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Christ the Risen God.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THE dark recesses of another's tomb,  
For want of usage lay at wearied ease,  
When he for whom 'twas hewn, while yet disease  
Sojourned afar, broke ope the charnel room  
And gave the light into its hungry gloom,  
That sent the world its grim and silent pleas  
For dead men's bones. Now would it find appease.  
For death, pale bride, had wedded her a groom.  
  
And forth they brought Him in the dark of night,  
A malefactor, bruised, and cut, and torn,  
By civic stripes and by the civic rod.  
Yet this was He who claimed supernal might;  
This bleeding form, this man of woman' born,  
Had claimed true sonship of the most high God.

In borrowed cerements they placed Him there,  
A pale dishonored corse, in death alone,  
Who, living, had refused an earthly throne,  
In death deserted, who alive was heir  
Unto a host in love. E'en now they swear,  
"We know Him not," as if they ne'er had known.  
All but a faithful few His works disown,  
And they, fear-stricken, flee as in despair.  
  
Was all now o'er? Was He who cured the blind,  
The sick, the halt, who raised the dead, was He  
To feed the worms and meet the fate  
Of poor humanity? Was death to bind,  
In low subjection, Him who claimed to be  
A God, although condemned a reprobate?

Twice flamed the distant Western skies, then lo!  
An earthquake woke the silent night.  
The guards fall motionless in wild affright,  
As tho' struck senseless by an unseen blow.  
Afar, the Maries, wending sad and slow.  
Their mournful way, approach at dawn's first light  
Unto the sepulchre, when,—wondrous sight!  
An angel stands on guard, and bids them "Go!  
  
Announce, He's risen, Victor o'er the grave."  
His foes had thought to stem His Godhead "boasts."  
Yet now the tomb, all nature, ev'rything,  
Proclaims Him God; who died to save  
His own created race: Oh, Lord of Hosts,  
We bow to Calvary's thorn-crowned, risen King.

## An Easter Lily.

HARRY LEDWIDGE, '09.

EASTER lily, Easter lily,  
In the morning misty grey,  
When the winds with trumpets shrilly  
Herald up the Lord of day;

Purer than a spotless maiden,  
Whiter than the Alpine snow,  
Or the moon with coal fire laden  
In the sunset's crimson glow.

Emblem thou of Christ in glory,  
Lift our careless hearts to God  
Teach the pity of His story,  
Living sermon of the sod.

## Easter in Poetry.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.



CATTERED through the fertile  
gardens of literature are found  
many beautiful Easter flowers  
shedding their fragrance of joy  
and sweetness at this season  
of the year. It is true that

the great poets have not sung of the Resurrection as often as they have of the Nativity, but this is not surprising, for the common belief with them seems to have been that Christmas was the greatest of all festivals. The Resurrection appears to have furnished a theme better suited to dramatic poets than to any others. When the Miracle Plays were being staged people flocked "to await the joys of the Resurrection," for it was the vivid portrayal of this the greatest of miracles that fascinated the multitudes.

The festival of Easter, however, coming as it does in the spring of the year, has inspired some of the lyrists no less than the dramatists. Wordsworth, one of our greatest lyric poets, must have felt that thrill of spiritual joy peculiar to the Easter season when he wrote:

With each recurrence of this glorious morn  
That saw the Saviour in His human frame  
Rise from the dead, erewhile the cottage dame  
Put on fresh raiment—till that hour unworn:  
Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn  
And she who spun it culled the daintiest fleece  
In thoughtful reverence of the Prince of Peace,  
Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn.

Not only do we see revealed in these lines the rich poetic nature of Wordsworth, but in the "glorious morn that saw the Saviour in His human frame rise from the dead," there is a vivid picture of how the poet realized the great fact of the Resurrection; then in a deep undertone of feeling he touches a chord of sympathy in closing the realistic scene with "The Prince of Peace, whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn."

Lowell is another whom the great festival of Easter has inspired. Whenever a poet strikes an emotional strain it is not merely in virtue of what his eye or ear may have discovered, but rather in virtue of the fact that he is haunted by a secret sense of a sublime truth or beauty. It is a sense such as this, a sense of the inner reality of man's spiritual resurrection, that one intuitively feels in reading the following quatrain by Lowell:

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,  
Peal soon that Easter morn  
When Christ for all shall risen be,  
And in all hearts new-born!

The poetic fancy of Longfellow was no less touched by the all-pervading joy and animation of Easter. In his "Spanish Student" he delineates nature thus:

'Twas Easter Sunday: the full-blossomed trees  
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.

Simple indeed are these lines, but they breathe a sincerity which reproduces the feelings awakened in the soul of the poet by the beauty of the great feast. From them we receive an impulse to seize some portion of the blossoming and verdure spreading all around us, and to share in that universal jubilation that Easter imparts.

Aubrey de Vere sees the triumph of our religion portrayed in the Resurrection. All his works are characterized by strong and genuine spirituality. That belief common to devout poets that this world is but the vestibule to the state of man's eternal being, finds expression even in his lightest strain. In his vision of "The Son of Man" after a number of stanzas he breaks into a combined sweetness and dignity:

That Son of Man arose and stood,  
And from His vest more white than snow,  
Slowly there dawned a cross of blood  
That through the glory seemed of gwro;

and then with an inner consciousness of the grandeur of Christ's victory over death he continues:

Above the heavens His hands He raised  
To bless those worlds whose race was run,  
And lo! in either palm there blazed  
The blood-red sign of victory won.

Among the lyrical creations of the singular Crashaw whose position in the hierarchy of song, because of poetic extravagances, is not foremost, we find a poem "Upon Easter" of eighteen lines, of which the following excerpt is significant both for its technique and expressive vigor:

Of all the glories that make noon gay,  
This is the morn;  
This Rock buds forth the fountain of the streams of  
day;  
In joy's white annals live this hour  
When Life was born;  
No cloud scowl on His radiant lids, no tempest lour.

The famous poet and painter, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, found material and inspiration in the Paschal feast for a number of sonnets. In each of them he reaches the heights of true poetry and sounds the depths of the emotions. He pictures the beauty of the occasion, and tells the story of Mary Magdalen rushing to clasp the feet of her Risen Lord. Spencer and Coyle have also treated of the Resurrection in poetry. Spencer has a sonnet in which he shows Christ's victory over the bondage of sin and death. Coyle sings of the glory of the Risen Christ.

Of the present-day poets, nearly all have expressed beautiful sentiments on the great theme. Among those whose productions merit mention are Maurice Francis Egan, our greatest American sonneteer, perhaps, Father Tabb, Father Edmund Hill, and William J. Fischer, the boy poet. That poets are roused to high aspirations by the occurrence of Easter is only natural. It is the feast that ushers in the spring of the year, and with the Resurrection of Christ there is, so to speak, a resurrection of nature. The birds pour forth their songs of joy; Easter bells herald the message of Redemption; mankind awakes from the gloom of Lent; and the poet, penetrating the meaning of it all, bursts into emotional strains that animate men to better lives and nobler ends.

### At Eastertide.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

AT Eastertide what joys do ring  
From tuneful voices of the Spring!  
The lark's long silenced throat of song  
Just breaks in accent soft but strong,  
As though all sorrow vanquishing.

The perfumed breezes seem to bring  
A message of awakening  
O'er nature dormant now so long  
At Eastertide.

The musing poet witnessing  
The tender buds all blossoming,  
The streams whose joyous currents throng  
The oceans, innocent of wrong,  
Sees mirrored fair our Risen King  
At Eastertide.

### Easter in the Old Miracle Plays.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.



THE Greek drama had its origin in religious ceremonies, the Dionysian feast being the occasion of the drama of Athenian supremacy. The modern drama likewise had its beginnings in religious observances. The elaborate church ceremonies of Medieval Europe gave rise to the theatre and drama of Elizabethan supremacy. Between the classic and the modern drama there is little or no connection. Amid the general chaos of Roman decadence the drama was annihilated; it sank so low in barbaric gladiatorial shows and public immorality that for centuries the odium connected with the theatre was so great as to prevent any serious attempt to reform or rejuvenate it. The theatre was a thing to be wiped out and forgotten. Thus few dramas, and those mediocre, were produced during the Dark Ages, up to the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries. But the drama of the Thirteenth Century is not a revised edition of the Roman, nor is it even an imitation of the Greek. On the contrary, it had a basic element that was radically different: it grew out of the ceremonies of the Christian religion; it breathed the spirit and spread the teachings of the Church.

On entering a Catholic Church during the Christmas or Easter season there can still be seen a relic of the old miracle and morality plays, out of which the modern drama as perfected by Shakespeare developed. The ceremonies of six centuries ago were precisely the same as they are to-day, in substance, in meaning, and in form. The crib, which is to be found in nearly every Catholic Church at Christmastide, and the ceremonies of Holy Week were the inspiration of the miracle plays. From the singing of the Passion on Palm Sunday by three priests, it is no far cry to the early religious dramas. These miracle plays were representations of sacred subjects, explanatory of abstruse doctrines, or telling some Biblical story. The lives of the saints, the miracles, the Redemption and the creation were all favorite subjects. A good illustrative instance of this is the very realistic and detailed presentation of the Passion, which still survives at Oberammergau, in Bavaria. These plays were at first given in the churches, but their scope and popularity rapidly increased until, for sake of convenience, they were removed to the open-air spaces of the churchyard. With this removal from the sanctuary the clergy took less interest in the performances, and, as a result, the plays became secularized in form, matter and presentation. This tendency led to such extremes that again and again the clergy were advised, and then ordered, to have nothing to do with the plays. Vulgarity, boisterousness and levity displaced the solemnity of the sanctuary scenes. Professional actors appeared, actor-companies travelled from town to town, imagination, invention and witticism widened the scope of the plays, and soon the drama, as we know it to-day, was realized.

To the people the early Church was the centre of learning. From her they received their intellectual and moral training. They honored the clergy, looked up to them in simple faith, and willingly listened to their teachings. But the language of the Church was Latin, and the unlettered faithful found it difficult, if not impossible, to gather anything from the mere hearing of the words of the liturgy. This drawback was in some measure obviated by the ceremonies of the Church, in the carrying out of which the

faithful could see the presentation as well as hear the words. Opportunity was offered in these performances for the explanation of the mysteries and dogmas of religion, of which the clergy made excellent use in teaching the doctrines of the Church. At first these explanations were in the form of very simple scenes, with little dialogue but much action. One very widespread performance was the removal of the Crucifix from the Altar on Good Friday to a receptacle which represented the sepulchre of Christ. On Easter morning it was restored to the altar with solemn ceremony and joy in testimony of the Resurrection.

The earliest account of such a performance for purposes of explaining the sacred mysteries dates from the latter half of the Tenth Century, and was based on the ceremonies of Easter—the feast of the Resurrection. An account by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, dating about 960, tells of a scene in which four clerics took part. First one cleric, vested in an alb and carrying a palm in his hand, approached the sepulchre (or altar) and seated himself. Then three others “vested in copes, bearing in their hands thuribles with incense, and stepping delicately, as those who seek something, approach the sepulchre.” The first cleric represents the Angel at the Tomb, the others represent the Three Maries. The dialogue was taken almost literally from the Bible, the words of the angel proclaiming that “the Crucified is risen from the tomb.” Then the angel showed the veil and cloths in which the Christ had been wrapped, indicating the truth of his words. That was all. Only a few words were spoken, yet this little scene told the story of the Resurrection more impressively than much preaching could have done. It brought before the people in a striking manner the foundation miracle of Christianity, and impressed on their minds the divinity and majesty of the Saviour.

Later this simple scene was elaborated. By the Thirteenth Century collateral incidents had been added to the primitive story. At this time the part of the Three Maries is more impressive; they sing several verses expressing their grief. The dialogue has been changed and enlarged. Mary Magdalen shows her doubt of the Resurrection. She

tells Peter and John that the tomb is empty, and they, hurrying to the sepulchre, find the body gone. After that Jesus, in the garb of a gardener, comes on the scene and convinces Mary Magdalen that the Lord is actually risen. Another addition of importance had also been made: in this enlarged representation of the Resurrection, the faithful are directly appealed to by the Maries in accents of joy, followed by the appearance of Christ "in all the glory of His state, bearing the insignia of His triumph." It was not a cold, uninteresting rite, but a story of vital interest retold in act and word; and the direct appeal to the faithful created a personal concern in the scene and a closer bond between clergy and laity.

Thus by the Thirteenth Century the simple scene had grown into a representation really dramatic. The text of the Gospel was strictly followed, the ideal being to present the Gospel truths and to teach the sacred lessons to the faithful. No invention or imagination came into play, and naturally these productions lacked much which is required by dramatic technique. But, nevertheless, by the Thirteenth Century the drama was an established reality. What followed was but the evolution of the germ first seen during the Tenth Century. The earliest known miracle plays are those of Hilarius, an Englishman, and a pupil of Abelard. His three plays represent the first definite movement toward formal drama. A manuscript of the Thirteenth Century preserves to us "a Latin play on the subject of the Resurrection, which is no mere ceremony, but a real play."

These sanctuary scenes began as part of the regular church services, but as they became enlarged and assimilated extraneous, uncanonical elements a break became noticeable. The scene became accessory to the service, and finally distinctly separate. With this separation new elements entered in, the fancy and imagination of the author grew to importance. By the Fourteenth Century the open-air shows took the place of the sanctuary scenes, and secular influences had begun the working of a fundamental change. Forces were at work which altered this popular form of amusement and instruction; the tastes of the masses were now catered to, whereas in the days when the clergy had

controlled and directed the presentations, the great aim had been to teach and to further the ends of the Church. Secularization abolished the solemnity of the sanctuary scenes, and introduced in its stead wit, humor and satire. To please rather than to teach was now the chief aim of the plays. When this spirit began its rule the miracle play was soon superseded by the regular drama. The newer form ever tended to get farther away from religion. The roving players and guildmembers who succeeded the clergy continued to carry on their trade until long after the English drama had reached its zenith in Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

This rise of the drama out of the liturgy of the Church was a process of long duration, and covered a great portion of Europe. The development in England was very much like that in France, in fact, the uniformity was wellnigh universal. Since the new form had its origin in the Church "at the base of the altar and at the foot of the pulpit," the uniformity is not at all surprising, for all the civilized world looked to Rome in matters of religion, and the Church was the same in the East as in the West, in the North as in the South. On this oneness of religion the uniformity of dramatic literature rests. Like the classic, the modern drama grew out of religion, and later, branching off from the liturgy, became a great institution dealing with all the passions and emotions of the human heart.

### Life's Truest Way.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

A WAKEN. man! A voice speaks from within,  
And bids thee rid thy soul of earthly dross,  
And leaving this Gethsemani of sin,  
Take up thy cross.

Like His, thy brow must bear the stinging thorns.  
Fear not! 'twill not mean death for thee to die;  
For only he who suffers, he who mourns,  
Can reign on high.

What meets it! Let thy days be full of strife.  
This lowly garb, will be a regal gown,  
This wreath of thorns will glow in afterlife,  
A royal crown.

Thy cross! 'twill blossom to a kingly throne,  
If over Calvary's road it's truly borne.  
Thy tomb! 'twill find thy spirit upward flown  
On Easter morn.

## Gate of Heaven.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THE Master's Heart burst with the pain  
Of all His unrequited love,  
That we an open door might gain  
Into the courts of Heav'n above.

## Time of the Easter Celebration.

MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '10.



ASTER is the cornerstone not only of the Catholic Church's doctrine but also of its movable feasts, those religious festivals which do not occur on the same date every year,

as for example, Ash-Wednesday and Pentecost. A change in the date of Easter necessarily means a similar change of date in the whole calendar of movable feasts.

The proper time for the celebration of Easter has occasioned no little controversy between the Eastern and Western branches of the Catholic Church. The point at variance dates back to Apostolic days, and it was not finally settled until 325 A. D. The doctrine of the Resurrection itself was not questioned in the controversy. Primarily the date and incidentally the manner of celebrating the festival were disputed.

The only real significance that this dispute has for us to-day is that it explains the causes which led up to the compilation of our present calendar, and that it gives an idea of how our Christian festivals were instituted. The early Christians did not think of celebrating any feasts of their own because they were so absorbed in the consideration of the real events, which we to-day commemorate by festivals, as not to think of their external accidents. For both Chrysostom and Origen assure us that "The Christian who dwells on the truths of Christ as his Passover and the gift of the Holy Ghost is every day keeping an Easter and Pentecost Feast." The Ecclesiastical historian Socrates also observes: "The

Apostles had no thought of appointing festival days, but of promoting a life of blamelessness and piety," and he attributes the introduction of Christian festivals into the Church to the perpetuation of old pagan and Jewish festivals, which the Christian hierarchy, finding it impossible to abolish, applied to Christian uses by converting them into festivals of the Church. Thus the Jewish Passover, foreshadowing the true Paschal Lamb, Christ, became the Christian Easter, and was observed whenever the Jews celebrated their Pasch by Christians of Jewish descent.

Appealing to the holy apostles, John and Philip, the Churches of Asia Minor commemorated the day of our Lord's death on the fourteenth day of Nisan, the Jewish first lunar month, corresponding to our March and the day of His Resurrection, two days later on the fourteenth, irrespective of what day of the week on which these dates might fall.

The Churches of the West celebrated Easter on the Sunday following the Ides—the Roman Ides corresponding to the fourteenth day of the Jewish month Nisan—and the commemoration of Christ's death on the preceding Friday. To these two orthodox parties there was added yet another, an heretical one, that of the so-called Ebionistic Quarto-Decimans who with the Jews insisted that Easter should be celebrated on the fourteenth day of Nisan, as they maintained that the Mosaic law was still in force. Moreover, the Western Churches celebrated the day in mourning and those of the East in rejoicing.

With a view of adjusting these differences St. Polycarp of Asia Minor paid a visit in 161 A. D. to Rome to confer with Pope Anicetus on the subject. They, however, came to no satisfactory conclusion. The Quarto-Decimans having diffused their Judaizing influences in Rome itself, Pope Victor was obliged to take more stringent measures to enforce uniformity.

The synods convoked by him in Rome, Gaul, Pontus and Palestine declared it to be "Ecclesiastical rule that the mystery of the Resurrection should be celebrated on no other day than Sunday only." This decree certified on what day of the week Easter should be celebrated, but did not specify any particular Sunday. The controversy was



finally brought to an end by the First General Council of the Church which decreed that "Easter should be celebrated on the first Sunday after the first full moon occurring on or after the vernal equinox." The vernal equinox is the time in the spring of the year when the days and nights are of equal length, which is about the twenty-first of March according to the Gregorian Calendar.

The Fathers of Nice entrusted to the bishops of Alexandria, a city famous for its attainments in astronomy, the duty of announcing each year to all the Churches on what date of the Julian Calendar the vernal equinox would fall. The Easter Table of Dionysius Exiguus computed on the "Metonic Cycle of nineteen years" was used. It is called the Metonic Cycle of nineteen years because it was invented by an Athenian, named Meton, about 300 B. C., and because the revolution of nineteen solar years brings back the spring moon to the same day of the solar year.

The Metonic system of reckoning time gave way to the Julian Calendar which was used until 1582, when, owing to an accumulative error of eleven minutes each year in it, the vernal equinox really took place on March 11th, ten days earlier than the date in the calendar. Pope Gregory XIII., thereupon abolished the Julian Calendar and established the one we still use. As for the controversy, a few Churches of Asia Minor alone held to the ancient custom of celebrating Easter after the promulgation of the Nicene Decree. They were encouraged by a monk named Andius whom Constantine was obliged to banish to Scythia. Andius crossed over to the Goths and founded two monasteries to which he bequeathed his schismatical doctrine. This explains the existence of the Quarto-Decimans among the Goths, and it was a work of centuries to uproot the schism planted there.

In the years 1602, 1609, 1805 and 1903 the Jewish Pasch and our Easter fell precisely on a day of full moon. Therefore, it is an error that not a few books of reference make to say that when the full moon and the twenty-first of March both happen on a Sunday, Easter is to be postponed to the following Sunday. On the contrary, the Council of Nice declared that in such a case "the Sunday is especially opportune for the solemnity."

## Easter Joy.

JOHN J. ECKERT, '11.

REJOICE, all nature! Wrapped in splendor  
Glow's Aurora's flashing sheen,  
Mist and darkness humbly render  
Homage to the morning queen.  
Blissful light that shineth  
From the golden East,  
Grace with thy enchantment,  
Nature's fairest feast!

Rejoice, ye hearts! The night of sorrow  
Shuns this smiling, rosy ray:  
All your hopes arise this morrow,  
Their fulfilment brings this day.  
Happy morn of gladness,  
All the world seems bright,  
Ev'ry heart enraptured  
By thy peaceful light.

Rejoice, ye souls! Your King returneth  
From the fray, your foes depart—  
Lo! how ardently He yearneth  
To receive you in His heart.  
Joyous angel choirs,  
Grateful creatures sing  
Hymns of praise and triumph  
To their glorious King.

## "Deus ex Machina."

JOHN McDILL FOX, '09.



AUSTIN KIMBALL was a young man and very much in love. That fact in itself would not have been bad, but Alice's father was not at all in favor of his suit. He had absolutely refused to consider him. He had even spoken sarcastically of his abilities and prospects, and how Austin's blood boiled as he recalled the stormy interview. Austin was ambitious. In his roseate dreams he often pictured how he would astound the world some day with his brilliant detective achievements—but as yet he had accomplished nothing.

"If I could only have a chance, just a little chance, to do something big," he murmured to himself, "I would show the old gentleman that I am worthy of at least trying for Alice."

His reflections were interrupted by a hesitating rap at the door, and Miss Alice Crowley came in.

"Oh Austin!" she cried, "I'm so glad I found you in. I know I oughtn't to have come, but I just simply had to. That awful Mr. Bagely proposed to me the other night—"

"The brute!" exclaimed Austin.

"But you mustn't say anything to him. He would surely hurt you, and then where would I be? But he has caused us such a lot of trouble! He threatened he would when I refused him"—Austin sighed relief—"but I didn't think anything of it then. And now I fear him," and she sobbed hysterically.

Kimball was a little unnerved. He didn't exactly know what to do. So he asked rather awkwardly:

"But, dear, what has he done to cause you all this worry? Perhaps I can bring him to time, if you give me the facts."

"Why, you, know," Alice continued, "Papa is making the race for governor. He has made a success of the attorney-generalship and had great prospects. He had the confidence of the people. But these bank robberies that have been going on lately are impossible, it seems, to ravel. And this mean Bagely has spread about the report that Papa has suppressed evidence and isn't trying to get the robbers. The people believe it, and if Papa doesn't get track of the robbers he'll lose the election. Oh, do something, anything, and if you succeed he will surely think better of your proposal."

Austin's heart gave one big bound. His chance had come. He would show up this other man who dared propose to Alice—his Alice. He would convince Mr. Crowley that he was worth something after all.

Enthusiastically he assured Alice he would do all he could, and bade her to keep him informed of everything that might be of any value the minute it would turn up. As soon as Alice had gone, Austin went over to Mr. Crowley's office. At first the attorney would not receive him, but finally he was admitted and found the old man very badly dispirited. He had great ambition to be governor of his state, but the prospect was very poor as matters stood at present. Bagely, in his rage at Alice having refused him, had determined to ruin Mr. Crowley, and had brought disbarment proceedings against him, Crowley was acquitted, but the stigma

attaching to the action would be enough to defeat him at the polls on account of the suspicions Bagely had aroused. If those bank robbers could only be detected and rounded up the situation would be righted; but they had achieved the deed skilfully, leaving no clue except an obviously worthless scrap of torn newspaper left in the vault.

Mr. Crowley was turning these things over in his mind seemingly unconscious of his visitor. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"I'll get them yet if possible."

"And I'll help you, too," said Austin quietly.

"What, young man? Why, you could do nothing where all the ablest detectives of the country have failed!" said Crowley despondently.

"But," interposed Austin, screwing up his courage and putting on a brave front, "I mean to try either with your assistance or without it."

"Well," said Crowley more kindly, "I like your grit, young man, but it is a hopeless task. I know that full well as it means my defeat at the polls."

"I don't know about that," declared Austin. "Will you let me see what clues you have?"

The Attorney-General unlocked his desk and took out the torn scrap of newspaper rather ruefully.

"This is the only clue," he said. "It looks rather hopeless, doesn't it?"

"Well," admitted Austin, "I guess it does. But if you would let me have this and give me admittance to the bank, I might find something."

He turned the scrap over and over in his hands, examining it from every point of view. Certainly there was nothing there. It was evidently torn from the stock report of a newspaper, it ran as follows:

"North American closed at 97. Then there was a jumble of figures, known as pie-lines, as follows:—

3'3465=8:\*8\$@44@:\*3%.59:8\*=5885=358;  
3430945@543\*7@40@?3.

"If you care to," said Mr. Crowley, "you may make a copy of this on the typewriter there, but I should not like to lose this as it is all we have."

"All right," said Austin, and he sat down



at the typewriter in the office and proceeded to make several copies. He was not a very skilled typewriter. He knew how to operate the shifts to write figures and signs when he came to the pie-line. Though he was absolutely sure that a pie-line meant nothing, yet he copied that too. When he had made his first copy and started on the second, he chanced to look up just in time to see Alice come into the office. In the embarrassment he forgot to put down the figure shift in making the second copy and folded up the paper and put it in his pocket without noticing his mistake. He felt that he must get out of that office soon or Mr. Crowley would suspect some sort of conspiracy.

When he was finally back in his own rooms he began to meditate upon the situation. As he knew before he had tackled the case, it was hopeless,—“no clue, no anything.” He was resolved that he would follow out this case and make the most of it, even though failure seemed inevitable. He thought again of Alice, and that was inspiration enough for any undertaking. In a much better frame of mind he went down to the bank where, on account of a telephone message from Mr. Crowley, he was received courteously and permitted to inspect the scene of the robbery thoroughly. This had occurred two weeks before and an enormous sum of money had been taken. But the mystery was insolvable.

Austin found nothing that would serve as an indication, and he returned perplexed to his office. There was nothing to work on, and it was but two weeks till the election. It certainly looked dark for Mr. Crowley. Suddenly he thought of the copies he had made of the scrap of newspaper. Almost ashamed of himself for hoping in them, he drew them out. No, there was nothing. Then he sat bolt upright. What was the meaning of those words at the bottom of the sheet? “everything is arranged. to-night isthetimereportatregularplace.” He thought long—and suddenly the explanation flashed upon him—the typewriter! He had forgotten to put down the figure shift when copying what seemed to him to be an ordinary pie-line. Yes, he was sure of it. With unsteady hands he uncovered his own machine almost in dread lest it be proven wrong. He tried the first few figures, then with a shout of joy

sprang up. They wrote out the message. The robberies had taken place two weeks before. He went to a file of newspapers and looked them through carefully. In an issue of the preceding week he found another pie-line which transcribed read: “125 Farwell Ave., Chicago. Until further notice.” Quickly he made his way to the Attorney-General’s office and laid the facts before him. Only he omitted to say that he had discovered them by mere accident. Now the case was fairly simple. The whole detective force was put on the trail with the facts as they now appeared in the light of Austin’s discovery.

Two days later the papers were full of praise for Mr. Crowley—“the energetic Attorney-General”—how he by his dauntless courage and with the aid of the brilliant young detective Austin Kimball, had unearthed the cleverest gang of bank-robbers and grafters in the country. A glowing account was given of how the robbers were traced to Chicago and two captured, together with enough evidence to convict several high in authority. The Superintendent of Banks and Mr. Bagely, the opposition boss, had left the city, and were being closely followed. It was believed, so the papers said, that they were at the bottom of the whole affair. “All credit due to Crowley and Kimball,” etc., in a volume of praise.

Needless to state Crowley’s reputation was cleared. And on account of the crushing blow dealt the other party by the flight of their two most influential leaders, he had little or no opposition, and was elected governor by a tremendous plurality.

The next day Kimball called upon Mr. Crowley, and was received with open arms. He could not help thinking of the contrast between this reception and a former one. “But,” he said to himself, “that was before the ‘Deus ex machina’ stepped in.” Here his reflection was interrupted by the entrance of Alice. From the approving look on Mr. Crowley’s face Austin knew that the “gods” had won not only the governorship, but the old gentleman’s consent to this marriage as well.

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### Victory.

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From tapering towers sweet melodies ring,  
And echo the triumph of our Risen King. P.H.

## E Ludo de Sancta Maria Magdalena.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

(Episodion Resurrectionis.)

SCÆNA.—*In horta Josephi de Arimathæa voces custodum plane audiuntur canentes.*

We praise Thee, O God, the dawn now breaks  
Through all the sombre pall of night,  
And in the East a pinion shakes  
Fledged with its flames of golden light.  
Once more the lord of day is here.  
But who are these who now appear?

*Aggrediantur Maria Magdalena, Joanna, Maria Jacobi**Dicat Maria Magdalena:*

O knights, we women are the ones,  
Who followed Him 'neath blazing suns,  
Through all the journeys and the heat,  
We went with Him, for it was sweet  
To see Him standing like a lance,  
And cow the wicked with a glance  
That showed a pity not of earth,  
And silenced all their mocking mirth.  
But, see! we come with costly spice  
Fair myrrh, spikenard and ambergrice  
And clean, fine linen to embalm  
Him, resting in the tomb so calm,  
To say farewell with thrice-repeated psalm,  
But who will roll away the stone  
With Pilate's seal imprint thereon.

*Tunc cantet dulce illa.*

O sombre is the break of day,  
But darker is my heart,  
For they have lain my Lord away—  
O they have lain my Lord away—  
Who never would depart,  
Depart, O sombre heart!

*Altera vox cantet.*

What grief could bow that golden head,  
Put sorrow in that heart?  
So eager on the thorny way—  
O eager on the thorny way—  
Life is a sea without a chart.  
Depart, brave heart, depart!

*Ambae cantent junctæ.*

Oh, they have pierced Him with a spear,  
Who pointed out the way,  
And hastily they laid Him here—  
O hastily they laid Him here—  
At nightfall grim and grey,  
Let us depart for aye!

*Tunc Maria Mater Jacobi ululet.*

Be silent, women, see ye not  
What marvel here for us is wrought!  
The stone is rolled away!  
Oh, who has done this thing for us?  
God bless the man who did it thus!  
May he be glad to-day.

*Vident angelum super lapidem sedentem vestimentis  
albis et micantem.**Mulier dicat.*

But who sits there on yonder stone  
Within the new-made tomb alone?  
Mine eyes are blinded with his grace,  
So like the sunlight is his face,  
I am afeard to look thereon.  
And yet I must, for never shone  
On earth a kinder look than his  
He has some word to say, I wis.

*Maria Magdalena.*

Heart of my heart! but where is He?  
No body in the tomb I see.  
Oh God! but He is ta'en away.  
Great shirring one, where does He lay?

*Joanna quaereat curiose.*

My faith! who is it calmly stands  
And stretches forth his shining hands,  
Whose radiance fills all the tomb  
And leaves no spot of dark or gloom?  
Ah! see him there serenely mute!  
Perchance it is that Israfel  
Whose heart-strings are a lute?  
His place appointed is to dwell  
At heaven's gate, through golden hours  
And turn men's prayers to tender flowers.  
O flaming angel, tell us, tell,  
Where is Our Lord, great Israfel?

*Custodes appropinquant dicentes.*

O bow your heads and veil your eyes  
Before this Lord from Paradise!  
He hears the music of the spheres,  
And sees his God upon a throne  
All girdled with a golden zone  
How could He heed your human tears?

*Angelus dicat.*

Fear not, O maidens fair and tall,  
You seek the Lord, I know, who all,  
Yea, all, your fleshly debt has paid,  
Rejoice! rejoice! be not afraid!

*Carmen nunc a custodibus.*

Last night in darkness set the sun,  
In darkness when the day was done,  
The price was paid, the battle won.  
We hail Thee, Lord!  
Lo, on the mountains it is dawn!  
Like flaming spears the light comes on,  
The splendor will be here anon,  
As Thou, O Lord!  
Thou art our dawn, our flaming light,  
Our Victor over death and night.  
O haste in splendor, flaming white,  
Forever, Lord.

*Mulier dicat.*

Ah, look the angel pales away,  
Like Hesper at the dawn of day!  
Above is light, but here is dark,  
Some one approaches. Hear the lark!

*Alauda cantet dum venit Christus sub specie cultoris.  
Ploret eum Maria Magdalena.*

O sir, you are the gardener,  
Who maketh all this place to stir  
In summer with the nodding flowers

That scent thy pleasant shady bowers.  
O tell me where they have lain Him,  
My Lord, in what cold place and dim?  
O where is He, my soul, my King?  
Behold! about your knees I cling.  
O! be not hard, but speak, tell me,  
That I may go!

*Dominus. Mary!*

*Gaudio Maria Magdalena. Rabboni!*

*Tunc omnes in globo eant cantantes "Te Deum."*

## Newman, the Stylist.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.



PEAKING of literature, somebody has said that "every sentence of the great writer is an autograph," or as the French tersely put it, "the style is the man." This proposition is indisputable. Strictly speaking, we must admit that it is as difficult for a modern writer to show any great or marked originality in thought, as it is beyond our modern inventors to give the world anything entirely new. Centuries ago, Homer, Plautus, Bacon and the great Shakespeare, ran the entire gamut of human thought and feeling. Before and since the time of the great dramatist, poets and prose writers—a multitudinous army—have been continually engaged in dwelling upon the selfsame problems of life, as they present themselves under almost every conceivable light. Small wonder then that modern writers have been able to give practically nothing to the world of literature that has not been expressed, fundamentally at least, in some form or other by those who have gone before. Our great writers have won renown, it is true, for what they have written—thought must always remain one of the two great elements of literature, and the more important of the two—but since thought can not always, and in fact rarely is absolutely original, the fact remains that very much of their greatness must depend upon the personality with which their thought and expression are endowed. This is what makes language in the hands of the master a virile and a living power; this is what constitutes style.

We have many stylists, no two strictly alike: Bacon, whose words above all English

prose writers, "are rammed with thought," and freighted with meaning; Swift, the acrid censor of English customs, the satirical delineator of human weaknesses in life; De Quincey the essayist, graceful, ardent and refined, famed as the inventor of modern impassioned prose; Macaulay, clear and sedate, as he thunders forth his oratorical eloquence in the style of the trained rhetorician; Matthew Arnold, the other extreme, severely discreet and simple, defining terms with such scrupulous care as to win the cognomen of the "intellectual critic." They are all stylists, all masters of a high quality of diction, each alone, with a power strictly *sui generis*. Yet they are by no means the great masters of style, as are Carlyle, Ruskin, and Newman, for unlike these three they are supreme only in form and influence, each in his own peculiar excellence. The true master as such, must dominate a greater and a broader sphere. But it is with Newman alone that we are here concerned, a writer too much misrepresented by his enemies, and by far too little known or appreciated by those who would have no prejudice against him.

It would perhaps be difficult to treat the style of a man, who in his own day was unrivalled as a historian, a controversialist, a poet, a theologian, and an essayist, were it anyone else than Newman. Yet language in his hands seems always to have been the "same faultless instrument from which he awoke music suitable for each and every occasion." The subdued color, the lucidity and depth of his essays, the felicity of expression, and the almost absolute originality in his treatment of the "Dream of Gerontius," the calm, even, almost tender severity of his sermons and that utmost degree of simplicity which characterizes the massive thoughts embodied in his philosophical, historical and educational

treatises, all bespeak the power and the simplicity and the beauty of that style, predominating and suiting itself, as it does, to every class of writing by which Newman is known. In his sketch of Cicero, we believe that he is unconsciously describing himself when he writes: "Terence and Lucretius had cultivated simplicity; Cotta, Brutus and Calvus, had attempted strength; but Cicero rather made a language than a style, yet not so much by the invention as by the combination of words.... His great art lies in the application of existing materials, in converting the very disadvantages of the language into beauties, in enriching it with circumlocution and metaphors, in freeing it of harsh and uncouth expressions, in systematizing the structure of a sentence."

Newman's style,—beyond all others perhaps, excels in four distinct qualities: it is simple, lucid, straightforward and vigorous. Unlike Ruskin he does not continually revel in the pronounced word-painting of a poetic prose. Newman's style is different. It never satiates. Unlike the insistent beauty of the rushing mountain stream, his words course on like the low, continuous music of the meadow brook, breaking forth at unlooked-for intervals amid scenes of the wildest and rarest beauty, and then flowing on again, the same low, gently moving stream. Back of the simplest word, indeed, or the homeliest phrase, Newman holds us ever conscious of an abundant power held in reserve. Carlyle with his oddities, his authoritative tones, his mystery, and abruptness, has been compared to the "rough rich ore as it comes direct from the earth." If this is so, then Newman is Carlyle, as we would conceive him, in a refined and polished state. If Carlyle is the pure, uncut stone, Newman is the rare gem, beautifully cut, polished and set.

The qualities we have noted prevail in all his works; but in none of his works, perhaps, do we find Newman more himself than in his Sermons and Polemical works. Here, at any rate, we find that indefinable something, that wonderful mingling of simplicity and conscious strength, which above all his other qualities gives Newman the position he holds in literature to-day.

Upon reading his Parochial Sermons we can not but feel that here at last is a man

who is able to speak to the best advantage what is in him; to speak it with all the beauty of a poet, the fire of a prophet, all the striking power of a giant. His knowledge of life, as broad and deep as was his love of humanity, enabled him to make men see themselves somewhat as they are. So sincere was he in his ideals that we can not but feel the earnest pulsing of his heart, and the warmth of his own inner soul, breathing forth from almost every sermon. No one, for instance, who has ever read his sermon on "The Vanity of Human Glory," or "The Reverence Due to Her (Mary)," could ever accuse Newman of being a dexterous word-mechanic, or a mere stylist for style's sake. His own earnest individuality, evident in his every line, refutes any such statement.

In Newman's works it is clearly exemplified that "the style is the man." So marked is the quality of his style in this regard, that Macaulay, the great rhetorical stylist, realizing his own peculiar weakness in that line, memorized his sermon on "The Second Spring," as a model of individualized oratorical style. And yet when Newman preaches the kingdom of Christ, "coming down to us," as it does, "from the very time of the Apostles, spreading out into all the lands, triumphing over a thousand revolutions, exhibiting an awful unity, glorying in a mysterious vitality; so majestic, so imperturbable, so bold, so saintly, so sublime, so beautiful," we do not pause to see how this idea is clothed or how that sentence is constructed. Every thought strikes home simply, and yet withal so directly, its beauty so mingling with its strength that we feel as though the ideas and the expressions had been especially chosen for our individual comprehension. This is the simplicity and the strength of "Newman's Parochial Sermons;" this is what we mean by his style.

Yet it is not in his sermons that Newman is known to the world. Even though he is considered as the first essayist of his time, there is one field in which he excels far more than in any other, and that is the field of controversy. The story of his severe study, his long period of research, profound meditation and heroic courage under trials of every sort before he finally entered the

Catholic Church, is a world-wide fact, for it was this very change which shook the Anglican Church to its very foundations. If he had been other than Cardinal Newman, results might not have been what they have, or at all events, they would not have been so thoroughly world-wide. Amid all the long trials and difficulties, his mind never rested until he had found for it a solid basis in the Roman Catholic Church. Even then, after all was over, we find the true sincerity and the stable honesty of the man expressed in one of his writings: "All the logic in the world," he said, "would not have made me move faster towards Rome than I did." And yet when the struggle was entirely over, and he had followed the dictates of his own conscience, Canon Kingsley through the medium of *MacMillan's Magazine*, brought him so violently to task as to wring from him his "Apologia pro Vita Sua." This book, containing as it does an account and defense of the first forty years of his life, represents the zenith of Newman's prose style.

Into the arena he again enters, not indeed to defend himself alone this time, for now a greater and a nobler cause was the inspiration of his valiant service. He hears the cry, as it were, of his lately adopted Mother Church, calling upon her new-born son to defend her against the enemy, against his former brothers in religion. He enters the field of conflict to defend his own actions, it is true, but in doing this the direct question of the Catholic and Anglican churches was of necessity involved. If Newman ever exerted an influence as a stylist he does it here. Like a Damascus blade, keen and subtle, he wields his language among his adversaries in the heat of the conflict. By his own wonderful power and skill, he marshals facts and illustrations from every imaginable source; with vulcan-like ability he shapes them for his purpose, and then in the clear, steady aim of the trained antagonist, drives every argument home with a sort of giant strength. Nowhere is the striking individuality of Newman's style, the searching and exhaustive power of his recent studies, the union of his innate simplicity with that peculiar strength for which he is noted, evidenced in a more

striking manner than in this book, written as a vindication of his own actions in the face of the English-speaking world. Well indeed might Disraeli say, that the revolution in religious thought which Cardinal Newman wrought, had been the most momentous one in the religious history of England for the past three hundred years. If Newman had written nothing but the "Apologia," his fame as a stylist would nevertheless have won him rank with Ruskin and Carlyle, De Quincey and Bacon. And yet his value and predominance as a stylist lies primarily in this, that in all his depth of feeling and intellect, in his finish and profundity, in all his superb reasoning, we find genuine simplicity combined with ponderous strength. Literature is fortunate indeed in such an inheritance. Newman, above all writers, stands for strength, power and simplicity.

So far, however, we have seen Newman only in his intellectual might, towering above his assailants, dealing a vigorous blow here, directing a well-aimed thrust there, with all that conscious superiority of the great champion that he really was. It is true, he has ever been a real master to us in his prose, and we have felt the power of his individuality, but hitherto, even in his renowned "Apologia," he has been rather the keen-minded logician, the dexterous sharp-shooter, always and ever deliberately taking aim, and then discharging his trusty weapons with deadly effect into the very midst of his enemies. We have, in short, not as yet beheld him in close hand-to-hand conflict, wherein his whole personal character is aroused to action.

In April of the year 1857, England passed a law, forbidding the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics to assume the new titles the Pope of Rome had assigned them, as Bishops of the Catholic Sees of that country. Then it was that Newman in all the ardor of his indignation, hurled away, as it were, the scabbard of his aloofness as a token of his final stand against English prejudice, and rushed into the midst of the fray. Here, in his "Present Position of Catholics in England," the cool, intellectual giant appears in a new light. See how scathing and ironical his denunciation of the attitude of the English clergy towards Rome and

the Roman Catholic Bishops under this new law. "A movement is on foot," he says "which has no natural crisis or resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not by an act of volition, but by a sort of mechanical impulse, bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each on his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intensity, and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamoring and ringing the changes on their poor half-dozen notes, all about 'the Popish aggression,' 'insolent and insidious,' 'insidious and insolent,' 'insolent and atrocious,' 'atrocious and insolent,' 'atrocious, insolent, and ungrateful,' 'ungrateful, insolent, and atrocious,' 'foul and offensive,' 'pestilent and horrid,' 'subtle and unholy,' 'audacious and revolting,' 'contemptible and shameless,' 'malignant,' 'frightful,' 'mad,' 'meretricious,' (bobs, I think, the ringers call them), bobs, and bobs-royal, and triple-bob-mayors, and grandsires, to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal, in honor of Queen Bess, and to the confusion of the Holy Father and the Princes of the Church." Here we have the man in action, accusing, denouncing, ridiculing,—a warm-blooded, passionate warrior, rising to the occasion. Here his power of feeling is manifest, his impetuosity breaking over the barriers of rhetorical sedateness, to dash in all the fury of unchecked power and strength against that violent English prejudice which had before refused to listen either to reason or argument.

"It is not enough," he says, "to look into our churches and cry: 'It is all form *because* divine favour can not depend on external observances; . . . or 'a mummery, *because* prayer can not move Him;' or 'a tyranny, *because* vows are unnatural,' or 'hypocrisy, *because* no rational man can credit it at all.' I say, here is an endless assumption, unmitigated hypothesis, reckless assertion; prove your 'because,' 'because, because.' . . . You sit in your lecture rooms, you wield your pens; it all looks well on paper; you write exceedingly well. . . . logical, nervous, eloquent and pure. . . . go, and carry it all

out into the world. . . . My principles, which I believe to be eternal, have at least lasted eighteen hundred years; let yours live as many months."

Here indeed do we feel Newman's breath upon us and the pulsings of his big heart, as he lays about among the prejudiced English churchmen, who would drive the Roman Church from their dominions. If, as he himself said, his object in these discourses was not to prove the Divine foundation of the Church, but to show the utter absurdity of English prejudice, he has done so in such a manner as to preclude the very possibility of that same spirit ever again reasserting itself. As regards literature, these discourses have revealed him in a new and entirely agreeable light—as Newman the living, the feeling, Newman, the ardent, the passionate defender of his newly adopted Mother Church. In his other writings we may have admired the great logician, the master-mind, the genius, behind that superb flow of language, but here, in these discourses, we see the whole man.

Yet after all, it is in his own "Ideal Authorship Described," that we find, as it were, the exact epitome of himself, the more exact and valuable to the student of English style, in the fact that it is from his own heart and soul that he has drawn the sentiments. We have no better description of Newman than that which he himself has unintentionally furnished. A great author he says, "writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. . . . He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution."

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#### Sensational.

No poetic inspiration  
 Mirrored in the lordly sonnet  
 E'er enraptures so the nation  
 As our modern Easter bonnet. P. H.



Varsity Verse.

THE EASTER RABBIT.

JUST a day or two 'fore Easter,  
When the hens are lyin' round  
Kinder takin' a vacation,—  
And they've earned it, I'll be bound,—  
Then us, kids, me, Frank and Jimmy,  
Baby Ned, and all the rest,  
Gather hay and straw and feathers,  
For to make a rabbit's nest.

Then our Ma, she sends us over  
To our Aunt's across the way,  
And we play at hide-and-seeking  
For,—oh, almost all the day,  
'Cause you know that if she didn't,  
We would make too great a noise;  
And the Easter rabbit's scary,  
For he doesn't like the boys.

But when Auntie says, "now children,  
You had better leave your play,"  
Then you'd oughter see us hustle—  
No, we never do that way  
Any other time we visit—  
But then Auntie doesn't care,  
For you see it's kinder different  
When that rabbit's nest is there

And the eggs—green, brown and yellow,  
Boiled, and ready for to eat.  
And the candy eggs,—a dozen!  
Ain't they hard and big and sweet!  
You can talk about your chickens,  
And the eggs they lay, but gee!  
It's the little Easter rabbit  
And the Easter eggs for me.

T. A. L.

THE SONG OF HAM AND EGGS.

I have eaten chickens roasted, And sweet lamb chops crisply toasted, I have revelled in the flavor of the bull-frog's dainty legs; But these viands all lose color, And their elegance grows duller When compared with Easter luxuries, the juicy ham and eggs.	Venison's all right for Teddy, He may take his bear meat steady, He may find in Afric's jungle dishes that no king would scorn, But I seek my delectation, And I find the culmination Of true rapture in the savory ham and eggs of Easter morn.
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Billy Bryan, his grouse may relish,  
And his festive board embellish  
With the dainty little ducklings that in Southern  
climes are found,  
But I pass these without sadness,  
For I find my greatest gladness  
In a dish of luscious ham and eggs when Easter  
comes around.

G. F., '10.

HALF-PAST TWO.

When you wake at night and all is quiet,  
And the clock strikes half-past two,  
Don't you sometimes think of "skeery" things,  
Of ghosts and goblins too?

As you listen long to the wind's drear song,  
And the rooster's crow you hear,  
Don't it make you feel like cuddling down  
In dreams to banish fear?

Ah! 'tis good to live in this grand old world,  
And it's good to see life through,  
But the night brings a time I'd rather miss—  
It's when the clock strikes half-past two.

A. J. H.

## The Crowning with Thorns.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

AH! what is this? No slender wreath of bays  
Is bound about the glory of His head!  
No crown of flowers there, although a red  
Far brighter than of roses meets the gaze.  
The startled lashes tremble in a maze;  
We see the wounds by which the Saviour bled,  
The mocking purple round His shoulders spread.  
Is this the God a universe obeys?

Not such as those whose flower-bespangled train  
With wine and music made the old earth glad,  
But One, who lifted an immortal strain,  
Taking for good what other folk thought mad.  
He held men's soul above His fleshly pain,  
And showed the way by doing what He bade.

## After a Score of Years.

RICHARD J. COLLENTINE, '09.



T was Easter Sunday and James Evans, or "Grandpop," as he had come to be known in the neighborhood on account of his years and a host of descendants, was feebly making his way to church.

On the one side his trusty old blackthorn supported him, and on the other the arm of his granddaughter, Julia.

"Shall we rest a bit?" queried the latter, nodding toward a park entrance where there were a number of rustic seats. "We need be in no hurry. It is but nine, and we have a full hour yet before Mass."

"Just as you say, Miss. I was put in your hands. You agreed to get me to church in time, so it will be just as you say."

The girl removed the old man's hat a moment later as he slowly sat down on the bench and the soft spring breeze caressed his silvery hair. The two made a picture to the passing church-goers. The old man was shrivelled and palsied, bearing the marks of age everywhere except in his eyes where the lustre of youth still shone. By his side was the girl, her face lighted up with the warm glow of childhood and a happy smile.

"Oh! I forgot all about a message I was told to give you," she exclaimed as she recalled it on a sudden. "I meant to tell you last night. I met Father Sullivan yes-

terday, and he told me to tell you that Father Dan would be here to-day—whoever he is."

At the name of "Father Dan," the old man started. Forgetting rheumatism and weakness for the moment, he tried to rise, but sank back again.

"Father Dan will be here to-day!" he repeated slowly, lingering on the words.

"Yes. Who is he? Some great personage?"

"Indeed he is. He lived here as a boy, he and his mother. They lived with us. He is a great personage, indeed. I haven't seen him since he said his first Mass here twenty years ago, but since then his name has become widely known. Can it be that I never told you of him? Well, perhaps I never thought of it at the right time, my girl."

"Tell me about him," said Julia eagerly. "I am very anxious to hear something of him."

"The time has fairly flown since the day he and his mother came to our house. Misfortune had befallen them, which had led to their coming. The father of the family was one of a party of miners who were suffocated. Some were found and brought to the surface, but John Curry was among the missing. It was a hard blow to his wife, and it told on her, as became more evident every day. John had always been a well-met fellow, big of heart and of frame, and above all a devoted husband. Unfortunately for the bereaved son and mother he was no financier, having left little after him.

"We insisted on keeping them with us permanently, which we succeeded in doing only by accepting payment. It was at our earnest request that they had come to us at first. Worry weakened the mother and finally she fell ill. It was some months before she was even able to walk. When she had recovered she was not the same as she had been. Her face was pinched and drawn and we had many misgivings. But, strange to say, she finally did begin to build, and in a year had regained much of her old-time strength.

"But to return to little Dan. He was a bright, curly-headed lad of twelve, rather short for his age. He had a laughing, boyish face, which possessed a charm that drew everyone to him. The youngsters of his own age in the neighborhood took up with him immediately, and he was soon their leader.

"During his mother's illness it had occurred to no one that a boy of Dan's age should be in school. This was due to the one cause for worry which had absorbed our attention. We were all brought suddenly to our senses one morning by the following remark:

"Seems to me a boy going on thirteen should be attending school. I was reading in the paper this morning that a man is nowhere nowadays without education."

"Your Grandma looked at me and smiled.

"You'll have a chance to begin school immediately, Dan," she said, "I'll speak to your mother of it."

"A week later found Dan in line with his books. I need not tell you how he succeeded. He had always been as quick as a flash to grasp anything. He proved to be an earnest worker. Report after report came together with a couple of private letters from the superintendent praising his work most highly. At the age of seventeen he was graduated with all honors, bearing a record for the best work ever done in the home school.

"Literature was his favorite study. In this he stood even higher than in any other. For a long time he had it in mind to hazard sending a piece of work to some paper for publication. After mustering enough courage he took the step, meeting with complete success. Not only was his work published in the weekly to which he sent it, but it was quoted in a number of others as well. Thenceforth he dabbled in literary work during his remaining two years at school. Once he caused a stir in local circles by an article of his appearing in a well-known magazine. We all looked upon this achievement with the greatest pride. I think it brought him fifty dollars.

"This success was, needless to say, very gratifying to his mother. Her pride was easily pardonable. A sudden unlooked-for check came to it at length, however, which caused her intense but short-lived anxiety. The day after his graduation a letter came bearing the name of a large newspaper, offering Dan a position to which a very liberal salary was attached. It had always been one of his proudest boasts and his mother's happiest thoughts that he was studying for the priesthood. Literary work

had become almost a passion with him. He brought the letter to his mother stating that he desired to try the work for a year as a sort of rest. Instantly an agony of fear arose in her mind. Dimly she recalled hearing lost vocations spoken of, and she feared for her boy.

"Oh, Dan," she exclaimed, "let it alone. You may think a year would do no harm, but take my word it is dangerous."

"Dan without a word dismissed the thought, never mentioning it after.

"One day, two months later, found us all looking gloomy and downhearted. There was a vacancy since morning which we all knew it would be hard to fill. With half the village on hand to usher him off, Dan had torn himself away from us to depart for school. His first letter a week later did not tend to reassure us. Knowing well the jovial disposition of our idol, we found it hard to explain the want of spirit and humour which usually filled Dan's letters. He also spoke, rather vaguely I thought, of some difficulty he had owing to certain defects in the curriculum of his home school. The next letter sent our spirits sky high. Whatever difficulties there were, whether due to his classes or to homesickness, must have been overcome, for his good spirits shone forth in every line.

"Several times during his college course, letters came from the rector to Mrs. Curry along with her son's report, commending him very highly. It seems he was successful everywhere. He fared the same in the seminary. I refer of course to his studies, for only on them could we judge. It is possible that he met with reverses of which he told us nothing. Whenever we suspected them it was only from what we could read between the lines of his letters. The time flitted faster year by year, and before we knew it the day of his ordination was near at hand. After ordination he came home to say his first Mass."

Here the old man stopped, lost in a brown study. A sad smile was on his face.

"I'll never forget that day," he continued. "It was on Easter Sunday. Twenty years have passed since then, but it is vivid in my mind still. The spectacle of him embracing his mother who was too feeble even for the trip to church to hear him say his first

Mass, I shall always remember. I now see plainly the procession of priests and seminarians, doubtless many of his classmates, who marched into the church, down the centre aisle and up to the altar. And Oh! what a sermon he preached after the services. The sanctuary was full; the church was crowded; even the choir loft could hold no more. There was a deathly stillness as everyone leaned forward eagerly to catch the words of the big, handsome, broad-shouldered man who stood before them, whose voice broke time and again from emotion, and whose words set them tingling in every fibre.

"But more than those of his own religion were interested in him. He was well-known in his adopted town; his achievements had been watched closely, and all felt a pride in the honors he had gained. All were unanimous in demanding to hear him speak in public that afternoon. He did speak too in a way that made me feel prouder than ever before in my life.

"Where do you suppose he stood?"

The old man paused after this inquiry, studying the girl's eager face a moment, but she smilingly shook her head.

"Do you see that rickety old platform over there?" he asked pointing to a tumble-down framework in the distance. "There he stood and spoke to an audience that filled this park."

He stopped here. His face was slightly pale, and bore a look of fatigue. A breath of air stirred a few locks that hung down on his forehead. The sun rose higher and higher. Suddenly the stroke of ten sounded on the quiet morning air, startling both.

"Come, Grandpa, we must go now; we will just arrive in time for Mass."

In the rear of the church stood an old man and beside him the young girl. Both were watching eagerly as the priest and server came down the aisle at the *Asperges*.

"Is it he?" whispered the girl as she tried to get a glimpse of the approaching priest. A nod was the answer. A moment later, as the little procession neared the end of the side aisle the eyes of the old man met those of the priest. The latter smiles faintly and sends a shower of holy water down upon the venerable white head as he passes. The girl receives another nod.

## Easter Morn.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

THE sky is gray, and streaks of light  
Are glittering 'gainst the silvery clouds,  
The moon and stars begin to wane,  
And fading darkness lifts its shrouds.

The Eastern sky is now aglow  
With splendor of the rising sun;  
For Easter Morn in holy joy  
Is praising Christ, the Risen One.

## The Bad Man of Arizona.

LEO C. McELROY, '10.



THE sheriff of Bowden County wore a heavy frown on his face as he rode leisurely along the trail towards his home, pondering on the telegraphic dispatch which he had received that morning, informing him that "Rat" Evans, champion bad man of the State of Arizona, had that morning broken jail and was supposed to be making towards the sheriff's district.

Evans was notoriously quick in the use of a gun. More than once he had dispatched an enemy with the odds rather against him and had so far escaped injury to himself. But after his last fracas, he had been nabbed by a posse and put into the 'cooler' to await trial. Now, through some mysterious agency he was free again, and at the same time was probably the most sought-after man in the State.

It was almost six o'clock when Sheriff Wayne dismounted in front of the barn door at his home. He proceeded to water his horse, shake down his bedding and feed him. Marjorie, the sheriff's three-year-old daughter, was seated on the ground, surrounded by a family of rag and china babies with whom she was conversing.

Wayne finished his work in the stable and passed through the rear door of the house to wash himself before supper. While he was washing he heard the child's treble

voice saying something and immediately afterward the deep voice of a man. Picking up a towel he dried his hands and face and stepped out to see whom the stranger might be. As he appeared the newcomer accosted him:

"Could a feller get a bite to eat here, and a little fodder for the nag? We've traveled a long ways to-day and are pretty nigh tuckered—"

"'Rat' Evans!"

"Bill Wayne!" They exclaimed as they recognized each other. The sheriff halted about twenty feet from his visitor and surveyed him a moment, undecided as to what might be the better course to take. To reach for his gun meant almost certain injury and perhaps death for him as the man before him was not only quicker on the draw, but since his life and liberty were at stake he might not hesitate to kill. For some seconds the two men faced each other, motionless and silent, until Evans broke the suspense.

"Well, Bill, you seem about as glad to see me as I am to see you. Let me think—the last time our trails crossed was down at Faro just before that Connor affair."

"I'm not exactly what you'd call tickled to death to lay eyes on you, 'Rat.' When did you get out of jail?"

"Well, you see, Bill, I've had my trunk packed for several days, but I hadn't really decided where to go until this mornin.' I left rather sudden, at two o'clock."

"Did you break jail?" asked Wayne with pretended surprise.

"Now don't call it that, Bill. Let's say that my departure was quite unexpected. They wasn't many of my friends around to see me off, either," said the desperado smiling broadly.

"You know, 'Rat,' that it is my duty to arrest you, then," said Wayne.

Evans laughed outright. "That so, Sheriff?" he asked genially, but at the same time he watched the sheriff closely for any indication of action.

Wayne was nonplussed. He was afraid to reach for his revolver, for it meant that he would lose his man, and yet he could not allow the criminal to ride away at liberty.

Evans seemed to divine his thoughts, for he said:

"I wouldn't try to draw, if I were you,

Sheriff, 'cause you know I'm quicker'n you."

Just as he spoke his face took on a look of horror. Then with a lightning-like movement he had his forty-four out and had fired.

The Sheriff's gun sounded just a trifle later and "Rat" Evans, pitched back from his horse and lay on the ground. The Sheriff ran up and bent over him:

"I'm done for, Bill, look to the little girl and see if she's hurt."

The Sheriff gave a gasp of horror. He had forgotten all about Marjorie. Running over to her he bent over to pick her up when his eye fell on an object at her feet which caused his cheeks to blanch,—a large rattlesnake with its head shot clean off.

The sheriff turned, with the baby in his arms and walking back to the wounded ex-convict he said in a voice trembling with emotion:

"'Rat,' you saved her, but why didn't you tell me what you were going to do?"

"Wasn't time, Sheriff," responded "Rat," "that feller was already coiled and ready to jump."

"Is there anything I can do for you? Are you in pain?"

"Naw. I'm due to cash in this time and it's been comin' to me for a long time. I don't want nothin' only—only—" his voice trailed away.

"Well?" said the Sheriff eagerly.

"I had a kid of my own—once—Sheriff, let the little girl—kiss—me—good-bye."

His wish was gratified, and a moment later "Rat" Evans was no more.

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### The Cross.

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GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

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UPREARED against untimely dark it stood,  
Unlit by earthly gleam; no human trust  
Was centred there, but red upon its wood  
Was writ defeat, the victory of lust  
O'er love unlimited. That cross could claim  
No worldly honors, symbol, it of shame.

But see, to-day that selfsame cross is raised  
Against the glorious sun of Easter's dawn.  
It gleams as gold, its dark wood is emblazed  
With jewels, where the theme of shame was drawn.  
It stands for aye, love's sweetest, truest bond,  
Between dark earth and lasting light beyond.

## In the Social Whirl.

A LOCAL DRAMA IN SIX SCENES.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

PLACE—Sorin Hall, N. D.

TIME.—Easter Sunday and Monday.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

HAROLD CRAGG—A would-be Detective.

JIM SEWARD—Right in the Game.

JOE TURNER—An all-around Good Fellow.

MISS BENSON—Much admired by Turner.

MISS RIDGBY—A Friend to Seward.

Several Students.

SCENE I.—*Sorin Recreation Room at 6:30 P. M. on Easter Sunday. A crowd of students sitting around the piano; some smoking, others listening to Seward's latest rag-time.*

1ST STUDENT.

Say, Seward, cut out that confounded "rag,"  
And talk for a while (*Seward stops playing*).

2D STUDENT.

I think that Cragg

Has gone clean daft on detective work.

3D STUDENT. I guess you're right. The loony Turk  
Got a bunch of books in the morning mail  
On the Secret Service.

2D STUDENT.

He's getting stale

Around this joint. But, Gee! what's worse

He's going to try for the Pinkerton Force

ALL. Ha! Ha! Ha!

TURNER.

He walks around the house

As though it hurt. A blamed good souse

In the lake would help him. His good old "Dad"

Is wasting dough on the crazy lad.

3D STUDENT.

I wouldn't mind if he weren't so proud.

Why! there are some of the fellows here in the crowd

That he doesn't talk to.

1ST STUDENT.

Is that straight?

3D STUDENT.

Yes, he seems to be stuck on himself of late.

SEWARD.

Let's take him up on his own fake game,

And make him sorry he ever came.

2D STUDENT. How?

1ST STUDENT.

Fire away.

3D STUDENT.

What is it, Jim?

SEWARD.

I've got a scheme that we'll work on him.

It's about some girls that are going to come  
Out to Macbeth, and go to the Prom.

I want some time to think it out,

But you fellows get a big crowd about

To-morrow noon in the "Rec." room here.

I'll furnish the fun, you needn't fear.

I'll get Cragg to make a bombastic speech

Against Turner. Then we'll all teach

Him to get some sense.

2d STUDENT.

We'll rub it in

With a blamed good rough-house. I'll begin  
The noble work.

1ST STUDENT.

Let's make it a go.

2d STUDENT. He'll want to leave.

SEWARD (*To Turner*).

Come with me, Joe.

Up to the room, and we'll make our plan.

TURNER. All right.

CROWD.

Hurrah! We'll fix that man.

*(Exeunt.)*

SCENE II.—*Seward's room five minutes later. Enter Seward and Turner.*

SEWARD.

Sit down, Joe. I think we can strike

That kid so hard that he'll want to hike.

TURNER (*Sitting*). Well, what's your scheme?

SEWARD. That crazy guy;

Now don't get sore, but he has his eye

On a friend of yours.

TURNER (*Excitedly*).

Miss Benson?

SEWARD.

Yes!

TURNER (*Rising angrily*).

I'll make of that kid such a confounded mess

That his "Dad" won't know him.

SEWARD.

Now easy, Joe,

Miss Benson said, of course, she'd go

To the Prom with you (*Turner brightens*).

When I went down

To Benson's the day I was in town,

Miss Ridgby, you know, said she'd meet me there,

That foolish Cragg—Cut out that stare—

TURNER. O say, I'd like to punch his head.

SEWARD.

Now, take your time. Miss Benson said

That Cragg had asked her out to the play.

What her answer was she didn't say,

But she didn't consent. He seemed to think

That she did, and expects her—

TURNER (*Breaking in*).

Say, I'll sink

That freak in the lake.

SEWARD

Now here's the plan.

I'm going to go and convince that man

That you're trying your best to cut him out.

I'll leave him believe he's a sly old scout

And get him to try some detective stunt,

And then he'll put on a good, bold front,

And expose you to-morrow afternoon;

The crowd will do the rest. The loon

Will get his fill. You'll have to be there.

TURNER. I've got to go after—

SEWARD.

Now, don't you care;

I'll bring the girls. But come on out,

And I'll tell you more as we walk about.

*(Exeunt.)*SCENE III.—*Cragg's room. One half hour later.**Cragg seated in a large chair reading, "The Piano**Box Mystery." A knock is heard at the door.**Cragg is impatient at being interrupted.*CRAGG (*Sore*). Come in (*Enter Seward*).

SEWARD. Hello, Cragg.

CRAGG (*Pleased at having such a distinguished caller*).

Have a chair.

Here, take this big one. (*Rising*).



SEWARD. I don't care.  
If I do (*Sitting*). Say, Cragg, you'd better look out,  
For Turner's trying to cut you out  
On the Benson deal.

Cragg (*Jumping up tragically*). It's a shame! a shame!  
I'll—I'll—Well, just let him try that game.

SEWARD (*To himself*)  
That's all the mustard, kid; you'll do. (*To Cragg*)  
He said some pretty fierce things about you,  
Called you a fat-head, or some such trash.

Cragg (*Dramatically*).  
O where's the coward, the thief, I'll smash  
His—

SEWARD.  
Now, go easy, Harold, don't hurt the guy.

Cragg (*Resignedly*).  
I suppose I'd better not hurt him, but my!  
How can I stand it?

SEWARD. Well here's the way.  
He wrote her a lot of dope to-day  
And asked her to cancel her date—

Cragg (*With terrible vigor*). True, Jim?

SEWARD.  
Yes! and to go to the Prom. with him.  
(*Cragg sighs*).  
He expects an answer to-morrow. Now,  
You must get that letter. I don't know how;  
But you can work some detective trick  
And read the answer. I know she'll stick  
To you, and then when the crowd's around  
You can expose Turner upon that ground.  
Now, do your best, and do it soon;  
I think the best time's to-morrow noon.  
I'll bring the girls in a cab at two  
And be out front when you get through (*exit*).

Cragg (*alone*). The letter! the letter! I'll have it. I will  
Teach that scoundrel. He'll get his fill.  
I'm glad that I'm a detective. My part  
Is to show him the worth of my wondrous art.  
But now to Sherlock Holmes for a plan,  
To get the letter and down the man.  
(*Takes up a book and reads*).

SCENE IV.—Upper corridor in Sorin. Easter Monday  
morning a half hour after mail is given out. Cragg  
walking in deep meditation towards his room.

Cragg (*To himself*). Yes, Turner got a letter to-day.  
When he saw me watching he turned away  
Guilty like, and his face was red,  
And his brows contracted. She must have said  
That she wouldn't break her date with me.  
Oh! for that letter. Let me see;  
I must follow my plan (*Starts*). What's this?  
(*Picks up a letter lying near his door and examines it*)  
The very letter (*Excitedly*). I couldn't miss  
Finding it, with my clever mind.  
I'm made. I've genius. Let's see; it's signed  
Miss B. Oh! what does the letter say?  
(*Reads*) "Dear Mr. Turner—Yesterday  
I received your insulting remarks, and will  
Not cancel my date, nor speak until  
You beg the gentleman's pardon. Please,  
Consider this final."—Won't I seize  
My chance Hurrah! (*Ecstatically*) Be still, my soul,  
To-day you reach ambition's goal. (*Exit*)

(*Seward and Turner come cautiously down the corridor*)

SEWARD (*Whispering*). The letter's gone.

TURNER. Ye gods! what luck!

SEWARD. I see the finish of that blamed duck.  
(*Exeunt laughing*.)

SCENE V.—Sorin Recreation Room. Easter Monday  
1:55 P. M. Cragg all dressed up, standing in a big  
crowd. He is speaking in a loud, blunt voice.

Cragg.  
Fellow-students, there's a man in the hall  
That's obnoxious to me and a nuisance to all.  
He's a coward and sneak (*Laughing foolishly*). The  
crazy clown  
Has tried to cut me out down town (*Angrily*)  
By calling me "fat-head," "dough-top," prune,  
(*A slight titter in the crowd*.)

I think we ought to oust the loon.

Crowd (*With pretended anger*). Who is it? Who?

Cragg (*Pointing straight at Turner*).

There stands the man,  
And I'll prove what I say. By a secret plan  
(*More snickering*.)

I seized this letter. He got it to-day  
(*Holds up letter*.)

From a down-town Miss whom I asked to the play.

(*Cragg reads letter aloud. Turner pretends anger. All  
look at him. He searches his pockets, turns red  
and shouts*.)

TURNER. Give me my letter for mercy's sake.

Crowd. Away with Turner—down to the lake!  
(*Turner flees, followed by Cragg and the whole crowd*)

SCENE VI.—One minute later, in front of Sorin Hall,  
Turner comes out of the front door followed by  
the crowd. The students seize him. A carriage  
drives up.)

Cragg (*Shouting for order*).

Fellows, here come the ladies now.

TURNER (*Pretending to plead*). Say, let me go.

Cragg (*emphatically*). No, don't allow him to get away.  
(*Carriage stops. Seward helps Miss Ridgby out*.)

MISS RIDGBY. Mr. Cragg, good-day.

Cragg (*Smiling*). I'm glad you came to see the play.

(*Seward helps Miss Benson out. Cragg looks around  
at the crowd and smiles triumphantly, and has  
those holding Turner bring him up close to the  
carriage, so that his defeat will be a crushing  
one. He steps up to Miss Benson*.)

Cragg (*All smiles*).

Delighted, Miss Benson, I assure you.

(*Miss Benson walks past Cragg to where Turner stands*)

MISS BENSON (*To Turner*). Good afternoon, Joe.

(*Cragg steps back amazed. The crowd begins to laugh,  
and then shout: "To the Lake with Cragg! To the  
Lake! Hurrah!" They seize him and disappear  
around the corner of the hall down towards  
Old College*.)

TURNER (*To Miss Benson*).

Shall we go over to see Macbeth now?

MISS BENSON. Yes. (*Exeunt*.)

(*Curtain*.)

## Grandeur in Lowliness.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

WHEN some one does a worthy thing,  
 An honest humble mite;  
 Don't turn away and sneer or scoff,  
 But cheer along the right;  
 For humbleness is often blest  
 And honesty a grace,—  
 Speak kindly, truly, gently aid  
 The struggler in the race.

'Twas in a rough and wind-swept Crib  
 That Christ began His strife;  
 'Twas on the rough and blood-stained Cross  
 He won our crown of life.  
 Between His Crib and Cross there lies  
 The dream of ancient sages;  
 The world's Redemption marks fore'er  
 The brightest age of ages.

Each Toiler has his Bethlehem,  
 His days of work and sorrow,  
 His weary hours of cheerless gloom  
 Before a brighter morrow.  
 Each Genius has his Calvary,  
 His time of pain and loss:  
 All states of life are found at best  
 In Christ's redeeming Cross.

Within His life is seen the hope  
 And beauty of the world,  
 For there the Kingdom's holy veil  
 Is gloriously unfurled.  
 Among the lowly dwelt the Lord,  
 The keystone of all time.  
 Forbear to sneer, then:—humble deeds  
 Are oft the most sublime.

## Electrification of Railroads.

LEO J. CLEARY, '10.



EVER since the advent of the cumbersome little steam locomotive in 1829 the steam engine has been subjected to every possible means of investigation for improvement. The working of every piece of mechanism in the engine has been tested in order to find the least amount of steel required in the various parts. Both ultimate strengths and elastic limits are considered in deciding upon the allowable unit-stresses to which the parts are to be subjected. The highest unit-stress, compatible with stability and economy, is placed upon every bar throughout the

construction. The use of improved grates, mechanical draught and economizers, and the burning of cheaper fuel have secured the highest efficiency in the conversion of the available heat of combustibles into mechanical work. But now that this has taken place, and the heat engine has almost reached its acme of development, there appears a new competitor—electricity.

The value of electricity as a motive power became apparent when electric tramways superseded the old-style horse-cars and cable systems. Electric elevated railroads followed. Next came the inter-urban lines spreading throughout the country in a network of small systems. At first their routes were circuitous, through small, obscure towns not easily accessible by steam traction; but now they have preempted the entire urban field, taken most of the traffic from suburban lines, and appear in formidable competition to the steam locomotive in heavy haulage. Leading out of Chicago along the North Shore is the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric line. The St. Paul and Northwestern, two of the finest double-track systems through the Northwest, run within a few yards of it. Ever since its installation it has been successful and has been constantly increasing the equipment and field of operation. To-day most of the largest cities in Illinois, Indiana and other states are connected by electric lines. The United States statistics for the past five years show that there has been an increase of twenty-five per cent in the number of operating and lesser companies; the increase in length of single track has been fifty-two per cent; and the number of cars added twenty-five per cent. An increase of thirty-one per cent in net income and seventy-five per cent in gross income show that the profits advance proportionately.

One of the latest applications of electric power, however, is its substitution for steam on the terminals of railroads centering the larger cities. The electrification of the terminals and suburban lines of the New York Central, the New Haven, the Long Island, the North Shore and Southern Pacific lines near San Francisco, has been accomplished. The officials of the Pennsylvania railroad have announced that they would electrify their lines from New York to Pittsburg;

while the Illinois Central will make the substitution on its road out of Chicago. A score of others have the project under way.

This is only a start. Smaller railroads with less capital are waiting until the step is forced upon them, as it eventually will be; for electrification alone has been able to satisfy the public clamor, in providing an efficient tractive power. The *New York Times* quotes Mr. Harriman as saying: "But perhaps it is chimerical to think now of replacing the entire equipment. If so, what is the best thing? Obviously, electricity. And I believe that the railroads will have to come to that, not only to get a larger unit of motor power and of distributing it over the train load, but on account of fuel. The great saving resulting from the use of electricity is apparent, quite aside from increasing the tractive power and the train load."

The development of the alternating current railway motor has simplified the problem of power distribution for long lines, the power for operating all electrical railways being transmitted with the alternating current. The new system does away with the rotary converter, which is a troublesome and expensive piece of apparatus and which was necessary to operate cars with the direct current. The Chicago, Lake Shore and South Bend Electric railway uses the single phase alternating current. It is also used considerably on similar lines in the far West.

The agitation for electric service was begun because of the necessity for abating the smoke nuisance. In some cities the use of steam as a motive power is attended with emissions of smoke, soot, cinders, sulphurous fumes or other injurious effects to health to such an extent that it becomes a public nuisance. The poisonous air damages merchandise, injures vegetation, increases disease and ultimately endangers life.

There are manifold advantages in electrification of terminals. The sulphurous corrosion which is a result of smoke will be eliminated; the uniform tractive power of the electric locomotive will cause less wear and tear on the rolling stock and roadbed. A higher acceleration can be produced with electrical equipment and thus a higher schedule speed will make a greater mileage

possible. Where there are a number of stops close together the small acceleration produced by steam locomotives render the service unsatisfactory. Then, too, in the latter there is a greater coal consumption and cost for repairs. Through loss of heat in cold weather the efficiency of the steam engine is much reduced, while the efficiency of the electric motor, if anything, is increased.

Eastern railroads which have substituted electricity for steam as a motive power are satisfied with the results, and believe that the change in large railway terminals is not only practicable, but desirable. They regard electric traction as successful and of less cost than steam; for where the service is not acting in direct competition it is valuable as a feeder to the main line trains.

Since its beginning American railroad building has afforded an opening for the speculative mania which has always sought outlet in one or another form of American industrial activity. Consolidation of lines has been fought vigorously but ineffectually. Whenever a road appears to have any special advantages some monetary genius is ready to secure the funds to promote the venture. Already the tide of speculation has been turned toward electric railroads, and as the merging of capital has been the means of developing the latent power of steam, so it will be the important factor to figure in the success of electricity. The steam engine has not been relegated by any means, but it has closely approached the zenith of its possibilities. On the other hand, electricity is practically new; it is superior in locomotion for speed, cleanliness, safety and comfort; and the range of its development is unusually great.

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### The Pioneer of Spring.

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OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

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WITH the first faint gleam of spring's fair dream,  
 When the bees and the buds from their slumber  
     awake,  
 When the soft south breeze bestirs the trees,  
 And the ice on the stream starts to loosen and break:  
 Then there comes the sing-song singing  
     Of the robin o'er the lea—  
 The earliest note of new life springing  
     From the winged hosts of glee.

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—There is no fact of history, sacred or profane, better attested than the Resurrection from death of our Divine Saviour, Jesus Christ—the supreme, the crowning miracle of the God-man to his mission and divinity, and the key-stone evidence of Christianity. The Apostles were anything but credulous in regard to the fact. It is highly significant, indeed, that the friends of the Risen One were slow to believe, whereas the enemies, who had instigated His destruction, had no doubt of the prodigy, and sought to conceal the fact by bribing the guards to say that the disciples had stolen away the Body. The fact is attested by nineteen centuries of world-wide Christian belief, and by the undoubting faith which animates the Christian world to-day. Yet, we have had, and still have, men who refuse to give credence to this best authenticated fact. They take the ordinary data of profane chronicle, and even the historical event of the Crucifixion, but strive to explain away the miracle of the Resurrection. They appear able to receive as truth anything except the word and work of the Author of truth. They will not believe, and such unbelief is the utmost perversion of human intelligence and will.

—In view of the fact that the movement waged some time ago by the Ancient Order of Hibernians and others against the caricature of Irish characters on the stage had some effect, it might be well for another war to be waged along similar lines against the would-be comic papers. It seems to be a pet diversion for some of the papers published in this country to level their insults at the Irish, and these insults are no less poignant when cloaked under the guise of humor. A flagrant example of this is the recent publication in *Life* of a cartoon, supposed to commemorate St. Patrick's Day. How much, or rather how little, this picture entered into the spirit of the day may be seen when one imagines a very red-nosed St. Patrick, with Episcopal robes flying in the breeze, driving a huge serpent out of the Garden of Eden at the point of the crozier. This burlesque, of which a saint of the Catholic Church is made the central figure, is enough to arouse the ire of every Catholic in this country. The editor who allowed such a picture to be published in his paper can offer no excuse for his action. We might be inclined to excuse him on the grounds of ignorance, since such an action certainly betrays a lack of brains, but the whole world knows the story of St. Patrick, who was one of the most potent apostles in the propagation of Christianity; and hence it is hard to understand how a man intelligent enough to hold the editorship of a successful magazine was not in any way aware of the outrage he has perpetrated. Such childish humor, that must make light of things grave and holy, has no place in the civilized world. It is hard to imagine the most rabid anti-Catholic getting any fun out of such a thing. No one will laugh at the picture, but every one has the right to laugh at the man who made the publication of the picture possible. Catholics who respect their faith should make a united effort to put a stop to brazen effrontery of this kind. Protests in such cases do little good as they have but little weight. It is through the pocket-book that such offenders must be reached. If papers publishing insults against the Church and its people were placed on a black list by the Catholics of this country the result would be felt in no time. The advertisements of

Catholic firms have no place in the columns of such papers, and Catholic names should be dropped from the subscription lists. The Catholic Church and the Catholic people are deserving of the respect of the press, and a press that refuses to give this respect is not deserving of Catholic patronage.

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—Mr. McCutcheon, the world-famous cartoonist of the *Chicago Tribune*, deserves special credit for the propaganda he has been carrying on against Easter Bonnets. Bonnets. In his ingenious way he points out the follies of this custom, and there is a hearty laugh all round. Even the guilty must laugh at their own shallowness, and good-naturedly swallow the bit of classical barnyard satire, which never fails to hit the culpable with all the force of the proverbial 'Ton a' Brick's, but the application of a little soothing salve—the humorous side of it—eases the sore spots, and leaves the delinquent a chastened and docile creature.

The Easter egg has a real significance in the Easter celebration in that it is symbolic of Our Lord's Resurrection, and can be traced back through many centuries to a time when men, not having the advantages of modern education, knew their religion with remarkable accuracy, and when they allowed their hearts to feel its salutary influences which they expressed with a beautiful simplicity in the creation of many customs on religious festivals which, like the Easter egg, still endure.

Just how the Easter Bonnet ever came to be associated with the feast of the Resurrection is not definitely known, but the invention seems to be of recent perpetration. Almost every young lady in this country, and many that have not the excuse of being young, seem to think that if they have an Easter Bonnet they have celebrated Easter. There is absolutely no harm of course in seeing our American ladies in proper paraphernalia on an occasion like Easter, when they can reasonably afford it. But when it becomes necessary to secure the latest style of head dress in order to celebrate the greatest festival of Christendom, those ladies not having the means to procure the latest must either not celebrate Easter,

and excuse their absence at church services on that day by "a horrid headache" or go beyond their means to buy one. Such a custom centering around a religious festival is the merest travesty on religious observance. For those who can afford an Easter bonnet it is apt to deteriorate into a vulgar display of sufficient wealth for such a purchase; and for those who can't afford it, it means an extravagant expenditure which is really needed at home for the necessities of life. If the former class should desist from this senseless display on the day set apart to commemorate the Resurrection of Christ the latter would be glad to cease a too expensive mimicry. If it be that this vernal headgear is deemed indispensable by those whom we should term ultra-fashionable, then in the name of genuine religious sentiment and common sense some more suitable name than Easter bonnet should be found by which it may be designated.

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—We were not surprised when, a short time ago, Archbishop Farley raised his voice in protest against the degradation of the stage in America. It is

Is the within the province of men Stage Reforming? like him to have an alert eye to the moral purity of the nation. But when theatrical managers themselves rise against the evil of immorality and give vehement expression to their opinions through the columns of the periodical press, the more optimistic among us discern the dawn of a brighter day. Mr. Frederic Thompson, the projector and manager of the new Coney Island, declares, in an article contributed to *Success*, that the vogue of immoral drama is waning, and he cites the strongest of arguments for the assertion—the indication of the box-office receipts. The immoral play is no longer a paying proposition; and the ever-sensitive finger with which the astute manager holds the purse-strings has perceived the change. We see the result, and shall continue to see more of it, according to Mr. Thompson, in the presentation of plays whose atmosphere is clearer, plays which will uplift their audiences instead of degrading them. The nature of this forecast is such as to render very problematical any effort, howsoever

accurately directed, to conclude anything positive from it. Even though there be good grounds for what Mr. Thompson says, the indications by no means point to a certainty of reform. Salome still dances to shameless thousands; nay, we should rather say Salomes, for one never knows when another will come forth to rival, if possible, all others in lewdness. Nevertheless, we should not indulge pessimism of the kind expressed in the current *Extension Magazine*. It is possible that "box-office" morality does exist, and in the worst sense; but, bad as the conditions are, greedy and unscrupulous as are most managers, it is our judgment that the least sign of light should be hailed with joy, not with vituperation. True it is that improper spectacles are the outward sign of an inward rottenness somewhere, but we like to believe that the evil is not as general or as deep-seated as it might be. The very fact stated by Mr. Thompson in his article, that managers realize the superiority of the decent play as a money-maker, points to a right spirit among the majority of playgoers. But the influence that will help most to restore the old healthy moral tone is the greater and greater prevalence of the drama that is distinctly American. We have as yet nothing that can be styled "national drama," in the sense of the ancient classical or the Elizabethan drama, but a few more plays like "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Melting Pot" and "The Girl of the Golden West," would constitute the nucleus of a drama that could be called cosmopolitan if not national. And what is most encouraging in this is that American legitimate drama, is as a rule, clean and wholesome. Bernhardt, with a répertoire including "Camille," "Sappho" and "Carmen," would make no triumphal tour through the land "educating the people to artistic standards," had we plays of our own to compare in dramatic interest with those exploited by her. The redemption of the American stage, the readjustment of the moral sense among our people, and the discrediting of immoral exhibitions which masquerade under the convenient veil of "art," are tasks which must fall in great part upon the American dramatist of the future. In his hands lies the solution of the problem.

#### The Consecration of Rev. Dr. Linneborn.

Rev. Frederick Linneborn, D. D., of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, was appointed Bishop of Dacca, Bengal, India, on the 10th of March last by the Holy Father, Pope Pius X. The Bishop-elect will be consecrated by Cardinal Gotti, to-morrow, Easter Sunday. The Reverend Director of the Seminary, Father James French, C. S. C., who left for Rome two weeks ago, will represent this province of the Congregation at Father Linneborn's consecration.

Rev. Dr. Linneborn is well remembered by some of the older students and many of the alumni of Notre Dame as former rector of the Seminary.

After completing his classical and theological course at Notre Dame he spent four years in Rome where, after examination, he was honored by a doctorate in theology. In 1891 he returned to Notre Dame and acted as assistant rector of the Seminary until in 1893 when he was given full charge. In 1898 the General Chapter of the Congregation of the Holy Cross chose Father Linneborn Procurator-General of the Congregation. The General Chapter of 1906 unanimously reappointed him to the same office. As Procurator-General, Father Linneborn resided in Rome where he represented the Congregation at the Papal Court, all business between the community and the Pope passing through his hands. During his stay in Rome association with Cardinals and Bishops has made him conversant with all Church matters, and by his charming personality he has won for himself and the Congregation the signal esteem of the most distinguished authorities of the Eternal City. His Superior-General, writing of the eminent honor conferred on Father Linneborn says: "An obedient and devoted religious, an exceptionally scholarly priest, animated with a great spirit of faith, attached with all the strength of his heart and soul to the purest doctrines of Holy Church, he merits the distinction with which the Holy See has honored him. Let it be said, incidentally, that his speaking and writing knowledge of English, German, French, and Italian, with his



intimate acquaintance with Roman usages and ways, will be of no little assistance to him in the realization of the good which we have a right to expect from his appointment as Bishop of Dacca."

Dr. Linneborn will succeed Bishop Hurth, formerly President of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, as Bishop of the see of Dacca.

For fifteen years Bishop Hurth with only twenty priests has faithfully and with singular success administered the large Dacca diocese until declining health compelled him to resign. Some idea of the size of this mission can be drawn from a statement by one of the missionaries that each of the twenty priests has one million non-Christians to preach the Gospel to apart from the duties involved in the ministrations to the thousand Catholics entrusted to his care. The eminent qualities of his Lordship and the noble and courageous activity with which he prosecuted his work have merited for him the high reputation which he enjoys in the ecclesiastical and civil circles of India.

To state accurately all that has been accomplished in Eastern Bengal under Bishop Hurth's direction and personal initiative is beyond the scope of this mere news item, but one result of his untiring efforts must be noted because of its lasting significance to the Catholic Church in Bengal. A large portion of the fifteen years Dr. Hurth has been Bishop of Dacca he has devoted to the upbuilding of an educational system that is preparing Catholic children as fittingly as possible for their after mission as exemplars and defenders of their faith. The Cathedral school at Dacca enjoys the distinction of being one of the affiliated institutions of Calcutta University. A parochial school system throughout the diocese conducted by thirty-five Sisters who also attend to an orphanage, hospital and Zenana Apostolate is reaping a rich harvest for Christ.

The SCHOLASTIC proffers its felicitations to the newly appointed Bishop of Dacca, Reverend Dr. Linneborn, and hopes that India's scorching sun may be more lenient to him than it was to Bishop Hurth in order that he may be spared to labor long in his new field.

### Holy Week.

All the liturgical services proper to Holy Week were held this time as is done every year in the University Church. Notre Dame is one of the few places in the country where these elaborate ceremonies can be carried out without abridgment. The following was the program of ceremonies and officials:

REV. W. R. CONNOR, MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
MR. KEYS, ASSISTANT MASTER OF CEREMONIES

#### PALM SUNDAY, 8:00 A. M.

Rev. J. Cavanaugh	Celebrant
Rev. M. Schumacher	Deacon
Rev. J. McManus	Subdeacon

#### PASSION

Rev. M. Walsh ( <i>Evangelista</i> )	Rev. J. Maguire ( <i>Petrus</i> )
Rev. T. Crumley ( <i>Christus</i> )	College Choir ( <i>Turba</i> )

#### TENEBRAE

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.

#### LAMENTATIONS

1. Chorus 2. Rev. T. Crumley 3. Rev. J. Maguire

#### LESSONS

4. Rev. L. Carrico	7. Rev. M. Oswald
5. Rev. M. Schumacher	8. Rev. M. Quinlan
6. Rev. M. Walsh	9. Rev. A. Morrissey

#### HOLY THURSDAY, 8:00 A. M.

Very Rev. G. Français	Celebrant
Rev. T. Crumley	Deacon
Rev. M. Quinlan,	Subdeacon

#### MANDATUM 3:00 P. M.

Very Rev. G. Français	Celebrant
Rev. T. Crumley	Deacon
Rev. M. Quinlan	Subdeacon

#### GOOD FRIDAY, 8:00 A. M.

Rev. J. Cavanaugh	Celebrant
Rev. M. Oswald	Deacon
Rev. L. Carrico	Subdeacon

#### PASSION

Rev. M. Walsh ( <i>Evangelista</i> )	Rev. J. Maguire ( <i>Petrus</i> )
Rev. T. Crumley ( <i>Christus</i> )	College Choir ( <i>Turba</i> )

Way of the Cross, 3:00 p. m.

#### HOLY SATURDAY

Services begin at 7:15 a. m. Mass at 9:00 a. m.

Rev. A. Kirsch	Celebrant
Rev. M. Oswald	Deacon
Rev. L. Carrico	Subdeacon

Praeconium Paschale, Rev. J. Maguire  
Prophecies by Students of Holy Cross Seminary

Press Comments on the  
Recent Award of the Lætare Medal.

The American Catholic laity have reason to be grateful to the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, for its persistence in seeking out the zealous workers in the cause of good literature, philanthropy and public usefulness in general, and recognizing their labors with the splendid distinction of the Lætare Medal. We have often noticed how few the number of the rich who have attained this honor. This year, it goes again to a woman, and those following the literary work of "Christian Reid" who has always, like the exquisite gentlewoman she is, kept her personality in the background, will say that the Medal was never better bestowed. Her books bear the imprint of the best publishing houses, secular as well as Catholic. In all of them, without ever becoming either "preachy" or prosy, she has steadfastly and effectively combatted the two great evils of our time: disregard of the sacredness of the marriage-tie and unscrupulous acquisitiveness of this world's goods. She is well known by her pen-name throughout the land; and with the late Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston and Ruth McEnery Stuart, is among the writers in whom the South has a just pride.—*The Republic*.

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The surprising thing about this year's award of the Lætare Medal is not that it went to Christian Reid, but that it had not gone to her before. From our earliest youth most of us have felt the charm of this thoughtful and accomplished storyteller. She is one of the very few American writers of Catholic novels who write with distinction. Indeed, for grace of style and precision in the use of English, she has few equals among contemporary novelists. She has never fallen into the too-common mistake of making a good moral an excuse for poor literature. There is, it is true, a glamor of unreality in her books. But if her heroes and heroines are not exactly what men and women are, they are certainly what they ought to be. If they talk as human beings do not ordinarily talk, they give us

the kind of conversation we should like to hear. And however it is lost sight of in these days of "realism," the best function of the novelist is to lift life a little toward the ideal, to immortalize its highest moments and its noblest emotions. We get realism enough, and to spare, in the newspapers. There are truths as true to life as the ugly truths, thank God, and the writer who steadfastly portrays them, who dignifies human nature and emphasizes its generous, aspiring and spiritual side is a public benefactor. Christian Reid deserves the honor of the discriminating for her long service in providing elevating, refining and well-written fiction for the Catholic reading public—both the young readers who get their ideals of life from books, and the older readers who judge books by their ideals of life.—*The Catholic Universe*.

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Notre Dame University has been singularly fortunate in the choice of its Lætare Medalist. The thousands who have been cheered by the novels of Christian Reid, in real life Frances Christine Fisher Tiernan, will rejoice in her newly-won honor. For a quarter of a century or more the chaste style of this Southern novelist has adorned American Catholic literature. Forty novels, some of them notable for their purity of sentiment and delicacy of treatment, establish her titles to recognition. "The Coin of Sacrifice," her most recent contribution to Catholic fiction, is rated amongst the most finished productions of a Catholic pen in the United States.

—*The Catholic Transcript*.

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She was chosen for the high honor because she has done brilliant service in literature extending over a long period, by furnishing clean, helpful fiction of high literary merit, in an age when this particular province of literature is filling with meretricious and unwholesome work. Forty novels of recognized merit, and frequent contributions to the magazines attest the productive power of her pen and the standing she enjoys in the literary world. All her books and articles are of high moral tone, wholesome and inspiring, and for this reason the officials of Notre Dame conferred the medal on her this year.—*The Catholic Columbian-Record*.

## In the College World.

Chicago has a new Stagg, not yet named.

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Columbia won the championship in soccer this year.

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Co-eds at Wisconsin will play baseball this season.

\* \*

Six basket-ball "W's" have been awarded for the past season at Wabash.

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Mr. H. Wann, '08, of Wabash has accepted a position in Roberts College in Turkey.

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The students of Iowa University recently presented the Morality Play "Everybody" with great success.

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Congressman Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, lectured at Illinois University on April 1st, on "International Peace."

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The officials of the Y. M. C. A. at the various colleges in the state recently held a four-days' conference at De Pauw.

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The Catholic schools of California have organized an athletic league. Archbishop Riordan has approved of the establishment of the league.

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In their triangular debate on March 26, Princeton won from Harvard, Yale from Princeton, and Harvard from Yale. In each case the home team was victorious.

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The summer session at Wisconsin is being elaborated. This year two hundred and thirty-five courses will be offered, and eleven professors from other institutions will lecture.

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Fourteen Christian Brothers, instructors in La Salle College, in Philadelphia, recently had a narrow escape when fire broke out in the college building. The loss by fire and water is estimated at \$30,000.

Philip Barteline, of Chicago, has been selected by the regents of the University of Michigan, to succeed Charles Baird as director of athletics with a salary of \$2,700 a year.

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Senator Breidt's bill prohibiting high school fraternities was passed by the Illinois senate late in March, and very likely it will be among the early bits of legislation handed to the governor for signature.

\* \*

Student government has been tried and found a success at the University of Washington. The same plan of control of student activities obtains at Ames, and Michigan, and is being introduced at the University of North Dakota.

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Oxford defeated Cambridge in the annual race on the Thames, April 3, upsetting the "dope-shots" and making the four and one-fourth miles in 19 minutes and 50 seconds, lowering the previous record one minute and three seconds, made by Cambridge in 1900.

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An important change in the football rules for the 1909 season was made by the Intercollegiate Football Rules Committee. A field-goal is made to count only three instead of four, the object being to prevent two field-goals outweighing a hard-earned touchdown and goal.

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E. R. Sweetland, three times "All-American" right tackle, ex-captain of the Cornell football team, star track and crew man, successful Coach at Hamilton College, and Syracuse, Ohio and Colgate Universities during the last eight years, is to coach all branches of athletics at Kentucky University next year.

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L. D. Ames, a Missouri professor says: "The present system of teaching mathematics in high schools is insincere, and gives the student a very wrong impression of mathematics. Pupils are taught to use big terms that convey no meaning to them. They believe they know mathematics when they can use these terms. In reality they know very little about it."

## Book Review.

DANGERS OF THE DAY: By Monsignor John S. Canon Vaughan. The Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Those who have read "Thoughts for All Times," by Mgr. John S. Vaughan will welcome every volume that comes from the hand of this able author. "Dangers of the Day," just issued from the Ave Maria Press is what one would expect. It must prove a valuable book to any kind of reader—something that can not by any means be affirmed of every work that is published. The dangers indicated and exposed in detail are "Our Environment," "The Encroachments of the World," "Calling Good Evil and Evil Good," "The Inordinate Love of Money," "Indiscriminate Reading," "Knowledge that Puffeth Up," "Intemperance," and "Impurity, the Sovereign Seduction." All of these are dangers that are common throughout the civilized world, of course, but they are here treated with special reference to English and American life. They are not overrated, as is sometimes done in good faith by so representing them as to unintentionally convey the impression that several of them are unavoidable or invincible. No one realizes better these dangers or can better make others realize them than the author of this volume with his wide and accurate knowledge of conditions and of human nature in all its deviousness. The manner of thought and expression is that of the sane, vigorous, broad-minded English writer on the spiritual life—Newman, Faber, Dalgairns, Headley. We have solid substance and broad observation presented without any of the dryness and awkwardness which detracts from some of our best works on moral and spiritual subjects. The style is pure, easy and personal. A wealth of happy and forceful illustration prevents the usual heaviness of lengthy moralizing. Any cultivated reader ought, indeed, to find this book a most profitable delight, and the uncultivated will run upon nothing in it that is beyond them. We heartily recommend the book to all, and especially to students.

## Personals.

—Eugene Vidal (Commercial student 1890–1) is attending school in Tepic, Old Mexico.

—James J. Cooney (student 1886–9), who played on the first football team ever organized at the University, was a recent visitor.

—Evaristo R. Batlle (B. S., A. E., 1906) spent Friday at the University calling upon his former professors and fellow-students.

—Timothy Crimmins (LL. B. '02) stopped at the University for a short while last week. Mr. Crimmins is now engaged in the practice of law in Fort Wayne, Ind.

—James J. Sanders, (Litt. B., 1897) is now with J. K. Davidson, attorney-at-law, Kansas City, Mo. His address is, Care of J. K. Davidson, 1306 Grand Ave.

—George Ebbert (student in St. Edward's Hall 1896–9) was here last week visiting old friends and teachers. Mr. Ebbert is now captain of a schooner on Lake Michigan.

—William A. Draper (student 1899–1907), manager of athletics, captain and all-around star athlete during his days at Notre Dame, is now employed by the Universal Portland Cement Company, Chicago.

—Mr. John W. O'Hara, Consul to Santos, Brazil, South America, accompanied by Mrs. O'Hara, was at Notre Dame during the middle of the week visiting his son, Mr. John O'Hara, Jr., Professor of Spanish at the University. Mr. O'Hara is one of the prominent figures in the Consular Service of "Uncle Sam."

—Col. William Hoynes, Dean of the Law School, is now in Rome. From a thousand cities and towns there go to him affectionate greetings from old students and friends of the University who have learned to love him for his splendid manhood as well as for his intellectual accomplishments. The Colonel is sure to have a happy vacation, but if it were multiplied a hundredfold it would still fall short of the happiness that his friends at the University wish him.

—The *Cincinnati Enquirer* indulges in pleasant prophecy concerning one of our

star pitchers of last year who is now with the Cincinnati "Reds:"

Another pitcher who is going to be greatly improved this year is Dubuc. This Notre Dame lad is in splendid form. He has been working on a slow ball that is a true out and out puzzler, and he already has it down pretty fine. He throws it with exactly the same motion that he uses for his curve, and it will prove very deceptive to opposing batters. Dubuc also has a fast, low ball, which is under good control and will be a corker. Griff says that in all his experience he never knew but two pitchers who had this ball to perfection, and they were Charley Nichols and Bill Dineen. It is practically certain that old Iowa will be one of the regular pitchers this year.

—A notable event in the year of 1910 will be the great Home-Going Pilgrimage of the Irish people to the Old Sod. The pilgrimage will be under the direction of Mr. Francis J. Kilkenney (student 1891-3), whose devotion to *Alma Mater* is one of his most striking characteristics. Mr. Kilkenney is the private secretary of Lawrence Murray, Comptroller of the Treasury in Washington. He is a brilliant young man, and none but the bold prophet would dare forecast his future. The Irishmen who go back with him are assured of unexpected pleasures not set down either in the program of the steamship companies or in the printed menu. It is believed that this Home-Going of Irishmen in 1910 will mark an epoch in the history of the country. If it does nothing else it will show the children of the Gael ways in which they may be practically useful to the old mother country.

### Obituary.

It is with great regret that the SCHOLASTIC announces the death of John G. Shannon, (student 1894-'6,) in Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Shannon enjoyed the confidence and esteem of both faculty and students during his years at the University and his career was watched with exceptional interest. At the time of his death he was chief clerk to the City Auditor of Kansas City and is credited with having introduced new methods with the best results. His funeral, which was one of the largest ever held in Kansas City, gave evidence of the general esteem in which he was held.

### Athletic Notes.

The annual meet between the Reds and Blues was held Saturday afternoon in the big gym, resulting in a victory for the Reds by a score of 43 to 42.

Moriarty, who captained the Reds, was the highest point-winner in the meet taking three firsts and a second. The features of the meet were an exhibition mile by Fred Dana and a relay race between men selected from the baseball, football and basket-ball teams.

In the mile, Dana did not break the gym record of 4:37 as he was expected to do by some. Ben Oriel, Duffy and Moriarty, paced him by turns and the time for the distance was 4:42. The basket-ball team was victorious in the relay, baseball and football, finishing in the order named. This event brought out some speedy men, although some through over-anxiety did not wait for their man to touch them before starting.

The quarter-mile was a surprise to all, Moriarty winning over Duffy and Schmitt in the fast time of 54 seconds. In the low hurdles Fletcher won in record time, Moriarty taking second place. Philbrook put the shot 42 feet 9½ inches, beating the gym record by about eight inches. Dimmick was second with a put of 41 feet 11 inches. McDonough also sprung a surprise by taking first place in the broad jump with a leap of 20 feet, 10 inches.

### THE SUMMARY.

40 yard dash—Fletcher, 1st; Wasson, 2nd. Time, 4 3-5 seconds.

Mile run—Steers, 1st; Ben Oriel, 2nd. Time, 4.4-5.

40-yard low hurdles—Fletcher, 1st; Moriarty, 2nd. Time, :05.

40-yard high hurdles—Moriarty, 1st; Fletcher, 2nd. Time, :05 4-5.

High jump—Fletcher, 1st; Philbrook, 2nd. Height 5 feet, 8 inches.

Broad jump—McDonough, 1st; Wasson, 2nd. Distance, 20 feet, 10 inches.

440-yard run—Moriarty, 1st; Duffy, 2nd. Time, :54 seconds.

Pole Vault—Moriarty, 1st; Sullivan, 2nd. Height 8 feet, 6 inches.

Half mile—Brady, 1st; Foley, 2nd. Time, 2:08 3-5.

Shot put—Philbrook, 1st; Dimmick, 2nd. Distance, 42 feet, 9½ inches.

Relay race—Won by Blues. McDonough, Sullivan, Fletcher, Schmitt.

The Spiro team of South Bend went down to defeat at the hands of Sorin last Sunday by a score of 9 to 7. Early in the game the Spiros got a lead of five runs in one inning, but Capt. Cook's men rallied bravely, and by bunching hits and clever base running succeeded in pulling out a victory. Attley pitched a splendid game, and had the South Bend sticklers tearing up the atmosphere all around the home plate in an endeavor to locate his benders.

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While Spiros and Sorin were struggling on one diamond, the Brownsoni hall team was taking a fall out of the Livingston team on Brownson field. In the last inning with the score even Jack Lennertz, who was on the mound for Brownson, lined out a pretty hit, bringing home the winning run. Score, 7 to 6.

L. C. M

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#### Local Items.

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—A flock of wild geese spent a few hours on St. Mary's Lake last week. They might have stayed longer had not some of our local sportsmen happened along about that time.

—It is intended as soon as the weather will permit to begin the organization of the boat crews which will represent the various halls in the spring races. There is a wealth of good material in the University, and aquatic sports should be a prominent feature of the spring season.

—It is whispered around the campus that several new social lights will make their débuts at the Senior "hop." In the secrecy of their own rooms they have diligently practised waltzing and two-step until now they feel confident that they will not be outdone in gracefulness by the oldest beaux of the University.

—Prof. Jerome J. Greene recently talked to the students of the Engineering Society about his travels through Europe during his leave of absence last year. The lecture was accompanied by lantern slides showing the various scenes which he described. Starting in Naples, the odd, ugly, old city in Southern Italy, past the ruins of Mt. Vesuvius, he went up through the more important and beautiful cities of Switzerland, Germany, France, England, Scotland and Ireland. Throughout his talk, however, he laid particular stress upon the places of greatest interest in the engineering world. As for instance, the Leaning Tower of Pisa where Galileo made his experiments in con-

nection with the laws of falling bodies, the Greenwich Observatory from which all time is reckoned, the platinum bar of meter length kept in Paris, and from which all the standard measurements are taken.

—Work has begun in earnest on the 1909 Dome and from present prospects it promises to be the best year book ever turned out at Notre Dame. All of the club pictures have been taken, and the contract for the engraving work has been let to the South Bend Engraving Company. This firm has the reputation of turning out first-class work, and special care is being given to the preparation of the plates for the Dome. In a letter, written to the Dome Staff, T. Dart Walker, who has helped to illustrate all the previous issues, says that he will be unable to come to Notre Dame this year, owing to work which is keeping him in Philadelphia. The art work of the 1909 Dome will be placed in the hands of various artists, and a number of new features are promised. Since it requires a great amount of labor and effort to compile a college year book and to make it interesting to the alumni, students and friends of the University, the co-operation of the entire student body is solicited. The senior class is at a great expense in putting out such an elaborate book, and every student should give his share of support by subscribing for it in good time.

—The old adage, "early to bed and early to rise" has become a favorite with a certain engineering student hailing from Logansport who dwells in the Main Building. The motto was adopted not long ago, after an experience that cost him his breakfast and gained him nothing. It seems that the said student was disinclined to obey the summons of the bell for rising. His room-mate had great difficulty in getting him up in time for breakfast and finally decided to resort to drastic measures in order to effect a cure. One morning the room-mate arose at the customary time, dressed, set the clock fast and went out into the hall. After a few minutes he returned to the room and seizing the sleepy-head, he rolled him out upon the floor. The victim was a little dazed, but from the treatment he was receiving he soon gathered that it must be late since the clock, which was ticking away, indicated that it was long past eight o'clock. He dressed slowly, lamenting all the while that he had missed breakfast. He was due at the shop at nine o'clock and after awhile he wended his way in that direction. There he was accosted by the custodian who expressed surprise that a student should be around so early. "It's nine o'clock, isn't it?" the student innocently inquired. "Nine o'clock nothing!" replied the custodian, "it's only seven-thirty."