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Alone.

B. V. KANALEY, '04.

I FEEL a loneliness, apart, alone,
When some great joy—so great, akin to pain—
Comes quick and finds me unprepared, and bone
Of bone and blood it enters in, and blame
Confronts—I try the friendship's lack condone.

But turn I will, and here and there and ever,
The answer sounds so drear and dread—No, none.
Though bound by closest earthly ties, and never
One to whom with joy like this I come:
I feel alone; my closest friendships sever.

And yet with joy, or pain, as this I dare
To stand alone, and turn away I must
From earthly friendships true, in silent prayer
That by this joy I'm more than dust of dust—
I feel the want of One, the joy to share.

The Life and Works of Robert Louis Stevenson.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

PART I.

Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion; and if the day be marked for sorrow—strong to endure it. (Vailima Prayer composed by Stevenson the night before his death.)

NO man's artistic work can be entirely separated from the circumstances present at its conception and execution. Material surroundings, educational limitations of language and travel, health and happiness: all unite with innumerable other conditions to mar or make great literary productions. The *personal element* in criticism is absolutely necessary if justice be done an author. Yet, where an entire ignorance of a man's life may make his work appear hard and faulty, a too intimate acquaintance with his toil and suffering may go to the other extreme in a way of sympathetic extenuation. The mean, however, is fair, and it is that which ultimately disposes of all literary claims.

The admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson have been charged with excessive hero-worship. It is true that a close study of the difficulties so manfully met by Stevenson inclines one's sympathy toward him. Not all his biographers, however, have given "conventional and emasculate" substitutes for a portrait. Like many another who did his best, Stevenson is now beyond the reach of praise or blame. While something of both, he was neither whole saint nor whole sinner. He was a man of infinite moods and varied experience, of lively nature and of truest comradeship. He was never unkind or unfair toward those working in that art which was life for him; and his sickly body seldom got the mastery over a strong, sane mind. His paper on Burns shows that he could always be kind and just and sympathetic in his estimate of others; while his extravagant praise of Mr. Barrie's treatment of the sentimental exceeded justice in its enthusiasm.

HIS CHILDHOOD.

Stevenson inherited his romantic turn of mind from his father and his flat lungs and tenderness of character from his mother. Thomas Stevenson was, his son writes: "Shrewd and childish; passionately attached, passionately prejudiced; a man of many extremes, many faults of temper and no very stable foothold for himself among life's troubles.... Love, anger, and indignation shone through him and broke forth in imagery, like what we read of Southern races." During countless nights in Stevenson's

childhood, his father soothed the boy's sleepless spells with stories dealing perpetually with ships, roadside inns, robbers, old sailors, and commercial travellers before the era of steam. And when the son grew up and made stories of his own his father was an unsparing critic of them.

Mrs. Stevenson, the mother, was a tall, slender, and graceful woman of considerable vivacity and attractiveness. Her son inherited much of his charm as a talker and his kindliness of heart from her. Though the boy's constitution was frail, his first experience with health-resorts—those banes of his later life—was due to a necessary change of climate for his mother. Mrs. Stevenson, nevertheless, outlived her son, and, when over sixty years of age, settled with him in his far-off home-island in the Pacific Ocean.

When Robert was small, she read much to him, and Stevenson's acquaintance with literature—and a great deal that was good in it—was given him by his mother. She scrupulously noted the young man's place in class—a convention always disregarded by the father—and preserved the most of his youthful letters. It is said that Stevenson, one of the most irregular of correspondents, was most punctual in writing to his mother; and that, master as he was of expression, he frequently complained of impatience at his inability to fitly express the affection and gratitude he felt for his parents.

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson was born at No. 8, Howard Place, Edinburgh, on the 13th of November, 1850. His first two years of infant life were somewhat natural and healthy, but beginning with a severe attack of the croup in his third year, he took the maladies of childhood in swift succession, and can not be said to have much more than existed until his twelfth year. Stevenson's boyish and sentimental nature clung to his nurse, a maiden lady who proved to be a second mother to him; and some of the best of his later writings were dedicated to this untiring, patient soul.

He says of his boyish fears: "I had an extreme terror of Hell implanted in me, I suppose, by my good nurse, which used to haunt me terribly on stormy nights, when the wind had broken loose and was going about the town like a bedlamite. I remember that the noises on such occasions always grouped themselves for me into the sound of a horseman, or rather a succession of horsemen, riding furiously past the bottom of the street and away up the hill into town; I think even now that I hear the terrible *howl* of his passage, and the clinking that I used to attribute to his bit and stirrups.

"My ill-health principally chronicles itself by the terrible long nights that I lay awake, troubled continually with a hacking, exhausting cough, and praying for sleep or morning from the bottom of my shaken little body. I principally connect these nights, however, with our third house, in Heriot Row, and can not mention them without a grateful testimony to the unwearied sympathy and long-suffering displayed to me on a hundred such occasions by my good nurse. It seems to me that I should have died if I had been left there alone to cough and weary in the darkness. How well I remember her lifting me out of bed, carrying me to the window, and showing me one or two lit windows up in Queen Street across the dark belt of gardens, where also, we told each other, there might be sick little boys and their nurses waiting, like us, for the morning." (Juvenilia.)

It would be hard to estimate the influence the nurse, Miss Alison Cunningham, had upon Stevenson's youth. And in order to appreciate more fully the circumstances about him in his formative days, these matters are of great moment. When he was eighteen months old, this young woman took service in his family and watched over his childhood with a devotion most unusual. She is said to have refused an offer of marriage that she might not leave her charge. And the wild stories of guards and coachmen and innkeepers told the boy by his imaginative father were offset by the rigid literary food this careful nurse gave him. "I please myself often by saying that I had a Covenanting childhood," Stevenson one time wrote. He sent this woman copies of all his works, and wrote letters to her throughout his life; when he chanced to have a house of his own he had her stay with him; and before his death he had in mind to bring her out on a visit to him at Samoa.

Presbyterians of the straitest doctrine, in addition to the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, were the youth's first literary loves. These owing to the nurse. The last time Stevenson ever saw Alison Cunningham, he said before a room full of people: "It's *you* that gave me a passion for the drama, Cummie."

"Me! Master Lou," she answered, "I never

put foot inside a play-house in my life."

"Ay, woman," said he, "but it was the grand dramatic way you had of reciting the hymns!"

"I was brought up on *Cassell's Family Paper*," Stevenson wrote (*Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1888), "but the lady (his nurse) who was kind enough to read the tales aloud to me was subject to sharp attacks of conscience. She took the *Family Paper* on confidence; the tales it contained being Family Tales, not novels. But every now and then something would occur to alarm her finer sense. She would express a well-grounded fear that the current fiction was 'going to turn out a regular novel,' and the *Family Paper*, with my pious approval, would be dropped. Yet neither she nor I was wholly stoical; and when Saturday came round, we would study the windows of a stationer, and try to fish out of subsequent woodcuts and their legends the further adventures of our favorites."

Stevenson has written most feelingly and inimitably of his youth and the Old Manse. The liveliness of his imagination clothes the prosaic with mystery and interest; and his original style invariably gives charm to whatever he writes.

Speaking of his boyish days in the Manse, he wrote: "But after my biscuits were eaten and black jelly pot emptied (I am supposing one of those many days when I was not allowed to cross the threshold), what did there remain to do?.... I would often get some one for an amanuensis, and write pleasant narratives, which have fallen some degree into unjust oblivion. One, I remember, had for scene the 'Witches' Walk,' and for heroine a kitten. Another story was entitled 'The Adventures of Basil,' and consisted mainly of bungling adaptions from 'Mayne Reid,' to whom I was indebted even for my hero's name, but I introduced the further attraction of a storm at sea, where the captain cried out: 'All hands to the pumps!'"

Thus was it always the sea, in calm and storm, pirates and inn-keepers with the boy, as it proved to be with the man. And Stevenson's work that will live—and some of it most likely will live—are those romantic narratives of incident which breathe of the sea, of hardy pirates and blood-letting.

At six, the boy entered the fairyland described in "A Penny Plain and Twopence Colored" (Memories and Portraits); and the zest with which he breathed in those toy-theatres and impossible story-dramas formed one of the happiest reminiscences of his boyhood. He wrote: "I have, at different times, possessed 'Aladdin,' 'The Red Rover,' 'The Blind Boy,' 'The Old Oak Chest,' 'The Wood Daemon,' 'Jack Sheppard,' 'The Miller and his Men,' 'Der Frieschütz,' 'The Smuggler,' 'The Forest of Bondy,' 'Robin Hood,' 'The Waterman,' 'Richard I.,' 'My Poll and My Partner Joe,' 'The Inchape Bell,' (imperfect) and 'Three-Fingered Jack, the Terror of Jamaica;' and I have assisted others in the illumination of 'The Maid of the Inn,' and 'The Battle of Waterloo.' In this roll-call of stirring names you read the evidences of a happy childhood; and though not half of them are still to be procured from any living stationer, in the mind of their once happy owner all survive, kaleidoscopes of changing pictures, echoes of the past."

To recount such memories of a sickly and imaginative boyhood in the conventional biographical diction, would not only do injustice to the hallowed memories of the subject, but would rob the reader of some of Stevenson's finest bits of description and reminiscence.

The relation of Stevenson's childhood may close with the following expression of sentiment for the city of his birth,—the city which, to the end, he thought of as his home: "I was born within the walls of that dear city of Zeus, of which the lightest and (when he chooses) the tenderest singer of my generation sings so well. I was born likewise within the bounds of an earthly city, illustrious for her beauty, her tragic and picturesque associations, and for the credit of some of her brave sons. Writing as I do in a strange quarter of the world, and a late day of my age, I can still behold the profile of her towers and chimneys and the long trail of her smoke against the sunset; I can still hear those strains of martial music that she goes to bed with, ending each day like the acts of an opera, to the notes of bugles; still recall, with a grateful effort of memory, any one of a thousand beautiful and specious circumstances that pleased me, and that must have pleased anyone, in my half-remembered past.

"It is the beautiful that I thus actively recall; the august airs of the castle on its rock, nocturnal passages of lights and trees, the sudden song of a blackbird in a suburban lane, rosy and dusky winter sunsets, the uninhabited splendors of the early dawn, the

building up of the city on a misty day, house above house, spire above spire, until it was received into a sky of softly glowing clouds, and seemed to pass on and upwards by fresh grades and rises, city beyond city, a New Jerusalem, bodily scaling heaven."

HIS BOYHOOD AND STUDENT DAYS.

The boy's schooling was a desultory affair for the reason of his health; yet, through successive experiences in a preparatory school, in Edinburgh Academy and the Spring Grove Boarding-School, he picked up some knowledge of his kind. Stevenson was never a student of the orthodox type. He had many private tutors, and all of these were outspoken in their praise of the boy—and this perhaps not prompted by policy alone. The boy, like thousands of others, was bright and ready when interested, but his attention was short-lived; however, the master of the Burg School at Peebles "found him the most intelligent and best-informed boy in all his experience." Latin, French and mathematics were everywhere the staple of his education. He became a great reader in French, but his impatience with its grammar made him continue to write faulty French prose.

When twelve, Stevenson and his mother made a tour through Genoa, Naples, Florence, Rome, Venice and Innsbruck, returning home by the Rhine. This journey, it is remarked by his cousin, had little manifest influence upon the boy; for a boy even at twelve, if backward in his education, is generally a good deal impressed by experiences of this nature. It is more than likely, however, that these youthful journeys, like other early adventures, made imperceptible impressions on his sentimental young nature. Shortly following this, from his fourteenth year, the boy had his best health and for a few years lived quite like hearty boys should. The change was wholesome, and with it came his share of school demerits.

There is little record of the solitary, dreamy character of this rather unhappy boy. He fought hard against his growing tendency toward the sorrowful, and if the malady of the body did sometimes steal over his mind, Stevenson fought bravely against its encroachment. Also, if Stevenson did call himself "ugly" in his student days, this term hardly fits him. Graham Balfour says: "In body he was assuredly badly set up. His limbs were long, lean and spidery, and his chest flat, so as almost to suggest some malnutrition, such sharp corners did his joints make under his clothes. But in his face this was belied."

Stevenson writes concerning the strong impression made by his first introduction to Shakspere: "I never supposed that a book was to command me until one disastrous day of storm, the heaven full of turbulent vapors, the street full of the squalling of the gale, the windows resounding under bucketfuls of rain, my mother read aloud to me 'Macbeth.' I cannot say I thought the experience agreeable; I far preferred the ditch-water stories that a child could dip and skip and doze over, stealing at times materials for play; it was something new and shocking to be thus ravished by a giant, and I shrank under the brutal grasp. But the spot in memory is still sensitive; nor do I ever read that tragedy but I hear the gale howling up the valley of the Leith."

"My father's library," Stevenson wrote, "was a spot of some austerity; the proceedings of learned societies, some Latin divinity, cyclopedias, physical science, and above all optics, held the chief place upon the shelves, and it was only in holes and corners that anything really legible existed as if by accident. 'The Parent's Assistant,' 'Rob Roy,' 'Waverly,' and Guy Mannering,' the 'Voyages of Captain Woods Rogers,' 'Fuller and Bunyon's Holy Wars,' 'The Reflections of Robinson Crusoe,' G. Sand's 'Mare au Diable' (how came it in that grave assembly!), Ainsworth's 'Tower of London,' and four old volumes of *Punch*—these were the chief exceptions. In these latter, which made for years the chief of my diet, I early fell in love (almost as soon as I could spell) with the Snob Papers. I knew them almost by heart, particularly the visit to the Pontos; and I remember my surprise when I found, long afterward, that they were famous, and signed with a famous name; to me, as I read and admired them, they were the works of Mr. Punch."

Even at this young age and indifferent as he was to instruction and travel, Stevenson had begun to write. He was educating himself; and only a prosaic mediocrity clung to his attempts. Nevertheless, he kept at his writing that early in life as he did during later and more successful years, and his improvement was steady and sure. His experience with the *University Magazine* is well told in "Some College Memories:" "The magazine appeared in a yellow cover, which was the best part of it, for at least it was unassuming; it ran

four months in undisturbed obscurity and died without a gasp.... Poor, harmless paper, that might have gone to print a Shakspere on!"

The Schoolboys' Magazine of 1863 contained four stories. The hero of the first tale, "The Adventures of Jan Van Steen," is left hidden in a boiler under which a fire is lit. The second is "A Ghost Story" in a deserted castle of robbers in one of those barren places "called plains in the north of Norway." In this a traveller finds a man "half-killed with several wounds," who dresses up as a ghost. And thus they run, typical forebears of his maturer work.

"The Pentland rising: A Page of History, 1666," was Stevenson's first published work. Miss Jane Balfour writes: "I was at Heriot Row late in the fall of 1866, and Louis was busily altering the "Pentland Rising" then to please his father. He made a story of it, and by doing so had, in his father's opinion, spoiled it. It was printed not long after in a small edition, and Mr. Stevenson very soon bought all the copies in."

Between the years 1867 and 1873, Stevenson took his experience as a university student, and did not keep to the family traditions and shine along the beaten paths of his parental engineers. He attended Latin two years, but abandoned Greek after one session. He made some headway in natural philosophy and mathematics. "Although he remembered that 'the spinning of a top is a case of kinetic stability' (one of the few facts recorded in a still surviving notebook), and that 'Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime,' and would not willingly part with such scraps of science, he never 'set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that he came by in the open street while he was playing truant.' In fact, as far as the university was concerned, he 'acted upon an extensive and highly rational system of truantry, which cost him a great deal of trouble to put in exercise;' and 'no one ever played the truant with more deliberate care, and none ever had more certificates (of attendance) for less instruction.'"

Stevenson has the following to say of engineering as a profession—its bearing on the present sketch could be drawn in two sentences, but its charm of matter and expression is too great to slight: "I wish to speak with sympathy of my education as an engineer. It takes a man into the open air; it keeps him hanging about the harbor-sides, which is the richest form of idling; it carries him to wild islands; it gives him a taste of the genial dangers of the sea; it makes demands upon his ingenuity; it will go far to cure him of any taste (if he ever had one) for the miserable life of cities. And when it has done so, it carries him back and shuts him in an office. From the roaring skerry and the wet thwart of the tossing boat, he passes to the stool and desk; and with a memory full of ships, and seas, and perilous headlands, and shining pharos, he must apply his long-sighted eyes to the pretty niceties of drawing, or measure his inaccurate mind with several pages of consecutive figures. He is a wise youth, to be sure, who can balance one part of genuine life against two parts of drudgery between four walls, and for the sake of the one, manfully accept the other."

Stevenson was surrounded with luxuries of a moderate kind, and the society of his class was open to him, but he found society not at all to his taste. His fancy was busy with pictures and his study-desk full of descriptions. His love for Dumas was the love of a kindred soul, and his delight in the Vicomte de Bragelonne did not lessen with age. Time and again he would hurry home to their Swanston Cottage "for a long, silent solitary, lamplit evening by the fire." The conventional in persons as well as entertainments never attracted him, and, with the exception of his membership in the "Speculative Society," he had little to do with clubs until much later in life. This "Speculative Society" had had among its members Scott, Jeffrey, Horner, Benjamin Constant, Robert Emmet, and many other celebrities.

At this age, Stevenson began to rebel against the doctrines of Calvinism, and his ardor went to the extreme that he called himself an atheist. This was the cause of a violent estrangement between father and son, which unfortunately lasted for many years and marred the relations existing between the two. As Stevenson became older he laid by his radical views, and the father bent a bit from his strait doctrine, and the love binding the two became closer perhaps than before. The somewhat strained relations, however, made a difference in the young man's allowance, and considerably affected Stevenson's early character and writings.

Speaking of money, Stevenson wrote: "I was always kept poor in my youth, to my

great indignation at the time, but since then with my complete approval. Twelve pounds a year was my allowance up to twenty-three (which was indeed far too little), and though I amplified it by a very consistent embezzlement from my mother, I never had enough to be lavish. My monthly pound was usually spent before the evening of the day on which I received it. Hence my acquaintance was of what may be called a very low order. Looking back upon it, I am surprised at the courage with which I first ventured alone into the societies in which I moved: I was the companion of seamen, chimney-sweeps, and thieves; my circle was being continually changed by the action of the police magistrate. I see now the little sanded kitchen where Velvet Coat (for such was the name I went by) has spent days together generally in silence and making sonnets in a penny version-book; and rough as the material may appear I do not believe these days were among the least happy I have spent."

These were the days of green-sickness. Many times, so he confessed, he leaned over the great bridge connecting the New Town (Edinburgh) with the Old, and watched the trains smoking out from under him, and vanishing into the tunnel on a voyage to brighter skies. It was at this time that he haunted the Calton burial-ground in order "to be unhappy." "Poor soul," he says of himself, "I remember how much he was cast down at times, and how life (which had not begun) seemed already at an end and hope quite dead, and misfortune and dishonor, like physical presences, dogging him as he went."

In 1871 Louis told his father that the pursuit of engineering was quite at odds with his inclination and ability. This blow came hard to the elder Stevenson; for Louis had shortly before read a paper on "A New Form of Intermittent Light" before the Royal Scottish Society of Arts that was judged worthy of the favorable consideration of the Society, and highly creditable to so young an author. The matter was compromised, however, with the proviso that the young man should read some Scottish law to fall back on in case he failed as an author. Stevenson did finally survive a legal examination and was admitted to the Scottish bar.

An interesting predicament was his when he took the examination for the bar. He was never on intimate terms with ethical or metaphysical philosophy—as well as many other topics generally supposed to constitute a liberal education. This is Stevenson's own account of his examination: "The examiner asked me a question, and I had to say to him, 'I beg your pardon, but I do not understand your phraseology.' 'It's that of the text-book,' he said. 'Yes, but you could not possibly expect me to read so poor a book as that.' He laughed like a hunchback, and then put the question in another form. I had been reading Mayne, and answered him by the historical method. They were probably the most curious answers ever given in the subject; I don't know what they thought of them, but they got me through."

Those who have wondered at Stevenson's fluency of written expression may cease to marvel when they find how assiduously he worked to acquire a literary style. His example should stand out to encourage the fainthearted. Though in youth he was called an idler, he was always busy learning to write. He always kept two books in his pocket—one to read, one to write in. As he walked, he busied his mind fitting what he saw with appropriate words. On all his rambles, or when he sat by the road-side, he either took down nature first-hand or read from some volume brought with him. And thus he lived with words. He writes concerning this: "And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself. Description was the principal field of my exercise; for to anyone with senses, there is always something worth describing, and town and country are but one continuous subject. But I worked in other ways also; often accompanied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory."

Stevenson thus at different times aped the style of Hazlitt, Lamb, Wordsworth, Sir Thomas Browne, Defoe, Hawthorne, Montaigne, Baudelaire, and Oberman. He labored under the spell of Congreve's prose, and was always braced by the influence of Dumas. He said later that that might not be the way to learn to write, but that Keats and other men of the finest temperament had learned

in that manner. And to-day the bitterest critic of Stevenson must acknowledge that he had a style scarcely surpassed by any of his models and one withal his own.

The secret for this consummate literary artist was but the secret of taking pains; and the indefatigable exertions of his, whether on a sick bed or wandering in a fruitless search for health, made up the noblest lesson of Stevenson's life. Of imitations as literary exercises, he had this to say: "It is the great point of these imitations that there still shines, beyond the student's reach, his inimitable model. Let him try as he please, he is still sure of failure; and it is an old and a very true saying that failure is the only high road to success. I must have had some disposition to learn; for I clear-sightedly condemned my own performances. I liked doing them indeed; but when they were done, I could see they were rubbish."

In 1868 Stevenson wrote "Voces Fidelium," a series of dramatic monologues in verse; the bulk of a Covenanting Novel; also, "The King's Pardon," "Edward Daven," and "Cain." The manuscripts of these are gone, and they have but an historical interest in connection with the young man's education of himself. "A Retrospect," and a fragment of "Cockermouth and Keswick," written later, are printed in the Edinburgh Edition.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fourteenth Olympian Ode of Pindar.

YE guardians of the river, famed for steeds,
Ye Graces of Orchomenus, divine
Protectresses of ancient Minya's needs,
Unto my truthful prayer your aid incline.

Your bounteous hands with pleasing gifts o'erflow
With wisdom, courage, virtue, dear to all;
The gods are overcome with grief and woe
When you are absent from the festive hall.

Your beauteous eyes behold a heavenly sight
And wonders, hidden from our mortal view;
You sit beside the Pythian god of light,
And praises to Olympian Jove renew.

Chaste daughters of the gods' all-powerful king,
Beloved of Venus, listen to my song,
And let his praise throughout Olympia ring,
To whom the wreaths of victory belong.

And let my song in Pluto's realm resound
Telling Cleodamus the victor's name,
For young Orchomenus has just been crowned
At Pisa and has won eternal fame.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

Little Things.

A cheery word, a smile, a nod,
And some poor traveler bowed and slow
Forgets the while his secret woe
And walks with lighter step towards God.

MACD.

The Old Love and the New.

The landscape was bathed in the waning light of the setting sun. It had been one of those balmy summer days when all creation seems to feel new life within itself. The birds had never before sung more sweetly, the flowers never looked more pretty, nor had the trees bowed more gracefully before the zephyr. Everywhere the light green of rejuvenated grass, sprinkled here and there with the white of daisies and the yellow of buttercups, was in evidence.

At the gate of a pretty little cottage stood a young girl. The light breeze made sport with the long wavy hair that rippled around her shoulders. Her dress was of a pale blue, which heightened the damask of her cheeks and the brightness of her eyes. In one hand she held her wide sun-hat. In the other, which rested on the gate, there was a red beauty rose. Along the road walked a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome youth. He also was hatless and the wind tossed his hair over his high, manly brow. As he passed the gate the girl dropped her rose. He picked it up, and as she accepted it she blushed more deeply than the flower in her hand and, turning, walked toward the house.

Years after, a beautiful woman paces up and down the floor of a richly furnished drawing-room in deep agitation. Every few moments she anxiously gazes upon the gilded clock on the mantel. Suddenly the door opens and a handsome, middle-aged man enters. With a glad cry she runs forward to meet him, but cares rest heavy upon him, and for the first time since their meeting at the garden gate he treats her with coldness. Sadly he views the luxuries of the room, and then confesses the story of his failure in business.

It is again summer, and the soft glow of evening creeps slowly over the landscape. The sun is sinking. Its last rays are falling on the trees and the flowers gracefully bowing before the gentle breeze. A matron in deep mourning leans upon the gate of a pretty, ivy-clad cottage. At her side romps a young boy, who, noticing that she is sad, plucks a near-by rose and offers it to her. As the mother strains him to her bosom her tears flow fast upon him, for he is the living likeness of his father.

E. L. HAMMER, '04.

Despair.

Wrapped in the shadows of a thousand nights
Thou comest unawares like some great bird
Of prey o'ershadowing the sun with wings,
Outstretched and hanging on the breathless air,
And in the dreadful dark men grope and cry
Out blasphemies and weepings impotent.

TELFORD PAULLIN.

The Madness of Hamlet.

DANIEL C. DILLON, '04.

Whether Hamlet was really mad or assumed madness is a question which still confronts the students of Shakspere. "To put an antic disposition on" seems to demonstrate at first sight that the madness was surely feigned; but the critics in the opposition maintain that the above remark was simply uttered in a sane moment, so the whole character of the hero must be studied to determine the truth of the phrase. The question has always been a matter of opinion, and no exact line of distinction can be drawn because we can not enter directly into Hamlet's mind and know the thoughts that revolve there; hence we must consider the mind objectively, and legally justify our hero.

The opinion of the *littérateurs* must, we think, be held of supreme importance, and that of the medical profession disregarded. Doubtless there are many cases of insanity often met in our daily life, and we are scarcely able to perceive the derangement; still, is it reasonable and conceivable that such an intellectual creation as Hamlet was really a madman? or did he assume madness better to effect his end? A close study seems to indicate that the latter supposition is the more consistent with the course of the character.

Hamlet's insanity in fact is the principal motive dominating the whole play. Every situation hinges on his mental disorder. If assumed, it is a thread connecting the minor incidents as jewels in a priceless necklace. If real, it is the waste material of gold joining "a life's reckless deeds," as thoughts washed away by the rushing stream. The play in the latter case losing all interest of plot development, the Prince becomes devoid of consciousness and will, and the consequence is but "flotsam in the tide of times." Nevertheless, there are many worthy critics who insist upon his madness, and invoke keepers of the insane to bear testimony to their arguments in declaring how ponderous some of Hamlet's replies are. It is chance, they contend, that insanity often lights upon that which sound reason could not well contrive. And in their very assertions they become new Poloniuses, and fall victims to Hamlet's jesting. Insanity hardly seems possible in one able to soliloquize so often and so profoundly.

It is hardly possible for him to speak so wisely to the players, and again straightway to his mother when he sets aside his motley garb and says: "It is not madness that I have uttered; bring me to the test and I will the matter re-word, which madness would gambol from." And later when he protests to her: "That I essentially am not in madness, but mad in craft." Nor is it sufficient to explain away these perplexities by an intermittent madness, for although they may be true in a scientific way, still they have not dramatic value.

That the soul of Hamlet was very severely shaken and perplexed no one can deny, since till then it had lived only in speculative thought, and suddenly finds upon entering the stern world such a fearful work to be effected. And his mind, developed and keen as it was, naturally would desire in action the clearness in thought. Hamlet never gets beyond the first step in action—that of feigning himself mad to obtain his own safety. There appears no course clear enough for him to follow despite the criticisms of those who condemn his dilatory course. Mournful over his own irresoluteness, and weighed down by duty, he soon dreads the knowledge of his own situation.

We are not justified, however, in maintaining that Hamlet is a purely contemplative spirit and lacked all faculties for action. When he does act, it is with straightforwardness, energy, skill and felicity of event. A striking example is at the end of this play when, pierced even by the wound of death, he fulfills his duty, when most others would have allowed the "incestuous and adulterous" king to escape.

From the fact that his soul was shaken and perplexed, it does not follow that he was affected with what is termed physiological disease. Such an assumption would at once destroy the intellectual sovereignty, which seems rather to constitute our motive of

praise for Hamlet. It is not consistent that Shakspere should make us feel pity for a mind we are obliged to bow to; nor that the most wonderful creation of his genius should be affected with a woeful, distracted infirmity.

The insanity, if real, would have offended against an important dramatic law—the contrast of character. Shakspere often renders characters more striking by reality and by feigning as in the case of Edgar in King Lear.

Another evidence that gives weight to Hamlet's counterfeit of madness is the fact that in the work of Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian, from whose works Shakspere obtained the material for the play, represented Hamlet as taking on madness in violent convulsions in order to avenge his father. This suggestion from the plot material, together with other illustrious examples, as Brutus and David, induced Shakspere to refine the character to suit his more intelligent nature. And he was cautious not to render Hamlet mad too suddenly, but paved the way gradually, first by being weakened with a sort of melancholy and through want of exercise: "I have of late lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercise." And melancholy is his affection not madness, nor is he considered mad by those about him. He might be on the road to insanity; that is, grieved by the cares and trials lately thrust upon him and conscious of the terrible crimes of his own blood, and he is necessarily sad and mournful over these happenings.

Some critics have ventured to assert that Hamlet feigns madness with such a perfect imitation as to be indistinguishable from the genuine. They therefore conclude there is no ground for saying it is not a genuine case. It may be granted that the imitation is exceedingly close to the real, but is not real in so much as Hamlet is conscious of his pretensions. Further we believe that Shakspere in producing madness would represent a feigning hardly distinguishable from a real case.

In refutation of the arguments which members of the medical profession have brought up to explain his insanity, we believe that no inference can be drawn from psychological manifestations, hence we still consult the *littérateurs* and actors for the objective side with which they are generally more intimate than physicians and scientists. In this connection, J. P. Quincey says: "The view of Hamlet's sanity is consonant with that stage tradition of Hamlet — faintly traceable to the time of Shakspere—which makes him a responsible human being instead of a candidate for Bedlam, which certain medical gentlemen would have professed to discover."

Last of all, Hamlet could not have remained in the royal palace, and have gone about the court unnoticed unless he had feigned madness, for we know as fact that madmen and fools possessed the most freedom in the ancient kingdoms. They were never guarded, suspected or watched, and Hamlet's safety and wish hinge on this freedom. His desires were to be alone or with his staid and noble friend, Horatio, and his safety is imperilled by his knowledge of the king's murder; hence the statement of Victor Hugo that "Hamlet acts his madness for safety.... Given the manners of the tragic courts from the moment that through the revelation of the Ghost, Hamlet is acquainted with the crime of Claudius he is in danger. The superior historian within the poet is manifested, and one feels the deep insight of Shakspere into the darkness of the ancient royalty. In the Eastern Empire in the Middle Ages, and even at earlier periods, woe unto him who found out a murder or poisoning committed by a king!.... A man suspected of suspicion was lost. He had but one refuge—madness."

That the bounds of distraction are not easily distinguishable is certain. How should they, since the bounds of insanity are in the unfathomable and mysterious depths of nature. Nor could it surely have been intended by Shakspere that Hamlet should at any time not act the part of a moral agent, as he must have been. Study him on all occasions, and on many you will find had there been an infirmity of madness it would have been marvelous. How could a madman utter such a soliloquy as: "To be or not to be?" What madman could have said: "Let not ever the soul of Nero enter this firm bosom; let me be cruel, not unnatural...."

It is certain that if he were really mad his true, noble friend, Horatio, would have mentioned his affliction. Observe him in the scene with his mother, or listen to his dying words to his best friend, Horatio: "If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, absent thee from felicity awhile, and in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain to tell my story." And would not Horatio have told us, if it were a brain affected with madness that wished him to relate the sad story of Hamlet?

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—A late newspaper editorial headed "Growing Demand for Unclouded Brains" conveys certain information which the college student would do well to note. Some employers have placed a ban upon gambling, the excessive use of intoxicants, and the smoking of cigarettes. The movement was begun by an electric company in Chicago, which believes that any one of the three habits mentioned is sufficient cause for exclusion or dismissal. Many corporations, including seven of the great railroad companies of our country, have adopted the same view. From employers to employees the movement has spread, for the miners of Pennsylvania, realizing that many accidents occur through the fault of drunkards, have refused to admit into their organizations anyone addicted to intoxicants; neither will they work with such men. The moral will not be lost on the young man who is in earnest about his success. The action of these bodies refutes the argument put forth by the confident youth who when advice is offered him on a subject of this kind sneeringly retorts: "I guess I can take care of myself."

—Psychologists assert that man's mind never wearies, that weariness is almost entirely physical. Geniuses have maintained that there is hardly such a thing as mental exhaustion, for though such may be apparent it is directly or indirectly caused by some physical ailment. At all events ordinary men realize that their capacity for mental work is well-nigh unlimited provided the nature of the employment is varied. The arrangement of the class hours here, whether or not such is intentional, meets the latter condition. The regulation class day affords opportunity for varied mental pursuits and furnishes an excellent chance for each student to prove or disprove to his own satisfaction the truth of the psychologists' position. By means of moderate physical exercise the ambitious empiricist may collect his own data, and while so doing he will have the additional satisfaction of improving his status in class—a result not unworthy of heed. We hope those studying psychology will turn their opportunity for experiment to good account.

—The recent election of the Hon. Bourke Cockran to Congress by such a remarkably overwhelming majority is another proof that even in a city like New York where political vice and corruption are said to be most prevalent, true worth and honest adherence to principle are appreciated. Mr. Cockran's career is a striking example of steadfast devotion to high ideals and of honesty and incorruptibility in public life. He was formerly member of Congress from a district in New York, and in the years that followed his retirement his life has been one of strenuous endeavor, the result of his active participation in the discussion of great public questions. Often in that time he has differed from the leaders of his party and has been subjected by his political enemies to fierce attacks. In addition to his political and legal labors, Mr. Cockran has taken a leading part in molding public opinion on questions of public morality. One of his efforts in this direction was his famous oration on "Catholicism and Democracy" in which he handled the problem of labor and capital in a masterly manner, and which we had the pleasure of hearing at Notre Dame last December. The honor lately conferred on Mr. Cockran was one unsought by him, and proves that a man of integrity, ability, and right principle, who actively and unselfishly interests himself in the common weal, is sure to be appreciated by the American people.

—The false assumption of professionalism in college athletics simply because a student received compensation for his knowledge in some branch of them outside of college itself, comes originally from England. But when this custom became almost a law in English colleges conditions were different from what they are in the United States, or even in England to-day. In those days to go to college implied that one's finances were in an almost extraordinary flourishing condition. As years went by the great middle class became more numerous and their influence threatened to become paramount in all branches of college activity. A great many of this class supported themselves during vacation periods either from necessity or motives of self-respect, and partly for the reason and to lessen their influence in athletic circles by lessening their numbers, great efforts were put forth by the English "gentlemen" to make this professional idea a sort of law among English colleges. Harvard has followed this English principle for some years greatly to the detriment of her athletics. As a Harvard track man expressed it: "In picking winners at Harvard it is caste not haste." But for the past two or three years there has been a revulsion of feeling against this unjust principle of so-called "professionalism," and the student body has taken hold of the matter to put college athletics standing on a common-sense basis—amateurism in college by *bona fide* students—unrestricted choice in the way a student may desire to earn his living outside of college. That view is fairer and more American and should be adopted.

—A decision of Judge Cullen of the Court of Appeals reversing an order of the Appellate Court which upheld the by-laws of the Brooklyn school board depriving women teachers who marry of their positions in the public schools has provoked a storm of discussion in some Eastern papers. Whether marriage should disqualify a woman for teaching in the capacity mentioned is a question to which only Robinson Crusoe, himself, might dare to answer in the negative. What does it matter that she is needed at home, that, as some contend, home duties have the prior and entire claim on her attention? Is not woman emancipated, is not this the age of woman's rights and woman's clubs? And why should a body of mere men under any justification attempt to limit the field of her activities? She has proven herself omniscient; is it not time to concede that she is omnipresent? A cloudlet on the domestic horizon would no longer have terrors for the more eloquent partner if she could say to the domineering consort "I'm tired of housekeeping, I'm going back to teaching" and could carry the threat into execution. Just think what a reformatory influence the knowledge that she possessed such a faculty would have on a man accustomed to steal upstairs and tiptoe to bed at "the hour when churchyards yawn." Of course there is not one chance in a thousand that any woman, above all a Brooklyn woman, whose name is a synonym for fidelity, would, under reasonable conditions, abandon the hearth for the rostrum. The more freedom a man gets the more he wants; the more a woman gets the happier she feels and the less likely is she to exercise it. We know what we are talking about, for the members of *our* board are not married, but this is a leap year and—well, never mind. We approve of Judge Cullen's decision and we admire the wisdom of the Eastern editors who refrained from offering any opinion, publishing merely the letters of their correspondents.

—Mr. William Butler Yeats, whose visit to our University was so thoroughly appreciated, has returned to New York after a very successful lecturing tour through the United States and Canada. He has awakened a lively interest in the Irish literary movement among kinsmen and strangers. Though busy preparing an address on Robert Emmet to be delivered before his departure for Ireland, he found time to write a letter appreciative of his reception at Notre Dame. "I think," he writes, "I enjoyed my time at Notre Dame more than at any place I have stayed on my travels here." Such we would have him think, and we are glad that our efforts have been so far successful. He sends greeting to "Very Rev. President Morrissey and the Rev. Fathers" for their kindness, and gracefully acknowledges the courtesy shown him by the members of the Faculty and students. That he has a warm sympathy for the priest, we know, and illustrative of that sympathy and of his art, we reprint some of his verses which appeared in last month's *Gael*. They embody a tradition current in the west of Ireland, and while having the Irish priest for a subject.

they well exemplify the spirit of any priest under equally trying circumstances. The verses in question are entitled

FATHER GILLIGAN.

The old priest, Peter Gilligan,
Was weary night and day;
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die!"
And after, cried he, "God, forgive!
My body spake, not I!"

And then, half-lying on the chair,
He knelt, prayed, fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow-chirp,
When the moths came once more,
The old priest, Peter Gilligan,
Stood upright on the floor!

"Mavrone! mavrone! the man has died
While I slept on the chair!"
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care;

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door,
"Father, you come again?"

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.
"He died an hour ago."
The old priest, Peter Gilligan,
In grief, swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone, he turned and died,
As merry as a bird."
The old priest, Peter Gilligan,
He knelt him at that word.

"He who had made the night of stars,
For souls who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.

"He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things,
Asleep upon a chair."

Surely the author of those lines has his ear attuned to the Irish heart. Notre Dame cordially reciprocates the sentiments of Mr. Yeats and wishes him a safe return to the land of his love and hopes.

—MR. EDITOR:—In your issue of Feb. 27, appeared an editorial purporting to place in the sheen of saintly glory those consecrating their lives to certain failure—the negro mission. Such chimeric dreams of the negro's salvation are truly the thoughts of a college boy inexperienced in the ways of the world, and as such ought to be excused; but to counteract the erroneous influence created by the article, I beg a few lines, not in the spirit of maliciousness nor yet of controversy or indignation, but merely to replace the SCHOLASTIC on the foundation of truth your missionary revolutionist has shattered.

Anyone "guided by Southern stars," as you would have it, who has even the minutest particle of common sense coupled with a wasted ray of experience knows that in no way except by *Divine intervention* can the negro be bettered. Time and the experience of all interested in the negro support me here.

You call for Southerners as the best fitted for the work—Southerners who have shown since the negro's emancipation how they are fitted to elevate the negro. If the negro is to be elevated it must be by the North—by men whose sympathies are with the negro.

May I ask whether the negro was not created in a lower plane than was the white man? If God wished the religious to wander from the tracks they are so well beating, would He not have created some more spiritual tendency in the negro? I admit that the Church elevated the slaves of Rome, but it can no more than check the negro, and this should be the work of secular priests. Damien went to Molokai to nurse, Xavier to India and Marquette to the savage, not to make them better citizens, but to turn their paganism toward the true God. 'Tis true anyone going to the negro would need the zeal of these men, because his work would be more hopeless. The negro is to be elevated by law. Let the law take its course, and save the religious to the more profitable fields. Experience argues thus.

Hoping you may again take the stand you have hitherto held and leave such mature questions to maturer minds,

I beg to remain,

Yours very obediently,

A SOUTHERN STUDENT AT NOTRE DAME.

[We received the above letter too late for comment in the present issue. We will gratify our Southern friend by giving his contention due consideration later. In the meantime may the negro cause not perish. ED.]

The Political Outlook for the Next Campaign.

There seems to be an instinct in the human breast that prompts man to prophesy. The Scotch had their seers, the ancient Greeks and Romans "took the omens," before any momentous event, the Indians had their "medicine-men" to keep the future straight for them. All peoples at all times have loved to try to peer into the mists of the future. And to-day that instinct is just as strong as ever in the heart of man, but by common consent, certain modes of manifesting it have been laughed out of existence, and consequently certain other modes have come into being. Perhaps, back to this instinct might be traced the American fondness for forecasting the weather, picking in advance the winner of any contest, and particularly for settling beforehand the political situations which arise. Certain it is that as quadrennial political agitation approaches, discussion, never entirely abated, grows more and more interesing; and just at the present time the centres around which it turns are the issues, candidates and prospects of the campaign of 1904.

From a Republican standpoint predictions are extremely simple—the nomination and election of Mr. Roosevelt. Democrats evidently concede the former, but of course will not be prepared to grant the latter, if at all, before the early days of next November. And indeed, though to a casual observer the re-election of the President seems almost certain, it takes but a small thing to change victory to defeat. This fact was made very clear when the late James G. Blaine lost the election by the fatal "three R's,"—"Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

It seems certain, as far as human conjecture can be certain, that had both President McKinley and Senator Hanna lived, the latter would have been the next Republican nominee for the Presidency. However, the destiny that rules over the political world has put in the place of vantage the very man whom the organization was at such pains to "shelve" by making him vice-president, the man who now stands such an excellent chance of re-election.

But there are elements at work to-day which, were they to combine at the critical moment, might result in the election of some one other than the present incumbent. Close observers of political signs can see a possible defeat for Mr. Roosevelt, and they base their judgment on these circumstances. They posit the fact that any Democrat can carry the solid South, which, on account of the negro situation, seems reasonable. Then they argue that should money "tighten up," capital, ever timid, would take fright at Mr. Roosevelt's extreme originality, a slight panic might ensue, and some "safer" man would be sought out by the money interests of the country. The question in regard to this point is, whether that safer man would be sought in the Republican convention or at the polls? Any effort to defeat Roosevelt for the nomination would in all probability prove unsuccessful. Then suppose some Democrat of the stamp of Grover Cleveland were nominated, capital would noiselessly but surely creep to his support. Then again could a Democrat be found able to defeat Roosevelt in New York and wrest a few electoral votes from him in the West, this, with the southern vote, might cause the election to be a surprise.

Now then let us examine the Democratic possibilities for the nomination, and their chances. William Jennings Bryan is clearly out of the race. He would probably not accept the nomination, and in any event it will not be tendered him. Nevertheless, his influence in the convention will be great, and his active opposition alone would probably defeat any other candidate. For this reason, as well as for others, Grover Cleveland is also not to be considered. It is safe to say that he would not carry a state west of the Mississippi. The names of Cleveland and Bryan very naturally suggest the third of the triumvirate which overshadows all other names in the list of prominent Democrats,—the man who contended against each of these gentlemen for the nomination, the man whose lukewarm support, amounting practically to opposition, was the most potent factor in the first defeat of the Nebraskan,—David B. Hill. Mr. Hill, on account of his attitude toward Mr. Bryan, if for no other reasons, might be set down as an impossible probability.

Carter Harrison of Chicago, Tom L. Johnston of Cleveland, and Wm. R. Hearst of New York are three candidates who have the advantage of Mr. Bryan's friendship, but it is doubtful if any of these three would be regarded of sufficiently "large-bore" by the great majority of people. The last named of these will, however, make a stong bid for

the nomination with the radical element of the party. Judge Parker of New York is a man with a clear record, who has recently come into the political horizon. However, it does not seem likely that his following will be large enough to win him the nomination.

There seems to be one man who has the two necessary qualifications: ability to carry New York, and to wrest away some votes from the Rough-rider in the West, which with the Southern vote would give a Democrat a chance. He is Charles A. Towne, formerly senator from Minnesota, now a resident of New York, a distinguished orator, very strong in the Western states, and a warm personal friend of Mr. Bryan. He has of late delivered a number of speeches in the East, and is said to be a great favorite with New York democracy, particularly Tammany Hall.

If this is the case, and he can obtain the support of the Eastern wing of the party, his nomination would be practically assured. Mr. Towne, although he afterwards withdrew, was nominated by the Populist National Convention for vice-president with Mr. Bryan in 1900. This fact might lose him votes in the East, but it is a bulwark of strength for him in the West. There seems at the present time to be no other man on whom the factions of the Democrats could possibly unite; and it is extremely doubtful if Mr. Towne can obtain the support of the Eastern wing of the party. On the whole, the next Democratic convention presents an unlimited opportunity for forecasters, both professional and amateur.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

Athletic Notes.

BROWNSON WINS.

Last Saturday night the undefeated Michigan City stars fell before the crack Brownson Hall team in one of the fastest basket-ball games ever played at Notre Dame. Except during the first few minutes of play, the Brownson men completely outclassed their opponents in every department of the game. The superb team-work of the Brownson men was a complete puzzle to the visitors, and at no time were they able to solve it. They were wholly unable to cope with it, and found it impossible to stop Gray's magnificent basket throwing.

The Brownson forwards and centre toyed with their men and threw baskets almost at will, while the guards played all around Michigan City's forwards, not allowing them a single field goal. The visitors' only scores were made on free throws from fouls. The play, however, was exceptionally clean and fair, the only fouls committed being made on violations of the "outside play" rules, which were new to both teams. The Michigan City players deserve praise for their plucky playing throughout the game. Although outclassed, they showed their mettle by fighting hard to the call of time.

The chief features of the game were Brownson's team-work, and the goal throwing of Capt. Gray, McDermott and Brennan. Spingle and Horton were stars for Michigan City, and Gray, Brennan, McDermott and Medley for Brownson. The final score was 34–2.

Brownson (34)		Michigan City (2)
Gray (Capt.)	R F	Reed
Brennan, Pryor	L F	Faust
McDermott	C	Horton
O'Reilly	R G	Spingle
Medley	L G	Shears

Referee, Holland. Time, 15 minute halves.

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The baseball men have had another lay-off this week, the gymnasium being turned over to the track men to prepare for their struggle with Indiana.

***

The indoor track meet between Indiana University and Ohio State resulted in an overwhelming victory for the I. U. men. The score was, I. U., 65; Ohio, 14. Indiana men scored ten firsts out of eleven events.

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Yesterday afternoon the speedy representatives of the State University triumphed over the plucky members of our squad in a meet that was replete with exciting and hotly-contested events. The score 46½ to 26½ does not tell the story of the afternoon's hard fight for supremacy. Notre Dame was defeated, but it was a defeat to glory in, for that fighting spirit that has ever been characteristic of her sons in all sports, was manifested on this occasion in the highest degree. Fate seemed to be against us from the first. Keefe and Scales were both sick for several days previous to the meet, while Murphy, our crack distance runner, came down from the college hospital to compete. These mishaps occurring just when they did, coupled with the

loss of other good candidates during the past few weeks, placed Captain Draper and his men at a great disadvantage. The plucky effort they made to overcome this disadvantage won the admiration and praise of everyone present.

The first event, the 40-yard dash, was captured by Notre Dame, both Capt. Draper and Silver finishing ahead of the speedy Martin. Notre Dame stock went soaring when this was announced, but a moment later it fell a little when I. U. men came in one, two, in the mile run. Murphy ran a plucky race, but lacked the strength to sprint at the end with his usual vim. Captain Draper led the crowd to the tape in the 40-yard hurdles. Wise of I. U. defeated O'Connor by a few inches for second.

The quater-mile run was a "heart breaker." Daly and Keefe set a merry clip, with Wallace and Thompson right behind them. Daly ran a magnificent race and led up to a few yards of the tape when both I. U. men passed him, Wallace winning in 53 2-5 seconds, a new record for the N. D. Gymnasium. Dan O'Connor sprang a big surprise in the high jump, securing second place after giving Sampse a hard fight for first. Scales, whose leg was injured last Thursday, was in poor shape, so O'Connor was called on. He has not practiced the jump since last January and at that time was able only to do little better than five feet, but yesterday he did not fall out until the five foot-six-inch mark was reached.

The shot-put was an easy win for Captain Draper. The visitors gathered in all the points in the pole vault. In this event the Notre Dame rooters were treated to another surprise: Bracken who has been training but a short time, surpassed all expectations and compelled the Indiana men to exert themselves to the utmost to win. It was a brilliant effort and Bracken certainly deserves great praise. Wallace won the half mile by a few yards from Daly in a very exciting finish.

The most sensational event of the afternoon was the two mile run. On the last lap Barclay and Homoday sprinted away from Murphy and it looked an easy win for them. But Murphy was not to be shaken. About fifteen yards from the first turn on the home stretch he sprinted after them, overtaking them at the home stretch, the three finishing almost abreast, Barclay first, Murphy and Homoday tying for second. This event brought the meet to a close.

Captain Draper was easily the star of the meet. He won first place in each event he entered, getting a total of fifteen points. But other members of the team also won laurels. Murphy, O'Connor, Silver, an Bracken, more than covered themselves with glory. For Indiana we have nothing but words of praise. They have a wonderfully well-balanced team. No one in particular could be chosen as a star, for each man did all that was expected of him. For Notre Dame to go down in defeat before such an aggregation of athletes is no disgrace, rather should we feel proud of the splendid work of our men against such opponents.

40-yard dash—Draper, Notre Dame, first; Silver Notre Dame, second. Time, 4 4-5.

40-yard hurdles—Draper, Notre Dame, first; Wise, Indiana, second. Time, 5 3-4.

440-yard run—Wallace, Indiana, first; Thompson, Indiana, second. Time, 53 2-5, new track record, Notre Dame.

880-yard run—Wallace. Indiana, first; Daly, Notre Dame, second. Time, 2:07 2-5.

Mile run—Barclay, Indiana, first; Homoday, Indiana, second. Time. 4:43.

2-mile run—Barclay, Indiana, first; Murphy, Notre Dame, and Homoday, Indiana, tie for second. Time. 10:48.

High jump—Sampse, Indiana, first; O'Connor, Notre, Dame, second. 5 feet 6¼ inches.

Pole Vault—Sampse, Indiana, first; Thompson, Ind. second. 10 feet.

Shot put—Draper, Notre Dame, first; Ray, Indiana, second. 39 feet 10½ inches.

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Prominent among the officials at the Meet were Messrs. F. O'Shaughnessy and J. J. Sullivan, both well known Notre Dame men. Joe Sullivan will be remembered as the star athlete of our famous '02 team. He was chief editor of the SCHOLASTIC the year of his graduation, and has since abandoned athletics and journalism for law which he practices with much success in Chicago. Frank O'Shaughnessy '01 was long a member of the SCHOLASTIC board and, like his friend "Joe," finds generous recompense in the legal profession. Both being eloquent, forceful speakers are in great demand on political platforms in Chicago. The members of the Varsity and other Notre Dame students who went to Chicago on the occasion of the game with Northwestern gratefully remember the efforts of Messrs. O'Shaughnessy, Sullivan, and Clement Mitchell in providing hospitality and entertainment. May they live long and usefully and die happy!

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Personals.

—Visitors' registry:—W. G. McAleenan, Howard W. McAleenan, Peoria, Ill.; Edna D. Hickman, Alleyne Scheitlin, Chicago; Mrs. J. V. Sheehan, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. Princess C. Long, E. C. Long, Long Beach, California; Mrs. Cora Genrich, Wellsville, Ohio; Mrs. Martin B. Herbert, Jr., Chicago.

—Mr. Francis P. Burke, Law '03, is successfully engaged in law practice with his brother in Milwaukee. "Frank" was one of the best men in his class and a general favorite among his fellow-students. He took the examination for the Wisconsin Bar soon after his graduation and easily qualified, a result he attributes largely to his esteemed preceptor, Colonel Hoynes. He suggests that Notre Dame law graduates publish a directory containing their names and addresses, so that each could entrust any legal business he might get outside of his own locality to a fellow alumnus.

—Friends of State Senator Stephen B. Fleming, of Fort Wayne, will be pleased to learn that he is making a pronounced success in business and financial circles in the East. He now spends most of his time in New York city as the secretary and treasurer of the paper mill trust which controls 51 mills in the United States. He was elected to this position for two years at $30,000 per annum, and recently had charge of financing the affairs of the company. He was so successful in this matter that the company endeavored to retain him permanently in its employ. Mr. Fleming, however, will probably not serve longer than the time called for in his contract, as he prefers Indiana as a residence.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mr. Fleming is well remembered as a student at Notre Dame. He excelled in his classes and in athletics, being a member of the University baseball and football teams. His friends here take pleasure in his success.

Local Items.

—Wanted immediately:—Several amanuenses. Only the most proficient need apply. Call on "Kan." A large contract is open.

—The students of Dogma A listened to an instructive lecture last Wednesday morning by the Rev. Father Fitte on the Prophet Daniel.

—Patrons will be pleased to hear that Brother Leopold has entirely recovered from his serious siege of sickness and is back again in "the store."

—There is much talk of forming a rod-and-gun club at Notre Dame. It is a good idea and worthy of success. Most of the large universities have gun clubs, and why not Notre Dame? All interested in the matter will please give their names to Mr. Fred Kasper of Sorin Hall.

—We gratefully acknowledge an invitation from the city of Bloomington, the Indiana University and the Press Club of the University, to attend a convention of the Southern Indiana editors to be held in Bloomington, March 9–10.

—Will anyone be so kind as to inform us just how much longer this snowy, sleety, wintry weather is going to last? If the weather man has anything new up his sleeve we wish he would shake it out, as four months of snow is getting monotonous.

—Though the snow is on the ground, many students are enjoying the great summer sport in the big gym., the athletic management having kindly turned it over to the boys on recreation days. This will affort good practice for the different Hall teams.

—We have heard several inquire of late as to the cause of all the noise on the second floor of the Main Building every Tuesday evening. For the benefit of the curious we wish to say that it is not noise but the harmonious accord of the senior class in oratory reaching after high notes.

—The senior Latin class having studied Cicero's De Officiis is now engaged with the natural philosophy of Lucretius which work completes their list of authors. In order that the class might have a better idea of Lucretius' views, the Professor gave a very instructive dissertation which was deeply appreciated by the members of the class.

—The Sorin Hallers were awakened Wednesday morning by the cheerful notes of a robin redbreast. Fansler rushed to procure a straw-hat, Gardiner sang "Violets" and Ed Hammer delighted his friends with an ode to springtime. A spirit of gaiety and good feeling had spread throughout the hall, when we were shocked to hear that Lamprey had fallen a victim to spring fever. He was carefully isolated, but in spite of all precautions the fever has spread, and more than half the Sorinites are afflicted by this strange malady and foe to study.

—Students are invited not to be alarmed at the wisdom that will flow next Monday, when the feast-day of St. Thomas Aquinas will be duly observed. As the entire programme has not yet been arranged we can only state that our bright little Sergeant-at-Arms will give a dissertation on "The Monad." Mr. Gardiner has taken for his subject "Man's duty to his inner self," while Dill, as the Havanas are going the rounds, will expatiate on "The smokiverous tendencies in men and their relation to the prefect." We are sure that old Socrates himself might look to his laurels should he appear among our philosophers on next Monday.