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Ver.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

SANDALED with violets, along the breaking way
She cometh, misty-eyed with hopes of May;—
The changing splendor of the morning skies
Holds less of promise than her hoping eyes.

Across the black, ploughed fields her scarf of rain
In floating folds enwraps the leaping grain,
While 'neath the velvet press of her soft feet
Wakens to growth the blade of dormant wheat.

And as she dreameth, down the blue, far rills
Rise windy banks of unborn daffodils.
Soft! is it growing grass or young birds' call
Lisping to her, the mother of them all?

A Negro Poet and Prose Writer.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.



IN the death of Paul Laurence Dunbar last month American literature sustained a severe loss, and the negro race was deprived of its only poet. Though a young man when he died, Dunbar ranked high among our native bards, and with the development that comes from age and experience even greater things were expected of him. He was at the beginning of what looked to be a long and successful career when death took him off in his prime.

Thirty-five years ago Dunbar was born in Dayton, Ohio. Both his parents were at one time slaves. His father had escaped during the Civil War; his mother was freed by the war and later joined her husband at Dayton. Working as a plasterer, the elder Dunbar long struggled against poverty.

He found time to study, however; and we are told that when he had taught himself to read his chief delight was to study history. The mother too loved literature, with a special passion for poetry, and after her husband's death she found her first joy in reading her son's early literary work, some short stories and prose sketches. With the father dead poverty pressed hard upon young Paul and his mother. Selling papers during spare hours and sometimes working as an elevator boy, Dunbar managed to stay at school until 1891 when he graduated from the Dayton High School. From that time until his death he devoted himself solely to literature.

In both prose and poetry this gifted negro distinguished himself. Several novels, together with many prose sketches and stories, a volume of which, "Folks from Dixie," was published in 1898, make up his contribution to prose literature. These last are distinct, clear-cut expressions of the various types of southern negro reflecting his characteristics and peculiarities. Here the negro is portrayed as never before, because never before was he portrayed by one of his own kind; here for the first time in American literature his inner life is revealed as it can only be revealed by one whose veins are warmed with negro blood and whose soul has been stirred by the same natural impulses. As some one has said: "The stories of Dunbar are written by a man who knows the negro race with an accuracy and insight not to be attained by an outsider, and he has recorded his knowledge with the discriminatory art so necessary to telling the truth." This expression of the truth, this portrayal of the negro as he really is, was the great purpose underlying all of Dunbar's writing, and as a result his every page is aglow

with real life. We see "the negro's delight in posing, their easy irresponsibility in matters of veracity, their pompous snob-bishness, their swift alternations of gayety and gloom, their thousand and one indications of imperfect development, as well as we see their kindness, their imagination, their possibilities." We laugh at the humor in "The Deliberations of Mr. Dunkin;" we read the story of "Jimsella," short, simple, piteous, and our laughter is hushed; we feel the truth of all in "The Ordeal of Mt. Hope," when the minister of God bending over the prostrate form of the drunken negro recognizes how almost useless it is to preach, sees "that he would only be dashing his words against the accumulated evil of years as the ripples of a summer sea beat against a wall. It was not the wickedness of the boy he was fighting, it was the aggregate evil done by the fathers, the grandfathers, the masters and mistresses of these people." So Dunbar shows his brother to us, with sorrow for his suffering, with tender forgivingness for his failings, with joy and hope at the thought of his possibilities. In the quaint phraseology and homely metaphor of the black man he tells his simple stories, while humor and pathos, joy and sorrow walk hand in hand.

As a poet years ago, William D. Howells, said of him: "He is the first negro who felt the negro life æsthetically and expressed it lyrically." Dunbar's poems are essentially lyrical. They are written, some in the purest English, others in the negro dialect; and it is on these latter that his fame as a poet rests. They are "the far-off murmurings of the same sad and humorous truth told in his simple tales;" they are songs of the heart echoing the longings, the aspirations, the loves, the joys, and sorrows of a simple and lowly people. Every line is marked by simplicity, simplicity of theme and treatment; and it is in this that Dunbar comes nearest to being a true poet. For is not the true poet the one who sees the beautiful in the things around him; who, in his daily surroundings, in the ordinary affairs of life, sees that which goes to make art? His is the fine insight that perceives the beautiful where the ordinary man sees only the commonplace. It was this that made Burns a great poet, and in his

own small way Dunbar resembles Burns.

As Burns in the "Mountain Daisy," in the tiny "Field Mouse," and in the "Wounded Hare," saw something poetic, so Dunbar in the "Field Hands Slow Returning," in the "Little Brown Baby," in "De Quiet of de Cabin,"—in these and in a hundred other lowly things—saw that which was beautiful, that which only the poet could see. It is this simplicity which appeals to all minds that makes Dunbar so widely read. He did not gaze at the stars seeking inspiration while the flowers withered at his feet. It was of the things amid which he lived that he wrote; it was from the life he knew that he drew his inspiration. It was his wish that even in death he might be laid among the things he "allus knowed,"—

Let me settle when ma shouldahs draps dey load
Nigh enough to hyeah de noises in de road,
Fer I tink de las long res'
Gwine to sooth ma sperrit bes'
Ef I's lyin' mong de tings I allus knowed.

Added to Dunbar's simplicity there is a ring of sincerity in all he wrote. No polish, no affectation, mar his lines. We feel that his songs spring from the heart, that they are "unpremeditated art." We feel he sang because he was moved to sing—because the heart was full the mouth spoke. Now he is tender and pathetic:

O li'l lamb out in de col'
De mastah call you to de fol',
O li'l lamb.
He hyeah you bleatin' on de hil'
Come hyeah and keep you moanin' still,
O li'l lamb.

Now he catches the joviality of Burns.

Is'e boun' to see my gal to-night,
Oh lone de way, my dearie;
De moon ain't out, de stars ain't bright,
Oh lone de way, my dearie.

Then again there is another world of sorrow in his lines:

Lay me down beneaf de willers in de grass
Whah de branch'll go a singin' as it pass;
An' w'en Is'e layin' low
I kin hyeah it as it go
Singin', sleep, ma honey, tek yo res' at las'.

Because he spoke from the heart and because of his simplicity Dunbar will always be read. There is a spirit of sadness in his work lit up with flashes of joy, for though he "sang the songs of the conquered," it was with faith and confidence in their future. Dunbar's "shouldahs have drapped dey

load" and he has been laid "beneaf de willers in de grass." He had but one great aim in all his work: to picture negro life in America, to portray the negro with all his faults and all his possibilities, that seeing them the world might be moved to help the black man onward and upward. Faithfully he labored, and now that he is gone his death is mourned by all without distinction of race. And well may those for whom he labored repeat in the dialect he so dearly loved: "Sleep, my honey, tek' yo' res' at las'!"

When the Light Burns Low.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

WHEN the light burns low at even
And the winter snow lies deep,
By the hearth-side grandma knitting
And the children fast asleep,
Comes old grandpa to the fireside
And they talk of long ago,—
What a solemn time is even
When the light burns low.

How they romped the fields together,
He a lover, she his lass,
Happy as the stars in heaven
When no murkey shadows mass;
How the hours came and vanished
And their steps grew feebly slow;—
This is what the old folks talk of
When the light burns low.

When the grandma mentions mother
There's a tear-drop on her cheek,
On the old man's lips a quiver—
When he tries to speak.
What a sacred name is mother,
Though she's left them long ago,
To those dreamers at the fireside
When the light burns low.

How I wish that in their musings
I could join and take my fill,
Would my heart were half as simple
And my passions half as still.
Ah! the old folks as they sit there
In the fire's crimson glow
Seem to me like aged angels,
When the light burns low.

In the future round the fireside
Other folks will take their place,
Many silver tears will trickle
Down a worn and wrinkled face,
As they dream of their old parents,
While without the night winds blow,
When the old folks are in heaven
And the light burns low.

A Dissertation on Baldness.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.

Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.—*Coriolanus*.

A thick head of hair seems peculiarly characteristic of a refined and artistic temperament. Artists of all kinds—poets, musicians, painters—have been adorned with abundant locks of hair, while the wreath of myrtle has rarely crowned the unromantic surface of a bald head. A notable exception to the rule was the poet Æschylus. In his case, however, it seems that it was for the direct fulfilment of a divine decree that the apex of his venerable figure became bare and barren. It was predicted by an oracle that this "Father of Greek tragedy" would be killed on his birthday by the falling of a house. Æschylus, to avoid such a disaster, spent his birthdays in the fields, contemplating the beauties of nature and rejoicing in his heart that he was far removed from any human dwelling that might destroy his life of dreams. But on his sixty-ninth birthday while he was thus meditating in the fertile fields of Sicily, an eagle soaring above him with a tortoise in its talons mistook his shiny head for a rock and let fall its prey upon him, thus fulfilling the words of the divine oracle.

Poets have sung of the riot of curls about the faces of fair maidens or the streams of golden hair that fly disheveled in contending winds, but no singer of songs has possessed imagination broad or deep enough to produce a sonnet or good lyric upon so unfertile a theme as a bald head. It remains for the poets of the present and the future to see beneath this uninspiring object a hidden beauty; to recognize that reverence and respect which are inseparable from the bald head; to see in it the symbol of old age—the old age of the man who has fought and struggled in life and now rests contented near the end of the road with very little or nothing to burden his mind.

But if the well-protected head is symbolic of that refinement and gracefulness of temperament manifested in the artist, the bald head is remarkably masculine; if great clouds of hair are a woman's pride, a bald

head belongs uniquely to man. The banker the physician, the senator and the college professor,—all have their bald-headed representatives, and the most eminent in each of these lines of work possesses by no means the least of this vacant area. It seems that the bald-headed men have wrestled most vigorously with the hard facts of life; they have been men of the deepest thought, and have forced nature to neglect the development of the exterior surface to the benefit of their inner mental growth. Poets may run their frenzied fingers through locks of bushy hair during desperate efforts to compose verses to buy them bread, but the men of business, the men who control the millions of the world, in their commercial cogitations run their hands over a shiny *tabula rasa* more often than through tufts of silky hair.

A bald headed man of course has his advantages and his inconveniences. No baby fingers ever entangle themselves in his invisible locks, and the breezes of summer sweeping over his smooth plateau must bring a cooling sensation which his more burdened brethren can not enjoy—he is most truly not like the rest of men. But in the heat of August who is most bothered by the flies and mosquitoes? Who has the most face to wipe the perspiration from? Since the days of the Prophet Eliseus bald-headed men have been under the special protection of Providence, but they have so multiplied and have gotten so great control of the material power of the world that it is no longer necessary to call the bears from the woods to avenge any insult to them. Who would not rather search for a bald-headed man in a crowded theatre than for one with an abundance of hair? and who would not know *where* to look for him at any public performance?

The self-made men have lost their hair in the process of their development; the men who, from office boys, have come to be the great directing powers in the business world have bequeathed as a legacy to the departing years this relic of youthful beauty. Samson's hair, it is true, was the source of all his strength, but he is an exceptional case. If the golden sheaves of Absalom's hair had met with an early harvesting might he not have been riding yet and the hostile spears

of Joab be unstained by royal blood? The fact that men have lost their hair has induced chemists to exercise all their ingenuity in preparing restoratives, and it may be truthfully said that there have been as many lotions compounded to tempt bald-headed men as there have been permanent cures for consumption. But this level-headed race is far beyond such temptation. They realize what they have lost and recognize the fact that this loss is permanent. They indeed feel how fruitless are all experiments along this line, and although some of them have in business produced enough oil to keep all the lamps in the world burning it has never been of such quality as might fertilize so unproductive a field as a bald head.

Far from being a cause of embarrassment a bald head is the source of pride to many men. And they are even envied by their children, as the story goes of the son of one bald-headed man who told the barber he wanted his hair cut like his father's. Even women are beginning to have more consideration for the sons of Eliseus. A recent writer remarks that whereas women formerly refused to marry bald-headed men of late years, their choice has very frequently fallen upon the haloed few, and he concludes that if the theory of natural selection be true, the matrimonial outlook for the poet and musician is not very bright. The cause of this change of attitude on the part of the women must remain a matter of conjecture. Perhaps they have picked the smooth head purely for the sake of contrast, or, it may be, they believe in the Samsonian theory that a man's strength is in his hair. However this may be, it must be conceded that wherever a crowd of representative men are gathered together it is the men with the curly crowns who break the monotony. The lawyer who pleads our case, the physician who takes our money, the banker who cashes our checks, all are adorned with the brow of Æschylus—honest, sincere, plain extending *ad cervicem*.

MUCH of the most useful knowledge has to be buffeted into us; and they who are unwilling, or know not how to suffer, never learn the best wisdom.—*Spalding*.

Varsity Verse.

EXIMIOUS.

EUPHIE, sweet Euphie, child of my dreams,
Sweet as the flowers where the wild perfume teems.
Your fresh childish face has the blush of the rose,
While the soft amber light of the summer eve glows
In the depths of your eyes, and your soft wavy hair
Is a crown of more worth than an empress might wear.

Oh! Euphie, dear Euphie, no longer a child,
Your soul is still pure as the springs in the wild;
The beauty of childhood has clung to you still,
While each year has added its quota, until
What I saw in the dawning, the soft golden ray,
Is shadow compared with the light of full day.

J. F. S.

REQUITAL

Though some may sing of their heroes brave.
Who have won the day by craft,
Of the men who have conquered forts with gold
And have bought their fame with graft.
I pass them by with an idle thought,
As their garlands high are tossed,
And sing a song for the man unbought
Who has done his best and lost.

I care not at all for the fame of men
If they get it not by toil;
I care not a whit for the sword or pen
That evades life's hot turmoil,
But I greet the man who has braved the fray
Nor has feared to pay the cost;
Though another soul may have won the day,
He has done his best and lost.

T. E. B.

No. 23.

A kid fell in love with a maiden much older,
And day after day the kid's love grew bolder,
Till at last he laid open the state of his heart,
Which gave the young maid quite a bit of a start.

Said the lovely young maiden: "My dear little man,
I pity you muchly, as much as I can;
And I shall proceed now without more ado
To tell you my age,—23, so skidoo!"

J. F. S.

THE FOREWORD.

Have you watched how the sunsets go
Off in the blue afar,
And the Lady Moon comes slow
With a lighted star?

Have you seen when the night's close black,
And the wind mad high,
How the waves on the lake's broad track
Like racers foamy fly?

Have you marked when the day comes white
How the wee birds know it,
In the chorus that comes with the light
How jocund they show it?

C. L. O'D.

The Classical Worth of the "Imitation."

ALBERT E. BLIN, '06.

Living in a universe of facts whose true significance we generally fail to perceive, we remain satisfied with their material actuality and overlook the idea that lurks beneath; the vivifying principle continues unheeded and ungrasped and has no meaning and no vitality but for those who educate themselves to find in it a source of renewed energies. Hurry and superficiality are the great characteristics of our age. Man's higher nature, allowing itself to be blighted by the world of sense and its tangible realities, is compelled to seek without what is not to be found within. As the foremost evidence of this shallowness of modern life stands the wide circulation of newspapers—the up-to-date substitutes for sound and organic literature. The best hours of the morning are spent in picking up indiscriminately, and often through mere curiosity informations that will fill the mind for the rest of the day with vague and aimless thinking. Thus the newspaper comes to be the sworn antagonist of right education whose end is to spiritualize the material side of existence, to pervade a man's whole being with the consciousness of the infinite worth of life, to lift up his ideal and to force it into his conduct. Thought and deed, spirituality and practical sense, poetry and reality, intellect and will, are not contradictory; but, on the contrary, of their happy blending the perfect human type is harmoniously made up. Thanks to them, the intelligent building up of his manhood has enabled him to rest from the weariness of his daily strife by drawing from another world the forces that shall invigorate him for a new struggle. And this is also the function of education: that it should point out where such a world is to be found, where such a strength is to be gained.

Those before us who have fought the fight of life, have shown to us a fountain-head of energy and hope, the immortal works that contain the true and living expression of the experiences and yearnings of the human soul. Because their authors,

as the heralds of God, have sounded the depths of the heart of man and told its noblest aspirations and its unsatisfied desires, its grandeur and its weakness, they stand through the vicissitudes of time like beacons brightening up the troubled sea of life. Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Shakspeare, Goethe and the few other poets, not of a nation and of an age, but of every nation and of every age, are read again and again, and always cheer us with new faith in our divine destiny. Still, above the creations of these intellectual Titans there are two other works, more sublime and more universal because more human and divine. One is the revelation of God to Israel, "The lifter up of the banner of righteousness" and to every man who cares at all to augment the excellence of his nature; the other, the subject of this essay, a work inspired in the calm of monastic life, the spiritual song of a German monk of the Middle Ages, "the greatest work," says Fontenelle, "that has come from the hands of man," the "Imitation of Christ."

Ranked among the great classics of the world, the first after the Bible, this hymn of the inner life, a poetical compendium of thought and spirituality, is to any healthy mind an opening of new horizons, an introduction to a purer and nobler world. It thrills with awe and fills with a new sense of the realities of life the mind that comes to it for substantial food. Many still experience the same quickening as Maggie Tulliver who felt while reading it "as if she had been wakened in the night by a strain of solemn music telling of beings whose souls had been astir while hers was in a stupor." And why? Listen to the answer given by George Eliot in "The Mill on the Floss":

"It remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours, but under the same silent, far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness." Only superficial and

unspiritual men, the "Philistines," can apprehend its reading. Whatever may be their physical or intellectual endowments, if they can not feel its charm and poetry, they remain uneducated, half men, unable to feel the heart of humanity beat in theirs. This work indeed is the cry of humanity and the cry also of a heart that loved mankind. If it is an anthology of spiritual thoughts, culled from the Bible and from the Fathers, of spicy sayings from pagan and Christian philosophers, of the words, burning with love, of those heroes who have lived in the most intimate touch with the Divinity, it is none the less the book of a man who was able to connect and explain them with such reflections as only a world-author full of the milk of human kindness and sympathy could find to enshrine them. Neither does its philosophical depth prevent its simplicity from being within the range of thought of the humblest mind; on the contrary, it is a source of beauties ever old and ever new, as they flow from a better grasp of its spiritual significance. This is why the "Imitation" has been and is a channel of grace whose mysterious workings remain untold; this is why its soothing words and comforting truths have always enabled men to bear gladly with sorrow and humiliation and distress.

Let no one be mistaken; its poetical charm may be felt and its literary beauty admired without their bringing into the mind more light and into the heart more warmth. Like all other works of genius, it must be approached with a sentiment of reverence, awe and love, with a readiness to put one's whole soul into touch with the author's soul. Read in such a spirit, the "Imitation" possesses the power to cheer and to uplift. Its thought and its very expression unveil for us a mysterious world, an unknown land of peace and sunshine. So different from our ordinary conceptions are the ideas expressed in it that we often miss their real meaning. Yet it discovers unsuspected heights and snowy peaks far above and far away, whose bright reflection of the sun dazzles the eyes of the onlooker. Scarcely can he catch a glimpse of the mystical union of the human soul with the Godhead; and it is only after returning to it many a time that he can understand in part the mysticism

of Thomas à Kempis. Far from leading to the spiritual disease of indifference, so general in his time, far from advocating a dreamy state of inactive rest in God, our mystic poet stands up for the courageous doing, with an absolute trust in God, of all that is humanly possible. "Do what you do," he repeats from the old proverb; and again: "There is yet another time, a time of war, a time of labor and probation." The world is to be taken as it is; and our duty is not to attempt to reform it but to better ourselves by correcting the flaws in our conduct, by elevating our thoughts and working them out into the concreteness of daily life. Such is the doctrine of that delicate soul who has set it forth "with a passion," says Michelet, "grand as the object which it seeks; grand as the object which it forsakes."

It would be folly to look in the "Imitation" for any system of philosophy defending or opposing the particular ideas of a particular school; this little book is not a storehouse of artificial diamonds, but a rich mine of crystallized thought reflecting the invisible flame of Truth; a mine from which everyone may draw for his moral and intellectual upbuilding. Still, À Kempis has his own philosophy, and this has proved as vital as its educating power is little realized. The maxim of Seneca: "*Quoties inter homines abii, minus homo redii,*" is but a form of his criterion of self-knowledge. "There am I where my thought is, and there oftentimes are my thoughts where that which I love is." This self-knowledge indeed is the basic principle of all true knowledge, the principle, no doubt, which Matthew Arnold alludes to when he quotes from the original text: "*Cum multa legeris et cognoveris, ad unum semper oportet redire principium,*" the principle also embodied in these words of the author himself: "Happy is he whom truth teacheth by itself, not by figures and passing sounds, but as it is in itself! . . . The more man is united within himself and interiorly simple, so much the more and deeper things doth he understand without labour, for he receiveth the light from on high." He then emphasizes the necessity of right living: "Surely great words do not make a man holy and just. . . . Because many endeavor rather to get knowledge than to live well,

they are often deceived and reap either none or but little fruit." Here our author does not condemn human learning, for "it is good in itself and ordained by God;" but he wishes to warn us against the apparent breach between knowing and doing—that universal difficulty felt by Shakspeare: "The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree." The entire philosophy of the "Imitation" seems to consist in the reconciliation of these two essential factors of moral human existence; in two words, Truth and Life.

It is only natural that with such a lofty philosophy the sublimest poetry should be allied. "The soul is musical," it has been said; nothing is truer than of that of the mystic: "*Si das pacem, si gaudium sanctum infundis, erit anima servi tui plena modulatione.*" Accordingly, the "Imitation" is an uninterrupted psalm, in turn expressing the sorrows of the wounded hearts of men, and with inspiring words bringing the remedy: now unveiling the mysteries of the human soul with Christ, now moaning over the miseries of life, he always retains us in a sphere divinely fair. What poet has ever equalled the simplicity and loftiness of this passage; "A great thing is love, a great good every way; which alone lighteneth all that is burdensome and beareth equally all that is unequal: for it carrieth a burden without being burdened, and maketh all else that is bitter sweet and savory. . . . Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven or on earth: for love is born of God and can not rest but in God, above all created things." Before, Wordsworth had sung:

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can.

Thomas had heard the voice from within: "If only thy heart were right, then every created thing would be to thee a mirror of life, a book of holy teaching. There is no creature so little and so vile that it showeth not forth the goodness of God." Nor is this poetical mood merely accidental; it fills the whole work. Every chapter is a

canto; every verse a glimpse into the highest regions of truth.

For this reason also, and more than any of the longer works of the masters, the "Imitation" should always be within reach. Whatever may be the anxiety of the soul, the sweet, mild answer will come: "Behold, here I am, my son; behold, I come to thee, because thou hast called me." In company with it, the odds and ends of time, so often and so carelessly wasted, may be most profitably spent in acquiring a keener appreciation of the value of life and entering into contact with what is noblest and highest. And, although a small book, the "Imitation" remains, after the Bible, the best among the best; and the fullness of its light and life, together with "an innate and requisite sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form that consents to every mood of grace and dignity," make, it always ready to give us our share of the universal truth, and to render our lives better and happier.

The Joy of Living.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

He lived among men as one of them. Those who passed him in the street noted his grand physique and perfect features; only the eyes were strange—an almost colorless gray. But even they were not always so. As a boy he was strong and powerful, and in later years he had crowned a college career with all three monograms. Often since then had he thought of how the rooters carried him from the field of victory, exultingly cheering all the while; and many times would the old cry come back rending the air in mighty whoops with, "Darcy, Darcy," as he again felt old comrades hands. Yes, those were days when there was a joy in living and the cup brimmed full and overflowed. Sometimes in those days when among the woods or along the college road, as the unseen wind whispered a message through the great maples, his heart would fill, and inviting the whisper nearer he would think how good it was to live. But those days were long since gone and Time had brought its

changes. Still Time had been good to him and he had had his share. Time, goodness, and his share—well he remembered all of them, and Her.

He met her one night at Barston's. Never before had anyone looked nearly so fair, nearly so beautiful. The romance of the meeting came back to him. No college maples or walks, no unseen wind, no whisper had ever told half the message that her eyes spoke to him that night as he looked deep down into their violet depths. And as she rested her chin on her wrist looking at him all the while he knew that she was the one that "They who fix all things" had meant for him. And she was. She knew it too, else she never could have met that look of his, never could have given that one of hers.

But out of his life she went and years later, with the void but half filled, with a vacancy deep down somewhere, with only the sweetness half tasted, he heard she had died. Then it was that his eyes turned from joyous blue to lustreless gray; then he believed in all of them, the deepest and most pessimistic of philosophers; then for the first time he understood how nothing mattered. At night he would awake with a start, frightened, because he had been conscious of being nothing, of being unconscious.

Out of his life she went like the lustre from his eyes. And when she had gone he knew that there was no one else in the big, physical world who saw life as he did, who could have lived it with him.

What was life? He did not know. What was death? He could not tell. Sometimes he stopped and wondered, was there really ever such; was life a reality; was death actual? Around him men fell like leaves in the forest, but their going meant nothing to him. And so he spent many of his days looking through eyes of colorless gray. Sometimes, though, a strain of music would come through the night, or mayhap the leaves would rustle, stirred by the unseen wind; and again the whisper would murmur, filling him with the joy of living, causing him to stretch out into space for something—something that was not there; some one to answer the call; but the answer never came. And so he would relapse into the world where nothing mattered.

It was with this same indifference that he passed down the street one evening at dusk. For half the night he wandered aimlessly, wondering, and then asking the why. It was Saturday night, and the streets were well filled even at twelve. As he fell into an abyss of pessimism and melancholy, a stranger touched him on the arm. He looked up casually—things never surprised him, since nothing mattered.

"We've been looking for you," said the stranger, as he looked into the eyes of colorless gray. For a moment he eyed the stranger, straight and long, then turning said: "Well, let's go."

Up the street they walked for blocks and blocks; the clock struck three and they turned up a stairway lit by a single lamp. All the while he had talked to the stranger as though they had known each other for life. Perhaps they had, for this is a strange, psychic world, and much has been planned since the beginning.

The stranger opened the door into a small room and from this they entered a passageway which led them into another as dimly lighted. In here the stranger took him, and pointing to an evening suit spread out on a chair bade him put it on; then he left, saying he would be back on time. He returned, and they entered a small hall where they met three others. A look, and then all five sat down to eat at the table with the silver-hemmed, black cover. But the new recruit neither spoke nor wondered, for nothing mattered, and he knew 'twas at Death's Club he drank that night; and since nothing mattered he swore with the rest to die when it came his turn.

At the other end of the table the Hunchback passed a silver box in which five cards were shaken, and with a weird laugh he drew one himself, passing the rest.

"Ha," he laughed again, "so I am first, eh? Ah, you're a clever crowd, you are, but I'm going and to-morrow too."

Then on the silver tablet the Cocaine-Fiend wrote his number, 3, and so did the stranger and the Murderer theirs, 4 and 2, and lastly he wrote his.

"Nine nights from now," solemnly pronounced the Cocaine-Fiend, and the Murderer nodded. "Then a meeting every ninth night till we're gone," he said, and they went out.

True to his oath the Hunchback was found next day near the river bank in a spot where the water laps the shore, hid by the thick brush and wood. And so it was at the second meeting that only four attended. Through the meal they joked and laughed till some one spoke of him that was gone, then a silence fell over everything, for a strange laugh seemed to echo from his empty chair. Silently they arose from the table and left. In their order went the Murderer and Cocaine-Fiend, leaving only their numbers written on the tablet of silver in Death's Club. Then came the last meeting night, and the stranger sat with him and the empty chairs. They drank their last toast and together sang their last song. As he turned to go, the stranger, looking into the eyes of colorless gray with the same cold stare as on their first meeting, said:

"So you go next after me, and I go to-night." Then he departed leaving behind a parchment for him who was last. The week rolled by and the next two days came. In his room on the numbered night, he sat looking into nothing and wondering, wondering at the world of colorless gray. The embers in the fireplace burned low and the dying light flickered and sputtered as it lapped the brass of the candlestick. Opening the parchment he read through colorless eyes: "Remember, to-night you come." Yes, to-night he should go, but that didn't matter, nothing mattered much. Still he would wait, for 'twas only eleven, and there was space to muse for the last time over this grayness and nothing, over this strangeness and the why of it all.

Then through the window came a sound from somewhere, a measure of music, soft and clear and sweet. It came as from afar off and filtered through the elms, then stole with the whisper into his room; and as it played and fretted near him the unseen wind blew the curtains and rustled the leaves in the garden. Then the whisper murmured again the message of roses, and the fragrance blew in on him whose face lit up in happiness and whose eyes of joyous blue looked out into space—at her.

In the morning they found him there rigid and cold with a smile on his lips, and the parchment spread out on his knees, "Remember, to-night you come."

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—Recently a convention of prominent railroad men was held in Salt Lake City for the purpose of perfecting a permanent means of exploiting the beauties of America. The proximate cause of convening at the present time was the realization by the heads of our great transportation systems that despite the extensive advertising and the many conveniences offered to travelers the modern wonders of our country have not the proper attraction for Americans. The plan formulated is to educate the people of each section to the beauties of every other section of their country. The bitter fight now being waged at the national capital over the federal regulation of rates has certainly aroused little sympathy for the railroads. Still it is always well to give the devil his due, especially when it helps to make him appear any the less a devil. Of course the railroad companies have in mind the ultimate profit to themselves from this latest move; but at the same time when a public good is subserved, though it be provoked by private gain, there is a cause for gratitude. This should be our feeling in regard to this crusade for a greater domestic appreciation.

—The Douma of Russia may meet in the near future as has been announced, but it will not be that free, all-powerful body the world has been led to expect. A glance at the imperial regulations relative to the action and powers of the delegates clearly evidence this. Romanoff shrewdness has so restricted the delegates to the assembly that all crown interests are sure of protection. This long looked for assembly, to do wonders for the Russian people, is forbidden to investigate certain subjects, among others the treasury reports and malfeasance of those in high places. Nicholas has reserved to himself a power over the assembly in comparison to which all other detriments, open or secret, are insignificant. The Czar can at will dissolve the assembly and during its recess make temporary laws. This absolute dependence upon the imperial pleasure can not but have an evil effect. Foolish as it may seem the Douma, absolutely under the power of a despotic ruler, is going to enforce reforms upon its own master. Under these conditions the regenerated national assembly must set to work and modernize Russia.

—Interest in rate legislation is now transferred to the Senate, and speculation is rife as to the fate of the Hepburn Bill in that body. It is difficult for the student to form an unprejudiced opinion. Lincoln Steffens, in a recent issue of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, would have us believe that the Senators are so directly interested in the railroads that they are incapable of acting for the good of the country. As a matter of course he assumes that the good of the country and the interest of the railroads are antagonistic. Any arguments against government rate-making that may be set forth by such men as Senators Foraker or Lodge he regards as inspired by purely selfish motives, for these men are part of the "system." This is an impossible attitude for anyone who wants to understand the merits of the question. If it is so certain that the railroads control the Senate, might they not also get control of the commission when that body would have rate-making power? Our critics should help us find remedies as well as faults; in this consists their worth.

Our Forensic Department.

Oratory and debating have always formed a part of the curriculum at Notre Dame. In earlier years, it is true, debaters and public declaimers were confined almost exclusively to our parliamentary law classes, but to-day each hall boasts of its own team. The St. Joseph, Philopatrians, Sorin, Brownson, Corby and Holy Cross societies make up that great organization which bids fair to furnish Notre Dame for years to come with fluent and winning debaters. For a long time Notre Dame's ambition in this particular line was not so intense as to induce her to enter in public debate with other great universities. To-day, however, she is prepared to pit the strength of her forensic department against that of any school of learning in the country.

Only eight years ago Notre Dame ventured into the outside world of oratory and debating. Eight years ago, she sent her first representative team to Indianapolis, and the result of this timid exodus was a signal victory over the strong team of Butler University. Every year since that time, Notre Dame, emboldened by success, has sent forth one and sometimes two teams which have never failed to gladden the heart of *Alma Mater*.

After eight years of debating she proudly points to ten successive victories, most of which were won away from home. Besides Butler, the teams representing Oberlin, De Pauw and the Illinois Law School have been defeated by Notre Dame's representatives. No doubt much of the glory which has come to Notre Dame through the success of her debaters is due to the young men who have so ably represented her in the forensic department; but the casual observer can not fail to recognize in the method which Notre Dame uses in the selection of her debaters a very insistent help to victory. No society has the privilege of picking the debating teams, nor is there any room for favorites, but every student has a fair and equal opportunity of making the team. The men who finally win out are, in every sense of the phrase, "the survivors of the fittest."

Each year the opening preliminary brings out between forty and fifty men, and from

this material the team or teams, as the case may be, are selected. Eight successive contests make up the first preliminary, and in each contest six men speak. Those receiving the three highest averages in each contest are selected and so arranged as to compete against one another in a second series of contests, which take place about two weeks after the first preliminaries. This second "weeding out" usually leaves twelve candidates from whom the team or teams are to be selected. These men meet for the last time in Washington Hall, and in the presence of the entire student body and a set of competent judges, speak for their final places.

By the time these young men are called upon to uphold the glory of Notre Dame they are well versed in all phases of the question to be debated. Moreover, their frequent appearance before their colleagues has enabled them to acquire a presence of mind which is absolutely necessary for the successful debater.

Although often embarrassed by the scarcity of men, Notre Dame has never yet failed to turn out a winning team. At times the field of promising and efficient speakers was so prolific that no anxiety was felt for the future of our forensic department; years when such men as Kanaley, Griffin, Lyons, Corley, Farabaugh, and other polished speakers, were so bunched together as to form the backbone of our teams. At other times, however, there seemed a dearth of material. The year 1905 may be cited as one instance of this kind. Two debates were accepted, one to be held at Oberlin, the other at De Pauw. Of the forty men who entered the first preliminary not one man had ever made the team in former years. Yet out of this seemingly crude material, two winning teams were picked and sent into the enemy's camp. In both contests the Gold and Blue came out victorious, winning on both sides of the same question.

This year Notre Dame has two debates which will be held in Washington Hall. As in former years our teams will debate on both sides of the same question. On April the 27th Iowa will come to Notre Dame and uphold the negative of this question. Resolved, "That a commission be given

power to fix railroad rates." Three weeks later De Pauw will uphold the opposite side of the same question. This will be the second year our boys have met De Pauw, and if we may prophesy from our present outlook, the decision in this debate ought to be the same as that in previous years. The contest between Iowa and Notre Dame will be very interesting and exciting as each team is determined to win the initial contest.

JOHN C. MCGINN, '06.

Athletic Notes.

The baseball story has been told so often that it is beginning to sound like a brass band playing Hiawatha as it marches up the street. The prospects have been brightening for weeks; so long, in fact, that the Gym at present ought to be wearing a luminous halo that would make the famous rings of Saturn look like a street lamp in Bertrand. Good players and poor ones alike have made their appearance only to disappear, or merge into indifferent ones. Future "greats" have deteriorated into common ordinary baseball players. Pitchers that handed up balls so fast that even the trained eye of Sam O'Gorman could not see are now throwing baseballs from the pitcher's box. Batters who resemble the auburn-hued Murray, have been tearing covers off the balls so long that A. G. Spalding and Co. should be ready to go out of business and live on the interest from their surplus profits. Yet there are some few balls left, as the Chicago Nationals took a supply with them to West Baden. Base runners that back Maloney off the map, have torn up the ground in the Gym in such heaps that "Sunny Jim" has worked himself tired pushing the wheel-barrow. The men guilty in the first degree are James Cooke and John Brogan. The wonders in form, Clarence Sheehan and James Keeffe, have worked into shape and are now playing baseball.

*
* *

"Marc" Catlin, the all-western end and for four years Chicago's star in football and track, has been engaged to coach Notre Dame's football team for the coming season.

Catlin made Chicago's team in his freshman year, and has played in nearly every Chicago game for four years. He was picked by some as an all-western man in his freshman year, and has had a place on the team at half-back, full-back, or end every year since. From the success that all of Coach Stagg's pupils have had we can feel certain that in Catlin we are getting a man who has no doubtful future before him as a football coach. Four years under Stagg, an all-western man every year and undoubtedly one of the best all-around football players in the country, give us every reason to feel confident that we are fortunate in securing the service of such a tutor.

*
* *

The shortest man on the squad, Bonan, and the tallest, Captain McNerny, are heading the batting list. The smaller first and the longer second.

*
* *

Stopper's eye, which was blacked, not with a burned cork but a baseball bat, is still black.

*
* *

Mr. McCarthy makes his presence known daily by his loud talking and boisterous conduct, which means, in his case, he never says a word, and is continually keeping silence.

*
* *

Any baseball player so unfortunate as not to be mentioned here will please do something out of the ordinary at once. The sporting editor is looking for excitement for his pen.

*
* *

Trainer Holland of Northwestern has asked for an indoor track meet to be held here some time in April. The offer has not been definitely accepted, because it is impossible at present to tell whether or not we will have a track team. Only a few have responded to the call for track candidates. Keeffe, the best middle-distance man in the school, is trying out for the baseball team, and does not appear anxious to do any track work. Draper, who for the past four years has been Notre Dame's star on the cinder path, is ineligible as he has served his time. Scales, who looked like a

coming hurdler is out and working into shape. "Piper" Donovan has also appeared in the cool clothes and should make a good runner this season. O'Shea can be counted one for places in the quarter and the half. But three men can not win a meet. Several new men are out, but whether or not they will develop into track-men can not as yet be determined. The majority of the new aspirants who came out Monday are men who have had little or no experience in track-work.

* *

Draper has been asked to coach the track team but has not taken them in hand yet.

* *

Now the only way we can have a track-team, or any other kind of a team, is by everyone going out and trying. See what you can do, help things along. Everybody, hurry; go out, you may be a world-beater and do not know it.

* *

A clipping from the *South Bend Times* has reported the death of "Nace" Gillen of Youngstown, Ohio. Although the murdered man was not positively identified as Mr. Gillen, a photograph of the deceased was sent from Mt. Carmel, Illinois, where the death occurred, to his brother in Ohio, who partially identified the picture and left at once to bring the body home.

"Nace," as he was familiarly called, was a football player of note, having acquired a reputation here where he played guard for two seasons. Although as a student "Nace" was not brilliant he was a quiet, gentlemanly fellow, and the news of his sad end occasioned much sorrow here.

* *

As the SCHOLASTIC went to press, Sam O'Gorman got hit again. This time Waldorf twisted out of shape and dropped the ball on the "Old Man's" hip. A few more for Sam and they will sing, "He may be around again, but he'll never look the same."

* *

Carroll Hall defeated St. Patrick's School by a score of 15 to 7 in a game of basketball last Saturday night. The Buckley brothers starred for St. Patrick's, while McDermott and Barsotti were Carroll's mainstays.

R. L. B.

Personals.

—Robert Sweeny, A. B. '03, has succeeded in passing the examination to the Massachusetts bar and has already opened up offices in the Kimball Buildings in Boston. He has our heartiest congratulations and our best wishes for future success.

—Few students in the history of the University have left behind them such pleasant memories as Mr. William I. Morrison, of Fort Madison, Iowa, who graduated from the University in the class of '90. Morrison deserves good luck, and it has come to him in the person of Miss Sarah Peters, of Fort Madison. We wish both a lifelong honeymoon.

—The Dean of the Civil Engineering department of the University and the class men wish to make acknowledgment of the picture presented to them by Mr. J. H. Hammond, city engineer of South Bend. The picture came as a fitting climax of all the favors Mr. Hammond has shown to the Engineering School of Notre Dame. The bridge is one of the best of its kind, embodying the modern methods of engineering construction and design. It is of the Pratt type, with eight one-hundred foot spans. The piers of concrete are about 40 feet high. Being one of the best engineering structures in this vicinity, a careful study of its details would be a source of instruction to all the engineering classes.

—Mr. Charles E. Mulligan, City Clerk of Kewanee, Ill., was a law student at Notre Dame in 1901-2. He made an excellent record for earnestness, hard work and an intelligent grasp of legal principles. On returning to his home an attractive opening in a law office presented itself, and afterward he was elected to the responsible position of city clerk. On the foundation laid at Notre Dame to which his home paper, the *Daily Star-Courier*, refers, he continued in private the study of law. He now writes Dean Hoynes to the effect that he has successfully passed the examination for admission to the Illinois bar, although the large percentage of fifty of the applicants failed, many of them being graduates of such noted institutions as Harvard and Yale.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Last Saturday evening the case of *Sudley v. Warden* was before the court. The counsel for the plaintiff were: T. B. Cosgrove and J. M. Quinlan; counsel for the defense, M. J. Brown and F. J. Hanan.

Statement of Facts.

Wesley Warden, of South Bend, felt deeply grieved at the death of his brother Francis, who was killed by an unknown highwayman at the corner of South Bend Avenue and Eddy Street, about midnight, March 23, 1905.

The efforts of the police and detectives to discover the culprit proved unavailing, and Warden determined to offer a reward for his apprehension. To that end he caused a hand-bill to be printed and distributed, which stated that whoever would give information leading to the discovery and arrest of the murderer would receive a reward of \$500.

Soon afterward, or about the first of June, a certain Mrs. Jane Sudley was stabbed and beaten into unconsciousness by her husband, a degenerate, an indolent and worthless fellow who had no employment or visible means of support. Her injuries were presumably fatal, and, believing that she had not long to live, she wished to ease her conscience by revealing to the officers of the law what she knew concerning the murder of Francis Warden.

At her request the chief of police, accompanied by other officers, visited her at the hospital, whither she had been taken after the murderous assault. She told them that her husband had been a dangerous criminal for years and depended for a living upon the proceeds of burglaries and robberies; that on the night of March 23 he sought to hold up and rob the deceased Francis Warden; that the latter resisted and was at once shot and killed, and that his pocket-book and some personal trinkets could be found in the wardrobe, where her husband had placed them.

On this information Clarence Sudley was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to suffer death at the State prison in Michigan City. The evidence left no reasonable doubt of his guilt.

But Mrs. Sudley did not die. In October she was able to leave the hospital, being pronounced out of danger. She then claimed the reward, although quite evidently she was not actuated by it in giving the information that led to her husband's arrest and conviction. Warden refuses to pay it, claiming that it had no relation to her act, and that she was performing simply a legal duty in telling of the crime. This suit for the reward.

OPINION.

The court said that this case is based upon that of *Williams vs. Carwardine*, 4 B. & Adol. 631. The facts are substantially alike, and the principle governing that case may be applied also in this one. The question involved is: "Where a reward is offered generally, or to the public at large, for the doing of a certain thing, can a person who does the thing specified, voluntarily and without knowledge of such reward or offer, afterward claim that a contract was created and the reward earned by his act?" The British case above cited answers the question affirmatively. Our American courts are, however, divided on the question. The majority of them take the negative side. Their position may be thus summarily stated: "To be entitled to the reward offered the claimant must show a rendition of the services required after a knowledge of and with a view to obtaining the reward."—*Fitch v. Guedaker*, 38 N. Y. 248; *Howard v. Lounds*, 51 N. Y. 604; *Burke v. Wells, Fargo & Co.*, 50 Cal. 218; *Chicago, etc., Ry. Co. v. Gebring*, 16 Ill. App. 81.

In this State, however, the contrary view is taken, and it is held that the reward may be claimed under the circumstances stated.—*Dawkins v. Sappington*, 26 Ind. 199; *Everman v. Hyman*, 3 Ind. App. 459. And so likewise in Kentucky, Delaware and Vermont.—*Auditor v. Ballard*, 72 Ky. 572; *Eagle v. Smith*, 4 Houst. 293; *Russell v. Stewart*, 44 Vt. 170. See also *Drummond v. United States*, 35 Ct. Cl. 356. As this case, to repeat, is based upon that of *Williams v. Carwardine*, 4 B. & Adol. 621, and as the Indiana decisions affirm and apply the doctrine announced in it, there is no alter-

native but to apply the same doctrine here, and hence the judgment of the court is in favor of the plaintiff. It is ordered, adjudged and decreed that she be paid the \$500 for which the suit is brought.

* * *

Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, Judge of the Superior Court, Chicago, delivered last Saturday evening in the Law Room the second lecture of his course on Common Law Pleadings. His presentation of the subject was singularly clear, practical, masterly. In felicitous diction and with rare resourcefulness of illustration he spoke for more than an hour, explaining luminously the intricacies of his difficult theme. The undivided attention he commanded evidenced the deep appreciation of his delighted audience. His next lecture will deal with the commencement of an action and the filing of the declaration.

* * *

Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe, a gentleman prominent both at the bar and in the domain of literature, accompanied Judge Kavanagh on his recent visit to Notre Dame. He followed the Judge in an eloquent impromptu address on the study of law. His remarks were timely, inspiring and encouraging to his interested hearers. He will address the students in the Law Room this evening on the "Examination of Land Titles." All should be present. He stands high as an authority on the subject in Chicago.

Book Reviews.

—"Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography."—This choice little volume well deserves its place among Longmans' admirable series of English classics. Prepared by Professor William B. Cassius this edition contains in addition to the autobiography some valuable suggestions and sufficient carefully selected notes. The book is excellently bound and printed. Price, 40 cents.

—"A Legend of Montrose," Longmans, is an excellent historical novel that takes rank as an English classic. The present edition contains a concise introduction, copious notes upon the text, and a short biography of the author, Sir Walter Scott;

all well prepared. To a critical reader, however, that part of the introduction devoted to a review of the Thirty Years' War has an evident defect. There was no necessity for the author's adverse comment upon the characteristics of the Catholic leaders, especially as neither side had any record to be proud of.

Wild Birds at Notre Dame.

(CONTINUED.)

THE CROW-BLACKBIRD.

The large species, also called purple grackle, is usually found in flocks. During the breeding season simple individuals may be seen going to and coming from the resting place. Now and again one will alight in a grove which the robins claim as their own, and immediately the blackbird is made to understand that he is considered an intruder, and must forthwith seek safety in flight. In the summer these birds may often be seen with cowbirds feeding in the grass.

The crow-blackbird's markings are: "Glossy black all over; iridescent on the head and neck; tail long and rounded; eyes light yellow; bill and feet black. Length 12:50."

THE FLICKER.

This large, handsome bird has a great variety of names. Probably the commonest are high pole, yellow-hammer, golden-winged, woodpecker and flicker. It builds its nest in a hole in a tree. One of the Brothers found a nest last spring, and went to see it daily. He said the queerest noises he ever heard came from that nesting-hall. At length all the young birds but one had flown, and anxious to see the pretty nestling, he took it out of the hole. "Even its undeveloped plumage was very beautiful," he said. When full-grown the flicker is one of our handsomest birds.

The following will give some idea of its gorgeous appearance: "Sides of head, throat and breast lilac-brown, with black patches on the cheeks and a large black half-moon on the breast; back brown barred with black; belly ashy with many black spots; tail black above, golden beneath, rounded, the feathers pointed; lining of wings golden; rump white; scarlet crescent on nape; bill and feet dark. Length, 12:60 inches.

Local Items.

—Sorinites have quit seeing double; the storm windows are gone.

—What is the color of the electric lights on the third flat after they go out? Guess!

—Lost:—A gold watch chain; finder, return to Prefect of Brownson Hall and receive reward.

—Professor Karr has arranged to hear his classes henceforth in Washington Hall, thus giving his pupils opportunity and space for development.

—Not denying his abilities, nor hinting about his senior dignity, still it doesn't prove our Addie to be a poet because he uses a measure—stride if you will—of two Iambi(g)c feet.

—The only stumbling block at the University to the students of Sorin Hall is the stone block in front of the church. Sayings of famous men: "I guess I hold the record from the Gym to Sorin Hall."

—He is a debater of repute and so his opinion should amount to something; furthermore, it comes from over the water and so must be un rebuttable; still do you think a (k)needed haircut is the nearest thing to the long-sought-for brain massage. What about Herpicide? However, Wesley, maybe you're right.

—Owing to the Lenten services on Wednesday evenings the Electrical Society has been obliged to change their meeting night to Saturday. Mr. Charles De Lunden will be the entertainer next Saturday night. He will read a very interesting paper, the subject of which is "The Slide Rule and its Application to Electrical Work." Those interested in this work are invited to attend the meeting.

—A special meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held Sunday evening, March 4, and the new officers entered upon their official duties. Gene C. Clear was elected reporter to the SCHOLASTIC. Several new men were admitted into the society, and Pamphile De Pew headed quite a lengthy discussion in regard to the duties of a Sergeant-at-Arms. The same spirit of enthusiasm still manifests itself in the society, and the prospects of a smoker or a banquet furnished the principal topic for consideration.

—Once more Bro. Hugh has assembled his braves. The Notre-Dame Volunteer Fire-Department can be seen practising every Thursday morning, drawing the carts to the water plugs and climbing to the dizzy heights of the Dome. It is directed by Big

Chief Eggeman who more than fills the position. O'Leary, the Chicago fire-fighter, and A. Schmitt of Toledo fame, are the captains of the carts. The crews consist of the hardiest and most dauntless Brownsonites. Well may Notre Dame sleep in peace with such valiants guarding their safety.

—Because of the modesty of the Four Martyrs, we were hitherto unable to obtain correct data concerning the results of their experiments. However, we congratulate ourselves on our repertorial ingenuity, and so can give out the following as authentic: Violent disorder in the abdominal regions followed by bursting headaches, a longing to sleep and die, for in that sleep and death what relief may come when you have been purged of croton oil. There are other effects not mentioned here, but if you are particular about your information, Corby's Martyrs to Science might be (discreetly) interviewed.

—The senior electrical engineers has been doing a new line of practical laboratory work lately, embodying the use of high-tension currents in the testing of insulators for their point of "break-down." These insulators were sent to Prof. Greene by a large electrical firm who recently moved their factory from Chicago to South Bend. While in Chicago this firm sent their insulators to a well-known technical institution in that city for testing. After the removal of the firm to South Bend a call was made on the Electrical Laboratory at Notre Dame to do this work. The necessary apparatus being on hand, the students were prepared to make the tests by the use of high-tension transformers. The results obtained were highly satisfactory.

—The late Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII.—a staunch admirer of the Angelic Doctor—made St. Thomas Aquinas "Patron of Educational Institutions." Hence it was highly appropriate for the members of the St. John Berchmans' Sodality to observe the feast of this "Angel of the Schools" who was also an exemplary acolyte, serving one or more Masses every day after having read his own. At the sodalists' meeting the life of St. Thomas was told in a series of eventful incidents, after which recital, the lector, Master F. Schick, arose to read a brief sketch on the history of Lenten customs. Then followed an instructive discourse on the Golden Mass, the Solitary Mass, and divers other liturgical ceremonies. Owing to the Lenten season the sodalists postponed their bi-monthly *Gaudeamus*, determined to repay themselves for this privation at their first festivity after Easter. Finally the acolytes were given a fac-simile of Anderson's master-painting, entitled "The Chorister Boys;" and after all necessary business was arranged, the meeting adjourned.