

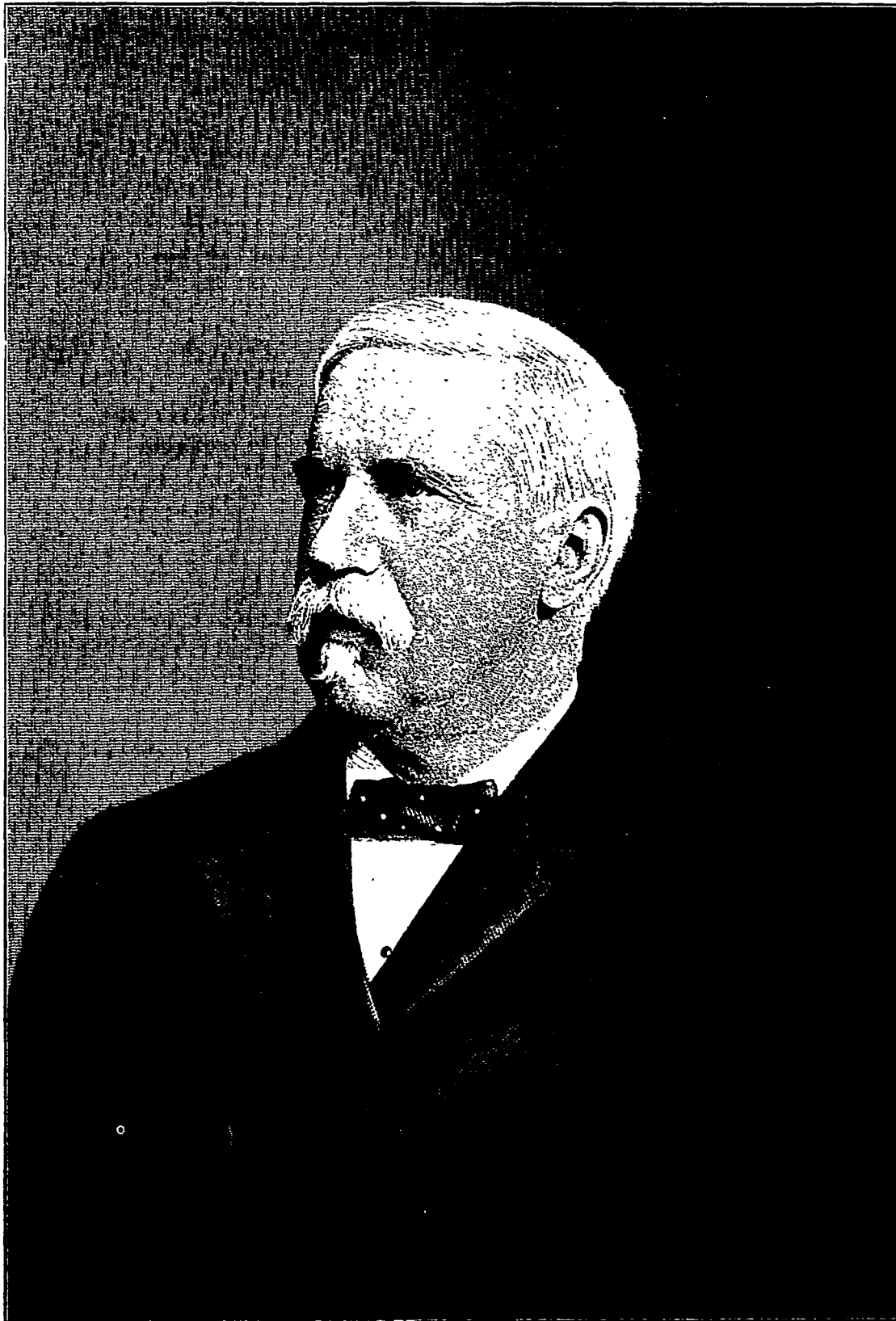
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THE HON. RICHARD C. KERENS,
LAETARE MEDALIST, 1904.

Laetare Medalist, 1904.



HE Laetare Medal, the highest expression of esteem within the gift of Notre Dame University and annually bestowed on some American lay Catholic for moral excellence, civic worth and distinguished service to humanity, is this year conferred on the Hon. Richard C. Kerens of St. Louis.

The Catholic public of America is pretty well acquainted with the institution and significance of the Laetare Medal. Its inception two decades ago may be traced to "The Golden Rose," a gift blessed by the Pope on the Mid-Sunday of Lent, or Laetare Sunday, and usually presented to a member of royalty in recognition of the recipient's extraordinary virtue, piety and philanthropy. According to a ceremonial of the year 1573, the bestowal by the Holy Father was accompanied by the following blessing: "Receive from our hands this rose, by which is designated the joy of the earthly and of the heavenly Jerusalem, the Church, namely, militant and triumphant, by which is manifested to all the faithful of Christ that most beauteous flower which is both the joy and the crown of all the saints. Receive this rose, most beloved son, who, according to the world, art noble, valiant and endowed with great prowess, that you may be still more ennobled by every virtue from Christ, as a rose planted near the streams of many waters; and may this grace be bestowed on you in the overflowing clemency of Him who liveth and reigneth, world without end. Amen." Thus it will be seen that the purpose of the emblem was to set the seal of the Pontiff's approval on a man's life; to say to Catholics of all classes: "Here is a man who has exemplified the lessons taught by Christ, whose example I commend to you." What an ennobling influence this must have on society, and it is just such an influence Notre Dame tries to exert in its bestowal of the Laetare Medal.

The medal itself is of solid gold, of exquisite workmanship, and bears on one side the inscription, *Magna est veritas et praevalabit*, and on the other side the recipient's name and that of the University. In an accompanying address, artistically framed and printed on silk, the reasons are set forth for the presentation. Such is the Laetare Medal, a

distinction already conferred on a select group, which includes the following very eminent men and women: Dr. John Gilmary Shea, historian; Patrick J. Keeley, architect; Eliza Allen Starr, art critic; General John Newton, civil engineer; Patrick V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist; William J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty, orator; Major Henry T. Brownson, soldier and scholar; Patrick Donahue, editor; Augustin Daly, theatrical manager; Anna T. Sadlier, author; William Stark Rosecrans, soldier; Dr. Thomas A. Emmet, physician; Hon. Timothy Howard, jurist; Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, philanthropist; John A. Creighton, philanthropist; William Bourke Cockran, lawyer and orator; Dr. Benjamin Murphy, surgeon; and Charles J. Bonaparte, lawyer and publicist.

Richard C. Kerens, the latest chosen for the distinction, was born in Ireland in 1842, and was brought to America by his parents while yet a mere child. Early in the son's life death deprived him of his father, so that the family cares devolved on the struggling youth whose character soon manifested the self-reliance, enterprise and determination that have strikingly marked his subsequent career. At the age of nineteen he joined the Union Army where his ability and attention to duty were quickly recognized. After two years of distinguished service in the army of the Potomac he was transferred to the West in 1863 and participated in the campaigns in Southwest Missouri, taking part in the conquest of Northwest Arkansas. While on this expedition with the Federal army he met Miss Frances J. Jones, whom he married in 1867, and who has been his loyal helpmate and inspiration ever since.

In 1872 he engaged in the transportation of mails, express and passengers by stage coaches to points in the frontier beyond the advance of railroads. In 1874 he began the operation of the southern overland mail, a service which covered 1400 miles of frontier country and which involved great risk to life and property. His promptness, fidelity and perseverance earned the commendations of the postmaster-generals of three administrations. Later he moved to St. Louis where he first took an interest in politics, and as a staunch Republican became prominent in the councils of his party. He was never a candidate for office, but in 1892 was a delegate-at-large to the Minneapolis Republican

convention, and was elected to represent Missouri on the Republican National Committee. He has not confined himself to any particular line of business since settling in St. Louis, having large interests in mines in New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona; also devoting his energy to the numerous railroads in which he has ownership. Recognizing his experience in railroad matters, President Harrison appointed Mr. Kerens one of the three United States members of the Inter-Continental Commission, which had for its object the construction of a railroad throughout the South American Republics. The same President also appointed him commissioner-at-large to the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago. In 1896 he was again chosen to represent Missouri in the Republican National Committee; and when the Missouri Legislature assembled the following January he received the vote of the Republican members and senators for United States Senator, an honor again accorded him in 1899.

In private life Mr. Kerens is amiable and of a social temperament, ever ready to assist others and to share with them the fruits of his knowledge and experience. He has always enjoyed the confidence and admiration of his neighbors, and those who know him best say of him that he never sacrifices principle for expediency, is true to every ennobling impulse, firm in the discharge of his duty and unflinching in his struggle for success in all his undertakings. His charities have been many and generous. He has given large contributions to the Catholic churches, hospitals and schools in St. Louis and elsewhere, to the Catholic University and the St. Louis University. In all he has donated for charitable and religious purposes princely sums.

Richard C. Kerens is a high type of the Catholic American citizen. For many years he has been before the public in the front ranks of the servants of his country. During the Civil War he was the soldier—brave, faithful and noble-minded. In times of peace he has been the adviser of statesmen and of presidents. He has taken a most active part in the affairs of the country, notably in those of the Republican party, to which he has been conscientiously and loyally attached, and throughout he was the Catholic outspoken, proud of its principles and practices. Whoever came in contact with him felt at once that he was a Catholic, and he was all the more respected

because of this by hosts of friends who knew him. In business he has been connected with large enterprises. Not only was he the outspoken Catholic but a practical Catholic. Irreproachable in his private life, faithful to his Church duties, receiving the Sacraments, hearing Mass, not only on Sundays but also on weekdays. Quietly and without ostentation he would slip away in the early morning from his hotel to some neighboring church to hear Mass.

Such a man deserves honor; such a man deserves to be put forth as an exemplar; such a man teaches Catholics what they ought to be in private as well as in public life; such a man brings honor to his Church as he does to his country. He breaks prejudices among the enemies of the Church, and he uplifts his fellow-Catholics, teaching them to be proud of their faith, and showing in the most unmistakable manner that a Catholic who honors his faith does not as a result suffer in the estimation of his fellow-citizens because of his faith.

This has been his unvarying course through life. Only those near him know to the full the nobility of the man. Careful of his family, he has brought up his sons and daughters to be good Catholics and to be loyally fond of their faith as he himself is. He is no longer a young man; his life has been eventful, and his ways have been where passions and prejudices might be expected to assert themselves frequently; but during his long career he has been faithful and has borne "the White Lily of a blameless life."

Now as ever the great need of the Church is staunch Catholic laymen and exemplary Catholic citizens. These daily preach the faith in their own effective way from their own quiet pulpits. A large number of Catholics of Mr. Kerens' stamp would make the power of the Church more far-reaching in this country. Assuredly in selecting Mr. Kerens for this year's Laetare Medal, Notre Dame has discovered another prince among laymen worthy of her highest honor.

"THE more sensitive the mind is to appeals to the nobler passions, the higher are we exalted above a merely animal existence: and we should therefore accustom the young to respond to the solicitations of the diviner love which is symbolized by religion, home and country."

A Warning.

GEORGE E. GORMLEY, '04.

WHEN spring begins to smile again,
 And flowers and trees to bloom,
 What joy it is to saunter from
 A dingy smoking-room;
 To watch the student wield his bat,
 While birds and muses sing
 And youthful poets find a theme,
 In the coming of the spring!

Then college grounds—how they attract
 The beautiful, the fair!
 But as you drink in Nature's charms,
 'Twere wisdom to beware
 Of maids that come in bonnets gay,
 When chimes of Easter ring,
 For Cupid's arrows wound, you know,
 At the coming of the spring.

The Life and Works of Robert Louis Stevenson.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

TWENTY-FIVE AND MANHOOD.

Now that the young man had tempered his questionable religious convictions and had begun to see matters with a healthier light, there was a definite change in his life. His travel-notes and essays first found publication and were for some time his principal and, as some critics have held, his most characteristic achievement. The desires of his heart, made known in a fit of despondency—"first, good health; secondly, a small competence; thirdly, O Du Lieber Gott! friends,"—were realized at this age. His health was better than ever before; his social charm was at its height, and he had at once gained friends of great worth and influence.

Stevenson's mode of dress was always of the smallest worry to himself while of much concern to his friends. There were times when he dressed with a ridiculous and inexcusable carelessness. "At this very time," Mr. Colvin writes (Preface to Stevenson's Letters), "Stevenson was passing through a period of neatness between two of Bohemian carelessness as to dress, and so its effect was immediate. He had only to speak in order to be recognized in the first minute for a witty and charm-

ing gentleman, and within the first five for a master spirit and man of genius."

Stevenson went to London with the notion that he should enter the English Bar, but he was no sooner there than he had his first severe attack of nervous exhaustion and threatening phthisis. He was bundled South forthwith, and there, in one of the "halting-places of life," of which the sufferer was to experience too many, he wrote "Ordered South." His mending at Mentone was very slow; and in the immediate danger of death his religious views underwent a change for the better. In the spring he returned home by way of Paris, and the differences that had so long embarrassed father and son were made up. Thereafter, with more money in pocket and many friends in the South, Stevenson spent successive months in London, Paris and the resorts of painters near Fontainebleau.

Mr. Henley of England, who had been eighteen months in an Edinburgh hospital under the care of Dr. Lister, was visited by Stevenson at this time, and notwithstanding Stevenson's mortal distaste for "hospital doors, pale faces, the sweet whiff of chloroform," he spent days with the young English poet. He placed himself and all that he had at his unfortunate friend's disposal, and a close union was formed. Those intimately acquainted with the friendship that long existed between Mr. Henley and Stevenson can not take Mr. Henley's recent criticism of Stevenson and his biographers to be manly or honorable. There is no doubt but that Mr. Henley was a strong prose writer and a poet of considerable pretension. As a poet, he much surpassed Stevenson, and for a terse, forceful style he resembled Stevenson very closely. But there is one quality Mr. Henley did not possess and that was the large heart and human love that Stevenson possessed; and for the lack of that Mr. Henley will be forgotten when Stevenson lives.

Again Stevenson sought the South. He spent weak days in the Riviera and at Barbizon in France. His intimates and those who influenced him the most were his cousin, Robert A. M. Stevenson, Mr. Sydney Colvin, and Sir William Simson. The latter accompanied him on the canoe journey down the Oise which brought out the "Inland Voyage." Barbizon had been the home of Millet, and its fields were the scene of his "Angelus." There was an inn reserved exclusively for artists in that village; and the artists formed

a strange society compounded of all nationalities, with French, English and Americans predominating. All of these experiences, if taken when weak in body and spirit, did much to form Stevenson's knowledge of men and manners. Also, whenever able, Stevenson travelled through the surrounding villages.

During a brief stay in Paris, he once wrote home: "I have been engaged in a wild hunt for books all forenoon, all afternoon, with occasional returns to Rue Racine with an armful. I have spent nearly all my money; and if I have luck in to-day's hunt, I believe I shall lay my head on my pillow to-night a beggar. Please advance me ten pounds of my allowance." In this period the man was making and the writer was passing through what appears to have been an unusually slow development. Perfection of style is a work of time; but if, in the meantime, he had used the gifts then at his command, Graham Balfour thinks Stevenson's love of romance, his imagination and his vivid interest in life might well have enabled him to have produced work which would have secured him immediate popularity and reward.

"Some Portraits by Raeburn," afterward included in "Virginibus Puerisque," was rejected three times in 1876. It was refused in turn by the *Cornhill*, *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Blackwood's Magazine*. However, Stevenson was seldom obliged to try his fortune elsewhere with a rejected article. In his persistency this time, the author was right. Editors have many different persons to please and can not always follow their inclinations; but articles of the worth of the "Raeburn" are not daily met with.

The first of Stevenson's stories, "A Lodging for a Night," was printed in 1877; and in 1878, his first book, "An Inland Voyage," was published. The delightful "Preface" to the latter is artistic in its candor: "To equip so small a book with a preface is, I am half afraid, to sin against proportion. But a preface is more than an author can resist, for it is the reward of his labors. When the foundation stone is laid, the architect appears with his plans, and struts for an hour before the public eye. So with the writer in his preface; he may have never a word to say, but he must show himself for a moment in the portico, hat in hand, and with an urbane demeanor."

THE PERIOD OF TRANSITION.

The transitory period in Stevenson's life took place between 1876 and 1879. He con-

tinued to lead an independent life between France, London and Edinburgh. His life was typical of this quotation taken from his "Inland Voyage": "You may paddle all day long, but it is when you come back at nightfall and look in at the familiar room that you find Love or Death awaiting you beside the stove; and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek." For when he and his comrade, Sir Walter Simpson, returned to their quarters at Grez they found their colony much concerned in anticipation of the arrival of an American lady and her two children.

Thus it was that Stevenson met the woman who became his wife and helpmate. She had left California after a short period of domestic unhappiness in order to educate her children in France. Stevenson at once felt an unusual affection for her, and in spite of the difficulties and the dissuasion of friends and relations, his choice never wavered. Mrs. Osbourne's short married life had been very painful; and there were few who ever knew the lady but became true admirers of her. Beside, her devotion to Stevenson, when they were married, was the happiest circumstance in Stevenson's otherwise ill-starred life.

The thousand pounds of his patrimony advanced by his father did not last Stevenson very long, for if he was careful in his own expenditures, he was too generous with his friends. After a year he had eight hundred pounds left, and when some of his dearest friends became financially entangled that soon went to assist them. Identical with this situation, Mrs. Osbourne left France to spend the winter in California. As a result, Stevenson's peace of mind and heart was sorely tried, for there was then little possibility of a marriage between them.

Soon afterward he took his eleven days' journey through the Cevernes, described in his "Travels with a Donkey"—a choice extract from which is the following: "I heard the voice of a woman singing some sad, old, endless ballad not far off. It seemed to me about love and a *bel amour*, her handsome sweetheart; and I wished I could have taken up the strain and assured her, as I went on upon my invisible woodland way, weaving like Pippa in the poem, my own thoughts with hers. What could I have told her? Little enough, and yet all the heart requires. How the world gives and takes away and brings sweethearts near only to separate them again

into distant and strange lands; but to love is the great amulet which make the world a garden; and 'hope, which comes to all,' outwears the accidents of life, and reaches with tremulous hand beyond the grave and death. Easy to say: yea, but also, by God's mercy, both easy and grateful to believe!"

"Will o' the Mill" was the first of Stevenson's tales taken by the *Cornhill*, and this produced the impression that a new writer original in conception and style had arisen. It was written in a direct divergence from Stevenson's scheme and conduct of life; but there was so much of courage, of spirit, and so much of all that was best in the writer that, as a work of art, it will outlast far more correct philosophy.

CALIFORNIA AND MARRIAGE.

Stevenson's aphorism: "What a man truly wants, that will he get, or he will be changed in trying," applied most aptly to his decision to go to California. He sailed from the Clyde in August, 1879. The day following his arrival in New York was fruitlessly spent in an endeavor to establish connections with some American magazines. Within twenty-four hours of his arrival, he was on his way as an Emigrant to the Far West a part of his baggage being Bancroft's "History of the United States" in six volumes. He reached San Francisco to find Mrs. Osbourne, who had been dangerously ill, somewhat better; but the condition of his own health made him start for the South at once.

In the Coast Range of Mountains beyond Monterey he broke down completely, and for two nights lay under a tree in a sort of stupor. Two frontiersmen from a goat-ranch took him in and tended him; and had they not done so, Stevenson's life-story would have ended there in the mountains off Monterey. At Monterey, he worked on "The Amateur Emigrant," wrote half of a novel called "A Vendetta in the West," and the whole of "The Pavilion on the Links," which was sent to London.

He returned to San Francisco in December of that same year. The following days were about the unpleasantest of his life. There was little market in that city for the work of as careful and painstaking an artist as Stevenson was. Stevenson here resurrected, "Semiramus, a Tragedy," ultimately called "Prince Otto," which is one of the best examples of his rich, imaginative thought, though its expression is much too pretentiously done. He stuck to his

work, while his physical condition all the time became more alarming. He was, as he afterward wrote to Mr. Gosse, "on the verge of a galloping consumption, subject to cold sweats, prostrating attacks of cough, sinking fits, in which he lost the power of speech, fever, and all the ugliest circumstances of the disease."

Notwithstanding his state of health, when Mrs. Osbourne had removed the obstacles to another marriage by a divorce from her former husband, Stevenson was married to her on May 19, 1880. Thence on she began to care for him like another mother and the gratitude and love of the remainder of his life was entirely given over to her. The most true and characteristic of his verse is the following:

TO MY WIFE.

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight,
The great Artificer
Made my mate.

Honor, anger, valor, fire;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench or evil stir,
The mighty Master
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free,
The August Father
Gave to me.

Late in the summer of that year Stevenson, his wife and stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, returned to England where any doubt as to the wisdom of his choice was at once dispelled. The joy of the reunion, however, was of short duration, for Stevenson had to leave posthaste for the South and pass that winter in the Alps. Several circumstances very characteristic of the man happened during these days. Graham Balfour recounts an incident that occurred during one of Stevenson's most dangerous sick spells. When confined to the bed, at six o'clock one morning Stevenson sent for a young Church of England parson. Although the parson knew the man but slightly, he understood how very ill he was, and accordingly dressed most hurriedly and rushed to Stevenson's room only to see a haggard face gazing from the bed-clothes and to hear an agonized voice say, "For God's sake—have you got a Horace?"

Nevertheless, between recurring spells of sickness, Stevenson wrote and wrote. The

first edition of "Virginibus Puerisque" was brought out, also many papers for the *Fortnightly* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and later in the year, in two months of better health, he wrote "Thrawn Janet," "The Merry Men," and "The Body Snatcher." Though many of these tales border on the superhuman they can not be called weak or sentimental, and if they breathe of anything it is of the big sea and courage.

The amount of writing the author did at Davos can scarcely be thought possible to one in his critical condition. "The Silverado Squatters," the most of the delightful essay on "Talk and Talkers," and the "Gossip on Romance," were written during that stay in the Alps. He wrote to his mother: "I work, work away, away, and get nothing or but little done; it is slow, slow, slow; but I sit from four to five hours at it, and read all the rest of the time for Hazlitt." And later, he wrote to Charles Baxter: "I am getting a slow, steady, sluggish stream of ink over paper, and shall do better this year than last." In another letter: "I have written something like thirty-five thousand words since I have been here, which shows at least I have been industrious."

"Treasure Island," that incomparable romance, and many of the stories comprising the "New Arabian Nights," were produced at Davos. As for "Treasure Island," as soon as it was put in book form, its popularity was immediate and the popularity continues to this day; while many critics are agreed that the "New Arabian Nights" will perhaps prove to be the most imperishable of Stevenson's writings. In these stories Stevenson unites weird and original imaginative creations with a positively refreshing style. He approaches Poe in imagination, about equals his strength of plot, and exceeds his prose. Another as healthy a romance as "Treasure Island" will not soon be written.

The story goes that Mr. Gladstone got a glimpse of "Treasure Island" at a colleague's house, and spent the next day hunting over London for a second-hand copy. The editor of the *Saturday Review* wrote its author that he thought "Treasure Island" was the best book that had appeared since "Robinson Crusoe." Mr. Andrew Lang exclaimed: "This is the kind of stuff a fellow wants. I don't know, except 'Tom Sawyer,' and the 'Odyssey,' that I ever liked any romance so well."

Stevenson's friends, Mr. Henley and Mr.

Baxter, were expected at Hyères, and he was devoting all his powers to finish "Prince Otto" when a cold brought on a congestion of the lungs from which the man barely lived. Stevenson had grown to pay little heed to the rather frequent hemorrhages, sometimes slight sometimes serious, but this congestion with his chronic weakness of lungs brought him very low. One night when attacked with a most violent hemorrhage, and so choked by the flow of blood that he could not speak, Stevenson motioned to his terrified wife for a pencil and paper on which he wrote in a firm hand; "Don't be frightened; if this is death it is an easy one." Likewise, when bound for England to get a final medical opinion upon his health and prospects, and when everything appeared hopeless and ill-boding, he signed a spirited letter to his parents,—

"I am yours,

Mr. Muddler, Mr. Addlepead,

Mr. Wandering Butterwits,

Mr. Shiftless Inconsistency,

Sir Indecision Contentment."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Dream of the Violinist:

TELFORD PAULLIN.

INTO the Garden of My Dreams an image came,
From Paradise;
The music sighed
Upon the wind
My soul divined.
She slept.

Into the Garden of My Dreams an image came,
I snared all earth
And sky and sea
In harmony
To build her shrine.
She smiled.

Into the Garden of My Dreams an image came,
The miracle,
The strain divine,
I could not find,
My soul was blind.
She wept.

Beyond the Garden of My dreams my image fled,
Beyond the bounds
No god of sounds
Enchants my bow.
Oh, endless woe!
She died.

The Cost of the Improvement.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.

In the office of Acker and Son, Wholesale Dealers in wines and liquors, sat a new bill-clerk. An innovation in the time-honored custom of the firm had taken place—all bills, orders and the like were henceforth to be typewritten and copied for filing before going to the shipping room. This clearly was a step in the right direction; it was in accordance with good business methods; it was up-to-date. The junior member of the firm was decidedly progressive, and this was his most recent advance. He, too, was something of a clubman and enjoyed a jolly circle of acquaintances, among whom was Randell Buckingham of the firm of Buckingham, Storm and Co. But the senior member of the wholesale liquor firm was content to do things in the good old way, to write his letters with his own hand and be sure of them. The representative of the younger generation, however, insisted that a stenographer was a necessity for a business correspondence, and that for the sake of accuracy and neatness all bills and orders should go through the mill on the carbons.

So it was that on one fine morning in June a rather prim, but insignificant-looking young fellow with a new typewriter was enthroned beside the desk of the junior member. Fate had almost succeeded in concealing this same youth by calling him Smith, but the addition of the praenomen of Abraham L. gave indication that some day he might save his country. Abe had just been graduated from a commercial school, and he knew all about stenography from the "simple consonant" to the "grammologue." He was unassailable in his stronghold; he was approaching the speed limit,—only he was liable to transpose. He was also a stranger in the ways of the city and unacquainted with business methods—that great field lay all undiscovered before him.

On this particular morning he had just finished taking the dictation, and had begun to fondle the keys in a careless manner when a friend of the junior partner entered. He seemed to be a jovial chap, just bubbling over with mirth.

"Did you know that 'Buck' was getting married to-day?" were his words of greeting.

"That's right, to-day is the day," responded the junior member. "Say, we ought to remember him." Then turning to his machine man, he said: "Order him a case of Port." Abe smiled knowingly. "He's over in the Equity Bldg. with Storm," added the younger Acker as he and his companion went out for lunch. Whatever were Abe's defects so far as physical appearance is concerned he had a very delicate pair of ears—and he used them all the time. And Abe could put two and two together and make four any day. He knew that they were talking about a certain Mr. Buck—they had mentioned his name several times, they had said that he was in with Storm, so anyone could tell that the firm must be Buck, Storm and Co. That was all so plain that there was no need of questioning. So the order he started on the machine was:

"Vol. viii. Pg. 1942. 6-5-7-02.

One Case Port Wine.

Deliver to

BUCK, STORM AND CO."

But woe to Abe. The *u* is up near the *o* on the keyboard and he hit the *o* instead of the *u*, and *vice versa*. And all unwittingly he dropped the sheet on the dummy elevator and down it went to the shipping-room.

Content that he had been wide-awake in this deal, Abe peacefully went his way through the mail, and wrote out the rest of the orders. Shortly he came to one for ten barrels of beer by Bock, Sturm and Co. Again the mill responded to his lightning touch, and again the *u* and the *o* changed places and again the dummy carried the sheet to the shipping-room. An old driver well acquainted with the city had been given the former order, and he started out with the single case for Bock, Sturm & Co., the proprietors of the Turner Halle. He was a little surprised that the sturdy Hollanders should be indulging in port, but he knew that a convention of "big ones" was scheduled at the "Turnverein" that day, so he said nothing but drove away. He had just left when the order for the ten barrels came down for Buck, Storm and Co. Another driver, one who had formerly been a coachman for the Storms was found, who came to the rescue with the required particulars: he had often heard Mr. Storm speak of Mr. Buck—the officers of the firm were over on LaSalle Street. He was the

man for the shipping clerk; so he was told to roll the order aboard.

Meanwhile the convention was getting along lovely. Things were just more than progressing. The crowd filled the spacious hall and the adjoining garden. Hans Vall Blats had made the speech of welcome to the visitors. The reception committee: Herren Anheuser, Schmidt and Gettleman were taking care of everybody in proper style. Meinen Hosten Sturm and Bock were agreeably attentive to all; but it was getting warm and even hot, and that natural abater of thirst, that natural elixir of life for the Germans, was running low. At eleven Bock called up Acker and Son. Abe promptly quieted his fears by telling him that his order was on the road.

At the same time, in the fashionable residence portion of the city there was a swell wedding in progress. Mr. Randell Buckingham was taking as his partner for life the only heiress of a wealthy old settler who had long been dead. The girl being an orphan had consented, as a favor to Randell's mother, to have the wedding take place at the Buckingham home. The young people were very popular, and all circumstances conspired to make the affair one of the society events of the season. The "elite" of the metropolis had assembled at the breakfast; there were scores of guests; the fashionable carriages lined the curb for blocks.

But let us go back to Driver No. 1. With no serious misgivings he had stopped at the "Turnverein" and had shouldered the case of port. He set it down on the counter and presented the duplicate for the signature. There was a little jar when he dropped it, but that little jar was enough to bring down all the thunders of an outraged convention. Think of it! Twelve bottles for that thirsty crowd. Not much! Some one should suffer for this! "Bur-r-r" rang the phone for Acker and Sons. But somebody was already on.

Driver No. 2. had stopped at Buckingham, Storm and Co's offices on LaSalle St. They were closed, but the janitor had suggested that "He supposed dat de gent would most probable have more room at de house." So moving onward, the wagon of beer had wound its way through the crowd of carriages, and the phlegmatic driver was insisting on unloading the whole lot of it on the carriage block when the rumpus that he and the porter were having attracted the attention of the butler. That capacious individual just beamed all

over when he saw the load, and immediately took the cargo in tow. Under his eager direction the load was making for the rear of the place when the horrified groom caught sight of it. A hasty excuse, a hurried retreat, and he was in the midst of the confusion. Acker and Son had sent it, so the driver said. There must be some mistake. He dashed into his private room and grabbed the phone.

"696, please hurry—Acker and Son? What do you mean by sending that carload of beer out here?"

Poor Abe trembled in his boots. Just then Sturm cut in.

"Acker? Hugh? Donner und Blitzen! For why you send me twelve bottles? I want ten barrels!"

"Merciful powers!" thought Abe, "here's a mix-up."

"I was just thinking," put in the voice of the shipping clerk as he shouted up the dummy shoot, "if that dozen wasn't for H. G's friend, and if the beer-garden hadn't a-ordered that bunch of barrels."

Poor Abe dropped back in his chair, still pressing the receiver to his ear. Alternately he caught the words of Buckingham and Sturm.

"Acker and Son? I say! Who are you? What do I know about sending you a case of wine?..."

"Potzthousands! Why can't I get Acker? Hell-Oh! Acker? Acker! Carload of beer out here! You are one crazy fool. It is one weenie case! What's that you say? 'What do you know about sending—' Why, man alive you specified that you should have it here by noon already—"

"Central, kindly give me 696.—Yes, some one cut in—"

"Sentrall! Sentrall! Hell-Oh! Acker? Ya! Dis is Sturm! Acker? Hell-Oh! Acker! Ach—Du—"

Poor Abe dropped the receiver with a crash.

"Well, my boy, did you get all the orders out?" said the junior member who had just entered.

"Here's dem sheets, youse better look 'em up!" came from the shoot.

Mr. Acker looked them up.

"How much do I owe you?" was all he said.

Abe packed his things and went back to learn the "touch-system." Then he advised his next employer to buy a "Visible."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—A synopsis of Shakspeare's King Lear will be found in this number of the SCHOLASTIC. Professor Dickson has kindly prepared an outline of this great masterpiece, and it gives the students an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the action and characters of King Lear. Professor Dickson has taken great pains to drill a company of local players, and will take the title-rôle himself in the production of the drama next Thursday. Scarcely one of Shakspeare's plays is more frequently enjoyed or oftener quoted, and scarcely one is harder to stage. The three daughters are immortal creations, and as long as language and literature endure Cordelia will be a name pleasing to the ear and to the heart. Besides the inherent perfection of character-portrayal in this play, it affords excellent example of a certain action of analysis—the Lear action—whereby the fortunes of the principal character, instead of rising until the climax takes place, fall from the first act until the catastrophe. Professor Dickson is an enthusiastic Shaksperian actor and critic, and we are sure his part in Thursday's performance will fully sustain the reputation he has established as director of the Chicago School of Dramatic Art and professor of oratory and elocution at Notre Dame.

—The Holy Father Pius X. is a musician of no ordinary talent and ability. This might be inferred from his recommendation sent to the Catholic world—the first after his election to the pontificate in regard to the abuse of Church music. The gist of the message was that throughout the Church the Gregorian form of music should prevail in all ceremonies to the exclusion of other later compositions less adapted to the Church liturgy. The recommendation has been received with acclamation by many who have long felt the need of such a change. It is indeed distracting to enter a church and hear the sublime words of the liturgy adapted to the music of some opera—as is often the case—which, though “catchy” and pleasing is hardly suited for such a solemn purpose. The Gregorian plain chant, together with the works of Palestrina, which are unequalled for grandeur and intricacy of harmony, furnishes a wealth of music that is suitable in every way for liturgical use. A certain tone and atmosphere are found in every musical composition, and when—as is the case in the Church service—the music is secondary, it must be adapted in tone and atmosphere to the circumstances whose effect it enhances. The lack of such adaptation has been the great defect of Church music in the past, and it is to the credit of the Holy Father that he has found a remedy for this defect.

—To impersonate eighteen different characters in a single performance is certainly out of the ordinary. This is what Mr. James Francis O'Donnell, the celebrated monologist of Cleveland, accomplished last Thursday when unaided he rendered before the students Wilson Barrett's famous production, “The Sign of the Cross.” In one scene the entertainer acted seven different rôles and filled each exceedingly well. The drama deals with the time of Nero, and portrays many scenes in the lives of the early Christians. The actor was exceptionally able in his impersonation of Marcus Superbus, the Roman prefect; his deep, sonorous voice and commanding presence were well fitted for this character. Mr. O'Donnell is an artist of rare ability and a master in the art of monologue. By a happy mingling of the lively and humorous with the grave and tragic he holds the constant attention of his auditors. We hope that the distinguished monologist will be heard here soon again.

The Great Drama.

Shakspeare's tragedy of King Lear not only takes precedence of all his works, but in largeness of conception, elemental treatment, grandeur of thought, ethical teaching and human interest, surpasses all literature of its kind known to civilized man.

The time of the tragedy is laid in the early years of the world when the passions were elemental and before they were differentiated into the many different channels of our more modern civilization.

In the first act is shadowed forth the potentiality and *dramatis personæ* of the whole tragedy. Lear, King of Britain, in the white winter of his age, portions out his kingdom to his three daughters. But the old king can not let the occasion pass without a display of his weakness. Although a man born to the purple, of kindling intellect and far-reaching imagination, his long rule has inbred and intensified in him the idea of domination until he can not brook the slightest obstacle to his will. Indeed, it has become a disease with him, and his retainers have added fuel to the flame by humoring this infirmity, thus feeding the malady.

Cordelia, his youngest daughter, had long perceived this, and knowing that the malady would rather increase by specious flattery, can not bring it upon herself to reply as her father desires. Her elder sisters, Goneril and Regan, less scrupulous and truthful, humor him to the top of his bent, and the old king rewards them with generous portions of his fair kingdom. It has been said that Shakspeare in writing King Lear, identified himself with the character, in fact, he was Lear. It is also a noteworthy fact that all great actors who have personated the part, particularly our own Edwin Forrest, have insisted that the experience of the old king so coincided with their own that they have lived the part upon the boards rather than acted it.

This gives us a strong insight into the character. The old king, in his very first speech, freely resigns all authority; but the habit of domination has become so thoroughly engrafted in his nature that it shows itself upon the slightest provocation. Here then is the problem: given a self-willed man who has never conquered and but feebly knows himself, a man who although born to command and rule, has not yet accomplished

the first great rule of human conduct—to subdue himself; place this person upon the rack of this rude world, and the result can be easily imagined. The contrast is great. In the first act Lear is seen on the throne of Britain in the plenitude of his power, surrounded by the full court. How grandly he thunders out in all the dominance of his splendid potentiality and egotism: "Know that we have divided in three our kingdom." We can well believe that there has been no previous consultation with the heads of state. It is Lear's own idea, and he proceeds to carry it out with all his largeness of domination. Authority is to him a mere bauble, the accident of birth, but domination is the marrow of his bones, his birthright; and had Lear never swayed the royal sceptre it would nevertheless have been his chief characteristic, no matter how humble might have been his lot in life. In the last act we behold the mighty king as docile as a child. He has been bound upon a wheel of fire. The gross material, egotism of the flesh, has fallen away and the spiritual man says to Cordelia: "If you have poison for me, I'll drink it." While our hearts go out to the old king in all his sufferings and we give him the tribute of our tears and sympathize with his griefs, we can not help but notice as the natural man is broken down, as his passions and frailties are shred from him in the furnace heat of affliction, his soul assimilates and takes on those spiritual attributes which at last is the true index of our being. Lear's life is but the epitome of the life of humanity. Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe, and he who best endures with the most cheerful grace conquers in the fight.

In regard to the elements that worked out the sufferings and, we may add, transfiguration of the poor unhappy Lear, the unnatural daughters, Goneril and Regan, the inhuman Edmund, and the rest, we can make no comment. It has already been spoken: "It must needs be that the offences come, but woe to him by whom they come."

The womanly Cordelia, the faithful Kent, the good but unfortunate Gloster, Edgar, not forgetting the strange, wistful figure of the poor fool, all draw heavily upon our love, but do not need our commiseration. They lie in the keeping of the Great Father who has said: "All tears shall be wiped away, all wounds healed." This galaxy redeems humanity, and we look with renewed faith toward the dawn. After Lear is cast off by Goneril and

Regan he rushes wildly into the night and storm. In his agony he distances all his followers. We find him next upon a barren heath amid the warring of the elements. He identifies the heavens with his grief. It is the voice of an old man, fourscore and upwards, frenzied by the treatment of his inhuman daughters, his mind on the abyss of insanity and his words aspirate and wail in their despair. Every sound and discord from the guttural of rage, the semitone of weakness, to the imitative resonance of the rumbling of the thunder, the cracking of the winds, the spitting of the rain, is exactly produced. The old king identifies the tempest raging in his breast with the commotion of the material world around him.

Further to illustrate Shakspeare's superiority as a dramatist let us contrast his identification and the reality of the storm in Lear with Æschylus' description of the storm by Prometheus: "Not in words but in reality, the earth begins to shake, the hoarse roar of the thunder echoes, the blazing volumes of lightning flash and whirlwinds scatter the dust; all the winds leap and rush in civil war against each other—the air is confounded with the sea, so dreadful a torment does Jove direct against me. Oh, divinity of my mother; O air rolling the common light, you see what and how unjustly I suffer!"

The description certainly is sublime, but the attention is drawn more to the storm than to the suffering of Prometheus. We even wonder how in his agony and fear he can so calmly arrange his periods.

In Lear we have the reality, and the storm in the objective world seems but an echo of that intolerable tempest raging in the mind of the unhappy king. In Æschylus the incident overwhelms the reader, and we lose in the description the cry of anguish that should pierce us to the quick.

Lear's prayer, "Poor, naked wretches," seems to contain in its vibration the wail of humanity asking for deliverance. At last the old king, wet to the skin, suffering untold anguish, realizes that all men are akin.

But under the pressure of both mental and physical suffering his mind begins to turn, and it needs only the arrival of Edgar on the scene disguised as a Tom of Bedlam to complete the illusion. The fever has mounted to the brain; and under the quickened vibration of this organ, what flashes of truth and incoherency are cast off. At last nature gives way,

and Lear goes to supper in the morning, and we bid farewell to that strange, wistful, loving character, the poor fool, who draws his poor cloak around him and exits with the words "I'll go to bed at noon."

In the following act Lear's madness is at its height. The vibrations of his brain are so rapid that thought and fancy gallop apace. In one breath he utters sentiments that pierce the veil of the material universe and reveals to us glimpses of the unseen world. We follow him into the realm of ideas and idealities only to fall to earth the next moment. We find ourselves part of a strange, pathetic group: the unhappy Gloster, whose eyes have been plucked out by order of the inhuman Regan, Edgar, his son, and the poor distracted Lear, crowned with wild flowers—"A king, a king!"

In the next scene we find Cordelia watching over the sleeping Lear. The fever in the blood has died out, the fire of life is at its lowest ebb. This self-willed king, who in the first act grappled with his fate with such mighty power and self-willed egotism, is now as helpless as a new-born infant. From this wreck of the material man his spiritual nature begins to grow, and mounts upward with increasing and steady light.

In the last act the wheel comes full round. Goneril and Regan die by their own hands. The unnatural Edmund is slain by Edgar. But what of Cordelia and Lear? Is there recompense enough in this world to enable the dramatist to prolong their lives and give them happiness here? Not so. Lear has redeemed himself through suffering, and the affectionate part of the grand old man must plume itself for flight to a better world than this. He has done with time, and eternity is his. Cordelia ends as she began—the same faithful, loving soul. HENRY DICKSON.

The Inter-State Contest

Complications have arisen in the selection of a place for the Inter-State Convention and contest which was to be held at Notre Dame, May 4. At the Inter-State Convention held at Cleveland, O., in May last, the undersigned was chosen by the Convention as vice-President of the Association for this year, and to him was delegated by the Executive Committee, of which he is a member, the power to select the place in Indiana for this year's contest. The representatives from the colleges com-

prising the State Association were consulted, and they were almost unanimous in choice of Notre Dame as the place to hold this year's contest. Accordingly, arrangements on a large scale were being perfected to make this year's convention and contest a great success, as Notre Dame considered the occasion worthy of serious effort and decided to make this year's affair mark an epoch in the history of the Inter-State Oratorical Association. That the suitableness of Notre Dame as the place for holding this year's contest is appreciated is shown by many letters received from colleges throughout the West, all of which contained most flattering allusions to Notre Dame's record among educational institutions of making a decided success of everything she undertook. The writers in nearly every instance evidenced a desire that the contest and convention be held here for reasons also that they might be given opportunity to visit Notre Dame and personally study her educational methods and her facilities in every branch of college activity. And they considered that no better opportunity could be had than to have the two days' convention and contest here, thereby giving them opportunity to attend both a successfully conducted convention and contest and to be at Notre Dame.

However, a complication has arisen in regard to the oration by Luther M. Feeger of Earlham, who represents Indiana in the Inter-State contest. No definite steps have been taken as yet. Mr. Feeger has been requested to correct the historical inaccuracies in his oration, which assume peculiar importance in this instance inasmuch as they distort facts having a religious bearing. Notre Dame took the initiative in the matter, and it is gratifying to know that since the step has been taken assurances of support in our position have been received from many of the leading non-Catholic colleges both in the State and Inter-State Associations. No definite action will be taken for at least two weeks in regard to the transfer of the contest to another place, if such a course be deemed wise by Notre Dame in the event of a satisfactory agreement not being reached. And as the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has been designated as the official organ of the Inter-State Association, and as many inquiries have been made recently regarding the matter, it is deemed expedient to insert a short article on the situation as it is at the present time.

B. V. KANALEY, '04.

Athletic Notes.

To-night in the big gymnasium lovers of indoor sport will have the opportunity of witnessing two basket-ball games of unusual interest. The Carroll Hall youngsters meet the fast High School team of South Bend, while Brownson plays the St. Joe, Michigan, team, one of the best teams in their part of the state. First game will begin at 1:30 p. m.

* *

The Corby Hallers have taken the lead of the other Hallmen in preparing for the baseball season. Last week they held a very enthusiastic meeting and elected J. Record, Manager, and A. Kotte, Captain. There is a wealth of new material in the Hall, and with these and the old men of last year's team, Corby expects to make a strong bid for the Inter-Hall Championship.

* *

The Carroll Hall team was defeated last Saturday night in a very fast and interesting game. The first half was close and exciting, but in the second half the speedy Corbyites showed their superiority, completely outclassing the Carroll men. The latter lacked team work but played good game. The final score was 20 to 8. Kotte and Devine excelled for Corby, and Hart and Roach for Carroll.

* *

The date for the final game of the Corby-Brownson series has been set for next Friday night. This game should prove very interesting. Both teams are evenly matched, each being credited with a victory; and with the championship hanging on the result, the contest no doubt will be very keen.

* *

Two of the speediest members of the crack First Regiment Team of Chicago are Uffendell and Kirby, old Notre Dame stars.

* *

Capt. Stephan says he will "weed out" in a week or so. This cut down will probably be the first one until after the South Bend series, when the team will be chosen. The candidates for second catcher and also the infield candidates are the ones that will be most affected by this cut down, as the outfielders have not yet had an opportunity to display their abilities.

O'Neill, who has been showing up so well in practice during the past few weeks, had his finger badly split in practice last Wednesday, and will probably be out of the game for some time.

Puzzle:—If it takes J. Darius Green Curri-ganski's automobicycle human-power machine one month to be repaired and about ten minutes to be blown up, and seven Japanese warships sink a Russian unprotected row-boat in less than a week, with what speed can Ruehlbach throw a baseball a distance of forty feet?

Dan O'Connor, last year's third baseman, who has been engaged in track work up to the present, is out with the baseball squad again.

Gorman will soon be able to report for practice.

Capt. Kinney wishes to have all candidates for the Brownson Hall team report in the big gymnasium to-morrow afternoon at one o'clock. Everyone possessing any ability in this line at all is requested to come out, as several of the infield and outfield positions are open. Box artists especially are needed. Brownson promises to be lamentably weak in this department unless some "dark horse" comes to the rescue.

The order of practice has been changed by Captain Stephan. Batting and base running are receiving all the attention just at present.

V. Hearn has been elected Captain, and P. Weiss, Manager of the Carroll Hall second baseball team.

While the correspondents of the Evening Whoop were busy sinking six more Russian ships and shelling Vladivlostoksky, or some other such place, and the peaceful inhabitants of Bertrand were snoozing soundly last Saturday night, nine stalwart Brownsonians, and an equal number of fleet-footed South Benders, engaged in a game of indoor baseball, which historians of the future will ever refer to as the greatest event in the reign of President T. Roosevelt. It was great. Even Colahan got excited and remained awake. A. Ill, the veteran Sporting Editor of the *Babies' Home*

Journal, says that in all his experience he never saw the like of it, while Miguel L., the special correspondent of the Moscow Flaperjapski, got so excited he swallowed his gum.

The affair began at 7:30 p. m. with the disappearance of the lights. In a jiffy ladders were secured, electricians sent for, police notified, ambulances backed up to the main entrance, and pandemonium let loose. It was a thrilling moment, but some were inclined to make light of it. With the cheers of his two brothers and Hunky ringing in his ears, the gallant Addix shot up the ladder, calmly surveyed the scene before him, and then in a voice of Z flat, and trembling with emotion, he announced to the eager throng below that the lights were out. A ringing cheer greeted this announcement. Addix in the meantime being unable to speak, gesticulated wildly with his left foot for assistance. With face set, hands clenched and a pair of brand-new tennis slippers, Gymnastics sprang to the rescue. Reaching the top of the ladder, he paused a moment as if to gather strength. The stillness of the tomb could be felt. Expanding his chest an inch or so and muttering an ejaculation of contempt, Gymnastics curled his beautiful thumbs about the dreaded lamp and after an almost superhuman effort dashed it to the ground, twenty feet below. A moment later, light was restored and the game began.

The game itself baffles description. For six so-called innings, a mush-bag was batted and punched and kicked and beaten by eighteen athletic young men until it was hardly recognizable, when the tender-hearted official called a halt. While the ball was not being batted and punched, it was rolling between somebody's legs or clinging fondly to the rafters in the hope of escaping. With the assistance of a couple of hieroglyphical experts and a trained red-cross nurse good at figures, the following result was arrived at. Medley and McInerny were Brownson's battery.

Brownson—O	16	3	4	3	6	32	76	?
South Bend—II	1	0	1	1	0	14	21	103

Track work has been a little dull since the Indiana Meet, but from now on the steady grind of training will go on as usual. All arrangements have been completed for our entry in the St. Louis Invitation Meet. A two-mile relay team will be entered, and also a half-miler for the Inter-Collegiate half-mile.

This means that four half-milers will have to be drilled and trained for this relay. Daly and Murphy will in all probability be members of the squad, but the other positions are still open, with a fairly good field competing. As to who will be entered in the half-mile, coach Holland has not yet decided. Murphy and Daly are running about even in the event.

Captain Stephan led the men out for their first outdoor practice last Thursday. The practice was of a high order, and the men plainly showed the benefit of their indoor training.

The Inter-Hall race for the championship promises to be unusually close this year. Corby has splendid material; Brownson will be strong except in the pitching department, while but few of last year's Sorin team are missing. St. Joe expects to put a strong team into the field, and Carroll expects to be as strong as last year. With these five teams and the Holy Cross nine, a league could be formed and a schedule arranged which would make the race for the championship all the more interesting, and would also result in the question of supremacy being settled more satisfactorily than heretofore. We hope the managers of the different Hall teams will get together soon and arranged for a schedule.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Cards of Sympathy.

We, the students of Sorin Hall, sincerely sympathize with one of our esteemed prefects, Brother Celestine, C. S. C., whose sister died recently at Louisville, Kentucky.

G. A. Farabaugh

M. J. Shea

M. J. Griffin—*Committee.*

Whereas, God, in His infinite goodness and mercy, has seen fit to call to Himself the mother of our classmate and companion, John M. Quinlan of Sorin Hall; and

Whereas, we feel heartily sorry for the great loss he has sustained, therefore, be it

Resolved that we, the undersigned, on behalf of his classmates and companions, tender him and all the members of the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy, and also that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

Byron V. Kanaley

Louis J. Carey

Wm. K. Gardiner—*Committee.*

Personals.

—We were glad to see among the week's visitors Mr. Daniel V. Casey '95, a former editor-in-chief of the SCHOLASTIC, and a captain of the Varsity football team. Mr. Casey has followed journalism with great success, being special correspondent in Cuba during the Spanish-American war and now of the staff of the Chicago *Examiner*.

—Visitors' Registry:—Mrs. A. Gering, Miss Emma Herbert, D. A. Matteson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nightingale, Chicago; S. W. Goss, Miss Olive Carpenter, Mrs. J. J. Stoeckley, Miss Bertha Stephenson, F. R. Carson, E. B. Doran, South Bend; Mrs. M. J. McClung and Master McClung, Muncie, Ind.; Mrs. Margaret Sapper, Noblesville, Ind.; Mrs. J. D. Schiller, Niles; Mrs. E. D. Wallace, Hope, N. Dakota; M. Acton Campbell, B. F. Perkins, W. W. Irwin, Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Loughran, Joliet, Ill.; J. F. O'Donnell, Cleveland, Ohio; G. W. Bemend, Evansville, Ind.; H. M. Scholler, Edinburg, Ind.; I. Mautner, Fort Wayne; Louis D. Smith, Terre Haute, Ind.; C. W. Trowbridge, Jr., New Carlisle, Ind.; Mrs. John Maher, Mrs. L. Kearns, South Bend; Mrs. V. A. Wilmott, Chicago, Ill.

Local Items.

—LOST:—A rain coat. Finder, please return it to Room 38, Sorin Hall.

—Another important addition has lately been made to the historical collection in the form of a bust of Pius X.

—The members of the SCHOLASTIC staff must have their pictures handed in for the Easter number not later than March 19.

—Mr. Gallitzin Farabaugh, a member of our board and of the senior class, will be the principal speaker at a banquet given in Dowagiac, Michigan, next Tuesday.

—The invitations for the senior reception, to be held April 4, appeared yesterday. They are in every way models of neatness, and conform to the progressiveness of the class.

—Sorin has of late been treated to several very entertaining piano recitals by Messrs. Rush and Shea. Continue; they would do much to cheer up the reading-room these damp days.

—We anticipate a rare treat in the presentation of King Lear, to be given next Thursday afternoon in Washington Theatre. Professor Dickson has taken great pains to make the play a success, and judging from a dress rehearsal given the other night we feel sure that he will attain the desired end.

—Feeling over the Russo-Japanese war at the University is rife, and hostilities have been already begun, J. V. Oight, who professes

sympathy for the Russians being almost forced to abandon his daily avocation of selling the Chicago morning papers.

—The promoters of the Notre Dame Rod-Gun Club announce that the new project has been taken up by all the enthusiastic sportsmen in the University, and that the organization will be perfected in a very short time. Plans for a big 'shoot' are being formulated, and judging from the skill of several of the marksmen, the game around the college will be somewhat thinned out.

—In the past week Sorin Hall has been treated to several very interesting (?), intelligent (?) discussions on the "predestination of man." We are glad to see that so many of the Sorinites are inclined to emulate the great philosophers who worried themselves gray over this subject, and we compliment Messrs. Fansler and Carey on the skilful (?) manner in which they have handled this weighty theme. Let us have more of such discussions.

—"Is there a corner in gasoline?" is the question that has been agitating a number of Sorinites since the renewal of painting. Apparently the answer should be in the affirmative, for it seems to be a minus quantity in Sorin. The invariable answer given the gentleman who beseeches his friends for the loan of the article is: "Go ask 'Automobile Joe.'" It looks all the more suspicious in that Joe has been seen dashing wildly around on his motor-cycle.

—The senior class in its customary manner voted at its class meeting last Wednesday night to inaugurate a new and praiseworthy precedent at Notre Dame, one which it is hoped every succeeding class will follow. The precedent consists in the planting of a class tree. A day of special ceremony will be set aside for the planting of the tree, and attached to the tree will be a bronze tablet bearing the names of the members of the class and the year they graduated. This has been an old and customary practice in some of the prominent Eastern universities, and we shall be glad to see the precedent inaugurated at Notre Dame.

—One of the most interesting programmes of the year was given Wednesday by the Senior Literary Society. Mr. Lamprey opened the programme by a select reading followed by an oration by Mr. Furlong, after which Mr. Gardiner, in his usual characteristic manner, recited a parody on Mark Antony's Oration. Mr. Dillon followed with a selection from Hamlet, and Mr. Carey closed the programme by a masterly reading of Virginius. The remainder of the hour was devoted to a general discussion of the present war. Next Wednesday the question whether our sympathy as a nation should be extended to Russia or Japan will be discussed.

—We think the poet knew not whereof he spoke when he said, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." In passing down the corridor recently we overheard a storm of savage threats and menaces through the open transom from the barbarians within. What was it all about? As nearly as we could learn the heated words came from the failure of the postman to round in a stray and tardy Bucephalus. Some one remembered this immortal line and wishing to quench the flaming passion within, flung open the window and allowed the liquid notes of Eddie Hammer to enter the room. Yonder chimes that for four long months have been silent poured forth soul-soothing strains. Even Lamprey became roused from his lethargy, seized his silver-toned harmonica and rushed to the scene of wrath. But 'twas all to no effect. With sullen savagery, the club, feeling like a sick rat, sat down upon the empty thills of Bill's go-cart "to plug," and the session ended an hour later with a selection from Dan—his favorite—entitled: "It Was not Like that in the Olden Days."

—On Monday last, March 7, the Feast of St. Thomas of Aquin, the annual banquet tendered the members of the different classes of philosophy took place. The students eligible to the title of philosophers were freed from classes for the day. Punctually at one o'clock they all assembled in the parlor. It was quite an effort for the crowd to restrain the overpowering desire to express their feelings by a shout when Father Regan appeared at the door to announce that all was ready and nothing needed but their presence in the dining hall. The guests filed, not quickly, be assured, into Corby Hall refectory which had been specially prepared for their reception. They did not have long to wait, for Father Fitte with his usual promptitude was on hand to say grace. And after grace—well it is best imagined. There never was more timely or fuller justice meted out than that accorded what, in the opinion of all present, was the best banquet given at Notre Dame in quite a while. There was a conspicuous absence of chatter such as is heard most often at such feasts, but that can surely be forgiven when we recollect the far more important functions on hand. The guests were not so numerous as those of former years, but withal it was a goodly company; and when at last after the cigars were passed around and Father Fitte, who, with Fathers Crumley and Regan had graced the banquet with their presence, rose to return thanks it was a happy crowd that reluctantly pushed by their chairs and answered the prayer. If the worth and value of the event are to be measured by the approving comments of the guests as they dispersed, the memory of the philosophers' banquet of 1904 is destined to endure.