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To A. C.

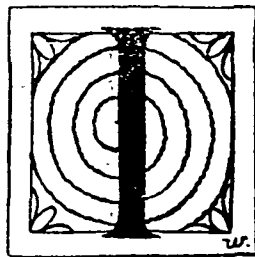
FRANCIS J. BARRY, '03.

A DEWDROP shimm'ring on the thorn in May,
Resplendent in the glow of heaven's light;
A spotless dove that soars on pinions white;
A rosebud scenting all the flow'ry way;
Fair Nature's charms that deck the summer day—
I love them; and their gladd'ning sight,
Dispelling all my cares, my path makes bright,
Till summer pines and droops her grand array.

But fairer thou than all the buds of spring;
Thy sweetness perfumes e'en the scented rose.
Nor season's change, nor tempest's blasting rage,
Can mold or blight to thy loved spirit bring.
Oh, thou art balm to all my earthly woes,
Eternal joy that blooms through storm and age.

Robert Burns.

ERNEST A. DAVIS, '04.



It is a well-founded, though unhappy coincidence, that some of the world's greatest geniuses have been men of unsound morality. Their achievements reveal the presence of the highest intellectual powers, and yet their lives were utter failures. It is undoubtedly the vicious environment in which a man is placed that serves to enfeeble his character; but it is perfectly correct to say that the Creator gives every man sufficient power and grace to enable him to walk aright. Hence failure is due rather to an inward than an outward cause. Genius will never afford happiness and will always be degraded unless accompanied by prudence and virtue. Many have been the sad examples of intellectual

possibilities who were without strong moral fibre, but among the saddest was Scotland's national Bard, styled her plow-man poet, Robert Burns.

Robert Burns was born in an humble cottage on the banks of the Doon, about two miles to the south of the town Ayr, on the 25th of January, 1759. There was something ominous in an accident that befell him in the first weeks of his existence. The frail house in which he was born was swept away at midnight by a violent storm and the infant and mother were conveyed to a neighboring house. To many this seemed a foreboding of the wild and stormy career which was before him. The poet is indebted to his mother for his sentimentality and for his peculiar poetic qualities; and to his father for his irritable nature and savage temper. When he was six years of age he started to school with his younger brother, Gilbert. Among their school-books was the Bible, Masson's Collection of Prose and Verse, Gray's Elegy, Scraps from Hume and Robertson, and scenes from Romeo and Juliet, Othello and Hamlet. It is curious to note that Gilbert was preferred to Robert, and the teacher thought that because the former was the merrier he was more likely to have turned out a poet. Little did he know that already Robert's brow was growing sad and that the future poet was already aware that he was the son of a poor man. His proud and stubborn nature was beginning to assert itself, and his mirth, which, during his whole life was only a "silver lining" to the darkest cloud of melancholy, was only seeming. The enthusiastic school-master presented young Burns with two books, the "Life of Hannibal" and "The History of Sir William Wallace," which gave him more pleasure than any other two books that he read in later life. One filled him with dreams of soldiery; the other "poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into

his veins," which he fancied would "boil along there till the floodgate of life shut in eternal rest." His father next took charge of the education of his boys, and they conversed familiarly on such useful subjects as were contained in Derhams, "Physics and Astro-Theology," Ray's "Wisdom of God" and Stackhouse's "History of the Bible. At the parish school of Dalrymple, Burns got hold of some of Humes', Richardson's, Fielding's and the best of Smollett's works, and shortly after was presented with a volume of Pope's works. Thus was Robert Burns schooled.

Before Burns had attained his sixteenth year he made his first attempt at poetry inspired by his partner in the fields. At Lochlie his muse was not altogether idle, but with the exception of two little poems of merit, she merely inspired him with praises of some rural divinities.

In his seventeenth year he fell in love, and certainly not for the last time. During the seven years that he remained at Lochlie, the symptoms of his passions were such as nearly to equal those of the celebrated Sappho, and the agitation of his mind and body were unspeakable.

In June 1781 he went to Irvine, and here his passions, which had not as yet produced any immoral results, were prepared for overstepping the bounds of virtue which had hitherto restrained him. Here he gave up rime, but upon meeting Ferguson's Scottish poems, strung anew his battered lyre with love as his theme. After his father's death in February, 1784, he moved to a small farm at Mossgiel. Then it was that he resolved to be wise, but soon slipped back into the same old rut. His mind was active, however, and during this time "Holy Willie's Prayer," "Death and Dr. Hornbook" and above all "Cottar's Saturday Night" appeared.

In 1785 he fell in love with Jean Armour. A long series of unhappy events accompanied the affair, and the result was that Burns was forced to give her a written promise of marriage. Determined to gain money for her support he contemplated a journey to Jamaica. A sufficient amount was collected by his publishing an edition of his poems. Plowboys and maid-servants gladly gave their wages for Burns' poems, and the echo of his fame was heard with surprise, pride and pleasure by the entire people. All were aware that a great poet was rising among them. Never perhaps in the history of literature was there

such a bound from misery and poverty to renown and prospect of good fortune. He was about to start for Jamaica when by a singular coincidence he was summoned to Edinburgh. Fame did not come to him gradually as it does in most cases, but it "attained its pinnacle at one gigantic bound." Another edition of his poems brought him more money, and soon after he returned home, married Jean Armour, and settled on a farm at Ellisland with the intention of becoming a wise and virtuous man. He wrote many beautiful lyrics there, among which was "Mary in Heaven." There also in the "gush of one glorious hour" came on him "Tam O'Shanter" in which "animalism itself is made to show and glitter into poverty." Still he was not happy, and in December, 1791, threw up the farm and removed to Dumfries. From this time until his death little can be said of Burns which would be pleasant to an admirer of his genius. His nights were often devoted to imprudence and intemperance and his days to brooding and remorse. Toward the end of 1795 his health gradually declined, and at the beginning of 1796 the ill-fated poet was struggling under a heap of overwhelming calamities—sickness, sorrow and debt. He fell sick with rheumatism and fever and before entirely recuperated ventured out to a tavern dinner. He became intoxicated, and as he was returning home fell asleep in the snow. Finally on July 21, 1796, at the age of thirty-seven years, he died utterly exhausted and in absolute want. He had then four sons, and his wife survived him thirty-eight years, dying on the 26th of March 1834 in her seventieth year.

Great, indeed, is the man who steps before the world fully equipped with the knowledge that past and present researches have bestowed upon him. Such is the truly educated man who has profited by the wisdom and experience of both his forefathers and contemporaries. How different, though, is the state of that man who must face the world with the rudest and commonest means with which to work. One must move mountains with an engine and the other must use his fingers. Burns is a most illustrious type of the latter class. His knowledge is only that which dwells in a poor man's hut, and his mind which craved the accomplishment of great deeds was forced to accomplish them under bodily toil and poverty. He was born in the most prosaic age of Britain, and, with only the rimes of a Ferguson or a Ramsay

as a guide, he started out to sing the pleasures and discomforts of human life. In its proud humility his soul could not be restrained, and in thirty-seven years of darksome life he has laid before the world a gift which time can not destroy. Uneducated, poor, unfortunate, and short-lived—should we ask why his poems are imperfect and why his genius gained no mastery in its art? The world never saw the entire splendor of his genius, but sparks of it fell from time to time and all were dazzled with its grandeur. His poems are but mere occasional bursts of genius which seldom received any premeditation. His subjects were in no instance shaped and moulded by his powerful genius, and to apply to these the strict rules of art would be unfair. There must be, however, some excellence in his poetry that has commanded for so long a time the attention of both the educated and the unlettered.

The first quality of Burns' excellence is his sincerity. When we read his works we feel that the writer has experienced what he pens. He treats no gaseous fables, nor does he express an opinion that has not arisen from his own understanding. The deep straits of passion he describes have had their beginnings in some real soul. He does not write from hearsay but from experience, and he describes the scenes that have filled his soul with beautiful emotions. Everything is true and genuine with Burns, and this is what bound and retained so many readers for him. One needs only to speak with sincerity the emotions of his soul and men will heed him. How many writers have spoiled the effect of their writings by seeking to invent something grander than nature itself. Burns is a poet that "glitters with his own lustre," and this accounts for his popularity and real merit.

In addition to its sincerity, Burns' poetry has another noticeable characteristic. It is his skill in the choice of subjects. Like charity, his poetry begins at home. There is no elaborate description of great discoveries and inventions, but everything is natural and sincere. His heroines are not from classic myths, but are the nut-brown maidens of his own neighborhood. His heroes are not great generals, but "Tam O'Shanter" of his own district. The poet of ordinary genius is fond of seeking in external circumstances a reason for giving vent to his emotions. Home has no charms for him, for he imagines that such feelings would not please his readers. Hence

so many historical characters in poetry. The true poet finds his subject at home, for it is in him and around him on all sides. The very fact that he perceives it there qualifies him as a poet. The earth and the sky are the bounds of the poet and when he is between these nothing is lacking for an inspiration. Every deathbed is a tragedy, every wooing and every wedding is a comedy; and every merry laugh is a fit subject for a farce. The poet needs not to see the world, for the poet is born not made. The Creator is the maker of poets, and whether the poet wills or not he sees the world at every hour he lives. The wonderful workings of the human heart assert themselves not only in the palaces of kings but in the huts of peasants. This world may be seen in Mossgiel as well as it was seen in Stratford.

It has been said that the end of poetry has long ago been attained and that man can no longer reap any benefit from it. It is not the material but the artist that is needed. The life of a Scottish peasant was the lowest and the meanest until Burns became a poet of it, proved that it is a man's life and that therefore it is worthy of man's attention. He looked not for glorious victories or painful wanderings with which to sound his lyre, but the everyday experiences of peasant life inspired him. Given the true poet, place him in any environment, and true poetry, of a kind peculiar to the possessor, will not be wanting. As long as man can elevate his brethren with poetry, the end of that poetry will never come.

No poet of any nation was more descriptive than Burns. "Three lines from his hand, and we have a likeness." A passage from his "Winter Night" will prove his ability in this respect:

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r,
And Phœbus gives a short-lived glow'r,
Far south the lift,
Dim-darkening thro' the flaky show'r
Or whirling drift.

Attend to another from "The Vision."

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits, pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senates's roar;
They sightless stand,
To mend the honest patriot lore,
And grace the hand.

Among the numerous other examples of his descriptive powers are the "Auld Brig," "Scottish Drink," "The Auld Farmer and his Praise for his Auld Mare."

Burns, again, is remarkable not only for his clearness and ease of expression, but also for force and emphasis. Most writers in attempting to gain ease of expression, sacrifice their point, and in some the opposite is true. Burns, however, is never so easy as when he is throwing out the most brilliant, polished and compact ideas as the whole of "Tam O'Shanter" and his "Vision" prove. He goes at a gallop and strikes out sparks of fire at every step. Rapidity and richness are thoroughly combined. Some authors employ a superabundance of mere verbiage, but few gems glisten on the stream. Their poetry is a rushing cataract choked with mud, but Burns' poetry is a torrent as clear and bright as it is rapid.

In passion what could be more beautiful than this stanza in "Mary Morison"—

Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And you the toast of a' the town,
I sighed and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison!"

His warlike spirit is well portrayed in such touches as occur in the last words of "Scots wha hae"—"Let us do or die;" and in the lines

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankéd ready;
The shouts of war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody.

His simple pathos occurs to us when we read these lines from "Queen Mary's Lament":

Oh! soon to me may summer suns,
Nae mair light up the morn,
Nae mair to me the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!

The sublimity of a Milton shows itself in such words as these:

Then, kneeling down to Heaven's eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays!

Burns' humor and sarcasm are sprinkled with a strong element of imaginative genius, and in no pieces has he done better in this respect than in his "Death and Dr. Hornbook," in his "Address to the Deil" and the "Address to the Mouse." The reader is made to laugh and to shudder at the same moment, and although he oversteps the bounds of propriety in some of these, his "Holy Willie's prayer," "The Holy Fair" and "Twa Dogs" are possessed of this quality. Perhaps the best of his humorous pieces is the "Jolly Beggars." The characterization, the incidents and the way in which all the details support the whole, make it one of the most poetical of the poet's pieces. True, the subject is of

the lowest nature, but it only the more shows the poet's gift in raising it to an artistic level.

In speaking of the poet's art, Carlyle says: "Few of his pieces are deserving of the name of poems; they are rhymed eloquence, rhymed pathos, rhymed sense, yet seldom essentially melodious, ærial, poetical." "Tam O'Shanter," however, he excludes from this category. He calls it a mere bit of sparkling rhetoric. "The piece does not properly cohere, and thus the tragedy of the adventure becomes a mere drunken phantasmagoria or many-colored spectrum painted in ale-vapors and the farce alone has any reality." Carlyle is "inclined to believe that 'Tam O'Shanter' might have been written all but as well by a man who in place of genius possessed only talent.

The poetry of Burns reveals more of his general power of mind; whereas in his songs more of his passion is brought to the surface. In the latter, though we examine it with a low-power lens, we behold the most beautiful and the sunniest rays of his genius. Song-writing is a simpler exercise of composition and does not require such power of intellect as didactic poetry or even narrative. "Genuine poetic feeling and genuine music of heart" is all that is needed for its perfection. Here Burns has just claim to fame. There may have been brighter or more cultured intellects that have produced songs equally as rich and musical, but Burns' primary quality, sincerity, has been wanting in these men and their music was only affected, while that of Burns came from the deepest nooks of his soul. His songs are musical in themselves, and hence their real value and their popularity. They are perfect in form and perfect in sentiment. His sorrow is of the deepest, his joy the purest, his wrath the fieriest and his laugh the merriest. Compare the revelry in "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut" to the sadness of "Mary in Heaven," the gladness in "Auld Lang Syne" to the fury in "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." His variety of subjects was fitted to every passing mood of man's life.

Burns' intense patriotism did marvels in elevating Scotland's literature. It seemed to him that he "could do so little for his country, and yet would gladly have done all." The channel left open to him was that of Scottish song, and his success reveals the devotedness with which he entered it. His one ambition that sustains him through all his misery was to become Scotland's bard.

That I fer poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or book could make
Or sing a song at least.

The great objection to his poetry is, after all, the same that has been brought against his life—it has no “pervading purpose and no consecrating moral.” The mind of Burns is merely a mirror which reflects the passing events. It is neither wholly good nor wholly bad, and his poetry has been well styled a mixture of “dirt and Deity.” Sometimes the grossest and sometimes the most beautiful objects are portrayed. In the clink of many verses we hear the clatter of glasses and in many the voices of angels. All his sober and sincere efforts are as remarkable for their sound sense and their pure taste as they are for their force of language and brilliancy of imagination. Though a certain coarseness often adheres to his best productions, it is only the “red earth of the plough clinging to his shoes as he trods the drawing-room carpet.”

Burns was not a disbeliever in Christianity; and he was, in many ways, a brave, honest, high-minded and benevolent man. There was, however, an element of folly, levity, coarseness, inconsistency and inconceivable weakness in the otherwise strong man. It is hard to imagine that the authors of “Cottar's Saturday Night” and “Merry Muses” are identical. He might have written the “one sober and the other drunk,” but surely there would have been some resemblance. “He was a living antithesis, a magnificent weathercock that was moved by every impulse of good or bad.” One might trace this inconsistency to his irregular education, his poverty-stricken circumstances and to his want of solid religious principle. His beacon light was not conscience, for it was often unheeded; not religion, for he had none; not independence, for often, against his own will, he spread on the most slavish flatteries. He worshipped impulse, and this, acting on one whose passions were stronger than his powers, played havoc with his genius and fanned the flame of his passions. The poet passed away in darkness, but his name will never disappear from the literature of Scotland. His songs are the delight of the Scotchman, whether peasant or scholar, at home or abroad; and wherever courses the slightest tinge of Scotch blood, the name of Robert Burns is sufficient to make its proud possessor bubble with enthusiasm and love of country.

The Good Folk's Dance.

CAN you hear the fiddler's music
From out the fairy glen?
'Tis captive Dan, the fiddler,
Of the good folk's dancing men.

For the little men are dancing
About the fairy ring,
And as ever they keep prancing
This song they gaily sing:

“Oh, who can ever harm us,
The good folk of Kerry Glen;
Man's wish is but to charm us,
For we are the dancing men.”

Live on, ye fabled people,
In the hearts of the ever young;
The merriest of God's creatures
Whose praises were ever sung.

H. B. SELDEN.

When the Stakes Were Fair.

LOUIS J. CAREY, '04.

The Café America seldom looked so enticing as it did on this very evening. Under the numerous clusters of light sat a gaily-dressed throng oblivious to everything but the moment. The air was redolent with the odor of rich perfumes and rare flowers, and the delicious strains of a hidden orchestra added to the unreality of the whole scene.

“Well, Jack,” said Sanders, as they both took chairs in the quietest corner, “a man can build lofty air-castles here and they won't tumble to pieces until the cold wind on the avenue brings him to his senses.”

“Yes, this kind of place makes you feel that you've just got a ten thousand dollar raise.”

“Well, gentlemen,” interrupted the waiter.

They ordered their consomme and lapsed into an apparently preconcerted silence. The orchestra was rendering *La Paloma*, and it might seem was holding a spell over these two men.

On one side of the table sat Sanders peering out of two resolute blue eyes. A heavy jaw and bony profile bespoke a man of determination, and what is more, this man of determination was sorely disturbed by some thought. His companion, Jenkins, was a far different type. His face was almost crimson and his eyes fairly darted fire at every object he turned them on. He, too, was a man of

strength of temper, but of the impulsive kind, intense while it lasts, but capable of being dissipated by a few soft words.

The music ceased and Jenkins awoke from his reverie in time to take a scrutinizing stare at Sanders.

"Something on your mind, eh, Jack?" he remarked.

"Well, just a little deal I thought of putting through to-morrow."

"A little deal? If I guess rightly 'tis a big deal; but I'm pretty sure that it will never go through."

"Don't bring that matter up to-night," replied Sanders, slowly. "You know how after just one glass of the red stuff we ordered, Emilie's or Gertrude's name might—"

"See here, Sanders; this is the best opportunity we could have for coming to an understanding of this question.

"All right, go ahead, but I won't argue much."

"Listen, then," continued Jenkins. "You're in an awful quandary as to which is which. You can't choose between any two things lately."

"How so?" replied Sanders attempting to smile.

"Well I noticed to-day that you had to think twice before you decided which side of the street you would take simply because—well because they live on opposite sides, so you took a car down the centre."

"Just for example," interrupted Sanders. "I should like to see if you can choose between those two roses in that vase there. The one you notice has the more beautiful shade of red—but what graceful petals the—"

"Then you admit you don't know which one to chose; I don't mean the roses of course."

"If it weren't for you I might possibly know one or the other—but I can only take one; and, of course you'll take care of the other, eh?"

"No," responded Jenkins quickly. "I sometimes believe I have the least bit of a choice in the matter; but after all, those times are few and far between."

"At any rate there are enough to supply the demand."

"Yes, and either one of them would be acceptable—"

"That's the trouble," interrupted Sanders excitedly. "If one of them were only ugly we could at least see what we're fighting for."

"See here, Jack, let us flip up for choice. It's a gambling game, but of the kind that you can't lose on. You would call it bad luck if you got Emilie, would you?"

"Emilie? Lose? How dare you!"

"Or Gertrude!" exclaimed Jenkins.

"She's fit for the best man on—"

He was interrupted by Jenkins producing a coin. In a second it was spinning in the air.

"Heads," cried Sanders. It struck the thickly carpeted floor noiselessly. Neither one dared to look.

"Look at it, you coward," laughed Jenkins, hysterically.

"There's too much at stake," replied Sanders, sincerely. "I daren't."

"Well, then, Jack, we'll both look."

They pulled the table cloth aside only to discover the coin propped vertically against the leg of the chair near by.

"Ye gods! Jack, the dollar is in the game' against us. What would you infer from that?"

"Infer? Why, neither one of us wins."

"I hope it isn't an omen."

"It looks bad, though."

Again there was silence. Both discovered their soup had grown cold and Sanders ordered again; then turning to his friend, "Let us drop this matter from our conversation to-night."

"Settled," assented Jenkins. "But lest we should forget—before we separate let us agree to forego the pleasure of seeing these two girls—say for two weeks. Perhaps we can make up our minds in that time."

"Good suggestion," replied Sanders, "I agree—solemnly agree."

The conversation drifted from one subject to another during the rest of the evening, now and then turning to the old topic, but by some happy chance avoiding it.

II.

Emilie Crawford was reading by the light of a huge fireplace. Now and then she would raise her eyes from a page, gazing thoughtfully at the flames disappearing up the chimney. There is a charm in these writhing flames. They seem to illumine our dim memories wherein we can behold long-forgotten faces and summon the voices and songs of years ago. We might think Emilie to be this moment peering into the past, but the few words that unconsciously dropped from her lips told another story.

"Yes," she went on slowly, "I haven't seen Jack or Jim for two weeks—I don't care for

Jim though. If Jack would only—but maybe he likes Gertrude a little better than he does me, but, after all, perhaps she prefers Jim. Oh! if I only could wouldn't I untangle this knot; I would tell her to take her Jim; I would make her, and then Jack would have to come to me. But after all I don't think he would have to be driven very hard."

Her soliloquy was interrupted by the ringing of the bell. She bounded from her chair out of the room into the hall. "O Jack, so glad to see you. I thought you must surely have forgotten me. I'm all alone—you see there are no lights. Come in and sit down by the fireplace."

Another chair was brought over. Jack and Emilie sat talking at great length in low serious tones. It isn't difficult to guess the trend of the conversation, and besides this same Jack had remarked that day with some degree of seriousness to a bosom friend that he was glad the two weeks are over.

A log fire doesn't burn forever, and the fate of a nation has been decided in an hour.

Miss Crawford decided that she had to 'phone a very dear friend. As she was about to take the receiver somebody called on the line:

"Yes," she answered, "this is Emilie. Is it you, Gertrude? Wait for me one minute—let me talk—He has? That's nothing. Jack proposed to me fifteen minutes ago."

The Postman.

TO the left our Terence "sails"
Where he reins his horse and hails
Students, "fresh" and seniors, all,
Stands the Law and college hall.
And they circle all about him
In their quest for words of cheer—
Words of cheer from whom? you query;
Words from home and others dear.

To all sides he casts his eye
Scorns e'en anguish, word or sigh,
And when silence reigns supreme
Voices out his daily theme.
And he deals to this and that one
From his portly sack of mail
Letter, postal, "bid" he calls it,
Or a "ship" without its sail.

From their midst oft with remorse
On his route he spurs his horse—
"Onward, Bessie!" while he feels
"Would you had their chance, T. Reels."
Some supplied, some disappointed
Out to all he holds a hope
So beloved is postman Terence
None with him can ever cope. F. J. K.

The Ages Called Dark.

WALTER M. DALY, '04.

In its broadest sense the Dark Ages comprise the years between the fifth and the fifteenth centuries; but most men, when writing on the subject, limit the term to comprehend only the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries. During these years they say that "little was going on," that the majority, and some say all, of the people in Europe, were sunk in darkness, ignorance and barbarity.

Some superficial writers of the present day have attempted to give us a history of those times, but from the reading of their books we are almost led to conclude that the Dark Ages were placed back many centuries before Christ when learning was almost unknown. What do we mean by dark? When we say a color is black do we mean that it is black or that the sun has disappeared? Dark is a relative term by which we compare objects, or colors, etc. Thus when we speak of the Dark Ages it does not necessarily follow that they were extremely dark, but dark as compared with the present.

These writers say that most of the people could not read or write, quoting in support of this: "And the aforesaid lord hath declared that he does not know how to sign his name owing to the fact that he is a nobleman." And from another place that a knight being asked to read the Scriptures replied: "I am not a clerk; I have a family to support."

We admit that these special cases are examples of illiteracy. Illiteracy is not ignorance. Books were rare before the twelfth century. The only form of reading-matter that existed was in manuscript form, copied by monks and which was multiplied slowly and painfully. Sometimes it took one person several years to reproduce one book, so is it any wonder that we find in records that as high as £2260 was paid for a book? In another place it is recorded that a single book was exchanged for two hundred sheep and four quarters of grain; but we learn that these books were ornamented with gold and silver and decorated with beautiful drawings. True not many books were found in the homes of the poor, but most families that were the least prosperous possessed a Bible in part or whole, and we have authority that this was

very thoroughly read and by many was known by heart.

Another fact that we must take into consideration is the condition of the country, at that time. Before 650 Europe was the field of successive invasions of barbarian tribes. They spread over the whole country and wherever they passed left nothing but waste. Wave followed wave, each one pushing the others farther on. They did not come for the purpose of finding new homes, for we see them wandering about from place to place wherever the spoil of the native would invite them. During these centuries many of the relics and valuables were stored in the monasteries, so we see why these were attacked first. Thus in the *Annals of Mabilon* we find a list of eighty monasteries that were destroyed by a single invasion.

After these barbarians had either left the country or adopted the common customs as some did, the storm was again aroused by the coming of the Northmen. Scarcely had these people begun to turn their eyes toward richer lands than the people of Central Europe hastened to check the Moslem invasion at the south.

The conditions of society were thus kept in continual commotion throughout several generations. The successive blows to all existing institutions made the task of advancement slow and difficult. Civilization had almost to be begun over again. The states which had been organized were weakened, and in some cases where the royal line was broken, internal party strife added much to the confusion.

Notwithstanding these detrimental conditions, the people were not idle, nor going backwards. There was a slow though constant advance in all lines. Some of the inventions to which we owe much of our civilization were first used during these Dark Ages. I refer especially to the manufacture of paper from rags; clocks and our musical scale also appeared about the same time. Common schools for the masses date even a little earlier, and some of the great universities of modern Europe were founded as a result of this progressive movement. The Gothic architecture that flourished during the eleventh century is admired and copied even to the present day.

Schlegel gives us a good idea of the time in one of his lectures on the Dark Ages. In the Middle Ages, however, as in antiquity, the era of legislation precedes that of arts

and general refinement. Of ignorance, however, and defective civilization it is scarcely possible to accuse an age wherein the Mediterranean was covered with ships as richly laden, and its coasts by commercial cities as prosperous and powerful in the most flourishing epoch of Greece, an age wherein architecture soared with a new flight and painting attained such high and hitherto unparalleled development and perfection; and above all the discovery of the new hemisphere and planetary motion; that is, the true magnitude of the heavens and earth crowned the research and labor of centuries.

Emerson gives us about the same idea in one of his lectures at Harvard. "Who is there now that dares call those centuries 'Dark Ages?' They gave us decimal numbers, gunpowder, glass, chemistry and Gothic architecture; and their paintings are the delight and tuition of our age.... The darkness of those times arises from our want of information, not from the absence of intelligence that distinguished them. Human thought was never more active and never produced greater results in any period of the world."

That the desire for learning existed is shown a few years later by the way the masses grasped at the opportunity furnished by the driving of so many teachers and scholars from Constantinople, after it was taken by the Turks. These wandered over Europe, and so great was the desire for their services that we have the period commonly known in history as the Renaissance. It was at this time that scholars began to look back and in order to give their own age a more elevated standard, branded the preceding age as "Dark." This probably accounts for the origin of the name. We have far eclipsed the people of those days in some lines, but it is due to the beginning that they made, that we are able to continue the work as far as we have.

Habit.

A HABIT formed in childhood
 When the joys of youth are rife
 Becomes part of our nature,
 A companion throughout life.
 But habit learned in later years
 Need not follow to the grave,
 It comes and goes from day to day
 To blight us or to save. R. J. D.

The Leap-Year Song of the Bachelor.

In the language of the poets—I am it!
Not a bit of doubt about it, not a bit!
Laws of leap year may be "charming,"
Even "cute," but their alarming
Application to the *ego* doesn't fit.

Papa may be just the "dearest little name;"
Yet my secret valuation of the same
Equals minus, if the pater—
Ambuscaded by the mater—
Reached its dignity through any leap-year game.

If a female had the nerve to make to me
Any matrimonial proposition, she
Might regret her indiscretion;
I would coldly give expression
To the absence of my feelings,—then I'd flee.

And the worst is that the "permits" they've secured,
Strike all charming little misses as absurd;
They declare that in love's kisses,
Half the pleasure, half the bliss is,
Engendered by the way *he* says the word.

Positively I'm disgusted and annoyed!
One, the only little girl I'd have enjoyed
Entertaining as a wooer,
Thought that 'twas my place to sue her;
Said she'd like to see the leap-year rule destroyed.

Well, with that hint I was bold enough to woo.
On my knees I promised her that I'd be true
Until death;—but she replied:
"Lawsy, no! If we got tied
During leap year, folks'd say that I asked you."

So I'm still a crusty bachelor to-day;
Pulling buttons off my coat; and if I may
Earn the right, I'll warn the others
And advise my bachelor brothers,—
"Keep away from girls in leap year, keep away."

W. N. H.

The Tragedy.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY, '06.

"George, I can not explain at present. Some day I may be able to prove my innocence. Until then I—I—implore you to believe in me—I—I—nev—never—O George," and with a wild cry of despair the lady fell on her knees before the fellow addressed as George, and tremblingly begged for mercy. The man, a villainous-looking wretch, tall and well built, a Hercules in strength, apparently, paid little heed to the poor woman's entreaties, but stood glowering over her, his features distorted with anger, while in his right hand he held firmly clutched a long dagger. The onlookers seemed spellbound. A large gather-

ing of men, women, and children had been attracted to the scene, but strange as it may seem not one made the slightest effort to assist the lady, or even uttered a word of protest, although it was apparent their sympathies were with her. The man now began speaking and soon worked himself into a terrible passion; his cruel, deceitful eyes blazed with a vengeful light, the very veins in his face and neck seemed to be striving to free themselves from the burning rage that coursed through them, while up and down the dagger flew with terrible swiftness. His threatening attitude was enough to make even the bravest tremble. Still the crowd interfered not, but seemed rather to be so fascinated by the scene that they could not move. During this outburst, the woman had remained on her knees, her head bowed down, while convulsive sobs shook her poor, weak frame.

But when the loathed wretch made free to lay hands on her, as if to execute his threat, a wonderful change came over the woman. The trembling, cowed creature of the moment before, arose in all the majestic dignity of her womanhood, and casting a look of scorn and contempt on her persecutor, defied him to harm her. It was a thrilling scene, and after the people had recovered from the shock caused by the suddenness of the change in the woman's attitude, their pent-up feelings broke forth into applause that was deafening. The effort, however, had been too much for the woman and she fell in a faint. Her tormentor, gloating over this chance which had placed her so completely at his mercy, thereon knelt down beside her, and coolly and very deliberately prepared to commit the deed he had threatened. Breathlessly the crowd watched his every movement, but even at this crucial moment no one interfered in the lady's behalf. With a sinister smile, the villain gazed down on the fair face of his victim, then raised his dagger aloft, ready to strike the fatal blow. Suddenly a shot was heard. The villain's hand that clutched the dagger fell limp by his side and a tall handsome-looking chap, bearing a smoking revolver in his right hand bounded across to the side of the unconscious lady, while the curtain slowly descended amidst thunderous applause on the first act of the startling tragedy, "All for Love," which was being staged at the Town Hall in Pottsville. Prices 10 cents. Children under twelve, half price.

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—Elsewhere we publish a notice of the conditions governing the examination for certain scholarships at Oxford. These unique educational berths provided for by the astute Cecil Rhodes, do not seem to be very highly prized by the American student. This may be due to the fact that his attention has not been directed to the boon thus placed within his reach; but the more probable reason is that he does not think the British lure worth striving for. Assuredly he is not mistaken in this conclusion. What is there at Oxford that any of the leading American universities can not offer? If there is any superior inducement for acquiring an education abroad, surely it is at the great German universities where the American finds professors as capable as those at Oxford, and at the same time learns to speak another modern language. Take away the traditions, the classic atmosphere and the glamor of the past that lingers at Oxford and in what does it excel Harvard or Yale or Columbia? England is a pleasant place to live, but not more so than the United States, nor is it at all so favorable for nurturing American talent, ideals and patriotism.

Victory Again.

Notre Dame was awarded the decision in the Second Annual Oberlin-Notre Dame Debate. A large and critical audience was present last Saturday evening to follow the fortunes of the opposing teams. Washington Hall was decorated with the favorite colors of the respective Universities, and the contestants were a credit to the colors for which they fought. Applause was frequent, impartial and deserved; and the friendliest and fairest spirit characterized the Oberlin-Notre Dame Debate of nineteen hundred and four.

The Honorable Lucius Hubbard presided, and each debater made the most of the time allotted to him,—spurred to his best effort by the enthusiasm of his hearers and the importance of the occasion. Oberlin was especially strong in rebuttal, while Notre Dame excelled in strength of presentation and oratorical manners. In addition to this, our representatives were not lacking in matter of argument as may be inferred from the unanimous decision given them by the judges, Messrs. Morse Ives, George I. Haight, and Hubert E. Page of the Chicago Bar. These gentlemen are alumni and ex-members of debating teams of the University of Wisconsin. Their presence was appreciated and their decision unprejudiced by interest or religious preferences.

Mr. Harry F. Schurtz was the first affirmative speaker on the question: "Resolved, That Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities is Undesirable." Mr. Schurtz's delivery was animated and forcible and his arguments carefully selected. He defined the question and the affirmative's position. His manner was convincing and his effort deserving of special mention. Mr. Edwin E. Miller, Oberlin's second speaker, was slower in speech and not possessed of as pleasing a delivery as the first speaker, yet Mr. Miller's arguments were good. He was studiously prepared with facts. The third Oberlin representative, Mr. W. Floyd Harris, was not so effective in his introduction as he was in his conclusion. Mr. Harris was most convincing in his rebuttal. In this his performance was as good as that of any individual member of either team.

Mr. Maurice F. Griffin opened the argument for Notre Dame. In manner, appearance and effectiveness, Mr. Griffin merited the applause and favorable criticism so generously

bestowed. His remarks in rebuttal scored heavily. Mr. Griffin's past experience as Notre Dame's representative at the State Oratorical Contest and as member of last year's debating team tended toward the excellence of his last effort. Next in order for the negative was Mr. Thomas D. Lyons, another experienced speaker and the winner of the Breen Oratorical Medal last year. Mr. Lyons' argumentation was flawless and his delivery extremely effective. In voice and manner Mr. Lyons is happily endowed, and he fully deserves his share in the evening's victory. Mr. Byron V. Kanaley again showed the



MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.

qualities that have made this his fourth consecutive year as member of a victorious Notre Dame debating team. Mr. Kanaley's fluency of expression and ease and confidence in delivery make him a talented controversialist. His performance was brilliant and effective.

The arrangement of argument was as follows: Mr. Schurtz defined the question and stated the affirmative's position, Mr. Miller held Municipal Ownership to be unprogressive and wasteful, and Mr. Harris maintained that such a system was unjust and unnecessary; Mr. Griffin considered the evils of Private Ownership and the necessity for a change; Mr. Lyons



THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

suggested Municipal Ownership because sound in theory and right in practice, and Mr.



BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.

Kanaley compared the results in both systems and held that Municipal Ownership was the more beneficial.

While Notre Dame is justly proud of its team and of victory, it feels most kindly toward the Oberlin representatives, and is assured that the latter need make no excuses, for they showed themselves to be foemen of worthy steel. Only the strongest local attachment and affiliation could cause the Faculty and students the gratification they feel at this victory. F. F. DUKETTE.

The Rhodes Scholarships.

Very Rev. President Morrissey attended the meeting of the representatives of the Indiana Universities at Indianapolis Wednesday, April 3d, at which were examined candidates for the Rhodes Scholarships of the Oxford University, England. The Committee for Indiana, appointed by the Rhodes Trustees, consists of the presidents of Indiana University, Notre Dame University, DePauw University, Earlham College and Wabash College. Perhaps in recent times there has not been made a more interesting educational bequest than that outlined in the will of the late Cecil John Rhodes. Scholarships were thereby established in the University of Oxford for students from the colonies of the British Empire and from the United States. Mr. Rhodes appreciated the great advantages in breadth of views gained by association at a large university; he attached great importance to the residential system of college life and the necessity of supervision at this period of the young man's career. For this reason, mainly, he selected Oxford University for his scholarships; because, as he said, in this school the system which met his approbation enjoyed the most practicable operation. The scope of the scholarships embraces all the courses offered by this university. No candidate is to be disqualified on account of race or religious opinion. All the young men within the British Empire are eligible to compete.

The apportionment was made in the following manner: Three scholarships were given to Rhodesia; and one to each of the other colonies and provinces of the Empire, as well as four specially named schools in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. Besides these there are American scholarships awarded in

each of the states and territories of the United States.

It was Mr. Rhodes' desire that the students who make application shall not be merely bookworms, but men interested in the many branches of student activities. To this end the election of the students is carried on with a view to:—(1) Literary and scholastic attainments; (2) Fondness and success in manly outdoor sport, such as cricket, football and the like; (3) Qualities of manhood—truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy and protection for the poor, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship; (4) Exhibition during one's schooldays of moral force and character, and the instinct to lead and take an interest in fellow-students, etc. The test of the first qualification is a competitive examination; of the second and third a vote of one's fellow-students; and of the fourth a recommendation of the principal or president of the institution.

In fulfilling the wish of Mr. Rhodes a most careful investigation has been made of the education conditions throughout the United States as well as the British Empire. For America Dr. Parkin was selected. He is the president of Upper Canada College, Toronto, and his wide experience in educational matters and pre-eminent ability particularly fit him for the task. Various committees and conventions have met, and have discussed plans for putting the scholarships into practical operation. It was finally decided that the election of scholars should be held between February and May, 1904, and that the elected scholars should commence residence in October, 1904.

The examination, while not strictly competitive, was very thorough and searching and such as to give assurance of the qualifications of all the candidates entering on a course of study at Oxford University. This examination for Indiana students was held in Indianapolis April 13. The number of candidates was a surprise to all. Only three men presented themselves for examination. This may have been the result of insufficient knowledge of the many and great benefits to be derived from the scholarships, and perhaps from the lack of knowledge of the scholarships themselves.

It is desired by those to whom the matter has been entrusted that all candidates shall have attained at least Sophomore standing in some recognized degree-conferring university. Candidates must be unmarried, must be citizens of the United States, and must be

between nineteen and twenty-five years of age. They may elect whether they will apply for the scholarship of the state wherein they have acquired the necessary educational qualifications, or of the state in which they have their home. However, no candidate may compete in more than one state.

Perhaps no other arrangement for scholarship in our day is so complete, so far-reaching so attentive to detail and so carefully prepared as the bequest of Cecil Rhodes with regard to every point concerning the students, their fitness for the trust, and their success as well as their comfort while at the university.

Mr. Rhodes aimed to have a group of men scattered throughout all the colonies of England and in the United States who, though in different fields of action, trace the perfection of their training and the development of their ability to a single Alma Mater which in his mind represents the typical English college. The men who avail themselves of these scholarships are in all probability to become the leaders in their respective communities. The sentiments which should guide their actions would be those which were instilled at that typical English school, Oxford. Hence by their influence the dissemination of English ideas will most readily, most consistently and most substantially take place. The genius that spread the influence of England throughout the African continent by force in this way seeks to establish that influence in a more subtle, more enduring way by furnishing to communities at home and abroad, educated, true, typical Englishmen.

M. F. GRIFFIN.

The Student-Body in the Inter-State Contest.

The Inter-State Oratorical Contest is to be held in Washington Hall, May 4. There will be ten States represented: Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Missouri, Colorado and Kansas. This will probably be the only time this big contest will ever be held at Notre Dame, for it will be eleven years before the contest will even come to this state again.

This contest will bring to Notre Dame orators and delegates from the ten states above mentioned and the affair means something to us as well as to them. It means that

on the one hand college men representing the largest oratorical, and for that matter, the largest college association in the United States, will be here two or three days, during which time they will study our school, its methods, its environment, its facilities.

On the other hand it means for us that we shall reap the benefits which a so widely disseminated idea of the advantages of Notre Dame will give. And as a factor for that benefit the all-around success of the contest enters largely in. The whole affair should be a most decided success from every view-point, and to make it such many things are necessary.

In the first place it is wholly and entirely a student affair, and with the student body rests the degree to which the contest will be a success. Without their support it will indeed be a most difficult task to put the thing through as it should be. To accomplish the end in a manner worthy of Notre Dame and her student body will require not any active efforts or actual work, but just the moral and financial support of the students. For of course in a big event of this kind the financial end is one of the chief considerations.

Perhaps a contest of this kind, and especially so when we are not represented, does not appeal to the average student and his pocket-book as would an athletic carnival. One says nothing ill in admitting this, for the same condition holds true in probably every college in the country as is evidenced by articles in leading college papers. And there is reason for it, too, in that hardly yet at this period of life has mental competition come to excite us so deeply and so keenly as does physical. Although it may be remarked in passing that Notre Dame's students are widely noted for their keen interest in all college mental competitions of whatever nature they may be.

The coming week, on nights to be designated later, mass-meetings will be held in the various Halls at which the full plan of the financing and carrying out of the convention and contest will be made known. The contest involves an expenditure of about \$500 and that this expense will be satisfactorily met is already an assured fact. But of course unity of effort on the part of the student body is desirable, and as a means toward this is the purport of this article.

THE COMMITTEE.

Book Reviews.

THE YOUNG COLOR GUARD. By Mary Bone-steel. Benziger Brothers.

A story of campaigns and battles is sure to prove interesting to boys, and we have a good example of such a story in "The Young Color Guard." The book has no special merit to recommend it; it is the same mediocre story that almost any one might write if he took the time and trouble. Though there is no real plot, yet the interest is sustained throughout by the rapid succession of exciting incidents common to a soldier's life. It is a simple narration of events from the time of the departure of the United States fleet from Tampa till their return from the Cuban campaign.

THE HOLDEMAN CHILDREN. Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Brothers.

Mrs. Mannix, who has already endeared herself to the "little ones," has again given her favorites a tale that will surely win them for good. If the children that read this story drew the proper lessons from it, there would be just so much more conviction in their hearts about the earnestness and worth of life. The explicit portrait of the orphaned children in the opening, the unobstrusive method of development under the fidelity of the time-honored negro-mammy nurse,—these things, with the gradual increase of interest in the main plot, make the book equal if not superior to any of those in the Benziger series.

Athletic News.

SOUTH BEND, 8; NOTRE DAME, 7.

The weather man played some more of his pranks last Friday afternoon and turned loose a real mid-winter blast which made everyone—even "Happy"—look despondent. For this reason the game scheduled for South Bend was called off, and Cartier Field selected as the scene of hostilities. Hostilities it certainly was—with eighteen benumbed and shivering ball players on one side, and old King Cold on the other, and Cold won. After five innings he succeeded in clearing the field. Captain Stephan and his men outbatted and outplayed the Greens, but the weather-man's cohorts and the South Bend

men's luck were too great a handicap to overcome in five short innings. Alderman was on the rubber for three innings, during which the leaguers failed to register either hits or tallies. O'Gorman followed him, but the strong high wind played havoc with his shoots, which, coupled with a few costly misplays gave Grant's Colts enough runs in the last two innings to win out. Our men again demonstrated their ability with the stick, and if they can keep up their present gait they will certainly give the western college pitchers plenty of trouble.

	I	2	3	4	5	R	H	E
South Bend—	0	0	0	5	3	=8	4	3
Notre Dame—	0	1	1	2	3	=7	7	2

Batteries—Alderman, O'Gorman and Medley; South Bend, Bedelia, Ferguson and Andrews. Umpire, Coffey.

This is great weather for baseball—indoors.

Jinks uses a "Mushroom" bat.

SOUTH BEND, 10; NOTRE DAME, 5.

Last Saturday's game at Springbrook Park was a slugging match in which Grant's men triumphed. The weather was anything but conducive to good ball playing, so the game can hardly be looked upon as a true criterion of the worth of either team. Two South Bend fans, a stray policeman, and a couple of motormen sat in the grand stand and between shivers told each other how the Greens did it last year etc, etc.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
South Bend—	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	4	=10	16	3
Notre Dame—	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4		=15	10	4

South Bend—Schaeffer, Ferguson and Andrews. Notre Dame—Burns, O'Gorman and Farabaugh.

NOTRE DAME, 4; SOUTH BEND, 3.

Tuesday's game was won by timely hitting in the last inning. The game was called at the end of the fifth on account of the biting cold. Sol, up to his old trick of hiding behind the clouds every few minutes during which time the players nearly froze, was mainly responsible for the chilly reception although he was strongly aided by the winds which were out in force. Alderman was on the rubber and fared well. Ruehlbach's hitting was a feature.

	I	2	3	4	5	R	H	E
South Bend—	0	1	0	1	1	=3	4	4
Notre Dame—	2	0	0	0	2	=4	7	3

Batteries—South Bend, Wilson and Andrews; Notre Dame, Alderman and Antoine.

SOUTH BEND, 7; NOTRE DAME, 2.

Mid-winter blasts seem to have taken a special liking to Cartier Field. They certainly held the fort on Monday, and, while the two teams defied them for six innings, they won out in the end and cleared the field. Ruehlbach dished up the shoots, but the big fellow does not like the cold weather and did not let himself out very much.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	R	H	E
South Bend—	1	1	2	0	3	0	=7	9	3
Notre Dame—	2	0	0	0	0	0	=2	3	4

Batteries, South Bend, Moffett, Ferguson, and Tieman. Notre Dame, Ruehlbach and Antoine.

Captain Stephan was laid up during the games on Monday and Tuesday with a sprained wrist.

NOTRE DAME, 9; SOUTH BEND, 4.

The disagreeable weather moderated a little on Wednesday and as a result the players displayed a great deal more ginger than has been shown before, and a fairly good game was played. Considerable improvement was shown in team work, while the hitting was all that could be desired. "Deacon" O'Gorman pitched shut-out ball for 5 innings. He had a great array of shoots and bends, and plenty of steam, which gave the leaguers considerable trouble. Alderman twirled the last 2 innings, but was wild and gave a couple of base on balls which tallied against him. Six of the ten hits scored by our men went to the credit of the outfield, one of them being a 3 base hit by Shaughnessy. Salmon's sensational one-hand catch of Coffey's long fly in the third inning was the feature of the game.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
South Bend—	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	=4	6	6
Notre Dame—	1	2	2	2	1	1	*	=9	0	3

Batteries—South Bend, Febrath and Tieman; Notre Dame, O'Gorman and Antoine.

The series now stands 5-4 in S. Bend's favor.

NOTRE DAME, 11; SOUTH BEND, 9.

Notre Dame evened up in the series with the Greens by winning Thursday's game. Warm weather greeted the players for the first time since the series began, but either because of their being unaccustomed to it, or that they expected a midwinter blast to cut loose at any moment, they did not benefit by the chance to any great extent, at least in the matter of fielding. But the hitting—

well, three tired outfielders in uniforms of green can give testimony in regard to this department. It was great. The way our hopefuls straightened out the shoots and slants of Grant's best twirlers bodes no good to college pitchers. If the Varsity men wield their bats as successfully during the college games as they have done against South Bend, the Gold and Blue will float at the top. The outfield again carried off the honors in batting, getting eight of the fourteen hits. Salmon, who won renown on the gridiron in hitting the line, showed his versatility by hitting the ball all over the diamond.

Alderman's masterly pitching, Salmon's hitting and McInerny's clever stop of a line drive over second were the features of the game.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
South Bend—	0	3	0	5	0	0	0	0	1	=9	7	3
Notre Dame—	3	0	6	2	0	0	0	0	*	=11	14	5

South Bend—Ferguson, Moffet and Tieman. Notre Dame—Ruehlbach, Alderman, and Antoine.

The Cincinnati *Times-Star* of recent date has the following comment to make on "Peaches" O'Neill, our crack catcher of two years ago:

Some day the fans of America will say of the greatest lawyer in America—the ablest jurist and the most fluent orator—I saw him years ago, when he caught for the Cincinnati, and at that time he was not the Hon. Phillipus O'Neill, but plain 'Tip' O'Neill from Anderson, Ind. With language of the smoothest kind flowing like honey from the Hearst political boom barrel, Phil. O'Neill, the Reds' new catcher, is at once one of the most intelligent and one of the most promising players in the business. Law is his hobby, and he loves to tell of the cases he has conducted in his Indiana home. But on the field he knows only baseball law, and will even stoop to little baseball crimes in order to help his side. His future as a player and a lawyer seems to be mapped out for him under the lime-light.

The Varsity squad was chosen by Captain Stephan after Saturday's game. The following men were selected: Antoine and Farabaugh; Catchers: Ruehlbach, O'Gorman and Alderman; pitchers. Captain Stephan, 1st base; McInerny, 2d; Geoghegan, s. s.; O'Connor, 3d; Kanaley, Shaughnessy, and Salmon, outfielders. The contest for a few of the positions was very close and exciting and those candidates who lost out are to be congratulated on their splendid fight. There is plenty of good baseball material among those left off. As to the Varsity—the cold weather has prevented them from giving an exhibition of their real worth. The games, however,

served to show that we have a strong pitching corps; also a team of hitters. Errors have been made in the present series, it is true, and glaring ones, but it was undoubtedly due to the severe weather. It is not the easiest thing in the world to handle a baseball with the wind blowing a gale and the thermometer away down. The team-work was also a little off, but no doubt this fault will be remedied when the present squad practice together a little more. Taking everything into consideration the team looks to be a strong one, and although the schedule is hard one, we expect a very successful season.

J. P. O'REILLY.

Personals.

--The second member of the '03 Law class to join the married ranks is D. T. Keeley, Milwaukee, Wis. He was recently united in matrimony to Miss Anna Halligan of Madison. Mr. Keeley was held in high esteem by the students and faculty at Notre Dame who extend to himself and to his partner their sincere felicitations.

—Visitors' Registry:—A. I. Midkiff, Newton, Ill.; W. H. Niblick, Decatur, Ind.; Dudley M. Shively, Mrs. W. Byra Otre, South Bend; J. R. Conden, Mishawaka, Ind.; Miss Grace Van Dusen, Michigan City; Mrs. Livy Chamberlain, Elkhart; Miss Mary Farrell, Miss Miriam Larkin, Chicago; Mrs. J. Edmond Cartier, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Byrns, Ishpening, Mich.; P. A. Dolan, Pittsfield, Mass.; David R. Vaughan, Jr., Iona, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Roberts, Armour, South Dakota; J. J. Kiely, Jr., Mishawaka.

Local Items.

—FOUND:—A bunch of keys. Inquire at Room 72, Sorin Hall.

—Prof. Ewing will lecture on "Socialism" at 4 p. m. Sunday in the Knights of Columbus Club Room, South Bend.

—The various state clubs are making arrangements for their annual banquets. We suggest that the secretaries furnish us with reports of the meetings.

—Examinations are due next Tuesday and Wednesday. Every effort should be made to pass them, otherwise an additional year at college or no degree may be the result.

—The applause which often deservedly greets the athletes on entering the refectories is usually too prolonged. When enthusiasm is manifested let it be in a reasonable manner.

—The Notre Dame alumni in New York

are organizing. Very Rev. President Morrissey has received an invitation to the initial meeting to be held at Park Avenue Hotel the evening of April 28. Judging from those who have taken the matter in hand the success of the undertaking seems assured. They are: Rev. L. J. Evers, '76; Thomas Riley, '96; P. P. McElligott, '02; Timothy Corminins, '02; Chas. A. Gorman, '03.

—The spectators at baseball games should express their appreciation in encouraging words and manly rooting. Other pastimes and pleasures should be put into the background for the time being. We highly endorse the fixity of purpose and strong power of perseverance that has taken hold of some of our baseball tyros. But let not their enthusiasm show itself so violently in the vicinity of third base during the Varsity games.

—The season is at hand for rowing practice. In past years the pastime had been decidedly popular at Notre Dame, and with the material now available we should have more and better crews than ever. Captains Kasper and Loneragan expect to have the senior candidates at practice by the end of the week, and soon after the selection for places will be made. The junior and freshman crews should organize without delay as the time until Commencement will be all too short for training. Every collegiate student who can spare the time and has an aptitude for this exhilarating and health-producing exercise should join the Boat Club as soon as possible.

—The annual guest party of the South Bend Council of the Knights of Columbus came off Wednesday evening at Columbia Hall. The entertainment was a splendid success and afforded much enjoyment to the members and their friends. The regular meeting was over soon after eight and the dancing, in which fully one hundred and twenty-five couple participated, began at 8:30 and, except for an intermission for refreshments, continued until 12:30. As many of the senior students are members of the Knights of Columbus the attendance from Notre Dame was large. Among the members and guests who attended were the following from the University:

A. E. Steiner, Walter Daly, A. C. Stephan, D. C. Dillon, E. J. Lamprey, F. R. Loughran, E. Enriquez, J. J. Meyers, Fred Kasper, F. Loneragan, Wm. Gardiner, John Voight, Daniel Madden, M. F. Griffin, J. Dubbs, Thos. Walsh, Steven Riordan, A. E. Lally, Geo. Nyere, Ed. Schwab, Frank Hartzler, Harry Hogan, J. Bracken, Ernest Hammer, Leo Dwan, John O'Phelan, Eugene O'Connor, John O'Connor, Ambrose O'Connell, Thos. Donnelly, Louis Carey, Lawrence McInerny, John Cunningham, James Cunningham, Bernard Fahy, Grattan Stanford, Louis Wagner, F. Franchere, Matt. Kenefick, Ignacio Lomilin, John Whalen, H. E. Brown, F. J. Barry, F. J. McKeever.