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DR. JAMES C. MONAGHAN

Lætare Medalist, 1908.

Laetare Medalist, 1908.

JOHN B. KANALEY, '09.



WHEN the news flashed across the wires that Doctor James C. Monaghan, scholar, educator, and public servant had been selected as the Laetare Medalist for 1908, the announcement was received with universal acclaim by the friends of the University and the Catholic public. Doctor Monaghan's splendid career in the service of the nation, and his devotedness to the interests of education and Catholic progress have deservedly won him pre-eminence among the Catholic laity of the United States, and it was in recognition of his attainments in those fields of endeavor that Notre Dame deemed him worthy of the highest distinction within her gift.

Doctor Monaghan is the ideal type of the Catholic layman. The ennobling teachings of Mother Church find embodiment in his daily relations with his fellowmen, and have exerted a potent influence in moulding his life in conformity to steadfast principles of Christian morality and genuine citizenship. A review of his career brings into relief those qualities of personal integrity and unyielding perseverance, which have converted the cherished hopes of his youth into living realities, and it is to these traits that we must look for the impelling forces of his character. The story of his rise from obscurity to a position of national trust and honor breathes inspiration and incentive to the man who would succeed, and attests the unbounded opportunities within reach of the youth who will persistently endeavor to make the most of his God-given talents.

The present recipient was born in Boston, Mass., Oct. 11, 1857, but owing to unfortunate injuries sustained by his father in an accident, the boy was forced to seek employment at an early age in the cotton mills of Salem and Providence. However, a thirst for knowledge had already manifested itself, and to satisfy this desire he attended school in the evening after long hours of toil in the shops. At the age of twenty-two his longing for an education led him to leave the mills and enter upon a course of studies

at Mowry's Academy. From that institution he matriculated at Brown University where he was graduated in 1885. Before entering and also during his student days he served as a member of the City Council and the School Board of Providence.

The political field attracted him, for even before his graduation he campaigned for Cleveland in 1884. His appointment as U. S. Consul at Mannheim, Germany, came the next year, and he held that post until 1889, at the same time pursuing a course of studies at the famous university of Heidelberg. The study of law and newspaper work occupied his attention upon his return to this country, and he campaigned a second time for Cleveland in 1892. The next year he accepted the consulship at Chemnitz, Germany, returning home after a term of four years. His appointment as a delegate from this country to the World's Commercial Congress in 1899 came as a deserving recognition of the valuable services he had rendered in his consular capacity, and when that labor was finished he retired from public life to take up educational work. However, he resumed connection with the Department of Commerce and Labor in 1903, remaining until last year, when he came to Notre Dame. Perhaps the most notable achievement of his public service was the editing and revision of the consular reports, a work which he has performed for the past twelve years in such a creditable manner as to elicit universal praise.

The name of Doctor Monaghan has also been made familiar to Americans by his contributions to various periodicals, by his success as an instructor, and by his striking abilities as an orator. His articles upon subjects of history and the leading topics of the day are forceful and pointed, and teem with the treasures of a mind enriched by extensive reading and wide experience. His reputation as an educator was firmly established by the signal success which attended his efforts both at the University of Wisconsin and at Notre Dame. He occupied the Chair of Commerce at the former institution for four years, and assumed charge of the History and Economics course at Notre Dame last September, but resigned at Christmas time in order to devote his efforts more exclusively to the lecture platform.

As an orator and lecturer of superlative power, Doctor Monaghan has been accorded unqualified praise by the press and public, and in depth and diversity of scholarly knowledge he is probably not surpassed by any lecturer of the day. The value of his utterances is considerably enhanced by his intimate knowledge of the forces at work in the shaping of American destiny, and by his wide acquaintance with foreign affairs, especially in their political and historical phases. Breadth of knowledge, felicity of expression, terse and lucid diction, are the distinctive marks of his oratory, and are effectively set off by the charm of his personality. However, it is in the sterling worth of the man himself, in the exemplary sweetness of his home life, and in the unwavering devotion to Church and country that we sound the truest notes of his character; and Notre Dame may rest assured that in honoring Doctor Monaghan she realizes to the full the end for which the medal is bestowed,—the recognition of absolute and unquestioned merit.

The custom of awarding the Lætare Medal was inaugurated at Notre Dame in 1883 when the faculty decided that a medal should be given each year to some member of the Catholic laity distinguished for furthering the interests of morality, education, and citizenship. The practice was inspired, no doubt, by a similar custom which has prevailed in Europe since the thirteenth century. It was instituted by the popes, who each year give a golden rose, blessed by the Pontiff, to some European whose services to religion or humanity were deemed worthy of recognition. The rose is blessed on the Mid-Sunday of Lent, and its presentation is accompanied by a benediction which in early times was conveyed in the following form: "Receive from our hands this rose, beloved son, who, according to the world art noble, valiant and endowed with great prowess, that you may be still more ennobled by every virtue from Christ, as a rose planted near the streams of many waters; and may this grace be bestowed on you in the overflowing clemency of Him who liveth and reigneth, world without end."

The medal derives its name from the day on which it is bestowed, Lætare Sunday,—so called because the Introit of the Mass

for that day begins with the word, Lætare, meaning "Rejoice." This day was selected in accordance with the European custom, as the purpose to be attained in both cases is nearly identical. The medal itself is of artistic design and finished workmanship. The bar from which the disc is suspended is lettered "Lætare Medal," and the inscription: "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit*—Truth is mighty and shall prevail," appears on the face of the disc. Upon the reverse side, the names of the University and the recipient are inscribed. The address presented with the medal is painted and printed on silk, and is a record of the special reasons for which the person has been chosen.

Doctor John Gilmary Shea, the historian, was the first to be honored with the distinction, and the names of the subsequent recipients represent the very flower of the American Catholic laity, as is evident from the following list:—Patrick J. Keeley, architect; Eliza Allen Starr, art critic; Gen. John Newton, civil engineer; Patrick V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist; William J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty, orator; Major Henry W. F. Brownson, soldier and scholar; Patrick Donahoe, editor; Augustin Daly, theatrical manager; Anna T. Sadlier, author; William Starke Rosecrans, soldier; Doctor Thomas A. Emmet, physician; Hon. Timothy Howard, jurist; Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, philanthropist; John A. Creighton, philanthropist; William Bourke Cockran, lawyer and orator; Doctor John B. Murphy, surgeon; Charles J. Bonaparte, statesman; Richard C. Kerens, philanthropist; Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, philanthropist; Hon. Francis Quinlan, surgeon; Katherine E. Conway, editor.

Arrangements have not yet been completed for the formal presentation of the medal, but May 17 has been tentatively suggested, on which date our Rev. President, Father Cavanaugh, proposes to hold a reunion of all the living medalists at Notre Dame, and signalize the occasion by bestowing the honor upon Doctor Monaghan. The realization of this plan would bring together men and women of notable attainments in their respective callings, and Notre Dame might well feel honored in entertaining an assemblage of such inspiring exemplars of Catholic truth and civic morality.

## The Honor Due.

(To Dr. J. C. Monaghan, Latane Medalist, 1908.)

THE honor due to merit high  
 Too oft can prove an alibi;  
 Pursuant to a faulty code,  
 'Tis granted where it is not owed:  
 The world is wealth's, not worth's, ally.

Yet sometimes we, as now, espy  
 The laurel-crown placed not awry,  
 And joy to mark on thee bestowed  
 The honor due.

Full right to wear it none deny  
 To one whose life doth typify  
 True manhood of the Christian mode,  
 Where Duty serves as constant goad,—  
 Hence all proclaim with common cry  
 The honor due.

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

## The Artist.

JOSEPH J. BOYLE, '08.



SOUTHERN sat in his studio looking dejectedly about him. A sense of intense desolation filled his soul, and with prophetic clearness he saw the crushing emptiness of all that men call life. Costumes of antiquity hung round the walls. The blackened floor, strewn with yawning paint wrappers, contrasted strangely with the plaster casts, the white stone faces, that stared in morgue-like silence from every niche and corner of the room. From the busy street below, the hum and chatter of Easter shoppers rose, stealing through the open window, but bringing no warmth to the artist's breast. Easter had lost all significance for him. In his zeal to depict nature at its highest, he had forgotten that the humblest form of humanity was above the highest art. He had forgotten that though beauty might delight the fancy and inspire the mind, the heart would still crave the sympathy and companionship of men. Still less did the grim consciousness of knowing that his isolation was self-imposed, give meaning to the alleluias of Easter. The artist realized, however, that a mighty void was being left in his life.

"O if I could only go visiting somewhere," he moaned distractedly, "these melancholy

feelings which have possessed me of late might vanish. But I have no place to visit; not one friend in the world who would care to see me." He sighed and sank into a high-backed chair. "Bills and advertisements," he continued, glancing over the morning's mail, "the same every day." Then in a tone of surprise: "What! From Notre Dame! It's eleven years since I saw that letter head. "An invitation to attend the alumni reunion," echoed through the studio, then all was silent.

The letter slipped from his fingers. His eyes wandered vaguely over the frescoes above his head. His mind flew out across the busy world below him, over the years quite lost in oblivion; he was with his college chums again and their genial spirits cheered him. The hard-fought games, the pleasant strolls, the quiet hours with professors and friends—all these rolled by his mental vision. One scene in particular engaged his thoughts and stirred his soul to its depths, as visions splendid rose before his mind. That scene was St. Mary's students at Notre Dame—the day they visited the University and he, Southern, was one of the ushers. He remembered how his hall-men eyed him and wished themselves in his place. A smile lighted the bloodless features as he thought of the wistful Spanish admirer who on that day, not dreaming that her language would be understood, whispered confidently in her native tongue, "I love that boy with the curly hair." He recalled how in face and figure she was the realization of the old Greek sculptor's dream, a fact which his artistic eye had not failed to appreciate. How he studied that face; how proud he felt when he caused it to live upon the canvas; how the blood mantled his face when he scrawled across the base of the picture the only words by which he knew the original; "I love that boy with the curly hair."

"I wish I hadn't sold those pictures," the artist began to reason audibly. "They were the best I ever painted, seems to me. But when father died I couldn't go back, so sent word to let them go for whatever they should bring. Then I painted because I loved the work; now the soul seems to have gone out of my brush."

The arrival of Robert Wells, the artist's

model, recalled Mr. Southern from his reverie.

"Well, Bob," was the artist's salutation, "we'll take a rest to-day. You want some time to prepare for Easter; I am not in a humor for working. Strange to say, I got a letter from my *Alma Mater* this morning, asking me to take part in a reunion of the old boys in June; and, Bob, I am going when that time comes. 'Tis years since I left this town; confinement is beginning to tell upon me physically and mentally. Life has become a burden of late. Who knows but that a visit to the spot where my boyhood days were passed might restore me all my old-time vigor?" The artist's face glowed with promise.

"The Perris, I think, are going to that same reunion," volunteered the model, thoughtfully. "I heard them speak of it many times. They get the SCHOLASTIC and the *Chimes* from up there."

"The SCHOLASTIC," interrupted the artist, "I have almost forgotten what it looks like. And the *Chimes*, the Roll of Honor, yes I remember. Who did you say, Bob?"

"The Perris," rejoined the model. "They live on San Pedro Square, two doors from us," was the young man's answer.

"The Perris, Perris," repeated the artist contemplatively, "I have never heard of them, but I am going to call on them this very day. Write the address on that card," concluded the artist, gravely.

Alone again, Mr. Southern resumed his musings. "Back to Notre Dame for the reunion," he mumbled absent-mindedly. "Strange, that the face of that little Spanish maid persists in my memory more vividly than any face I have since seen." The artist lighted a cigar and walked distractedly from the studio.

The sun was nearing the mountains that afternoon, when a servant at the Perri residence admitted Mr. Southern to the hall. Miss Perri received him into the drawing-room as soon as she had learned his mission. She spoke of the reunion with enthusiasm, told of her studies at St. Mary's and of her brother who was graduated from Notre Dame.

Miss Perri was tall and graceful, her large dark eyes looked ceaselessly. Yet there was something wistful and sad in her face that did not accord with the comforts and

luxuries which surrounded her. Great paintings adorned the walls of the salon, and Mr. Southern noticed with no little astonishment that two of his own were among the collection. He felt flattered at the places of prominence occupied by his paintings and did not conceal his pleasure. The conversation naturally turned on art, and the works of Gregori at Notre Dame became the subject of their discussion. Mr. Southern was at home in this field of thought and grew quite animated. Once as he glanced into the young woman's face in the way of emphasizing his remark, he thought he recognized the features. But before he had time to arrive at any conclusion Miss Perri interrupted:

"Here is the painting I like best of all." There was a tremor in her voice as she drew aside the heavy curtain which opened into the adjoining room. There, among a cluster of Notre Dame and St. Mary's pennants, hung an oil painting of a dark-eyed Spanish maiden, and across the foot was inscribed the familiar Spanish line, "I love the boy with the curly hair."

A cry of exclamation escaped from the artist's lips. The postal-album which he had been holding fell to the floor. His highly-wrought artistic temperament bent under the strain. His great frame quivered, his words froze upon his lips. Transfixed to the spot, he looked passionately from the painting on the wall to Miss Perri who stood blushing in the doorway, her dark eyes suffused with an ardor that softened his wild stare.

"My brother bought it," she explained timidly, as both returned to the salon.

The artist could not understand how they had lived in Galveston all these years without meeting. To Miss Perri the present meeting seemed infinitely more marvelous. As they stood in the hall that evening, the artist held the hand she extended in farewell. The look of happiness which flashed from her Spanish eyes gave him courage to ask if she could still "love the boy with the curly hair." A smile of assurance was her only answer; it was enough.

"Then," continued the artist in tones of deepest emotion, "Easter will mean something for me after all. We shall attend the alumni reunion together."

## Resurrection.

HARRY LEDWIDGE, '09.

ARRAYED in robes of penitential white,  
 The year forgets awhile the Christmas glee,  
 The myriad candles of the star-strewn night,  
 The sense of rapture over land and sea;  
 The organ tones of mighty breezes flee  
 Across the land, precursors of the rain,  
 And over all, the mountains and the lea,  
 Descends the vanguard of the hurricane.

Dear, wistful Spring returns with lilacs crowned,  
 Whose haunting fragrance vivifies the air;  
 The apple blossoms pink are drifting round,  
 Divergent answer to a dream of prayer.  
 And where the mummied year wept, old and wizen,  
 The youthful Spring proclaims, "I have arisen."

## The Scape-Goat.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.

**F**ROM time immemorial it has been the custom of mankind to offer sacrifices. In all periods and among all nations and tribes, from the lowest grades of savagery to the highest degree of civilized men, sacrifices of some kind or other have been offered. Jew and Gentile, Christian and heathen, all have given and still do give outward expression to the feelings within by means of sacrifices. It is man's nature to desire to worship something and to make offerings to the deity to whom he pays homage.

Among the Jews the offering of sacrifices was of daily observance. The Jewish high priest offered an oblation morning and evening in the name of the people. Special sacrifices were also appointed for certain feasts. Jewish festivals were occasions of great importance, and scrupulous care and vigilance were exercised to see that every detail, from the cleansing of the vessels to the offering of the victim, was rigidly observed. Every faithful and orthodox Jew to-day still observes the practices of his forefathers. Besides the feasts which were annually observed there were also six solemn fasts in commemoration of national calamities. The great Day of Atonement was the most important of these fasts. The observance of

this fast took place in the Hebrew month of Tisri which corresponds to our month of October.

"Upon the tenth day of this seventh month shall be the day of atonement; it shall be most solemn, and shall be called holy; and you shall afflict your souls on that day, and shall offer a holocaust to the Lord. You shall do no servile work in the time of this day; because it is the day of propitiation, that the Lord, your God, may be merciful unto you." By the words "afflict your souls" was understood that a fast was to be observed.

On the occasion of this fast the high priest laid aside his pontifical robes, and arrayed in white linen garments from head to foot he offered a calf and prayed for himself and family. He then led before the door of the Tabernacle of the Testimony two he-goats, presented as expiatory offerings by the people. On these he cast lots to determine which was to be offered in sacrifice, and which was to be the emissary goat, or commonly known as the "scape-goat." On one lot was inscribed the words, "For Jehovah," and on the other, "For Azazel," this latter term probably signifying "spirit of evil." After various sacrifices and ceremonies, the goat on which the lot "For Jehovah" had fallen was slain and its blood sprinkled before the mercy seat of the Lord as had been done with the blood of the calf. Having purified the Holy of Holies with the blood of both victims, the high priest now laid his hands upon the head of the goat on which the lot "For Azazel" had fallen, and confessed over it the iniquities of the children of Israel. Loaded as it now was with the sins and offences of the people, it was led out by a man chosen for that purpose and turned into a desert near Jericho where it remained exposed to the mercy of the wild beasts or was left to die of starvation. The sending away of this goat signified the carrying away of the sins of the people out of the sight of Jehovah. It likewise signified the cleansing influence of faith and compunction of heart indicated by that sacrifice. The scape-goat was a figure of the Saviour charged with all the sins of mankind in His passion, and afterward delivered over to the barbaric cruelty of His enemies to be put to death.



## A Glory Paralleled.

JAMES J. QUINLAN, '08.

TIME leaves us distant from the day a Child  
 Of David's line, with faltering step, first blessed  
 The ground of Palestine, and on it pressed  
 Love's pledge of fairer life. With nature mild,  
 In charm and grace—a lily undefiled—  
 His saintly spirit grew. His life impressed  
 Alike the virtuous and the base; but best,  
 His life of love, in death renewed, has smiled

And cheered the wayward heart. Earth's cherished  
 bowers  
 With tender shoots and buds, with valleys green,  
 In cloistered vale, 'neath craggy cliffs, and e'en  
 In every wood and dell, with life are born.  
 The songs-birds' chirp, the hues of fresh-blown  
 flowers—  
 All these, I ween, make spring like Easter morn.

## Harley the Fearless.

ROBERT L. SALEY, '08.



DON'T be late, Will."

"All right, my dear. I will try to be home by midnight, but don't stay up for me." And Harley took his little wife into his arms and kissed her. Harley was on his way to the Press Club, and this was the night of the annual Press Club banquet. The Press Club was a business association of the newspaper men of the city, incidentally for the "propagation of the spirit of good-fellowship and good-will among the newspaper men of our city." The annual banquet was the climax of the festivities which went far towards promoting this spirit, so noticeable among its members, and among the newspaper men it had earned the title, "the big blow-out." Nothing was too good for the newspapermen at their annual banquet. They had the best of dinners, the best of cigars, the best of wines, the best of stories, and after all these came those little confidential chats which go so far towards making life seem worth while.

Amid all this, the congeniality of Harley's soul knew no bounds. At one time he would be down at the bar lining up a promiscuous crowd, ranging from the "old man" to "cub

reporters," with a hearty, "Well, what will you have, boys?" Again he would be up in the Turkish room chatting with McHenry of the *News*, or Morton of the *Times*, or Williams of the *Globe*, and their stories would only be interrupted by a "Thank you, James," or "Bring us a couple of high-balls, James," or "A whiskey this time, please," and an occasional, "I'll stand pat for two bucks," "Give me three cards—I'll raise you one, Bill," that came from the screened corner of the room.

In the billiard room the city editor of the *Leader* was telling a crowd of "cubs," who were invariably worshippers of Harley, about his "star" reporter.

"Yes, sir, Harley is the best man that ever worked for me. He is brilliant, keen, active and the biggest dare-devil that ever walked on two legs. He will ride a strike wagon, go into a burning building, a den of thieves, or any place else where there is a good piece of news to be found. To this day, half of the boys of the 27th think he is crazy from the way he acted at San Juan. He was right out between the two lines with the bullets of the 27th whizzing past him from behind, and the Mausers spitting down at him from above and he didn't flinch for a moment. His only explanation afterwards was that he wanted to see what was going on. I often pray that recklessness will not lead Harley to a sad end. I have heard of men absolutely without fear; I never saw one before. But I stake my word on it, boys, there isn't a thing on this green earth that Harley is afraid of. He is as brave as a lion." And Harley, who had just come from another trip to the bar with the "ad man," entered in time to hear the last sentences of the city editor's panegyric. Naturally, Harley remonstrated, but his objections were interrupted by the striking of the great bronze clock which stood placidly upon the mantelpiece. One—two—three. Before the ringing tones had died away, the "star reporter" had seized his coat and hat, and had made a rush for the door without even a hasty "Good night."

But when Harley got out into the chilly morning air, away from the lights, away from the excitement, a queer dizziness crept over his brain; his head began to whirl. The beaming full moon and the flickering street

lights jumped about in an irregular way. But these things did not disturb the hilarity of Harley. He stumbled along, singing and whistling until with outstretched arms he ran into a great black iron lamp-post.

"Hello! old boy. Sh-shake. How is your epizootics?" And then with an arm entwined about his new-found friend he sang over and over again that favorite song of early morning revelers: "I Won't be Home till Morning," and in accompaniment a few dogs barked at the moon and the echoes of a loud, thick voice came back from the dark brick walls. "Well, guess'll have to go. Ta-ta, old boy." And with a loving farewell pat, he left his stanch friend. Farther down the walk, which to Harley looked like a zigzag line of grey, stretching away between the dark rows of houses, he found new friends—lamp-posts, trees, and fences—and with each he stopped long enough to sing and leave a hat, or necktie or collar as a token of friendship.

In this way Harley went, stopping frequently to chat with some friendly tree or lamp-post, until he came to his own residence. There was a light burning, and looking in through the window he could see his wife pacing up and down the little library.

"Huh! She is waiting for Willie, is she?" Harley sat down on the curbstone and reflected long. Then with many gestures he told his whole secret to the silent, attentive trees. "Sh-she is waiting for Willie. Boys, there is nothing—boys—on this green earth that Harley fears,—boys. Th-that's right, all right, b-but, boys, the city editor doesn't know m-my little—little wife. Ladies and gents,—William Napoleon Harley will to-night make a one night's st-stand at yonder commodious hotel. S-sure, Mike, I'm not af-fraid of anything."

And the "star reporter," often looking stealthily back towards his home, picked his way softly, slowly, uncertainly along the street to the New Van Guard.

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### Redemption.

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MAN'S debt is paid, and sin's dark night is o'er,  
Yon risen Sun of Justice sets no more.

G. J. FINNIGAN, '10

### God's Peace.

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PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

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It is Easter. The morning sun, radiant with joy, is slowly creeping up from behind the mountains. Its dazzling rays putting to flight the delicate mist that has aggregated during the night, bring happiness to the inhabitants of the little village of Pinnebog. Quiet and repose permeate the atmosphere, and naught is heard for a few hours save the singing of the merry songsters in the valley below.

About ten o'clock the bell in the village church-tower rings out its joyous peals summoning the parishioners to Mass. Soon the rustling of carriages, mingled with the tones of happy voices, gives expression of faithful response to the bell. One after another the vehicles approaching the church door leave the old and young to assist at the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. Boys and girls with beaming faces, dressed in new frocks and gay costumes, hurry down the streets, and soon the church is filled.

As the sun advances in its wheeling course its dancing rays penetrate the stained-glass windows and flood the sanctuary with a rich, mellow light. Scented flowers adorn the altar, and many burning candles cast faint, flickering shadows of the missal and veiled chalice on the altar cloth. Large lilies, emblematic of the day's feast, stand in ivory vases at each side of the altar. From their bosoms they send forth a holy fragrance of love—their offering—which rises to heaven like a cloud of incense.

The priest, clad in sacred robes and preceded by a number of acolytes, approaches the altar to begin Mass. The congregation reverently kneel and join the priest in prayer. Soft music from the organ loft inspires devotion and adds splendor to the solemn occasion. The *Kyrie* and *Gloria* are sung, and Communion time draws nigh. With bowed heads the people piously approach the holy table, and in a few moments "Christ is risen" in the hearts of the faithful, the peace of God that "surpasseth all understanding" once more reigns over mankind.



# Victory.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

FULL dark upon the penitential days,  
In silent agony we seem to see  
Our God upon His sorrow laden cross,  
All bruised and torn.

But ah! those wounds divine grow all ablaze  
With light celestial shining fair and free  
Upon our souls all cleansed from earthly dross,  
On Easter morn.

# A Domestic Imbrolio.

RICHARD J. COLLENTINE, '09.



OR several minutes Mrs. Thorsdale had been dusting the mantelpiece. This task seldom consumed more than a few moments. Now, however, she appeared listless and absorbed, swinging the duster aimlessly. Her husband Jason, sitting in an arm-chair nearby, glanced at her furtively several times, coming to the conclusion at length that there was something in the wind. In such cases as this Jason always waited, for Mirandy invariably began in her own good time.

"Jason," she volunteered finally, "I could use that promised five dollars to good advantage now. I have five saved already, and I need ten to get the hat I have picked out for Easter."

The man of the house as usual grew flurried when the subject of money was broached.

"Ten dollars!" he managed to gasp. "Great heavens, woman! that would buy me a suit of clothes."

"Yes; but you know ten dollars will go further with me than you. I never wear out more than two hats a year, and I have had but one dress since last Easter. You are now wearing your third suit."

This was said quietly and confidently. Mirandy usually came out with colors flying when it came to a mere argument. This calmness irritated Jason.

"How much did the one dress cost?" he sneered. "One outfit for you, including

clothes and other tomfoolery would pay for three of mine."

"My last dress outfit if you would have it so, cost but twenty-five dollars," responded Mirandy, bristling up in her turn. "Besides," she said, "you know full well, Jason Thorsdale, that the suit you wore to Perkins' ball cost every cent as much." These last words were emphasized by a long thin finger levelled straight at Jason, before which that gentleman visibly quailed.

"Well, what if it did?" said he hesitatingly. Mention of the dress suit had disconcerted him. "You never catch me forking out ten dollars for a hat, do you?"

"Our only course," answered Mrs. Thorsdale, now thoroughly impatient, "is to compromise. You add up all your expenses and I shall do the same. If I have proved a greater bill of expense, I'll trouble no more about the hat."

For want of a better plan—for he was not in Mirandy's class as a business manager—Jason acquiesced readily. He did not feel the assurance that Mirandy felt, for a number of purchases he had made around Christmas time caused him some misgiving. He made considerable fuss to secure pencil and pad, outwardly manifesting the greatest confidence. His better half was fully as excited, but was even more sphinx-like.

Both figured madly for several minutes. Mirandy finished first, and sat gazing coolly across the table at Jason. She eyed him intently, for, certain as she was of securing the desired five dollars, she was thoroughly wrought up.

At the present moment he was engaged in sharpening his pencil which persisted in breaking at the point. He was now performing this operation for the third or fourth time and was in a bad temper. A movement from Mirandy's side of the room caused him to give a furtive glance over his shoulder. He suspected that a slight titter came from that direction. All he saw, however, was Mirandy's calm eyes gazing intently at an insignificant picture above his desk.

A moment later he completed his calculations wheeled around and faced her. If he thought to gain any information by studying her countenance he was badly mistaken. Her features were as sphinx-like as ever.

He looked the misgivings he himself felt, despite all efforts to conceal them.

"What is your sum total?" she queried serenely.

"What is yours?" he growled.

"Fifty dollars and twenty-five cents," she answered keeping her eyes steadfastly on his. Her anxious looks next gave place to an expression of alarm at sight of the transformation in Jason.

"And mine is only forty dollars," he answered bringing his fist down on the table with such force that the castor adorning the center of the family board toppled over.

Mirandy was struck dumb.

"There, didn't I tell you, I never bought as much as you. Judging from the number of millinery bills you get, I can not imagine how fifty dollars could cover the sum."

No answer.

"I suppose you would like about forty more for an entire new Easter outfit," pursued Jason. So seldom was victory his in an altercation of this nature, that he resolved to make the most of it. As he spoke the last words, he turned towards the window, and thus failed to see the tears that began to well up in Mirandy's eyes. In the fraction of a minute during which he stood there gazing out, he did not hear her departure.

"Now I would be willing," he was saying—just then he realized she had gone. A sudden ringing of the door-bell next interrupted him and he hurried toward the ante-room. He returned a moment later to his desk with a letter bearing a "special delivery" stamp. The recent domestic broil was now forgotten. He opened the letter with feverish haste. What the first glance revealed caused a momentary collapse. The following were the contents:

J. E. Markham, Peoples' tailor	
To suit of clothes	\$45
By cash	\$10
Am't due	\$35

"—if Mirandy should see this!" was his next thought; and then, that Mirandy might not see it, he crumpled the obnoxious paper.

He glanced around to assure himself. This time he nearly sank into the ground, for there glowering down on him Medusa-like stood Mirandy.

She got her Easter hat.

## The Three-Day Drama.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

ONE Friday eve the setting sun  
Beheld the dying Saviour, crucified;  
But Sunday morn that God-sent One  
Arose, the King forever glorified.

## The Ghost of Company K.

FRANK X. CULL, '08.



DENNY was the latest recruit. He had joined the company fresh from the old sod—a fact which his appearance and accent did little to contradict. But short as Denny's period of service had been, his ready wit and willing heart had won him a place in the esteem and affection of the company. But just now Denny was the subject of a good deal of unfavorable criticism: he had unwittingly called down the reprehension of the entire camp—and all because he had, in an unpropitious moment, presumed to profess his disbelief in the company ghost. The mention of that worthy spectre had become a byword of the camp, and no one ever dreamed of doubting its existence, for had not numberless thrilling tales been narrated around the camp-fire by men who had been favored with a view of the mysterious apparition? But Denny was new and untried, so his contempt for camp traditions was explainable.

"Sure, a ghost, is it? Well, 'tis not the likes of him that could scare Dennis O'Toole," he announced with a scornful laugh.

Such a supreme assertion of self-confidence could not be allowed to go untested in Company K. Shorty McFarren was furious. Shorty had been favored in a most extraordinary way by the ghost. Hardly a night had he been on picket duty that he had not at least caught a glimpse of the spectre flitting through a hedge, or lurking in a shadow. So Shorty McFarren felt that his reputation was at stake.

Denny all unconscious of the tempest he

had aroused, went about his duties with the same good nature as before. No one dared enter into controversy with him. One glance at his big fists and strongly big knit bulk might well give pause to any mischief-intending comrade. But to his astonishment his corporal called him that evening.

"O'Tool," he said, there's a driver dead down in Number Thirteen. We can't bury him till morning. You will watch by the tent from twelve to three to-night. I'll have some one call you in time."

Here was a new one on Denny. His fertile imagination had pictured to him death as such a common thing in army life that nothing was thought of it. But to watch by a corpse! This was disillusionment, surely. However, the discipline of the company did not permit the airing of any such views to a superior, so he wisely kept them to himself, and saluting, replied:

"Yes, sor. Very well, sor."

Perplexed and puzzled he turned away in time to see Shorty McFarren looking on with a leer. Completely at a loss to know the meaning of such unusual instructions, he went off to his bed, troubled and vexed.

If ever Denny's good nature threatened to forsake him it was at the moment when he awoke from peaceful slumber at midnight in response to a hand pressing on his shoulder.

"Be the shades of all the saints, what a burnin' shame it is to kick an honest Christian out o' bed at this time o'night to watch a dead dago. Sure had I knowed this I wud have tuk a job on the police foorce."

Grumbling and muttering imprecations on his luck, he set about making the hasty toilet of camp-life, lighted his pipe, and strolled down the dark lane between the tents to Number Thirteen. The night was dark and dismal. Great banks of clouds obscured the sky, and a rising wind added to the discomfort. At the door of Number Thirteen he met Baker who had the watch before.

"Hello, Denny; glad to see you. I'm tired of this," he said, yawning, and starting toward his tent.

"Where's yer Oitalian friend?" asked Denny.

"Just inside the door there on the table. Take a look at him," replied Baker,

with a shade of significance in his tone.

"No, thanks," said Denny, "I'll keep company with my pipe here be the dure."

"All right, old man, don't be afraid of him. I've been here since ten, and he hasn't budged once. I'm off. Good night."

"Good night."

Left alone with his charge Denny stood for a moment by the opening of the tent, smoking pensively. Presently he drew back the flap and looked in for a moment, but withdrew his head instantly with an unknown terror tugging at his heart. What was it that made him feel so uncomfortable in presence of the dead driver? He had never experienced such a feeling before. At first he laughed down his apprehensions and started whistling a familiar Irish air to keep up his spirits; but it was of no avail. As soon as the whistling ceased, strange fancies took possession of his brain, and insisted on conjuring up horrid visions to his imagination. Denny was at a loss to understand himself.

Many an Irish wake had he attended, but never before had he trembled in the face of death. But to be in a jolly company at a wake was one thing, and to be here alone with the unknown dead was another. As the minutes passed, everything about him seemed to speak of death: the ceaseless sighing of the wind, the still, spectre-like tents looming white through the darkness, filled his mind with a thousand unknown terrors. After a while he sat down and tried to sleep. But no sooner had he closed his eyes than he experienced that unexplainable feeling of some unknown being approaching. Opening his eyes with a start he looked about sharply, but all was as quiet as before. Again he tried to sleep, and again he was aroused by the same feeling of apprehension. After a time he found himself closing his eyes, then opening them again quickly in order to catch sight of the imaginary prowler before he retreated. Realizing the uselessness of any attempt at sleeping, he rose to his feet and walked around the tent. Soon, either because of the coolness of the wind, or the result of his fear he became uncomfortably cold.

Braving his terrors, he sought the shelter of the tent, and striking a match found a bunk ready made up in the corner opposite the

door. That looked inviting indeed, so Denny was soon ensconced between the blankets, and trying to arrange himself comfortably in such a position that he would not have to face that horrid black outline on the table opposite. But to his horror, no sooner had he arranged himself when an unearthly groan made the blood run cold in his veins. Denny bounded to his feet, and backed, terror-stricken, into the remotest corner. Another groan, and his hair stood on end, a cold sweat stood out in beads on his brow, and his heart was beating like a trip-hammer. In an agony of terror he watched the shapeless object on the table rise to a sitting posture. Denny's knees quaked uncontrollably; he wanted to cry out, but his tongue was dry as mustard. The spectre sat not more than ten feet from him,—between him and the door! As he looked he imagined he saw the fiery eyes burning into his soul. His shattered wits told him that he must make a run for it. But how to pass that awful visitor? He must do it to reach the door. With a shriek he rushed at it with outstretched arms, determined to gain the outside. But his onslaught was arrested by another shriek.

"For God's sake, Denny, don't. It's only me, me—Shorty."

Denny stopped, paralyzed in his tracks, his heart still palpitating, and his hands opening and shutting convulsively.

"Don't, Denny, please don't hit me. It's only a joke. I didn't mean any wrong. You said you wasn't scared of any ghosts, an' we only wanted to try you."

Surely no dago could use that brogue. Denny's poor addled wits were beginning to see the light.

"Tryin' me! tryin' me!" he shouted, finding his voice at last.

"Yes," gasped Shorty, mistaking his agitation for anger, "an' I guess you ain't scared either. I never was so frightened in my life as when you came at me with that yell. Now don't be sore, Denny, please don't, an' I promise to play square after this."

"All right," replied Denny, now almost recovered, "all right, Shorty, but it's good for ye me bye that ye yelled in time, er I would have mashed the everlastin' life out o' ye, sure I would."

## To Christ Crucified.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

ONCE more, O Lord, before Thy lighted shrine  
We haste to come and kneel down at Thy feet;  
Before Thee, 'mid the waxen altar shine,  
We bow our heads in adoration meet.  
The day is bright and clear as once of old  
When Magdalena bent her humbled head  
To pay Thee adoration, not with gold,  
And precious gems, but simple trust instead.  
But she is dust, and Thou, Eternal One,  
Receivest prayer as freely as of yore,  
So ere the April day is wholly done,  
Receive, dear Lord, just one petition more:  
That I with song may expiate my guilt  
As did the sinner with her spikenard spilt.

Upon the coursers of a mighty wind  
My spirit pierced beyond the breaker's sway,  
And left its elemental strife behind  
For larger freedom of a primal day;  
And o'er its heaving caverns, swallow fleet,  
Blown free from all man's empty vanities,  
Or puerile oburgation of deceit,  
I swayed with deep pulsations of the seas.  
And surely, thought I, in this solitude  
The Deity has His abiding place,  
With loneliness of ocean's calm indured,  
And with a garment of celestial space.  
But all the answer that I heard was this,  
The prean as the winds and waters kiss.

The Even robed herself in brave attire  
Of heaven's purple and of amethyst;  
She crowned herself with golden sunset fire,  
Then veiled her majesty in shrouding mist.  
The blinding rays of sunlight slowly fell,  
And gathered all their glory into one:  
For ages song has tried in vain to tell  
The splendid glories of the dying sun.  
Unfolded was the heaven's starry scroll,  
As dark-browed night resumed its ancient reign  
But past the splendor crept my straying soul  
To seek the Master of them all again;  
But though my spirit strove on tireless wings,  
I found the largess, never Him who flings.

I sought Him 'neath the rising crown of flame  
With which the Morn bedecks her lucent brow;  
I sought Him when the Day declining came  
To veil His splendor with the purple vow.  
The mellow glory of the Orient morn  
But lit the earth to show He was not there;  
The blazing sunlight of delicious June  
Showed the temptation of her perfumed hair.  
The ruddy autumn with its golden corn  
Revealed the promise of a future day,  
But not the path by which His feet were torn  
From Pilate's court along the dolorous way;  
Yet tearful April to my voice replied,  
"Behold your Lord and Saviour crucified."

## The Magdalen.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

BESIDE the cross, repentant, anguish torn,  
She stayed near Christ, in prayer and tears to  
mourn.

She knelt without the tomb in sorrow bowed;  
Her love was chastened and her sins avowed.

On Easter morn, as rose her Christ and Lord,  
She was the first He greeted,—love's reward.

## My Reason.

JOSEPH J. BOYLE, '08.

WHEN I behold the sun ascend the sky  
The mighty torrents leap, the planets fall,  
The tender buds that bloom and fade and die,  
I know a God must reign who rules them all.

So, too, when I Thy beaming face behold,  
The shining wounds wherewith Thy feet are shod,  
The fleeing guards, the tomb that open rolled,  
I know that Thou art risen—Thou art God.

## Lost—One Week.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.



THE life of spring and the promises of youth were in his veins. They brightened the horizon of the future for him. Dick Fields was a hearty good fellow; one whom you took a fancy to at first sight, and whom you longed to know better and meet again. His hearty handshake was enough to make one expect good things. His manliness and good football playing made Dick the hero of many a day at college, and the favorite of more than one feminine heart.

It was two thirty-five as Dick pulled out his watch for the fifth time in ten minutes.

"Gee! it's about time for this here show to begin," he drawled out, "five minutes over time already."

Just then the orchestra began squeezing out a few preliminary sounds, and five minutes later the show was under way.

Act followed act in regular succession. At first nearly perfect quiet reigned in the well-filled house, but now, as the fifth act was on, the show grew tiresome. A faint rustle could easily be heard, shuffling of cramped feet became more noticeable, and whisperings murmured continually, while here and there tired individuals left the house. The fifth act was over; it was weak. The sixth and last act was about to begin—Mildred Mills, "Soprano and Magic Flute Artist."

"Another lemon, I suppose," Dick remarked to Murph! "Come on, let's clear out."

"Aw! stick; this is the last anyway."

Gracefully gliding, half dancing, Mildred floated out of the wings of the stage: pretty, smiling, sparkling. A catchy bow, and her act was on.

"I would if I could but I can't," were the words that musically rippled along, catching every ear, even those half through the far-away door. It stopped them, brought them back; Dick brightened up. "Pretty," he thought, "I'd like to know her. Gee! she's got the right kind of eyes, all right." They were blue, and just as they should be—at least, Dick thought so. He forgot his wish to leave; he was all attention now. Every note was caught up by his greedy ears; no move, no glance of her eyes escaped his notice. What eyes! and such a voice!

Slowly, half imperceptibly he formulated a plan: he would try his luck; he would call on her after the show. It was odd and irregular, he knew that, but it didn't hinder him. He wanted to know her, get a nearer view of that face and those eyes. Maybe she would dine with him, maybe...! Already he was building air castles.

"Say, Murph, I'm not going to stick with the bunch; I've got something to tend to after the show. Tell Joe and Art, will you? I'll have to leave; so long!"

Hat in hand he quickly left before the big crowd should begin its exit, for Mildred Mills ended the performance with her act. Once out, he hurried to the stage door. His winning personality gained him a ready admittance, and his desire to see Miss Mills was gratified.

What happened! That's not an open secret. What he said and did, what she said and did, is known to her and him alone. But

that evening they dined together. Next day again. Two days later they were seen out driving. He seemed to think her beautiful,—perfectly lovely, and she seemed to know it. So he proceeded to love her and make love to her, while she proceeded to lead him on.

Five days passed by, but Dick failed to prepare his lessons. College and study were forgotten, and his classmates missed him. Four times he sat through the whole show just to hear 'her' sing and to take her to her hotel after the show. To be within the magic circle of her presence, to see her pretty face, to hear her voice—these were the ends which he strove to attain; and succeeding,—he was satisfied.

Saturday morning as the college bells rang for breakfast, Dick finally decided that he was in love. It must be love; he had not felt that way toward any girl before. He fancied that she loved him. Anyway, he had her photo and she had his. But then there was that lingering, ever-recurring suspicion, that after all she might only be a flirt,—and making a fool of him. His knowledge of her—her personality, her past, her character and her family—only confused him by its meagreness. He was at a loss what to do and how to do it. One moment he decided to pop the question, then again he remembered the old saw, "Look before you leap," and didn't know what to do. Between six and eight o'clock Saturday morning he made up his mind six times to propose to her, and five times he changed; but eight o'clock found him going to her, his mind finally made up to ask that big question. A drive out into the country was the pastime for the morning hours that day. He wanted to make it long, so as to have plenty of time in which to ask the question. It began to look like a big proposition, and each succeeding minute made it seem bigger.

Ten o'clock saw them speeding over the city streets, bound for the fresh, inviting, tree-lined country roads. The morning air was refreshing; it made Dick feel fine, especially when he remembered his chums at school, and pictured them plugging away at those analytic problems. Life was one long song for Dick now, to be near her gave him a sort of satisfied feeling with

everything and everybody. The one thing he did not want, was a change. How glorious it would be if their drive should never end, just go on and on. That was the way he felt, but he knew it would end all too soon, and in the meantime he must ask her.

"I've had an awful nice time with you, Mildred. I never enjoyed myself more in all my life," he said, edging up to the vital question.

"Yes, I have had much pleasure. How short the week has been." Then she talked of other things. On, on, they drove. They were soon in the country. She kept up a stream of talk about flowers and forests and things that gave Dick little chance of putting in a word on what he had to say. Three times he began to beat about the bush, and three times she changed the drift of the conversation to things she liked to talk about. That would never do. At last he blurted out awkwardly: "Mildred, I love you. Will you marry me?" He said no more, but the way he said it meant more than the words themselves.

Slowly she turned her deep blue eyes on him:

"I'm sorry to hurt you, Dick, but I didn't think you would ever ask that question. Yes, I like you, but my song in the show is true."

"What's that?" he asked.

"I would if I could but I can't, because I'm married."

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### Easter Bells.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

WHEN Eve's gray shadows gather near  
From yonder stately wold,  
And one by one God's lights appear,  
Like bits of burnished gold,  
Ah, then, I dream the dreams of yore,  
And feel youth's magic spells,  
But dearer far, I hear once more  
Those grand old Easter bells.

Fair retrospection of the days  
When life knew nought of care,  
Tho' dim the vista, still the haze  
But makes thy scenes more fair;  
Yet when that same old sweet-toned voice  
Upon the night wind swells,  
It bids my heavy heart rejoice,  
Those grand old Easter bells!



## Enthroned.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

GONE—purple days of sadness!  
 Triumphant, once again;  
 Christ's golden peace brings gladness  
 To mankind with its reign.

## "The Ides of March."

EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09.



It was a typical Saturday eve in March. The raw, cold wind swirled in and out among the tall office buildings which rose in irregular array against the gloomy street. Now and then it burst with spasmodic effort against the overhanging wires and signboards like some fretful animal ready to tear asunder the bonds which held it in leash.

The soup line at King's seemed longer than usual to-night, though it fell far short of the crowd which it had sustained through those long winter days and bleak nights, when even the richest passed the familiar corner with somewhat of a shudder. But times were picking up now. The winds swept by again, and the long line of human beings crouched closer under the protecting shelter of the coping. It was a motley array, one such as is seen only in the most cosmopolitan of cities.

A glance down its length, which reached almost to William Street, revealed almost at the very end the figure of a tall, broad-shouldered man, whose presence even in the least conspicuous of places would involuntarily draw the attention. His face crouched beneath the collar of his shabby frieze coat, the brown slouch hat pulled down over his ears almost concealed the face which rested beneath it. How foreign that face seemed to its surroundings as it peered up for a moment with a half apologetic gaze into the face of a passer-by. One hand was thrust deep into the pocket of his overcoat, the other clutched jealously a lone ten-cent piece, the last step between him and starvation. He had seen the line of poverty-

stricken humanity standing in the street. A bite to eat to-night and that coin might keep him on the surface for another day. This indeed was a new rôle. For a moment there welled up in his heart that feeling which only those who have fought and lost may feel. But it was only for a moment.

Six years before, the appearance of that face on Blakesly Field had thrown ten thousand yelling enthusiasts into a howling mass that shook the bleachers to the collapsing point. His vision blurred, he tried to steady himself. Before him he saw a little figure in grey sitting up there near the centre of the stand. But the multitude he saw not. Alas, it was only a dream. The man stumbled forward a bit and jostled against a figure which stood in front of him. It was a delicate form. The thin shawl, thrown over the head was a poor protection from the chill which penetrated even the warmest of coverings. Hidden in its folds was a girlish face, thin and worn by the hardships and poverty of a tenement existence.

The girl turned for a moment and glanced at the man who had jostled her. He flushed and muttered a word of apology, but she withdrew her gaze immediately, pretending not to notice the incident. The line moved on. It was growing late. The throngs in the street had melted away till only an occasional wayfarer hurried by, or perhaps a mail wagon rushed over the cobblestones. The line had almost reached its end. Suddenly from the doorway stepped a man in uniform. With a hasty glance at the few remaining figures he uttered the words: "The distribution will now cease for the night; those remaining will be given tickets for first place in the morning."

The frail figure in the shawl uttered a little gasp and turned hopelessly around as though to appeal to some one for assistance. The appeal died away in a look of hardened despair, but the figure in the shabby frieze noticed the look, and the big heart beat as it had beaten six years ago. With a last long glance at the silver coin in his hand, he turned quickly and said to the girl, "Take this," and he pressed the coin into the thin, cold palm. Then he stepped quickly away and was lost in the darkness of an adjoining alley.

## Resurrection and Reproduction.

VARNUM A. PARISH, '08.



LAST Easter it would have been hard to find two happier children than Milly and David Miner. In one end of the basket, Grandma Wells had sent them, they found popcorn balls, candy rabbits, and beautiful, home-dyed Easter eggs. The other end of the basket, however, was still more interesting to the children, for in it were two little bantam chickens. The one grew into a little rooster with richly colored plumage,—a little cock whose demeanor in the barnyard was about as gay and conspicuous as his costume. It would have been difficult to discern which was the most important creature about the place, the bantam rooster or the turkey gobbler. The other chicken developed into a little pullet, as meek in her manner and dress as the rooster was gay. The attachment the children acquired for the chickens was approached only by the liking the chickens showed for the children.

This year the Lenten season became for Milly and David a season of sorrow, for one evening, about the fourth Sunday of Lent, when they went to feed their chickens, the little bantam hen was missing. And the queer thing about it, so David told his mother, was that the little rooster "seemed jest as though he didn't care a whoop."

The two little children went all over the place, calling Brownie,—in the barns, in the granary, in the cattle yard, even in the holes in the straw stacks, which the cattle had eaten out.

"Guess some hawk's took her," said David to his mother, as he and his sister entered the house after their futile hunt.

The children would not be consoled by the promise that they might get another banty hen.

"We don't want no other. We want Brownie," cried the little girl.

It was only by suggesting that Brownie would probably turn up in a day or so, safe and sound as ever, that the parents succeeded in comforting the children at all.

Anxiously did they await the return of their pet. Not only that, but every day they looked high and low for their little hen. Night after night passed and she was still missing from her wonted place on the roost. Although nearly two weeks had elapsed since Brownie's disappearance, the children had not begun to forget her. She was often the subject of their conversation.

"I bet Derry knows where she's at," said Milly speaking of Jerry, the rooster.

"But 'at aint goin' to do no good, for he can't tell us noffin about her, even if he does know where she's at. He makes me mad, 'cause he jest don't give a darn about her bein' lost at all."

"D' you s'pose," suggested Milly, "'at God 'uld help us find her, if we'd ask 'im?"

"Oh, He's got too much other business 'sides huntin' banty hens for folks."

"Yes, but pa says 'at it ain't no trouble fur God to do things. S'posin' we say one 'Our Father' ever' night."

On Easter Sunday afternoon Milly and David asked if they might go down in the woods beside the creek to gather some flowers. Milly told her mother that she would bring her back a nice bouquet of "vi'lets," and David said he would fetch her some "Jack-in-a-pu'pits." With the mother's consent the young ones scampered off across the fields and were soon out of sight.

"Well, what in thunder is the matter with Milly?" exclaimed Mr. Miner, as he stood looking out the kitchen window. "There she comes tearing across the meadow for dear life, and I don't see anything chasing her, either."

"Is Dave with her?" inquired the excited mother as she approached the window.

"I don't see him. Oh yes! There he is wa-a-y back there, trudging along just as slow and flopping his arms 'as though he was shooin' something."

"There must be something wrong," said Mrs. Miner.

Milly came rushing into the kitchen so breathless she could hardly talk.

"What do you think! Me an' Davy was huntin' flowers over in Mr. Rivard's orchard, an' we found Brownie. She had a nest in a' old hollow stump. An' pa, she's got one little chicken fur ever' 'Our Father' me an' Davy said."

## Life.

O. A. SCHMID, '09.

*(From the German of M. J. Loehemes).***W**HAT is this life?

A time of strife,

A little pain, a little laughter,—

A gamble for a long hereafter.

## The Resurrection.

JAMES J. FLAHERTY, '08.



T last the jeering, mocking mob had reached the top of Calvary. Spurned by the multitude and scoffed at by men of rank as an impostor, their Victim stood before them, meek and humble, awaiting the final commission of the executioners. Deserted by all, save a few friends, He to whom the universe was as an atom allowed Himself to be stripped of His garments, and beaten until His flesh was lacerated. Thorns were placed about His head, He was tied to a pillar like an animal, and lashed till blood flowed from His wounds. Now His weary journey up the mount was over; beside Him lay His heavy burden—the cross. He was stretched upon it; blunt nails were driven into His hands and feet. Without a murmur He was raised between two criminals at whose presence brave men recoiled. Every bruise and sore told of suffering and agony, of repentance for the sins of forty centuries. Almost in despair he cried out: "My God my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

At the foot of the cross stood His Mother, pure and stainless as the winter snow. She saw the blood ooze from His wounds—drip to the ground; the pallor of death became more ashen, His body quivered in a final struggle with death. Was ever a mother filled with sorrow as she, was ever a mother's love tested as Mary's, when her only Son shed His last drop of blood for the redemption of a sin-laden people?

The last moments of His agony had arrived; His thorn-crowned head bowed upon His shoulders, his limpid body hung

suspended between heaven and earth, cold in death, while His soul was carried by legions of angels into a better and a happier land. At its flight the rocks were rent, the dead came forth from the earth, the earth trembled. The crucifixion was completed!

Friends gently drew the huge nails from His hands and feet; they bathed His wounds and wrapped Him in new linen. They bore Him to the sepulchre.

Fearful that He might be carried away, Pilate placed guards about His tomb. A deep silence hovered about the dismal scene. The heavens were darkened and the rain fell in torrents. Nature garbed herself in deepest mourning for the awful tragedy of that first Good Friday.

The night passed solemn and drear; the morning sun rose above the hills; its rays fell upon Calvary where the blood of a crucified God still moistened the ground. All day a heavy gloom hung over the city: Holy Saturday passed into night, the people awaited the coming of the third day.

Another night: the heavens were brilliant with myriad gems, the moon lighted up the hills and cast a shadow of the three upright crosses along the ground. The first streaks of the morning sun broke aglow in the eastern sky. Dazzled by the brightness of the Easter sun the peasant paused in his early journey and gazed in wonderment at its brilliancy as it danced in ecstasy.

Forth from the portals of heaven, before the dawn had lined the skies, millions of angels, poured to welcome the Risen God. An angel with a flaming sword had touched the massive stone and it rolled from its position near the door of the tomb. A heavenly light shone about, and in splendor the Crucified rose from the dead. Frightened by the apparition the soldiers fled. Resplendent as the burning sun He was carried to Heaven midst the singing of Seraphim and Cherubim and sounds of music grander and sweeter than any martial strain.

The sun rose higher, the dew which sparkled on the grass, had disappeared. All night Mary of Magdalen watched for the return of day that she might visit the tomb of her Saviour. With her, keeping the night-watch, was Mary the mother of James, and Salome who had gathered oils to anoint Jesus. At the first streak of day

they hastened to the sepulchre. As they trudged along the road, the chirp of birds urged them on, the flowers sent forth their sweetest odors, the freshness of the morning air made their journey pleasant. Filled with the grandeur of the morn, their hearts were light and free.

As they approached the spot where Christ was laid, a bright light shone about the scene. The huge stone was rolled back, cold and grey the stones of the tomb glistened in the morning sun. In awe they entered the sepulchre, an angel sitting upon the right, clothed in a flowing white robe, told them to fear not.

"Whom do you seek?" the angel asked.

"Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified."

"He is risen. He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him."

Struck with astonishment and trembling with fear at this announcement, they hurried from the scene to tell what they had heard and seen of the Resurrection of their Lord.

### That Easter.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

THAT Easter morn  
I'll ne'er forget.  
I cooked an egg,  
I see it yet.  
'Twas old, I know;  
How I regret  
That Easter morn.

That Easter egg  
I'll ne'er forget;  
So large and white,  
I see it yet;  
And pa's glad look,  
His reach to get  
That Easter egg.

That Easter chick  
I'll ne'er forget.  
That hard-boiled bird  
I see it yet.  
How sore pa was;  
It made me fret,  
That Easter chick.

That Easter night  
I'll ne'er forget;  
The blows, the stick,  
I feel them yet.  
My fun was o'er,  
I paid my debt,  
That Easter night.

### The Ideal.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

I SAW two birds majestic poise in air,  
Their monstrous wings outspread upon the sky  
All motionless. One kingly form on high  
Gazed straight aloft, nor feared to dare,  
But fixed his eyes upon the sun's bright glare;  
The other, fearing, turned a lustful eye  
Towards earth, if he perchance might not espy  
A fetid corpse or reeking carcass there.

So men there are of great and noble cast,  
Who soar above their brothers here on earth;  
We marvel much at form and strength so vast,  
But ah! 'tis by their aims we know men's worth.  
The eagle glories in the sun's bright rays,  
The vulture toward the carrion turns its gaze

### Phil of the Slums.

COE A. MCKENNA, '10.



HE merry bells rang out joyfully over the city, for it was Easter and all the world was happy. The chimes from the great spires of the cathedral swelled out with pleasing rhythm in the quiet atmosphere of the beautiful spring morning. The birds flitted along the streets contented and happy, chirping and scolding in the warm sunshine, for the winter was over and the newly spread garlands of the earth were garlands for them also. Everywhere bright and cheerful colors appeared—a forerunner of the glory of summer. Men and women, radiant in their happiness and dressed in their finest attire, moved along the streets in the direction of the great churches. It was a day of blessing, for the Saviour of earth had arisen, and the time of penance was over. To the small boy it was a day of Easter eggs and candy, long before announced by brightly decorated windows of stores and shops, where people, while enjoying the decorations, were also tempted to use their pocket-book. So the long anticipated day had arrived, and the clang of the bells and the music of the chimes were calling people to worship.

A dirty little bunch of rags fell in line with the moving throng of humanity which passed along the street, and was carried

along with it, even as a small boat is carried along by the suction of a great steamer. Whither he went he knew not, for he never before had been so far away from that dirty tenement which he called home. A little newsboy, he was—an urchin of the street. Phil, they called him, and in the slums he never had another name. He lived with his adopted parents in a small attic of a dirty tenement where vice and squalor were his only companions. Where the boy had come from, they did not know—but he had lofty ambitions, and contributed to his support by the papers he sold on the streets.

On this particular morning Phil had been unable to sell the few papers which he carried under his arm, so he had wandered from his usual post in hopes of disposing of them more readily. In a short time he had joined a brightly plumed crowd, and was moving along unconsciously toward that district of whose splendor he had heard men talk in the slums. He remained with them until they came to a building, the grandeur of which he had never before seen. Above it arose a great tall spire which seemed to pierce the clouds, and from on high a bell—the bell he had heard so often from a distance—was ringing with a deep and rolling sound.

Here everyone mounted the steps and entered through the swinging doors, pouring in from all sides, as bees bright and golden with honey stream into the hive after a day's work. Phil did not go in. He sat down on the curb and watched with open-mouthed wonder the beautiful women in their many-colored gowns and plumed bonnets, and their escorts with long-tailed coats and high silk hats. Every now and then a carriage would stop at the curb beside him and a prince would alight with his princess on his arm. Phil thought he had never seen anything like this before, and numerous thoughts of kings and queens crowded in fast succession upon his heated brain, and he sat and gazed with all his eyes at such beauty of which he had never before dreamed.

Gradually the people on the street became fewer and fewer and the sound of music burst through the doors. Phil moved up closer that he might hear the strains better. A strange and depressing loneliness swept

over him and the thought came to his mind of all the people where he lived, of those who were in rags and of those who were deformed. The picture of the life they lived grew upon him: the dirty tenement he had been taught to call his home; the rags that served for the clothes of those that moved about him; the dirty streets and the crowded buildings sprang up before him in comparison. It was like a nightmare from which there was no awakening.

Who were these people, and where was the great God that he had been told had arisen on that day to save men? What right had these people to be rich and happy while others whom he had learned to love should remain in poverty and suffering?

The organ sounded and the choir sang; each note and each tone thrilling his soul with a strange and weird determination. He would become a man such as the preacher on the street had said Moses was; he would some day lead his people from the bondage in which he lived; he would lead his people through the sea of dishonor to the land of happiness beyond, and all those who would try to oppose him would be lost in the turbid waters. A supernatural light seemed to come over him, and he pledged his life before the arisen God, the God that guided and watched over these people whose lives showed sunshine through their countenances, to assist to a higher state the people he loved, the people who inhabited the only world he had ever known.

The papers under his arm fell to the ground and the boy realized that he must be on his way. The little waif of the slums went at his work with a new light in his eye, a new determination in his spirit, a new mark for the arrow of ambition.

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### False Friends.

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(From the German of Lochemes.)

SEE your friends, they are loyal and faithfully follow  
you now

While the sun of success and of wealth shines so  
bright and so plain;

But when darkness of need and the night of despair  
come along

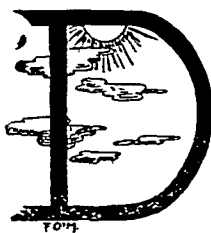
It is lonely about, and you look for your friends  
all in vain. OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

Echoed.

"RESURREXIT!" angel voices  
Herald out in one accord;  
"Alleluia,"—man rejoices,  
For he rises with his Lord.  
PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

Jack Gets a Letter.

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08.



DEAR JACK:—Your letter made me catch my breath, and I near strangled before I could let loose of it. You refer to Notre Dame as peaceful and dead, and in the next breath you mention an Easter Ball to be held in South Bend, and you say you will go just to pass away the time? Anything, you say, to change the program, and help you to forget the tiresome routine.

My boy, you are young, very young, and I am compelled to add, foolish. I presume you are waiting for the chance to get out into the world and tell the people what they don't know and what you do? You say you believe that the old story about the world being cruel and cold is a fake; and all you ask is a chance to show it what you really know and can do. I admire that in you. You mean well, I am sure; but, dear Jack, your line of talk reminds me of a story I once heard about a young fellow who went to the father of the girl he loved and asked him for his daughter. The old man looked him over carefully, and then said:

"You are a Harvard graduate, I believe?" And the young fellow forced out his chest and said he was. Then after taking another look at the "three-rolled trouser" boy, the old gentleman asked him what he could do. And the fellow had a few brains more than you have, Jack, for without a moment's hesitation he said: "Well, sir, I can do a hundred yards in ten seconds." Now that wasn't bad, Jack, but it is out of your line. You would have told him, Lord knows what, but never that. In passing, I may say that the fellow got the girl.

You want to get out of school, you say.

You're tired of that everlasting grind; you want to get to work. I am to suppose by that remark that you haven't any work to do at school. You have, I presume, grabbed all the knowledge in sight? Not so fast, Jack. As some one once said, knowledge is about the only thing in the world that there is enough of to go around, and every one is justified in taking all he can, for he will always leave enough for his brother. So, Jack, I am forced to doubt your word.

And now about that place you speak of, Notre Dame. If I did not know you so well and know that most of your talk was simply noise, I would really be inclined to shed a few tears. "You are so tired of the same old story." You poor boy, you have a tough time of it. Some one buys your clothes, some one pays your bills, some one sends you the money that you blow—fellows of your stamp never spend money, they blow it—some one in fact does all the work and you do all the playing. And you are tired of that "grind?" I am sure you are. You get up in the morning, eat your breakfast, while doing so throw in a few kicks about the meal, go to the smoking room, settle yourself comfortably in a chair, roll your first "dream," and then get your first lesson for the day. The lesson, of course, is hard, for you are forced to commit the sporting page to memory. But you're a worker, and you do it. Then you go to your morning classes, and at noon eat another meal that some one else pays for. After dinner you must, of course, have your nap. And then a few more classes. Three o'clock you have "rec" for an hour and a half. Supper time at last comes round and you eat your third well-earned meal of the day. The smoking room calls you again, unless you find it necessary to go down town. Finally, you get to your room, the day's work has been hard on you, and after "looking over" your books, you roll into bed to your well-deserved rest.

I am sure, my dear boy, that you have enjoyed this letter and that the next time you want more money you will write to me. Enclosed you will find some that will do for a while. It will probably help you to cheer up a little after reading this dreary letter.

Your Uncle,

JIM.



## He Is Risen.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

THE stone rolls back, from out the tomb of shame  
 He rises, crowned unconquered King.  
 The whole world swells the glory of his name,  
 And angels sent to earth in triumph sing,  
 "Alleluia! Alleluia!"

He comes with countless souls from prison freed,  
 And leads them on toward heaven above,  
 Like conquerors triumphant, they proceed  
 With Christ, and sing, their hymn of love  
 "Alleluia! Alleluia!"

We too must rise, this glorious Easter morn,  
 From death of sin, and raise our voice  
 In prayer to Him that He our souls adorn  
 With Easter gifts; let us rejoice,  
 "Alleluia! Alleluia!"

## Billy's Luck.

EDWARD M. KENNEDY, '08.

**B**ILLY PENDER was leaning on the rail of the "Deutschland" waiting for it to cast off. A feeling of homesickness had permeated him as he noticed relatives and friends accompanying passengers to the boat. The warning signal had been given, and in five minutes the boat would be under way. Just as the gang-planks were about to be raised a young lady hurried aboard. It was necessary for her to pass Billy, so he had more than a passing glance of her. He noticed her handsome face and carriage; homesickness was forgotten, his ambition was to meet that young lady as soon as possible. He saw her at dinner accompanied by an elderly lady; this upset his calculations. Who was the lady with her? Had she not come aboard alone? But it mattered little, he only wished to meet her and these little difficulties would be overcome. The next morning at breakfast she was unaccompanied. How he longed to fill that chair beside her. He even envied the waiter for the smiles she gave him. An hour later he saw her strolling on the deck. He did not wish to stare at her when she passed, so he pretended to be deeply engrossed in his novel. She had not gone more than two

yards from him when her handkerchief dropped. Here was Billy's chance. In one bound he reached the article, and in a moment it was in her hand. As a recompense he received a subdued "Thank you," and one of those smiles which had caused him to envy the waiter. He passed her several times that day, but something forbade him to speak to her as he naturally would have done.

The same evening he was in the smoker enjoying a cigarette and a "Scotch," when suddenly he felt a slap on the back and heard some one say:

"Why, Billy, old man, how are you?"

Looking up, Billy saw Jack Wilson, his old chum and room-mate.

"Why, Jack, where did you come from? This certainly is unexpected. The last man I expected to see here. Where have you been keeping yourself? How is it I haven't seen you before?"

"Have had a ripping headache since the moment I stepped on this boat. But what are you doing here?"

"Was over to Paris to fix up a little loan for one of the Hungarian principalities. Father had no one else to send, so I made the trip. But how about yourself?"

"Father, mother and Frances were touring Europe. Father foresaw that he would be delayed in London for a couple of months. I came over to bring the others home. Frances, you've never met her. Come up to the state-room; mother will be delighted to see you, and I want you to meet Frances."

Billy was cordially welcomed by Mrs. Wilson.

"Where is Frances?" asked Jack.

"She is over with the Graydon party. And that reminds me, Mr. Pender, she said she saw you on the deck."

"Saw me! How did she recognize me?"

Just then there was a girlish laugh in the hall-way,—a moment later Frances entered.

Billy was never more surprised. Here was the girl he was trying to meet. The formalities of introduction were soon over, then Frances said:

"Mr. Pender,—what did I tell you, mother? Didn't I say it was he?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Wilson, but how did you recognize me?"

"Jack has four or five pictures of you. I

thought it was you when I saw you in the dining-room, but I wasn't sure. Then when I saw you on the deck, I purposely dropped my handkerchief. I knew you would pick it up, and then I could assure myself."

"Frances, I'm surprised that you would do such a thing," said Mrs. Wilson.

"But, mother, I was almost sure it was Mr. Pender, and he seemed like an old friend. You'll forgive me, Mr. Pender?"

"Most assuredly."

Billy remained about an hour, and then Jack accompanied him to the smoker. As soon as they were seated and served, Billy said:

"Jack, why is it that you never mentioned your sister to me while we were at school?"

"Never mentioned her! Why, Billy, old boy, you are becoming absent-minded. Do you not recall how I used to speak about 'Farmer?' well, that's what we call Frances."

"Yes, but you spoke of her as if she were a little girl."

"So she was then, Billy. Remember we have been out of school for five years."

"Well, Jack, everything is clear now except this: How is it she came aboard unaccompanied?"

She didn't come aboard unaccompanied. But shortly after we were abroad she remembered that she had forgotten something in London. She wished to telephone father, but as the wires on the boat were out of condition she had to go ashore. It was impossible for me to accompany her, so she went alone. You saw her returning to the boat."

Their talk soon turned to the old days spent together and what they had done since then. When they were about to part for the night Jack said:

"I'll tell the steward to let you have that vacant seat at our table, if you wish it."

"Thank you very much, Jack, it will be a great pleasure for me."

The next morning, while the Wilsons were at breakfast Billy entered. The steward assigned him a place at their table. Billy gave all his attention to Frances that morning and for the rest of the trip.

A year later they crossed the Atlantic again on their honey-moon trip.

## Mount Hood.

IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE '09.

IN stern repose where tow'r the pyramids,  
Mute witness of a nation's slow decay,  
The Sphinx long years o'er golden sands kept watch—  
Nor ever moved she from her wind-swept realm,  
While age on age grew ancient in her sight.  
More ancient still than any monument  
Yet fashioned by the artful hand of man,  
Bold peak, a patriarch of time thou art:  
Wrapped deep in white, with sombre face all scarred,  
Thou hast repelled time's fiercest storms, thy mien  
Unchanged—majestic, cold, austere; as if  
Thy presence made a sanctuary 'midst  
The circumambient hills, where no one dares  
Intrude. Of old the awe-struck red man filled  
Thy driven heights with gods—so high, so grand  
Thou art. When wand'ring trappers trailing through  
The labyrinthic quiet of thy woods  
Were lost, they looked to thee as to a star  
That straightway turned their bearings all aright.  
Anon the plodding pioneer beheld  
In thee a goal: when wearied from the climb  
He gained the summit of a pine-clad ridge,  
Thy cloud-born splendor presaged what he sought—  
A haven—and his heart was thrilled with joy  
Renewed. To-day, when heat-oppressed, we turn  
From stifling toil to thy cool snow-bound slopes  
And quaff the balmy freshness of a breeze  
That hither blows from thee, the sluggish pulse  
Strikes strong, and all that fretful weariness  
Is banished. O what magnet lies deep-hid  
Within thy breast and draws us all to thee?  
Undimmed, imperishable, and supreme,  
Throughout time's manifold vicissitudes,  
Thy whiteness is the loadstone which attracts.  
When dawn's first rays break through the eastern sky,  
Full robed in royal raiment risest thou  
Above the dreaming plains, while 'round about  
Thy kingly brow a circling cloud ensnares  
The gem-like brilliance of the jewelled morn  
And makes for thee a crown. When now the sun  
Has reached his highest course, his glinting beams  
Transform thy beauty, and thou standest there  
Like virgin marble chiseled 'neath the dome  
Of God's vast-vaulted firmament, thy deep  
Hues gone; the life-blood drives from all thy face,  
And thou art cold again. But why this change?  
It seems as though from out the azure skies,  
That burst asunder 'round thy regal height,  
There rushed as through a chasm the sudden glare  
Of some supernal Light, and thou hast blanched  
In frozen fear, beholding thy great God.

DAY is breaking; Nature is bestirring herself, and whispering to man: Let everything that has breath praise the Lord.—Pope.

## The Message of Easter.

FRANK X. CULL, '08.

HE is risen, Christ is risen!  
 God of Hosts once more, His prison  
 Broken in the dawning light.  
 Now the promised One of sages,  
 Prophesied through all the ages,  
 Stands revealed in all His might.

Let earth's princes stand confounded  
 While the word of joy unbounded  
 Through their realms its message rings.  
 Spread the news throughout creation,  
 Let it speed through every nation;  
 Christ our God is King of kings.

## A Prisoner's Love.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.



It was Easter morning. At least they told Jim so just before the huge iron doors swung behind him with a great clang, and he—well, he only gulped down a sob as the retreating steps of the old door-keeper echoed fitfully, and then died away again along the narrow, dimly lighted, stone corridor. Outside a bird was singing and the sunlight played among the cool green leaves of the gaunt poplar trees across the way. Afar off too where the village church towers rose high above the intervening forest, the bells were ringing, ringing wildly and joyfully. Jim listened awhile and then went out into the sunshine.

"Ah, the beautiful Easter bells!" the old man muttered half audibly, as he sat down upon a little green bench to collect his scattered senses. "Surely, it must be the joyous Easter bells I hear, for they sound so familiar-like after all these years and years of suffering and imprisonment." And then a tear seemed to glisten in the soft grey eyes. "Ah yes," he mused, "I can hear them yet ringing out full and clear on the morning air."

In the distance a town clock struck, full and clear, but the old man seemingly did

not hear. "Mother," he went on, "dear mother, you were with me as we came from church that morning, and oh, how happy both—but he, the ruffian, the drunken idiot—God forgive me those words,—it was not his fault, liquor had overpowered him and the horse was really running away. Ah, child that I was, the sorrow of that hour, the agony of it, made me a man then, and I swore revenge. Poor mother, that God should have taken you, should have made you suffer and agonize so, and left me to live as I have. We carried you home, dear mother, all bruised, and bleeding, and dying; and oh, during those long hours of suffering, those days of agony, how you pleaded with me to forgive him. I promised too when your pale lips smiled for the last time and kissed the sobbing lad at your bedside a long farewell. Ah, then I swore to forgive, and God knows I meant to do so; but, dearest mother, when you lay in the simple little coffin so still and white and cold,—then—oh, then I forgot my promise, then I could not forgive."

He stopped a moment to wipe away a tear and his voice grew sad again.

"Oh, what mania drove me to track him like a poisonous reptile for five long years, to hound him until we met face to face and then—oh, God!—I don't know what I did do after that. They said I murdered him, but they did not know, they could not read my soul or feel its agony. And the sadness of it all was, that you had asked me to forgive and I had promised." So the old man mused over his life-story, and the birds sang and the sun warmed his withered limbs, but he did not know, he did not care; only a single tear gave evidence of what was passing within his innermost soul.

He must have slept then, for everything was silent again for a long time, until suddenly his eyes opened wide and the old man rose eagerly to his feet. "Freedom again!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Ah, the thought of it! the world does not know my story; it will be kind to me. I must be happy upon this Easter day: I have paid the penalty and the world must recognize me as an honest man." At the idea of it he threw back his shoulders and walked eagerly toward the nearby town, carrying his body with a poise so proud for the moment that

it brought back the memory of the olden days, when his fond mother had boasted that he would one day be a great man, that he would startle the world.

A number of children were playing by the wayside, and the old man stopped to watch them, smiling sadly all the while for they were so innocent, and he loved their unpretending ways. Surely a gentle and a guileless heart must have been beating within the breast of one who took delight in the artlessness and simplicity of the little children; surely that heart which had been warmed under the mellowing influence of a mother's love during long days and months and years of suffering, must have been good and holy and pure. But the children ran away, for they knew he was a prisoner, and they feared the white-haired old man for they did not know his inner self. Ah yes, the old grey eyes were softened, but the children could not see them so; the old heart was simple and pure, but they knew it not; the old voice was gentle, but they did not choose to hear its music. And then the old man sat down in the pure white sand, where the children had been building castles and castle moats and fairy gardens but a moment before, and looking toward the grey walls of the prison he wept. And the sun hid itself for a moment, for he was so tired, and the world hated him, and it was Easter morning too.

For a long time the old man remained thus, and then when he looked up again, it was towards the dull grey walls and the huge, dreary-looking towers of his former prison home. Somehow an old longing filled the aged prisoner's weary soul; somehow the stern old prison walls cheered and comforted that poor abandoned heart; somehow in there people understood him, were kind to him, and one or two even loved him. There he had repented of his sins; there he had suffered and satisfied; there he had dreamed, oh such beautiful, such comforting dreams, of that final eternal meeting with her his only love—his mother. And the old man wept again as the thoughts poured in upon him; but he was not sorrowful now, his tears were but the joyful upwellings of a heart that had at last understood; they were but the tears of a prodigal.

"They will take me back. They are so

good there, and it is my only home." Ah, he loved the dreary prison walls where others only hated; he found happiness and shelter within their protection, where others found only sorrow and despair; where others saw but chains and punishments he found the peace of solitude and the joys of seclusion. "Oh! they must take me back," he went on, "they can't refuse a poor helpless old man who has been weary of life for so long a time."

And then he turned and glanced eagerly towards the green fields and the deep solid forest to the west, but there was no sorrow in his eyes now, no regret, only a new light which, somehow, seemed a reflection of something supernatural. With a sad, sweet smile upon his gentle face, he turned and walked slowly back toward the prison; and then the iron-barred doors were opened slowly and closed upon him again, and the world knew him no more. He had loved his mother and had sinned in loving her. The world judged him a criminal and an outcast, but one above knew, she understood and loved him, and he was happy knowing that it was so.

And then the summer passed and winter followed it, and again spring came in its wake, until one day a little procession filed slowly from a side entrance toward the tiny cemetery hidden in the entrance of the southern forest, and all that day a voiceless something, half sad and half joyful, seemed to brood about the place. And the old man was with his mother again, and it was Easter!

### Reward and Merit.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08.

THE maiden knight in unscarred mail  
Full blithesome is to see,  
But the veteran bold in armor old  
That's dinted cap-a-pie,  
Kens more, I wot, of the lashing flail  
Of war and of chivalry.

The roses and the dew of youth  
Receive full oft the praise  
That is scant bestowed where most 'tis owed—  
On the hero full of days,  
Who has walked the tortuous road of ruth  
And conquered in all life's frays.

Stung.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

*Dramatis Personae.*

MISS HYACINTH WINTERS—A plump maiden of thirty-two summers, desirous of marriage, but never proposed to; always setting traps for a certain Jack Stevens, but never succeeding in catching him; a music teacher.

JACK STEVENS—A young broker who doesn't want to marry yet.

WILLIE—Hyacinth's little brother, always doing something wrong.

TIME.—Easter Eve, 1908.

PLACE.—South Bend.

SCENE I.—Miss Winters' music room about 4:30 p. m. The last pupil has just gone. Hyacinth is sitting near the window in deep meditation.

HYACINTH. Oh, why should it be! To-day I'm thirty-two, and still no offers. Have I not beauty? Have I not talent? What shall I do? An idea!—'tis leap-year. Oh, inspiration, leave me not! If I let this chance slip, the next time leap-year comes I'll be (*a gasp*)—Let me not think on't. I'll be brave. Oh joy! before the moon sets behind yonder hills, I'll be happy—or miserable (*exit to her home*).

SCENE II.—The kitchen at the Winters' house. 6:30 p. m. Hyacinth is discovered standing near the stove stirring some fudge.

*Enter Willie.*

WILLIE. What you making, Hy?

HYACINTH. Leave this room at once.

WILLIE. I know. You're making candy. Are you going to give me any?

HYACINTH. No; hike out of here (*she takes Willie in her vice-like grip and puts him out*). That boy is always in the way. There goes that blamed door bell. I wonder who it is (*exit*). (*Willie enters through back door, seizes a box of red pepper and puts about a spoonful in the fudge.*)

WILLIE. You won't give me any, eh? I wonder how you'll like it yourself (*exit*).

HYACINTH (*re-entering*). No one at the door. I suppose Willie rang the bell. Oh, what dandy fudge! All for thee, Jack (*ecstatically*). Not even I shall taste it. Oh, Joy! The time draws near. Rest, my heart, rest (*pours out the fudge*).

SCENE III.—The sitting-room in Jack Stevens' house. 8 p. m. Jack seated on

the couch. Hyacinth on a chair at the other side of the room, holding a five-pound bag of fudge. She looks very nervous.

JACK (*not knowing how to receive her*). It is very kind of you to call.

HYACINTH. Yes, I thought I'd stop in for a minute as long as I was out. I've come to—

JACK. To-morrow is Easter, and I was making my plans for the day.

HYACINTH. Jack (*she had never called him Jack before, and her bravery startled her*), leave your plans go for a while and let us talk of l—

JACK (*getting wise and breaking in*). Lessons? Oh, yes. How many pupils have you now?

HYACINTH (*disconcerted*). I don't mean lessons. I was going to speak of something that concerns you very closely.

JACK (*graciously*). Oh, don't mind me now. I was going down to see you to-morrow.

HYACINTH (*blushing*). How delightful!

JACK (*out for fun now*). Yes, I wanted you to give me an introduction to that Miss Turner that lives next to you.

HYACINTH (*in agony*). Miss Turner?

JACK (*unconcerned*). Yes! I'd like to sell her some stocks in a new factory we're starting.

HYACINTH (*relieved*). Yes, surely I'll introduce you to her. Fine girl, but awful old (*with a choke*). Jack (*coming closer*), I've come to give—you—my (*scared*)—fudge.

JACK. Very kind indeed (*could he last much longer*).

HYACINTH (*on one knee*). Do you love (*swallowing*)—fudge?

JACK. Oh, yes! immensely.

HYACINTH. Jack, this is leap year. Perhaps I am too forward, but I am getting old—hem! I mean, I'm getting to love—you.

JACK. Sp!!! (*Jack who has taken a piece of fudge into his mouth starts spitting. Hyacinth has swallowed a piece whole. She starts to cough*).

HYACINTH. Water! water! (*she starts up, overturns the table and runs for the door*).

JACK (*after she has gone*). O blessed fudge, you have saved my life.

SCENE IV.—Hyacinth alone in her room. 10:30 p. m. The moon shining in sees her sitting by the window, dejected, hopeless.

HYACINTH. Stung!

### The Crucifixion.

EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09.

LONG years ago the Master came and blessed the land

By His most holy presence; in return, a cross  
Was offered Him with all its agonies: the hand

That blessed was nailed thereto; men reckoned not  
their loss.

Fond hope had fled when He had left that wicked  
world,

The deep despairing sheep, now ceased to live in  
fold.

Their Shepherd slain, alone in storm and tempest  
whirled

They seek Him, all in vain, whom mankind's sins  
had sold.

### An Idyl of an Indiana Farm.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08.



THE late afternoon hours had given place to evening, and the sun, which had shone so bravely all the day, was already sinking behind the edge of the woods when the welcome sound of the bell called us in from the field. We left the cultivator standing at the end of the row, ready against the morrow's early start that we hoped would finish our work with the late corn. Straddling the tired horses—I on one, my two cousins on the other—we rode slowly and uncomfortably up toward the barn. The horses walked straight to the tank at the end of the lane where they drank deep draughts of the cool water with evident satisfaction, manifesting their relish by their reluctance to leave the tank and the interest they displayed in sounding the depths of the water. But we were thirsty, too, as the stone jug dangling from one of the hames might testify, for it was stopperless and empty now and its draft at the best had been flat and unsatisfying; all the day it had lain at one end of the long rows of corn, buried to its neck in the earth and replenished only at infrequent intervals when one of the "little chaps" chanced to wander down to the field and could be

persuaded to trudge to the house and back with our water jug; so we would not allow the horses to dally at the tank when they had drunk their fill, but drove them immediately to the stable that we might the sooner be able to relieve our own parched throats. In almost no time the heavy work-harness was stripped off by my cousin's practiced hands and the horses rubbed down and furnished with feed and bedding for the night. I merely looked on, interested and anxious to learn, for I was on a visit to the country and knew but little about farm work.

We walked up to the house with steps almost as slow as the horses', for we, too, were tired. Then came the wash-up in the big tin basin, brimful from the pump. There is actual pleasure in taking a good wash when you are tired and dusty, especially if you are in the country where you can splash and spill to your heart's content without breaking the ten commandments of etiquette; you "souse" your head down as far as it can go into the basin and dash handfuls of water over your sunburnt cheeks, and only wish that your tin wash-basin were a bath-tub or even a lake.

Aunt Molly had called us into supper three times before we had washed to our satisfaction. When we went in we found aunt and uncle and a half dozen little cousins awaiting us at the table; there were few city delicacies, but a superabundance of generous, wholesome food—the only kind that can satisfy an appetite acquired from country fresh air and exercise.

After supper the boys and I went out to do the milking and other chores. I, as usual, to do the heavy talking, or perhaps, the crude labor of carrying nubbins from the bin, and they to attend to the scientific part of drawing down the "lactiferous haunts" from each cud-chewing "bossy." The milking was done, not in the stuffy cow-stable, but out in the barn lot or in the lane wherever we chanced to lay hands on a cow and could persuade her to stand for the operation. The sun had been down fully an hour but it was still light. On the quiet evening air we could hear from all directions the sounds from the neighboring barnyards; the bark of the farm dog as he brought up the cows, the long-drawn sui! sui! of a farmer



feeding his pigs, and even, now and then, a faint chorus of laughter.

After the chores were finished we drove the cows back to the field for the night, first putting the milk pails up on the fence well out of reach of any roving pig. Coming back from the pasture, we stopped at the big gate in the middle of the lane and climbing up we took our seats on the top bar, for we were not yet ready to go to bed and the gate was an excellent place to sit and talk. The twilight of after supper had quickly, almost magically, changed to night, yet the night was clear and beautiful; a full, round moon was in the sky striding swiftly past fleecy tents of clouds and lighting up all the fields around with a glow soft and mellow yet almost as clear as day. When first we sat down we were in a mood for stories even as those white-turbaned ones that haunt the Jappa gate; we even had the hardihood to "spring" a few puns that were aught but pungent; but by and by, as the beauty and the silence of the night was borne in upon us, our voices grew softer and finally we ceased to talk altogether. We felt that in the presence of so much majesty to speak of commonplace subjects would be vulgar, and to laugh or shout, but little short of a profanation. So we sat entranced and silent, for no words that our tongues knew could express the emotions that stirred our souls. We gazed at the calm, peaceful heavens, at the golden moon that serenely and swiftly climbed the sky, and at the stars which, though distant, twinkled sympathetically; the night wind rustled the leaves of the corn, rousing it into low and gentle harmony; all these things, as we regarded them, seemed, in the magic of the moment, not dead as we had thought them, but instinct with conscious life and spirit; for we listened to their speech and easily interpreted it in our souls though it died upon our lips.

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Resurrexit.

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JOSEPH J. BOYLE, '08.

### The Average Man.

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JAMES J. QUINLAN, '08

Are we sure we understand what is meant by "the average man?" Some recent writers dealing with this subject have said things which we think are inclined to quarrel with the established or, probably, it would be better to say, the generally accepted idea of what "the average man" is like. Prof. William James of Harvard University, a few months ago, contributed to the *American Magazine* an article sustaining the proposition that "men should use more of the vast store of energy which they actually possess;" and that they should break away from the "habit of inferiority to their full selves." A certain writer who signs himself "K" has enlarged somewhat on this idea, and applies the principle to President Roosevelt, who, he says, "possesses no capabilities beyond the average." It is the opinion of the author of the article that Mr. Roosevelt has no genius whatever, and is merely commonplace. Our President he considers to be a type of the average man; but with an extraordinary amount of energy. And it is this wonderful energy raised to the nth degree that has made this ordinary man so popular.

Mr. Roosevelt has gained his great popularity from the fact that he is common and that the people recognize him as one like themselves. "He is not above them; he is just of them. He thinks about the things they think about, and in precisely their own language, voicing precisely their own sentiments." "K" reminds us that Roosevelt was not above the ordinary, either in the class-room, on the athletic field, in the army, or on the hunting-ground. As a reformer he did much, but he startled the world with no flame of genius. He has written copiously, but he has never given a new creation of worth to literature or to profound thought. To the intellectual his words carry no new idea; but to the common, to the average man, they are filled with power and wisdom. In fine, Mr. Roosevelt is, according to Mr. "K," a remarkable example of what the common powers, of man can be forced to accomplish when exerted unceasingly in the performance of the work at hand.

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THE long watch ends; the east is robed in light,  
The royal guards have ceased their martial tread,  
Beside the empty tomb, a youth in white  
Proclaims the Lord is risen as He said.

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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**F**OLLOWING the good custom established years ago, the members of the staff of the SCHOLASTIC come forward in a group at Easter time and offer the best that their pens can produce in prose and in poetry, and smile pleasantly while the photographer takes the picture which is here presented as a frontispiece.

—Very satisfactory progress has been reported in the matter of making preparation for the organization of the Alumni in June. The clerical work connected with so important an **Organization of The Alumni.** undertaking is very considerable. One can hardly imagine how tedious is the task of verifying lists of names and addresses and making the endless inquiries that are necessary in some cases before the correct information is obtained. All this is said here for the purpose of urging our old students to co-operate with the officers of the University in the endeavor to make the list of correct addresses of our graduates complete. An effort has been made to have each graduate of the University report personally his present whereabouts and to state whether or not he will attend the meeting of the Alumni June 17.

**T**HE January number of the *University Bulletin*, recently issued as No. III. in the annual series, has attracted more than usual attention. From various parts of the country have come letters of appreciation and approval, all of which indicates that the wise thing was done when the editor of the *Bulletin* decided to publish the address which Rev. President Cavanaugh delivered at the fifty-third annual session of the Indiana State Teachers' Association. The discourse is called "The Catholic Point of View," and has to do with the attitude which Catholics take in regard to the public school system. To discuss such a problem before an audience composed very largely of non-Catholics is ordinarily not an easy thing to do tactfully. That such a thing has been done admirably in "The Catholic Point of View" is one of the evidences of the scholarly attainments of our Reverend President.

## Inter-Hall Debates.

The final contest in the inter-hall series of debates in the preparatory department was held on the evening of March 28 in Washington Hall. As a result of previous trials, Corby and Brownson were eliminated from the final contest, Holy Cross and St. Joseph being the survivors. Holy Cross defended the affirmative of the question, Popular election of U. S. Senators, and St. Joseph defended the negative. Messrs. Vitus Jones, Walter McInerney and Thomas Hoban, all graduates of the University and prominent professional men in South Bend, were the judges of the debate; the decision was two to one in favor of St. Joseph Hall. It may be said, however, that in the opinion of the judges the best work was done by William Minnick of Holy Cross; his colleagues were also well acquainted with the subject and debated with such skill as to make the decision a close one. St. Joseph Hall was represented by Messrs. W. Zink, A. Hilbert, and J. Freuchtl. The speakers on the affirmative were Messrs. W. Minnick, A. Heiser and J. Foley. Last night the St.

Joseph Hall team defended the negative of the question in a debate with the High School at New Carlisle and won by the unanimous decision of the judges.

The first of the inter-hall freshmen debates took place last Monday and Tuesday. On Monday evening the contest was between Brownson and Corby, and the decision of the judges two to one was in favor of Brownson. The contest was very close and made it quite evident that contests of the kind will help greatly to develop strong debaters for the Varsity teams in the future. Prof. Sinnott, Prof. Brown, and Father Heiser acted as judges. The question was the same as that which the Varsity teams are considering, namely, federal incorporation of interstate business corporations. The affirmative of the question was supported by Messrs. P. Donovan, J. Sullivan, and G. Sands for Brownson; the negative was supported by Messrs. C. Skahan, J. Deery, and L. Langdon. In praising the speakers individually one might say that Mr. Langdon of the negative, Mr. Donovan of the affirmative, and Mr. Deery of the negative might be given special mention and ranked in the order given. Neither team exhibited any noticeable individual weakness; all are to be congratulated on the success which they have achieved in the department of public speaking.

The second of the freshmen contests was held on Tuesday evening, and resulted in a victory for Holy Cross, the vote of the judges being unanimous. In spite of the fact that the debaters from St. Joseph Hall lost the decision in this contest they have the satisfaction of knowing that they made a remarkably fine showing for a team that had no experienced speakers to depend upon for stellar work. Elmo Funk's presentation of the negative of the question was done in a very satisfactory manner, so much so, that if individual rankings were given to the contestants he would be placed next to Frank Wenninger of Holy Cross, who was the best debater on either team. The affirmative of the question was advocated by Messrs. B. Mulloy, C. Miltner and F. Wenninger; the negative was upheld by Messrs. F. Doorly, J. Beckman and E. Funk. Holy Cross and Brownson will meet in a final contest to be held after Easter.

### The Late Abraham L. Brick.

THE death of Mr. Abraham L. Brick, congressman for the 13th district, Indiana, came as a painful shock. No one at the University had known of his illness, which had lasted only a few days. Mr. Brick had come on from Washington to attend the State Republican Convention at Indianapolis. It is said that he was seriously overworked in Washington and that he was in no condition to carry on the activities of an important political convention. With characteristic energy he entered upon the work, with the result that he was taken ill and died Tuesday morning. Mr. Brick counted many friends at the University, where his genial disposition was much appreciated. He was devoted to the interests of Notre Dame, and in many ways proved the sincerity of his friendship. At one time he was connected with the Faculty of Law, during the absence of Colonel Hoynes on an important errand entrusted to him by President Harrison. His untimely death is deplored, and regret is universal that the 13th district has been deprived of his valued services. A committee of the faculty appointed for the purpose has drawn up the following resolution of condolence:

"Resolved, that the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame profoundly regrets the unexpected and early demise of the Hon. Abraham L. Brick, member of Congress for the 13th district, Indiana, and tenders to the bereaved family assurance of their sincere condolence."

(Signed).—Joseph A. Maguire, C. S. C.  
William Hoynes, LL. D.  
Martin J. McCue, C. E.

### Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 51; WABASH, 34.

The Varsity track team closed the indoor season on March 28 by winning the state championship from Wabash by the score of 51 to 34. Notre Dame won all the way and the large crowd which witnessed the contest was never in doubt as to who the winner would be. The meet was one of the best indoor meets ever held.

at Notre Dame and the time made in some of the runs will go down in athletic history. Dana broke the Gym record by two seconds in the mile run; Blair of Wabash clipped one-fifth of a second off the quarter-mile record; Wabash's relay team went the distance in 2:15 2-5 which is the fastest time ever made for the distance in the Gym. Bosson of Wabash missed the high jump record by the narrowest of margins, and in nearly every event the Gym records were made to tremble.

Dana's work in the mile run was perhaps the "classiest" exhibition of the meet. The little man went the distance in 4:37, clipping two seconds off the former record which has stood for several years. Not only did Dana win the event and break the record, but he led Emanuel, the Wabash star, by half a lap, finishing on the north side of the Gym several feet ahead of Emanuel who still had part of another lap to go.

One of the most pleasing things about the race was the fact that Shea won second, running in about 4:45, and finished a good second to the brilliant Dana. Shea is a good example of what track men can do who get out and work. Until last fall he never had a track shoe on, but Coach Maris took him in hand, and the result is that Notre Dame at present has two milers who are faster than any man the Varsity ever turned out.

Notre Dame made a show in the first three events. Roach won the first heat in the 40-yard dash with Allen second, Blair running outside the money. In the second heat Captain Keach and Cripe finished one, two, and the finals were not necessary, the race going to Roach as his was the fastest heat.

In the mile Dana and Shea took the points, and in the low hurdles Scales and Moriarty annexed eight more.

Blair scored the first blood for Wabash in the quarter-mile run, winning from Cripe and O'Leary handily in 53 1-5 seconds. The time clipped 1-5 of a second off the former record.

The half mile was one of the prettiest races of the afternoon, and Devine won from Patton in the fast time of 2:05 2-5. Hutzell set a fast clip for four laps with Devine and Patton running about even. On the last lap Devine turned loose his sprint

and won with yards to spare. The 40-yard high hurdles went the same way as the low, Scales and Moriarty winning without any trouble.

The pole vault brought together Starback of Wabash and Moriarty of Notre Dame, and after a hard fight the men tied. Both cleared 10 ft. 3¾ in., but failed on 10 ft. 6¾ in. Bosson took the high jump and Brown the shot put. Cripe by a leap of 20 feet 1½ inches won the broad jump, just nosing Bosson out of first place.

The relay was as usual the most exciting event of the afternoon and went to Wabash only after a hard race. O'Leary and Blair ran the last two laps for their respective teams, and although starting behind Blair, O'Leary made up part of the distance, and for a time it looked as though he would win, but the speedy Blair was too much for him, and O'Leary was not quite equal to the task, Blair winning by about three feet.

Scales was the highest individual point winner, annexing 11 points for the Varsity, taking both hurdles and tying for second place in the high jump. In the high jump McDonough made a game fight, but had to be content with tying for second honors. Moriarty won second honors with 10 points, tying for first in the pole vault and taking second in both hurdles. Bosson was the best performer for Wabash, winning the high jump and second in the broad.

The victory gives Notre Dame a clean title to state honors and the meet will be remembered as one of the fastest indoor meets ever held here.

To Coach Maris is due a great amount of credit, as the balance of the team was largely responsible for the victory. In nearly every event the Varsity had a point winner, while Wabash lost largely through their inability to win seconds.

Maris turned out a basket-ball team which finished second in the race, and this is the first time in several years that the track team has got away with the indoor championship.

The state meet will be held here this year, and already the team can see the outdoor banner waving in the distance.

#### Summaries.

40 yard dash—Won by Roach, Notre Dame; Keach, Notre Dame, second. Time, :04 3-5. Notre Dame won

all the places in the heats, and Roach's time was the fastest.

1-mile run—Won by Dana, Notre Dame; Shea, Notre Dame, second. Time, 4:37.

40-yard low hurdles—Won by Scales, Notre Dame; Moriarty, Notre Dame, second. Time, :05 1-5.

440 yard run—Won by Blair, Wabash; Deming, Wabash, second. Time, :53 1-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Scales, Notre Dame, first; Moriarty, Notre Dame, second. Time, :05 4-5.

Half-mile run—Won by Devine, Notre Dame; Patton, Wabash, second. Time, 2:05 2-5.

High jump—Won by Bosson, Wabash; Scales, McDonough, (Notre Dame), and Hessler (Wabash) tied for second. Height, 5 feet 7 7-8 inches.

Shot put—Won by Brown, Wabash; Wood, Notre Dame, second. Distance 39 feet 10½ inches.

Pole vault—Starbuck, Wabash, and Moriarty Notre Dame, tied. Height, 10 feet 3¾ inches.

Broad jump—Won by Cripe, Notre Dame; Bosson, Wabash, second. Distance, 20 feet 1½ inches.

Two-third mile relay—Won by Wabash; Faunce, Johnson, Deming and Blair. Time, 2:15 2-5.

### Personals.

—Frank D. Hennessy (Law '94) is clerk of the Municipal Court, Portland, Oregon. Frank is still a hustler.

—L. Sedgwick Highstone, '01, is now in Italy, but expects to return in time for the alumni meeting, June 17.

—De Witt and George Knox, who were in Carroll Hall from '03 till '06, are attending Phillips Andover Academy, Andover, Mass.

—Roger Sinnott (Law '94) is seeking the Republican nomination for District Attorney out in Portland, Oregon. The office is an important one and competition is keen.

—William K. Gardiner, '04, and Anna E. McGlynn were united in matrimony by the Rev. Luke J. Evers, '79, in St. Andrew's Church, New York, March 23. The happy pair have the good wishes of a legion of friends.

—James A. Dubbs (C. E. '06) is getting experience in typical bridge construction, being at present employed by the Great Lakes Dredge and Dock Company in the work of erecting a Kedzie Street bridge in Chicago. Jim says he will be here for the Easter dance.

—We have the pleasure of chronicling the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Morrison of Port Madison, Iowa. Mr. Morrison (B.S., '90) was a promising artist while

at Notre Dame, and much of his work is still to be seen among the portraits in the Bishops' Memorial Hall.

—"John W. Forbing & Company, Manufacturing-Chemists" is the name of a new firm in Kenton, Ohio. John and "Gibby" were the two great chemists of their year at Notre Dame. "Gibby," after a wonderful career in professional baseball, is now assistant professor of Chemistry in Wabash College.

—James J. Bennett (student '93-'97) visited the University last week. Bennett was a famous temperance advocate and a general favorite during his college course, and it is no surprise to learn that he has attained success in his chosen work. He is connected with the Edison Phonograph Co., and is their representative for the State of Michigan.

—Frank Dolan of Pittsfield has blossomed into a successful arbitrator of labor troubles. The employees of the street railway in Pittsfield recently went on a strike and National Organizer Fitzgerald came on to direct the situation. He had an interview with Frank, which resulted in the speedy adjustment of difficulties, and Mr. Fitzgerald pays Dolan the compliment of saying that he had seldom conducted negotiations with a cleverer man.

—Frank Hesse, who was graduated in the Short Electrical course in '98, is located in Chicago, Ill., where he has charge of the electrical department of the Rock Island Station. His cousin, T. H. Nabers, Short Electrical, '06, holds an important position in the same department and is doing well. George Kreer, Commercial, '04, is connected with the Illinois Steel Company at their South Chicago works. George was a very promising boy while at college, and carries the best wishes of the old students with him.

—A recent letter from a member of the Notre Dame Club of Philadelphia tells of the success which is attending the organization and of the enthusiasm of the members of the club. The annual gathering brings a large number of the old boys together. One of the members writes about the last meeting held by the club, and says: "Among those present, and, as a matter of fact, one of the most enthusiastic members of the

club and a most loyal son of Notre Dame, was Mr. Joseph D. Murphy, the Cashier of the Philadelphia Mint. Mr. Murphy was a student at Notre Dame in the early 60's and one of the first editors of the SCHOLASTIC. He was a cotemporary of Adrian C. Anson and the late Bob Pinkerton."

—The July number of *The Successful American* contains a full-page portrait and a lengthy sketch of Frank J. Hagenbarth, '82-'86, General Manager of the Wood-Hagenbarth Cattle Company of Idaho. Of Frank's work the writer says: "The Wood Live Stock Company is the largest wool-growing company in the United States. It was this company which originated the shipment of lambs in large quantities from the western ranges to eastern markets. It is also the only company in this country which grades its wool on the range on the Australian plan, so that the product goes directly from the sheep's back into the woolen mills. The Wood Live Stock Company installed the first plant in the United States for the shearing of sheep by machinery. Mutton was formerly marketed at ages ranging from two to five years old, and was usually tough and rank. To-day, under a new order of things, we have in the East milk-fat lambs tender and sweet. For all these innovations in the live stock business, we are indebted to Mr. Hagenbarth, under whose management the annual wool and mutton product of the Wood Live Stock Company is about \$500,000."

#### Special Notice to Subscribers.

A recent order of the Postmaster-General requires that subscriptions to weekly publications be renewed within a year after expiration, in order to entitle subscribers to be counted in the legitimate subscription list. Prepaid postage, at four times the usual rate, is henceforth to be demanded for all copies of such publications sent to delinquent subscribers.

At this increased rate of postage it will be impossible for us to continue sending the SCHOLASTIC to those who fail to renew their subscription within the time stated. We hope to be spared the regret of removing any names from the list.

#### Obituary.

It is with unusual regret that the SCHOLASTIC records the death of Mr. James Meehan at Hyde Park, Cincinnati. Mr. Meehan was known widely throughout the South on account of the mechanical appliances devised by him and used generally in the railroad service. At Notre Dame, he was known and will be affectionately remembered as the head of the family which has always been peculiarly devoted and generous to Notre Dame. The exquisite Meehan medal for English essays will be a perpetual reminder of the family whose name it bears. Mr. Meehan was an ideal husband and father as well as a model citizen. May he rest in peace.

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Word has been received from Pittsburg of the death of Thomas O'Brien who attended the University ten years ago. The sympathy of the students and faculty of the University is extended to the members of the bereaved family and to the friends of the deceased. His companions and classmates will be grieved to hear of his death. R. I. P.

#### Local News in Brief.

The next number of the SCHOLASTIC will be issued the week after Easter. Inter-hall baseball has started in well-organized form. Corby defeated St Joseph last Thursday. There will be two games each week during the rest of the season. Sorin Hall team is arranging games with outside teams in addition to those to be played in the inter-hall series. The S. P. K. Club defeated the Carroll Latin Club in a game played a few days ago, and the Carroll first team defeated the Brownson Giants by the score of 8 to 2. We meet Ohio State in debate April 24 and Georgetown a week later; both debates will be at Notre Dame. Sorin Hall defeated the Spiros at baseball on March 29, and Brownson won from the Maple Leafs.

On Easter Monday afternoon there will be a play in Washington Hall, and in the evening the Senior Class will meet at Place Hall, South Bend, for the Annual Prom.