

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 6, 1904.

No. 18.

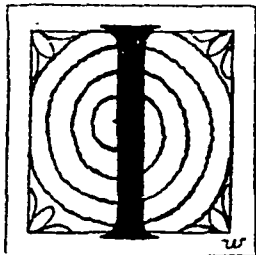
## Acrostic.

HENRY E. BROWN.

Memory holds a book of deeds  
Open, and to him who reads  
Through its pages, shows a name  
Held in reverence above  
Every other, through the claim  
Raised by deeds of perfect love.

## The Spirit of America's '98.\*

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.



It has been said that great deeds and great men should long lie in time-honored dust before becoming the subject of poem or picture or oration. I might have chosen a Moses dying on Mount Nebo, whence he casts a first and last look upon the Promised Land on which God willed his feet were never to tread. Surely the brief span of human history shows few men of Moses' towering grandeur. Or a Godfrey of Bouillon beholding with his band of 40,000, that gallant remnant of nearly a million warriors, Jerusalem delivered. Certainly, there is a subject for the orator—the setting is magnificent, the excitement is overpowering, the scene sublime. Jerusalem delivered from the hands of the infidel! or a Washington on a Christmas night crossing the waters of the Delaware, or perhaps later amid the half-starved, unpaid Continental soldiers of Valley Forge, or perhaps at the moment of triumph at Yorktown.

But instead of such men and events as these,

\* Oratorical paper.

I have chosen a living thing; a thing so alive with import and germ of destiny that you and I and the nations are compelled to acknowledge its presence; a thing for the future inevitable good or evil of America—as yet we know not which; a thing around us and in us, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, a mighty, wonderful, vital force in the land. This potent product of man's will, or of fate, or of both, if you please, I choose to call the Spirit of '98.

I call it the Spirit of '98 because that year marks an epoch in our history, and because although it does not indicate the beginning of this extraordinary change it does distinctly indicate the presence of that change. You have noticed in the past few years in the United States what has almost amounted to a revolution in our industry, our commerce, our manufacturing, in our relations to the rest of the world—a revolution in our political, even in our social life and aspirations. All these changes in their causes and results compounded, constitute this Spirit of '98. Undoubtedly, some of the influences that established this revolution were at work years before, but '98 in the main marks the beginning of the great things that enter into the determination of what America's future shall be.

Change is the keynote of the Spirit of '98. This *change* is great in its meaning. What mariner kneeling at the side of Columbus could have dared to prophesy the end of his coming? The cities that were to spring up, the busy wheels that were to turn, the hum and the clink of the marts of trade, the life of a new nation! Where that mariner looked on a wilderness we look upon the crowded haunts of men. Where he saw nothing but ocean and earth, we see ships and factories and towns and cultivated farms. Where he hoped, perhaps, to establish a people, we see that people busily plying the peaceful arts. Where he thought that in time a great effect

might be produced by his daring to seek an unknown land we see that effect partly produced. And as that mariner crossing the seas embodied the Spirit of the 15th century, so this remarkable revolution in everything of America, embodies the Spirit of '98, the Spirit of the 20th century.

This Spirit is not a thing of war nor of peace but of both. It is among us to-day and for all time, for what that has been born of the suffering and toil of man has at any time been lost, or failed to impress the character, the customs, the institutions of men forever? Does not the blood of the martyrs keep alive the seed of the Christian faith to-day? And who dares to say that the blood and the suffering of the chosen of God shall ever cease to be our inspiration, to make stalwart our faith in the Man-God of Galilee? Is not the great *Charter* our Charter as well as his who forced it from Lackland? And who dares to say that the political masterpiece of the thirteenth century shall ever cease to be our inspiration, to make stalwart our faith in the common rights of men? And arguing from analogy, who is there to say that this Spirit of '98, born of the treasure and toil of the nation, of the tears of women and the sweat and bones of men; this spirit that already has freed millions, established another nation, unified a people, wrought a tremendous revolution in finance, in morals, in society, in industry; this spirit that has changed our mode of government, our governmental policy,—who is there to say that the Spirit of '98 is not a title expressing our destiny, that contains our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears of the future? Is not such a subject worthy in the last degree of earnest thought?

If this Spirit of '98 has given greater opportunities to us; if it has solved past problems; if it has brought up even greater ones, the rightful solving of which will try our honesty, our decency, our courage, our faithfulness to ideals; if, in a word, the Spirit of '98 makes better men of us, then I say we should contemplate and study its awful import.

This Spirit of '98 of necessity has been and must be a harsh and stern spirit too. It has caused men to struggle hard whatever their life-work may have been, wherever that life-work might lie. It has left in its trail in many lands the bones of men, and it has had the tears of women. But for all that

it has left us at least one result for which we may ever be thankful. One night, six years ago next February, a battleship of the United States was blown up in Havana harbor. You know what followed. We shall not here question the righteousness or unrighteousness of our war with Spain, but that war plays an important part in relation to the Spirit of '98. Responding to the call of that Spirit the men of Lee and Beauregard became brothers to the men of Grant and Sheridan; the men who held Cemetery Ridge were knit by the bonds of a common cause to the men who stormed it. Yes, the Spirit of '98 did more. For did not also the *sons* of the men who had fought long and bravely and who had turned in defeat from Appomattox toward devastated homes and scattered kindred in the South—did not these sons go side by side up San Juan hill with the sons of the men who had turned in victory from Appomattox to the North?

Let us for a moment look at that scene of thirty-nine years ago. Long rows of men, dejected and worn, gaunt and battle-scarred, wearing the gray of the Confederacy, lined up near Appomattox Court House. Four years of war had ended, a million men had been in the field, banners had been unfurled, martial music had filled the land, homes destroyed, treasure wasted, the pits filled with the dead; and there on that April morning was the end of it all—lines of gray, lines of blue, and Appomattox. The arms were stacked, the banners furled, and with never a word nor a hand grasp, but in hate, the Blue turned to a victorious North, the Gray to a broken and blighted South. There had been sufficient cause for that silence, that hate; and thirty-three years had done but little to soften the feelings between North and South united in name, though separated in thought and in sympathy, until—see! The wound is healed, the breach is closed, the hate is forgotten, and Antietam and Gettysburg and Seven Oaks are but memories which by contrast serve to make the happiness of the present more binding and more lasting. And to-day we have in fact what we had before in name, a united country, a real Union. Certainly in this respect we have been kindly dealt with by the Spirit of '98.

If you or I were asked "What will America's future be?" we should probably confess our inability to say. But if you or I were asked "What shall determine America's

future?" we should examine the present and the past. But insomuch as the past is always inseparably connected with the present, the determining factor of the future may be reduced to the present. And after examining these present influences at work, I think we may predict what we hope and trust and believe that future will be. And this present which is to determine America's future I have called the Spirit of '98.

Now let us see more in detail what this Spirit of '98 is. In the commercial sense it is the Spirit that throbs and pulsates through every fibre of America's physical being. It is the Spirit that has taken advantage of wireless telegraphy, the X-rays, liquid air, the submarine boat, the great advance in airship navigation, the wonderful strides in surgery and medicine. It is the Spirit that sent men to the North in search of gold, men whose bones lie whitening on the barren shores of Cape Nome. It is the Spirit that is spanning the frozen wastes of Siberia, that is building by American ingenuity and American brains a railroad that will complete the girdling of the globe. It is the Spirit that has given the great impetus to the formation of Trusts; that has formed within the past ten years combinations of capital amounting to millions beyond our actual knowing. It is the Spirit that has diversified our commerce and industry—a Spirit that is manifested in the smoke of factories, the whirl of spindles, the clink of trade. It has gone across the waters and conquered the merchants of the other nations.

In a social sense it is the Spirit that has made men realize that in a representative free government, as the individual is so is the government that represents the individual. It is the Spirit that put a peaceful end to the great coal strike; that, in order to avert the horrors of war, submitted the Alaskan question to arbitration. It is the Spirit that is trying to alleviate the condition of the slums; that is responsible for free public baths, play-grounds, and breathing-places for the poor.

A common aspiration towards a common end is an essential characteristic of any society. Ceasing to conspire toward a common end means that society's disintegration and loss of identity. And this Spirit is trying to bring back the old condition of things, is trying in the common struggle of America to make men realize, in a measure at least, the present

and final equality of man—that is trying to practicalize the poet's words:

For a' that and a' that,  
The time shall come for a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that;  
That man to man the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

In the past, great crises in a nation's affairs have served to draw people together in a common bond. The events that try men's souls always accomplish that end—an end for which no other means have heretofore proved efficient. Ordinarily it takes many years of hum-drum national life to efface this work of a crisis successfully or unsuccessfully met by a united people struggling for a common end, and to reassert the old lines between democracy and aristocracy, between wealth and poverty, between the workers and the idlers of a people.

The crises of the future will soon come. Do you doubt that they will? Look even from a political point of view at the status of affairs the world over—the Turkish problem, the partition of China, the position of Russia and Japan, Germany's attitude toward Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland; the tremendous naval and military development of Europe. In each of these cases the United States is directly concerned, for the history of the rest of the world is now partly the history of the United States. And the work of the Spirit of '98 is to reunite our citizens into a common bond to meet these crises. To meet them it will be adequate, for it will necessarily unite our citizens into a common bond by presenting to them national ideals, to attain which will be their greatest glory.

And so we have seen the Spirit of '98 come into our lives. It has taken its place as the Spirit of the nation—shall we say the saving Spirit or the Spirit that will destroy? What prophet will look down the years that are to come and assert: "A certain time hence, in this land, a people foreign in ideas, in sentiment—yes, a people that have built not on your fundamental principles, but upon traditions alien to yours—will exist where you are now? And they will have a government which you could not recognize, a government that is not of you nor for such as you? And this hopeless ruin of your ideals and your fathers' and your forefathers' shall have come to naught—and this is the end of the Spirit of '98?"

These are not idle pessimisms nor vain

generalities; such things have often happened. A host of free governments have passed away, not because God in His might decreed their destruction as He did Sodom and Gomorrah; not because some sudden and overwhelming force felled them, but because the natural decline and fall of free peoples is insidious—so insidious, that if such a misfortune should come to our own country we might for a time fail to notice it.

But you say: "We do not fear any such gloomy future. Such anticipations as these are obsolete. We belong to the new America. We see there in the future a government of us, for our children and our children's children. Change in government will not mean reversion of the type and the ideal. The brotherhood of man will be perpetuated, else why that ceaseless struggle from 1776 to 1904? The men of that coming day will work and live and prosper and govern as we have, as our fathers did, as our forefathers wished to have us. And the force that will compel all these things, that will move men to seek the ends we seek, is the Spirit of '98."

But I say it is vain to picture such a future unless we know how to realize it, and most important of all, unless we are willing to use the means at hand; and the means to make the future what we desire it to be is patriotism. Now the popular conception of patriotism is far different from the real patriotism that made the thirteen colonies into states; that caused us to add more states and prosperously to continue as a nation since. The patriotism that has given us what true greatness we may have is not the patriotism of hurrahs and glory and the glamor of hero-worship. No! far from it. That patriotism which under God has carved out of the savagery and wilderness of the Western continent a nation of free people and preserved them as such, is a homely thing. Patriotism is not a glittering passion; it is a plain, everyday thing. The idea that the greatness of the United States is made entirely, or in great measure even, by dazzling and heroic deeds is all false. The idea that patriotism is a far-off thing, above the reach of the ordinary man, is all false. No, patriotism stripped of its splendor and light is a thing common, a thing that is exercised every day and every minute in the workshop, on the farm, the street, and in all the walks of life. The man who performs his duty toward his God, his neighbor and his country, is a far-greater patriot than the

man who has done none of these and yet wins a mighty battle for his country. Moreover, the man who does all these things, who, in plain words, performs his simple duty; although he never sees himself glorified, though perhaps he is not looked upon as great, though perhaps he is in the shadow and another who has performed a single big achievement is in the light, yet he is of the present; he has the Spirit of '98; he is the man who will determine what our future shall be. So the United States is what it is, not because of a glittering patriotism but because of the common, homely, everyday patriotism of the individual.

This patriotism of which I speak is the kind that strips men of the accidents of birth, of occupation, of wealth—that makes the human stand forth. The individual in relation to his manly qualities is the force to be considered in either peace or war. The story is told that after the battle of Waterloo, Wellington, the Iron Duke, was banqueted in London. He was expected to make an eloquent speech explaining how he conquered Napoleon. He was expected to describe the battle step by step and paint in words that would thrill his hearers and send the English blood tingling through their veins as they listened to his recital of the thunder of the cannon and the charge of the cavalry. He was expected to tell about the last stand of the Old Guard, and how it was done; how in the short space of a few hours he had defeated the greatest force of modern times commanded by the most brilliant intellect of war, Napoleon. Wellington slowly rose in his place. The banqueters cried for the story of the battle. He waited for silence, and then raising his hand said: "Gentlemen, the battle of Waterloo was not what you think it was. The battle of Waterloo was won by a very plain and homely thing, a thing that perhaps will not appeal to you, but nevertheless it tells the whole story—it was won by the plain discipline and obedience of the common soldier."

In war it is the individual—the common soldier or sailor. In the days of impending strife the government always turns to the common soldier. And has he not proved himself worthy of trust? There is the minuteman of '76; the ragged, half-starved, unpaid continental soldier of Valley Forge; there is the rough, hardy Kentucky mountaineer who under Andrew Jackson defeated and put to rout the pick of the English troops,—the flower of

European soldiery, the tried veterans of Wellington—and for the first time wrote the word “defeat” across the banners of the men who had fought and conquered Napoleon; there is the soldier under Taylor who withstood the awful attacks of Santa Anna at Buena Vista; and there is the common soldier of '61, who, when Abraham Lincoln sent forth his call for seventy-five thousand men, responded with those words which touched the patriotism of the North to its profoundest depths:

We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Three hundred thousand more!

There are the men under whom they fought, themselves, soldiers risen from the ranks—Grant the silent, Sheridan the most dashing of cavalry leaders, Sherman the hero of the march to the sea, Thomas the rock of Chickamauga—names which will bear lasting witness to the glory of the American common soldier. And now, one by one the common soldiers of the Republic are passing away, one by one they join that noble band who

On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents have spread,  
While glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.

But although their dust may mingle with the dust of earth, though the headstones above their graves may be battered by the storms of many winters, though their martial shroud of the starry banner of the Republic be moulded into decay, yet the memory of their deeds shall never depart, shall remain ever bright in the hearts of the generations to come, even until the reveille of Gabriel shall summon the warriors of our nation to their last review before the Commander of commanders, before the judgment-seat of God.

I know it to be rather deadening to go from deeds of war to deeds of peace. But peace continues longer than war of any kind, and the things of peace, while not so showy perhaps, are in the end more solid and lasting. For after all, the heroism whose theatre is the battlefield is not of the highest order. Amid the clash of bayonets and the boom of cannon and the strains of martial music, men are easily incited to brave deeds. It is comparatively an easy thing to march with steady step and closed ranks into the Valley of Death when the banners are flying and columns charging and the trumpets sounding. The soldier has his comrades at his side, comrades with whom he has passed through

many a charge, with whom he has sung many a song of home and native land. If successful he sees the Victoria Cross of England, or the coveted Cross of the Legion of Honor of France, or the golden Bear of Russia, or the Honors of Uncle Sam.

But no such incentives come to the man doing his duty in the homely life of peace. For he who fights for civic righteousness in the cool, peaceful calm is not incited by martial surroundings, is not spurred on by the blare of trumpets nor the thundering of cannon, nor the encouraging cheers of comrades. The arena in which he acts is not that of dazzling aggression or strife—it is the plain field of duty. No stars gleam on his breast, no banners wave over him. Often he finds himself set, not against a hated foe, but against his dearest neighbors and friends. He is impelled by nothing more inspiring than a plain sense of duty, a duty to his country and to his kindred. And when we see it aright, we see that it is nobler, grander, better, *harder*, to fight well the plain battles of peace. And ah! those are hard, hard battles and are gained by the fiercest soul-struggles of men. And if these individuals, these common soldiers of peace, make what they should of the Spirit of '98, then such a future as we now in comfort and security love to predict will unquestionably be ours.

This Spirit of '98, dominated and guided by the individual, *will* mould the future of America. To have that future as we would have it, that individual must be honest, must be industrious, must be in every sense a good man; and above all must be able to keep up with the progress of America. For this Spirit of '98 is the Spirit of gigantic, speedy progress. It is the Spirit of immense problems, internal, national, international—it is the Spirit of the *new* America. I know it to be a very easy thing to run into sentimentality in talking about “Our Country.” It has become quite the fashion among hard-headed Americans to think only of our country as being the power that somehow enables us to amass wealth, to live in peace and security; as the power that secures us liberty, that allows us to worship as we please; to educate our children as we please, in short, that allows us to do as we please provided we do not unlawfully injure our neighbors. But even as a cold, hard, business proposition, isn't a thing that does these worth caring for and pro-

tecting? The things that accrue from that country and are dependent upon its welfare are certainly well enough cared for. Who does not guard in every way his money and his children? Who does not see that his liberty is not unjustly restricted or taken from him? If these things are so precious, ought not the one thing that guarantees their well-being—the country itself—be far more precious and receive many times more care?

Love of country is an old, old theme; and that it is implanted in us with other great primal emotions, such as love of progeny and love of God, no one with reason can deny. The Greeks of old sang of it, yes, and long before that, in the ages before the Aryans set their faces toward Europe and skirted the Euxine and traversed the Hellespont, probably the fires of love of native land were kindled and fed and made bright by tales of battles and of valor never known to history; or some Chaldean Homer sang his peaceful songs of home and country on the banks of Tigris or Euphrates. And ever since then this peculiar love of country has existed; has enabled us to acquire what we have to-day; has made us what we are to-day.

Certainly there must be something worthy of study, of emulation in such a love. Who of you but would answer with repulsion and a shudder, if he must answer in the affirmative, the poet's question:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
That never to himself hath said,  
'This is my own, my native land?'

Who of you that has stood on foreign soil and beheld the flag can deny that it thrilled you and raised you for a moment above the sordid things of life? Who of you that saw the flag there, and looked about on strange faces and strange scenes, did not say, "Long, long may it wave over my country!" Who of you has not been touched by the simple words of "Home, Sweet Home?" And who of you thus touched has not thought in a peculiar, not everyday way of home, and hoped it might continue to be home to your children and your children's children as it was home to you?

And yet Home and Flag make country,—our homes, our flag, our country. The home is the unit, the country the whole, the flag the symbol. And ruling each and affecting each is the Spirit of '98, and this Spirit is and shall be what we make it.

### Varsity Verse.

#### ANCIENT FANTASIES.

THE ancient fantasies in rhyme,  
Sung by gallants of long ago,  
Waft us the sweetness of that time  
Hallowed by poetic glow.

Again doth soldier Suckling's verse  
Exalt true love, but "honor more"  
Doth Lovelace praise in quatrains terse  
Unmatched since his time or before.

It little matters for our weal  
That noble thoughts have all been said,  
If we their truth or beauty feel—  
Enough: Leave glory to the dead.

T. D. L.

#### NEGLIGENCE.

The world moves on, but whither never cares;  
Laughing and dancing, we neglect good deeds.  
And drive away the loving act which feeds  
That poor emaciated creature—prayers.  
This surging sea attends too well affairs;  
The flower of duty blossoms into seeds  
To die unnoticed like the direful weeds  
Which spread no good, but live in evil's lairs.

Why hurry on and leave our work uncrowned;  
Or drag along what's putrid at the core?  
Why live at all if thus our eyes are blind?  
Awake, false men, and let thine hearts abound  
In love and valiant upright deeds; ignore  
Not Him who gave thee all—thy soul, thy mind.

J. M. Q.

#### THE LAND O' NICOTIA.

Give me a pipe or a good Havana,  
The delicate savor of a smoky room;  
And I am lord of Nicotiana,  
Breathing the fragrance of the fume.

What pride I take in a good cigar,  
But this in vain is empty croaking.  
A corn-cob pipe is about as far  
As my empty pockets go for smoking.

But give to me my corn-cob pipe  
The dying embers are burning faint—  
I fancy then that the time is ripe  
For thanking Nicot, the smoker's saint.

L. F. R.

#### ONCE AGAIN.

A lover pleaded with sighs for days  
To a maiden fair. His "case" was new.  
She 'blasi' was never feazed;  
He swore forever he'd bill and coo.  
The impassioned suitor next elopes,—  
He kicks himself for an awful fool—  
Off for Dakota with saddened hopes  
He's come with the "bill," and awful "coo(l)."

B. V. K.

#### OPPORTUNITIES.

Youth with ardor white-hot burning,  
Impatiently delays;  
Age regretful eyes e'er turning  
Back to childhood days.

Behold the morning sun a-beaming,  
Beaming on us all;

Pluck the dewy flowers a-glèaming,  
Pluck, youth, ere they fall.

L. J. C.



## The Star in the East.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

The fading light of the gorgeous Oriental sunset was bidding its last farewell to the passing era of the old law. The fleeting sun had sunk to an early rest that, with the regained lustre displayed but once before in the Garden of Eden, it might shine the more brightly on the morrow in honor of a new-born King. The angel, who for centuries had barred the entrance to Paradise, had lowered his flaming sword and surrendered his duty to a more lenient sentinel named Death. And as the angel slowly winged his way heavenward in response to his Master's summons, his fiery sword shone like a star in the heavens. Its brilliant light was seen afar off and noted by the Wise Men, and its ray fell on a small, rude stable in Bethlehem.

Near this lowly structure strangely contrasting with its humble appearance, stood three richly-caparisoned dromedaries of a rare kind possessed only by the wealthiest kings of the far East, and by their sides stood swarthy-skinned slaves awaiting their masters' return. An occasional bleat breaking timidly on the evening quiet betrayed the near presence of a flock of sheep. No other sound disturbs the silence. In the cloudless sky the star of Bethlehem is shining, and though imperceptibly nearing the western horizon its radiant beam still falls on the roof of the stable.

Inside the stable stands a man, robed in the dress of an Israelite, reverently watching the woman who sits by his side and the sleeping Babe whom she presses to her bosom. The silence is broken by the heavy breathing of the two wearied animals in the stalls who now and then move restlessly in the rustling straw scattered beneath their feet. Without is heard the murmur of voices and the noise of passing caravans. A gentle breeze sings a crooning song as it passes through the chinks and in the cracks in the stable wall.

On the pure face of the sleeping Child, whose features barely distinguishable in the gloom, bends the anxious looks of the richly-robed princes and the humble gaze of the poor mountain shepherds. Side by side they

kneel, a strange assembly, in reverence to the calmly sleeping Babe. Suddenly through the rudely-fashioned window on the western side of the stable flashes a ray of light. "The Star!" exclaim the Wise Men. "'Tis the Messenger!" the shepherds ejaculate under their breath. The radiant light falls full on the sweet face of the sleeping Child. Slowly the infant eyes open, and as the fond mother raises him on her arm, His little hands stretch out toward her and the tiny lips part in a loving smile of contentment. The three grand Kings of the East, truly wise in their recognition of the God-Child, bend their crowned heads in adoration. The humble shepherds prostrate themselves on the rough floor before their announced Saviour. The Child's eyes wander for a moment over the kneeling figures, then the drowsy lids slowly close and the tiny head falls on the mother's breast. The brilliant light suddenly vanishes. The Wise Men with a sigh slowly leave the stable followed by the wondering shepherds. The star had disappeared. The angel had fulfilled his Master's command, and with his fiery sword had re-entered his heavenly home.

## Twelfth Olympic Ode of Pindar.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

O DEAREST child of mighty Jove,  
The saving daughter of sweet freedom's god,  
Unto Himera show thy love,  
Protect and guard our native sod.

At sea thy might canst change the tides  
And pilot fleeting vessels on their way;  
On land thy wisdom ever guides  
The peoples underneath thy sway.

No mortal has received a sign  
Of any deed that passing time fulfilled;  
None but the great gods can divine  
What heartless Tyche once has willed.

For many joy-expecting hearts  
Have fallen into sad calamity,  
While others, struck by sorrow's darts  
Soon change their grief to mirthful glee.

Had not sedition's lawless might  
Deprived thee of thy cherished fatherland  
Lone Gnasia had kept thy light  
From e'er illuming Greece's strand.

Ergoteles, thy praises sound  
In Delphi and on Corinth's shore;  
At Athens thou art now renowned,  
Thy deeds will live for evermore.

## A Lullaby

TELFORD PAULLIN.

O H, the moon goes her way,  
Like a Queen of the May,  
Through the wide meadows of the sky,  
Dear heart.

From the purpling vale,  
Comes the mother-bird's tale,  
The one I am telling to thee,  
Pretty one.

And the stork in her nest  
On the tall chimney crest,  
Croons all of her storklings to sleep,  
My love.

On the slumbering pond  
Lie the lilies around;  
They tremble and start in their dreams,  
Tired eyes.

And the moon, samite drest,  
Tip-toes into the west  
For fear of awaking the stars,  
My babe.

## Eugene Field.

GEORGE E. GORMLEY, '04.

When a man toils long and diligently in the production of his work we find it not at all surprising that acknowledged success should crown his efforts. But that one who has devoted only his leisure moments to the composition of his verses should rise to an eminent position among the poets of his day, is a fact of rare occurrence. Of this type was Eugene Field. He was unendowed with the lofty sentiment of a great poet, yet he secured for himself a place of prominence in the field of literary activity.

Born in St. Louis in 1850 he spent there but few of his boyhood years. While he was still very young his mother died, and he and his brothers were taken to Amherst, Mass., where they lived under the care of their grandmother. Eugene's early education was obtained at a private school for boys at Amherst. Later he was sent as a student to Williams College, then to Knox, and finally he entered the University of Missouri. His father, who had

continued to reside in St. Louis, died shortly after his son had completed his studies, but the young man was not left self-dependent, for upon attaining his majority he came into the possession of a handsome fortune. He decided to cross the ocean, and went to Europe where he spent six months of his time and almost his entire fortune. Having toured the continent he returned to America, and in 1873 became connected with the western journalistic press. Here he vigorously applied his pen, contributing largely and developing that ready facility which afterward carried him into prominence among eminent literary workers.

From reporter of the *St. Louis Journal* he became its editor, and after several years of labor he severed his connection there to accept a position on the editorial staff of the *Chicago Daily News*. But had he confined himself solely to journalism his name would probably have passed away at his death; for the great reputation which Field has made for himself is not of a journalist but of a child's poet. His poems have a quality in them that seems to draw us to him, that appeals to the gentler feelings of human nature. On reading him our thoughts turn instinctively to home and boyhood. In his descriptions he pictures to us, with a vividness that seems almost real, many of our youthful joys and sorrows. A few of his stories are told in a quaint, humorous style that makes them all the more charming. His irrepressible gaiety of expression as he turns into a joyous strain carries his reader quite unconsciously into the spirit of the poet. Or again as he breathes in the atmosphere of children and lives in their sphere of thought and feeling he subsides into elements of pathos that please and impress us with his power of expression. The genial, open-hearted disposition which Mr. Field possessed shows itself in the verses he wrote. In his inimitable "Casey's Tabble Dote" he takes us into the "conversazhyony" at Gosh-all-Hemlock mine, and in the humor of the tale all inelegancies the work may have disappear. The ponderous metre of "Red Hoss Mountain" is quite forgotten when we turn to the rhythm of "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" which is so well adapted to the subject treated. This little lullaby, simple and light, has been pronounced by distinguished critics as one of the best of its kind. His fancy here carries the poet into child-life where he thinks and



moves—the interpreter of the child. In many of his verses is revealed the predominant trait of his character—his love for children. His deep, tender affection for the little ones, his interest in their fears, joys and sorrows, mark him as a man of kindness and sympathy. The most delicate touches of his pen are found in his cradle songs, in his nursery traditions, and in these popular productions he is most widely known.

Though he felt keenly a lack of high, poetic inspiration, he strove to write a song that would live; he did not pretend to be an artist, yet he frequently displays the artistic sense. Much of his charm lies in his careful diction, his musical rhythm and the gentle tenderness with which he handles his theme. His best pathetic productions are found in his tales of reminiscence. In "The Little Yaller Baby," or, "Little Boy Blue," in which he has become widely known, his pathos is simple and pure.

A peculiar fact regarding this poet is that he had a fear of darkness, and always disliked being left alone. "Seein' Things at Night," a fine specimen of dialectic verse, was written to express his own feelings, perhaps, as much as to describe the fears of childhood. It is a delightful soliloquy; and the vividness, the reality with which he pictures the "terrors of the dark" can best be determined by the reader's own remembrance of former days.

Although Mr. Field's fame rests chiefly on his songs of childhood, he has attained some prominence as a classic writer. His translation of Horace has been praised by scholars both in this country and in Europe. With the exception of the works of John Boyle O'Reilly, Mr. Field's verses have been conceded to be the best of their kind in the language. The two poets, who were both friends, often wrote in the same strain, handling common, familiar subjects with a natural simplicity that holds the attention and gains the admiration of their readers.

But the influence a man wields among his fellows, the position he occupies in the hearts of his friends serves not to withhold the hand of death. In 1896, while still engaged in literary labors, this author died. As a significant fact connected with his death, it is related that as his remains lay in his home awaiting burial a little Arabian girl begged admittance to the room. Her wish was granted; and as she gazed intently upon the face before her she drew from her worn

cloak a flower—a token of her regard—and placed it in the hand of him whose poems had touched her, whose pen had so faithfully portrayed the joys, the emotions of childhood.

The poet's loss was mourned not only by his home friends, but by thousands all over the country who knew Eugene Field only through his writings; knew him as a man of worth and integrity, possessing those qualities which elevated and improved the society in which he lived.

### To a Child.

IF I were the wind from the southern seas  
And you were a bleeding rose,  
I'd linger where'er your leaflets grew  
About your flowering close—  
I'd catch the incense from your lips  
Which only an angel knows—  
If I were the wind from the southern seas  
And you were a bleeding rose.

If I were a sturdy northern oak  
And you were a clinging vine,  
I'd guard you from the woodman's stroke  
As I held your hands in mine;  
I'd keep you warm on my pulsing breast  
As I felt your arms entwine—  
If I were a sturdy northern oak  
And you were a clinging vine.

If I were a cloud in the heavens blue  
And you were a drifting star,  
Like a great white ship would I come to you  
Where the quiring angels are;  
And I'd stand at your side to reflect, dear heart,  
Each twinkling turquoise spar—  
If I were a cloud in the heavens blue  
And you were a twinkling star.

If I were the sky and you were asleep  
Where the violets sweetly grew,  
Since stars are but holes in the sky deep  
Where heaven's light peeps through,  
I'd open my heart that the angels might peep  
And as stars watch over you—  
If I were the sky and you were asleep  
Where the violets sweetly grew.

But alas, dear child, but a boy am I  
And a laughing maid are you,  
So we can't hold hands in the ancient style  
As they say the lovers do;  
But I'll crown you queen of my fairy isle,  
With flowers rich with dew,  
And I'll pluck the fairest roses, child,  
The woodland naiads knew:  
And I'll weave these into a garland, child—  
A garland of love for you.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN in Chicago *Tribune*.

NOTE:—Joe Sullivan, the writer of the above, is well known to many of the present students at Notre Dame. He graduated in '01, was chief editor of the SCHOLASTIC the year following, and is now a successful lawyer in Chicago.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame, Indiana, February 6, 1904.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

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—An old negro, somewhere down in the cotton belt, too illiterate and easy-going to dispute the title with Diogenes, sang the old camp-meeting hymn "Jes' pursh dem clouds erway" with such vehemence that he appeared to be all mouth. The preacher lowered his spectacles, the choir stood askance, and the "Brer," who passed the collection plate, missed three rows, so great was the commotion. Like our friends of to-day, nobody followed the old negro's bidding. A vast army are they who call for "Jes' a leetle moah sunshine," but who nevertheless go out of their way to pile up the storm-gatherers and hide the silver lining from their neighbor's eye. Often the least tiring as well as the least inexpensive action of man is that which brings joy to another, and yet how many are generous enough to perform it? The influence of the man who sheds no sunshine, the man who does not try to push away the storm that broods over his fellows, is sickening as any plague that stalks from the fever-stricken dead of India.

—It is generally admitted that we live in an age of criticism. A short acquaintance with the world's activity, intellectual and otherwise, is sufficient to convince one that

things have taken on a critical turn. The tendency of literature is toward a system of appreciation or condemnation of the work of past times. But have we not gone a little too far? Are we not extremists in this regard? Do we not criticise too exactly, too minutely? It seems we do; and like the man who in winnowing his grain with a too great current of air loses some of the kernels with the chaff, so we being overly careful to pick out the flaws also lose much of the beauty. We are not eager enough to see the good; we are only on the alert for faults. This critical age, however, may be a forerunner of a period of production of great things especially in literature.

—The publicity given a statement reported to have been made by Mr. Andrews, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, and Mr. Andrew's denial of the same on the following day, recalls the manner in which newspaper editors manage to fill space. They used to report that an eagle had carried off a child in Michigan—that was when Michigan was 'way West—and then, if they still had unfilled space, they would deny the truthfulness of the report. They now go farther West. Evidently Mr. Andrews in discussing certain of the qualities of money-making monopolies, made reference to the monetary advantage of combines. Whether he stated that the time would come when the weak and the crippled of the human race would be destroyed that only the fittest might wax strong in brute irresponsibility, does not so much matter, except as it must matter personally to Mr. Andrews and his Creator. At all events the publicity given the reported statement has caused some very trenchant editorials to be written on the absolute brutality and inanity of trying to adjust a survival of the fittest to human progress. If man did not now care for the sick and protect the weak, he would be far worse than his barbaric forbears, for even they did that; and if man in the future allows universal selfishness to rule him, he will be worse than either his immediate ancestor or his barbaric forbear. The rule of love has begun, and not so recently either, and unless all religion and all self-sacrifice is vain, the tenet of the rule of love is unassailable, and that is "the recognition of the great truth that in helping others to a better life is to be found the secret of advancing one's own happiness and welfare."

## Indiana State Oratorical Contest.

Maurice Francis Griffin, Notre Dame's representative in the annual Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest which took place in Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, last night, was born July 1, 1880 at Toledo, Ohio. He was a member of the class which graduated from the Toledo High School in 1899, holding the honor of Class President. He then spent two years at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, and came to Notre Dame in September 1902, when he received junior standing in the literary department.

Mr. Griffin is experienced both as an orator and debater. He won the oratorical honors in Toledo High School; at Western Reserve



MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.

University he won the cash prize for oratory; he entered the contest last year at Notre Dame, with an oration on the French Revolution and made an excellent showing. Later in the year he justified the opinion entertained of him, by making a place on the debating team which defeated Oberlin. For this year's contest he took for his subject, "Andrew Jackson" and succeeded in winning the Breen Gold Medal and the right to compete at Indianapolis.

T. D. L.

## A Pleasant Hour with a Noted Irish Story-Teller.

Seumas MacManus from Donegal, the author of several volumes of stories and a frequent contributor to many of the leading American magazines, addressed the students last Wednesday in Washington Hall. His subject, "Irish Wit and Humor," seldom has received happier treatment. He took us for an hour or more to Mount Charles, Donegal, introducing us the while to "Father Dan," "Hughey McGarrity," "The Postmistress" and the simple, happy peasantry and fisherfolk that dwell around Inver Bay. We also made a short stay with him at the wake, dance, and wedding, and our guide was so well informed and the excursion so enjoyable that the time seemed to pass with flying feet.

A story-teller and proud of it is Seumas MacManus. He has lived in Donegal all his life. As a boy he attended the village school, and later, before publishers smiled on him, he taught in the same sacred institution. He is a young, athletic-looking man with a healthy glow on his cheeks and the peculiar Ulster brogue. He has a fine stage presence, makes no attempt at oratory, but talks in a lively conversational strain, illustrating his remarks by story and incident of which he seems to have an inexhaustible supply.

In the course of his address he said that Ireland is both metaphorically and literally a country of smiles and tears. The people in general are not rich, but they are not unhappy, and God has blessed them with great faith and ever present hope. The locality where he lived and the pursuits and pastimes of its inhabitants he portrayed very graphically. There the people follow agriculture, or depend on the sea for a living and in the evening gather at a dance or sing songs or tell stories at the fireside. He soon gave us the impression that the happy moments in their lives far outnumbered the sad ones, for his stories of their everyday doings were blended with sunshine and evoked many a laugh from the audience. He took advantage of the opportunity to correct the too prevalent and mistaken opinion that the people of Ulster are torn by religious dissension, and showed that except in a few localities at certain periods of the year Ulster men were good friends. The old hates and feuds are rapidly becoming extinct and the day is not

far off when members of all creeds will be bound in good fellowship and love for Ireland. From his own experience of the Donegal folk he gave capital examples of wit and humor, all of which were keenly relished by his listeners. His address furnished amusement and instruction to the entire audience, while it was a rare treat to those of Irish birth or sympathy.

In conversation Mr. MacManus is genial, interesting and unaffected. He talks in an easy, fluent manner, his chief charm obviously being that he is a part of the life he so well describes. He is enthusiastic in his reference to the work of the Gaelic League, and though he modestly disclaims his right to any share of the credit due that body, his unstinted praise of Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory, Dr. Sigerson, W. B. Yeats and other tireless workers dear to the Irish heart, won our silent admiration.

In the bit of personal history which we induced him to give us we learned that at eighteen he began to write for the Dublin magazines. His first book appeared in '93, and since then he has published numerous volumes. For the most part his writings in prose and verse reflect the quaint and pathetic folklore which he absorbed at the wakes, weddings and patterns in "droll Donegal." Happy for him and for his readers that the spiritual enters so largely into his work. He has nothing to do with the brutal materialism found among the very poor and vicious in great cities which too often furnish morbid story-tellers with an excuse to cry out their wares. The simple, almost sinless lives of his own people in the highlands of Donegal, their struggles, stories, smiles and sighs are his theme.

Like most people, Seumas MacManus has had a measure of sorrow. In '98 he gave up teaching for story-telling, his favorite art, and sometime later married the gifted and beautiful Miss Anna Johnson who, with another talented Belfast lady, Miss Alice Milligan, edited for some years the foremost national literary magazine in Ulster. Mrs. MacManus, who is best known to the public by her pen-name, "Ethna Carbery," and by her two charming volumes of verse, "The Passionate Heart" and "The Four Winds of Erin," died in 1902. Her death blighted the life of her husband and brought grief and void to the ranks of Irish literati. And so Seumas MacManus, like his native land, has known both smiles and tears.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH.

### Development of Advertising.

Within the last half hundred years, advertisement writing has risen almost to the dignity of a profession and has called into being a new class of specialists, carefully trained in principles and methods of publicity, commanding salaries that surpass those of journalists and business-managers, and combining the qualities of both in moderate degree. Advertising has become so necessary to the successful sale of an article as to form an important item in the cost-price estimated by every manufacturer, and so important a factor in the revenue of modern magazines as to enable the publishers to scatter their thousands of copies for less than half the cost of printing them. Skilful advertising has become so necessary to the success and very life of a business that every enterprise must have a special man to direct the campaign of display to attract the public's attention. In consequence, the advertisement writer has become a specialist, recognized, valued and demanded. So great have his opportunities and the demand for his services become that schools have been founded to teach advertisement writing; and for evidence that these schools are prospering, one need but glance through any recent magazine or other advertising medium and see page after page of advertisements advertising "schools of advertising" in numbers rivaling the children of the "health food" family.

The art of advertising is as old as is the history of man. The devil was the first to advertise, when, in the Garden of Eden he told Mother Eve the virtues of that one forbidden fruit and the great benefits to be derived from eating it. In this first case, of course, the art was in the rudimentary form, where one sole customer was to be influenced and personal description and persuasion could be practised. It is to be regretted, also, that this first record that we have of advertising should show a misuse of the art. This fact has led, in modern times, to two great errors: it has caused some advertisers, imitating their patron saint, the devil, to advertise their wares deceitfully; and, on the other hand, it has produced in some deluded minds the belief that advertising is the invention of the devil and all advertisements merely traps of his devising. But the truth of the matter is that, like the builders of the Tower of Babel,

who sought unduly to advertise their powers and ability, the man who resorts in advertisements to false appreciations of his goods "worketh unto himself destruction."

Through olden times, even before the invention of printing, the art of advertising grew. The merchants of those times, acting on the principle that man can be persuaded to the liking and desiring of a thing by the description of that thing in cases where it is impossible for him to see and, for himself, examine it, advanced the art of advertising to a second stage by writing out descriptions of their goods and sending them to customers beyond the reach of speech. But in those times the advertiser was handicapped by want of media and by the fact that, owing to the difficulties and cost of transportation, he must sell his wares within very narrow limits.

With the invention and development of printing, and the establishment of magazines and other periodicals whose aim is to give just enough reading-matter to carry their advertisements, the field of the advertiser widened. Furthermore, the competition in all commercial lines, made it necessary for the manufacturer to make and sell in larger quantities if he would keep his cost-price down to a satisfactory percentage below the selling price. The increase in facilities for transporting his goods long distances at small cost and in short time, made it possible for him to enter distant parts of the country and there compete with local makers successfully; he could not show his customers the goods before purchase, but he could give them descriptions of the goods through the papers, magazines, folders, and even bill-boards. And the logic of the manufacturer applies in shortening radius to the large commercial house and the retailer.

The consequence of this has been to attract to the new profession gradually a better class of workmen. These men have brought to this market good material carefully prepared, and naturally they have received fair recompense. Young men of marked ability who are entering the contest for the top of the commercial ladder on the bottom rung, are beginning to realize that no better position can be opened to them; for in the position of advertisement writer, sooner than in any merely clerical position, the young man must obtain a thorough knowledge of the principles, the details and the secrets of the business he is advertising, a knowledge that will fit him for positions of responsibility. B., '02.

### Two More Gone.

The blue and gray ranks of Civil-War veterans are rapidly becoming thinned; few remain to close up the gaps wrought by the ravages of time, and many are summoned monthly to a more peaceful camp. Especially among the officers of high rank has Death been busy. With the recent deaths of Longstreet and Gordon, the last commanders of any great importance, ended their earthly furlough. Some corps and brigade leaders remain, but those who generated entire armies during the war have passed away. The names and deeds are all we have left of those illustrious dead, but as long as history is studied or bravery admired the heroes of the American Civil War will enjoy universal fame.

An attempt to sketch in detail the lives of Longstreet and Gordon would be a repetition of Civil-War history. To the American who knows properly his country's annals, the war records of either of these ex-Confederates are familiar; each was engaged for the most part in Virginia and the reputation of each, but more especially that of Longstreet, has been improved by the reports of modern critics and investigators. A graduate of West Point and a veteran of the Mexican War, Longstreet on account of his knowledge of tactics proved an invaluable aid to the South in drilling its undisciplined troops. Nor did his service end here. Through those four years of fighting around Richmond, at Bull Run, in Tennessee and on numerous other fields, the brigade of Longstreet was ever an important factor in winning victory or avenging defeat. Next to Robert Lee, he was the highest ranking officer of the Confederacy.

Though less famous as a military genius, Gordon nevertheless ranks higher in his people's affection. Since the close of the struggle he has thoroughly identified himself with Southern interests, his home has been in the South and his time was devoted to lecturing on subjects of Confederate history. While General Gordon was dying, a band in a near-by hall chanced to strike up "Dixie" and "My Maryland—" the two songs particularly beloved by the Southern heart. The sinking veteran, however, failed to catch the strains of martial music, although they were perfectly audible to those gathered about the death-bed.

General Longstreet being a Catholic was attended in his last moments by a priest, and Bishop Kieley, who delivered such an eloquent tribute to the character of the dead warrior, was formerly a private in Longstreet's brigade. The North graciously extends sympathy to the South mourning the loss of two such sons, and the old soldiers of both armies are one in lauding the military careers and declaring the civic virtues of Generals Longstreet and Gordon.

JAMES R. RECORD, '05.

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### Prizes for Economic Essays.

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We have been requested by Prof. Laurence Laughlin of Chicago to insert the following announcement which we hope will be instrumental in furnishing competitors from Notre Dame:—

In order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate an examination of the value of college training for business men, a committee composed of

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman;

Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University;  
Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan;

Horace White, Esq., New York City, and  
Hon. Carroll D. Wright, National Commissioner of Labor,

have been enabled, through the generosity of Messrs. Hart, Schaffner and Marx, of Chicago, to offer four prizes for the best studies on any one of the following subjects:

1. The causes and extent of the recent industrial progress of Germany.

2. To what is the recent growth of American competition in the markets of Europe to be attributed?

3. The influence of industrial combinations upon the condition of the American laborer.

4. The economic advantages and disadvantages of present colonial possessions to the mother country.

5. The causes of the panic of 1893.

6. What forms of education should be advised for the elevation of wage-earners from a lower to a higher industrial status in the United States?

7. What method of education is best suited for men entering upon trade and commerce?

A First Prize of One Thousand Dollars and a

Second Prize of Five Hundred Dollars in Cash are offered for the best studies presented by Class A composed exclusively of all persons who have received the bachelor's degree from an American college since 1893; and a

First Prize of Three Hundred Dollars and a  
Second Prize of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Cash

are offered for the best studies presented by Class B, composed of persons who, at the time the papers are sent in are undergraduates of any American college. No one in Class A may compete in Class B; but anyone in Class B may compete in Class A. The Committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of \$1000 and \$500 to undergraduates, if the merits of the papers demand it.

The ownership of the copyright of successful studies will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as thesis for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form.

Competitors are advised that the studies should be thorough, expressed in good English, and not needlessly expanded. They should be inscribed with an assumed name, the year when the bachelor's degree was received, and the institution which conferred the degree, or in which he is studying, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor. The papers should be sent on or before June 1, 1905, to

J. Laurence Laughlin, Esq.,  
University of Chicago  
Box 145, Faculty Exchange  
Chicago, Illinois.

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### Athletic Notes.

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The pitty pat of many feet and the resounding whack of the bat are welcome sounds that are heard in the gymnasium every afternoon at "rec" hour.

\* \* \*

The baseball candidates reported Tuesday for practice. Contrary to expectations, a very small squad was out the opening day, but as a great many are hanging back until the present cold weather moderates somewhat, we expect to see almost double the number of candidates out next week. The present



squad, however, is one of the best we have had in late years as far as material goes, and the struggle for the various positions promises to be very close and interesting. Capt. Stephan has also been assigned the task of coaching the men, which is by no means a pleasant position. The candidates, however, can help him considerably by reporting every day for practice and following instructions as faithfully as possible. With the Coach and his men working together as a unit, we may rest assured of a successful season, for we have as good baseball timber this season as any of the Western colleges.

\* \* \*

There will be no spring practice with a league team as has been the custom in former years. Manager Daly is satisfied that such an experiment is a failure and believes that better work can be done with a reserve team. This means that from twenty to twenty-five men will be kept until spring practice, so every one is assured at least of a good try-out. This reserve team idea is a good one, as it will cause the "vets" to keep hustling for fear of being "shown up" by the reserves. If the experiment proves a success the reserve squad may be kept all season, and thus the Varsity will have the benefit of daily practice games.

\* \* \*

G. W. Kreer has been elected Captain of Carroll Hall's basket-ball team.

\* \* \*

Corby's basket-ball team will meet Mishawaka at Mishawaka to-night; Brownson and the Y. M. C. A. of South Bend meet in the Brownson Gym. The Y. M. C. A. have won victory over the Brownsonites, and confidently expect to gain another to-night, while Brownson is determined to even the score. A good game may be expected.

\* \* \*

What's the matter with the annual Minimax-Minim track meet? We have not heard anything about it lately, so we fear it has been dropped altogether. We hope not, for these annual contests between the little fellows resulted in such good sport and gave so much pleasure that we would feel sorry to be deprived of them.

\* \* \*

An enthusiast from Carroll Hall wants to know if the ex-Minims are to represent

Carroll Hall in the annual South Bend High School-Carroll track meet. At present it seems so, and they deserve the right. They seem to be the only spirited members in the Hall, the older and more experienced fellows being too lazy or indifferent to care about the laurels of their Hall.

\* \* \*

The first basket-ball game of the Inter-Hall series was played last Saturday night between Brownson and Corby, resulting in a victory for Brownson by a score of 19 to 12. The game was fast and interesting throughout, both teams putting forth their best efforts. Corby has a well-balanced team, and her men are exceedingly fast and clever, but Brownson's team work, and the brilliant playing of Capt. Gray was too much for them, and towards the close of the game they were entirely outclassed. The first half was a pretty exhibition, being nick and tuck all the way through, but in the second half Brownson forged ahead and held Corby safe. Gray and McDermott were the stars for Brownson, and Kotte, Devine and Hermann for Corby.

Line-Up.

Brownson (19)		Corby (12)
Medley, McDermott	L G	Hermann
Quinn, O'Reilly	R G	Winter
McDermott, Medley	C	Devine
Gray	R F	Kotte
Brennan	L F	Geoghegan

\* \* \*

TRACK NOTES:—Beekum, Sheehan, and Cullinan, are doing good work in the shot these days. "Pat" threatens to get his weight under it some day and lose it.

Walter Daly is running in fine form at present. He ran the quarter at a fast clip the other day.

Tormey, Scales, Keefe, and Welch are promising men.

Dan O'Connor and Scales have been practising the hurdles the past week.

Pryor and Bracken in the pole vault are improving day by day.

Koehler and Silver are running the 220 in good style. The former has improved considerably in his running and will no doubt be heard from.

When the men line up for the forty-yard dash, there usually result some pretty close brushes between the leaders.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

### Personals.

—Visitors' registry:—A. Hein, Tony, Wis.; Mrs. F. Kuhn, Detroit, Mich.; Thomas F. Daly, Denver, Col.; Charley Bradley, New York City; Mrs. W. E. Bulhand, Cassopolis, Mich.; W. N. Brady, Jr., Elgin, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. John Hart, Columbus, Ohio; W. P. Mooney, Chattanooga, Tenn., J. H. Mooney and Mrs. Mooney, South Bend; Mrs. Joseph Clarke, Mrs. F. H. Fallansbee, O. Fallansbee, Chicago.

—We overlooked in our recent issues to note the visits of a popular student and graduate, Timothy Crimmins, Law '02. Mr. Crimmins spent the Christmas with his parents in Aurora, Ill., and on his way to and from New York made a short stay at Notre Dame to renew his acquaintance with his many friends among the students and faculty. At the suggestion of his cousin, the Hon. John D. Crimmins he went to New York a year ago where he was appointed secretary of an Irish Industrial Society. He has made rapid progress since, and is now one of the most valued employees in a very prominent law firm in Wall Street. We wish "Tim" continued success.

### Local Items.

—LOST—A "Penanink" fountain pen. Finder, please return it to Students' Office.

—WANTED—A good-hearted boy to furnish second flat, Sorin Hall, with drinking water.

—Judging from the amount of ice stored up in the ice-house South Bend is in no immediate danger of an ice famine.

—We are glad to see Mr. Louis F. Carey amongst us again. He has been in the Infirmary for a considerable time and is now in his usual good health.

—Messrs. Lyons and Kanaley of the Senior class left for Indianapolis on Thursday to attend the Indiana Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest in which Mr. Griffin will represent Notre Dame.

—Mr. Francis F. Dukette was the pianist at a very enjoyable and largely attended concert given at Marcellus, Mich., last Saturday night. It would be hard to find a musician better fitted for the task.

—Feb. 13 is the date set for the final contest for the debating team. Three men will be picked from the six contestants to represent the University in the Second Annual debate with Oberlin college.

—The band and orchestra have resumed practice. Any new students that have played in other bands or orchestras should call on

Prof. Petersen at once, as the time for receiving new members is limited.

—Prof. Reynolds' new Latin book, which received notice in this paper some weeks ago, fully justifies the good opinions of the reviewer. It has been introduced into many schools in Michigan and with such success that Prof. Reynolds is the recipient of very flattering letters from the teachers.

—After long and protracted delay the piano for the Sorin Hall reading-room has materialized. How and from where no one seems to know. But it is there and the harmonious cadence of ragtime that echoes from the reading-room these evenings is ample proof that the piano is being put to good use.

—We have heard of several unique ways of "rushing the season," but the latest to come to our attention is that inaugurated within the last few days in the form of mid-summer hair-cuts. We are all anxious for the balmy days of summer, but as a caution let us remember that one robin does not make a spring.

—The Senior Literary Society held a very enthusiastic meeting last Wednesday. A short program was rendered, but the greatest interest was centered around Mr. Kemper's essay. Messrs. Proctor, Gardiner and O'Phelan objected to many of the statements made and brought forth much oratorical ability in refuting them. Lack of time prohibited a longer discussion.

—Prof. Shea's class of vocal culture has once more resumed its search for the "Lost Chord." It has been thought that the misplaced notes were situated somewhere about G, so each member endeavored to make a reproduction of Sir Arthur's "Amen." Ed Bronx got no farther than G, Happy reached A flat, Bill missed B natural, while by actual measurement "Long Mike" was a foot higher than all the other singers.

—The Hunky Dorey Club is in a flutter of excitement. His Lowness, the Emperor of Japan, has commanded the members, his faithful subjects, to start at once for Tokis. Senor Lomba, who will carry a heating stove on the expedition, held a conference with President Hennery and another prominent international lawyer last night so that arrangements for their departure will not conflict with the law of nations. The members will be uniformed in the regulation kimonos.

—The New York State Club, the pioneer state organization, will hold a meeting next Wednesday evening in the Columbian Room. All who have the interest of the organization at heart should be on hand prepared to make some definite plans for the remainder of the year. Can not something be done to make the meetings more interesting? There is abundance of instrumental, vocal and oratorical talent among the members. Why can not a little social smoker be arranged?