeare was a man of great self-restraint: Marlowe was not. They lived at the same time, and we need only compare their work to find an illustration of the truth that Art is dependent upon the moral character of the artist. Or let us compare Byron, one of the most splendid lyrical geniuses in English literature since Shakspeare, with Browning or Tennyson, and we will see clearly how the man by the purity and nobility

of his life keeps his mind and heart open to all that is pure and good. When a man begins to neglect or violate the fundamental laws of life, he begins to have morbid centres in himself, and loses, as many artists have done, the power of reflecting the life about him; and when, like Byron or Marlowe, he attempts to create a personality he only repeats himself. But it takes a Homer, a Dante, or a Shakspeare, with a great open and noble life to create personalities that mankind will not permit to perish.

It must be inferred, therefore, that the rank of any work of Art depends solely upon the moral character of the artist. A beautiful object causes emotions in an artist that may result in a work of Art; but the Art depends not upon the reproduction of the beauty of the object, but upon the artist himself. Moreover, nature reveals her choicest secrets and her most pleasing aspects only to the pure and noble in heart. Tennyson thus speaks to the man with hollow smile and frozen sneer:

And yet, though its voice be so clear and full  
You never would hear it your ears are so dull;  
So keep where you are; you are foul with sin;  
It would shrink to the ground if you came in.

The history of Art shows that there have been many artists of the highest order that were not good men; and it also shows that many might have become great artists had it not been for their moral weakness. However, an immoral artist does not weaken the force of our argument. For, as Mr. Ruskin says, "The Art-gift itself is only the result of the moral character of generations. A bad woman man have a sweet voice; but that sweetness of song comes of the past morality of her race. That she can sing at all she owes to the determination of laws of music by the morality of the past. Every act, every impulse of virtue and vice, affect in any creature face, voice, nervous power and vigor and harmony of invention at once. Perseverance in rightness of human conduct renders, after a certain number of generations, human art possible; every sin clouds, be it ever so little a one, and persistent vicious living and following of pleasure renders, after a certain number of generations, all art impossible."

This truth of the close relation between the moral character of an artist and his work, is a vital truth both for the artist and the remainder of mankind. It is important that the artist appreciate it, since, as we have

seen, it is the absolutely necessary condition for the production of art; and that mankind in general should appreciate it, so that through real art, they may come to juster and truer conceptions of the purpose and dignity of human life. It is wrong to say that as readers or critics we are to concern ourselves only with the Art and not at all with the man. It is true that we are not to assume a censorious attitude toward all artists from the beginning. We are bound to assume them good men until we are convinced to the contrary. Moreover, there are some forms of art, such as the symphony or sonata, in which it is almost impossible to determine the moral character of the artist. It is certain, however, that the dignity and purity that characterize such productions could not be expected to come from an immoral man. But when an artist undertakes to tell us what human life is and what it is for, we have both an interest and a right to know what kind of man he is. There are times, however, when we must depend only upon a man's production to judge him, and then if his work is found to be impure we reject both the Art and the artist.

But knowing beforehand, as we often do, that the artist whom we are about to accept as our interpreter of life is a man of vile character, shall we accept his representations of human nature? The presumption is that a bad character will express itself. A corrupt tree can not bring forth good fruit. Certainly we do not wish to be familiar with the conceptions of life held by corrupt men. This is especially true of the drama that deals exclusively with human life. Will anyone attempt to defend a play that suggests immorality or that tends to debase and finally destroy the nobler instincts of men and women? Will anyone call in question the demand of to-day that the drama be moral? The drama will remain. "Society will not drop the theatre," Mr. Monger says, "but will demand that it shall rise to its own standard and be as pure as itself. Decent people will have a decent stage." But while most people are demanding moral plays, few persons give themselves any concern whatever concerning the moral character of the actors. We may not agree with Sir Henry Irving that acting is the highest of all arts, but all will certainly agree that it is an Art, and as such, all that has been said concerning the moral character of artists, applies with equal force to actors. A bad actor can not help putting his character into his art



Whatever may be his *rôle*, it is an effort to interpret and represent human life. He has always to do with one of the three great sentiments of the human heart—love, honor and duty. The writer of the play has given us the conception of these, but the actor always infuses into them his own individuality. A great actor always puts a great deal of his own personality into the character he assumes. If, therefore, his notion of purity is that there is no such thing, or that it is a purely relative thing depending upon time, place and education, it will manifest itself in his performance. If his conception of love is that it is only a physical function, an animal appetite wholly devoid of a spiritual element, this too will make itself known and felt through his acting, even though he attempt to conceal it. There is no ground whatever for the contention of a certain class of critics and actors that the moral character of an actor has nothing to do with his acting. Here, perhaps, more than in any other department of Art the vital relation between Art and Morality is evident. Knowing beforehand the moral character of an actor, we can presage with much certainty the moral character of the personalities disclosed by him, for the presumption is not groundless that a bad character can not fail to express itself in all its activities. And knowing beforehand, as we often do, that the character of an actor is vile and immoral, we dishonor ourselves, degrade the function of the drama and encourage immorality on the stage by asking such actors to interpret human life for us. The present demand that the stage should become morally sound is a wholesome and auspicious demand; but the stage will never become moral until dramatists, actors and the public in general appreciate the fundamental relation existing between Art and Morality, and that neither the dramatist nor the actor can show us what life is and what it ought to be who is not living in harmony with the fundamental laws of life, which, as we have seen, are moral laws.

"Of all acts concerning Art," Ruskin said, "this is the one most necessary to be known: that while manufacture is the work of hands only, Art is the work of the whole spirit of man; and as that spirit is so is the deed of it; and by whatever power of vice or virtue any Art is produced, the same vice or virtue it reproduces and teaches. That which is born of evil begets evil; and that which is born of valor and honor begets valor and honor. Art

is either infection or education. It must be one or the other of these two."

As to which of these two tendencies Art is in our age it behooves us to consider carefully. Art is, as we have seen, a great social force that must be balanced along with other social forces; and that, whenever Art finds its end in itself, and is emphasized to the complete exclusion of Morality, it has always proven itself to be an infection rather than an education. The doom of all nations that have fallen has been caused by luxury leading in Art and by placing Beauty on the throne from which Truth had been banished; and should the tendency be to exalt Truth at the expense of Beauty, we have the experiences of the Middle Ages to show us the dangers of such a course. Moreover, it must be observed, that the greatest epochs in human history,—those that were most conducive to the happiness, prosperity and stability of human government—were those in which these two forces, Art and Morality, Truth and Beauty, were properly and equally balanced.

There can be no doubt that the tendency in our age is to exalt and enthrone Beauty by banishing Truth. This is the natural outcome of a materialistic philosophy and civilization and it will meet the same inevitable doom that has befallen it among other nations in the past. But we have defenses that they did not have: we have the lessons of their decay; we have in our Christianity a purer and completer Ethics than they ever knew; and we have also in Christianity a sovereign cure for all the disorders of the human heart from which all individual and social wrongs spring. We can, by the proper use of these means of defense, prevent Art from advancing at the expense of Morality, by insisting that Art, instead of finding its end in itself, shall find its proper sphere and recognize the moral laws to which it is related and responsible; that its function is not to please men, but to stoop with smiles and songs to serve and bless them; and by showing them what is life, what its purpose is and what it ought to be, raise them to a higher and nobler plane of thought and activity. This is the real function of Art; and it can be realized only by an appreciation, both upon the part of artists and society, that there is a necessary and fundamental relation between Art and Morality.

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"MAKE thyself perfect; others, happy."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—Last Thursday, the Feast of the Ascension, was a solemn feast for Notre Dame. Annually at this festival a number of the students receive their First Holy Communion, and this important event in their lives makes the celebration particularly interesting to themselves, their kinsfolk and fellow-students. The ceremonies began shortly before eight o'clock when the students of the different halls, the religious of Holy Cross, the acolytes and priests encompassed in their procession to the church the parterre in front of the statue of the Sacred Heart. Immediately preceding the priests who were to officiate at the Mass were the candidates for Holy Communion, and as the entire procession, accompanied by the University Band, entered the church the scene was inspiring. To the sweet strains of the musicians the aspiring communicants marched slowly up the main aisle and took their places before the large main altar already aglow with lights. Very Reverend President Morrissey sang the Mass; Father French was deacon, Father Hennessy, sub-deacon, and Father Connor, master of ceremonies. At the end of the first Gospel Father French addressed the First Communicants, and after he had counselled and encouraged them he briefly exhorted the other members of the congregation to renew the disposition they had on the day of their First Communion. Soon after, with bowed heads and reverent tread, the boys entered the sanctuary and received the consummation

of all bliss, the Holy Eucharist, while outside the rails knelt many of their relatives who, a few moments later, also partook of the most Holy Sacrament. The celebrant continued the Mass, the choir rendered choice music and the services were soon over, but the impression made by the ceremonies on all who were present will long endure. They brought us back across the tide of years to the spotless day of our own First Holy Communion. In the afternoon the First Communicants renewed their baptismal vows and the religious exercises for the day closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—For some weeks past certain students have been scrupulously keeping count of the class-days until vacation. They already regard books as a bore, and are willing to take chances on the result of the approaching bi-monthly tests. Indifference of this kind, as they well know or may learn too late, is sheer folly. If a student intends to return to college next year the record of his final examination in June will determine his standing; if he does not intend to be back and has made up his mind to quit school he ought to use to the best advantage the few days yet left him. We would encourage this innocent pastime of counting the school-days if it inspire the student to economize well the short time he has still before him.

—The Cuban Republic was a year old on the 20th inst. At the time that the United States yielded up the reins of government, there were those who asserted that a state of anarchy would follow. Far from the gratuitous prophecies being fulfilled the Cubans have maintained peace and have given unmistakable proofs of their fitness for self-government. The statesmanly qualities which President Palma has shown and the hearty co-operation which he has received from his people augur well for Cuba's future. Improved sanitary conditions obtain in the towns and cities, new industries have sprung into being and education is rapidly reaching the masses. This happy condition of things is likely to continue, for the Cubans have had so much of war that they will not soon forego the blessing of peace. Cuba can manage her own affairs, and friends of the infant republic the world over have no fears for her future.

### Another View of College Athletics.

Probably no subject at the present time is being so universally discussed as that of college athletics. We find the editorial pages of our newspapers giving whole columns to this topic; magazines are full of it, and the presidents of various universities and colleges are giving much of their time in considering this all-important question by delivering lengthy and well-prepared speeches either in favor of or against it. That there are some reasons for upholding the expediency of college athletics we must admit; yet with all due respect to the opinions of several learned and prominent men, we can not help but conclude that the evils brought about by our modern college open-air sports are numerous and serious enough to warrant their abolition.

In deliberating upon this question it might be well to consider some of the points which are advanced in favor of athletics. About the only one that has ever been mentioned with any sense of sincerity is that they are a source of physical development to the student. They say that a sound mind in a sound body is what ultimately leads to success. There never was uttered a truer statement than the one just quoted; but the question arises, is the pursuance of college athletics a means and the best means of making the body strong?

No one will deny that the college games as they are played to-day are very violent and severe in their nature. The popular game of football is a good instance. Who has ever witnessed a scrimmage between two husky football elevens and not seen man after man carried off the field as a result of injuries? Is the student who bucks the centre, makes flying tackles or runs and dodges over the field until he is almost exhausted, improving the condition of his body? Most assuredly not; but on the other hand he is greatly injuring himself. And so it is with the student who plays baseball, basket-ball, or participates in any of the other strenuous college games. Surely no one will contend that a man who runs a mile or two so fast that when reaching the tape he falls from exhaustion, is doing himself any physical good. It is not seldom that we hear of a student who is forced to withdraw from athletics because he has a weak heart, or is injured in some other respect. And is it not a sad state of affairs when we glance over a newspaper and see the names of fifty or a

hundred students on a list as those killed or seriously injured during the last football season. And yet we Americans shudder when we hear of a French duel or a Spanish bull-fight, the results of which are seldom worse than the loss of a few drops of blood. That a student who participates in our modern college sports is pursuing a means of physical development does not seem very plausible, to say the least.

However, the most serious objection to college athletics is not the brutality in the games, but the loss of time sustained by the students who take part in them. When a young man goes to college his prime object is, or, at least, ought to be, to obtain an education. That is what his parents expect of him, and it is for this reason that they are so willing to pay his expenses while there. How can he do this if he spends three or four hours a day training for the different athletic teams? However, the actual number of hours spent in training and playing is not all the time the athlete loses; no, it is only a small portion of it. The thinking and talking it over after the game and the great excitement during the few days preceding it, often cause the student to lose interest in his class work for a whole week at a time. While sitting in the class-room during the lectures of the professor, his mind is wandering out on the athletic field, and, instead of gaining new knowledge by paying close attention to his instructor, he is replaying the game he participated in some two or three days ago. The long trips taken by the various college teams often cause the athletes to miss their classes for two or three weeks at a time. How can a student obtain a good knowledge of the different branches of studies he is pursuing if he is so irregular with his class attendance? A man can not do two things at the same time, and do them well, but that is what is required of the student-athlete. There may be a few exceptions, it is true; but to come to some definite conclusion, we must consider this subject in a general way and not confine ourselves to a few individuals.

The interest the student body is taking in athletics to-day is really becoming alarming. A big football game, an important game of baseball or a great track meet, is looked forward to with more concern than any educational event of the year. If a prominent lecturer were to speak at a college on the same day of a leading athletic event, how

many of the students would hear the speaker? Very few, indeed.

It would be serious enough if these violent games were permitted only; but they are actually being encouraged. When a young man enters college, one of the first questions he is asked is whether he ever participated in athletics, and, whatever his answer is, he is urged to come out and try for the team. Enthusiastic mass-meetings are held at which professors and sometimes the college president himself, get up and make ringing speeches, asking every able-bodied man in the college to come out and take part in the athletic games. The impression the new student gets is not very favorable. He entered for the purpose of obtaining an education, and not with the intention of spending his time on the gridiron, the diamond or the track.

A student should take exercise, it is true, but let that exercise be moderate. As long as college athletics are held in such high esteem as they are to-day, the college course will not have obtained its end, namely, to prepare the students for the battles of the world when they leave their *Alma Mater*.

J. J. MEYERS, LAW, '04.

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#### Elocution Contest.

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The contest for the elocution medals was held in Washington Hall last Wednesday. The selection of the winner in the junior department offered no difficulty; but in the senior division the four contestants were almost on a par. Even the judges found the matter perplexing, and could do no better than tie Mr. Gormley and Mr. Wagner for first place. In drawing lots, the medal fell to Mr. Wagner.

In the junior division, Welsley J. Donahue gave such an excellent reading of his piece that he was unanimously awarded the prize. Mr. Donahue's voice had a pleasing sweetness and modulation that was well suited to his selection. His gestures were good and he held the attention of his audience more successfully than any other competitor. It is still more to Mr. Donahue's credit that he was the youngest contestant for the medal.

Hugh B. McCauley gave an intelligent recitation of "The Christian." His voice was clear and his enunciation distinct. His personation was perhaps a little too subdued. William C.

O'Brien, the third junior competitor, showed a careful study of his piece. His fault was indistinctness.

George E. Gormley in "The Old Surgeon's Story" made a strong impression. His selection offered a good opportunity for acting, and Mr. Gormley so well availed himself of this that he was a surprise to his audience. Louis E. Wagner came next with "The Polish Boy." Louis' established fame in college theatricals won for him a hearty reception. His interpretation in some parts of his selection was not up to his usual standard, but he redeemed himself by excellence in other parts. Robert E. Lynch gave a very entertaining reading of the "Wandering Jew." The piece was perhaps the most difficult on the programme. Had Mr. Lynch spoken a little louder, his effect on the judges might have placed him in the front rank. Another surprise was the well-studied recitation given by Bernard F. Fahy. This was Mr. Fahy's first appearance as an elocutionist, and he acquitted himself very creditably.

The contestants were from Prof. Dixon's elocution and oratory classes. The senior medal is the donation of Mr. P. T. Barry of Chicago.

The University orchestra, under the direction of Professor Petersen, rendered the music for the occasion, and the Glee Club, though a little timid, brought forth hearty applause.

While the audience awaited the decision of the judges, the Reverend President Morrissey made a few remarks complimenting the young gentlemen on the creditable showing they made, and urging the student body to pay more and more attention to public speaking. Nothing so well shows a man's education as this accomplishment; and, whether in the home circle or in public life, the man who can entertain and instruct his hearers is always well received. The Reverend President said that next year he expected more contestants than ever in the various departments of public speaking.

F. J. B.

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#### A Year from Home.

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Where and how the boy is to be educated are always serious questions for the parents who have at heart the welfare of their child. We do not propose in this article to answer either fully; nor shall we look upon the matter in the light of those who measure the worth of all enterprises by immediate results.

We wish to note the probable changes in the character of the boy as a consequence of his new situation and the trials he must meet during his first year away from home. As a rule, the student's habits of thought, his views of himself and of the world, take on a new coloring during his first long separation from home. This may not seem at first glance to be very significant; but when we remember that our happiness depends to a great extent on our surroundings, the view we take of them and the way we conduct ourselves in them, the value and necessity of a college education become evident.

The first result must come, of course, from the change of surroundings. At home all were bound together by family ties: no two had similar aims or expectations, yet each member fitted into a certain place that none else could fill. At college the same does not hold: aims and expectations here conflict because all seem to be struggling for the same. So striking a change as this usually means a gain or a loss, but before any visible result is noticed there comes the knowledge that the student gets of himself. He is left for the first time to his own resources. At home, where loving relatives helped to smooth the way for every task, there were few obstacles to encounter, and hence few chances of developing the best that was in the boy.

The ordinary student finds at college a good opportunity to become acquainted with himself, his desires or the future he was planning. His wants at home were supplied by others, he had few conflicts to test his disposition, and because his worst qualities did not have occasion to assert themselves he believed himself nigh perfect. When he comes to college he meets daily numbers of boys who help him principally by their antagonism, whose desires clash with his own, and he soon learns that peace here is obtained at the price of some one's sacrifice. If he had an intolerable nature it must be tamed, or seek an abode where kinship is more patient and long-suffering than mere fellowship.

To know what we are, what we are capable of doing, what we should do—this is more than half our work when setting out determined to be something. Hence any knowledge of self points to development, and the more accurate the knowledge the more promising the beginning does the student make in securing his welfare.

The nature of the work undertaken implies

a physical, a mental, even a spiritual struggle. The student thus honestly engaged gets a nobler idea of himself and a broader view of things in general. He sees the possibility of great happiness before him, and to secure that boon he naturally adopts the necessary means to attain that end. He knows that he must work hard, sacrifice much and persevere in what seems at times to be a superhuman task yielding little pleasure for the moment. At home his act was not always the result of his own deliberate willing; frequently he did what was right simply because he would otherwise be disagreeable to those whose good pleasure was a law with him. Now this manhood must be the wellspring of his actions: it must take the place of home influence and urge him on in the fulfilment of painful duties. It would be almost impossible for one without real character to labor hard, to suffer and deny oneself and not have the satisfaction of reaping some immediate reward. Yet this is often the student's lot, and well is it for him that it is so.

There is another test of character to be met. While at home most difficulties and trials were regarded as common property; all hardships were considered not as individual hardships but to be borne by all. The student was never asked to decide for himself in difficulties, and thus he passed through much without considering it anything. Shakspeare says:

When we our betters see bearing our woes  
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Companionship with others, especially with those we love, lightens many a burden. Often many trials borne in common pain not half so much as a very slight one borne alone. A boy, therefore, feels suffering far more keenly away from home, and the necessity of enduring much to follow out his studies subjects him to a test that only solid character can withstand.

Naturally a year that means a change in a boy's life must bring evil as well as good results. In itself it is good, but it is possible that many upon whom it imposes these tests are not ripe for them, or are too weak to act as they might act when they grow older and stronger. There are always many at college who are out of place there and these are a constant drawback to others, making college life productive of much evil rather than good. However, it can hardly be doubted, that the good results far outnumber the evil. By his presence at college a boy professes to have some idea of what he wishes to make himself;

and since surroundings are so favorable he learns immediately the material he must use. He learns above everything else to know himself. While he is still free from responsibility he is put to many tests that show what he can endure, and from his own disposition he learns how well he can work. Failures do not count for much now, but they warn against similar mistakes in the future.

Thus a year at college begins a man's life in the right way; he comes to know of what he is made; he sees his end and knows his starting-point, and he is given opportunity to decide whether or not he will struggle to reach that end. It puts him on the right course with his face to the right direction, and if he goes forward it is well.

C. J. HAGERTY, '05.

#### Athletic Notes.

Our old football hero and oarsman, John Mullen, was with us for a few days last week. "Jack" was Captain of the Varsity in '99-'00 and one of the nerviest players Notre Dame ever had.

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#### KENTUCKY PUTS UP A GREAT GAME.

Perhaps the cleanest and most interesting game played so far this season was the game on Friday, May 15, with the lads from the Blue Grass state. The latter proved themselves adepts in the art of slugging, and but for Hogan's coolness under fire and the excellent support he received at critical stages of the game the visitors would have won out. Our lads secured but four hits, but these just happened at the right moment, and, aided by clever base running, secured us the game. Sherry, Doar and Capt. Stephan, each retired the visitors by clever fielding when they had men on bases and were almost certain of runs. Sherry put up a phenomenal game, and his brilliant stop of Yoncey's hit in the first inning was marvelous.

Notre Dame tallied one in the first on Stephan's base on balls, a wild pitch and Duffy's juggle of O'Connor's bunt. Again the fifth on singles by Shaughnessy and Stephan, while two more were added in the eighth on O'Connor's base on balls, an error and Kanaley's perfect bunt.

Kentucky failed to register until the eighth inning when with one man on base, Yoncey

knocked the longest home run ever seen on these grounds. They added one in the ninth on singles by Karse and Duffy.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Shaughnessy c f	1	1	2	0	0
Stephan, 1st	1	1	12	0	0
O'Connor, 3d	1	1	3	1	0
Gage, 2d	1	0	2	1	1
Ruehlbach, r f	0	1	0	0	0
Kanaley, l f	0	1	2	0	0
Doar, c	0	0	6	2	0
Sherry, ss	0	0	0	6	0
Hogan, p	0	0	0	4	0

Totals 4 5 27 14 1

Notre Dame—1 0 0 0 1 0 0 2 \* = 4 4 1

Kentucky—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 1 = 3 11 3

Batteries, Kentucky—Duffy and Jones; Notre Dame—Hogan and Doar; S. O.—by Duffy, 4; by Hogan, 6. Double plays—Yancey to Karsten. S. B.—Stephan, O'Connor, Ruehlbach, Kanaley. Home run—Yancy. Umpire, Rapp.

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On Sunday afternoon the little fellows that compose the second team of Carroll Hall, met and defeated a team from South Bend. The lads from the neighboring city had every advantage in size and experience over the Carroll youngsters, but the latter pluckily won out after giving the spectators a very clever exhibition. Berggren pitched masterful ball and was given the best of support by his team. The Carrollites have a team they ought to feel proud of.

CARROLL—1 1 0 3 1 1 0 1 1 = 9 11 2

Sunnysides—0 2 0 2 1 2 0 1 0 = 8 7 5

Batteries—C. Berggren and Querteumont; South Bend, Kanster and Jackson.

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Last Sunday morning Carroll and Sorin played off their long postponed game, Sorin finally winning out after an exciting contest.

CARROLL—0 2 1 1 1 = 5 6 3

SORIN—1 0 1 2 2 = 6 6 5

Batteries, Carroll—Winters and Daschbach; Sorin, Hammer and Farabaugh.

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#### PURDUE IS EASY.

Purdue proved rather easy for the Varsity last Saturday. The visitors played listlessly and seemed to be perfectly content with holding our fellows down to eight runs. Our own fellows also lacked their customary ginger, and were apparently trying to make the contest as friendly as possible. Higgins pitched a masterly game, scoring ten strike outs allowing the heavy hitting boiler-makers but four safe singles. Stephan, Geoghegan and Gage made some brilliant plays, that kept



the visitors from scoring when runs seemed certain. Antoine's batting, and Shaughnessy's base running were features. The visitors put up a strong fielding game, but were careless in batting. Jones, the slab artist had plenty of speed and curves and used them to good effect.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Shaughnessy, c f	2	1	0	0	0
Stephan, 1st	1	0	8	0	0
O'Connor, 3d	1	0	5	1	1
Gage, 2d	1	1	2	3	0
Ruehlbach, 1 f	0	1	0	0	2
Salmon, r f	1	1	1	0	0
Geoghegan, ss	1	1	1	3	1
Antoine, c	1	2	9	0	0
Higgins, p	0	0	1	2	0

Totals 8 7 27 9 4

Purdue—1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=1 4 2

Notre Dame—1 0 3 0 0 2 2 0 \*=8 7 4

Batteries—N. D., Higgins and Antoine. Purde—Jones, Cook and Witt. Three-base hits—Antoine. Struck out—by Higgins, 10; by Jones, 9. Base on balls—off Higgins, 4; off Jones, 4. Stolen bases—Shaughnessy, 2; Cohen. Umpire, Rapp.

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The Carroll Hall baseball team defeated Laporte High School at Laporte Thursday. The Carrollites played good ball and handled the willows in good style. The Carrollites wish to thank the members of the Laporte team and their friends for their kind and generous treatment.

Carroll—3 0 1 2 1 2 1 3 \*=13 11 2  
Laporte—1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=1 2 6

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Sorin had no trouble defeating Corby in a practice game Thursday. They hit well and ran bases in fine style. The hitting of Shea, Quinlan, Hanley and Funk and the sensational plays by Lonergan and Hanley were the features. Score.

Sorin—3 2 3 10 6 0 0 3=18 16 4  
Corby—0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1=3 7 11

Two base hits—Hammer, Funk. Base on balls—Hammer, 6; McCafferty, 5. Struck out—Hammer, 10; McCafferty, 3. Stolen Bases, Sorin 18. Corby 5. Umpire—Giggles.

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Carroll vs. St. Joe Sunday.

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League standing to date.

Brownson	5	0	1.000
Sorin	3	2	.600
Holy Cross	3	2	.600
Carroll	2	2	.500
Corby	1	4	.250
St. Joe	0	4	.000

# Senior "Laws" Dine.

The Senior Law Banquet took place at the Oliver Wednesday evening, May the thirteenth. At seven o'clock the members of the class abandoned the Oriental room and immediately trespassed *vi et armis* upon a nine-course dinner. The young practitioners demanded oyer of a specially arranged program of music and judgment was pronounced.

After the evidence was all in, Edward F. Quigley, Toastmaster, opened the arguments by introducing Omer D. Green who pleaded eloquently on behalf of "The Lawyer," elucidating many technicalities that beset the man of our profession in the world of practice. Mr. Dubbs responded with a tribute of oratory to "Notre Dame," in which he pictured pleasant memories of the University. Mr. R. V. Stephan, after waiving a general denial, replied appropriately to the "Spirit of the Class," concluding with a verification, followed by Francis P. Burke with a toast to "The Faculty" that was exceedingly good.

Humor did not default at this impanelling of legalities, for Mr. Higgins had sued out a writ of *ne exeat regno*, and "Flashes of Wit from the Bench and Bar" set the table in a roar. In "The Voyage of Practice," Mr. Dennis T. Keeley stated one cause of action clearly and forcibly, and thorough appreciation attended Mr. McNamara who handled "Our Clients" tenderly yet with admonition. A toast to "The Ladies" and one to "Our Law Alumni" by Edward D. Collins and George F. Ziegler, respectively, were eloquently tendered and were listened to with heartfelt acclamation, while the humor of Mr. Davitt's "Prophecy" was irresistible, and a hearty round of applause approved of his keen foresight. "A Farewell Reverie" concluded the last private and sociable gathering of the class, and well did Mr. Hughes express our deep-rooted convictions and sincere regret at separation.

The banquet was one of the most successful ever held and was the first given exclusively by the Law graduates. A spirit of good fellowship pervaded throughout, and after the last toast was ended the Law class of 1903 felt that they had established a laudable precedent and that a unanimous verdict of thanks was due the committee of arrangements for the excellent *menu* and music they had procured.

E. J. Q.

### New York State Club Banquet.

At the Hotel Oliver on Wednesday evening May 20, the members of the New York State Club of Notre Dame assembled to hold their first annual banquet. The festivities were begun at 7.45 in one of the select dining halls of the hotel. Mr. MacDonough, president of the club, with the guest of honor, Very Reverend President Morrissey, took their places at the head of the table around which were seated many of Notre Dame's most prominent students and of New York's most promising citizens. After justice had been done to an excellent menu Toastmaster MacDonough in his address extended a cordial greeting to Father Morrissey, reviewed the short history of the Club, its organization and its prospects, and expressed the hope that at no distant date the members as alumni of Notre Dame would have the pleasure of receiving their distinguished guest at their annual banquet in New York. Father Morrissey in a short talk told the members how glad he was to be with them upon this occasion. He complimented them on the success with which their efforts to form a social organization of New Yorkers had met, adding "at no time had I any doubts as to the successful issue of your plans, for you are all Eastern men, and what Eastern men attempt they seldom fail to accomplish. I am fully confident that when you are graduated you will form an alumni association that will be an honor to Notre Dame and to New York." "Our State and our University" was the toast to which Mr. Kanaley responded. Mr. Kanaley is well known as Notre Dame's most brilliant orator, and his listeners were treated to another of his eloquent addresses as he extolled the virtues of the two things dearest to the heart of every member present—New York and Notre Dame. He was followed by Mr. Gardiner, Secretary of the organization, and a popular member of the Junior class who gave an exposition in his own inimitable way of "Society in New York," portraying types of every locality from Mulberry Bend to the millionaire precincts of Fifth Avenue. He seemed to have a very thorough knowledge of his subject. The third speaker introduced was Mr. Francis B. Cornell who responded to the toast, "New York in Literature." He gave an interesting sketch of the part New

York has taken in this domain and showed that it was fast becoming the literary centre of America. Mr. Salmon, the Varsity football captain, followed with the toast "The Strenuous Life," and with wit and story distinguished himself as an after-dinner speaker. "New York in Art," Mr. Worden's toast, was an intelligent appreciation of the work of the artists of the Empire State. Mr. Ernest Hammer was particularly facetious in responding to the toast "Manhattan" and introduced story after story, all to the point. "New York Politics," Mr. O'Grady's toast, was rendered in his characteristic style and revealed a comprehensive knowledge of his subject. The regular toasts were concluded by Mr. Gorman whose subject was the "City of Churches." The following members were called upon by Toastmaster MacDonough for extemporaneous remarks: Messrs. Fehan, Beechinor, E. Hammer, T. Hammer, Geoghegan and McGowan. After the speechmaking was over, the members returned to the college bringing with them many happy memories of the first annual banquet of the New York State Club of Notre Dame University.

C. A. G.

### Cuban Students Celebrate.

The senior Cuban students at Notre Dame celebrated the first anniversary of their country's independence by holding a banquet at the Hotel Oliver on last Wednesday evening, May 20. The company included Rafael U. Gali, Eugenio P. Rayneri, Virgilio Rayneri, Eduardo Gaston, Enrique Ruiz, Felix Garcia, and José Gallart, and they had as their guest Ricardo A. Trevino representing Mexico. Patriotic speeches were delivered by Messrs. Gali, Rayneri and Trevino and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The younger Cuban boys held a banquet at the Hotel Haney where they indulged in songs and speeches and afterward had their picture taken. The Cuban boys share the best wishes of their many friends at Notre Dame for the future welfare of their young republic.

[Lack of space obliges us to hold over until next issue, locals, personals and report of the Notre Dame-Northwestern baseball game.—Editor.]