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## Elaine.

TELFORD PAULLIN.

ON a midnight drear  
In the Scorpion's year  
I climbed to the steep stone mountain top,  
And around on the phantom world I peered—  
On the midnight drear  
Of that desolate year.

And the breeze low moaned  
Through the ancient groves;  
Far boomed the sea on a ragged coast—  
Skirled like a wrathful, wraithly host,  
As the breeze low moaned  
Through the Druid groves.

What cere-cloths weird  
In the night careered!  
Blow, naked souls, on the naked wind,  
Bound to the earth for the sins you have sinned.  
What air-sounds weird  
On the sick wind fleered!

From the ghostly throng  
Rose a piercing song  
Sadder than death and wildly sweet  
As the spirit-band fled from the streaked morn.  
And the voice of the strain  
Was my lost Elaine.

On that midnight drear  
Of the Scorpion's year  
My soul it was withered as leaves by a flame,  
Seared like a leaf by the song of Elaine  
On the midnight drear  
Of that desolate year.

## American Patriotism.\*

GEORGE E. GORMLEY, '04.



CATTERED through the pages of history we find records of men who have risen above their fellows and chiselled their names upon the monuments of fame. But

we are prone to attribute the glory of these men solely to themselves. We take a military hero, praise his deeds, crown him with the highest possible honor, and forget, yes, even deny that back in the ranks from which he rose lives that power which is the secret of his success; that power which sways the lives of men and guides a nation through the crises of her history.

Of this force which lives deep in the human breast, I would speak. Of this passion which is not confined within the narrow limits of a single life, but which warms the heart of every true American, which lives to-day in every clime—the brightest glory of our written history, the surest hope of our future destiny—American patriotism.

Patriotism is a virtue that springs from loftiness of mind and tenderness of heart. It is no mere phantom, but a living active reality; not the vain and pompous show of parade, nor the outward display of military splendor with which, year after year, we celebrate the birth of this nation. But patriotism is a flame that burns within. It is a love that animates our being and prompts the heart to deeds of unselfish devotion, of heroic valor, of noble sacrifice, ay, of the greatest of all sacrifices—life itself, in the consecrated cause of liberty.

Back in our colonial days when the rude

LET us not count too much what we do for others, or try to measure the extent of our devotion; the calculation casts a *coolness* into the soul, and this *coolness* communicates itself to all our actions.—*Golden Sands.*

\* Oratorical paper.

log-cabins lay scattered along the Atlantic shore, while Liberty and Independence were still unborn, the fire of American patriotism was kindled. Slowly it rose, animating by its warmth the infant colonies struggling for existence. But when the heavy hand of oppression was laid upon young America, when England had issued her tyrannical demands to the colonists; when regiments of British regulars, sent to enforce submission to English rule at the point of the bayonet, landed upon our shores, ready to deluge the soil with American blood, the flame of patriotism leaped into action like life. It was fanned by the winds that blew shiploads of Hessian soldiers to our coast. It was roused to fury by the eloquence of Patrick Henry when, with "Liberty or Death," he sounded the keynote of American independence. And on that memorable 19th of April, 1775, when the British guns at Lexington were emptied into the breasts of the heroes who gathered in defence of home and country, and who realized that not only their life's blood but the dearest interest of every individual was at stake, patriotism burst into a flame wherein were forged the steel bands that bound thirteen colonies into one grand union whose motto was "Liberty," whose goal was Independence.

We all know the ardor that fired those heroes that at Bunker Hill bared their breasts to the glistening line of British bayonets. Were I to speak to you of Trenton there would flash before your eyes the vision of a thousand freezing men, suffering from blinding snow and sleet as they pushed through the ice-floes of the Delaware to brilliant victory beyond. The bloodstained footprints in the trampled snow on that midnight march to Princeton appear as dumb witnesses to intense love of country. We have but to mention Valley Forge and we see a shattered, starving army, shivering upon the damp earth. In those dreary days of sickness and disease when the bitter north wind, blowing through the icy tree-tops, sings the requiem for many a noble heart whose motto is "Liberty or Death," it is patriotism, God-infused, that keeps alive the cause of the nation. Great was the courage of Hannibal crossing the Alps, and admirable the bravery of the "Old Guard" at Waterloo; but the patriotic suffering of those heroes at Valley Forge in that darkest hour of the nation's life was truly sublime.

Not in vain had the old bell at Philadelphia

proclaimed to the world the news of a nation's birth; for after eight years of almost hopeless struggle the British sword was surrendered at Yorktown. And when America had been crowned with a garland of liberty she flashed forth her beacon-light of independence, and to the oppressed of the whole world she flung open the gates of freedom.

But alas! the calm repose of the republic was not always to remain unbroken. A dark rumbling cloud rolling upward from the South obscures the light of peace. That time comes when internal dissensions arise that shake the nation to its very foundation; when a mighty attempt is about to be made to sever the bands of union welded by the heroes of '76; when from the ranks in gray the voice of the South is heard proclaiming "Death to the American Union"; when the roar of Sumter's guns hurls defiance into the face of Law and Government, and civil war is about to crimson Southern fields with blood of brothers, in that dread moment all the pent-up emotion of a patriotic people breaks out; the time for action is at hand; the crucial moment of the nation's life has come. And—God be praised!—in this fearful hour, in this most awful crisis that tries the souls of men, when even the fate of a nation hangs in the balance, patriotism, that long has burned low in the American breast, blazes forth and, by its ardor, fires to action the entire North. From the coal-shafts of Pennsylvania it calls the rugged miner; the sturdy lumberman from the forests of New England; from the counting-room it summons the pale-faced clerk; the industrious farmer from the waving harvests of the West; stern manhood and daring youth from every walk of life—men united by common cause and soon to be consecrated by fire and blood. They break the clasp of clinging arms and turn from the love-lit glance of tender eyes; they sever the sweet bonds of a mother's affection; they leave home and friends, and father, wives and sweethearts—all; they burst every tie; they sacrifice every fondest hope to that noble, God-infused passion—love of country. Would you know the power of American patriotism? Recall that memorable 13th day of April, 1861, when the Stars and Stripes, the emblem of liberty, floating over the walls of Fort Sumter, is insultingly fired upon, and for the first time in its history the nation feels the sting of rebellion. Behold that flame of indignation lighting up the Atlantic states

and, with the fury of wild-fire, sweeping westward even to the Golden Gate. Hear the click of the telegraph as the electric spark flashes to every state the news that the flag sanctified by our fathers' blood, has been shot to shreds and in the indignant breasts of the North you will read the power of patriotism. As the boom of cannon awakens the nation great questions arise: "Is the Union to be dissolved? Is that patriotism now dead which glowed in the hearts of the heroes who bought our freedom with their blood?" And the answer to these questions you hear in that solemn consecration as two millions of men, in the bloom of health and the vigor of manhood, gather up the cherished hopes of life—its aims, ambitions, joys and dearest affections—and cast them all with life itself into the balance of war.

Such was the patriotism of '61. But not on the battlefield and in the soldier only is patriotism to be found. It glows as pure and bright in the heart of the citizen or statesman who has never been called to the front, but who quietly serves his country with undying devotion. It lives in the home, and it brings to the face of gentle woman the flush of noble pride. It was that power which moved those "women of the war" in their Godlike missions when they rendered services to this nation that can never be obliterated from its history. The aged father who gave his son to his country, or the loving wife or the lonely sister, who stood in the doorway of a humble home and waved a final farewell to a husband or brother were as truly patriots as he who charged at Shiloh, or gave his life at Vicksburg. To realize the sacrifice of patriotism listen to the wailings that rose from thousands of broken homes throughout this land. Read the lessons it teaches from the sculptured marble of our national cemeteries. Go to Gettysburg and stand upon the graves of fifty thousand soldiers dead, and tell me if you can what power under God is more potent to move to heroic sacrifice the souls of men.

Thus was our patriotism tried in the fire of that ordeal. But, though time has healed the scars of war, the need of loyal, watchful patriots is ever the same. The divine sentinel, Peace, guarding our homes, whispers to us "Vigilance" as the watchword of security. For days of calm are oftentimes of greatest danger. Then men become engrossed in private interests and political selfishness. To-day we look around and we see men in

public office ruled by inordinate greed as they traffic in public trusts. We observe the corrupt political rings, the custom house and postal frauds, the bribery and colossal robberies—a very canker of corruption eating its way into the vital organs of the body politic. And seeing these abuses we feel the need of true and loyal patriots; of men who shall purge the land of these evils; honest men, men who have minds of their own and the courage to stand by their own convictions. To-day we are prone to shrink from the duties American citizenship imposes upon us; and under the false, the cowardly plea of "avoiding politics," we leave to others the affairs of government. We forget that each of us is a part of the state and that, as such, we have obligations that must be fulfilled. We look into the future and wonder what it has in store for us. And then we turn to the past; we hear the pleading voices of the nation's dead; and they cry to us to whom is committed the priceless boon of a free nation.

"We call upon you," they say, "You men who to-day glory in the title of American citizens, to watch, to guard most carefully that precious inheritance bought and preserved by our life's blood. We died for your freedom, your independence. Liberty and union you have received as a sacred trust, and for their preservation posterity will hold you responsible. Will you be true to that trust? We call upon you, men of wisdom, who guide this nation, to oppose every project, every move that tends to drive God and religion from your homes; for when these go morality dies, the State falls. We call to you, mothers, to whom is given the rearing of children who will one day rule this land. Educate the minds of those little ones, and as they climb your knees kindle in their hearts the fire of patriotism. Swear them to the altar of their country and consecrate them to the cause of liberty. We call upon you, young men, the hope of this nation's future, by the ashes of your dead reposing in this precious soil; by all that you are or hope to be, to resist every move that aims to drag down your country's honor; and, be it on the battlefield or at the ballot-box, whether you hold the plow or are called to the senate-chamber, pledge yourselves, with all the powers that God has given you, to the preservation of this republic. To you is entrusted the care of that spirit which animated the heroes of '76; that spirit which saved the nation in the dark days when rebellion spread sorrow and destruction through this land; that spirit which, after God, must guard and guide the destinies of this your country—American Patriotism.

The Life and Works of Robert Louis  
Stevenson.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

LAST YEARS IN ENGLAND.

From 1884 to 1887, Stevenson lived at Bournemouth near London. His health was not passable and the most of the time he was kept indoors and frequently was unable to see visitors. With but passable health, this might have proved Stevenson's most affluent period of life. "Treasure Island" had given him a name; "A Child's Garden of Verses" and "Prince Otto" were published; and a year later "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Kidnapped" appeared. These works showed Stevenson at his best and placed him among the first writers of his time. Stevenson collaborated with Mr. Henley in some dramatic writings, but these were of slight success. "Deacon Brodie," written by Stevenson alone, was given forty odd performances, but was of doubtful dramatic worth withal; and with a like fortune "Beau Austin," "Admiral Guinea," and "Macaire" have been performed on the stage.

During fits of convalescence, Stevenson studied the piano and musical composition. If he did not become proficient on the piano or in composition, what knowledge he gained was of great satisfaction and amusement to him. His remark on books of harmony is pertinent: "Books are of no use; they tell you how to write in four parts, and that can not be done by any man. Or do you know a book that really tells a fellow? I suppose people are supposed to have ears. To my ears a fourth is delicious and consecutive fifths the music of the spheres. As for hidden fifths, those who pretend to dislike 'em I can never acquit of affectation. Besides (this in your ear) there is nothing else in music; I know, for I have tried to write four parts."

A matter of much comment among men of the craft was the manner in which "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was first conceived by its author. The duality of man's nature and the alteration of good and evil had for some time deeply impressed the novelist's artistic nature. The plan of the work with the details, such as the use of the powder came to Stevenson in a dream. This occurred when the man was suffering from a recent hemorrhage and had been forbidden

work and all excitement. Nevertheless, he wrote off the first draft in three days. Mr. Osbourne rather enthusiastically writes: "I don't believe there was ever such a literary feat before as the writing of 'Dr. Jekyll.' I remember the first reading as though it were yesterday. Louis came down stairs in a fever; read nearly half the book aloud; and then, while we were still gasping, he was away again and busy writing. I doubt if the first draft took so long as three days."

Mrs. Stevenson pointed out to her husband's satisfaction that he had treated this subject as if it were a story when, in reality, it should border on the allegorical. Stevenson saw the truth of her criticism and burned every word of the first draft and then rewrote in three days the substance of the tale's present form. "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was read by a class of persons who never read fiction, it was quoted in the pulpits, made the subject of burning articles in religious papers and, altogether, brought more notoriety perhaps than fame to its author. John Addington Symonds, while doubting "whether anyone had the right so to scrutinize the abysmal depths of personality," admitted "The art is burning and intense." He wrote to Stevenson: "How had you the *illia dura ferro et aere triplici duriora* to write 'Dr. Jekyll?' I know now what was meant when you were called a sprite."

In 1887, after his father's death and with his mother's consent to accompany him, Stevenson and his wife sailed for the United States. His struggle with ill-health was becoming more painful. As he wrote, his ill-health was "an enemy who was exciting at first, but has now, by the iteration of his strokes, become merely annoying and inexpressibly irksome." In August he left Bournemouth and spent a day in London where all his nearest friends assembled to bid him farewell; and it was a last good-bye, for he never saw anyone of them again. He had written truer than he knew in "Virginibus Puerisque" when he said: "In one way or another, life forces men apart and breaks up the goodly fellowship forever," for he was fated to become "no more than a name, a reminiscence, and an occasional crossed letter very laborious to read."

The fame of Stevenson had preceded him, and upon his second visit to New York he was lionized to some extent which came to an abrupt end with another breakdown in

health while at Newport. With the most flattering proposals from the representative American publishers, Stevenson took his wife, mother and stepson to the shores of Saranac Lake which is situated in the Adirondacks well on toward the Canadian border. The climate proved to be very unpleasant, and with all variations of cold from zero to thirty degrees below, the winter was not a happy one; yet Stevenson stood the cold better than any of his family.

While walking on one frosty, clear-skied night near Saranac, Stevenson conceived his first notion of what proved to be "The Master of Ballantrae." He had just come from a fourth reading of "The Phantom Ship," and he thus explains the genesis of that moving romance, "The Master of Ballantrae": "Come," said I to my engine, "let us make a tale, a story of many years and countries, of the sea and the land, savagery and civilization; a story that shall have the same large features, and may be treated in the same summary elliptic method as the book you have been reading and admiring." He immediately hit upon a story of hidden treasure once told him by his uncle, and though finished several years afterward, "The Master of Ballantrae" was from then in the making.

Already, in the thick of the mountains, Stevenson was laying plans of travel; and his hunger for the sea—which ran in his blood—was soon destined to set him on a journey that should take him still farther from his home and his friends, and, at last, give him a death in exile. He loved a ship "as a man loves Burgundy or daybreak." And thus, when his wife wrote from San Francisco, where she had gone in early spring, that a suitable boat could be chartered to sail the South Seas, Stevenson at once decided to make the journey. He went to California in June, and after a somewhat trifling delay, the *Casco*, Captain Otis with five seamen, took Stevenson and his family upon their South-Sea wanderings.

#### CRUISING ABOUT THE EASTERN PACIFIC.

Scarcely any manner of travel could have been more novel; and had it not been for Stevenson's critical condition of health, these next years would have been happy ones for him. At all events, he and those with him underwent many dangers; and the loneliness and frequent escapes from shoal and storm give his writings "In the South Seas" a vivid

truthfulness of *personal element*. To be fully appreciated Stevenson must be read in his own text. Of the ever-changing scenes, he wrote: "This climate; these voyagings; these landfalls at dawn; new islands peeping from the morning bank; new forested harbors; new passing alarms of squalls and surf; new interests of gentle natives—the whole tale of my life is better to me than any poem." (Letters, ii., 160.)

When he had gone five days without sign of boat or land, he wrote in his diary: "In impudent isolation, the toy-schooner has plowed her path of snow across the empty deep, far from all track of commerce, far from any hand of help; now to the sound of slatting sails and stamping sheet-blocks, staggering in that business falsely called a calm; now in the assault of squalls, burying her lee-rail in the sea.... The Southern Cross hung thwart in the fore-rigging like the frame of a wrecked kite—the pole star and the familiar plough dropping ever lower in the wake: these build up thus far the history of our voyage. It is singular to come so far and see so infinitely little."

"JULY 19TH.—The morning was hot, the wind steady, the sky filled with such clouds as, on a pleasant English day, might promise a cool rain. One of these had been visible for some time, a continental isle of sun and shadow, moving innocuously on the sky-line far to windward, when upon a sudden this harmless-looking monster, seeming to smell a quarry, paused, hung a while as if in stays, and breaking off five points, fell like an armed man upon the *Casco*. Next moment the inhabitants of the cabin were piled one upon another, the sea was pouring into the cockpit and spouting in fountains through forgotten deadlights, and the steersman stood spinning the wheel for his life in a halo of tropical rain.... Sailing a ship,—even in these so-called fine-weather latitudes—may be compared to walking the tight-rope; so constant is the care required."

As a further example of Stevenson's inimitable descriptive expression, this account is worthy of quotation: "The first love, the first sun-rise, the first South Sea Island, are memories apart and touched a virginity of sense.... Slowly they took shape in the attenuating darkness. Uahuna, piling up a truncated summit, appeared the first upon the star-board bow; almost abeam arose our destination, Nukahiva, whelmed in cloud; and betwixt,

and to the southward, the first rays of the sun displayed the needles of Uapu. These pricked about the line of the horizon, like the pinnacles of some ornate and monstrous church they stood there in the sparkling brightness of the morning, the fit signboard of a world of wonders.... The land heaved up in peaks and rising vales; it fell in cliffs and buttresses; its colour ran through fifty modulations in a scale of pearl and rose an olive; and it was crowned above by opalescent clouds."

Here is one more quotation, and a notable prose bit, which sets off this period of the author's wanderings: "I awoke this morning about three; the night was heavenly in scent and temperature. I sat and looked seaward toward the mouth of the bay, at the headlands and the stars; at the constellation of diamonds, each infinitesimally small, each individual and of equal lustre, and all shining together in heaven like some old-fashioned clasp; at the planet with a visible moon, as though he were beginning to repeople heaven by the process of gemination; at many other lone lamps and marshalled clusters. And upon a sudden it ran into my mind, even with shame, that these were lovelier than our nights in the North, the planets softer and brighter, and the constellations more handsomely arranged. I felt shamed, I say, as an ultimate infidelity: that I should desert the stars that shone upon my father; and turning to the shore-side, where there were some high squalls overhead and the mountains loomed up black, I could have fancied that I had slipped ten thousand miles away and was anchored in a highland loch; that when day came and made clear the superimpending slope, it would show pine and the red heather and the green fern and roofs of turf sending up the smoke of peats; and the alien speech that should next greet my ears should be Gaelic, not Kanaka."

This same charm of expression holds whether speaking of the contrast between his land and his own, or merely describing a cannibal queen: "This was the queen of the cannibals; she was tattooed from hand to foot, and perhaps the greatest masterpiece of that art, now extant.... And now behold her, out of the past of violence and sickening feasts, step forth in her age, a quiet, smooth, elaborate old lady, such as you might find at home (mittened also, but not often so well-mannered) in a score of country-houses, only Vaekehu's mittens were of dye, not of silk,

and they had been paid for, not in money but the cooked flesh of men."

One day in its well-nigh endless cruisings, the Casco was becalmed and began to drift toward the barrier reef of Tahiti. "The reefs were close in," wrote Stevenson, "with my eye! What a surf! The pilot thought we were gone, and the captain had a boat cleared, when a lucky squall came to our rescue. My wife, hearing the order given about the boats, remarked to my mother: 'Isn't that nice? We shall soon be ashore!' Thus does the female mind unconsciously skirt along the verge of eternity."

At the island of Taravao, Stevenson had another dangerous attack, and the schooner put to another island for repairs. When the deceptive disease again gave its victim a shade of hope, Stevenson spent the happiest period in his life of exile. He took almost a childlike interest in the natives, and delighted his discouraged family with his old-time jollity of spirit. Here Stevenson's *Journal* was dropped never to be resumed.

He again took up "The Master of Ballantrae," and nearly finished the romance while at Taravao. In its clever preface, he says truly of his cruising: "Here is a tale which extends over many years, and travels into many countries. By peculiar fitness of circumstance the writer began, continued it, and concluded it among distant and diverse scenes. Above all he was much upon the sea.... These [characters] were his company on deck in many star-reflecting harbors, ran often in his mind at sea to the tune of slatting canvas, and were dismissed [something of the suddenest] on the approach of the squalls."

When here Stevenson also wrote the greater part of two Polynesian ballads, "The Feast of Famine" and "The Song of Rahéro;" and dated at Taravao was the only complaint ever made even in dramatic form by Stevenson. It was written to the old Scot's tune of "Wandering Willie," and was pathetic of his loneliness and exile:

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?  
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.  
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;  
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.

Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,  
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours;  
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—  
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;  
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney,  
But I go forever and come again no more.



Stevenson tried Honolulu for a short time, but found the climate too cold for him, and so the one alternative was another cruise in the South Seas. While situated at Honolulu Stevenson took an excursion to the lee-shore of Hawaii, and later visited the island of Molokai, and spent, by special permission, a week in the leper settlement. He took boat with a convoy of Catholic Sisters on their way to take up their work where Father Damien had closed his life. Stevenson wrote of his experience: "I do not know how it would have been with me had the Sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point; but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out; and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly. I thought it was a sin and a shame she should feel unhappy. I turned round to her, and said something like this: 'God Himself is here to give you welcome; I'm sure it is good for me to be beside you; I hope it will be blessed to me; I thank you for myself and the good you do me.'"

Stevenson was deeply impressed at this experience, and he nobly defended Father Damien in that "Open Letter" which reflects as much credit upon its author as any deed in his life. Stevenson was honest and fair-minded, and though predisposed by his own religion to look enviously on that martyr-priest's life and work, he saw with his own eyes the living hell to which Father Damien went, and what he wrote concerning Father Damien came from Stevenson's heart. He wrote of Molokai: "I was told things which I heard with tears, of which I sometimes think at night, and which I spare the reader; I was shown the sufferers then at home; one I remember, white with pain, the tears standing in her eyes."

Again Stevenson, with his loyal wife and stepson, put to sea to allay for a few precarious years the final victory of his mortal disease. And the experience among islands, many of which have never been chartered and the most of them out of the track of ocean travel, made a fitting close to the romantic life of this unfortunate man. When Stevenson wrote the following he could not have known how literally it would prove to be true: "I will never leave the sea, I think; it is only here that a Briton lives; my poor

grandfather, it is from him that I inherit the taste, I fancy, and he was round many islands in his day; but I, please God, shall beat him at that before the recall is sounded.... Life is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep among the chimney-stacks and telegraph wires."

Life on the open sea always mended Stevenson's physical condition, the only drawback to the cure was its great expense. And to defray the expense of a new schooner the plot of "The Wrecker" was developed. The scheme was never carried out, but "The Wrecker" was finished later. After touching many of the islands in the Gilbert and Marshall groups, the family was landed at Samoa, where Stevenson at length built a home and where he finally died. Here Stevenson made a careful study of Samoan affairs which will be found in "A Foot-note to History." He bought four hundred acres in the bush, two miles behind and six hundred feet above the level of the town of Apia. The land was to be cleared and a cottage built, and the last three years of his life were busied in the reclaiming of the land and in furnishing a home.

Appreciate with Stevenson what the sound of a bell could mean to a doomed man exiled on a little island beyond the edge of civilization: "And not long after, as I was writing on this page, sure enough, from the far shore a bell began indeed to ring. It has but just ceased; boats have been passing the harbor in the showers, the congregation is within now, and the Mass begun. How many different stories are told by that drum of tempered iron! To the natives a new, strange, outlandish thing; to us of Europe, redolent of home; in the ear of the priests calling up memories of French and Flemish cities, and perhaps some carved cathedral and the pomp of celebrations; in mine, talking of the grey metropolis of the North, of a village on a stream, of vanished faces and silent tongues."

Alone and ashore at the Bay of Oa, Stevenson read his Livy and dreamed: "When I was still, I kept Buhac powder burning by me on a stone under the shed, and read Livy and confused to-day and two thousand years ago, and wondered in which of these epochs I was flourishing at that moment; and then I would stroll out and see the rocks and woods and the arcs of beaches, curved like a whorl in a fair woman's ear, and huge ancient trees, jutting high overhead out of the

hanging forest, and feel the place at least belonged to the age of fable, and awaited Æneas and his battered fleets."

Stevenson has been quoted somewhat at length that the reader might be familiar, not only with the very unusual nature of his travels, but that the reader might become familiar with passages of his writings not so well known. Stevenson read several books of Livy at this time, but shortly gave up the reading for fear Livy would influence his own style. Mr. Gosse has written that Walter Pater in like manner refused to read Stevenson lest his own individual style be affected. Stevenson used Bohn's translation for his speaking acquaintance with the Greek classics, and his knowledge of Latin was far from pedantic, yet Mr. Graham Balfour says that he is satisfied that Virgil was more to Stevenson than any poet, ancient or modern.

#### LAST YEARS AT VAILIMA.

A just fame from Stevenson's greater works had now given him an international reputation, and his residence in the South Seas, made much of by report and exaggeration, caused Stevenson's life to afford a striking example to the world of the chivalrous and the romantic. Mr. Gosse wrote to him: "Since Byron was in Greece, nothing has appealed to the ordinary literary man so much as that you should be living in the South Seas."

The daily adventures in finishing his house and in the cultivation of his lands gave variety to Stevenson's Samoan life; and with his constant literary work in hand, amid the picturesque and barbarous, he continued uncomplainingly to the end. All youthful doubts and speculations had been banished from a mind that could write a prayer like this: "We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth, and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle.... Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies."

For the edification of the literary dilettante, Stevenson's Vailima work-day might be reviewed. He would get up at six or earlier and begin work. When the sky brightened, the lamp was extinguished and a light breakfast was taken to him. He continued to work by

himself until his assistant was ready to begin writing for him, which was soon after eight. They worked until noon, when the household met for the first substantial meal. Talk and recreation was taken during the heat of the afternoon, and in the evening Stevenson read aloud or continued his reading alone long after the household had gone to rest.

Almost everyone in Apia, without regard for social station was invited to Stevenson's unique home. Diplomats and naval officers, traders and bar-keepers, clerks and mechanics, were all welcome, and those resident brought their wives and daughters, white, half-caste, or whole Polynesian. "We dance here in Apia," Stevenson wrote, "a most fearful and wonderful quadrille: I don't know where the devil they fished it from, but it is rickety and prancing and embraceatory beyond words; perhaps it is best defined in Haggard's expression of a gambado."

Doubtless it is Mr. Graham Balfour's description of this last period of Stevenson's life that affected Mr. Henley as being "conventional and emasculate." Stevenson was failing fast, and his almost childish delight and enjoyment in simple happenings would prove to a fair mind that to a great extent Stevenson possessed the large eyes and imagination of a child—a constitution of mind found in many of the greatest men. Not once did Stevenson complain, and there is not one page of the mawkish or sentimental in his last writings. Whatever faults the man had they surely did not lean toward effeminacy; and there is little that he ever wrote that does not breathe of manhood and the large life.

"The Wrecker" was finished at this stage, and as just a criticism as is available is that touching its accuracy of description to be found in Lord Pembroke's Letter: "I am afraid only a minority in England can be really capable of appreciating 'The Wrecker.'" The majority don't know enough of the real big world to know how true it is, and they will infinitely prefer that most delightful story, "Treasure Island." Perhaps it is a better story than "The Wrecker," but to me there is the difference that "Treasure Island" might have been written by a man who had no knowledge of such matters but what he had got from books and a powerful imagination, while "The Wrecker" has the indefinite smack of reality; or real knowledge of what men and ships do in that wild and beautiful world beyond the American continent."



Stevenson was an impartial critic of his own work, and if certain critics charge that he inflicted too many of his personal notions and experiences on the public confidence, there was no feeling of self-sufficiency ever detected in his behavior. Note this criticism of "The Wrecker," and know, too, that it is a true criticism: "It is the first realistic South Sea story; I mean with real South Sea character and details of life. Everybody else who has tried, that I have seen, got carried away by the romance, and ended with a kind of sugar-candy sham epic, and the whole effect was lost—there was no etching, no human grip, consequently no conviction. Now I have got the smell and look of the thing a good deal."

In the last year of his life, Stevenson's pen produced a prodigious amount of writing. "Catriona," "Adventures of David Balfour" were finished; "The Weir of Hermiston," "Ebb-Tide," "St. Ives" and less notable works begun. While hot in the first pages of "St. Ives," he was attacked with a hemorrhage and forbidden to speak, therefore for several days he continued his work by dictating to his step-daughter on his fingers in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet.

#### HIS DEATH.

The climate of Samoa had succeeded in arresting Stevenson's ailment, but a structural weakening of the arteries in his lungs had been gradually going on, though this was not apparent in his general health. The result was that his end came quickly and somewhat unexpectedly.

Stevenson wrote all the morning of his last day on the half-finished book, "Hermiston," which he judged to be the best work he had ever done. The sense of satisfaction and happiness gave him an unusually pleasant afternoon; and about sundown he came down stairs; reassured his wife about the foreboding she could not shake off; talked of a lecturing tour he should like to make in America, since he was now so well; and, finally, took a hand at cards with his wife in order to drive off her unusual melancholy. Stevenson helped to prepare a salad for their evening meal; and to cap off their little feast, he fetched a bottle of old Burgundy from the cellar. He was helping his wife on the veranda, and glibly talking, when suddenly he put both hands to his head, and cried out: "What's that?" Then he asked quickly: "Do I look strange?" As he did so, he fell on his knees

beside his wife and instantly lost consciousness.

The physician from the man-of-war, and Stevenson's personal friend, Dr. Funk, were immediately called, but they saw that the man was near death. He died on the 3d of December, 1894. After the prayer in the "Envoy" to his "Songs of Travel," he had served his time:

#### *Wanted Volunteers*

*To do their best for twoscore years!*

A ready soldier, here I stand,

Primed for thy command,

With burnished sword.

If this be faith, O Lord,

Help thou my unbelief

And be my battle brief!

On a narrow, flat ledge, no larger than a room, that forms the summit of the mountain Vaea, the native chiefs dug Stevenson's grave. And in that spot, fronting the vast ocean and surrounded on either side by green mountains, Stevenson was buried. The path leading to the burial-place was so steep and rugged that the strong Samoan chiefs in procession had to carry the coffin shoulder-high. A large tomb in the Samoan fashion, formed of great blocks of cement, was later placed upon his grave. On this there were two bronze plates. One bearing the words in Samoan "The Tomb of Tusitala" (their Great Chief), followed by the speech of Ruth to Naomi, taken from the Samoan Bible: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried." Written upon the other panel in English was Stevenson's own *requiem*:

B.	ROBERT LOUIS	D.
1850	STEVENSON	1894

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me die.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:  
*Here he lies where he longed to be;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

(END OF PART FIRST.)

WE are never so good as when we possess a joyful heart. But joy is not mirth, neither is it clever speeches nor repartee; ... it is *habitual serenity*. A serene atmosphere leaves the sky visible; it is lighter, and seems to *lift from the earth* the bodies that breathe it.—*Golden Sands*

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—A touching and very welcome token of remembrance lately reached Notre Dame. One of our staunch old friends, the Right Rev. Bishop Clancy of Sligo, Ireland, sent Very Rev. President Morrissey and the members of the Faculty a box of precious shamrocks for St. Patrick's Day. His Lordship has here a host of grateful well-wishers and admirers. When he came to Notre Dame two years ago he charmed a large audience by his scholarly address, and though some of the present students were not with us then the story of his visit, like a happy tradition, has been handed down to them. A model churchman, a gifted orator and a true patriot, he is a prelate of whom Ireland may well feel proud. His fame extends far beyond his own see or country. Before he wore the mitre he taught in the College of the Immaculate Conception, Sligo, and later won the professorship of English literature in Maynooth. During those days he furnished many brilliant contributions to the best magazines. We hope to see and hear him at Notre Dame again, and we thank him for the graceful manner in which he has remembered us. Our rigorous Indiana climate may deal harshly with the shamrocks, but neither time nor cold can wither our regard for them and for the sender.

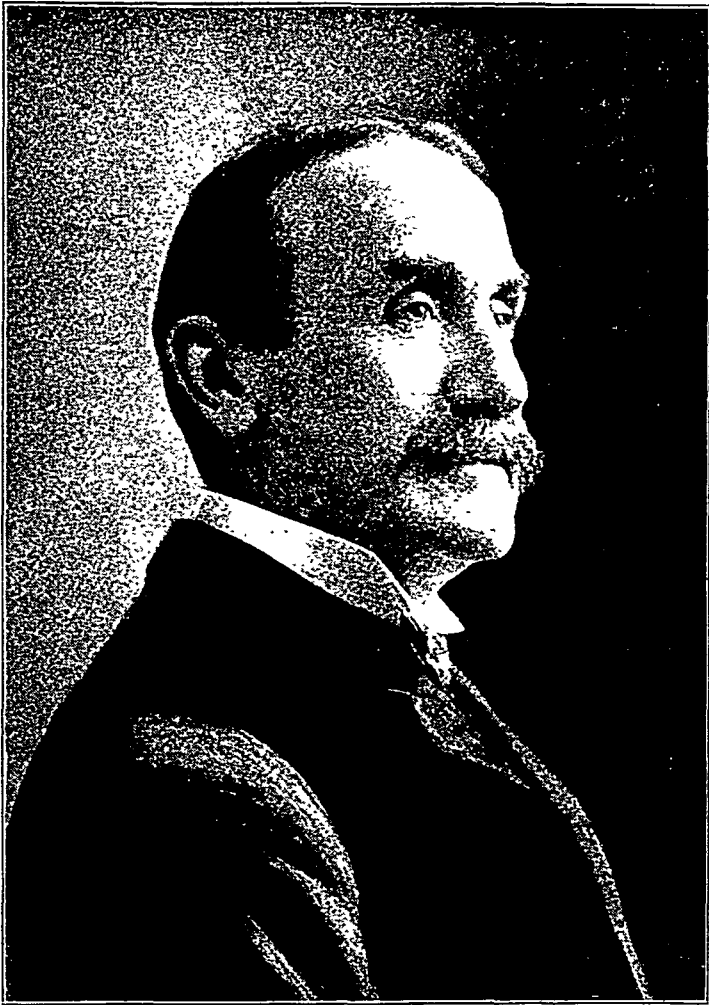
## Thursday's Celebration.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated at Notre Dame in the customary fitting manner. The evening previous had been given over to recreation in the halls; and at eight o'clock Thursday morning the entire student body attended High Mass. The sermon was an eloquent tribute to the Patron Saint of the Irish race and an instructive discourse on the lessons to be derived from the study of the lives of those whom the Church holds in blessed memory.

The event of the afternoon was the presentation of King Lear, Shakspeare's immortal masterpiece, which was staged by Professor Dickson and the students of his class in acting. It is usual annually to reproduce on March 17, in specially arranged scenes, some one of the works of the great dramatist. Of all the plays of this great author, Lear is the most difficult to stage; and too great praise can not be given those whose efforts brought about so successful a rendition. The mere mechanical part of the performance, which in our day has come to be so large a factor of any play, is a severe trial on the skill of stage carpenters and electricians. Bro. Cyprian's assistants were equal to the occasion, for the stage appliances worked admirably.

The leading parts were sustained by students who have had considerable experience in dramatic work for the past two or three years. And it was only with this advantage in mind that Prof. Dickson considered it advisable to attempt this production. He himself played the title-rôle, and with such effect that he won golden opinions from the audience. His voice, with its wonderful modulation and expression, his gestures, emphasizing and illustrating his words, his facial expressions, his manner and stage presence—all spoke of his ability and showed the result of his many years of experience in dramatic art. He stood in his dignity a king; he tottered under the weight of his daughters' ingratitude, a broken-hearted old man; he wandered, in body and mind, on the wild heath—a type of the veritable Lear. He knew his part; he taught his audience, and they appreciated him.

George Gormley, who needs no words of commendation to the readers of this paper, was the Earl of Kent. The man who dared advise a king in spite of the impending wrath



PROFESSOR HENRY DICKSON.

of his monarch—the faithful liege, banished, yet resolved to serve his master to the last, the noble who became the menial, all for his

love and devotion to his old King—these were the parts to be portrayed. Gormley filled his part well.

Francis P. Kasper as Cordelia was “every inch a lady.” He has repeatedly taken the female parts and his characters are invariably good. He met the expectations of his friends—indeed his Cordelia was, in the minds of many, better than any of his previous impersonations. Goneril by Carlos Beam and Regan by John Horn were presented naturally and creditably. This, we believe, is the first appearance of these young men in female parts; their characters were difficult ones and their lives were not such as to elicit the sympathy of the audience, but they did well, and we wish them continued success.

Clarence Kennedy made a fine Oswald, the steward of Goneril. He was a tool of his mistress. He had one virtue—he was faithful to her, and for this we forgave his cringing vassalage and his cowardly almost amusing conduct when tripped up by the loyal Kent.

The part of the old Earl of Gloster was well presented by William Jamieson. His attitudes, voice and gait were most appropriate to his character’s lines. His appearance after being blinded was truly pathetic and he won the sympathy of the audience. Bernard Fahy, as King of France; Thomas Gehler, the



ACT I. (ENTIRE CAST).—LEAR DIVIDES HIS KINGDOM.

Duke of Burgundy; John Lamprey, Duke of Cornwall, and Charles Kane, Duke of Albany, all were typical nobles of the period. They were their parts, and contributed much to the run of the play!

Louis Wagner did exceptionally well in the character of Edgar, the legitimate son of Gloster. He, too, is a noble youth; one's sympathy goes out to his loyalty as to the devotion of Kent. His part of "Poor Tom" in the wild scene on the heaths was well done

John Cunningham as Edmund and Daniel Madden as the Physician did their work in a confident and appropriate manner. Charles Rush played the part of Curan well.

But perhaps the hit of the performance

crowd of visitors was present from South Bend and elsewhere, and all circumstances conspired to make the performance a decided success:

PROGRAM:

KING LEAR.

Presented by the students of elocution and oratory under the direction of Prof. Henry Dickson, March 17, 1904.

- Lear, King of Britain.....Henry Dickson
- King of France.....B. S. Fahy
- Duke of Burgundy.....T. J. Gehlert
- Duke of Cornwall.....J. L. Lamprey
- Duke of Albany.....C. J. Kane
- Earl of Kent.....G. J. Gormley
- Earl of Gloster.....W. D. Jamieson
- Edgar (Gloster's legitimate son).....L. E. Wagner
- Edmund (Gloster's illegitimate son)—J. J. Cunningham



ACT III.—LEAR DEFIES THE STORM.

among the students was the presentation of the fool by Aloysius Dwan. His antics repeatedly aroused the mirth of the audience. He was sprightly and nimble, with an elastic grace of action that was most pleasing. His lines, which are to be sung, called forth repeated applause.

Altogether, the production was the most high-class and entertaining of the many plays presented during the year. The scenery was painted by Prof. Ackerman, the orchestra arranged a special program of appropriate music, the lighting effects were under the efficient handling of Mr. Jos. Schalzer, an experienced actor and stage electrician of Chicago. A large

- Curan.....C. E. Rush
  - Physician.....D. L. Madden
  - Fool.....A. J. Dwan
  - Oswald (Steward to Goneril).....C. J. Kennedy
  - Goneril { ..... { C. R. Beam
  - Regan { Daughters to King Lear.... { J. C. Horn
  - Cordelia { ..... { F. P. Kasper
- Knights, Lords, Officers, Soldiers,

MUSICAL NUMBERS

By the University Orchestra.

- Overture—"Echoes from Ireland".....*Fr Schleppegrell*
- March—"King Lear".....*Ed Hazel*
- Ideal Echoes—.....*Andr Hesmamm*
- Overture—"Minstrel's Delight".....*L. Knight*
- March "Uncle Sammy".....*A. Holtzmann*
- Selection from Madeleine.....*Iul. Edwards*
- Selection from "The Devil's Deputy".....*E. Boettger*

### The Negro and the Catholic Church.

Pulpit and forum to-day swell the press' declaration that the negro hangs a lowering storm cloud on the nation's horizon, the low growling and barely perceptible flashes but foretastes of the power rolled onward by the winds of adverse training; and the eyes of an expectant nation are fixed on that one question that gives rise to the anxiety of the South and the deliberate earnestness of the North; the one that is nearest the vitals of the American people, inasmuch as it is linked with their future wellbeing—namely: Is that power for the better or worse?

Whether there is really a race problem or not matters little; whether the negro is a menace to that people who has been his counterbalancing force for forty years is a question to be decided by the South alone; whether the negro is an ignorant, incapable, slothful race—a pool so sluggish that naught but *Divine Intervention* can stir the waters—as a question of import has long been blasted, and is but spasmodically revived when God allows the devil to flash a spark of infernal ardor through the intellect of an unnoticed pessimist. One fact, however, does loom up in the haze that hangs about the so-called negro problem; a fact that can not be neglected, for it is the only phoenix that will not drop from the negro's advance. With all the rectified misunderstandings, we must recognize the fact that the negro is an ill-developed race, and until the currents of better development carry him into the safe harbor of civil participation, the great political, social and economic factor that the negro plays will be a power for the worse.

Time and time again have we tried to legislate the negro into better manhood; time and time again have we failed in the end. Time and time again have we tried to elevate the negro by means of labor, educational and social innovations; but we have miserably failed because that power directed by the true code of moral discipline was not the stimulating force. If Booker T. Washington had Catholic principles behind him he would be a wellnigh perfect worker.

Forty years ago the negro, fresh and susceptible to civilizing processes, eager for training and pliable as no race ever was to be fashioned into a proper citizen, hung a

rosy dawn on the nation. Stimulus indeed was offered, training indeed was given but at the hands of a people incapable of directing. And so it is that the negro, fashioned by the wavering hand of the master's apprentice became the menacing storm gatherer that blights the nation's day. With all our failures to check that false advance, we stand to-day helpless, gazing on the cross of that Church grounded high on the hill, the only power that can rip those heavy clouds and draw forth the golden peace to ease an anxious people.

The Catholic Church alone can make the negro a better citizen because it alone can make him a better man. A man is a better citizen than another in nowise except that he is a firmer follower of the moral and natural laws. And he whose interests are one with the object of these laws can not be placed one iota below the highest plane of political requirement. Hence if we would have the negro elevated and the potent factor he plays in the political and social make-up of the country turned to a better and loftier influence, we must lead him to a higher degree of manhood by that code of moral discipline exerted by the Catholic Church alone.

You can't legislate the truths of good government and social intercourse into a man. You can't legislate him into the knowledge of the duties he owes his fellowmen and the debt society owes him; nor yet can you whip him into them. But through fear of God, a fear that appeals to the heart, you can lead him to respect the laws instituted as guides to an eternal reward and to profit by them. When Christ taught the brotherhood of man He placed in His Church a power that no human institution could displace.

That criterion of ethical duty which lays a steady finger where right and wrong diverge is the only power that can turn the political and social status of the negro, because it alone can make the negro a lover of the moral and natural laws.

Why, it has often been asked, does the negro, surrounded by such lavish development, cling to the outskirts of advancements' settlements? The white man, whatever be his standing in the world of civilization, his plane in the court of refinement and his culture among the men of the world, owes what he has to his schooling in that greatest of all schools, at his mother's knee. Through long generations the white man has been trained,



and the training has been perpetuated by each succeeding generation of mothers. What a vast difference with the negro. Correspondingly we may say whatever the negro is to-day he can attribute to his lack of training at a mother's knee. For him there was no family influence directing his tottering advance to other than false paths. His mother herself had not known the guardian's solicitude and could not impart it to her son. The white mother fondled and treasured her heart's joy from inconveniences and guided its faltering prattle to a higher and nobler end than world's satisfaction; while far down the pathway of life she saw the gate of pure, generous manhood.

The black mother fondled and treasured her heart's joy from inconveniences and guided its faltering prattle to melodies, laughter and sunshine's merriment as far down the pathway of life her eyes fell on the manhood she had been taught as best for the negro; the easy-going, careless, ephemeral life that was death to him who could not make merry on the most of it. The white mother, with tenderest sternness, fashioned her boy to a manly foundation. The black mother, untrained in aught but passion's school, could impart no foundation to the sharer of her misery. Ask why the negro seeks sunshine in the shadow of that civil hill on whose top the white man basks and I'll point again to their respective home influences; the factors that make them men in their own spheres.

The white child's life is soon rounded and there is need of a broader influence, a more general training power to fashion the stronger lines of his make-up. He is weaned from the mother's minute care and sent to that other mother—the school. What a man lacks in blood is often made up in that family where are infused the principles of morals, self-restraint and culture-bearing studies.

The negro—alas! he too must be sent to school; but there are none for him but the dens and hells of the street. Lack of home training and lack of school training are the demons that drag the negro to the undertow of society and, until something is substituted to fill the vacancy, development will never act in the race. The first—home training—at present can't be supplied and the second can be offered by none but that institution that knows no social distinction, the Catholic Church; for the negro is not yet fitted to teach his own and society's bane is placed on the teacher

whose veins carry the blood of white ancestors.

Now, if the Catholic Church and Catholic educators are the ones to cope successfully with the backward movement of the negro and change his present position to one that is better for himself and the country, it is high time something was done. Who can call louder for the influence of the Catholic Church and her ministers than the negro?

To return to the picture of a moment ago. Two children born into the world with souls equally as precious and skins equally as different. One fair, having a body whose passions are mollified by the self-discipline of centuries; the other black and his body a package of all the passions the human frame is heir to. Which of the two are we going after? Discover two boys in a lake, one with a weight to his neck and the other in merely a bathing suit. Jump you must; but for whom are you jumping. To those who think the curse of Cham forbids all saving of the negro, the saving of one who is most apt to save himself is the better method of procedure.

A few weeks back we aroused much opposition in the ungenerous mind of one who was Southern in name only, by saying that Southern priests, men most conversant with the ways of the negro and the South, are by nature best fitted to save the negro by teaching him the moral obligations imposed by the Catholic Church. Again we say it because whenever any but those reared under Southern training have worked for the negro's salvation they have invariably attacked the methods of the South, placing all the right on the part of the negro and all the wrong on the part of the whites. Unwittedly they have thus lost the confidence of the negro.

Southern whites, tutored through forty years' experience, know the negro better than any people of the country. They are more in sympathy with the negro. And patriotism welds the betterment of the negro so near their hearts that obstacles will not impede them. The Southern priest will hold the confidence of the Southern white and the negro is sure of elevation when the people of the South augment Church's efforts in his behalf.

The little band of secular priests, heroes every man of them, laboring at present at such awful disadvantages are battling a battle that knows only supernatural laurels and one made all the crueler by the tight purse strings of uncharitable Catholics. Still they are stifling all personal desires that the negro might be saved.



Their extreme fortitude in the face of such straining adversities shows clearly that an independent priest can do but little in that world which can barely support itself. A regular of Southern blood is the one called to save the negro. A religious because of the embarrassing forces at work, and a Southern one because he can knit himself close to the negro's characteristic qualities; because he is fully acquainted with the negro's temperament, his dislikes and likes and is thereby best fitted to teach him the moral obligations. We can never make all those negroes who know the Catholic priest only as a demon, staunch adherents to Catholic principles, like the Maryland and Creole descent until we place unselfish, untiring and self-respecting men who are fully versed in Southern ways, among them. No other power can redirect the negro's steps toward real manhood, just as no one but that pure, noble type of womanhood, the Catholic Sister, can take the mother's place and lead the negro children to a higher and broader ideal of life.

The Southern people would be the first to recognize the value of religion's offering, provided that offering was not the grating force hitherto applied, and, ere many self-sacrificing priests and loving, generous Sisters have felt the gnawing of poverty that now confronts that field, they will turn the negro's *pro rata* to the coffers of the Catholic workers. The Catholic Sister assisted by the South once checked the fever, and again the Catholic Sister assisted by the South will educate the negro. These two elevating forces must be applied to make the negro a better man. Guide him by his conscience and you make him a better citizen; guide him by his heart and early training and you make him a better man. GEO. J. MACNAMARA '04.

Athletic Notes.

Basket-ball enthusiasts enjoyed a double header last Friday afternoon in the big gymnasium the local teams winning in both instances. The Brownson men added another victory to their long list, defeating the St. Joe H. S. team in a hotly-contested game by a score of 6 to 2. The visitors put up an exceedingly fast game, and during the first half more than held their own with Brownson. The local team seemed to lack their usual characteristic dash and vim, and displayed

team work only in spurts. However, in the second half they woke up to the task before them, and outplayed St. Joe. The work of Brennan, Medley and McDermott was the feature.

Brownson		St. Joe
Medley	R G	Hemley
O'Reilly	L G	Spruce
McDermott	C	Hilton
Pryor	R F	Musle
Brennan	L F	Moore
Umpire, Salmon.	Referee, Dilldock.	

The second game was even more close and exciting than the former. The Carroll Hallers appeared as dwarfs beside the tall, husky South Bend High School men, but they more than made up for this deficiency by their speed and grit. The High School lads had excellent team work, and worked hard for victory, but their clever little opponents stayed with them to the last. The game was a toss-up to the last few minutes of play, when Kreer of Carroll threw a field goal, which placed his team in the lead. Kreer was the star of the game. The final score was 7-6 in Carroll's favor.

Carroll		South Bend
Brown	R G	Steele
Hill	L G	Byron
Kreer	C	Keats
Roach	R F	Brown
Hart	L F	Busby
Salmon, Umpire.	Opie Reed, Referee.	

\*\*\*

A heavy fall of snow last Monday put an end to the outdoor practice, so the daily indoor work was resumed. Capt. Stephan expects to cut down the squad either to-day or to-morrow. The candidates for sub-catcher will be the ones whom this weeding will affect mostly, as Stephan has been paying considerable attention to them during the past week. The candidates are Medley, O'Connell, Sheehan, and Farabaugh. The competition for the place has been very close and spirited.

\*\*\*

The South Bend Indoor baseball team will endeavor to retrieve the laurels they lost in their last game with Brownson when they meet the latter to-night in the big gymnasium. They are still smarting over the drubbing they got, and with the hopes of revenging that defeat, have strengthened themselves considerably.

Captain Kinney's call for candidates for the Brownson baseball team was answered by nearly 50 men last Sunday afternoon. The material seems to be very good, and some spirited contests may be looked forward to for the various positions.

\* \* \*

The first baseball game of the season was played last Sunday afternoon on the Carroll campus between the teams of Captain Hearn and Captain McDermott. The former won by a large score.

\* \* \*

Corby's enthusiastic ball tossers have not yet had an opportunity to practise. They anxiously await the warm weather so that they can get out and show the other Hall men some of the real spirit.

\* \* \*

This afternoon the Minim and ex-Minim track teams are battling for glory and supremacy. While the chances are in favor of the Carroll men, the Minims expect to surprise their experienced rivals in more than one event.

\* \* \*

Coach Holland has the track team hard at work again preparing for their second dual with Indiana at Bloomington. The half-milers are also getting in trim for the Invitation Meet at St. Louis. The Relay team has not yet been selected, but it will probably be chosen within the next few days.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

### Personals.

—We regret to learn that Reverend James Quinn of Chatsworth, Ill. and Reverend John Quinn of Peoria, Ill., suffered the loss of their father Feb. 11. Three sons of the deceased were educated at Notre Dame. The Reverend James Quinn preached the baccalaureate sermon last commencement. We extend to the members of the bereaved family our respectful sympathy.

—Visitors' Registry:—S. Conron, Danville, Ill.; Mrs. Hugh Burns, Miss Casey, Katherine E. Casey Michigan City, Ind.; Anneta Hartzler, South Bend, Ind.; Thomas A. Quinlan, J. G. McCarthy, Chicago, Ill.; W. McNeerney, Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. W. F. Grange, Lichbon, N. Dakota; B. Carpenter, E. L. Haines, Angos, Ind.; Mrs. H. Cooley, Des Moines, Iowa; Miss B. F. Hefaton, Sycamore, Ill.; Miss Ollie Parrish, Mishawaka, Indiana; Mrs. W. L. Masterson, Marietta, O.; Miss Clara Tyler, Monroeville, O.; Mrs. Evelyn Schmidt, Ardel Dougan, Lil Schmidt, Mrs. Anna M. Dougan, Mrs. F. M. Gray, L. G. Finley, L. R. Millard, Niles, Mich.;

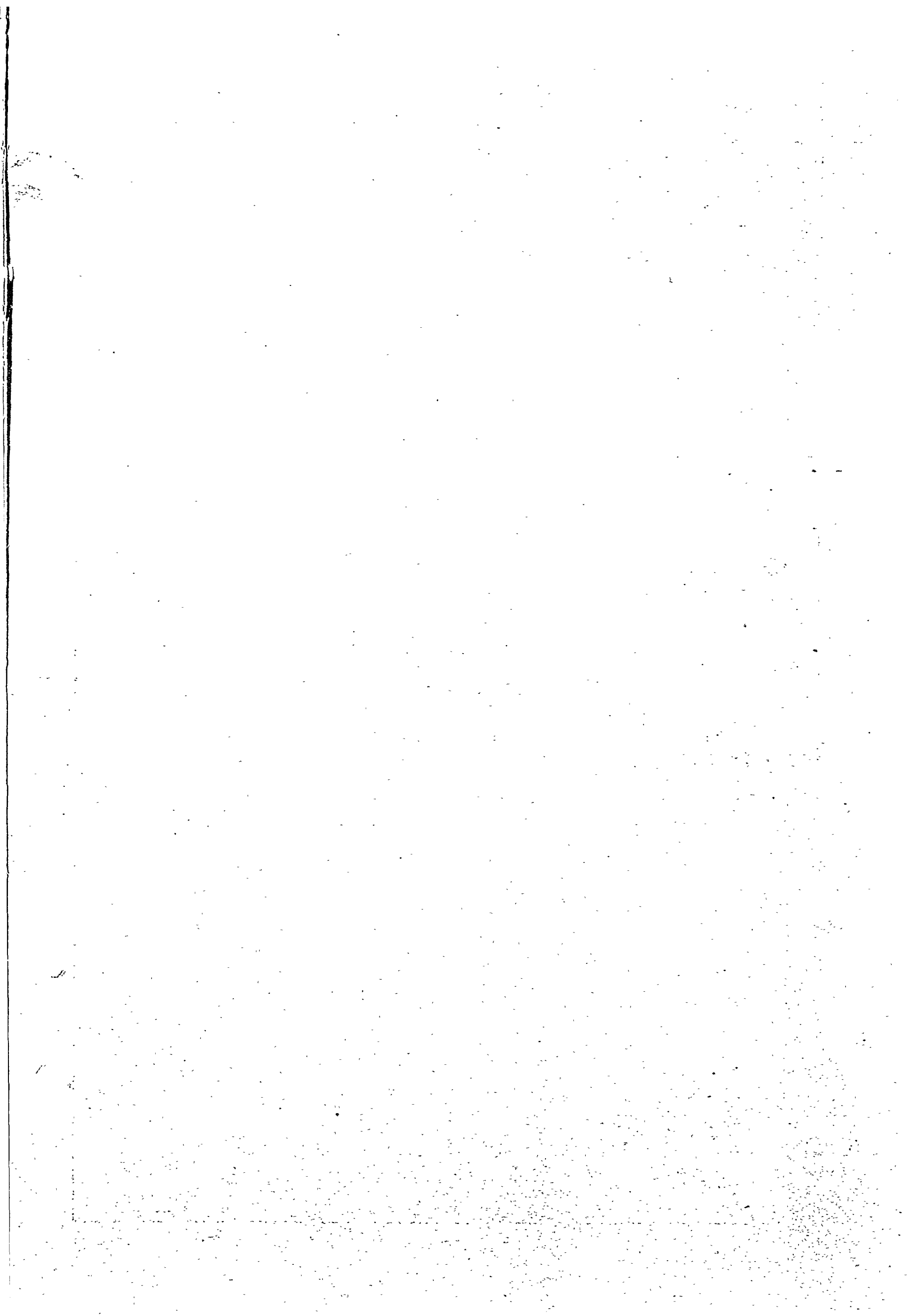
W. M. Hutton, Mexico City; Miss Margaret Smith, Richmond, Ind.; Mrs. Bert Hannum, Sheldon, North Dakota; Mrs. Louise A. Davey, Lilian H. Doty, South Bend; Mrs. R. Conden, Mishawaka; B. F. Felie, Aleda, Ill.; Peter J. Horn, Valparaiso, Ind.; M. Riney and Miss Riney, Baraboo, Wis.; Harry McKeown, Bay City, Mich.; Mrs. F. G. Jungelut, Mrs. John R. Lenfestey, Mr. Adam Kasper and Mrs. Kasper, Chicago, Ill.

### Local Items.

—The annual ex-Minim-Minim track meet is being run off this afternoon in the big gymnasium. A very close and interesting meet may be expected as both teams are evenly matched.

—With a feeling of genuine grief we read about the proposed creation of a Notre Dame Rod-Gun Club. There is no game worth shooting around Notre Dame except black crows and skunks. There is of course not a soul that believes that the members of the Notre Dame Rod-Gun Club would kill any of the numerous and varied song-birds that make their home around our beautiful lakes. Why, not a shot would ever disturb them; we know that from experience, even without the existence of a Rod-Gun Club. If the question hinges on having a Rod-Gun Club or having song birds, by all means let the club go. We have had some experiences with Rod-Gun Clubs, and we are satisfied that they should not recur. We now have the song birds and we should hate to part with them. We advise the gentlemen who advocate the organizing of the Rod-Gun Club to find a better reason for absenting themselves from the college grounds.

—Last Wednesday evening the students of Corby Hall assembled in their reading-room and elected the manager and the captain for the coming baseball season. Frank Lonergan was in the chair, and he aroused enthusiasm by his splendid address. He cited instances of the Hall spirit of the old Corby days. James Record was appointed manager and Albert Kotte captain. Harry Geoghegan, the Varsity short stop, was chosen unanimously as coach. He responded with a speech in which he showed that Corby's prospects for the championship are very good. The question as to the proper method of financing the team was then brought up. After much discussion it was decided that the best method was for each student to subscribe then and there. This decision was put into practice with most excellent results. The last motion before the chair provided that negotiations be entered into with a reliable contractor for the improvement of the Corby Hall baseball grounds.



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