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MR. JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE,
Editor Boston Pilot.

Mr. Roche as a Humorist.

LOUIS J. CAREY, '04.



WE have recently had the pleasure of welcoming to Notre Dame one who has charmed and instructed us for years not only in the columns of the *Boston Pilot*, of which he is editor, but quite as much by his volumes, and his frequent contributions to the leading periodicals of the country. Mr. James Jeffrey Roche spoke to us for a brief hour on Irish Wit and Humor, and though, as he showed by a very happy illustration at the outset, the subject is a broad one, he yet imparted to us a far deeper insight and a keener appreciation of it than we had hoped to obtain in such a brief period. And all of this for simply listening and enjoying his happy anecdotes and examples.

To understand Mr. Roche's title to speak on this subject we have but to ramble through some of his productions of the last twenty years. He is essentially a poet of a serious nature, to be sure, yet his verses in a lighter vein are inimitable and among the very best of American literature. Let us contrast "Andromeda" and "The Vase" and we behold how he rises from the ridiculous to the sublime. Ridiculous is a misnomer. Let us say instead that he attains the heights from the humorous. But humor, real humor borders on the sublime, and it would be injustice to a man of such versatility to hint that his field was so narrow.

Mr. Roche is versatile. Read a chapter of "The Story of the Filibusters," the lawlessly heroic; laugh over the humor interspersed in "Songs and Satires." But it is interspersed merely for in this production is a solid foundation upon which the author may claim a position in the front rank of the younger poets of the English tongue. Later on we have examples of his more serious efforts among which were "Netchaiff" and "For the People." And in fitting succession we read those American naval ballads like the "Fight of the Armstrong Privateer" which served to sound his name even more widely. At this point in his career, however, we rather believe that his name will endure by his ballads and songs of the sea. But in 1898 he offered to

his readers "Her Majesty the King," a mock romance of humor delicious from the title-page to the final syllable.

The action takes place in a fanciful Arabia which lends a characteristic color to the whole novel. The plot begins with a scene in which the Pasha of Ubikivi, Muley Mustapha, once a brave warrior but now a peace-loving and easy-tempered man, is imparting his views to his wife Kayenna, aptly surnamed the eloquent, as to how their future son was to be reared. The Pasha regretted that he had never sowed his wild oats, mingled with the youth of his time or seen life in all its phases; but he wished that his son should never have like cause of regret. The virtuous Kayenna forthwith retorts emphatically that he shall never leave her presence until he is married when his wife, or wives, will guard his morals.

The child is born and the Pasha is informed by the court physician and soothsayer that the new arrival is not a son but a daughter. The ruler's rage knows no bounds. He orders the soothsayer to death because of the non-fulfillment of his prophecy which promised a male, and the physician on account of a scheme which the vizier Shacabac contrived immediately on hearing the disappointing news. Now the only persons aware of this sad state of affairs are the queen, the Pasha, Shacabac, the physician and the soothsayer. The secret is made iron-clad by the removal of the last two. Shacabac and the king were really one in mind, and Kayenna's own interests very naturally seal her lips.

When young Muley had attained his nineteenth year (we say "his" for the world still spoke of the heir in the masculine gender) his grandfather on his mother's side, a mighty sultan, arranged a marriage for him with Amine, daughter of his neighbor, the powerful king of Mulphar. Accordingly, one day amid the rejoicing of the people young Muley, accompanied by a huge caravan, proceeded to the court of the king, his future father-in-law.

The Pasha was greatly worried as he saw the column disappear in the distance knowing the deceitful mission they were on and apprehending the dire consequences that inevitably must follow. But Kayenna so wills, and old Muley, like most good husbands, submits. After being royally received at the end of their journey they proceeded to a banquet. For the first time the young prince beholds his future wife. They are attracted to each other immediately. The old king at the head of

the table is highly pleased. But Shacabac is uneasy. There will be an awful revelation soon he thinks, and the deceit will be avenged. But Kayenna who, as we have said, was the author of the foolhardy visit, is calm and assures Shacabac that "something will happen." Her words sound empty when it is announced that the wedding will take place at nightfall. A messenger presently brings word that the Pasha of Ubikivi was oppressed at his palace by a rabble.

Upon hearing the news an army is organized. Young Muley is accoutred as a knight and heads a cohort. When they arrive at their destination they plunge into the rabble. Badeg, the soothsayer, who has incited the rebellion by disseminating the news of the prince's sex, is pierced by the lance of this same prince, and in his dying moments hears these words from his slayer: "Neither a female child nor male impostor like thee." Whereat all the people cry out: "Long live Prince Muley, son of his father, Muley Mustapha." Kayenna's words, "something will happen," were justified by a plot she had framed on the journey, but Badeg's perfidy happily served the purpose. Of course young Muley gained Amine's hand, was the heir of three kingdoms and beloved by all the people.

We remember the controversy in the first few pages between the Pasha and Kayenna as to how the child was to be brought up. The succeeding chapters show us how skilfully her designs were executed.

It is difficult to say what phase of the work is the most noteworthy. We have seen how admirable is the plot-construction bringing about the character's seemingly insurmountable difficulties which keep the reader in doubt until the very end. The characters move clearly before our eyes, and when we have put aside the book we rather remember them as figures in real life. Kayenna is the moving force throughout. She is a shrewd, strong-willed woman, and, what is above all noteworthy, kept a secret for nineteen years.

Shacabac, though the Pasha's vizier, is the source of the richest wit and humor of the book. His pedantic bearing, his sham wisdom and readiness to give advice on all occasions—and indeed they were many—mark him as the one man capable of filling a position as vizier. He first speaks when asked his opinion as to the punishment to be inflicted on the unfortunate physician and the soothsayer. After advising death he rambles into the

abstract and moralizes in this strain: "A bad character is better than none at all. Rather behave ill than have men say, 'Lo he knoweth not how to behave!'" This is typical of his perverted philosophy. And again: "No man knoweth what true happiness is until he getteth married; then is the knowledge rather a sweet memory than a new boon." The following is a view on love: "Love a woman not for her riches; but loving first the riches thou shalt learn in time to love her for their sake." And on matrimony: "There are two ways of missing the miseries of matrimony: one is by not getting married, the other by not being born." A consoling maxim! "To be constant in love to one is good, to be constant to many is great." Thus Shacabac reasons and speaks throughout the tale; but however absurd the workings of his mind may seem, the absurdity is on the surface, and is often the garment of profound wisdom.

Badeg, the soothsayer, who came to fill the office made vacant by the execution of his predecessor for an error in prophecy, as we remember, well deserves the name given him. Acting under his ignorance of the true facts he raises an insurrection and is finally killed for his perfidy.

Perhaps there is no more fitting touch of humor in the whole book than the miraculously happy title, "Her Majesty the King." It is justified by the plot, it is mystifying, it is droll, and the mere remembrance of it must always call to the mind of those who have read the book the awful predicament into which the court was plunged.

We have taken this book as a good sample of Mr. Roche's delicious humor—the humor that is satirical but without sting, a quality appreciated in all times, but sadly lacking in these, our own.

The Peace of Other Nights.

Oft in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me
 And Jersey "skeeters" start to bite
 And raise big lumps all round me,
 I scratch and cuss
 And raise a fuss,
 Unprinted words are spoken;
 They stop the fun,
 I think they're gone,
 But no—they're only jokin',
 Thus in my tent at night
 When slumber's chain should bind me
 I sigh, when "skeeters" start to bite,
 For the home I left behind me. M. J. R.

The Dancing Contest.

WILLIAM M. WIMBERG, '04.

When slavery flourished in the South, Mr. Thompkins, a wealthy cotton planter near New Orleans, often boasted that he had the best pair of blacks his side of the Mason-Dixon line. This assertion had never been challenged by any of his neighbors, and even if they attempted to refute it, they could not have done so even with the presence of material proof. Sanky and Zeke were certainly two specimens of the typical Southern slave. They were twins, dressed alike, looked alike and, but for a birth-mark in the shape of a small white spot near the mouth, Zeke could hardly be distinguished from Sanky. In appearance they were altogether similar; in their daily tasks both seemed equally industrious; but as to their mental qualities, their dispositions, they were a complete contrast. Zeke, the white-spotted one, was strong in mind and body, the leader in every husking bee or barn shuffle. Sanky, on the contrary, had a quiet, I might say religious disposition; he could neither dance nor pluck the banjo, and whenever he was caught at a "Good Ole Time" it was invariably because Zeke was there.

Mr. Thompkins and several of his neighboring slave-owners, in their last social at Mr. Tadsteel's mansion, had, in the course of the evening's routine, a dispute as to which planter possessed the two best dancers among their slaves. The discussion ended in arranging for a mass-meeting of the slaves of those present, to be held in front of Mr. Thompkins' house. The contestants were to show their abilities on the front porch. The conditions of entering were few: the dancers were to be of the same master, they could use sand if they wished, they must not witness any of the others performing and each dancer of the pair was to appear separately. The planters knew their slaves and immediately began to enter their two best "wingers" for the contest. The prize, by the way, was nothing more than the satisfaction of possessing the best steppers. Zeke had no doubt that if the contest was for the best one of all the slaves he would easily win, but under present conditions he could not see how he was going to uphold his master's name. There was not one among all Mr. Thompkins' slaves who could be found

to use as a partner; with this report he met his master's command to get ready for the contest. If only Sanky could jig; but no, he would rather sit and think than wear a floor with his feet. However, he sympathized with his brother and more so with his master.

"Say, Zeke," said Sanky, the day after the contest was announced, "can't yuh larn in a few steps befoah dis hyar ting comes off?"

Despite the earnest look of Sanky his brother could but laugh in his face. To console him, however, he proposed:

"Well, le' see: we got abou' two weeks to get yuh ready, an' mebbly yuh kin cut a few figahs in dat time."

Accordingly, each night after this an hour before the usual time for bed came, Zeke was energetically teaching his brother how to dance; but all to no avail. He could detect no traces of any kind of dancing in Sanky's toes. After a week's effort to teach his brother, Zeke finally concluded that this time he would not uphold his reputation as being first in everything among the slaves. Sanky had heard that the two hostlers of Mr. Jacobson were practising every day and they said they would win out easily. Zeke was more worried than ever, but his master consoled him with the news that he would withdraw his name from the entries. However, Sanky had been thinking out some plan whereby to save his master's as well as his brother's reputation. It was noon of the day of the contest. Zeke was lounging in front of the barn as he saw his brother approaching.

"Say, Zeke, dat dance ain't gone yet; no, sah, de ain't no use in contradictin', 'case I'se got da' prize bagged foah yuh an' de mastah!"

"Shout yuah news, bredder," cried Zeke, almost consenting with his philosophical brother. They entered into a serious conference which ended in a hearty laugh on both sides and in immediate preparation for the dance. Sanky's scheme was made known to the master, and he was so enthused with it that he gave them the half day to themselves. For nearly an hour, with but short interruptions for wind, Zeke patted the barn floor in his efforts to limber up for the evening's performance.

The contest was to be at four o'clock, and at half-past two the planters with their families began to gather round Mr. Thompkins' mansion. The crowd was so numerous that it made old "Uncle Abe," the patriarch of the slaves, remark:

"Laws a 'mercy, niggahs! I ain't nebber seen so many white folks since I ben bawn!"

The word went round that Mr. Thompkins had entered Zeke and Sanky at the last moment, and, moreover, he was confident that his two faithful blacks would outstrip their competitors. This belief was met, among the slaves at least, with more ridicule than surprise. A crowd round Uncle Abe gave vent to their opinions. Sol. said,—“Dat's nothin' but a spook! da' boy Sanky ain't nebber shook de husks off 'is toes!”

“Well,” retorted Sambo, “Sanky's ben hitin' 'er up in de bawn lately with Zeke showin' 'im how!”

“I'll tell yuh, childra,” the patriarch spoke, “if a niggah ain't danced 'is way from 'is cradle to 'is mammie's knee, dare's no use o' 'im comin' in de ring to-night.”

Every one agreed to this remark, and as “Jay-bird Jim,” the banjoist was seen mounting the porch steps, they quickly awaited results. The whites were arranged in chairs and benches in the front top of the spacious lawn, while the blacks stood some distance behind in a somewhat fearful silence. But as “Jay-bird began his knotty “rag” and the first contestant skipped over the strewn sand upon the porch, not a darkey was quiet. One shouted at the dancer, others waved their hats, while women shrieked till their black throats almost blushed. Dancer after dancer appeared giving the audience a treat to the best stepping ever seen. All the contestants had done their part nobly, but the spectators were more anxious to see the last two entries, Jerry and Jake, Mr. Jacobson's hostlers and Zeke and Sanky of Mr. Thompkins' household. As Jerry made his appearance cheers went up that could be heard for miles around, and as Jake finished his stunt all agreed that the prize was won.

“De ain't no use'n talkin'; da' pair o' colts dun run away wid dis night's fun,” shouted an enthusiast. Suddenly Zeke came out from the centre door with a smile of satisfaction beaming on his coal-black face.”

“Hyar he is! Watch da niggah! Oh, oh! lookie yandah! Yuh'll shake yuh feet to stumps if you don't watch out.”

These were some of the whoops that went up as Zeke scattered the sand around the porch to the slow, jolting tune of Jay-bird's banjo. On, on went Zeke showing the crowd many new and original steps, finally cutting

the “Pigeon Wing,” the most difficult figure in this kind of dancing, he suddenly fell on his ankle and limped off the porch to his sleeping room in the barn, back of the house. Sanky followed, aiding him to walk.

“Yuh bettah lay down, Zeke, it'll swell up an' den 'use dun foh.” But as the twins entered the barn their attitude changed. Zeke straightened up and said:

“Quick! gimme dat pot black; hurry, man, befoah somebody comes dis way.”

Sanky hurriedly covered the birthmark on his twin brother's face with soot and more hurriedly jumped into bed feigning an awful pain in the ankle. Zeke was going out to take Sanky's place in the dance when he heard voices calling for the next performer. He slowly walked out of the barn and in a drawling tone, known heretofore only to be Sanky's, shouted:

“Hyar I's comin' right 'long!” Stepping onto the porch he looked at his audience with a sort of pitiful helplessness.

“Dat niggah can't dance, he can't stan' on 'is feet!” chimed an old grannie. At this the banjo sounded and Zeke began to shake one foot, then the other; he was slow in starting, fearing the audience might detect his old form of stepping.

“Go it, Sanky, you kin do it, it's bawn in yuh, boy; shake youh feet!” This brought on a general defiant laugh, but it enlivened the dancer. He moved quicker and gradually warmed up to his task.

“Look a' da' boy clippin' de pigeon's wing. Zeke ain't nebber dun it dat good.” It was old Abe that shouted.

“Faster,” shouted Zeke to Jay-bird Jim. “Faster, man, faster!”

Jim knowingly looked up at Zeke and began strumming his banjo with a vengeance. Round and round went Zeke, up and down, now on one foot, now on both, then on none, up in the air outdoing even his former stunt. With a whirl and a double-shuffle he left the porch amid the thunderous applause of all present, thus demonstrating to their satisfaction that Mr. Thompkins now owned the two best dancers for miles around.

How happy is he who, in hours of discouragement and sadness, can have recourse to work and prayer!—work, which forcibly distracts us, and prayer, which sweetly rests us.—*Golden Sands.*

Varsity Verse.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

HOW oft have I heard of the old oaken bucket,
 The old oaken bucket that everyone knew;
 The schoolboys at noon with delight used to hug it,
 But now this remembrance has faded from view.
 I've forgotten the pond and the mill that stood by it,
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
 The tumble-down corn crib, the chicken coop nigh it
 And e'en the big bucket that hung by the well—
 The iron-bound bucket, the big heavy bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket that hung by the well.

No doubt in midwinter they found it great pleasure
 To pull up this bucket with hands numb and cold;
 I'll bet ten to one that they called it no treasure,
 This sleet-covered bucket which no one could hold.
 When all of a sudden the rope would go tearing,
 And the bucket would fall with a thud down the well;
 With a pole and a rope they would dig and be swearing
 For the big clumsy bucket away down the well—
 The ice-covered bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The big clumsy bucket was lost down the well.

A. S. H.

DREAMS ARE ONLY DREAMS.

HAVE you ever felt half sad
 From a sense of something gone?
 And a deep, deep longing had
 To sing again youth's glorious psalm?

I sit sometimes at night and dream
 Of that boyhood home of yore,—
 The years have passed in vain, they seem
 To call me back there more and more.

The years have gone, a goodly sum,
 My childhood mates have passed away—
 My little course is nearly run,
 And yet it seems but one short day

Since I was back there young and strong—
 'Tis false, I'm old and bent and hoar—
 'Tis yet unsung, Life's swelling song,
 I'm starting now from nearer shore.

About me are the faces young,
 Around me are the scenes so dear,
 I hear again the songs we sung,
 I love to see the friends so near.

But gone's the dream; it is not long
 Before I start for farther shore—
 To-night I'll sing one parting song
 To that boyhood home of yore.

B. V. K.

THE WHIRLWIND.

Out of the wheatfield into the corn,
 Clearing the ground as if 'twas shorn,
 Whirling the sheaves high into the air,
 Leaving the earth wellnigh bare.

Hurrying along o'er land and lea,
 Tossing the waves of the troublous sea,
 Rocking the ship as if a toy;
 And wrestling the vessel away from its buoy.

T. P. I.

St. Bartholomew's Day.

WALTER M. DALY, '04.

In August, 1570, after a severe and long-drawn out struggle, the treaty of St. Germain was signed by the leaders of the two French parties, the Guises and the Condé. The treaty was followed by a great change in the attitude of the French court. Charles IX., the weak and jealous king, showed an unexpected determination to assume the reins of government. He wished to free France from foreign influence, and, to do this, first of all broke the alliance with Spain. Charles broke with the Guises, and allied himself to the party of Condé. To bind the union, his sister, Margaret of Valois, was promised in marriage to Henry of Navarre, and Coligny, who had recently been chosen leader of the party, was invited to court, and there soon obtained great influence over the impulsive Charles. He urged an immediate war with Spain, and Charles accepted the plan without hesitation.

But before the plans could be carried out, Charles' mother, Catherine de Medici, hurried back to Paris, determined to use any possible means in her power to prevent such a departure from her former policy and to restore her influence over the king. The quickest way was to rid herself of Coligny; so she allied herself with the Duke of Anjou for this purpose. He was fired at from a window, and had he been killed, no one else would have suffered, but he was only injured in the arm. This made him more popular than before. The Huguenots had assembled from all over France to witness the marriage of Henry and Margaret. They heard of the attempt upon the life of Coligny, and their hearts were filled with rage. Catherine, fearing to be attacked by them, determined to free herself from all danger by a general massacre in which Coligny and his followers should share a common fate. The unfortunate Charles IX. was forced by the threats of his mother and his brother, the Duke of Anjou, to give the necessary orders which were put in effect the following morning. The story of the massacre is too well known to trouble with details.

During the months of August and September, 1572, thousands were put to death at the point of the sword. As to the number that perished we have no exact record. Ranke claims the number to be twenty thousand,

Guizot about fifteen thousand, while Lingard estimates it at only two thousand, and as proof he cites the reformed martyrologist who took great care to procure lists from the ministers in all the different towns, and published the result in 1582 showing the names of only seven hundred and eighty six persons. In the varying estimate of the number of victims we can take no one as sole authority, but the majority of writers do not go much above fifteen thousand.

It has been stated many times that the massacre was the result of long plotting. Masson, Capilupi, Tavannes and others, are said to declare that it was planned at the conference held at Bayonne, 1565, between Catherine and the duke of Alva, seven years before it took place; but they do not say that a massacre was planned. The only evidence they give is "that certain Huguenot leaders were to be arrested and executed."

From a manuscript in the royal library of France we have a detailed account of the massacre as told by the duke of Alva, then king of Poland, to his physician and favorite, Miron. Although the duke was a brother of Charles IX. yet the testimony is very valuable, for it is certain he knew all the circumstances; and what had he to gain by deceiving his friend? Not justification, for he painted himself in the darkest colors. The king was troubled one night, he could not sleep, so he called Miron:

"I have called you," he said, "to share my restlessness which is caused by my remembrance of Bartholomew, concerning which event perhaps you have not heard the truth." Then he related how he and the queen-regent had observed that Coligny had prejudiced the king's mind against them; that after any audience with the admiral the king was sullen and would show no respect to his mother, no kindness to Anjou. One day when Coligny had withdrawn, the prince approached Charles and Charles would not speak to him, but walked back and forth with his hand on his dagger. Anjou consulted Catherine, and they resolved to rid themselves of the Admiral. The attempt failed, Coligny was only wounded by the arquebuse. Charles sent for Coligny immediately but they were present in the room. Charles took him aside so that Catherine could not hear, but she soon stopped the interview and sent Coligny away. Charles refused to tell of what passed between them, but he intimated that he would no longer be

a tool in the hands of his mother. Catherine feared some great change was to take place. The next day she and Anjou waited on Charles, and with entreaties and threats made him sign the orders which had been prepared the evening before.

Queen Margaret in her "Memoirs" writes that the massacre was designed because of the Huguenot revolution to avenge the wounding of Coligny; and that her brother was with difficulty persuaded to consent to it, and only when he had been made to realize that otherwise his crown and life were lost.

Lodge, in his history of modern Europe, says: "Everything points clearly to the conclusion that, even though the idea lay already dormant in her mind, the impulse to its execution was sudden and arose from the immediate position of affairs."

Brantome, when treating of Catherine de Medici, says of Coligny's asperations against that queen "Behold the cause of his death, and that of his followers, as I learned it from those who knew it well, although many believe that the fuse was laid some time previous."

Cavairac thinks that if premeditated, this tragedy would have been executed simultaneously or nearly so, throughout France, but the fact is, it continued from August 25 to October 23. Thus most of the evidence seems to bear the testimony that the general massacre was not contemplated but grew out of the unexpected failure of the attempt already made on the life of Coligny.

When Catherine came back to Paris and determined on these violent steps, to restore her hold on the government, she was not incited by any religious zeal, nor at that time did the affair have any religious significance. Though she was a woman with a Catholic name she never troubled herself much about her religion. Cantù in his "Storia Universale" says,

"Catherine de Medici a woman on whom weighs all the hatred of the French, had been raised among the factions of Tuscany; married for policy, unloved by a husband who preferred his mistress to her, suddenly exalted above her long debasement. She did not study the good of a kingdom to which she was foreign, nor the preservation of a faith which she had not in her heart, but only her own power. She was so little hostile to the reformed doctrines that during her meals she often listened to Calvinistic sermons. But

since Philip II, the great enemy of France, was head of the Catholic party, France should be allied to the Protestants. But the Calvinists now ceased to be a school, hence Catherine sided with the Catholic majority. Although she hated the Guises, she joined hands with them and they received the highest posts."

Again Lodge says "Catherine's guiding motive was not religious bigotry, but personal and dynastic ambition."

Henry White writes in *Harper's*: "The majority were impelled by the lowest of all possible motives—jealousy and ambition filled the heart of Catherine de Medici, Anjou was envious of merits and virtue.... Guise dreamed but of revenge... the massacre of St. Bartholomew arose out of the paltriest and most selfish motives... the plea of religion was never put forward, though it is a plea too often employed to extenuate what can not be justified."

Much stress is also laid upon the conduct of the Roman court when it heard of the catastrophe. Gregory XIII., in the Church of Saint Louis, gave thanks to God and wrote to Charles congratulating him on his escape from the Huguenot conspiracy.

It has always been the custom among kings and rulers to tender certain international expressions of sympathy when the king of a country is freed from a political disaster. When the massacre was first reported to Rome it was given the appearance of a Huguenot insurrection against the king which had been fortunately put down, for in the words of the envoy on a "memorable night by the destruction of a few seditious men the king had been delivered of immediate danger of death and the realm from the perpetual terror of civil war." It was on the strength of this special message that the Pope ordered a *Te Deum* and struck a medal commemorating the preservation of Charles IX.'s life.

The following from Guizot's History of France shows the Pope's attitude: "When, however, later on, a detailed and faithful account of the massacre reached the Pontiff he condemned it at once and left no doubt as to the horror of the deed. When asked by the Cardinal why he wept, Gregory answered, 'I weep at the means the king used, exceedingly unlawful and forbidden by God to inflict such punishment. I fear that one will fall upon him and that he will not live very long. I fear too that amongst so many

dead, there died as many innocent as guilty."

It is very evident that Gregory did not approve of Charles' action, for it was Charles that was held responsible, not his mother.

The massacre became a means for private revenge. Many who had grudges to avenge, or something to gain by the death of others, took occasion to gratify their malice. Thus when the list of victims is examined, not only the names of Huguenots are found, but those of Catholics as well. This is one reason it was so long drawn out and became so general.

When the terrible news was spread abroad, not only Protestant countries were struck with horror, but Catholic ones as well, especially Germany, which openly showed its feelings when the Duke of Anjou was on his way to Poland to be crowned king. The gorgeous procession passed through Heidelberg but not a single soul met it at the gates. Elector Fredrick later escorted him through the city and took special pains to call his attention to a painting of the massacre which had been added to his museum.

The affair was not one of religion. It bore marks of a worldly policy from the very beginning. Catherine de Medici was a woman that thought but of the end, not of the means. She saw she could not otherwise preserve her power or even save her head, so she adopted the policy of assassination.

The Drummer Boy.

JAMES R. RECORD, '05.

Who would be so bold as to claim that an army, however small, is complete without a drummer boy? He, indeed, is almost as important in the organization as the general himself; he is missed more easily than one division of the army would be if withdrawn; among the soldiers he is more popular and more widely known than the bravest captain in the battalions. The drummer, in many instances, is a lad who, led by an adventurous spirit, has left home unbidden to face the serious side of life. He carries no dangerous accoutrements; he seldom takes an active part in the fight, yet his usefulness is beyond dispute. To the vigorous drummer, garrison duty is just as irksome as to the ordinary private soldier; the danger of open conflict is relished more by the former perhaps than by the latter,

and the excitement of active campaigning is equally pleasurable to both.

When the army advances, the drummer boy is found at the head of the columns. It matters little how weary his legs may become or how weakened his arms, the drum, nevertheless, must beat each step and mark each mile. Those soldiers who threaten to fall by the wayside exhausted are urged on, their hardships and trials are lightened by the drum's roll and the bugle's blast. Before the lad's warlike music melancholy reflections and cheerless forebodings give way to hope and confidence.

By the side of the campfire after the day's conflict has ended, the sorrow of battle-begrimed troopers longing for distant homes or mourning dead comrades, is moderated by the drum's animating roll. The music of the drum is indeed the last that many poor soldiers hear, while for others it with the bugle sounds the sweetest notes known to their ears.

It is, however, in the hour of battle that the drummer boy is most conspicuous. Among the foremost fighters on the charge, he is always the last to leave the field when retreat is sounded. Neglecting his personal safety and seldom if ever heeding the hostile missiles, he moves about among the soldiery, cheering the faint-hearted and arousing the courage of the brave. Can any deny that oftentimes victory is won by a mere drummer? His notes are heard clear and distinct above the clash of battle, and are never hushed unless by death or severe injury.

The silent infantrymen with fixed bayonets march to the drummer boy's music against the line of foes; the dashing cavalymen, encouraged by the drum's beat and the bugle's call, charge headlong up the heights; or an army broken and routed has its shattered spirits renewed by the drum's roll, and rallies successfully. History is replete with examples of bravery, devotion and sacrifice on the part of drummers; in fact, these qualities have been displayed by lads in every war of any consequence.

The drummer boy of old is being superseded to a great extent in modern armies by the regimental band, but were a great war to arise the musicians, no doubt, would speedily shoulder rifles and drill to the martial notes of the more youthful. The band is desirable, it must be admitted, at social functions and on dress parade, but the "soldier's pet" is required on the battlefield

Days and Nights.

TELFORD PAULLIN, '07.

We have grown far away of late, we men-children, from the great mother of us all, Nature. We have forgotten that she once told us, like a good mother, all manner of myths and fancies which would make men brave and women beautiful from dreaming of them. We have forgotten that the winds come straight from the lips of God. And to few is it given to see dim shadows of infinity waving behind the veil. The souls of these few are ever waiting on the threshold of the Universal, and if the door be set ajar strange dreams of beauty blow out and past them. Their imagination is ever kindled for the flame which may come in so small a thing as memories from half-unremembered times turning over in the breast in Spring, or in dreams by night.

To-night I heard the sound of thin phantastic music coming from apparently nowhere. The sun had gone down the bend of the world. It occurred to me that the music was his greeting made by some strange band of evening trumpeters as he strode home to the gods. The moon seems always less living than the sun. Rather it looks like a wonderful bright fragment. But the sun is a living god, lurid and lusty, and in the evening he descends from sight over the western edge whence those who listen may hear the wild music of the faery bugles. Ah! that more might listen to the music of the soul and there were less of drear in the poverty of the body.

In the dusk of life you will be alone with your soul, in a dim room of grays and fallen shadows. Its curtains are heavy and slow. Silence is there. You are not less gray than the shadows lying around you. Men call the room old age. And if your soul be not full of dreams nor the rose redden in its garden, you are not better than a dingy, sightless owl waiting for night. Then yours is the fault if you have left the wild butterflies blowing in the world and have only the gray moths left. Yours is the fault if the draperies do not sway to the strange wild music of the setting sun; if the red-rose not close your eyelids that you may dream from dream to dream. Let us hearken to the voice of Nature and wear about us while we may the multi-colored garment, Imagination.

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Whether the college student at examination should be under supervision is warmly discussed from time to time. The system which leaves the student to his honor is the ideal one, but it does not always work well. Among the many will generally be a few too weak to withstand the tempter. If the victims of their own folly are full-grown, the humiliating retribution need scarcely cause regret, but it is altogether different with those less mature whose moral fibre is being developed. If supervision minimizes or prevents their downfall, why should it not be used conscientiously? Other occasions for exercising will-power are, alas, too numerous.

—In response to an invitation graciously extended by the authorities of St. Mary's Academy, the members of the Senior class visited the sister institution last Thursday afternoon. They were met on their arrival by the directress and instructors who, after conducting them through the splendidly equipped new hall and the numerous other college buildings, served a very enjoyable luncheon. The versatile classmen followed with recitations, songs and speeches, and the directress made an address abounding in

words of kindness and wisdom. The visitors were very agreeably impressed with the beauty of the college grounds and buildings, above all with the reception they received, and they feel deeply sensible of the honor done them. This was the first time in the history of Notre Dame that such a courtesy was tendered. The experience, pleasant as it was unique, has left in the minds of those who shared it a fragrant memory that will long endure.

—The best college orators of ten states will compete in Washington Hall the evening of May 4. The contest, therefore, should prove of compelling interest to all at Notre Dame and to others conveniently situated who appreciate such an attraction. That the feast of eloquence will be largely attended we have already many assurances. The presence of the student body may be counted upon, and thanks to the untiring efforts of our local committee the citizens of neighboring communities need not plead ignorance as an excuse for their absence. No one should have any doubt about the quality of the exhibition. It will be of the best. The competitors have put their best work on their orations, each of which has won a state championship. The entertainment furnished by the speakers will be a treat that all within reach and having a penchant for the intellectual can ill afford to miss. As to the reception that awaits the visitors—well, Notre Dame confidently hopes to make it worthy of the occasion.

—The younger writers with cause are complaining of the aristocracy of authors. When thousands of manuscripts are submitted at every public competition, and countless other thousands are sent to the American publishers without the incentive of prize competition, it is inevitable that but few efforts can be chosen. The writers whose names are somewhat known because of a few precarious successes, are more likely to gain admission to the reputable publications, and the unknown and ambitious scribbler finds the same conditions confronting him that the young man meets in other professions. Unquestionably, there is an Authors' Trust and this combination looks after its own. Never before has there been such a number of persons really capable of literary work of one sort and another; and judging from the

prevalence of the sketch and short story, there was never a greater market for such kind of writing. The tracks are well beaten along this particular path. Too fine writing does not avail, old plots weary, and the extent to which the improbable and impossible is used in the construction of the few successful stories carry invention beyond all bounds. The sensational newspaper is excused, or its publisher endeavors to justify its methods, because that is what the public wants. And what the public wants also keeps the literary standard low; yet even within this class the combine prospers, and the individual worker is kept without the "Aristocracy of Writers."

—The press of late has been filled with the Dalzell-Cockran duel of words that occurred in the House of Representatives. Though the question of "privilege" which was moved by Mr. Cockran, was not allowed, Mr. Cockran's defense of the imputation cast upon his honesty and character was one of the most notable performances that has taken place on the floor of the House for years. Reporters of the younger school were inclined to speak patronizingly of Mr. Cockran's oratory and to ridicule his reputation as one of the greatest orators of the day. However, at the close of a three days' debate, in which Mr. Cockran so plainly exhibited the abilities and qualities that have justly given him an international reputation, the scoffers remained to pray and to hail Bourke Cockran as the greatest orator of his generation. His friends and admirers at Notre Dame are gratified at this unanimous verdict as to his oratorical ability, for he favored this University with a visit and an address last fall which easily justified the exalted position he again takes in the public eye. The men in public life have many charges to meet and embarrassing difficulties to overcome, and if Mr. Cockran was obliged to fight his battle with the opponent's ammunition, the occasion prompted such a burst of oratory on Mr. Cockran's part as to elicit the liveliest enthusiasm among men of the minority and the outspoken admiration of the majority in Congress. It is wholesome for the younger men now and then to find their level and to be brought to realize that oratory is not a lost art and that personal denunciation, while always questionable, is a dangerous public practice.

The Inter-State Oratorical Contest.

The Inter-State Oratorical Contest that is to take place in Washington Hall next Wednesday evening, May 4, bids fair to be an unqualified success. Mass meetings were held in Corby Hall Wednesday night, Brownson Thursday night, Sorin Friday, and to-night there will be a meeting in St. Joseph Hall. The student body has evinced considerable interest in the contest, and at the various gatherings encouraging student support was given. B. V. Kanaley, Vice-President of the Inter-State Association, has the contest and convention in charge. The student committee is composed of Thomas D. Lyons, Maurice F. Griffin and Gallitzen A. Farabaugh. They are making all possible arrangements for the successful carrying out of the plans to make this contest and convention of the Inter-State Association the most memorable in the history of the organization. As this is probably the last opportunity to entertain the Inter-State Association that Notre Dame will ever have—since the contest doesn't come to Indiana again for eleven years—Notre Dame intends to make of this an occasion to show the hospitality for which the University has always been noted and to add another to the long list of successful affairs in which Notre Dame has been a leading participant.

On account of many requests from South Bend and other places, the management has reserved a large number of seats in the theatre. Seats may be engaged by applying at Vanderhoof's drug store in South Bend where tickets are on sale, or to Mr. Kanaley or any of the committee mentioned above. The sale of seats is progressing very favorably and indications from every view-point look to a most pleasurable and successful Contest and Convention next Tuesday and Wednesday.

The programme of the proceedings as outlined by the management is as follows:

- Tuesday evening 8:00.....Reception Oliver Hotel
- Wednesday.
- 10 a. m.....Convention Washington Hall
- 12 noon.....Luncheon at University
- 1 p. m.....Tour of University
- 2:30 p. m.....Baseball game (Nebraska vs. N. D.)
- 7:30 p. m.....Contest Washington Hall
- Thursday.
- 10 a. m.....Convention Washington Hall
- 12 noon.....Luncheon at University
- 2 p. m.....Trolley Ride

Book Reviews.

THE LITTLE GIRLS. By Lilian Mack. Benziger.

This is a delightful story for young readers, one that can not fail to arouse and sustain childish interest. Though the little boys and girls are almost too good at times for the credulity of the average juvenile reader, yet it is evident that the author thoroughly understands child nature, for in nearly all places the characters of the play seem to act most naturally. Instructive lessons on the nobility of unselfishness are drawn, though the moral is not rubbed in.

THE FATAL BEACON. F. Von Brackel. Benziger.

There are few stories by modern English writers that deal with the present life of Germany; for this reason the readers of "The Fatal Beacon" will find themselves in a peculiar atmosphere not met in many books. Like all good novelists F. Von Brackel gives his reader ample opportunity to practise patience before entering upon the theme proper; and when he once has you in his clutches it is not such an easy matter to free yourself from his entertaining hold. Passing over the fault of occasional lengthy descriptions of scenery, moods and character, the author handles his theme very ingeniously. The dignified and sombre earnestness of the German temperament happily pervades the various pictures and incidents throughout the plot.

Athletic News.

Brownson lost its first game of the season last Sunday, the South Bend Reserves defeating them in a hard-fought contest. Brownson seemed to have the game won up to the 8th inning when the city team batted in enough runs to win.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
South Bend—	0	1	4	0	0	0	2	5	0	=12	11	2
Brownson—	1	0	2	3	2	0	0	0	0	=8	9	2

South Bend—Whaler and Sharkey; Brownson—Litzelman, McKeown and Medley.

**

Trainer Holland, Captain Draper and the track men are at Bloomington to-day competing against the State University team. This is the second meeting with the Indiana men. At the last meet, I. U. won rather easily, and this time they should have no trouble at all

in landing first place. They have an unusually strong and well-balanced team and it has been strengthened considerably since the last contest, while our team has been weakened by the loss of Gormley and O'Connor.

**

The first game of the Inter-Hall league series was played last Sunday between Corby and Carroll Hall. Corby won out in hollow fashion, the little fellows from Carroll being entirely outclassed. The final score was 27 to 5.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	R	A	E
Corby—	3	4	6	2	2	1	5	4	=27	32	5
Carroll—	0	1	0	1	0	2	1	0	=5	7	5

Carroll—Brown and Heyle; Corby—Winters, Paterson.

**

League Standing

	W	L	Per cent
Corby	1	0	1000
Brownson	0	0	000
Sorin	0	0	000
St. Joe	0	0	000
Holy Cross	0	0	000
Carroll	0	1	000

**

Carroll lost the second game of the Inter-Hall series to St. Joe last Thursday. The Carrollites were very weak in the pitching department. The standing of the league is now:

	W	L	Per cent
Corby	1	0	1000
St. Joe	1	0	1000
Brownson	0	0	000
Sorin	0	0	000
Holy Cross	0	0	000
Carroll	0	2	000

**

The Hanover College team failed to appear for the game scheduled for last Friday.

**

The final game of the series between the South Bend leaguers and the Varsity was played at Springbrook Park last Saturday afternoon and resulted in one of the best games of the month. The Varsity lost, but were not disgraced. The Greens were in fine trim, and their box artist, Schaeffer, in perfect form, so it was out of the question for our lads to win against such odds. The Varsity men played fast ball—just the sort of baseball that wins in nine cases out of ten. Not a mis-play was credited to them and their fielding was of the sensational type. But Mr. Schaeffer and the rest of the Greens were right there every time it was necessary. "Deke" O'Gorman was on the firing line for our men during

the entire nine innings and pitched a splendid game. He kept his hits well scattered, and allowed but seven hits, which shows his effectiveness.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E	
South Bend—	o	o	1	o	2	o	o	o	o	=	3	7	o
Notre Dame—	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	=	o	1	o

South Bend—Schaeffer and Tieman; Notre Dame—O'Gorman and Antoine. J. P. O'R.

New Things in Football.

No changes were finally agreed on at the recent meeting of the Football Rules Committee, but several practically were adopted, to be confirmed at a meeting in May. The most important change is that four men in addition to the quarter-back may play behind the line. When this is done one of the five backs must play outside either end of the line. It was found last year that with seven men in the line a premium was put on heavy backs in offensive work. The new order of things, with the formation it permits, is expected to make light backs more useful.

A sensible change is that of reducing the value of a field goal from five to four points, so that a field goal now is not worth as much as a touchdown. As to the quarter-back run it is now permissible in any part of the field, provided the quarter-back runs five yards to the side from the snapper back. Penalties for violations requiring a distance penalty will be limited to five and fifteen yards.

In order that the umpire may be distinguished from the referee the umpire is to use a bell or horn instead of a whistle. If in a long run a foul is committed the run is to be allowed, if the foul in no way interferes with the progress of the runner. Any deliberate attempt to draw an opponent offside is to be considered as delaying the game and penalized five yards.

On interference with a fair catch the offended side may have fifteen yards and put the ball in play from a scrimmage, or have five yards and a free kick. Another change provides that when a team is forced to bring the ball out from a touchdown or safety and the ball is twice kicked out of bounds, opponents must put it in play from the 35-yard line instead of the 25-yard line, as formerly. On a punt out after a touchdown the opposing team must stand not closer than fifteen yards to the punter.—New York Sun, April 28.

Firemen's New Quarters.

Some days ago the students were astonished, not to say startled, by the appearance of a company of the South Bend fire department at Notre Dame. Doubts were quickly dispelled, however, for instead of another conflagration—as the sudden arrival of the fire-fighters would suggest—there was "nothing doing" except a trial trip by the men of the new Number Seven Engine House which has recently been built on the corner of South

Bend Avenue and Notre Dame Avenue.

This station is the pride of the eastsiders; it is the newest and best equipped in the South Bend Fire Department and is most advantageously located. Notre Dame and St. Mary's feel a particular interest in this new building, for they rely on this company for the first relief should the college ever again be threatened by fire. With a view to securing better protection the authorities of the University donated the site of the building. The east side of the city has been growing very rapidly recently, several very valuable buildings have been completed, including the new St. Joseph Hospital, the Public School, numerous factories and residences. All of these demanded additional fire protection. No 7's House on Hill street was inadequate for the territory included. Hence the new building had to be erected.

It is of substantial brick construction; its dimensions are 30x65 feet with a 50 foot tower for drying hose. The cost of the building was somewhat more than \$6500. As soon as practicable the lawn will be graded, shrubbery planted, and a handball court will be laid when the weather is such that outdoor sports can be enjoyed.

The interior of the structure is most appropriately furnished and fitted. The first floor comprises the large apparatus room in the front, where are found the wagon, with its thousand feet of hose, ladders, chemical extinguishers, indicators, gongs, telephones, and the like; and in the rear are the stables, harness room, water tanks, feed bins and other livery furnishings of the newest type. All the walls are wainscotted up seven feet high, above which green tinted burlap is placed. The floors are all oiled and the woodwork varnished and stained in the natural colors. All doors open automatically. With the sounding of the first signal the stable doors fly open, and the team—two fine, well-trained, powerfully built horses,—dashes out under the harness, which snaps on them automatically. If the men are in bed in the room above they spring at once for the brass rod, and swing down into place. With a single sweep of his arm the driver on his seat opens the front doors and the men are off.

The second floor of the house is taken up with the sleeping apartments of the men. These quarters are very comfortably furnished and decorated. The rear of the second floor is taken up with the gymnasium and a spacious

bathroom and the third floor is given over to store-room purposes.

The entire house is such that all concerned may rightly feel proud of it. The men of the company are enthusiastic over their new home, and with Captain Stellard they join in extending a cordial invitation for inspection not only to the citizens of the east side but also to the authorities and students of Notre Dame.

M. F. GRIFEIN.

Personals.

—We are pleased to learn of the marriage of Joseph P. Kelleher, '02, to Miss Thillman of Portland, Oregon. The year following his graduation he secured a very desirable position with the O. R. & N. Co. We extend our felicitations to the happy pair.

—Mr. P. E. C. Lally, the energetic lawyer of Denison, Iowa, on his return from Cleveland stopped off to see his son Addis, of Sorin Hall. We have occasion to regret that Mr. Lally's visits here are not as frequent and prolonged as they are enjoyable to his many admirers at Notre Dame. He has promised us, however, more than a passing salute and we hold him to his word.

—John P. O'Hara, '02, editor of the *Catholic Sentinel*, Portland, Oregon, paid a short visit to the University during the week. In his undergraduate days Mr. O'Hara was a valued contributor to the SCHOLASTIC, and made an enviable record in class work and debating. After a year's experiment in teaching he took to journalism, a profession wherein, even at this early date, his success proves the wisdom of his choice. His many friends among the students and faculty wish him well.

—Visitors' Registry—Mrs. M. Manning, Mrs. Marshall, D. L. Marshall, T. D. O'Sullivan, Minnie O'Sullivan, Mary L. Stanton, Mary G. Cooke, Mary C. Healy, Minnie G. Dougherty, Q. S. Grady, Mrs. F. Ehrke, P. F. Showbridge; J. H. Hammon, Mrs. J. Goldsmith, Chicago; C. W. Laroon, Marion, Ind.; T. Swan, Hanover, Ind.; M. Ilma Harrington, St. Mary's Academy; Bertha B. Joel, Valparaiso, Ind.; Mrs. C. D. Miller, Theo. F. Seymour, Mishawaka, Ind.; Miss Oliver, Miss Frantiel, Muriel Freeman, South Bend; Garrett Fox, Mrs. Fox, Columbus, Ohio; George A. Frost, Antwerp, Ohio; Mrs. M. H. McNamara, Mrs. Wm. Maher, Streator, Ill.; Mrs. J. Maher, Miss Harrison, South Bend.

Brownson May Party.

Last Wednesday evening the Brownson Hallers were tendered a May Party by the Faculty, which eclipsed by far any social affair ever held in Brownson Hall. No expense or pain was spared to make it a success, and everything was carried out in a manner highly complimentary to those in charge. To the members of the Faculty, through whose kindness the affair was made possible, the Brownsonites feel that they are greatly indebted. The old Brownson Gymnasium was converted into a thoroughly up-to-date ballroom with festoons of bunting and flags, the Gold and Blue mingled with the Stars and Stripes, making a beautiful display of colors. The music, under the direction of George C. Ziebold, was of a very high order and reflects great credit on the young men. Ziebold was assisted by R. H. Goeke of Brownson Hall, and H. J. Smith of third Regiment Band of South Bend. The hit of the evening in the musical line was the rendering by the orchestra of a new ragtime composition of George Ziebold's, entitled "Luella." That the efforts of the talented young director were successful was clearly shown by the enthusiastic reception "Luella" received. R. H. Goeke also deserves considerable praise for his evening's work at the piano.

At 7:30 the doors were thrown open, and the dancers filed into the ballroom, and for three hours they wended their way in and out, first through the fantastic two-step and then through the more difficult mazes of the waltz. At 10 o'clock the tired but happy couples ceased dancing and crowded around the refreshment stand which had thoughtfully been arranged by the Faculty. One of the features of the evening was the singing between intermission of the national anthems by the boys, under the direction of A. Ill. The latter has had considerable experience as a leader with the Saengerfest Band of his home town, and he certainly covered himself with glory on this occasion. Bro. Leopold's store was much in evidence during the evening and seemed to be a favorite retreat after each number of the programme. The programmes are very neat souvenirs of the dance, and will doubtless long be preserved by Brownsonites as reminders of the May Party of 1904. Rev. President Morrissey, Vice-President Father French, Father Regan, and the members of the Faculty were present during the evening, an honor the dancers evidently appreciated.

J. P. O'REILLY

Local Items.

—Very Rev. President Morrissey delivered the address and awarded the diplomas at the graduation exercises of nurses held at Borgess Hospital, Mich., last week.

—The Seniors have finished their last written examination; but they should not forget the oral and final test. A little review now will save some worry and "plugging" when the pleasant days of June have come.

—During the past week, the pharmacy students have had cause to rejoice at the installation of a library and a reading-room in addition to their present commodious quarters. The past year has been productive of many improvements in that department, but this last promises to be the most enjoyable and of the most lasting benefit to the students.

—With the approach of Commencement students ought to take an inventory of their books. We have heard of some gentlemen who have borrowed volumes in their possession for several months and so far have failed to return them. This habit of "holding on" to another's belongings is most contemptible. Students who have library books or those of their friends should not overlook the fact too long.

—The question which interests the social element in Sorin Hall these fine spring days is not, "How old is Ann?" but "Have you been invited to attend the coming Leap Year Party to be given by the South Bend ladies?" Of course you are intruding on rather delicate grounds to submit the question outright, but it is well solved by observing the expressions on the countenance of those who have participated in the various social events during the year.

—The students are all looking forward to the coming Inter-State Contest with much interest and enthusiasm, and we are certain that the contest will be a huge success both from a financial as well as from a social standpoint. The article recently written in the *Oberlin Review* testifies to our ability as entertainers, and there is no doubt that the speakers in the coming contest and the delegates to the convention will return to their respective schools satisfied with their reception at Notre Dame.

—Good-will and muscular activity have once more shown their capacity for distributing joy. These divinities, in this particular case, have swooped suddenly down upon a soggy, dreamy marl-bed, and have at last succeeded in vastly improving the campus of Holy Cross Hall. Though 'tis an old field recovered, and though here and there a knotty tuft protrudes, victory will certainly drop more than one crown upon the heads of her

sons as she is wafted gently over it upon the vernal breezes of this locality.

—Last Wednesday evening the committee in charge of the Interstate Oratorical Contest, which will be held at Notre Dame May 4, held a mass meeting of the students of Corby Hall for the purpose of raising funds to defray the expenses incurred by holding the contest here. The Corbyites certainly responded nobly to the call, and by the sale of tickets, each member taking at least one, and a good many two, the committee realized \$60. This was a most auspicious beginning, and those in charge of the arrangements entertain high hopes of successfully meeting expenses.

—The Latin examinations for the Cecil Rhodes scholarship recently given at Indianapolis to several candidates were substituted for the regular examination in the senior Latin class. The examination consisted entirely of translations from Latin into English. No dictionary was allowed the students; hence the examination was wholly sight-reading, and furnished a fair test of the extent of each student's vocabulary as well as his constructive ability. No hint or suggestion was given concerning either of the texts, but the students were left to gather the occasion and subject from the context which, as all Latin students well know, is not always an easy task. The first selection was in prose, a paragraph of twenty lines, followed by twenty-five lines of hexameter verses. Two hours were allowed for the examination.

—The criminal case which was to have been tried in the early part of April, but which was postponed on account of the many already on the docket, will come up for trial before Dean Hoynes, on the evening of May 9. The case is that of State of Indiana *versus* White, on indictment for murder in the first degree.

The members of the senior law class who have this case on hand, have been industriously working on it for some time, and hope to make this trial a great success to reach the standard set in similar work by members of previous classes. Robert E. Proctor and Joseph J. Meyers will represent the State, and Francis J. Conboy and John J. Phelan the defense.

—The Dolittles walloped Lantry's Rag Tails last Sunday by a score of 12 to 8. The game was replete with sensational plays and wonderfully startling arguments which require phenomenal powers of argumentation and a fantastic display of footwork for the umpire to avoid. Taprell's orchestra was laid up with a sore hand so that the usual musicale before the contest had to be dispensed with. Chauncey Apricottis Eardman, catcher for the Dolittles, misplaced the second finger of his right hand while giving signals in the 3d inning and was sent to the bench to recuperate, somebody else taking his place. In

the same inning Gerard the second baseman, dislocated the mysterious growth on his upper lip by talking back to the umpire, and had to be carried to the barber shop,—alive. In the 9th inning the hoodoo again visited the Dolittles. This time Henry Clay Madden, the stop short, was the victim. He badly strained his left ear listening to the signals. "Davy" Hatfield's attempt to steal the ball, Gerard's back talk to the umpire, and Lantry's new glove were the chief features of the game. Attendance, Streckfust and some stranger.

—The junior class tendered a very enjoyable smoker to the seniors Wednesday evening in Sorin's spacious reading room. It is needless to say that all present fully enjoyed themselves and left with many a kind word for the juniors whom "Kan" rightly terms worthy successors of the class of '04. Among the festivities of the evening was a well-rendered entertainment. Thomas Lyons of oratorical fame recited one of Kipling's selections in a very creditable way and merited the general applause which he received. A quartette consisting of Messrs. Dwan, Lally, Jameson and Lamprey, scored the hit of the evening and received several encores. Joe Carrigan with the aid of his phonograph entertained the audience for several numbers with numerous musical selections ranging all the way from Beethoven to ragtime. Messrs. Kanaley, Salmon and Lonergan, the famous entertainers and after-dinner speakers, expounded some wit and humor, while Prof. Dukette and Gallart, ably looked after their part of the programme on the piano. Among those present were our genial President, Father Morrissey, Fathers French, Marr and Ready; Professors Ewing, Greene, Steele, Ackerman and Dukette and a party of well-known Corbyites.

—Mr. R. "Con" Ron, a stalwart youth of Brownson who is preparing for service on the life-saving crew, procured a boat recently and went out upon the blue deep of St. Joseph Lake for a few manoeuvres under the skilful eye of Thomas Aquinas Garrity. He entered the craft, seized an oar, and, like the star of empire, westward took his course. The daring of Columbus shrinks into nothingness when compared to that displayed by this robust youth who wielded his paddle with the skill of an old salt. He seemed anxious to "cross to the farther shore," and indeed nearly had his wish gratified, for as he rose to command the helm, either the flicker of the sunlight in the rippling waters beneath him unsettled his usual equilibrium, or a western zypher smote him roughly and swept him from the deck. A gurgling cry, a vain attempt to catch a passing sunbeam, and he was folded gently to the bosom of old Neptune. For a few minutes "ruby lips above the water were blowing bubbles soft and fine," and then

fortunately for Danville advice from the boat-house arrived, and the youth was requested to swim. He profited by the advice, and being a member of Brownson's famous baseball team, he boldly struck out. With chattering teeth he emerged from the aqua frigida and immediately tendered his resignation, and Danville lost thereby a most promising member of its life-saving crew.

—Captain Ben Reisner's Colts, the Rudy Jays, easily defeated Healy's Cadets, 16-3. Up to the 3d inning the score was even. In the 4th the Rudys opened up. McCarthy singled, and then the mighty Pierpont stepped up to the plate and smote the atmosphere three terrific swats and retired. (Healy's rooters cheer) George Addix tapped the ball on the seam, and it rolled into left garden where it lay for some time. Brennan stole first, while the Umpire was taking a new chew, and O'Malley bunted to centre for two bases. Robert Willix rolled one down to Captain Healy, the latter graciously heaving it half way across the campus. Boy Orator Donovan punched the breeze, and then with the bases full, score tied, two out, and amidst tremendous silence, Captain Ben stepped to the plate, McDonald's bat in his hand and a steely-gray look in his left eye. Crash—and the ball went sailing into right, while the noble Captain ran until he had deposited his carcass on 3d, and won the game. The features were Beekum's base running and his daring attempt to hit the ball over the bleachers. As usual, George Addix and Robert Willix, also T. Healy, covered all the territory between the St. Joe river and Brownson campus in a manner that would make an Expansion Advocate blush. The most startling play of the game was made in the 5th. Healy's Cadets were at bat, with bases full and no one out, when a shout was heard and Captain Ben came rushing up to the Umpire waving his head right and left. In a moment all was confusion. Some ran out to see what was the matter, while a few thoughtful ones ran after water and Ed McDonald. The Captain had swooned with joy. When he came to he pointed exultingly to his right hand in which he held tightly clutched a small fly. He had caught it on his nose and claimed a put-out. To add to his laurels, it was the first of the season. Heated discussion then followed as to what should be done with it, and death was the sentence pronounced. Taprell's orchestra was sent for, and soon struck up the inspiring strains of "Hot Time," members of two teams following, Beekum bringing up the rear with the fly in one hand and Captain Reisner in the other. The parade moved slowly to home plate where after a forty-five minute talk by Boy Orator Donovan, Beekum stepped on the fly and the game was over.