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Atonement.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.

DAWN came in at the gates of day
And fair she was to see,
With lightsome step she took her way
All robed in purity.

Noon stalks by, her scarlet face
With fiery passion glows,
Then reeling forth from sin's embrace
At last atonement vows.

Now evening slowly passes by
In penitence bowed low
Lost is the dawn's fair purity
But fled sin's scarlet glow.

Christopher Columbus.

FRANK T. COLLIER, '07.



IN prehistoric times, in some remote period of civilization, when the arts may have flourished to a degree unknown even to the Ancients, there existed an intercourse between the opposite sides of the Atlantic. A wandering bark may have lost sight of the landmarks of the old continent and been driven across the wild desert of waters, but never returned to reveal the secrets of the ocean. And though from time to time some document had floated to the shores of the Old World, no one ventured to spread a sail and seek that land enveloped in mystery and peril.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the most intelligent minds were seeking in all directions for the scattered lights of geographical knowledge, a pro-

found ignorance prevailed as to the western regions of the Atlantic. "Its vast waters were regarded with awe and wonder, seeming to bind the world as in a chaos into which conjecture could not penetrate and enterprise feared to venture." But at this time the weak little republic of Genoa was the birthplace of a mariner who dared to enter into the ocean's deep waters with its difficult and perilous navigation, its great obscurity, its profound depths, its frequent tempests, without fear of its mighty fishes and haughty winds. His ships were to plough the ocean's waves though they roll and roll as high as the mountain peak. And this poor, unlearned seaman, whose life is the link which connects the two continents, was Christopher Columbus.

But it is not of his fame or achievements that I would speak. It is his great perseverance and indomitable will that I would praise. It was his great perseverance that carried him safely through all the trials and delays of the Spanish court. It was his undaunted perseverance that caused him to leave Seville and turned his steps toward France. It was his perseverance that brought him footsore and weary to that great haven of rest that was to instil the hope of discovery into his very soul, the Franciscan convent of La Rabida.

Here he met the good prior who determined to make a direct appeal to the queen, and with such zeal, eloquence and learning did he plead the cause of Columbus, that Isabella requested him to repair to her presence. Amidst the rejoicings and triumph of the Spanish arms before the ill-fated city of Granada, Columbus arrived at court. In his former applications he had been put off by the press of warlike preparations and active operations in field and siege.

Now at least the war was over; Bobadilla, the last of the Moorish kings, had surrendered the keys of the Alhambra to Ferdinand and Isabella and the crusade of eight centuries was brought to an end.

What a picture this poor navigator must have presented. In the midst of national rejoicing wherein the court, the army and the people abandoned themselves to unbounded jubilation, amid the songs of minstrels, the shouts of victory, the hymns of thanksgiving, military and religious pageants, the frequent appearance of king and queen in public surrounded by more than imperial magnificence, the throngs of grandees, warriors and ecclesiastics of dignity and station, the glitter of arms, the sound of music, all these the discoverer of worlds beheld with indignation, almost with contempt.

His proposals rejected by the court of Castile, himself laughed at by noblemen and officials as a dreamer and an adventurer, Columbus with indomitable perseverance departed from Santa Fé and turned his steps toward France. But there were friends who appealed to the queen by every consideration of patriotism, glory, interest and justice not to let Columbus carry to France the honor of discovering new worlds. Was Isabella to displease her royal consort and submit the public treasury to a further drain? She hesitated—a cold and calculating state policy on the one hand and the noblest of human undertakings on the other. But Isabella rose to the full elevation of her exalted character, like an angel of intercession, whose wings extended over two continents to unite them in a common humanity, in a common faith. From the fulness of her heart with an inspired ardor she exclaimed: "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile and I will pledge my jewels to raise the funds." His perseverance had conquered. The long and dreary years of delay and disappointment are now to be succeeded by fleeting days, hours, minutes of cogent preparation. Dreams had now become realities, opinions were to become demonstrations. His perseverance had overcome all obstacles. The opulent empires of the Grand Khan, of Prester John, and other Oriental regions, were to be united to the Church. Countless

populations of benighted heathens were to see the light of the Gospel. New worlds were to be brought to light and colonized, boundless wealth was to come to his patrons, and honors were to be his and those of his posterity.

What must have been the extent of his joy; what a fire of love must have burned in his noble soul when he first set eyes on the promised land! When by his perseverance and indomitable will he saw the flickering light on the shore, the beacon that revealed the New World, a world in which four hundred years later a great country with its teeming millions would assemble and render to him the honor and glory of a mighty nation.

Columbus was no ordinary man, he loomed up as a colossal figure among the men of his age. While ridiculed as a dreamer and an adventurer he was the only man on earth who possessed the secrets of knowledge that revolutionized the world. He was a man of great and varied learning, though not of scholastic or scientific training, and possessed the faculty of practically applying what he knew to the most valuable achievements and results.

In an age given to maritime adventure and discoveries, he was the only man who conceived the idea of discovering a new world. In an age when gigantic strides had been made in extending the limits of the known earth and in discovering new portions of its surface, Columbus eclipsed all other discoverers by the unparalleled grandeur, importance and value of his discoveries. In proportion as his work surpassed that of all others, so are his character and fitness to be graded above that of others. The vastness and grandeur of his conceptions alone enabled him to originate the great work which he achieved. It was the sole achievement of his own genius; it was the offspring of his own mind. He had neither name nor fame nor family influence nor wealth to sustain him in his herculean task; he stood alone and unsupported before the courts of Spain and Portugal just as he had stood alone before the Franciscan convent of La Rabida.

These facts not only show great originality of mind, thought and study, but the long years of waiting, of disappointment

and opposition which he encountered and overcame, place him before us as a man of extraordinary will-power, perseverance and courage. It is true that other qualities aided in this, but they were personal and characteristic traits. His vivid and soaring imagination added greatly to the forces by which he carried his point, and it was the singular blending of the judgment and the will with the contemplative and theoretical, the union of the real with the poetical, that enabled him to overcome all obstacles.

Bold, brave and indomitable as were the North discoverers of the tenth and succeeding centuries, and much as their achievements and spirit are to be admired and praised, the great achievement of Columbus presents itself in a different light to the historian and philosopher. The first was the result of national traits and character, habits and tastes, based upon accident rather than on problems of science, and was transitory, leaving the world in such ignorance of the existence of the American continent that its discovery by Columbus was new, startling, scientific and personal. To Columbus is due the grand result. All who participated in giving assistance in ships, money and men were his converts; and when the material means were provided it was he in person, his genius, his perseverance dominating the greatest difficulties that achieved the result.

If Columbus could have only seen the future he might never have planted the banner of Christianity upon the American continent. And why? Because he would have seen that great as were his physical sufferings, immensely greater was to be his mental agony—his grief would border on the infinite. His multiplied sufferings were to be vast as the spirit that animated his noble body; his desolation would be as mute as the tomb. In a miserable chamber with the chains of disgrace and royal ingratitude on the wall, with his globe and charts lying by his side, with his two sons and some noble Fathers surrounding his bed, his soul would take its heavenly flight. Columbus never realized the grandeur, the boundless development, the progress in arts and science, the political and constitutional liberty that were to emanate from the great discoveries

that he had made. When we contemplate the magnificent achievements of Columbus, his great perseverance, his genius, his labors, his originality, the scope of his undertakings, from the discovery of a new world to the rescue of the Holy Land, and the conversion of all nations to Christianity, it is hard to realize and humiliating to record the fate of such a man. And now in the enlightenment of this twentieth century we are struck by the steadfast perseverance of him the first American. How true a model is he for the young man of the twentieth century—what citizens we would make if we held him up as our patron!

Columbus was no public adventurer, no money-making discoverer of the North Pole. His mission was a true and noble one; his loyalty was chivalrous, inexhaustible and manly. While waiting on the action of his sovereigns to accept his proposals he went into the field to serve them in their wars. The first fruits of all his achievements were generously laid at the feet of his king and queen. His loyalty was not the fruit of royal favor nor did it confine itself to periods of prosperity and public patronage, as is the case with some public men of the modern school. No amount of wrongs, injustice, ingratitude or neglect could wring from him a line or an expression of ingratitude.

To his heart and intellect may it be given in another and better sphere to see these fair and majestic continents, as we see them now, crowned with all human development—the prophecy and the accomplishment.

Carpe Diem.

ENJOY the day; 'tis short at best.
The wine is blushing as it falls;
Within the glass its bubbling crest
A winking invitation calls.

The sweetest pleasure soonest palls,
So drink it with an added zest.
Enjoy the day; 'tis short at best.
The wine is blushing as it falls.

Too soon, too soon, another guest
Will wander in dark Pluto's halls,
And then no more the laughing jest
Delights his miserable thralls.
Enjoy the day; 'tis short at best.
The wine is blushing as it falls. H. L.

Jack the Hugger.

FRANK ZINK, '08.

When Henry Cole arrived in Cedar Rapids several weeks ago to visit an aunt who lay sick with scarlet fever, he found the population, at least the male population, of the city excited over an unknown person called "Jack the Hugger." The unknown person was given this title by the people of Cedar Rapids because at night "Jack the Hugger," would suddenly emerge from dark, obscure places, pounce upon some unsuspecting young man who was passing by, give him a good hug, and disappear again into the darkness, before the assaulted victim could recover from the shock.

"Jack the Hugger" was no extraordinary person, except that Jack was a woman, if that be extraordinary. She had hair and features like others of her sex and a gracefulness of figure not uncommon to the beautiful. What puzzled the citizens of Cedar Rapids most was that a woman should possess such undaunted courage as to lurch about in the darkest holes of the city at all hours of the night, or that she should successfully evade all attempts at capture made by the officers and men of the city. Not one of the many men who had been hugged had got even a good, fair look at her face, although several had given descriptions of her remarkable beauty. She seemed to possess some hypnotic power by means of which she kept her victims paralyzed until she was safe from pursuit. Many a victim to this creature's charms had testified to the same thing. To a man they said that while in "Jack the Hugger's" presence, they were utterly deprived of the use of their limbs.

Young Cole smiled derisively at these statements. He thought them too incredible to be taken seriously by any sane man. They would do well for children or superstitious people whose imagination might be worked on by fantastic notions such as these, but sound-minded men would put no stock in them. Further than to ridicule the idea of such a person he did not go. If there were such a person she was of no

interest to him. However, when "Jack the Hugger" was talked about by everybody on the street and in the places of business he began to think there might be some truth in the statement after all. Little by little the thought of this creature took hold of him, so that he soon wanted to know something definite about "Jack the Hugger." He inquired, as others did, who "Jack the Hugger" was, but no one could answer this question. This fact gave to the affair a sort of mysterious atmosphere which kept drawing him closer and closer into it until he was so interested as to make up his mind to find out who this "Jack the Hugger" might be. His first impulse was to consult his friends in the hope of getting some information from them, but on second thought he abandoned this step fearing lest he should be derided for the very things which he scoffed at in others. Accordingly he went to the newspaper for what he wanted. On the first page of the *Evening Repository* he read in large headlines, "Female Man Hugger," and underneath the following:

"The entire masculine portion of this city is excited because of the presence of a female, 'Jack the Hugger,' who waits in dark places, and at opportune moments jumps out, seizes some unsuspecting young gentleman, gives him a thorough hug, and before the 'victim' can recover from his surprise, speeds away into the darkness." Further down the page he read:

"Mr. Clark, who was hugged last night by this mysterious woman, reports that she is most beautiful in face and figure and thinks she is about nineteen years old." All this news proved most interesting to Cole. So much so, in fact, that he said to himself, "I must meet this person, and, if possible, find out more about her—" finishing after a little pause—"from her own lips."

Night after night Cole could now be seen passing through alleys and down back streets. He looked into every out-of-the-way place he came to, expecting to find there the girl of his dreams; for dream of her he did several times. Long into the night, after he had come home from one of his fruitless hunts, he would lie awake thinking of this girl. She did not leave

him even in his sleep, but haunted him time and time again in his dreams. He thought of her so much that her every feature, even to the dimple in her chin, which he deemed essential to any pretty woman, was distinctly and characteristically outlined in his mind. "He was certain," he told an acquaintance, "that if he met her anywhere at night or in the daytime, he should recognize her immediately." He was always on the alert, however, lest she should come upon him unprepared.

A week had passed, and in spite of his earnest researches, he had not seen her. Every evening he eagerly scanned the paper to make sure that she was still at large. He always read accounts of persons who had met or seen her the night before and were sure to add some new feature to her striking beauty. Descriptions such as these enabled young Cole to mould his imaginary beauty with much precision and clearness; nor did he fail to take note of the descriptions given.

Whenever he finished reading an article of this kind he would ask himself the question why he, of all others, who was so bent on meeting her, should be denied the privilege. The question was unanswerable. He must abide his time. Meanwhile, he must keep on dreaming of her. He must stay out later at night and wear out more shoes tramping the sidewalks and alley-ways.

One evening toward the end of the second week of his adventureless search he was walking slowly down Third Street unmindful of everything but this visionary creature which had so completely taken possession of his mind. True, he was thinking of her, yet not with that same degree of interest or expectation he felt at the outset. Much of his former vim and enthusiasm had disappeared. He had looked and hunted for her so long without success that he began to despair of ever seeing her. He was in one of those meditative moods when the mind is dull, insensible to what is going on around it; when it is wholly engrossed in some thought from which, when aroused, it emerges with a start. Thus he wandered along unconscious that he had come into a part of the city where there were no lights.

The night was black. Not a star was

shining. The large maple and poplar trees standing in rows along the sidewalk helped only to increase the blackness all around. Silently, cautiously, a dark form edged its way from an alley toward him. He neither saw nor heard it. Not until an arm stole softly around him and he felt himself drawn into a gentle embrace was he aware of another presence beside his own. The touch brought him out of his lethargy with a violent start. He was both terrified and dazed to find another person so close to him. The darkness prevented him from recognizing the face, though he knew from the lithe form and dress that it was a woman. "It must be she," he said to himself, "she must not get away." Already the figure was retreating. He made a powerful effort to pursue her, but found that he could not move. He stood transfixed to the spot. Remembering what he had heard about the power "Jack the Hugger" exercised over her victims, he called out to her:

"Stop! Who are you?"

The figure stopped and turned, irresolute whether to go on or to remain. At length in clear, musical accents the figure replied:

"Stay where you are if you wish me to remain."

"Great Cæsar!" he answered, "I could not come near you if I wanted to. But I agree. Tell me, are you the woman they call 'Jack the Hugger?'"

"I refuse to answer," she replied teasingly; then a moment later, "but on advice of conscience, yes, why?"

Her voice rang clear and sweet in the still night air producing a terrible tempest in his soul. He exclaimed:

"Heaven only knows. Yet the truth is that I have been looking for you night and day for weeks."

"Indeed," she replied greatly amused, "you flatter me. And now that you have found me, what is it you want?"

"To see your face," he exclaimed passionately. "Let me see your face."

"You ask a great deal," she replied; "it is so dark that to grant your favor I should have to come very close to you. That would endanger my safety."

"Fear nothing from me. I wouldn't harm you for many reasons," he assured her. "Do grant my request."

"But why do you ask to see my face?" she asked beginning to become interested.

"To see if it is like the one I have already seen," he answered.

"How is that?" she asked, taking a step forward. "You have not seen me before."

"Yes," he replied, "in my dreams. I have seen you as distinctly as I see you now. More so, in fact, because now I can not see your face on account of the darkness—"

"You are quite amusing," she said more kindly.

"Don't think that I am jesting," he pleaded, "I am very much in earnest."

"If I refuse your petition, what then?" she inquired.

"Then I shall be miserable," he replied sadly.

"I dare not grant what you ask to-night," she replied after a slight pause in which she seemed to debate what she should do, but come here to-morrow night at this hour; I'll be here. Till then, bye-bye."

She glided away into the darkness which had deepened as the hours neared midnight. Cole slowly returned to his room.

The next morning he got up looking worn and haggard. The terrible strain of the past few weeks was telling on him. His face was thin and there was no life in his eyes. Nor did last night's wakefulness better his wretched bodily condition. All night long he tossed about on the pillow thinking of this creature who had come so strangely into his life. He could not sleep. Do what he would the thought would ever revert to his mind that he should never see "Jack the Hugger" again. So when the first streak of light crept into his room bringing with it the new day, he arose, dressed himself and looked for the morning paper to see if there might be any foundation for his fears. The paper was lying on the table. He snatched it up as a half-famished bull-dog snatches up a piece of raw meat that has been thrown to him. He turned deathly pale, then laughed out loud as one bereft of his reason, as he read on the front sheet the announcement:

"The Notorious Female Man Hugger Caught. 'Jack the Hugger,' to the Surprise of Everyone who Saw Her Proves to be a Man."

Varsity Verse.

—
THEN AND NOW.

HOW plainly looms the day when we first met,
The way you looked, your eyes, your hair and all,
Your voice so soft, that music teems as yet,
When I in silence sit and years recall.

Yea much of pain recalling brings to me,
Wellnigh too great for mortal man endure,
Still I would rather suffer than not see,
The days now past that good times did assure.

Thrice happy were we as we daily sat,
To speak of love that e'er should keep us near,
Of future hopes, my rise to fame, our flat,
Which God would bless and we fore'er hold dear.

But youth and inexperience were foes
To fancy's picture which we drew so fine;
Infatuation reigned where love ought pose,
And friendship ruled the heart that I thought mine.

Alas, though time may now erase my name
From off the page of those you once held dear,
The sweet remembrance of thee will e'er remain,
Stamped deep upon my heart and oft appear.

R. A. K.

COME O'ER THE SEAS.

Come o'er the seas, come o'er the seas,
Come o'er the seas, my sweet Elinore.
There's a castle awaiting by the waves a-mating
On the rim of the wide seashore.

Come sailing along, come sailing along,
Come sailing along, o'er the high-born sea.
Hearken the meeting, sweeter the greeting,
Thy coming through the mist I see.

The woods a-dancing, the woods a-dancing,
The woods a-dancing, in the morning breeze.
The waves a-sighing, the waves a-dying.
Elinore far o'er the seas.

Come o'er the seas, come o'er the seas,
Come o'er the seas, my sweet Elinore.
My heart a-weeping, my heart a-leaping,
Beside the open shore.

J. L. C.

THE GULL.

White as the white caps that dance on the lake,
Wild as the waves that so fitfully break,
Swiftly the mew-gull flies.
Tossed by the winds that so wildly blow
Flecked by the foam when sweeping low
Shrilly the mew-gull cries.

W. J. D.

IN TIME.

A harpist by name Miss Ann Dante
Left home where provisions were scanty,
"To my uncle," said she,
"Allegretto, I'd flee—
But to auntie Ann Dante, andante.

G. F.

The Blush.

I WANDERED down beside the brook,
The light of day was dying,
The tree-tops in the breezes shook,
The crows were homeward flying.

A maid of tender years I met
Who crimsoned as I passed her;
Her beauty I could not forget,
It made my heart beat faster.

I followed her by hill and dale
Beneath the willows' cover,
She blushed when in the silent vale
I asked to be her lover.

But now alas! I've learned to know
First-sight love prospers never,
For blushes come and blushes go
But freckles hang forever. T. E. B.

Off to a Dance.

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.

A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.

BILL—(A student who doesn't care.)

BERT—(A student who is a fusser.)

TOM AND CLYDE—(Students who do not know whether they care or not.)

ACT I.—*Sorin Reading Room. Time, 7 p. m.*

BILL (*entering*). Hello, Bert! I've been looking high and low for you.

BERT (*surprised*). For me?

Bill. Yes. Come here, I want to talk to you. (*They withdraw to a far corner of the room.*)

TOM. Doesn't Bill make you sick?

CLYDE. I should think he does—he and his commanding manner.

TOM. Yes; that's what gets me too. Bet, I know what he wants of Bert.

CLYDE (*drawing nearer*). What?

TOM. Wants him to go to the dance to-night. He asked me and I refused to go.

CLYDE. But why should he ask Bert? He never has anything to do with him.

TOM. Because no one else would go with him, and besides he's broke.

(*From Bert and Bill in the far corner.*)

BILL. Come on, go. You'll have a dandy time.

BERT. But I have lots of work to get out. There's the logic thesis and the topic for history and a few letters to write, and—

BILL. Oh, you'll have all day to-morrow for that. Some of your friends will be at the dance to-night, and they'll be disap-

pointed if you do not come, for I told them I would bring you along.

BERT (*surprised and with eyes and mouth open*). Who?

BILL. Well, there's that Marlow girl and Annie Ruff and Miss Toothnot.

BERT. You don't say! Well, I'd like to go all right, but—

BILL. Never mind your butts. Go up and get ready and we're off.

BERT. But I have only a dollar to my name.

BILL. That's plenty. It costs only two bits to get in and car fare will be ten cents.

BERT. All right, I'll go. (*Exit Bill followed by Bert.*)

ACT II.

A room, Sorin. Time: 7:30, p. m.

A knock on Bert's door.

BERT. Come in. (*Enter Bill all dressed up.*)

BILL. For goodness sake aren't you dressed yet!

BERT. Course not. I had to take a bath.

BILL. You are not going to shave, are you?

BERT. Why certainly. I need one bad enough.

BILL. But you haven't the time. You look all right the way you are.

BERT. But I don't. I can't go down this way.

BILL. Well, you can get a shave downtown.

BERT. All right. How do these shoes look?

BILL. Good enough.

BERT. I guess I had better shine them.

BILL. You haven't the time. You can have them shined in the Bend.

BERT. All right. Say, I wish I had had these trousers pressed—they're a fright.

BILL. Don't be so fussy. They look fine.

BERT (*anxiously*). Do you think so?

BILL. Why certainly. We are not going on dress parade.

BERT. But my friends will be there. Say, how does this tie look?

BILL (*almost shouting*). Great.

BERT. And this collar. I don't look a bit good in a stand up; but this is the only clean one I have.

BILL. You're like an old woman. That collar looks fine on you. Hurry up or we will miss the 8.15 car.

BERT. Is it cold enough for an overcoat?

BILL. Guess it is. I'm going to wear mine.

BERT (*looking his overcoat over*). Darn it! Wish it were pressed.

BILL. Looks a heap better than mine.

BERT. By the way, Bill, have you any money?

BILL. Why, no. You said you had a dollar, didn't you?

BERT (*meekly*). Why, yes, but I—Say, have you got permission?

BILL. Not yet. I'll slip down and get it while you get through your fussing (*exit Bill*).

BERT (*to himself*). Darn it! This collar and tie look like the very dickens. And look at these shoes—and heavens! I need a shave for sure. And this overcoat—I did not realize it was so wrinkled. If Annie Ruff sees me, I'll sure lose my drag. Well, I'll have to get a shave downtown and a shine too. That will make things a little better. (*Remembering*) But the barber shop will be closed when we get down. That cuts out the shave. Guess I'll have to go just as I am (*enter Bill*).

BILL. ! * * * !

BERT. ! * * * !

Folk-Songs.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.

As almost all peoples the world over have their folk-lore, stories of the nursery and fireside, so have they also their own peculiar nursery rhymes and popular songs, or folk-songs. Folk-songs, like folk-lore, are the immemorial inheritance of all European peoples. This kind of song is generally spoken of as ballad poetry. The term ballad is from the French "baller" which means to dance. Hence the music to which these songs were set was light and tripping. The poetry of these songs, as compared to poetry of a more exalted nature, is nearly the same as that of its music compared to the music of the opera. Little attention was paid to rime or rhythm, but the use of assonance is a distinguishing mark in all European ballads. The especial charm of these folk-songs lies in their simplicity and homeliness of expression. They are the musings of the hearthstone attuned to music; they spring from the very hearts of the people, and give utterance to the thoughts and sentiments of their inmost souls. Shepherds sang them to their flocks, and the light-hearted peasant to his plodding yoke; mothers crooned them to their babes, and merry girls sang them keeping time to the incessant hum of the spinning wheel. They came from those whose lives were closest in touch with nature and continued nearest to the natural lives of men. The folk-song is the first development of a poetry of personality, and in it we find the beginnings of music and poetry. The memory was assisted by the rhythmical flow of numbers. Through the oral tradition of national ballads all the historical knowledge of past centuries has been preserved and transmitted.

Concerning the authors of these songs we know nothing. Like the "Volkslieder" of all European countries these folk-songs were composed by the people and for the people. They bear a close relation to the early epic, and the primitive epic may be said to have found its origin in them. In truth it owes to them the very substance of its theme. It is the tradition

which is incorporated in these rhythmic utterances of the people that appeals to the epic poet. He lays hold of this variety of popular material, analyzes and collates it, catches from it the spirit of the past of his race and assimilates it into his poem. Through the folk-song he learns the ethos of ancestral life without which no epic is deserving of the name. Like the prose narratives the themes running through the songs are frequently the same. There is the return of the dead mother to her children suffering under the oppression of a cruel stepmother; the story of the bride who feigned death in order to escape from a detestable marriage; and the bush and briar or two rose trees that meet and twine over the graves of unhappy lovers.

Other characteristics by which this similarity is recognized are the uniform use of assonance instead of rime and the employment of common and homely expressions. In this folk poetry we may also set down as a further note that in the composition the commonest objects are made of gold and silver.

In the early history of any people we find that the forms usually adopted by them to give expression to their inward feelings were the simple, unadorned verse forms. Songs were composed to commemorate the glorious deeds of chiefs and heroes. Every event had its appropriate ballad. Marriage, birth, death, seedtime, harvest,—all were celebrated in song, and dancing was the usual accompaniment as the following lines make evident:

When Tom came home from labor
And Cis from milking Rose,
Merrily went the tabor
And merrily went their toes.

In an old English ballad a merry toper sings of his love for the fiery liquid and of his fond parents' advice for his future welfare.

Before I came to London
I used to sip tea with my mother,
And I thought it a treat
If small beer I could get
To sip with my elder brother.

But my father condemned the practice
He hector'd and swore like mad. "Sir,"
Says he, "give him ale,
For that will never fail
To make him as stout as his dad, Sir."

Thus I to drams betook me,
And wine I drank no longer;
Sometimes I threw in
Gunpowder to my gin
To make the potion stronger.

But considering all things earthly
That the span of life so short is,
Whate'er you may think
I still shall drink
Till I come to aqua fortis.

Each loves to sing of his own deeds and adventures and to give vent to the deeper sentiments of his nature in the sweet strains of song. Doughty lovers sing of the matchless beauty of their sweethearts and receive mutual praise in return. Occasionally some one is made the butt of good-natured humor as is the barber of Liquorpond Street.

In Liquorpond Street, as is well known to many,
An artist resided who shaved for a penny.
Cut hair for three half penny; for three pence he bled,
And would draw for a groat every tooth in your head.

What annoyed other folks never spoiled his repose;
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose;

For a blast and for mildew he cared not a pin;
His crops never failed for they grew on the chin.

Of all ballad singers the Welsh are the most noted. Welsh songs date back to a legendary origin. In Scotland it was the Scottish border songs that gave to Scott his "Lady of the Lake" and "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Scott has preserved for us many of these border songs by making them the subjects of his poems. Just as in a similar manner the "Uncommercial" drama of the present day in Dublin is saving from extinction the rich product of ancient Celtic music and imagination.

WHEN great souls are all alive with great thoughts and emotions they are invincible.

If religion live not in the inmost soul, it is not at all. It is our very self, that which lifts us above the things that appear and pass away, which unites with God an unending life. Against those whose very self religion is, nor force nor ridicule nor adverse power of whatever kind, can prevail.—*Spalding*.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, January 26, 1907.

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—Owing to the illness of its Editor, the SCHOLASTIC has hitherto failed to chronicle an event of unusual interest to old students of the University. This event was the

formal conferring of the
Dr. Morrissey degree of Doctor of Divinity
upon the Very Rev. Andrew

Morrissey, C. S. C., a former President of the University, and now Provincial of Holy Cross Order in the United States. The degree, which was conferred by the Holy Father, through the Congregation of Studies in Rome, is a very high honor, which the friends of Dr. Morrissey greatly appreciate. The ceremony of conferring it took place in the parlor of the Bishop's House, on January 3d, in the presence of the clergy of the city and a group of old students. An elaborate dinner was afterwards served by the Hon. William P. Breen, '76, and addresses of felicitation followed. The SCHOLASTIC adds its congratulations and good wishes.

—Once again the cry goes out, and this time quite anxiously. The desk is
Again. going down, men of the University,
and if you would have something
to read in our weekly, please, some prolific

scribe, get busy. This isn't an editorial to cover space; it's a plea—a strong, earnest one—for somebody to hurry up. Surely from out your ranks some scribe will step and volunteer. The debates, etc., have left us nearly on the bed-rock, and it's time to ask again.

—The interest shown in the preliminaries augurs well for our teams this year. Not only were speakers and prompters there

every night, but a goodly crowd of listeners attended. This is the proper spirit. We turn out and root for our Varsity; we decorate our

athlete with the monogram, and we hold him up in the limelight of admiration. It is right and just that we should; he deserves it, and we regret when he doesn't get it. But there are other men who fight for us, and fight battles that are just as trying and just as much of a strain, these are our debaters. The grinding, nervous work that characterizes the preparation for a big debate should surely be recognized. Many colleges have advocated some form of monogram or pin to be given those who represent them in Varsity debate. It is a very good idea and should be adopted at Notre Dame.

For fourteen successive debates we have triumphed, and out of these fourteen debates only two victories have been taken from a college which is satisfied with "a secondary state championship." This is a record to be proud of, and surely the men who have done this deserve much praise and commendation. So, whether a Varsity debater is a friend of yours or not, get out and encourage him. We need him, and some day when a strong Iowa crowd come up with vengeance in their eye, or a Georgetown aggregation attempts to 'get even,' you'll be glad you said a 'bravo' to some debater, some silent, untiring plugger. Some time when a whole audience is guessing the answer to some visiting challenger's challenge, and have failed, you'll be glad that once you encouraged the man who answered the challenger and turned for the fifteenth or twentieth time another victory for undefeated Notre Dame.

Mr. Roberson's Lecture.

At 5:30 on Saturday evening when the rain poured and jumbled and tumbled and spattered and soaked and wet, and nigh washed us away (with respects to Mr. Roberson) we were assembled in Washington Hall to hear the Chautauqua lecturer speak. It was an illustrated lecture and Norway was the subject, with Mr. Roberson delivering. The pictures were excellent, and we think Norway pretty much of an agreeable place, since hearing Mr. Roberson. There was a double attraction in the afternoon too, the pictures and the speaker's wonderful vocabulary of adjectives. Mr. Roberson should have written "The Cataract." We got just a bit used to the rattling display and the rapid fire of Mr. Roberson and so we were slightly worried before he finished, but when he shot holes in Ruskin most of us forgot to listen. Nevertheless, it was a very enjoyable hour, and the lecturer can be assured we appreciate Norway much more than we ever did before.

Preliminary Debates.

The speakers for the second night were Messrs. Jurashek, Kanaley and Fox on the affirmative, and Messrs. Burke, Kennedy and McGinnis on the negative. It did the hearts of the listeners good to hear "Kanaley" read out once more. The brother of the famous "Byron" made good, getting first place; Mr. Thomas Burke was a close second, and John McGill Fox was awarded third place. Messrs. Jurashek, Kennedy and McGinnis are to be complimented on their hard fight.

The third night proved perhaps the best of the four. Messrs. Boyle, Bolger and Kasper upheld the affirmative, and McNally, Mathis and Collentine, the negative. Great things were expected of Mr. Bolger who has thrice represented Notre Dame in contests with other colleges. Mr. Bolger "delivered the goods." He won first place. His delivery was very forcible. Messrs. Collentine and Boyle were tied for third place. Messrs. Mathis and Kasper both did well.

The speakers for the fourth and last night were, for the affirmative, Messrs. Cunningham and Malloy; for the negative, Messrs. Corbett and McNamee. The hero of the Georgetown debate was awarded first place. Mr. Cunningham of last year's second team won second place, and Mr. Corbett third.

Athletic Notes.

The second week of mid-winter athletics finds Lu Creiger of the Boston American team installed as baseball coach. Creiger is one of the best backstops in the business, and although he did not play with Boston last year, occasioned by illness, they are counting on him to bring back their former prestige in the baseball world. Creiger is admitted to be the best man playing baseball at holding the infield together and getting the best they have out of them. He will remain with the squad until April, when he will leave to join his team on their training trip. His major league experience makes him probably the best baseball coach that Notre Dame has ever had, at least he is the best qualified man that has ever handled a team here, and should be able to teach the future greats all the fine points of the game and fit them for the coming college season.

As yet this squad has done but little, Creiger has lined up an infield and allows every man to "pick 'em up" from the position that he is trying for. About the same number of men that reported first are on the squad, and although the list is not as large as in former years the material is just as good. The hardest job that Capt. Waldorf and Coach Creiger have on their hands is to find two men to fill the places vacated by Shea and McNerney on short and second. They will probably be looking a long time before they find two men who can fill their places; but men who can even come near it will do, as college teams seldom boast of a pair of men like those two.

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"Red" Boyle is showing up well on short, and at the present time looks to be the best

in the field for that position. Another new man who looks to be the real thing on infield work is McKenna who is trying for second base.

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"Big" Bill Perce made his appearance this week and has started the grinding work of limbering up the long-resting arm.

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Along with the good news in the signing of Creiger a wet blanket was thrown over the rooters when it became known that "Jerry" Sheehan will not be allowed to play on the team this season. Sheehan's time is up, and he will now be compelled to take his little bat and repair to the list of "Used to be's." Sheehan developed last season into one of the best hitters in college baseball, besides being a reliable man in the outfield, and his loss will be a sad blow to the team.

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That is all of the baseball news, and if any of you men interested in inter-hall athletics have any dope on your respective teams bring it around. Somebody kindly do something in the way of breaking world records or anything like that—anything to make news.

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The track news is just about as bad as the baseball, the men are training hard and all of them are showing promise; that is all that can be said which may be accepted as positive truth.

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"Robbie" Kasper is the best forty-yard man on the squad at the present sitting of the sporting editor.

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Smithson has the honor (?) of the first injury of the season, being disabled with a sprained ankle; he did that playing basketball, but he is a track man, hence has not been out this week.

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Keefe and Graham are running the half and the mile, and both have a few "green" ones under their arm to whom they are imparting the fine points of arm movement,

etc. Numbered among the new ones is "Bugs" O'Leary who is trying for the mile.

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As I said once before, will some one kindly go over to the gym, sometime between now and the next issue, take a baseball bat, if you are a baseball candidate, grasp it firmly by the handle, and when the first ball is pitched smash it; hit it so hard that you will drive it straight through the brick wall—that will be news; if you are a track man instead, run a forty in nothing—Sam O'Gorman used to do it—or a mile in ten seconds. Do something, somebody; anything good or bad—indifferent work will not be accepted—but anything real good or anything real bad will answer the purpose, only *do something, somebody*.

R. L. B.

The Electrical Mechanical Engineers.

On January 12 the Electrical and Mechanical Engineers reorganized and elected officers: J. A. Dwan was made President; J. D. Sinnott, Vice-President; G. Trevino, Secretary; L. Requena, Treasurer; Baron de Lunden, Sergeant-at-Arms, and John J. Scales, Committee on Publications. This society owes its existence to the co-operation of the student engineers with Prof. Jerome Green. It is their intention to outline such work as will benefit every member of the society. With this the men will take several trips to various cities, to visit the big electrical plants. This week they went to Chicago and attended the electrical show. Every Engineer in the University should belong to this organization; it not only promotes good fellowship but the men learn much that will prove profitable to them. From time to time the society will publish its reports in these columns. A very important part of the program will be the lectures given to the members by noted engineers covering both practical and theoretical points. The engineers will hold their regular meeting to-night in Science Hall at 7:30. Friends interested in the work are invited to attend.

Notes from the Colleges.

The Catholic students of Purdue University have organized a club to be known as the Purdue Catholic club, for the promotion of closer relations and good-fellowship among Catholics attending the school and the Catholics of Lafayette. Geo. Niezer, an old Notre Dame man, was elected President. The SCHOLASTIC tenders the new club its best wishes for success.

* *

The legislature of Indiana will decide at the present session who has the right to the Medical School—Purdue or Indiana. These two schools always did need a referee in all disputes, so it might have been more of a news item if they had affected a compromise or settlement between themselves.

* *

The Senior football team at Northwestern were presented with sweaters and numerals by the athletic association. The class too, by the way, came in for a share of gridiron honors in the shape of a copper shield with the names of the players, the date and the way in which it was won.

* *

Carnegie once more! and this time to Lake Forest—a \$30,000 science hall.

* *

Cornell leads American universities in intercollegiate athletics. She excels in rowing and track, and stands well up in baseball and football.

* *

While Mayor Dunne of Chicago is making a house to house canvas in the tenement district on his side of the traction question, the *Daily Tribune* is making a flat to flat tour of the Chicago University students on its side. Here is a typical instance of democratic procedure and of republican methods.

* *

Frank Mount Pleasant, the crack Carlisle Indian half-back, has been a student of that institution for eighteen years. One might suggest that Frank ought to "mount" to something by that time,

and, incidentally, that it is a mighty "pleasant" thing to be a protégé of the government.

* *

A Professor at Harvard who is sixty years old has sued a Boston society girl for \$35,000 for breach of promise. Sixty years of grey hair, plus a society girl never figured up to \$35,000 in our calculations.

* *

Michigan Regents at this writing have bolted from the "big nine." There is general satisfaction over the proposed step among the students.

* *

Now comes the report from the East that Harvard and Yale have decided to part. There is a drain on the college man's sentiment in this bit of news, for one always likes to read of the Cambridge-New Haven contests. This is at least a severe blow to the "classic" element of college athletics.

The Social Whirl.

BY E. PERCIVAL SNOB.

There was pretty much doing in society this week, even though it rained and thawed and then rained again and then snowed and finally froze up. The wind also gave us quite a shaking up, though it apologized to M. J. K. for its puerile attempt, after it had seen his exhibition Monday morning before prayer. For myself I was shocked and much amused. So much show of virility and determination in my worthy friend's ordinary placid manner was enough to excite even Rubio. But it happened, and that's all, and to tell it is why I'm here.

It seems it started this way: Robbie called the big fellow "an apricot," and the Big One said Robert was "Anuther." Then—"Well, you just try it," and "I'm afraid, am I?" and "Come out of your room and I'll show you," and then Rob came out. The result was a play at each other, and both, with eyes terrific and hearts stopped, went at it. How it ended I don't know; only of course Keefe was there

to stop it. After a "Let-me-at-him" and a "Go to—morning prayer," from the other, the affair ended. At any rate, no matter what the cause or effects were it should never have occurred, and the senior class will take action accordingly.

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* *

One of the most interesting men I know is Rupert Donovan from Illinois. Rupe is a great, big, student whose hobby is smoking cigars, and who when he does, has the most miserable time in the world getting the fume—obnoxious fume—to crawl away from his eyes. However I don't agree with Munson when he says Rupe "reminds him so much of Mellin's food."

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* *

Speaking of Donovan I notice a decided improvement in our friend Bill from Dakota. Bill's name used to be proverbial for hammering, but I noticed he's forgot considerable of it, and is quite pleased with himself and everything in general. It's a good sign and only goes to show—

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* *

So far I hear "Pam" McIntyre has his challenge still out to meet anyone with J. Berteling's gloves. All right, "Pam," but look out; it's the proper spirit, but there's more than one Capero, if there isn't try the man "who could lick any senior in the house." Most of them happened to be out that night though, still even then Jim should have been ashamed of himself, and I don't doubt but he is, for he has many good traits in him.

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* *

Quite interesting indeed is a new arrival. We like to be courteous to guests and make them one of us, but I know some of the older ones look askance at this new man when he makes himself officious around the gym. It's always the trouble with some to "get in wrong" merely because they try to enter right. Speak to your friend, "Rosy!"

*
* *

And so Mike Diskin has come back at last. We were lonesome for you, Michael, and it wasn't because your hair is, or your eyes are, but we just were, that's all.

Personals.

—Mr. T. J. Walker, of Butte, Mont., spent a day with his brother Frank, a student in the Law department.

—In the first preliminary of the debates Mr. Wesley J. Donahue was first, Wendell Corcoran second, and Varnum A. Parrish third.

—Mr. William A. Walsh, a student during the nineties, has united with Mr. William J. Wallin to form the Law Firm of Walsh & Wallin with offices at Yonkers, N. Y.

—From time to time during the past year the Reverend Timothy Maher, C. S. C., has given a number of valuable books to the library of Holy Cross Hall. The students of that Hall fully appreciate such favors, and wish to thank him and all others who may wish to add to the library.

—Mr. Albert Galen (Law, '97) visited the University recently. Mr. Galen is in excellent health and imparts that big wholesome air of the West. He is located in his home city, Helena, Mont., and his progress since leaving the University is shown by the fact that he is at present Montana's Attorney-General. His many friends at Notre Dame wish him continued success.

—A very welcome guest during the holidays was Mr. W. E. Crowley, a student of '96-'97. Mr. Crowley's home is in Logan, Montana, where he and his brother have built up a large and very successful business as cattlemen. He is enthusiastically devoted to *Alma Mater* and deeply interested in all that concerns her welfare. Mr. Crowley gave great pleasure to all his old friends by his visit, which we hope will soon be repeated.

—Arthur W. Stace, '97, is dramatic editor for the *Evening Press* of Grand Rapids, Mich. Mr. Stace is making strides as a playwright, his latest work, "A Race for a Wife," being billed for April 1st at Shea's Theatre, Buffalo. In his student days Mr. Stace was a member of the SCHOLASTIC staff. He starred also in dramatics, playing "Richelieu," "Corsican Brothers," and other plays. We are glad to hear of his success and trust it will continue.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

WATTS V. MACKIN.

This case was tried at a recent session of the Moot-Court. The attorneys were Messrs. Thomas Paul McGannon, assisted by Howard Davis and Hugh J. Boyle, and Ralph Feig, assisted by George W. Sprenger and John W. Schindler. As they could not agree upon the facts and refer the matter to the court on the law point involved in the instruction given at the close of the statement of facts, a jury was called by the clerk, Mr. James V. Cunningham. Both sides waived the examination on the *voir dire* and agreed to accept the jury, which comprised the following: Messrs. Harry Curtis, Rupert D. Donovan John F. Brogan, M. J. Diskin, P. M. Malloy and Oscar A. Fox. After the opening statements of counsel the evidence was introduced. Their arguments pro and con followed. Immediately afterward Judge Hoynes instructed the jury as to the law bearing upon the facts. After an absence of 15 minutes the jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, awarding him the amount claimed in the declaration. A motion for a new trial was entered on behalf of the defendant. It is to be argued at an early session of the court. The following is the

Statement of Facts.

Walter Watts and Martin Mackin reside respectively in Clay and Harris Townships, St. Joseph County, Indiana. Early in June, 1905, they met in South Bend, and in the course of conversation touching the relative merits of their horses agreed upon a trade, Watts giving his black trotter for Mackin's gray pacer. The exchange was made on the 10th of the month stated. Quite evidently Mackin had more experience than Watts in that line of business, for he got decidedly the better of the bargain. The horse given to Watts was defective in vision, prone to bite and kick and afflicted with some internal malady. It died in less than three months after the trade, or on the 5th of September. Watts informed Mackin of the fact, stating that it was diseased and practically worthless at the time of the barter. Continuing, he said:

"You must give me a horse as valuable as the one I gave you or the equivalent of such horse in money. I could easily have sold the horse I gave you for \$150."

Mackin answered: "Well, it was a trade. You put your wits against mine and thought you were getting a better horse than the one you gave me. If you lost in the shuffle you should keep the matter quiet, as I would if the situation were reversed. You should act like a man and not exhibit so woeful a lack of sportsman-like spirit. Why, you wouldn't wager a crab-apple on a football game!"

Watts replied: "Sir, I am unwilling to take from you lessons in what constitutes manhood. I did not suppose that our transaction was to be viewed as a gambling venture. I considered it a trade between honest men, but I realize now that I may have been mistaken. It was not an honest trade on your part, and I think that the court will agree with me in saying that you ought to give me a horse worth \$150 or that amount in money."

Mackin responded: "My friend, I do not want to quarrel with you, nor do I wish to have any man consider me dishonest or even unfair. If satisfactory, I will give you my note for \$150, payable a year hence, and call it square."

Watts rejoined that it would be satisfactory, and a paper writing, of which the following is a copy, was then written and handed to him:

"\$150. South Bend, Ind., Sept. 5, 1905.

"I hereby agree and solemnly bind myself to pay Walter Watts one hundred and fifty dollars in a year from date because of his dissatisfaction with a horse trade we had in June last.

"Martin Mackin."

The instrument in question was presented for payment when due, but Mackin refused to honor it, saying that he was not so particular about being called into court as he had formerly been.

Watts' attorney considers the following instruction given formerly in the trial of a case similar to this as decisive, and hence the suit is instituted in accordance with legal advice:

"If the jury believe from the evidence that there was a horse trade between Watts and Mackin, out of which a difficulty had grown, and that Watts was threatening to sue Mackin, and not deceiving him by any misrepresentations, and that Mackin, rather than be sued, promised Watts that he would pay him \$150, then said promise is binding, and this regardless of the question as to whether Mackin would or would not have been liable in the suit which Watts was threatening to bring against him."

Obituary.

The death of Edward Foley of Brownson Hall at his home in Aitkin, Minnesota, on January eleven, cast deep gloom over the University. Edward had been one of us for a few months only, but those few months were long enough to convince all who came into contact with him that he possessed an unusually lovable disposition and a manly character that promised great things for the future. It may be questioned whether any student of Notre Dame ever made such a favorable impression in such a brief space, as the constant inquiries about him during his absence indicated. Those who became attached to him so tenderly during his short stay with us may realize what a sad blow his death is to his parents. God alone can speak the comforting word in such a case as this, but all at Notre Dame will hold the parents in prayerful remembrance when they say a *De profundis*—as they often will—for the soul of Edward Foley. *R. I. P.*

* *

The University and students tender their sincere sympathy to Mr. James Bach, C. E., '07, on the death of his mother. Mrs. Bach was ill but a short time and her death was quite unexpected. On Monday morning the seniors attended Mass in a body for the repose of her soul. *R. I. P.*

* *

The sympathy of the University goes out to Mr. Joseph E. Corby, of St. Joseph, Missouri, a student of '98, on the death of his beloved wife, Jeanne Jung Corby, on the 13th inst. Mrs. Corby was a charming woman, and her passing away in the morning of her life is a sad blow, not only to the bereaved husband but to a great multitude of friends. *R. I. P.*

Local Items.

—Found—A fountain pen. Apply to Bro. Alphonsus.

—Wanted—Manuscripts from some one. Rush them to the Editor.

—Attention, Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, meeting to-night, Science Hall, 7:30.

—Thursday, January 17, the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held a regular meeting, at which two new members were received into the club and the name of four others who wish to join were read out. The program of the evening consisted of short speeches and recitations. Mr. W. Carrico recited a selection entitled "High Tide at Gettysburg." Mr. J. Kenefick's subject was "A Visit to the State Penitentiary at Michigan City;" Mr. J. Falomir's, "Holidays in Mexico;" Mr. J. Lennartz's, "The Settlement of Oklahoma;" while Mr. H. Garvey gave a detailed description of how bottles are made. Messrs. McAleenan and Holleran each recited one of Eugene Field's pretty poems. Brother Alphonsus spoke on the necessity of serious reading and reflection for the student to assimilate ideas that will broaden his mind and strengthen his character. He also recited a poem entitled "Beautiful Hands," and touched the hearts of more than one of his hearers. After some impromptu remarks by Mr. Depew, the meeting adjourned.

—Letters have been sent out by the "Dome" management to the presidents of all the classes and clubs in the University, requesting members to have pictures taken as soon as possible. If any organization has been overlooked it should be reported to the manager immediately, and proper consideration will be received. The call for pictures met with ready response from the students. Clubs which had not yet organized for the year elected officers during the week, and all of them have set a date to have group pictures taken. The work on the Year Book is progressing very favorably. A large amount of the material is now in the hands of the editors, and will soon be ready for the press. It is hoped that all the Hall representatives will hand in their work as soon as possible so that the publication of the book will not be delayed. The editors hope to have it ready for sale by March 30. The "Dome of '07" will be somewhat larger than that of last year, and will have an entirely different aspect. The price will probably be the same. The circulation department will be busy before long.