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## Star Mysteries.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

YE mystic outposts of the world of night,  
Do ye too nurse a sin-begotten race,  
Hounded by justice from some heavenly place—  
A Paradise? Did God enragéd smite  
Your unfortunate weaklings? Have ye felt the might  
Of wrath divine which time could ne'er efface.  
By human effort? Did the God-Man pace  
That weary path to another Calvary's height?  
Vain labor to pursue the impossible,  
To scan the infinite with a finite eye,  
Seeking to measure the immeasurable.  
Infinities our dwarfish minds defy.  
Pursue them not. Man thus became a slave,  
And, seeking knowledge, fell into a grave.

## The Easter Plays of the York Cycle.

JOSEPH H. BURKE, '04.



THE Catholic Church has always been a teaching institution, and we find that when books were costly and a vast majority of the people illiterate, the Church sought other effective means to accomplish the instruction of her children. Scenes from the New Testament and from the life of our Lord were represented on the stage after the manner of our modern tragedies. Simplicity was the characteristic feature of these early plays, yet vast crowds attended them and drew therefrom more useful lessons as an incentive to the practice of virtue than do our modern church-goers who sit and listen with a critical air to the sermon or instruction. No such error was made in regard to the early miracle

plays. The auditors regarded not the simplicity of the composition and of the scenery, but they saw the great reality underlying the artificial representation. Four great cycles were established, and here, as the important feasts of the Church approached, were represented the mysteries appropriate to the season.

The Easter Plays of the York Cycle represent the story of the Resurrection and also the manifestation of our Lord to Mary Magdalen and again to the pilgrims travelling to Emmaus. The *Dramatis Personae* of the play of the Resurrection were Pilatus, Anna, Caiphas, Centurio, Angelus, the three Marys and four soldiers. The play opens with Pilate, Caiphas and Anna in conversation defending the justice of the sentence pronounced and executed upon Jesus. Pilate, however, is somewhat disturbed, and wishing to know the feelings of the populace in regard to the death of Christ, he delegates the Centurion to bring him news of the matter concerning which he is anxious. The Centurion returns and relates to Pilate the wonders that had been wrought on the day of Jesus' death. He boldly assured Pilate that he had done wrong in condemning Jesus to death and declared that Christ was the Son of God. Pilate angrily dismisses the Centurion and attributes all the happenings of that eventful day to the power of sorcery. Caiphas then informs Pilate of the prophecy that Jesus had made of His resurrection, and by the advice of Anna, Pilate sends soldiers to guard the tomb lest the disciples should come and steal away the body.

The second scene opens with the four soldiers on guard round the tomb engaged in boastful conversation. Sleep overcomes them and Christ rises from the dead. The three Marys enter shortly after, lamenting the death of Jesus and declaring their intention to anoint His body. They find the great stone rolled back from the door of the tomb and they see a little child, clothed all in

white garments. As they enter the tomb they see the angel who informs them that Christ is risen and gone into Galilee.

Mary Magdalen upon hearing this refuses to leave the tomb till she has seen her Lord, and she is left there by the other women who go, as the angel had bidden them, to inform the disciples of the resurrection. The soldiers awake, and after much confusion and hesitation and fear they agree to represent the affair to Pilate in the same manner described in the familiar Gospel narrative. Pilate is much disturbed by the news, and at the suggestion of Anna the soldiers are bribed to give out the story that ten thousand men had forcibly removed the body of Christ.

Only two characters appear in the second play, Jesus and Mary Magdalen. Mary close by the holy sepulchre laments the death of her dearly beloved Master:

To grounde nowe gone is all my glee,  
I sporne where I was wonte to spede.

Jesus appears in the dress of a gardener and inquires the cause of her bitter grief. She informs Him, and after a few words are exchanged he comforts her by assuring her that Christ was near, and then to the passionate entreaty of Mary He makes answer, and declares that He is the Christ. Mary expresses her joy thus:

Alle for joie me likes to synge,  
Mine herte is gladder than the glee  
And alle for joie of thy risyng -  
That suffered dede vppone a tree.

The passionate love of Mary and the fatherly tenderness of Christ are described in simple though beautiful language. Christ comforts and consoles her and tells her that He is about to ascend to His Father.

In the last play of the cycle two brethren are journeying to Emmaus, and their topic of conversation is the all-absorbing subject of the death of Christ and the phenomena that had occurred on the day of the crucifixion. A most vivid description is given of the cruel treatment He had received at the hands of the Jews, and also a short account of his burial. Their surprise was great when a stranger approached and inquired the nature of the wonders they had been discussing. They expressed their astonishment at His ignorance of the facts and proceeded to repeat the story of Christ's sufferings and death. They related the prophecy of the resurrection, saying that this was the third day, and they add that there was a rumor to the effect that some of the women had seen Christ risen from the dead.

Jesus reproaches them for their want of faith and talks to them of the law and the prophets. The travellers are so charmed by His words that they beg of Him to stay with them over night at Emmaus hoping to hear more of His conversation. After some hesitation Christ consents, and having blessed the bread before the evening meal, suddenly disappears. The real identity of their guest is then known to them and they regret His sudden departure and declare their resolve to proclaim the fact of His resurrection and to preach His wonderful works.

The beauty of these plays lies in their simplicity of manner and diction, and to the deeply religious auditors they must have been a source of encouragement and of strength. To appreciate the worth of these productions we must not apply to them the cold, calculating judgment of a twentieth-century critic, though even then much that is beautiful and poetic would be worthy of our attention. But to appreciate them properly we must make due allowance for the simplicity of taste and the deep relish for religious subjects that were characteristic of the times. Truly the modern drama had a noble foundation in the early miracle plays which developed in the hearts of the people the taste for theatre-going.

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### Morn and Eve.

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WHEN the rising sun at Easter paints its glories in  
the east,  
And its brilliant rays are dancing  
In the morning's slow advancing,  
And the amber clouds are draped in shining folds;  
When the woods and fields are ringing  
With the wild birds' joyful singing,  
And the buds and flowers burst from nature's molds;  
Then I stroll where dewdrops glisten  
By the lake-side, and I listen  
To the melodies that echo at the ringing of the chimes.

When the clouds of evening gather arching upward in  
the west  
And the stars above are glowing,  
And upon the lake are throwing  
Gems of light that seem to fleck it as with foam;  
When the cross-tipped spires are gleaming  
In the mellow light that's streaming  
From the crescent 'neath the Virgin on the dome;  
Then upon the still air falling,  
Mingled with the night bird's calling,  
Float the melodies that echo at the ringing of the  
chimes.

G. E. GORMLEY, '04.

Easter Morn.

D. C. DILLON, '04.

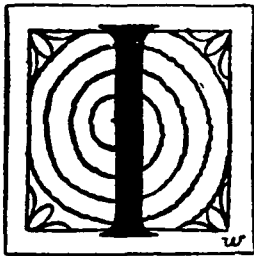
ON Easter morn there reigns at dawn  
A lonely silence, a veil long drawn  
Of airy cloud that intervenes  
Above the earth, reflecting gleams  
Of dancing light—the sun's first beams,—  
Anon, the night's last gloom is gone.

Not Four-Scene.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

SCENE I.

[Place—Speedway, New York. Time—Spring. Persons—Irving and Hansome, seated in an accentuated Stanhope.]



IRVING speaks: "And then the fellow went to the piano."

Hansome: "Didn't know he was one of that sort."

"Oh, he did not do badly.

They found all kinds of favorite pieces for him to play. There goes Harris,—good stepper, eh? He pounded through a deal—one at last took the whole parlor. He confessed he had not seen that piece for thirty years—"

"Why, Hazleton is but a lad!"

"Certainly. Miss Thornton stormed out: 'You're not thirty years old, Mr. Hazleton.' He answered: 'I know it.'"

"Score one for Hazleton. Was Miss Thornton his thereafter?"

"Ahem, no! But I didn't meet her. Sample of my luck. She was looking over my way often. Often, I say. It was an oversight on John's part. Why not drive, Hansome, and get used to this business? (Hansome takes the reins.) "Let him have the bit. That's it. Easy. (Silence for a block.) Hello! there comes Hazleton with Miss Daphney Thornton. Fortunate we know Hazleton. (Hats are lifted.) You never met the young lady, Hansome?"

"Right clever they say. No! Never saw her before!"

SCENE II.

[Place—Riverside Club. Time—Evening of same day. Persons—Irving and Larkins, seated for a confidential chat.]

Larkins speaks: "Yes, I have known Miss

Thornton for several years. We've got to the brotherly and sisterly stage now. Was hard hit for a time. I received a note from her this evening."

"The deuce you say?"

"Just a friendly call to dinner to-morrow. She once thought somewhat of me. The embers still glow, now and then."

"It's not the thing, old man, for us to discuss the young lady in the smoking-room."

"You're right, Irving, subject is changed!"

(They smoke pensively for a minute) Larkins starts: "By the way, Irving, weren't you driving this afternoon?"

"Yes, Hansome and I were out for a time."

"In a new Stanhope box yellow and high?"

"Yes, I dare say."

"That explains!"

"What?"

"She wrote—wait till I get out that note,— 'He was driving a gorgeous yellow Stanhope and a rarely beautiful horse. He had another good-looking fellow with him. Mr. Hazleton said he knew them, but had forgotten their names. Capture that driver and bring him to dine to-morrow night. Details are meagre—but you have never failed me. I'll let you take me to the Horse Show, if you do this commission as you have all others. You horrid man, why have you not asked before this? Now you'd ought to be jealous!'"

"Well, in all confidence, Larkins, I concede the point. The letter is admissible as evidence, even in a smoking-room. I was driving. Who wrote the note?"—"Miss Thornton."

SCENE—III.

[Place—Irving's private study. Time—day later. Person—Irving in sotto-voice soliloquy.]

Irving speaks:—"I can't go with Larkins to-night, and I've waited a year to meet this same young lady. Sawkins always insists that I attend his wedding anniversary, and, of course, to-night's it. Same luck again. Guess, however, I have made a big hit with the young lady? Modester, Irving, modester! The other night she was certainly watching me the most of the time. I sat just behind Larkins. I've done a note here. I shall entrust it with Larkins. It will tend to convey my regrets. (He reads rather satisfiedly.)

"MY DEAR MISS THORNTON:

Though I have never had the pleasure of meeting you formally, I take Mr. Larkin's invitation to dine at your home to-night in way of an introduction. You can not know how disappointed I am not to be able to come. I shall spend a miserable evening. Thank-

ing you for the invitation—may I not come some other time?—

I am your servant,  
WALTON IRVING."

SCENE.—IV.

[Place—Riverside Club. Time—Three nights later. Persons—Irving and Larkins.]

Irving speaks:—"Did you try to fix up the matter for me, old man?"

"Well,—yes, in a way, Irving. I—"

"You told her how sorry I was, etc., Larkins.

"Well—we went over the matter sort of—"

"Of course, she must have been put out at my not coming, and—maybe the least disappointed?"

"Well, Irving, I described you, and from your description—"

"I was fully identified, eh—Larkins?"

"No—not exactly! Are you sure you were driving when you passed Miss Thornton that day?"

"Of course—no—by Jove, Larkins, Hansome was trying his hand. I had given over the—"

"Yes, her description fitted Hansome better. Beg pardon, Irving—don't take it to heart! Congratulate me—do so while I send for the tall bottle and the soda! Miss Thornton and I are to be married in June."

The Nightingale.

AT evening of a glorious day,  
I came to where a forest lay,  
Where trees kept cool and fresh the road;  
And sweet wild flowers there bestowed  
Such fragrance on the gentle air  
That choicest perfume wafted there.

The leaves were large and thick, and hung  
So numerous that shadows formed,  
Where many different voices sung,  
Whose soothing tones of pity warmed  
My care-numbed breast. For all the notes  
More sweetly seemed because the throats  
That sent such praise forth to the skies  
Were hid from vulgar gaze of eyes.

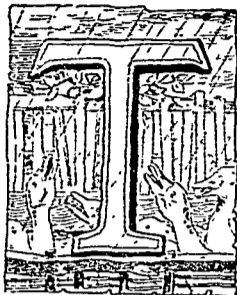
And as I slowly went my way,—  
For I would much prefer to stay—  
There rose a voice, so tender, sweet,  
That other songsters' notes were stayed,  
As if some greater master played,  
To make the harmony complete.

Like when the peals of organ swell,  
As if in sympathetic grief  
They give the mourners some relief,  
The plaintive music rose and fell,  
And died like echoes of a bell.  
But so enchanted was the grove  
That I could neither speak nor move,  
Till all the song-birds broke the spell.

ERNEST E. HAMMER, '04.

A Tithe Offering.

LOUIS J. CAREY, '04.



HE basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore was almost deserted. Most of the Masses for the day had been offered up and nearly all had departed save the wandering visitors and the few who remained in prayer.

In a quiet chapel aglow with the warm light of an Italian sun knelt a woman of about thirty at the foot of Our Lady of Sorrows. Now and then her devotions were interrupted by a child, a mere babe, pulling at the widow's crepe upon her threadbare dress.

"Come, my little one," she said softly, offer one little prayer for father."

The child understood, and, looking into its mother's eyes, lisped the few words it had been taught.

At the utterance of the last syllable, it tottered to its mother's arms who repaid its efforts with caresses, tears and kisses. Presently a little boy of some eight years appeared.

"Mother," he asked.

"You, Giovanni? How many bouquets have you sold this morning?"

"None as yet, but I can surely sell them all as there are many travellers about from foreign lands."

"And you came to make your daily offering of one-tenth?"

"Yes, mother, to be sure lest after selling nine I should be tempted to let the last one go also."

"Good, my boy."

The woman selected the most beautiful bouquet of the ten in the basket and placed it upon a point among the candles which had been bought to burn at the foot of the statue.

"Now, my baby, let us be home. And you Giovanni, sell the nine bouquets, and when you return, mother will reward you."

The little family knelt in prayer for a moment, then departed into the sunny outer world, happy and hopeful.

For several days I had been wondering when I beheld a fresh bouquet of violets over among the burning candles, whose tender piety had taken such a quaint and touchingly beautiful means of expression:

## Happy Days.

JOHN M. QUINLAN, '04.

AS season into season glides, we greet  
 Each one with childish mirth; but thou, O Spring,  
 Thrice welcome unto thee, a gracious king,  
 That bringeth life to bounteous nature's feet.  
 O waft thy scented perfumes o'er the wheat,  
 And then across the watery glades let ring  
 The plaintive notes of orioles who wing  
 Their flight to sunny climes, their sole retreat.

How paint thy fragrant air, thy honeyed flowers;  
 How chant the changing song of stately brooks,  
 Which rush through plains and hardly move 'neath  
 bowers.

And thus they picture life which never looks  
 Again on trampled years; but borne away  
 It yearns for Youth, its spring of life, its May.

## The Popular Celebration of Easter.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.



ASTER, the Queen of Festivals, was formerly celebrated only by the Church. Throughout the christian world, with the greatest pomp and devotion, the faithful assembled to commemorate the

Resurrection of our Lord. In the Eastern countries the primitive Christians were wont to salute each other with these words, "Christ is risen," to which was replied, "Christ is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." The Greeks still follow this custom. The primary significance of Easter was religious, and not until comparatively recent times has the festival come to have a purely popular side.

Perhaps the earliest appearance of the people in this celebration dates back to the removal of the mystery and miracle plays without the Church, and the substitution of the vernacular for the classical language and of laic for cleric performers. These plays, we are told, were presented at four times of the year, one of which was the spring festival of Easter. Although as presented they contained many suggestions of popular lore that did not pertain to the festival being celebrated, yet we may safely say that they served to arouse in the minds of the people

the desire of participating in some celebration at the time to correspond to the feast of the Church.

Since this participation began, innumerable ceremonies, popular sports and superstitions have grown up among the various peoples. One of the most common traditions is that the faithful who are up to attend the sunrise Mass on Easter morning are rewarded by the spectacle of Old Sol dancing thrice as he crosses the horizon. All rejoiced to see nature herself so joyous and merry. To this happy suggestion a tremendously learned refutation was once prepared by a certain pedantic student, Sir Thomas Browne. But the story had gone deeper into the hearts of the people than the erudite epistle, and to this day many is the pious old lady who rises Easter morning to see the sun dance.

The spirit of the festivities of Eastertide was one of freedom from the strict fast and rigid discipline of Lent. The people took this first opportunity of making merry. In old England they even went so far as to pass a hand-ball around during the services of the Church on Easter Sunday. Another of the sports of this day was the game of ball to be played in the afternoon. With all pomp and ceremony the contesting teams would parade their respective municipalities before the game. The contest aroused the entire town. Even to this day in the quaint old borough, Bury St. Edmunds, the custom is kept up: twelve old women being selected to play the game, the number being suggested by the Twelve Apostles. In the evening of the day the townsmen would all gather after the services and throw apples into the graveyard; and immediately thereafter they adjourned to the rectory where a jolly feast was had.

In France a less laudable custom prevailed of stoning the Jews on Easter Day.

Christ is risen, Christ is risen,  
 All the Jews must go to prison,

was the song the pious people sang while they celebrated the feast of the Church in this inconsistent manner.

But of all the many customs which have sprung up among the different peoples, the one which comes down to us with greatest popularity is that of dyeing and breaking eggs on Easter morning. The exercise participated in by children to-day derives its significance from more mature deliberation. In ancient times the New Year began with the spring

Festival. It was the time for the abolishing of old feuds; and what could be more effective for this purpose than the presenting of some pretty gift? The daintily colored eggs of the song birds were selected as most appropriate. To-day our confectioners have given us artistically fashioned substitutes.

The egg, among ancient peoples, was the symbol of the awakening of the seed; it represented the bursting forth into new life of all nature at the time of the vernal equinox. The old Saxons called their goddess of the spring Oestera (Aester), corresponding to which is a verb *Oster*, meaning rising. The Latin term is resurrection. From this root is derived the term East—where the sun rises. Hence Easter signifies that time of the year when all nature rises in her grandeur. The Saxon goddess was also supposed to have some mysterious connection with the moon. To-day we reckon the time of Easter by the lunar cycles. Yet another step in the development of this custom is of interest.

The hare is associated with this feast. He was supposed to be a nocturnal animal, having some indefinite connection with the moon. But what connection has the hare with the feast of Easter? The moon sets the time of the festival, and only at Easter does the hare go the rounds. The children consider him a second Santa Claus; they build nests for him, and hurry out of bed on Easter morning to gather the wonderful eggs. Thus it is that the people have come to participate in this festival of the Church. Its deep significance and religious meaning remain, and to this is added a touch of childish imagination and maturer fancy which makes it all the more real and living to us.

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### Signs of Spring.

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WHEN the March winds cease and the robin sings  
 And the breeze blows soft o'er the budding trees  
 And the smoke from the chimney floats in rings  
 And the flowers awake with the call of bees;  
 When the cold gray clouds of the winter gone,  
 In the distance pushed by the Southern breeze,  
 And the sun shines bright at the break of dawn  
 And the swallows soar to the sky with ease,  
 Then do we feel that it's good to live  
 And list with a joy to the wild-woods' ring,  
 With the songs of birds whose chorus give  
 A herald's cry of a new-born spring.

GRATTAN T. STANFORD, '04.

### Between Friends.

FREDERICK J. KASPER, '04.



“WELL!” exclaimed John Randolph to Dan Sheridan while playing billiards at the Rialto, “so you were very much taken with Lang’s cousin, Miss Dollinger? She is a charming girl. I highly enjoyed the waltz I had with her, and I want you to accept my hearty congratulations.

“Tut! tut, man,” rejoined Dan; “but since you open the subject to me so suddenly, I’ll admit I’m in love with her.”

“I thought as much,” was the rejoinder. “But say, the seriousness I caused you to maintain for the last half hour and the things you said about true love and marriage are not at all in keeping with the occasion.”

The other members of the Rialto Club had gone, and Dan and John possessed the room to themselves.

“Say, Dan,” began John anew, “what I wanted to ask, did Miss Dollinger tell you that she had met me before?”

“No, you never knew her before—none of that.”

“Indeed I did; why I know the fellow to whom she is engaged very well.”

“Engaged!” exclaimed Dan shooting the ball with such impulse that it jumped the table and was a fair way down the room before he withdrew his cue. “Now, look here, Randolph, are you serious?”

“As serious as you are,” was the reply.

“Well! damnation, why in the world didn’t you tell me all this before, and why did Lang get me into this mess without giving me a tip?”

“Now, do be reasonable, Dan. It was not my place to tell you.”

“Yes, but I don’t give two cents for all your ethics. Why did you let me make a fool of myself?”

“Only a moment ago you finished a half hour’s dissertation on using your head, on not being too hasty in expressing love, and with such conservative views surely you ought to be safe.”

“Very true, but I telephoned before I left Chicago and asked her to the big charity ball next month to which I have tickets, and I

won't have the heart to face her now. There remains however the possibility that she may learn to love me and break this engagement."

"She will never break with the man she loves."

"That's what I want to know," exclaimed Dan almost leaping across the billiard table in his curiosity. "Who is the man?"

"He knows you well, his name is John R. Randolph."

"John R. Randolph!" almost shrieked Sheridan with a look of enlightened recognition. He dashed his cue on the floor; it broke as if it were made of chalk. "Randolph, you lie, it can not be," he added.

"That's all very well, Dan," added John. "There is utterly no need for you to fly into a rage. If you disbelieve me," he continued, "here is a picture of her. I always carry it about with me, and here is a similar one in the case of my watch."

"That settles it," said Sheridan tossing the picture on the table. "I appreciate the friendship which you have shown me in this instance more than anything you ever did." With that he started for the door.

"Now don't be so hasty," exclaimed Randolph going toward him, "I wish you would hear a little more."

"Well, say it," said Sheridan turning abruptly and glaring on Randolph. "Be mindful and no more of your insolence, or I shall be liable to forget the friendship I bear you."

"Dan, it's simply this,—Loretto Dollinger is not engaged. The picture I showed you is of Irene, her sister, whom she strikingly resembles. This matter of you bringing her to the dance was all arranged beforehand by Lang. No—not with her knowledge. She was told Frank was called away on important business and consented to go with you as her only chance to be present at the dance; and finally hear this which is the kernel of the whole thing. Lang had told her about you in his first letters last year, and he not only had to send that big picture of you, but he has been kept busy ever since telling her more and all about Dan. Shake the hand of Frank Lang," for none other stepped before them. Dan heartily shook the hand of one and the hand of the other of his friends, and then pouring a glass of wine at the little table he said with emotion:

"My friends, I drink your health; may we all meet at next year's Easter ball."

Art.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, '03.

SHE plights no suitor at her shrine,  
Kind goddess though she be;  
None only those whose deeds are pledged  
To stainless chivalry.

So fair she is and chaste she is,  
The angels bow to her;  
With joy untold she sure rewards  
Each faithful worshipper.

The Dream of Abelard the Pilgrim.

ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04.

**T**HE Easter sun, which not many hours before had risen to announce the coming of a new, a brighter day, was fast sinking to rest behind the western horizon, when forth there issued from the gate of Bethlehem an aged man, Abelard the pilgrim, he the pious one, who was resolved once again to look upon those sacred spots hallowed by His Presence; to kiss the places where He had fallen under the weight of the cross; to kneel in silent prayer before the sepulchre where they had laid Him the Man-God, Christ the Crucified. The way that led to Jerusalem from Bethlehem was beset with difficulties; but Abelard, imbued as he was with a religious fervor—a love of Christ that had carried him many miles since early Easter morn—entered joyfully upon it with no thought but of the Holy Sepulchre and the Way of the Cross. And as the sun went down, its last ray lingering lovingly upon the aged pilgrim, a haze rose up from the Dead Sea, a darkness deepened the blue of the heavens, and a pale, solitary star glimmered faintly through the clouds and then vanished, only to be succeeded by countless others; and the moon slowly mounting in the heavens shed a softened glow over the silvered hair and bowed figure of Abelard, the follower of Christ.

Night had spread its mantle of peace, of quietude over the land of Palestine—a land hallowed by sacred memories; Palestine, once the land of promise, now torn and



quivering under the lash of the Mahomedan, now trembling before the gateway of a future containing naught but destruction and despair; but Abelard thought not of this as he trudged painfully on. At last being weary—for one who bore the weight of so many years must needs be worn with fatigue after travelling from Hebron since two morns before—he sat himself down by the roadside to rest and pray. And he slept, the quiet, peaceful sleep of a guileless man. And as he slept the Lord appeared to him in a dream—a beautiful, wonderful dream.

The first beam of the Easter sun, as it slowly tops the heights of Calvary—that Calvary which once had witnessed a scene so terrible and yet so glorious—is caught by the tapering spire of a great church, a magnificent temple of God, its exterior glistening in ivory and gold.

As Abelard the pilgrim halts his trembling footsteps before that church, builded upon the spot where once had been His sepulchre, and gazes upon the beautiful outlines of that massive house of God, the doors, wonderfully carved in gold and silver, slowly open and a procession such as language can but feebly describe, a pageant of the elect of God, comes forth.

The crucified Saviour at the head of the column; His brow girt with a crown of thorns; His hands and feet pierced with the nails; the wound of the lance opening the heart, that heart dripping with blood which speaks the infinite love of the Master; and the sad eyes, once staring and glassy in death, now fixed in love upon her, His Mother, who stands at His side. He gazes upon the pilgrim with the light of divine pity shining in His eyes, and Abelard, as he stretches forth his arms in eager longing, feels his soul thrill with a divine, a heavenly rapture.

And then come all the royalty of heaven. Behold! Peter, James, John and Paul, and all those others, the virgins and martyrs of the early Church, sanctified in their own blood. And then in the pilgrim's dream, the priests of God and the missionaries of future ages come from the white sands of Africa, the leprous villages of Molokai, the wilds of America, the newly-discovered, where they had kissed the marked brow and loathsome flesh of those wretched outcasts; where they had washed the unclean

bodies of those stricken ones; where they had given up their lives at the stake that their fiendish executioners might come to a knowledge of Him. "Oh! these heroic ones," thinks Abelard, "these glorified of God's children."

And then before the eyes of the pilgrim pass a hundred, yea, countless hundreds, millions more, of all ages, from all climes—all, all marching in His footsteps—marching to grander, sweeter music than any martial strain: anthems sung by all the choirs of Heaven. On, on they come, marching to the kingdom prepared for them—won, for them by His suffering, His atonement on the Cross.

And then a mist falls before the eyes of Abelard, blotting out the scene. A wonderful peace falls over the earth of his dream; and the Easter sun, sparkling and gleaming on the morning dew like a thousand precious gems, envelop Him in a robe of dazzling brightness as He stands before the prostrate Abelard, looking with His luminous eyes, shining with the light of an infinite love, at the pilgrim kneeling before Him.

And then He speaks in accents so sweet that they seem to sound all the chords of Abelard's soul in harmony: "And wilt thou, too, come with Me; because I go to the Father." And Abelard, with a glad cry of joy touches the hem of His garment; and upborne by cherubim such as never before wafted spirit above, he enters the kingdom of heaven.

At daybreak the next morning, three Mahomedan merchants on their way to Jerusalem found the body of an aged man lying by the wayside, and marvelled at the smile of peace which even in death rested upon his features. They knew not that God had come for Abelard the pilgrim as he lay asleep, and had led him over the sacred way which leads to eternity.

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### An Easter Reverie.

MY thoughts are away this Easter Day  
 In a city by the sea,  
 Where two eyes blue, 'neath a bonnet new,  
 Sparkle in girlish glee.  
 And far from sad, my soul is glad—  
 O gladdened to ecstasy—  
 For I know that soon 'twill be leafy June,  
 And her heart will welcome me.

WILLIAM K. GARDINER, '04.



## To Marion.

TELFORD PAULLIN, '07

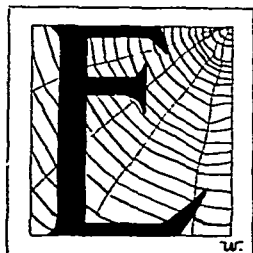
LITTLE maid of seven summers,  
 What makes your eyes so blue?  
 Morning smiles and twilight dreams  
 Where the bits of gold shine through.

Little maid of many lovers,  
 With hair a marigold bloom,  
 The old gypsy in the sunset  
 Spun it on her amber loom.

Merry beggar, royal spender,  
 Shares her pennies with her crew,  
 Cheerful, tearful, brave and tender,  
 Little maiden, I love you.

## The Spring Poet.

THOMAS P. IRVING, '04.



EASTER—what a group of associations comes up to the mind at the mere mention of the word. To the small boy it is the day ushered in by the dancing sun, the day of rabbits and lilies. To some it is a day of feasting and to the ascetic it is a time of well-earned rejoicing after the penitential season. Now amid this universal jubilation, and while most men are becoming intoxicated with the joy of Easter and spring, there arises into prominence a person who may be popularly and jocosely recognized as an earnest man, a man of marked intellectual and esthetic ability, a man whose soul is keenly sensitive to the first poetic beatings of nature's pulse, a man that can detect and distinguish the most delicate stirrings of nature's music; and this highly-endowed being is the spring poet. At this season he leaves his winter home and goes forth armed with the strength of observation and with a soul attuned to the harmonious murmurings around him.

The first glimpses of spring awaken within him the feelings that have been latent for a year. He is irresistibly led by the muse to take a stroll to the brook, and there to sit and listen to the "babblings," "rippings" and "murmurings" of the crystal stream, to watch "the placid waters glitter in the sun," to see

"the eddies as they bear along the dead leaves," and to observe many things which we less fortunate beings would miss.

Then he turns his attention to the trees, and here an immense field opens up before him. First, there comes to him the sight of the branches just about to bud, then he hears the "doleful moanings of the western zephyrs through the leaf-stripped branches." Oh, how pitiful this is to him, and it brings to his mind thoughts rare and beautiful; thoughts that the greater part of mankind never dream of just because they are not the poets of spring. Just when he is in the height of his "musings," a gay spring songster breaks in upon the silence, and the poet is aroused by the "silver-throated bird." More gather around, and their choral songs fill his soul with joy to overflowing. Again his eye falls upon the flowers that "bedeck the sloping sward." He sees the "rivulets that trickle" down the hill, the herd taking their first stroll into the meadow and the farmer on the hillside busy at his work. These things attract the poet's notice; these are the materials on which he labors.

He is not a stingy man. He does not believe in keeping all those inestimable beauties to himself, so he tells us all that he has seen, heard and felt, and in this we have that "exquisite" work known as spring-poetry. It is the medium whereby the bard gives to the less-observant man and the more matter-of-fact being a glimpse of the latent beauties of reviving nature.

Most look upon this writer as an unpractical dreamer, a fanciful being whose energies are at work during the spring and then lie dormant for the rest of the year. He is looked upon as the editor's springtime pest, a man incapable of handling practical propositions. His activity is in the contemplation of vernal beauty. Some such ideas men have of the spring poet, but no one knows so much about him as the newspaper man. No sooner has spring begun than the editor's sanctum is frequented by men with many poems. All are written on the same subjects only bearing different names; all decked out with the same adjectives, the only difference being that the arrangement is changed.

These are some of the exaggerated ideas we have of the spring poet. These are the notions men have had for years past. But are we right in harboring such opinions? Is it just for us to do so? Is this kind of writer nothing else than a bundle of eccentricities put together

for the sole purpose of furnishing us with laughing material? Is it not possible to find in this "unpractical man" some good traits? Has he never done anything worth mentioning? Yes, I think he has.

In defending this poet it must first be admitted that poetry is a good thing. Now while this spring-bard does not give us any very great literary production, yet he has the quantity if he has not the quality. Besides, is it not a good thing that he is able to see poetry in something? There are enough of us who are wanting in the poetic turn of mind, so far lacking in this respect that we can not see poetry in the work of the greatest singers just because we have first failed to appreciate the "little gems" of the spring-poet. To come to an appreciation of the latter is the rudimentary work, yet it is a necessary cultivation that we may be able to value the works of the masters. Seldom if ever does it happen that a man can love and admire great poetry without having juggled a while with the minor poems, and among them spring poems.

From the fact that so much spring poetry is written and that it is often the first the tyro attempts, we may conclude that it is the easiest. Since this is the case, may we not say that it is the gate by which great poets have entered their field. Again, may it not have been the first poetry ever written. Homer was not the first poet of Greece. For centuries before him bards had been composing poems, and I dare say many of them began as spring poets. The effect of many centuries' labor was growing, and it finally blossomed forth in the immortal *Odyssey* and *Iliad*. These are some of the points that may be urged in favor of the ridiculed and despised spring poet. He is not great, it is true, but he is useful and almost necessary.

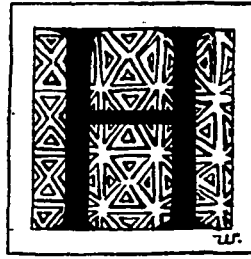
### Easter Signals.

THE chime and peal the joy reveal  
 With which the earth abounds;  
 Throughout the land from strand to strand  
 The mighty chorus sounds.  
 Out on the air of the morning fair  
 The alleluias ring,  
 In every clime there's a hymn sublime  
 To praise the risen King!

T. P. IRVING, '04.

### Crossed Wires.

GRATTAN T. STANFORD, '04.



HARRIET WHITNEY sat on the broad veranda of her father's beautiful villa at Ridgwood. The cool breeze, that blew in from the lake, tinted her cheeks with the bloom of health. Her soft brown hair, tossed carelessly about, her delicate gown of white, caught at the waist with a belt of blue ribbon, brought out the harmony of a pleasing picture of beauty and repose. Her father had just gone off on his usual morning ride, and as she watched his horse gallop down the shaded driveway, she recalled his remark of the morning, that "men who spent much of their time at summer watering-places were generally shallow. But," he added, "there are exceptions." And as Harriet found herself repeating the phrase she wished to meet one ideal exception. Two months at Ridgwood had convinced her of the truth of her father's remark, when she noticed her dear friend coming across the lawn.

"O Harriet! I am so glad to see you. Cousin Rudward received a note from Mr. Carlton—Jack Carlton, you know—and he has promised to come up for a few days. Rudward says I have to help entertain him, and I know he will be very glad to meet you. Let's go over to the links, I'll tell you more on the way." And arm in arm the two strolled over to the golf field.

Jack Carlton scarcely ever found time to leave the management of his plantation in other hands, but at the earnest solicitations of his old friend and classmate, Rudward Owen, he came up for a few days and incidentally to attend the reception of the Yacht Club. Here he first met Harriet Whitney. It was the same old story. There were excursions, receptions, evening sails, and though Jack never stayed more than two days at a time, he returned often.

At length there had been a slight quarrel, and that night two telegrams were received: one calling Jack to the far West, the other summoning the Colonel, who, with his daughter, left at once for New York. Three days later two particular letters were received at the little post office at Ridgwood; one for Harriet

from Jack, and one for Jack from Harriet; for each thought the other still at Ridgwood. The postmaster at once forwarded the letters to the respective addresses, but the letters were returned.

It was a beautiful Easter Sunday afternoon and Jack Carlton, seated in one of those big leather chairs, drew a letter from his pocket. The envelope was covered with postmarks, but through the mist of blue smoke that arose from his cigar, could be distinguished the address of "Miss Harriet Whitney, Ridgwood, Va.," and in the upper left hand corner, "Return to J. C. the Planters, St. Louis."

"She must have been in Los Angeles last," he was muttering to himself as his friend, Rudward Owen chanced to come upon him.

"Why Jack, old boy, of all fellows you would be the last I should have expected to find here. But, Jack, how are you? How is Harriet,—but I suppose I should first extend my congratulations on your engagement."

"My engagement!—To whom?"

"To Harriet, of course!—Whom do you suppose?"

"To Harriet! Why I haven't seen Harriet for over six months."

"What! Why, Jack, I don't understand. What's wrong?"

"That's what I am trying to find out—it's all a puzzle to me. To be honest with you I guess we were engaged, but there was a slight misunderstanding and unfortunately I was called away on a matter of great importance. I wrote to Harriet trying to explain all, but the letter was returned to me this morning after vainly trying to reach her at Ridgwood, New York, London, Paris, and nearly everywhere else."

"Jack! there is an element of romance in all this."

"That's what I dislike—I am not going to trust to letters any more, but am going to New York to-night where I hope to see Harriet. I was just going to telephone to the B and O when you came up. If you will excuse me—I'll be back in a minute."

Booth number one had no sooner closed than a beautiful young girl asked for telephone connection with a friend on West Broadway. She was directed to booth number two.

"Hello, is this the B and O ticket office," spoke Jack in booth number one. There was an indistinct answer for at the same time he heard from booth number two.

"Hello, is this you, Helen? This is Harriet. We just arrived this morning and I thought I would call you up and—"—"Yes, I want one lower berth straight through to New York. What? Well I'll hold the phone—"

The other conversation continued from booth number two.

"You heard of my engagement!—To whom?—Jack?—Why I haven't seen or heard from Jack for six months.—Weren't we to be married?—Why, Helen, what do you mean?—Didn't I what?—Yes, I suppose I did say we intended to be; but really I haven't seen Jack since father and I were called away so suddenly from Ridgwood last summer. I wrote him from New York, but the letter never reached him. I am so afraid Jack will think my sudden departure was on account of that little misunderstanding. But, Helen, you know that didn't have a thing to do with it. I have thought of Jack every day, and since receiving this letter this morning I am really uneasy. I can't imagine what became of him. You know—"

Hello—B and O—This is Carlton. Please cancel my berth to New York. Have changed my mind—am not going."

Two receivers were hung up and two telephone booths opened simultaneously.

"Harriet!"

"Jack!"

"Can't I have that letter now," said Jack, seating himself beside her.

"Then you heard all I said to Helen," replied Harriet, with a flush of indignation.

"Why, I couldn't keep it, Harriet. You see—that is—but I have a letter for you—if you will exchange."

Then there was a long silence as each read a letter written six months before.

"What do you think?"

"What do I think? Why, the same as ever—that you are the dearest girl in the world—"

"Take care, Jack. Are you sure you never spoke that way to anyone before?"

"Why no, Harriet, of course not."

"Jack, you are very forgetful; but, Jack, I'll forgive you this time. I wonder how those wires could have got crossed?"

The telephone boy who had unwittingly misplaced the switchboard plugs trembled with fear as he was summoned to the parlor. But a smile from Harriet and a bright new bill thrust into his hand by Jack served to restore his confidence, and he was the first to extend congratulations.

## In Rome.

LOUIS J. CAREY, '04.

THE moon creeps high  
Through the southern sky,  
A dreamy vigil keeping;  
O'er the tottering stones,  
And the crumbled bones  
Of generations sleeping.

Through the lemon-trees  
Steals a timid breeze  
To the face of the dusky yeoman;  
Each lofty bell  
Tolls the day's death knell,  
Unheard by the slumbering Roman.

In the amber haze  
'Neath the full moon's gaze,  
Is the Coliseum shining,  
All bathed in dew,  
Like diamonds blue,  
A stony ghost reclining.

Round its crumbling walls  
Where the shadow falls,  
No longer stalks the rabble;  
Nor do "bread and games,"  
Or Rome's great names  
Ring out in the Latin babble.

But hark, it seems  
I can hear the screams  
Of Christian martyrs praying,  
As hungered beasts  
Make bloody feasts,  
For Rome's enjoyment paying.


The dream has fled,  
One Rome is dead,  
Another Rome is sovereign;  
Old Rome ruled marts,  
New Rome rules hearts,  
And no pagan armies govern.

Now the sunbeams play  
This Easter day,  
The Christian world rejoices;  
The great chimes ring,  
To the breeze they fling  
Their clanging brazen voices.

May our prayers resound  
The earth around  
In harmony gently blending;  
Let each note prolong  
Each sacred song  
In verses never-ending.

## Easter Eggs.

WALTER M. DALY, '04.

N nearly all civilized countries there exists a custom of presenting colored eggs at Easter. The custom is so old and so generally practised that its origin is unknown. Some of the earliest Christian writers regarded the egg as an emblem of the Resurrection, but the custom of mutually presenting eggs came much later.

There is an old legend, which though probably not historically true, yet very clearly illustrates the rise of the custom, and which relates that at one time Marguerite of Austria left her kingdom on a pilgrimage. On her journey she stayed several days at a little town named Burg, at the foot of the Alps, and her presence was honored with great festivities.

On the Monday after each Easter it had been usual for the peasants to assemble on a plain near the village. The older men with bows and arrows took their turn shooting at a cask of wine which if they pierced they could drink of to their hearts' content. The young people strewed a hundred eggs over the ground and amused themselves in a dance peculiar to their country. If a boy and girl went through the dance without breaking any eggs they were betrothed, but the dance had to be repeated twice and if any eggs were then stepped on the engagement was broken. It happened that Marguerite was in the village at Easter and was a witness to these festivities.

While they were going on, Philibert the Fair, Duke of Savoy, also on a pilgrimage, approached with his train. He watched the dance, and was so much pleased that he proposed to Marguerite that they join with the peasants. She accepted the invitation, and while the crowd held its breath they went through the dance and left all the eggs untouched. The next Easter they were married, and as souvenirs, Marguerite sent to those present at the betrothal, beautiful eggs made of silver. She repeated this each succeeding Easter that she might not forget the village of Burg. Thus it has come about that at the present day eggs are decorated with colored dyes or herbs and are given to friends as tokens of love and esteem.

The eggs are dyed in many ways. Some having been heated, are written upon with a candle and then immersed in cochineal, thus leaving a white autograph upon a colored surface. Others are dyed, and the color cut from the egg with a pen-knife forming various figures. They are then called "pace eggs."

These Easter customs are not confined to Christians, for eggs are held by Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the deluge. The Jews adapting it to suit the circumstances of their history use them as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt. And they served them with Paschal Lamb when they celebrated the feast of Passover. The Persians at the feast of the Solar Year, in March, present each other with colored eggs, but we have no record of how they adopted this custom. In parts of Scotland young people go out early Easter morning in search of wild fowl's eggs, and it is considered extremely lucky to find them. In England many eggs are boiled to harden the shells and on Easter Monday parties gather for contests. The eggs held in one hand are struck together till one breaks and the broken one must then be given to the owner of the unbroken one. This person is thus invested with the title of "the cock of one, two, or three" as the case may be. The contest goes on till one is declared victor and is owner of all the eggs. On the royal *rôle* of Edward I preserved in the London tower, is an item which reads that eighteen shillings were spent for four hundred eggs to be used for this purpose.

In "Hakluyt's Voyages" a book of early travel, we find that in Siberia the people each Easter dye a great number of eggs, of which every man and woman gives one to the priest on Easter Day. They use it, they say, for great love and in token of the Resurrection whereof they rejoice. In Germany, sometimes instead of eggs at Easter, an emblematical print is occasionally presented.

Such are a few of the foreign ways of using the Easter egg, and many of these are practised in our own country; but perhaps the most famous in the United States is the egg rolling on the White House lawn each Easter Monday.

As soon as the sun appears above the Capitol Hill, the big gates to the White House are thrown open for the first time in a year, and during the whole day the old, the young, the white and black, the senator and laborer,

and children from every station of life, meet and mingle on this day of freedom. Each has eggs in a basket, which they roll back and forth upon the great lawn. Some gather in pairs and roll the eggs in an attempt to make them collide. If they do the broken ones become the property of the owner of the unbroken one. All day long eggs of every kind and color are seen rolling along the ground. Spring dresses and glad faces animate the scene, and the Marine band lends the charm of music. The President usually is present, and his appearance is always hailed with loud applause.

So throughout the world Easter eggs are used in many ways and with many significations, each peculiar to a different country, but all the customs may be traced back to the ancient idea that the egg has always been regarded as the symbol of the regeneration of life.

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### Easter Chimes.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

THE past has many a legend bold  
 Of gallant deed and feat and quest,  
 By grandsires oft with pride retold,  
 Bespeaking all the vague unrest  
 That then brave warriors fast possess,  
 Though stalwart with a faith sublime,  
 That made the season doubly blest  
 When peaceful rang the Easter chime.

The present bought its freedom dear,—  
 If to disbelieve is to be free,—  
 It gives us for our hope, cold fear:  
 To-morrow do we cease to be?  
 Oh, can we cherish the thought drear  
 That, howe'er high the spirit climbs,  
 The end of all is in the bier,  
 When peaceful ring the Easter chimes?

A message holds that joyful tone  
 For those who humble are and wise:  
 It speaks to him who grief hath known,  
 It bids him bear the sacrifice;  
 It tells the penitent, "Arise,  
 Thy sin washed clean, no more begrimes."  
 The way was ope to Paradise  
 When first rang out the Easter chimes.

### L'ENVOI.

Prince, despair is to-day our bane;  
 Doubt, like a pall, hangs o'er the times,  
 But, for the nonce, those clouds e'en wane,  
 When peaceful ring the Easter chimes.

## As a Leap Year Dream.

LOUIS M. FETHERSTON, '04.



IN his room on Twenty-Fourth Street, securely wrapped to prevent his catching cold, sat James Boustead. Scarcely a year before, "Bones," as he was called by his friends, had been one of the most popular young men in the city. His father was a wealthy broker, but, owing to over-speculation, had become a bankrupt, and unable to withstand the shock, died. At this time "Bones" was engaged to marry Miss Marie Edgerton, but, after his father's failure and death, he went into voluntary seclusion. After straightening out the business affairs he found that he had a few hundred dollars left; "just enough for a new start," he said. He rented rooms in another part of the city and took up his residence, accompanied by an old family servant.

To his bosom friend, Will Thompson, who protested against this breaking of social ties, he said:

"They are up too high for me now. I must be content to rest on one of the lower branches for awhile. I've got to work for my living."

He met with success from the start and was just beginning to go up the ladder when one day, having been out on a business trip, he was caught in a rainstorm. A cold followed which developed into pneumonia, and then began that fight with death in which "Bones" was just now beginning to realize that he had conquered.

As he sat by the window, his thoughts went back to the past. His reverie was interrupted by the servant who announced Mr. Thompson.

"Hello, Billy! he said as the other stepped into the room, "you are just the one individual I've wished to see."

"What's the trouble now?" said Billy as he settled back in his chair. "State the symptoms and I'll prescribe."

"Bones" drew a loud breath and looked out of the window for a few minutes:

"I was thinking of the events of the past year," he said slowly. "The whole thing seems to me like a dream."

"Tell me all about it; you never did tell me the whole affair," said Billy. "Why did you break your engagement with Miss Edgerton? She certainly did not wish it, did she?"

"Yes, she did," answered "Bones." "It was this way: after the ruin and death of my father, I had an interview with Mr. Edgerton regarding my engagement to his daughter. He was never wholly in favor of it, you know; he wished Marie to marry this foreign nobleman, who, I believe, is now her husband. Well we had quite a talk; he told me that the engagement must be cancelled. I asked him if this was his daughter's wish and he said it was. I told him that I had realized that it was out of the question for his daughter to marry a bankrupt. He then called Marie and explained the case to her. Of course, it didn't take much arguing to convince her that the engagement must be broken."

"Of course not," broke in Billy, "after her father had compelled her to agree to the breaking of it. I'll tell you what, Bones, she didn't act of her own free will. Her father took her to Europe hoping she would forget you."

"And she did, very quickly, it seems. She lost no time in marrying Lord Gross."

"I never knew she was married," replied Billy, "and what's more, I don't believe it." He then very deftly changed the conversation and soon after departed promising to call again the following day.

After leaving "Bones," Billy walked down to the club and upon entering the room was surprised to see his old friend Captain Barrington.

"Why, hello Earl," he exclaimed. "When did you get in? I thought they were going to keep you over there in the Philippines."

"I was beginning to think so myself," said the Captain laughing, "but they gave me a year's furlough. Came by way of London where I met cousin Marie and we both returned together."

"Oh, Miss Edgerton came too. I must call and see her."

Yes; she'll be very glad to see you. She spoke about you on the way over. Poor girl, she is very unhappy. She told me quite a story—I take the place of her brother, you know. Well, it seems that she fell in love with a chap named Boustead, and they became engaged. Do you know anything about him, Billy?"

"He is one of my most intimate friends," answered Billy. "Tell Miss Edgerton I'll call on her to-morrow."

The next morning Billy made his promised call on "Bones."

"Cheer up, old boy," he exclaimed. "I've got some good news for you. Miss Edgerton has been in town for nearly two days."

"Well, what good does that do me," "Bones" interrupted.

"Good," cried Billy, "why all the good in the world. She is very anxious to see you and I'm going to bring her down here this afternoon."

"You can spare yourself the trouble; she won't come," answered Bones.

Billy then told Bones of the conversation with Captain Barrington, but Bones refused to be convinced. Seeing that words could not prevail, Billy departed.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a carriage drove up to the lodging house. "Bones" could easily guess the occupants. In a few minutes his former fiancée stood before him. Billy withdrew on the plea of wanting to smoke.

"I just heard of your illness, this morning," she said. "Billy told me. You see I lost no time in calling."

"You are very kind indeed," answered Bones, "I thought you had forgotten me."

"And I thought the same of you until Billy told me different. I intended to look you up as soon as I arrived and talk over old times with you, but goodness knows, I'd have had a hard time finding you in this secluded place, if it wasn't for Billy. Why did you go into hiding like this?"

"Bones" then gave a detailed story of his wrongs, at the conclusion of which Miss Edgerton said:

"I know I am partly to blame, but not so much as you would lead me to believe. I never willingly gave my consent to cancel our engagement. It was my father's wish. I thought you would understand, but it seems you didn't. However, I'm willing to make amends. It was just about a year ago that this affair happened and—a—well, she added, blushing prettily, let's treat the past year as the dream it appears, to be and start all over again. It's leap year, you know, she added by way of explanation."

### Doing Good.

THE rose and lily make life sweet.  
Ideals and hope may make it fair;  
But loving deeds, in a life so fleet,  
Alone can help to lighten care.

F. F. DUKETTE, '02.

### A Teller of Irish Tales

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.



THE atmosphere wherein is nourished the recently rejuvenated Irish litterateurs is truly lifting the fogs that have long denied Ireland all literary refraction, the sparkle and vivacity of Irish personality. The Irish tale, no less than the Irish poem, has grown as the rose in the night scattering its fragrance on the four winds and leading the lovers of freshness, tint and perfection to a satisfaction afforded by no other garden of the world. Ireland is the land of tales as America is the home of the anecdote; its people is a tale-telling race whose environments create a key that lends itself readily to the imaginative and writer of natural fantasies. The Irish have ever rocked the cradle of the fanciful and stood sponsors to the natural touch of fiction. Thatched roofs and smoke-stained rooms have ever been those of castles wherein rainbowed sprites, whom the heaviest heel of oppression could not crush, have plucked the chords of "Inspiration's Lyre."

In every nook and turn of life; each crag and cranny; every natural phenomenon and unnatural belief, has its poetic aspect which appeals to the Irish imagination. Fairy songs ride the evening breezes, and the Banshee's cry dispels the clouds of night.

History, biography, oratory and, in fact, the truth, beautiful though solid, have their advocates who would scarcely free fiction from that Puritanical criticism which to-day begins to weaken. But ever have we been attracted towards the lighter vein, the brighter strata in the mines of literature, and it is natural then that we are attracted to Mr. Seumas MacManus, whose tales, bubbling over with the songsters of the air and beauties of the field and laughter of the simple country folk, have aroused the "Sleeping Beauty" from a neglected and overgrown palace.

With the re-entry of the "old muse," as Mr. Yeats would have it, the tale-teller and his accompaniments have become a factor in the field of art. Neither the drama nor yet the novel or romance completely covers the domain of tale-teller: it is distinctly Irish tale-telling such as a reading people tends to obliterate and such as a theatrical mind dispels.



The tale-teller of Donegal wins our admiration, not because he has offered us many Irish sketches and touches of folklore. We complain rather that his pen is still too unworn. Mr. MacManus' strong point does not lie in the quantity or variety of his tales nor in the originality of his truly Irish imagination; neither indeed does he attribute his army of followers to his verse—and some of the verse is pretty and musical. What we consider more vitally essential than these natal attributes is that Mr. MacManus gives us a tale in the simplicity of realness, emitting the vapors of the Irish heath, even when the last drop of oil climbs the wick of the late-burning kitchen lamp. Naturalness, simplicity and truth welded in humor's closest bonds—hinges that swung open the door of foreign recognition—are what made Mr. MacManus the teller of Irish tales that he is. These are the qualities that render his children's tales with their fairies and goblins interesting to the old and his character sketches and verses, intended for maturer minds, readable on the rug before the hearth.

His printed volumes are not many. The first widely recognized one bore his name into the arena in 1893. "Through the Turf Smoke," though comparatively, young is as well known as many age-stained classics; while "A Lad of the O'Friels" is perhaps the most popular on account of its consistency of character no less than the high tide of unity, humor and animation.

Dinny O'Friel, whose line of life ran in channel, other than did those of the other mountain lads, is the centre around whom swing the varied proofs of the author's power of characterization. "Toal a-Gallagher," the "Widow's Pat" and "Corney Higerty" are unrivalled by the Mulvaney Trio. They run through the book like the tinkle of sleigh-bells through the night; Toal, his wife and apprentice, Bill Brogan, the Widow's Pat and his charge Nuala, whose gentleness opposes to a point characters that differ from one another in that indefinable mannerism which compels them to step out of the page when the leaf is turned, and Corney Higerty, the pensioner, petted and pestered, the envy of all on pension day, lead the attention captive through the series of continuous tales.

Mr. MacManus' style, after a personal chat, impresses its spontaneity more forcibly than does the mere perusal of his writings. He writes as he talks: easy and fluent, careful in

detail and accurate in description. "The Road to the Fair," "Corney's Pension," "The Big Fair" and its dissipation raise themselves on the merits of naturalness above the other tales that make up the book. Perhaps he reaches his real level when he combines the attributes of all his tales in that of "The Priest's Boy."

Like Dinny O'Friel, Mr. MacManus was always an "eager auditor when the affairs of the nation or 'Knockagar' were discussed." So truly has he given us the lore of these folk; so naturally has he portrayed their history and so interestingly has he told their tales that in him has come true the prediction that Ellen Burns made of Dinny O'Friel, that he was such a dreamer of dreams that Knockagar would some day be proud of him.

His latest book, "The Red Poacher," strengthens his lease on the tale-teller's sceptre which he has swayed since, as a young neophyte, he turned over the "key" to contribute his share towards making Donegal an attractive beam in the reader's eye. With the advent of his promised book of poems, poems so musical, natural and entertaining that they seem to rush one another into your heart, he will claim as his realm two thrones in the hearts of a nature-loving, spiritual-seeking reading public.

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### In the Library.

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DANIEL C. DILLON, '04.

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AS I sat in the library by the east window one evening, a short time ago, I fell into a mood half dreamy, half reminiscent, and my eye wandered about to find an object which would deepen the mood I was in. First I looked at the big armored figure and immediately my thoughts turned to tournaments and bloody battlefields. Such thoughts seemed not in keeping with the spirit of a calm evening when a slight haze overspread the campus, and the moon was just rising beyond yonder hall. They seemed particularly out of place at that moment, for the chimes had begun to play sweet solemn strains up in the latticed belfry of the Church.

Whether this caused an association of ideas I know not, but just then my eye chanced to rest on a relic of the days that are gone—the bell that used to hang in the

old church at Bertrand over half a century ago. And I began to think of the smiles, the tears, that bell had brought to so many whom it had summoned to the place where joy or sorrow awaited them. I could see the gathering of the country folk when the new bell arrived, and I thought there must be something of solemn awe on seeing a church bell first put in its place, for it means so much to the people about, to their children and their children's children. Over him who heard its joyous peal on his wedding morn should sound its solemn knell when his corpse was borne to the church and thence to the little spot beyond where in peace his clay reposes.

I could see the hardy pioneer trace his way to morning Mass on Sunday, and could see the smile that lighted up his bronzed, weather-beaten face as he heard the first welcome notes and felt himself no longer a stranger in a strange land. For he left behind him for a moment the toil and hardship of the wilderness against whose savage night he had pitted his mind and muscle in a supreme effort to build up that dearest of all possessions—a home. O what that silent, rusted metal had meant, what profound messages it had carried to stir the hearts of men!

But silvery music comes through the open window, my eye wanders for a moment and I am in the present again. It is our own chimes that are ringing, and I arise and walk softly toward the door, better to shake off the past. And I go to answer the sweet message that has called so many before, that calls us now, that will call those that are to come, until its voice shall have ceased forever, after which perchance some one in such a mood if not in such a place as this, will, as the haze of evening falls and the moon rises over yonder building, look upon the rusted metal and conjecture what its notes meant to us.

#### To Some Books.

WITH olden classic friends like you  
I revel and delight,  
The thoughts sublime stored in your page  
My soul's dead fires ignite.

I walk with you down shady lanes  
And dream and think and plan  
And meet the heroic men that lived  
Since history began.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY, '06.

#### Easter in the Southland.

JAMES R. RECORD, '05.



THE beautiful customs that mark so distinctly the importance of Easter to Christianity are all founded upon one cardinal principle. Nations may vary in their observance of the day; religious usages may differ; the habits of the people may not be the same, yet running through all the ceremonies is caught the precious note of gladness, the sense of relief, the tone of triumph that should thrill every creature's soul on such a morn.

The feast comes at an appropriate time; the winter's chill has been driven from the air by the freshening sun; the snows have ceased; plant life is roused from its long slumber; the earth refills its soul with activity and happiness. Nature is glad along with man.

Christmas in the North, with heavy snowfalls, merry sleighing parties skating on moonlit lakes or glassy rivers, seems to gain upon a Christmas spent in the far South. The ice, the sleet, the cold are just as difficult of separation from the mental picture of Christmas as the sunshine, flowers and universal joy from that of Easter. Why the observance of the Saviour's birth in the South differs widely from the North, though the customs of the two are practically the same in regard to Easter, the reason is not clear. The fact is, however, that the similarity of popular practice is as close in the one instance as the divergence is wide in the other. As the perfect idea of Christmas includes snow-bound fields and frozen vegetation, so to complete our notion of Easter Sunday the world must be flooded with sunshine, peace must reign supreme, the love of man for man and creature for Creator must be mirrored in the mind's eye. Such a day is Easter in the South; and for the same reason—climatic conditions—that a Northern Christmas is more attractive than a Southern one, Easter in the latter country is more pleasing than in the former. Easter is in season in the South.

The most remarkable thing about Easter in the South is the freshness that fills the land. Temple, house and flowered hill, field and garden are one mass of bloom and blossom.

Indeed if there is one thing that clings to the memory it is the beauty, the newness of the plants and evergreens on such a day. There is a profusion of flowers everywhere. The wild violets are just beginning shyly to peep forth along the river banks or hide beneath heaps of leaves; woven Southern smilax and orchids with their irregular shaped blades cluster in harmonious confusion in the windows of Southern homes. The altars of the churches are solid banks of lilies.

As in the North the religious ceremonies hold the chief interests of the day, and the music which is prepared for the occasion is as elaborate as any rendered by Northern choirs.

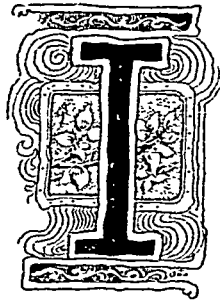
The sunshine is never so brilliant, the deep blue of the sky is never more pronounced than on Easter Sunday. It is the most welcome part of the Southern year; the uncertain weather which prevails during the late winter months is past and mature springtime is at hand. The indescribable glory of the sunshine, the charm of spring that reigns over only a Southern Easter must resemble the first Easter morn, twenty centuries ago when so few realized the dawn of a new day of gladness to the living and of triumph to the blessed dead.

Easter Sunday in the Southland is essentially a day of rest, a time for calm repose, a respite from the strife of the world. A Southerner considers that his first duty on such a day is to God, then to his country and finally to himself. The Christmas festivities in the South are very similar to the Fourth of July celebrations in the North and East; the explosives, the incessant din and crash of fireworks are rather employed by a Southerner on the twenty-fifth of December than on his country's birthday. Demonstrations such as occur at Christmas are unheard of at Easter: rather a holy calm envelops the land. "Peace on earth to men of good will" is then more emphasized than at any other time of the year. From the wealthiest planter to the humblest servant universal joy, peace and quiet is manifest. Throughout the land the gladness, the triumph that is displayed so openly in nature and in the Church appeal in their strongest significance to the emotional race of the sunny South.

O EASTER is a happy day: but I think our true Easter will not be till we look that first time on the beautiful welcome of His Easter Face.—*Faber.*

## The Recession.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04.



IN the purpling twilight in the dusty, dingy little editorial office of the *Daily Star*, Henry J. Rowan, Speaker of the Lower House of the Wyoming legislature, sat listlessly gazing out upon the tall buildings around and the busy street below him. He was day-dreaming, and anon a long-drawn sigh escaped him. He turned and picked up the paper which had fallen neglected beside his chair, and feverishly did he re-read the paragraph outlining the audacious scheme of a syndicate of New York and London capitalists, which proposed to give the site and erect a capitol and other buildings without cost to the commonwealth of Wyoming, if the legislature, in accordance with the law which provides for the selection, in 1904, of a permanent location for the capital, would choose a certain town on the Sweetwater River, where this syndicate had secured control of large ore tracts, and from which they expected to reap great profits.

And now Rowan was called upon to support this measure, told by the political bosses of his party that he would be held responsible for its passage. This he had flatly refused to do and assigned no reason for his refusal; but now his conscience told him that he had done right to stand by his promise of supporting his friend, Ten Eyck, the democratic candidate for Mayor of Cheyenne, the present state capital.

But again his thoughts turned to the event of the afternoon, the visit of James Franklin Stevenson, Western representative of the "New York and London Improvement Company." Warned by the Republican bosses that Rowan was hostile to the Company, their agent had come to make terms with him. With slow deliberateness, Rowan now summed up the results of that interview: how for two long hours the wily diplomat had argued and pleaded but in vain, but the legislator laughed at his sophistries and promptly rejected his money offers. For the first time in his career finding himself powerless to sway the mind of his victim, the agent was about to withdraw defeated, when suddenly he bethought himself of Rowan's

financial difficulties in managing his paper, and immediately offered to pay the expenses and afford the means of converting it into one of the greatest dailies in the state. He knew by the sudden paling and hesitation of Rowan that he had found the weak spot in this honest man's armor, and against it he arrayed his forces anew. In addition he proposed to make his paper the official organ of the Company and to turn to him the public printing. Rowan wavered. The temptation had assailed him in his most vulnerable point, love for his paper. It had been his most cherished ambition to make the *Star* just such an organ as Stevenson pictured. Here was the chance to purchase with a word what might otherwise cost him the labor of a lifetime to accomplish.

And now, ever since the agent, confident of victory, had left him to fight it out in private, the inward struggle had gone on. On the one hand he stood to gain wealth and power, on the other to receive as his portion poverty and failure; but the latter, at least, was honorable, while the former was not. He laid the facts singly before his mind as he would have done in public debate. First of all there was his friend, Ten Eyck, to whom he had given his word of honor that, come what would, his personal assistance as well as that of his paper should be directed to the task of elevating his friend to the mayor's chair. For Ten Eyck's sake he had planned a way to victory; but now this new force had crossed their path and jeopardized those plans. With renewed insistence came the question of standing by his pledge to Ten Eyck, who had little to offer in comparison with what the company was prepared to give. The selling of one's vote is a common thing in political circles, and was he not justified in selling his where he could obtain the highest price. The most Ten Eyck could hope for was the two-year term as mayor and Rowan some petty office, and perhaps some of the government printing while his friend remained in power; and after that he would be in a worse position than before; he would be saved from present failure only to be plunged into future ruin.

And then there came as music to his ears the clank of the great presses and the calls of the feeders; the smell of ink was in his nostrils. He dreamed of his paper at last successful, the greatest daily in the state and a power in the world of politics, and he its

editor, its owner. Surely here was a reward worthy of political treason. The lines of his face deepened as the weary seconds crept by and he fought with growing weakness against the temptation, and the while vaguely hoping it would conquer him. It was the struggle of honor against power, of his friend and his pledge against his newspaper and his ambition; and he was helpless against the tide of conflicting emotions. The battle ceased only when he despairingly resigned himself to doubt, but not to comfort, for a man's conscience is most often contrary to the wishes of his heart.

At last the important hour was at hand. The state capital bill had been advanced to the third reading without opposition; apparently both parties were anxious to have done with it. Finally the motion to give the contract to the syndicate was made and seconded, and the great battle was on. A vote was taken and resulted in a tie, each party evidently determined not to yield, every member taking issue with his party—with the republicans for "aye" and the democrats for "no." It was now the Speaker's privilege to vote and break the deadlock, and the clerk called his name; but he hesitated: His face was pale and his lips compressed, apparently he was fighting down some secret impulse. Again his name was read: the die was cast, and glancing boldly out into the assembly, in a clear almost triumphant tone, for it was the victorious cry of two men and a conscience, the Speaker answered "no."

When it was all over and the assembly began to disperse, Rowan made his way out, pausing now and then to receive the congratulatory handshake of some enthusiastic democrat. As he passed through the crowd he suddenly came face to face with Stevenson, but he only laughed at the baleful look that personage directed toward him. Shortly afterward, Ten Eyck came to him in his office and as the two men shook hands, silently but eloquently, one thought of future campaigns and the other of a file of unpaid bills.

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### An Ideal.

O THERE is midnight in her hair  
 And zephyr-music in her voice,  
 And sunshine in her lustrous eyes  
 That makes the dreamer's soul rejoice.  
 O night and breeze and golden sun,  
 She lives in you and I love on.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH. '03.

## From Naples to Vesuvius.

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.



HE Neapolitan dawn is always delightful. Not only does a dappled sky over and beyond the hills to the east emit a rosy light, but there is a peculiar lustre from the sea that is indescribably beautiful. In the early morning the air is fresher and purer, the city seems less dirty and the inhabitants perhaps less wicked—less wicked because many are in the innocence of sleep.

At such an hour we mount a medieval barouche and set out for Vesuvius. Our road lies through the old town, which is not so clean as the new, though far more interesting and picturesque. Here we see the whitewashed, gnarled cottage, the narrow byway called a street, perceptible both to eye and to nose, the naked urchin, the voracious lazzaroni, in short, the true life of Naples. As the day grows older the yells of the bambino, donkey driver, fruit vender, and the shrieks of the sellers from under the endless line of awnings are positively deafening. Here, amid all the noise, hum and roar, may be seen at all times and everywhere the Neapolitan asleep in the street. It matters not to him whether his bed be the gutter or a doorstep or a wall by the sea, he sleeps whenever and wherever sleep overtakes him, and his rest is far more peaceful than that of many a man better clothed and better fed.

We trundle along in our rickety conveyance, dodging sleeping forms here and there and wondering whether there is any other city under the sun whose streets are quite so narrow or so crowded, whose people quite so dirty or so contented. Surely there is no other city so noisy, so gay, so wicked and yet so beautiful in its iniquity, as Naples.

The early morning mist now has risen; the sky and sea are aglow with the various tints of an Italian dawn. We have left the town toward which swarms of country folk are hastening laden with garden wares, and we are passing beautiful suburbs. The prettiest of pretty villas on our left, the bluest of blue bays on our right. We note the contrast between the existence of the pariah we have seen a short time before and the luxurious life of those whose homes are now in view. These

estates are encompassed by high walls, but at times we are permitted to catch a glimpse of ripening vineyards, orange and lemon groves, shady bowers, flowery terraces, airy colonnades with sunshine dancing over all.

We are now on higher and warmer ground, approaching the frowning volcano with its slender cone and column of thin smoke lost in the clouds. The sun is becoming hotter, the vineyards fewer, the lava beds more plentiful, but all is not waste yet. Perched here, high on the volcanic slope, several little villages look as though they might blow away so withered do they appear. The inhabitants, fiercer of countenance and darker of skin than the Neapolitans, bask in the sunlight, and gaze at us staringly as if we were intruders. Some of the less spiteful and more energetic come and offer us wine which they call "Lachrymæ Christi," the finest vintage in all Italy.

The remainder of our ascent is desolate indeed, nothing but ashes and lava. No tree or shrub or bird breaks the monotony. Occasionally a greenish lizard wriggles and glistens in the scorching sunlight. We reach the foot of the cone; a funicular quickly raises us to the top and we stand on the lip of the crater. Our first sensation is not of the pleasantest. Clouds of steam and smoke envelop us; sulphurous gases nearly suffocate us. We sink knee deep in slag and hot ashes; the volcanic rocks tremble and groan under our feet. Trusting our guides we follow a narrow path with a yawning chasm on one side, and on the other the precipitous slope.

The smoky ordeal is passed. We reach the windward side of the mouth and gaze with more ease into the hideous depths. Yet they are not entirely hideous; there is a certain indescribable beauty that intimidates and awes us. The inner walls of this Temple of Furies are covered with coats of sulphur, and there is a rich blending of green and red and yellow. In the bottom of the crater a thick column of smoke rushes forth from a black cavity, and every now and then a tongue of flame leaps up and casts a ghastly light around. We feel the commotion of the elements beneath us, and the hoarse grumbling and roaring that shakes the crust we are standing on seems to come from the inmost bowels of the earth.

We turn from the abyss and gaze on the panorama below us. Four thousand feet above the sea, we are on the crest of a mountain

which when Strabo wrote was covered with beautiful meadows, but is now a desolate waste. At our feet lies the glorious Bay of Naples like a silver shell, and Epomeo towers in isolated splendor opposite. There, too, are the Islands of Ischia, of Procilla, of Capri. Here on our left is Pompeii, once the city of the living and the luxurious, but now the abode only of ghosts and shadows. How vividly that terrible night of its destruction described by Bulwer comes back to us. We see the amphitheatre crowded with gaily-dressed people thirsting for the blood of Glaucus, and hear the blows of the gladiators and the roar of the lions. And then comes the quake of the earth, that awful cry of warning: "To the sea!" and the rain of burning ashes begins to bury the voluptuous city. We hear the cries of agony, of despair, of mercy, and in the glare of the burning mountain we see blind Nydia leading Glaucus to safety. Yes, Pompeii you have truly paid the penalty of your guilt, for only a few bare walls now remain of all your ancient splendor.

There to our right is Naples, nestled under the greenest of green hills. She too is in the "shadow of the destroyer." Her outskirts embrace the very cities that have time and again been covered with lava; her streets have more than once been sown with ashes; yet she heeds not her danger.

We descend, and, taking one more look at the grand old mountain, we think what a spectacle it must be when it vomits forth streams of lava and sends a column of fire and smoke far into the heavens; when at night "it is veined with lightning; and laced with flame," and no longer do we wonder why the swarthy cottagers on its slope love it and dislike to leave it. Though it threatens them with destruction they feel protection in its majesty, awe in its grandeur—that cloud by day, that pillar of fire by night, the monarch of volcanos, Vesuvius.

### The Soul's Desire.

O TO be borne to a higher sphere  
Lit by the sad moon smiling through her tears,  
Up through the boundless deeps ethereal  
To wing past wondering heaven-creatures fair;  
Then in the calm joyfully approach  
The lapping Sea of Rest in violet robed  
On which a silver boat might lie in state,  
Caressed by tender waves burnished with light  
And there to ponder o'er the heavenly love  
And mark the singing planets in their course.

TELFORD PAULLIN, '07.

### Macbeth, A Poet.

WILLIAM M. WIMBERG, '04.



NE reading of Shakspeare's tragedy, "Macbeth" is almost sufficient to discover that the mind of the principal character is remarkably poetic. From the very first entrance with his "so foul and fair a day" upon his lips, on until almost his last speech, the reader is aware of some influence that forces upon him a feeling which, in spite of Macbeth's atrocious deeds, commands sympathy. This subtle power is Macbeth's imagination with which he captivates and achieves his end. Even those who are ever waging war against sin and crime, even the strictest theologian or moralist must yield to a sense of pleasurable pity that the study of this worthy thane occasions. His sense of the ideally true and beautiful is expressed over and over throughout the play. The fact that he was a poet in the truest sense is what makes us half forgive his murderous deeds; pathos is roused to its highest pitch and produces a sympathetic leaning toward the hero.

We can not but admire Macbeth for his characteristic faculty of idealizing common facts. One phase of poetry is to make familiar objects seem unfamiliar and surely we are convinced that Shakspeare realized this in the character of Macbeth. The most commonplace things and ideas we hardly notice because they are so artistically clothed in highly conceptual expressions. Because of this idealizing the ordinary facts of life, we find in Macbeth's peculiar method of presentment a delight we could not experience were we to ponder them in their common reality. For example, what delightful satisfaction we derive from the following:

Stars hide your fires;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires;  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be  
Which the eye fears, when 'tis done, to see.

Again when Macbeth tells Donalbain that his father is murdered, his poetic mind, even in the bustle of the scene where he is almost trapped by his exterior manifestations, rises above the ordinary and utters:

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
I stopped; the very source of it is stopped.



This passage is better appreciated when we hear MacDuff's blunt "your royal father's murdered" follow. The hideous picture of the room where Duncan and his guards were killed is transformed into almost a beautiful scene when Macbeth says:

There lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance.

These are only a few of the many instances in which Macbeth's poetic nature has revealed itself.

"The great instrument of moral good," Leigh Hunt says, "is the imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause." Macbeth's creative faculty is what makes him as good as he is. If he were not as imaginative as he is, he would not be troubled with the gnawings of conscience. What good there is in his actions is the result of his imagination. By this ever-active power he foresees all the consequences of the murder and this awakens the goodness that is in him and makes him speak such phrases as this one,

False face must hide what the false heart doth know,  
and goads him to the impressive soliloquy,  
If 'twere done when 'tis done, 'twere well it were done  
quickly, etc.

How he eases his conscience in the beautiful passage in which he likens pity to a newborn babe,

Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
and again when he says that the virtues  
of Duncan

Will speak like angels trumpet-tongued against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off.

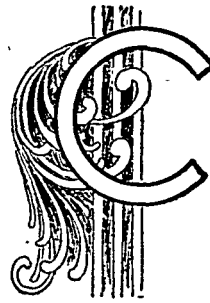
I can not omit the most striking part which shows us plainly how heavily his sins lay upon his courageous soul. After relating to his wife the unhappy condition of his mind, he goes on:

Come, sealing night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood:  
Good things begin to droop and drouse;  
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

These extracts help to show that Macbeth is not wholly bad, that his fanciful mind is ever avoiding the false and seeking to idealize the true that is in him, thus bearing out our contention that he was very much of a poet.

### The Origin of the Easter Bonnet.

WILLIAM K. GARDINER, '04.



CONSIDERABLE mystery surrounds the birth of some noted institutions. Woman's headgear, of which the Easter bonnet is a well-known variety, shares this distinction. Worn at such an early date that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," the bonnet is established by custom and is now so dear to the heart and vanity of woman that any opposition offered it by the sterner sex would provoke riot and revolution. The unique ornament is here to stay, and as it may demand our serious consideration in later years, we shall take advantage of our present freedom and indulge in a few remarks about the probable history of this most exclusive product of woman's art.

Long before woman wrote books or ran automobiles, our rude forefathers, like their abused and somewhat civilized sons of to-day, had to provide the family dinner. They had not yet heard of *cero-fruito* or malted milk, but they knew that in the forest were fat fowls and savory venison, and thither they betook themselves with bows and arrows. At home, in the cave, or hut, or tepee, was the woman caring for her offspring and anxiously awaiting the return of her mate. On some occasion when he got back *early* and was pleased with the reception he received and the game he had brought down, he probably plucked from some beautiful bird he had winged, a few pretty feathers and presented them to his spouse. Proud of his skill, ever fond of ornament and resourceful, she stuck them where they could be seen to best advantage, in her hair, thus laying the beginnings of that annual nightmare of husbands, the Easter bonnet.

But this was only an instance, and how came the bonnet into such general use? Woman is imitative and ever eager to excel, and most likely the lady that first adorned herself with feathers had a rival neighbor. Not to be outdone, the latter soon urged her huntsman husband to procure beautiful feathers, and by a heaven-sent inspiration she arranged them in the fur of an animal, thus furnishing a newer "creation." In turn other women planned and urged, their flattered

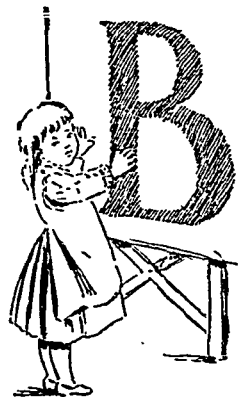


husbands acting as dupes, and all unconsciously exacting tribute from the pockets of their male descendants. The practice grew, and ingenious woman soon added to the combination if not improved on it. Perhaps to a platter of reeds which served as a shell were fastened feathers, furs, flowers, and in due course bits of colored woven stuffs. Anyhow the way was clear, and it was only a matter of time and perseverance on the part of the woman combined with saintly patience and sacrifice on the part of the man until that "thing of beauty" and joy for a day was evolved—the Easter bonnet.

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### The Renunciation of Brown's.

B. V. KANALEY, '04.



BROWN wasn't a man of platitudes. In fact, when you said he was serious you had finished the subject.

Women in general adored him, especially the older ones, for they liked, after an evening's chatter, to get Brown in a quiet corner and hear him talk about the new hat with the fruit creations or the Buddhist revival in Eastern India, for Brown's range of subjects was wide. People listened when Brown talked. I heard old Harkness, of Harkness, Stone and Co., chide his wife as they were going down the front steps of Hanson's new city house, the night he opened it with the ball, for having made Brown waste the whole evening telling Mrs. Harkness and the rest of her set his ideas on Ibsen's *ghosts*. Harkness was petulant, and expostulated that the women would make a monumental ass of Brown if some of the older men didn't take a hand. He said there was a big deal on in May wheat, and he wouldn't have gone to the blamed ball at all if he hadn't expected to talk with Brown there and find out the inside of the corner. As he banged the cab door shut he said he hoped to see the day soon that some good woman—but he didn't know among that chattering set of debutantes one good enough or half so, and he asservated further he didn't know one anywhere that would fill the bill—would marry Brown and make him a useful member of society by nerving him to the point of refusing blandish-

ing offers of talk of this or that tommyrot to some woman or other who ought to know enough to let Brown go down to the smoking-room where people really appreciated him. And old Harkness settled his corpulent figure back in the cushions and, glaring vindictively at his wife, guessed in a doleful tone that not seeing Brown, for a few minutes would cost him a cool sum for he might just as well have been in on that wheat deal as not.

Now, old Harkness had a daughter, the season's beauty, the gayest girl in her set—the very antithesis of Brown—so of course Brown fell in love. It was his first experience and he took it even more seriously than his big brokerage business and the clearing of his father's name. This deal of Brown Sr's is another story, but a word here may do and at the same time explain in a way the seriousness of Brown Jr.

It seems that Brown Sr. was the biggest man on the street in his time—and the squarest—and this latter counted for more in those days than it does now. He got into some kind of a railroad deal, or maybe it was wheat; anyway, he got in so deep he couldn't get out. The men who were running the deal got the market, turned it over to agents acting as third parties, and squeezed Brown Sr. for about all he had. What was left he turned over to Brown Jr. in a solemn note written on the firm's letter-head paper to pay the creditors one hundred cents on the dollar, with interest, mentioned those he wished paid first, and went into the private office in the rear one Sunday morning with the note and a revolver.

Brown Jr. found him the next morning where he fell, read the note, and cried. The tears dropped into the basin he held as he tried to wash off the powder marks and get the clotted blood off the old man's temples. Then he put the note carefully in his bill-book, called a carriage, and tried to keep the matter quiet. Brown's mother was dead, so the only thing left for him to do was to carry out his father's wishes—and become serious.

People loved Brown—the poor down around Hell's Kitchen worshipped him—the big operators feared him, for he was unrelentingly square and piercingly sagacious. How he broke up the deal to take away the small holdings in the K. and P. under the Keene corner—but that's not here, for we are talking of Brown and his serious love.

Well, two or three weeks after the affair at Hanson's new city house—I think it was

Easter Monday night—Brown, more serious even than usual, presented himself up the avenue. He danced a few times and old Harkness invited him up to the billiard room to have a game and a chat, but Brown pleaded an engagement and started for the conservatory. Mrs. Harkness coming along just then as Harkness was following with a fatherly eye the tall form rapidly disappearing among the big ferns, he confided that he thought Brown was brooding again, and then in an awed whisper—which was strange, for old Harkness was accustomed to express himself on almost any question in no uncertain terms—"It was seven years to-day the boy found his father"—and then in a still lower tone hardly audible even to Mrs. Harkness—"with the hole in his head."

Old Harkness coughed a good deal, and he and his wife went over to a quiet corner together, when the old gentleman blinked considerably at the big chandelier and looked hard at the gaiety around him.

Harkness' daughter had stolen a minute or two from the dance and was seated in a bower with her uncle Dixon, of Dixon, Boardman & Co., and they were evidently carrying on a resumed conversation—Brown was searching for some one and he was very red and nervous and serious. He stopped for a moment for a drink of water at the little fountain behind the bower and he heard a woman say: "O uncle, I think he is going to propose to-night, and I have dreaded it this long time. The pain and the sorrow it will cause him, and Uncle he's the noblest, dearest man I know of. He's so different from those out there—so different, and so much better. But I don't love him—that is, not as I should to say 'yes'—and he will take it so seriously."

Uncle Dixon evidently said something soothing, for the voice grew more calm but of a tenderer note: "O I wish I had never known him no—yes, I am glad, very glad to have known him, for he has made me so much better and I have lost many of my childish ways—but, Uncle Dixon, I am not good enough for him—and—besides—I don't love him that way."

Brown held the glass in his hand a moment and then slowly poured it back into the big bowl. The red left his face and the serious look became white. He staggered just a little bit as he walked down between the palms toward the ball-room. And he heard a voice back in the bower say—it seemed so hope-

lessly far away—it was Dixon, of Dixon, Boardman & Co., "Marjorie, it's too bad. You're losing the best man I know—and he's the best man on the *street* to-day. He's his father over again, and to say that is enough. I am sorry for you, and most of all for—" Brown had disappeared in the assembly.

Harkness' daughter was married a year from that night. Brown was best man and some people have wondered he wasn't the bridegroom—and I have it on good authority that Miss Marjorie was a little piqued that he at least didn't ask to be. On that occasion Brown was more serious than ever, and after the reception, while the guests were talking over again for the fortieth time every detail and were marvelling occasionally at Brown's most princely gift to the bride, old Harkness found him before the big fireplace up in the smoking room, looking straight ahead and tears were starting unheeded. He laid it to Easter night and the other thing, softly shut the door, blew his nose two or three times as gently as he could, and went back down stairs. Old Harkness never was as observing as he might be anyway.

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### The Initial Easter Number.

ERNEST A. DAVIS, '04.



WHEN our little college newsstand first started out to do business, thirty-seven years ago, its primary intention was to get up a weekly paper, the pages of which might reflect in the minds of every parent the work that his son was doing while at school. The writings of the students, without any extraordinary attempts at wise and embellished expression because they were to meet with public gaze, were printed from week to week, and sometimes, to break the dull sameness and to give a flavor to the paper, Professors were permitted and even entreated to contribute something more substantial to its pages. A change—though not a radical one—has come about gradually since then. Whereas the early issue was nourished by the everyday requirements of the ordinary student, the present one is fed with the products of a few snatches of leisure that an upper classman can claim as his own. The path that a college journalist treads to-day is not fringed

with primroses, neither is there a superabundance of shade trees along its borders. Nothing hinders the traveller from rambling over across the stony places and there meeting with the fresh-turned sod of his class-work. Thus it very often happens that the work proffered the public by the editors of a college periodical is not up to the standard of their ability, and perhaps the primary object of the paper is at once laid waste. Such a state of affairs is more likely to occur in the case of a weekly; and it was this regretful tendency that some years ago prompted a squad of local editors to establish the precedent of publishing yearly on every Easter Sunday a special "Staff Edition" of the SCHOLASTIC. Our paper has a unique place in college journalism, a place freely conceded to it by our contemporaries, and no one can think the editors vain for striving to widen their sphere of usefulness.

The gentlemen that first conceived this splendid idea were the fair-minded members of the staff of 1895. Of course nearly every issue since the founding of the paper had had a few Easter pieces in it, but these were rather SCHOLASTICS at Easter than Easter SCHOLASTICS. Even the issue of '95 can not be called a real Easter number, for some important factors, one of which was the unveiling to its patrons the likenesses of the individual contributors, were not yet conceived.

So then it was not until Easter Sunday, 1896, that the ideals of the staff luminaries of that year were materialized, at least mechanically, in the form of a special Easter number. The first page is conceded to the editor-in-chief, Mr. Daniel V. Casey, '95, in the shape of a romantic fourteen five-lined poem entitled "The Romaunt of the Daffodil." It tells the tale of how the "asphodel, by love transfigured," came to be sung as the flower most dear to our risen Saviour-King. "A Gentle Conspiracy" is immediately formed by Mr. Casey to follow close upon the heels of his vanguard. "The Question of Cuban Belligerency" by Mr. Daniel P. Murphy, '95, is a clever application of international law to the then impending calamity in Cuba. A pleasing romantic story by Joseph A. Marmon called "An Averted Violence," follows this, and then Francis Eyanson, '96, in "An Old Legacy," relates the history and artistic use of bells. Arthur A. Stace, '96, then tells us "How Joey Got Even" with the exasperated Jew that had administered to him an over-dose of "Shingle

Oil." In an interesting paper on "Fra Hieronymo of the Dominicans" James Barry, '97, gives his readers the true idea of Savonarola. In the "Varsity Verse" column, or what was then called "Ye Editors Invoke Ye Muse," we notice, besides those whose names have been mentioned, those of William P. Burns, '96, and Elmer J. Murphy, '97. Not content to live among the bards, the latter writes all about "Mirande's Easter Bonnet" in a style peculiarly characteristic. Mr. M. James Ney, '97, produces a well-woven story in the next three columns entitled "On the Island." In the midst of all this levity, one of our well-liked professors at Notre Dame in the present era, Mr. Sherman Steele, '97, begs leave to clear away some of the nebulous notions about "A Fancied Decadence in Letters." Richard S. Slevin, '96, by "A French Correspondence," then spices the finale of the heavy work which is so well brought to a close by a scholarly paper on "Our Modern Literature," by William P. Burns, '96.

The local columns which are launched by the stereotyped weekly proverb, "Lost: A bunch of keys," etc., are sprinkled here and there with salty things. In one place Mr. McKee surprises his friends by remarking the resemblance of antimony to Steele; and in another, some one thinks that bottlers and Keglers are first cousins. One poor fellow that contemplates the writing of a flowery epistle to his "best" is referred to his botany. The funeral is announced of an unfortunate that died as the result of giving the "Tarriers" yell. All those that desire to go through the awful operation of having their photographs taken are referred to Mr. Eyanson, a member of the staff. Father Corbett's efforts to secure the photographs of these '95 graduates are pronounced indefatigable, and we are led to believe that he is in the right trail. Special mention is made of the brilliant work of Jenoro Davella, McGuire, Galen and Mullen in a game of baseball between the "McGuire Tarriers" and the "Galen Giants." Mr. Thos. Cavanagh sends in his resignation as a football captain, and although it is accepted, the position was such an onerous one to fill that no one had yet been appointed. So ends the juicy first Easter SCHOLASTIC. Surely it was a goodly standard on which to model all future issues, but upon examining its successors, one will scarcely overlook the fact that a better Easter number is yet to be produced.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—This week we present our readers with a larger number than the ordinary. Of course we wish it were much better, but we had to bow to circumstance. Many of our contributors were busy on graduating theses, in forensic and polemic fields, while some loitered until the last moment. Others found Pegasus an unwilling steed, but these are to be excused, especially as Lent frowns somewhat on bringing a Rosalind face to the window of the imagination. But taken all in all we make no apology. Why should we since we not only furnish the product of our pens but a portrait gallery to boot? No scoff or simper: the faces of a group of college students about to graduate are of more than commonplace interest; they reflect at least hope and the splendid enthusiasm of enlightened young manhood. To ourselves, however, the photographic memorial means most. In later life a glance at this group will fan the ash-grown fires of memory, will bring before us a vision of the genial, knightly company that wrote for this paper in the then far-off gilded day setting behind the dunes. So with this preface—as well here as anywhere else—we cheerfully submit our handful of literary efforts and—our pictures.

—The body of the Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin was removed last week from Cincinnati, the original place of interment, to Notre Dame where it will lie side by side with the mortal remains of Fathers De Seille and Petit, two other noted missionaries. A crypt in the Church of the Sacred Heart has been prepared, and the final consignment will take place in the fall when Archbishop Elder will officiate at the ceremony. Father Badin was born at New Orleans, 1768, was educated principally in France, raised to the priesthood by Bishop Carroll in 1793, and died 1853. He had the unique distinction of being the first to receive Holy Orders within the limits of the present United States. After fruitful labors in Kentucky he came to Indiana in



REV. STEPHEN THEODORE BADIN.

1830, and, with a view to establish an Indian mission, bought much of the land now possessed by Notre Dame. A man of heroic mold, dauntless zeal and great fortitude, he won many souls to Christ. When the Indians were forced to move beyond the Mississippi, the land owned by Father Badin passed to the Bishop of Vincennes, and in 1842 to the Congregation of Holy Cross. Father Badin was, therefore, a forerunner of Father Sorin, and now Notre Dame receives with reverence and love the dust of him who, in some measure, prepared the way for her venerable founder.

Notre Dame's Stand in the Oratorical  
Controversy.

THE controversy regarding the oration on "Gustavus Adolphus," written by Mr. Feeger of Earlham, which was to be delivered at the Inter-State Oratorical Contest in Washington Hall, May 4, was settled by the State Oratorical Board in favor of Notre Dame after a nine hours' session at Indianapolis two weeks ago to-day. Mr. Feeger's oration won in the state contest at Indianapolis in February, but immediately upon its delivery it was seen by several members of the State Board that to deliver the oration, as it was written, at Notre Dame would be manifestly discourteous to the latter institution, for it contained unfair statements, and abusively attacked the Catholic Church by making use of the means of suppression of facts. Suggestions were made to its author at that time that he change some of the more objectionable passages, to which he paid no heed. Soon after a letter came from President Kelly of Earlham to Rev. President Morrissey stating that the oration would not be modified, and asking if it might be delivered here May 4. In this letter President Kelly stated also that Earlham did not stand responsible for the opinions expressed in the oration. To this letter Father Morrissey dictated the following reply:

NOTRE DAME, IND.

Feb. 26, 1904.

MR. ROBERT L. KELLY,  
Richmond, Ind.,

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter of February 15, with enclosure of oration of Mr. Feeger, has been received.

While the University of Notre Dame is Catholic, it does not in any way seek to suppress freedom of opinion in matters that are debatable. It is, however, opposed to any representation of the facts of history that is in contradiction with the reality of the past, or that seeks to create an impression of the truth of positions by suppression of facts as pertinent and indisputable as those brought forward. The oration of Mr. Feeger's is undoubtedly liable to the imputation of either defective knowledge or willful suppression of the facts of the subject upon which he treats. Even so unwilling a witness as Gardiner, the English historian of the Thirty Years' War, is sufficient to sustain this position for any impartial reader.

Further, the object of the oration of Mr. Feeger's is to set forth that Catholics and the Catholic Church stood in favor of the suppression by violence and bloodshed of all opposed to the authority and doctrines of the Church, while the non-Catholics or Protestants of Germany, and above all Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden,

were the upholders of the position of freedom of conscience and of worship. The attack of Mr. Feeger's is open and abusive. The University of Notre Dame has never lent itself to abusive denunciation of those who differ from the teachings of the Church, and does not therefore feel that it would be proper to have an undisguised and unwarranted attack upon that Church and its members delivered in her halls.

Sincerely yours,

ANDREW MORRISSEY, C. S. C.

A letter was then written to Earlham's orator mentioning four possible ways out of the embarrassing situation, and if he should select one of them we should consider his proposition. The letter emphatically stated that the contest was in nowise to be considered transferred. Earlham chose the alternative of transferring the contest to Richmond thus obviating a change in the oration. During that time many letters came from other colleges asking that the contest be not transferred from Notre Dame and that all possible pressure should be brought to bear to force the changes in the oration which only common courtesy demanded. Other letters were interchanged, but in each one it was distinctly stated to Earlham by Notre Dame that the contest had not been transferred. Since Earlham refused to make any changes whatever we decided to appeal to the State Association of which we are a member on the grounds that the oration, as written, was unfair, abusive, and eminently discourteous to Notre Dame, especially so when considered that it was to be delivered here and the orator was to be our guest.

A. R. Van Nuys of Wabash, President of the State Board, called a special meeting for March 19 to consider the matter. The following account is taken from the *Indianapolis Journal*:

INDIANAPOLIS, March 21.—Because Luther M. Feeger of Earlham College, chosen at the recent State Oratorical contest in this city to represent Indiana in the Interstate Oratorical Contest, which will be held at Notre Dame May 4, has announced a refusal to modify certain alleged anti-Catholic statements in his oration, "Gustavus Adolphus," to which objection was made by Notre Dame University, he will be disqualified to represent Indiana at the Interstate contest, and this state will be without a representative.

This decision was reached by the executive board of the State Oratorical Association after it had been in session at the Denison from 11 o'clock Saturday morning until 8 o'clock Saturday night, with only a short recess for lunch at 2 o'clock. The colleges voting affirmatively on the decision were Butler, Franklin, Notre Dame, Wabash and DePauw. Earlham did not vote.

The statements to which objection was taken by

Notre Dame are alleged by the representatives of that institution to be contrary to the facts of history and derogatory to the Church. As the oration will be delivered under the dome of the Catholic institution, with the speaker a guest of the school, the representative of Notre Dame was instructed to ask the State Oratorical Society's executive board to request the Earlham speaker to change his oration in such a manner as to strike out the objectionable phrases; otherwise the Catholic institution would feel forced to withdraw from its membership in the state society.

#### FEEGER APPEARS BEFORE BOARD.

Saturday's meeting of the executive board of the State Oratorical Society, which is composed of delegates from the oratorical associations of the schools that compose the Indiana association, was called at Notre Dame's request to consider the question on its merits and to reach a final decision.

At the morning session both sides of the controversy were presented by the representatives of the two schools interested, Notre Dame and Earlham.

Mr. Feeger himself was in the city, and appeared before the board, while Notre Dame's side of the question was presented by B. V. Kanaley.

B. V. Kanaley, of Notre Dame, who is Vice-President of the Interstate Oratorical Association, attended a meeting of the executive board of that organization in Chicago Friday, and said that he was informed at that meeting that the Interstate organization will support the Indiana association in any action which it might take in the matter.

At the same time Mr. Kanaley stated that it should be understood that any action which has been taken by the Indiana association was not governed by religious considerations, but purely by considerations of courtesy.

At the afternoon session Mr. Kanaley pointed out definitely the lines of the oration on "Gustavus Adolphus" that Notre Dame considered should be changed, and the balance of the time until adjournment was taken up by the board with marking the objectionable words and lines.

#### NO CHANGE IN MANUSCRIPT.

The resolution adopted by the board was moved by Paul C. Snyder, Hanover's representative, and seconded by Thomas D. Lyons, Notre Dame's representative. It holds that it is the decision of the board "that Mr. Feeger be disqualified to represent Indiana at the Interstate contest unless he agrees by March 26 to modify statements which the oratorical board considers discourteous to Notre Dame, and which the board holds would not affect the effectiveness of the oration.

"Provided, however, that Mr. Feeger be allowed to submit the speech without change to the judges on manuscript, but to make the changes for delivery. The statements to be modified to be selected and indicated by the executive board, and a copy of the oration marked and sent to Mr. Feeger." From this decision of the board there is no appeal and there is absolutely no prospect of a reconsideration.

The members of the executive board of the State Oratorical association, which met at the Denison, were A. Van Nuys of Wabash, president; John S. Van Sant, of De Pauw, secretary; Cloyd Goodnight of Butler; Mark H. Miller of Franklin; Paul Snyder of Hanover, Clyde Kennedy of Earlham, and Thomas D. Lyons of Notre Dame.

Thomas D. Lyons, Notre Dame's representative on the State Board, is the treasurer of the state organization. He handled Notre Dame's side of the controversy in the committee meeting and spoke several times during the afternoon on various points that involved the powers of the Association's Constitution. Some of the members of the Board thought they had no power to act, and he was instrumental in the adoption of the view that although nothing definite was stated in the Constitution regarding this particular case that still the Constitution implied that the Executive Board should always act for the best interests of the Association and for courtesy toward each and every one of its members. This interpretation after much discussion, the Board finally adopted and agreed to consider the question of the oration.

Earlham issued a statement a day or two after the decision was made stating that it was believed there that the members of the committees did not vote the sentiments of their colleges. Notre Dame has received reliable assurances since the meeting that the student bodies of many of the colleges in the State Association are favorable to us in the matter. The following from the *Indianapolis Star* is a good criterion:

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., March 20.—A. R. Van Nuys of Wabash College, President of the State Oratorical Association and a member of the committee which decided against Luther Feeger of Earlham, says the Wabash students and faculty support the decision of the board.

Though Dr. W. P. Kane, President of the college will not commit himself, it is known that he is heartily in sympathy with the decision, and has always sustained the contention of Notre Dame. Mr. Van Nuys says that the threats of Earlham need not be feared, as the decision of the board was perfectly regular and must stand as final.

"Unless Mr. Feeger modifies his oration as recommended by the board," said Mr. Van Nuys, "Indiana will simply have no representative at the Interstate Contest this year. The contention of Notre Dame that parts of the Earlham man's oration were unfair and distorted the facts, was certainly well grounded. I say most emphatically that I have no apology whatever to make for voting in favor of Notre Dame.—*Indianapolis Morning Star*.

The controversy is now ended by the decision of the State Board whereby Mr. Feeger must make the indicated changes by March 26, or disqualify himself for the Inter-State Contest to be held at Notre Dame, May 4. He has refused to make the changes and therefore he will not represent Indiana in the contest.

Notre Dame is deeply appreciative of the



action of the State Board in supporting us in our position, and we believe that a precedent of broad-mindedness and liberality has been set that will redound to the credit of the members of the Executive Board, will put an end to such discourteous acts in the future, and will be for the best interests of the State Collegiate Association.

The contest will be held in Washington Hall the evening of May 4, and will be participated in by ten states—Colorado, Ohio, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois and Nebraska.

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.

### Lecture by Father Nugent.

Monday afternoon the students of Notre Dame again had the pleasure of listening to a lecture delivered by the eminent priest, Reverend Joseph F. Nugent, of Des Moines, Iowa. Those of us who had heard his lecture on the "Lost Confessional," delivered in Washington Hall last year, naturally expected to hear a discourse as pertinent and instructive, and we were not disappointed. In simple, concise language he treated an old subject in an original and logical manner, and made us feel, as did the minister in the lecturer's story, that "that Catholic priest put that argument for all it was worth."

Father Nugent's subject was "The Conflict of Gods." In the course of his lecture—in fact, throughout his entire discourse—he sustained this simile: the likeness of the wavering believer searching for something on which to pin his faith, to the surveyor "sticking the third stake," reason being used in religion as well as in any other science. He termed the greatest principle, the "despotism of fact." On this principle, truth, was the Church of God built, and this was the despotic fact that we couldn't get away from unless we wished to admit that all Christians were idolaters, and that the "Last Supper saw the birth of paganism." Father Nugent is a forceful speaker, logical, pointed and apt in his illustrations and similes. His discourse was unusually able and instructive and most appropriate for Holy Week. The students that attended it felt satisfied that they had put an hour to good account, and look forward with pleasure to his future visits to Notre Dame.

R. E. P.

### Book Review.

For years the pronunciation of the Latin language has been the subject of a gradually lessening controversy. The pronunciation in vogue in the time of Cicero, Horace and Virgil was slowly supplanted during the latter years of the Empire's decadence by the Lefrico-Gallic dialects, and lost temporarily in the maze of different pronunciations. Each nation modified the correct pronunciation by introducing certain peculiarities of their mother-tongue, and hence arose the many dialects which have existed even to the present time. In the early part of the 19th century the Roman pronunciation was again brought to light and its authenticity confirmed by the best authorities. This method of pronouncing the Latin language as we have it, is based on proofs found in the Old Latin grammarians.

Those who are interested in this question and who do not possess the time or ability to read the more lengthy treatises on the subject, will welcome a small volume entitled "The Roman Pronunciation of Latin," by the Rev. John B. Scheier, professor of Latin in the University of Notre Dame. This little work contains a concise exposition of the Roman method, with the sounds of each vowel, diphthong and consonant. The pronunciation of each letter is given separately with English equivalents, followed by the proofs or excerpts from the Latin grammarians. It is a noteworthy fact that all the grammarians did not live in the Augustan age, but on the contrary the majority belonged to later epochs, even the Venerable Bede of the seventh century being included in the list of grammarians quoted. The author makes no pretensions at exhaustiveness; his purpose is rather that the treatise shall "serve as a guide to the wealth of proof to be found in the Old Grammarians." Professor Scheier's booklet has met the approval of some of the best authorities, and the flattering reception accorded so soon after its publication is a trustworthy indication of its value. To those who desire to consult the original words of the Old Masters on the subject, it may be added that it is the only work now to be had that contains them, the larger works being long since out of print.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.



## Athletic News.

## BROWNSON WINS CHAMPIONSHIP.

On Friday, March 18, the final basket-ball game to decide the Inter-Hall Championship was played between Corby and Brownson, and after the hardest and most exciting contest of the series Brownson won by a score of 10 to 9. As expected, both teams put up the battle of their lives, each playing the fastest ball they were able to, from start to finish. From a spectator's point of view the game was a heart breaker: first one team forging ahead, then another, and it was only in the last few minutes of play that Brownson scored the goal that gave her victory. During the first few minutes of play, Captain Gray's men had things their own way, their splendid team work being a complete puzzle to the Corbyites. Before the half was ended, however, the Corby men got their bearings, and forced the "Champs" to their limit. The score at the end of this half was 8 to 4 in favor of Brownson. In the second half, the Corbyites came up strong, determined to snatch victory from Capt. Gray's men, but the latter held them safe throughout. This half was a battle royal. Corby, profiting by Brownson's fouls, scored four points on free throws, making the score even up, and then with but a few minutes to play they forged ahead on another free throw. The wildest excitement now prevailed, and it seemed as if Capt. Kotte's men were going to be returned the victors, but the Brownson men settled down, and after some brilliant team work, Brennan threw a goal from the field, and the game was over.

For Brownson, Captain Gray was the star. He threw eight of her ten points, and besides put up a splendid game. But the other members were not far behind their captain. Brennan, McDermott and Medley played brilliant ball, and their team work was practically responsible for Corby's defeat. The other man—well, he came *near* scoring a goal from the 30-foot line, and—but space will not permit us to say more about him. Captain Kotte, Devine and Geoghegan, were the Corby stars, and it was their fast, clever work that gave Brownson such a scare. Hermann and Winter at guards also played good ball for Corby. Goals from field, Brownson, 4; Corby, 2; from foul, Brownson, 2; Corby, 5. Referee, Holland.

## NOTRE DAME AT ST. LOUIS.

Captain Draper and the relay team, composed of Murphy, Daly, Gormley and Keefe, carried off the principal honors in the big Invitation Meet at St. Louis last Saturday night. The large Coliseum was filled with lovers of indoor sport anxious to get a line on the work of the Illinois, Georgetown and Notre Dame runners, and the splendid performances of our men created a very favorable impression with them, and they manifested their enthusiasm whenever a Gold and Blue runner forged to the front. The meet in itself was a grand success both in point of attendance and in the performances. One world's record was broken, the 12-80-yard relay by Georgetown, and two records equalled, the 50 yard dash and the 50-yard hurdle by Draper of Notre Dame.

The teams entered in the meet were St. Louis University, Georgetown, Illinois, Central Y. M. C. A., M. A. C. and Notre Dame. Of these Illinois scored the greatest number and Notre Dame with but five entries a very close second. Our athletes won points in every event they entered. The first event was the 50-yard hurdles (handicap), which was won by Captain Draper from scratch after a magnificent struggle with Blackmer of M. A. C. The time 6 2-5 second equals the world's record. The 50-yard dash (handicap) was also captured by Draper who won from the four footmark in 5 2-55 seconds. After this he ran the 50 from scratch in an effort to lower the world's record, doing it again in 5 2-5 seconds.

The half mile (invitation) between Murphy of Notre Dame, McCully of Illinois and O'Flynn of St. Louis was one of the best events of the evening. Murphy set a hot pace from the start which weakened O'Flynn, but McCully of Illinois who had trailed behind during the first few laps sprinted past Murphy in the last two laps and won by a few yards in the fast time of 2:04 2-5.

The 600-yard handicap run brought out a large field with Walter Daly at scratch. The race was a hot one from the start Mackay of Illinois with a 20-yard handicap won out. Cornelius, Central Y. M. C. A., 14 yards, 2d, and Daly 3d. Time, 1:19 1-5.

The relay race between Notre Dame and St. Louis University resulted in an easy victory for our men. Murphy our first runner gained considerable ground on his man and

this handicap was greatly increased by Gormley and Keefe; Daly our last runner finishing 50 yards in the lead of the World's Fair University representative.

Fred Powers, an old Notre Dame star and formerly champion of the world, officiated as starter. The SCHOLASTIC, on behalf of Trainer Holland, extends thanks to Trainer Delaney of St. Louis University, and also the members of his team for the kind and courteous treatment given the Notre Dame men during their stay in St. Louis.

50-yard dash, Final heat:—Won by Draper (4 ft.), N. D.; Heckwolf (5 ft.), M. A. C., second. Time, 5:2-5 (equals world's record).

Special 50-yard dash—Draper attempted to break world's record paced by Hengen, and succeeded again in equalling it.

50-yard hurdles (Handicap), Final Heat:—Won by Draper, N. D., scratch; Blackmer, M. A. C., scratch, 2d. Time, 6 2-5 seconds. Equals world's record.

600-yard run (Handicap)—Won by Mackay, Illinois, 20 yards; Cornelius, Central Y. M. C. A., 14 yards; Daly, N. D., scratch, 3d. Time, 1:19 1-5.

880-yard run (Special Invitation)—Won by McCully, Illinois; Murphy, Notre Dame, 2d; O'Flynn, St. Louis U., 3d. Time, 2:04 2-5.

Relay race (two miles) won by Notre Dame (Murphy, Keefe, Gormley and Daly); St. Louis U., 2d (Bohn, Minges, O'Flynn and Pechman). Time, 8:39 4-5.

Trainer Holland, Captain Draper and the gentlemen of the relay team are to be congratulated upon their splendid showing. It was wholly unexpected, and considering the short time the men had to prepare for the games, their work was of a high order.

#### MINIMS VS. EX-MINIMS.

On Saturday, March 19, the big Gymnasium was turned over to the young athletes of St. Edward's and Carroll Halls to decide the supremacy on track and field. The ex-Minims, as had been expected, won, but the little fellows of St. Edward's pluckily contested every event and gave their rivals a battle royal. The meet, as far as regards the performances, was the most successful the young fellows have had in years. Everything went off in tip-top shape. The races were all close and exciting, and the field events as hard-fought as one would wish to see. Captain McDermont's men excelled in the long runs,

the 40-yard dash and cleaned up all the points in the pole vault, while the St. Edward's lads captured the majority of points in hurdles and the broad and high jumps.

The little fellows sprang several surprises during the course of the afternoon, but perhaps the greatest was the work of Upman who beat the speedy McDermont over the hurdles by a fine sprint at the finish. Cornell also gave the Carroll man a set-back by winning the broad jump from Dinan after a hard fight. The most exciting and warmly contested event of the whole meet, however, was the struggle for second honors between Wiest of St. Edward's and Symonds of Carroll, the former winning by inches. The star of the afternoon was Captain McDermont, who secured 2 firsts and 2 seconds for a total of 16 points. Cornell was the Minims' best point winner. The relay race went easily to the ex-Minims. The final score was ex-Minims 44½; Minims, 24¾.

SUMMARIES:—40-yard dash—Creveling, ex-Minim, 1st; McDermont, ex-Minim, 2d; Cornell, Minim, 3d. 5 1-5 seconds.

40-yard hurdles 1st heat Won by McDermont, ex-Minim; Roberts, Minim, 2d. 6 4-5 seconds.

2d heat—Won by Munson, ex-Minim; Upman, Minim, 2d. 6 4-5 seconds.

Final heat—Won by Upman, Minim; McDermont, ex-Minim, 2d; Munson, ex-Minim, 3. 6 2-5 seconds.

Special race—40-yard dash between Roe and McDermont both of St. Edward's, won by McDermont.

220-yard dash—Won by McDermont, ex-Minim; Cornell, Minim, 2d; Creveling, ex-Minim, 3d. 27 3-5 sec.

880-yard run—Won by McDermont ex-Minim; Wiest, Minim, 2d; Symonds, ex-Minim, 3d. Time, 2:33.

Pole vault—Won by Baude, ex-Minim; Remp, ex-Minim, 2d; Munson, ex-Minim, 3d. 7 feet.

High Jump—Won by Yrissari, M.; Munson, ex-M. 2d; Connelly and Kelly, M., and Remp, ex-M., tied for 3d. 4 feet 2 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Cornell, Minim; Dinan, ex-Minim, 2d; Connelly, Minim, 3d. 15 feet 2 inches.

Relay race—Won by ex-Minims (McDermont, Kasper, Creveling and Munson).

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Roach has been elected Captain and Morris Manager of the Carroll Hall baseball team for this season. Sorin has also elected J. O'Connor, Manager, and J. Shea, Captain. The Inter-Hall managers met last Sunday and arranged a schedule for the season, which will appear in our next issue.

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The baseball men have profited by their outdoor training and are fast rounding into shape for the opening games with the leaguers on the 11th.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

## Personals.

—A member of the Faculty has received a letter from John F. Fennessey '99, of Boston, who graduated *cum laude* in the medical department of Harvard University and recently secured a two years' appointment in the Boston City Hospital. His heart still warms to Notre Dame and he makes friendly mention of many of the professors here, in particular of Father Fitte and Colonel Hoynes. Notre Dame rejoices in his success.

—Visitors' registry:—Mrs. J. B. Morrison, R. W. Johnson, Fort Madison, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Ray, Mishawaka, Ind.; Joseph Murray, Miss A. Murray, Philadelphia; Miss M. Conlon, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Edward Joiner, Miss E. Joiner, Canter, Ill.; J. Pohlman, Charles B. Plaff, Indianapolis; E. Hackner, La Crosse, Wis.; A. L. Rose, Chicago, Ill.; J. H. Magnus, Denver, Col.; James McWeeny, South Bend; J. H. Langdon, Gretna, Nebraska; M. L. Saley, Rob L. Saley, Hampton, Iowa; A. W. Franker, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Sister Cecelia, Mother M. Blanche, Greensburg, Pa.; Mrs. J. A. Schwab Loretto, Pa.; Carlton H. Prinderville, Mrs. J. S. Connelly and Miss Connelly, Chicago.

—The Notre Dame representatives at the meeting of the State Board at Indianapolis which decided the controversy regarding the oration on Gustavus Adolphus, wish to express their thanks for the many courtesies and other acts of kindness shown them by Messrs. Thomas E. Steiner, Roy Gage, William C. Kegler, Patrick O'Brien, and the others composing the Notre Dame Club at 209 E. North St., whose guests they were during the stay in Indianapolis. The members of the club extended the hearty welcome that is so characteristic of the old Notre Dame men to those who are yet "the boys." They wish also to express their thanks to Mr. Wm. F. Fox of the Union National Bank, for his many kindnesses.

—The Chicago *Journal* of the 26th contains a lengthy interview with Clement C. Mitchell, vice-President of the Jennings Loan and Trust Co., one of the largest institutions of its kind in Chicago. Mr. Mitchell gives his views on the financial conditions in Chicago from an investor's standpoint. "Clem" is a Notre Dame graduate—Law, '02—and since settling in Chicago his rise has been phenomenal. His first position was with the Royal Trust and Loan Co. from which he rapidly rose to be legal adviser of the Real Estate Dep't. When the Jennings Trust Co. was formed last year by leading capitalists of Chicago, Mr. Mitchell was asked to take the vice-Presidency which offer he accepted. The interview is an expert summing up of the intricate problems connecting with mortgage and bond companies.

## Local Items.

—The Philopatrians will present on Monday afternoon in Washington Hall, "Hamnet Shakspeare," a play which has been written for them by John Lane O'Connor, formerly Professor of Elocution at the University.

—The law recitations, never tedious or monotonous, have been made still more interesting of late by Colonel Hoynes who has made occasional brief, informal addresses on matters of very vital interest to his students. We are sure his wise counsel which evidences such sincere solicitude will be followed.

—The gentlemen of the senior class have almost completed very elaborate arrangements for the Easter Ball which will be held in the gymnasium Monday evening. The chivalry of Notre Dame and the beauty of South Bend and other cities will be well represented. We feel sure the affair will be in keeping with the high ideals of the senior classmen.

—Brother Leander, Commander of the Notre Dame Post, 569, G. A. R., has been appointed Aide-de-Camp on the staff of General Black, Commander-in-Chief of the Union veterans. This signal honor has given much pleasure to all at Notre Dame, especially to the members of the local soldier organization, that unique body entirely composed of religious of the Congregation of Holy Cross, who in their younger days fought for Old Glory. The proposed visit of General Black and his staff to Notre Dame is eagerly awaited and is sure to evoke a reception befitting such a distinguished soldier.

—During the past few weeks some members of the SCHOLASTIC staff have extended the scope of their activities far beyond the confines of Notre Dame. Gallitzen Farabaugh, '04, was one of the principal speakers at a banquet given in Dowagiac, Mich., where the cordial reception he received was in keeping with his eloquent response to the toast "Our Country." Messrs. B. V. Kanaley, '04, and Thomas D. Lyons, '04, have ably sustained with pen and tongue Notre Dame's attitude in the inter-state oratorical controversy. F. F. Dukette, '02, and Louis J. Carey, '04, have further improved their musical reputation by their effective and skilful renditions at some high-class concerts and entertainments. Verses by George E. Gormley, '04, were reprinted in the *Western Watchman*; a sketch by Robert E. Proctor, '04, appeared in the *New World*, which also reprinted some stanzas by our very promising contributor, Telford Paullin, '07. The *New York Sun* lately published a sonnet by Patrick J. MacDonough, '03, who has also had a place in other publications, and delivered the address at the St. Patrick's Day celebration in South Bend.