




GRADUATES




FRANCIS VENNINGER '11




CHARLES MILTNER '11




FREDERICK CUNIFF '12




MICHAEL A. MYLES '10




JOHN C. TULLY '11




LEO J. CLEARY '10




DENIS A. MORRIS '10




ARTHUR J. HUGHES '11



JOHN F. O'HARA '11



GEORGE J. FINNIGAN '10




PETER E. HERBERT '10



THOMAS A. LAMEY '11



LEO C. MCELROY '10



THOMAS J. CLEARY '11

Notre Dame Scholastic

By the way

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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No. 24

## An Easter Trilogy.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THREE throbbing hours 'twixt earth and leaden sky:  
Harsh taunts for prayers; for bed, a rough-hewn tree;  
For pillow, woven thorns. And thus did He  
Who woke the dead of others, choose to die.  
Oh, stiff-necked race! Ye blind of heart and eye,  
Yon grave-clad skeletons, for the moment free,  
Can with their empty, sightless sockets see  
What ye can not,—the God ye crucify.

Three gibbet-crosses,—symbols then of shame,—  
With none to see the beauty, Lord, of Thine,  
With none to hear the sounding of Thy name  
By angel-choirs enchanting psalms divine.  
Despised by men Thy great heart burst of grief:  
A God between,—on either side a thief.

THE Seraph of Great Sorrow wings alone  
Its mournful flight unto His humble tomb,  
And from its sable wings the even gloom  
Falls like a mist. In fear the stars have flown  
And nature's singing melts into a moan;  
The silent moon, paled with the thought of doom  
Hangs listless-like, robbed of its golden bloom;  
And death triumphant, takes his stony throne.

Sealed in the grave by hatred satan-born,  
Thy awful glory glides to an eclipse,  
Still silent to the challenge-words of scorn,  
Still humble to the taunt of subject-lips.  
Alone, and guarded by the Roman state,  
Thou liest in death—a branded reprobate.

DAWN wields her golden fire-whips to smite  
The tardy East into a ruddy glow,  
And Dawn sweeps in, her coursers running low  
Upon the failing traces of the night.  
But lo! The kingly Sun stops in his flight  
Upon the beaten track of heaven's bow,  
To see a brighter planet hung below,—  
A vacant tomb a-stream with living light.

Rejoice, ye mortals! Let the planets ring!  
Ye hills and mountains all, your homage pay  
Unto the deathless triumph of the King  
Who reigns eternal in the realm of day.  
Sing earth and skies, leap hill and green-clad sod,  
For Christ has risen as He is—our God.

## Easter Hymn.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

**F**AIR Easter morn,  
 What alien splendor shames thy dawn  
 Till all its flaming torches grope  
 Like shadows on a noon-lit slope?  
 What unseen spirit hands have drawn  
 The splendor from thy carmine cope?  
 Fair Easter morn.

Fair Easter morn,  
 Thy portals swinging on the night  
 Found not the customary gloom  
 To edge with colors from thy loom,  
 For the Supernal Source of light  
 Has flamed His God-head from the tomb,  
 Fair Easter morn.

## Death and Resurrection.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

**D**ARK clouds obscured the bright-  
 ness of midday. Over the Sacred  
 City, and veiling the surrounding  
 hills, was the lowering gloom.

Anon the fires of heaven were loosened:  
 flash after flash of lightning burst from  
 the overhanging darkness and lighted up  
 with noonday intensity the hill of Calvary.  
 There, Christ the God-Man hung dying on  
 a cross. All the world had forsaken Him.  
 Even His disciples, except the beloved  
 John, who stood with Mary at the foot  
 of His gibbet, faithful to the last, had  
 failed in the hour of trial.

Slowly the moments passed; slowly the  
 agony of the Saviour neared its end.

It was three o'clock. The whole world  
 trembled. Thunder burst forth from the  
 awful night that followed the flashes of  
 lightning. Heaven's forces descended and  
 tore open great caverns in the quaking  
 earth.

The dead arose from their graves and flitted  
 about the Mount, silent witnesses to the  
 world's crime. Christ was dead.

The heavens grew still. But the deep night  
 that shrouded the deed still hung upon  
 Calvary.

Three days have passed, days of gloom and  
 doubt. Christ is in the tomb. Without  
 stand the Roman guards waiting to prove  
 to the world that the Man whom they  
 have crucified is come to naught.

Suddenly they hear voices singing, they  
 know not where. A strange light comes  
 from the tomb. They look, and behold  
 angels. Fear seizes them and they fall  
 back.

The angels grasp the stone that seals the  
 grave. It rolls away. A brightness dazzles  
 the eyes of the guards. In the midst of an  
 unearthly glory Christ, the Crucified, rises.  
 Redemption is accomplished. Christ is God.  
 At this moment the morning sun bursts  
 from the East and sheds his first roseate  
 rays over Calvary.

Golgotha is glorified. The Cross of Infamy  
 is now a golden cross of Love. Each nail,  
 each symbol of shame, is transcendent  
 in beauty.

The whole world rejoices. Alleluia, Alleluia,  
 is the pean of praise.

## The Meadow Lark.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

**A**FAR, blithe singer of the lea,  
 Thy minstrel note I hear,  
 My heart responsive sings with thee,  
 A welcome for the year.

Bird of the earth, thy warble tells  
 Of mystic birth anew;  
 Tho' winter snows still crown the hills  
 That meet my distant view.

Yon fields betray first signs of green  
 Beneath the warm day-noon;  
 Where on the breeze awakes unseen  
 Thy sympathetic tune.

Thy numbers thrill me with delight  
 As sounds of summer rain;  
 For now the dawn of life's true light  
 Makes earth grow young again.

## All in the Family.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.



Of course there was to be a play at Easter. No college with Duckville's high standing would miss such an opportunity to display its gifted Thespians. The way Teddy found it out was this. Just after leaving his class in Social Dynamics one lovely March day, he was accosted by the elocution professor. After the conventional greeting, the professor said:

"Ever do anything in dramatics, Bare?"

"Sure. I was a minute man of '76 once, in my cream-puff days. Why?"

"I'm looking for some one to handle the part of a good-looking girl in the Easter play. Will you try it?"

Teddy thought a minute. He knew that it meant lots of hard work in rehearsing, but then the folks were coming over Easter and Cissy was to accompany them. So he decided to accept.

"I realize, Professor, that the paths of glory lead but to the grave, but I'll make a stab at it nevertheless."

"Good for you. Report at the hall this evening at seven-thirty. I'll give you a copy of the play and we'll get a little start."

"All right, I'll be there."

So Teddy found himself about to assume the rôle of a young lady named Sophronisca Coryell, the leading female character in the drama entitled, "The Horrid Bachelor, or What Could the Poor Girl Do?" It was one of the heaviest parts in the play and Teddy felt rather highly flattered that he had been selected to assume it.

After a few rehearsals he had made great progress. He seemed to have been born with the histrionic sense. At least, that's what his letters home said. As a matter of fact, the character of Sophronisca Coryell, inasmuch as she was feminine and Teddy masculine, gibed to such a great extent that all Teddy had to do was to give vent to his natural tendencies. Sophronisca was supposed to be a rabidly romantic little creature, who took deep dives into sentiment and loved seven distracted young

sports at the same time. And maybe this didn't suit Teddy! Obeying the command of the director to "get into" his part, he almost had to be doused with cold water after a rehearsal before he fell back into his own prosy personality. Everyone said he made the best girl that had ever trod the Duckville boards.

At this point of the story, it is necessary to revert to that snug little city of Three Corners, which, strange though it seems, was still nestling on the map of Indiana. Several people in that burg were put into a high state of excitement by the letters Teddy wrote: "I'm going to take part in a play up here at Easter," he said, "but I won't tell you what my character is. You'll have to guess." And again, "You people will never know me. All the fellows in the cast have stage names, so the program won't do you any good." Teddy's mamma and papa were all wrought up over this, thinking that their son and heir shouldn't be so free with his teasing. Their excitement, however, couldn't hold a candle to that of Cissy Claw, to whom Teddy Bare was nothing less than a demigod. After telling all her girl friends about it, she went to her brother Ephraim, and nothing would do but that he should pilot her to Duckville on Easter to witness the performance. After a great many grumblings about getting the spring plowing done, having to build a new hen-house, etc., Ephraim Claw finally agreed to submit, provided he would be allowed to catch the first train back after Teddy had his clothes on again.

Easter Sunday was as beautiful a day as one sees throughout the length and breadth of spring, even outside of Indiana. Easter Monday at dawn held promise of being its twin brother. So much for the weather. Teddy's folks arrived with a number of others who had a family interest in Duckville College. Teddy spent the morning in showing them around, but immediately after dinner was compelled to make his apologies and go to the dressing-room. Teddy had doubts about how long it would take to array himself in the proper feminine style.

"Nope," he declared firmly to Cissy's last entreaty that he disclose his part, "I can't do it. You're no good if you can't tell who I am, anyhow."

"Aw, what's the difference?" put in Ephraim. "It don't make no,—never mind, jist s'long as he's in it."

"All right, have it your own way," replied Cissy. "I think you're mean, just the same."

Just then Teddy spied a couple of "flooyies" about a block away. At the same time, a devilish thought flitted through his head.

"See those girls over ther?" he said, indicating the pair. "Watch for them this afternoon. They're the real thing, imported from the Great White Way for the glory of Duckville." And he was gone.

"I guess he meant," said Ephraim, "that them girls is actresses, didn't he?"

"He must have," was Cissy's reply. "There's girls in the play, and Duckville isn't a coed school."

"Well, they sure are swell-lookin' females—from this distance."

The subject was dismissed from conversation, but not from Ephraim's mind. When the curtain rose upon the first act of "The Horrid Bachelor," his first anxious glance was for the form and features of the girls Teddy had pointed out to him.

"There she is. That's one of 'em," he whispered, nudging Cissy, as a rather flashily dressed person in feminine attire came on the stage.

"Gee, ain't she a stunner!" he thought to himself as she slid gracefully forward and decorated a red plush davenport with her personality. "I'd like to know her. Wonder if Teddy couldn't introduce us."

From that moment everything looked rosy to Ephraim. He became immensely interested in the play and talked constantly to Cissy of the fair creature whose name the program gave as Miss Eura Falgye. The only way she could quiet him was to promise that she would use all her influence with Teddy to secure him an introduction after the play.

Needless to say the latter was a magnificent success. Cissy enjoyed it to the limit, even though she had a terrible time watching for her faithful Teddy and keeping track of the plot at the same time. When they had met and the congratulations were over, she insisted that he should enlighten her.

"Why, do you mean to say that you don't know what part I took yet?" he asked.

"No. That is, I'm not sure," she pouted.

"Well, I declare! I'll tell you. Do you remember in the first act when—"

Just then Eph came tearing up, all out of breath.

"Darn it," he said, "I've missed 'em."

"Missed whom?" questioned the others in chorus.

"Them actresses," said Eph; "a feller told me they just got on that train, an' I wanted to have some fun."

Teddy could hardly believe his ears.

"Why, Eph, you old—" and then he stopped. Should he tell him? For a couple of moments Teddy seemed undecided. Then he took Ephraim to one side.

"Eph," he whispered, "it's all right. They haven't left yet. I'll introduce you right after supper. Which one did you like best?"

"Why, that 'un named Eura—Eura,—what's her name now?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Teddy. "Eura Falgye, eh? Well, I should say you are. Oh, that's all right, Eph. I'll show you around in plenty of time. Better go dress up a little now, hadn't you?"

It wasn't long afterwards when Teddy told Cissy the joke. When she was done laughing, she looked shyly up at him.

"It seems to be a habit of the family to fall in love with you, doesn't it?" she said. Teddy laughed.

"I would not feel a bit complimented," he replied, "if you were as well satisfied with a substitute as Eph. It took about ten minutes for "Cutie" Browne, Prof. Browne's daughter, to rig up like an actress just falling from the sky. She just satisfied Eph."

"Poor Eph," said Cissy.

"Yes," echoed Teddy reminiscently, "poor Eph."

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### Hope.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

TWO friends estranged. Cried one in grief,  
 "Love's link of gold,  
 Though welded ne'er will be as strong  
 As 'twas of old."

The other: "Though we can not mend,  
 Wherefore despond?  
 Our loves are moulding even now  
 Another bond."

## The Spirit of Easter.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.



At the moment of Christ's death there was nothing that seemed more hopelessly lost, more absolutely doomed than the Church which He had established. Its followers were but a handful of unlettered men of whom the most ardent had denied his Master with an oath, and the most devoted had forsaken Him and fled. So ill-fitted were they to do the work assigned to them by their Founder that they could hardly hope for even the partial success of an insignificant Galilean sect. And yet this little band of ignorant men, following the maxims of Him who was crucified for His teaching, triumphed over the idolatry of centuries and the haughty pride of a sensual world. And all this was due to the Resurrection of Christ.

It is in commemoration of the Resurrection that we celebrate Easter, the greatest and most sublime festival of the year. Easter takes first rank among the feasts of the Church because it shows us Christ in His glory; it shows us our own nature elevated to the throne of God in heaven. All the wonders of the Lord to the faithful who lived during the forty centuries preceding His coming were but to prepare the world for the great event of the Resurrection,—the manifestation of God's highest power.

The significance of this feast can hardly be overestimated. Indeed, words are inadequate to express fully the importance of the event. A dead Christ might have been esteemed, loved and remembered for His teaching and wonders. But only a risen Christ could be the Saviour, the Life and the Life-Giver. The world would never have been converted to a dead Jewish Christ, however devotedly it might have revered His doctrine or admired His mode of living. But it was the absolute certitude of the Resurrection that formed the basis and substance of the teaching that established the Kingdom of the Risen One on earth. The greatest proof of the divinity of Christ and of His Church would be wanting if He had not risen, for in the Resurrection lies the proof of the verity of the Master's teaching. Christ is, then, a true

Teacher, for His distinct prophecy that He would rise from the dead on the third day came to pass and proved His teaching; and, if His teaching is true, then must His assertion that He is the Son of God be equally true. In the language of the Apostle: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain." But of this fundamental truth of our religion we are convinced by the fullest and most unquestionable evidence. This is the foundation of the Church, the inspiration of her martyrs, the comfort of every Catholic heart and the fondest hope of humanity: "The Lord is risen indeed."

Scepticism and unbelief have done their utmost to discredit the fact of Christ's Resurrection. Theory upon theory has been constructed to replace this greatest truth of Christianity. Falsehoods without number have been invented to explain naturally the blessed wonder. But neither the "fraud theory" of Celsus, "that Christ's was not a real death," nor that other more subtle fabrication, learnedly called the "vision hypothesis," commends itself to the impartial mind one bit more convincingly than the original story of the bribed guards: "His disciples came while we were asleep and stole Him away."

Since "Christ is risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep," what is the aftermath? The Resurrection of our own bodies, for Christ's rising proves ours certain. Indeed, if it shall never be for us to rise again, the sole reason for the Saviour's birth, death and resurrection is lost. Or shall it be argued, perhaps, that the first Adam's power to drag us down to death is greater than the second Adam's power to raise us to immortality? No, Christ bids us follow Him, not merely to the cross and to death but far beyond these—to eternal glory.

It is altogether proper, then, that the Church should invite her children to join in a joyous celebration of Easter, and by hymns of praise and jubilation give glory to the risen God. This spirit of joy, of triumph and of peace—the true Easter spirit,—is manifest in the oft-repeated *Alleluia*, in the canticle *O filii et filiae*, and, indeed, throughout the entire Mass and Office of the day. As Christ has risen on this day to die no more, so, too, let us arise from sin and live henceforth to God, for, truly "this is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein."

## The Tomb.

FIGURE of death and doom

Thou wast, O dreadful tomb,

Till Jesus bade life bloom

—Within thy clammy womb.

T. A. L.

Assisting Cupid.

LEO C. McELROY, '10.



O implicitly did Carlton Wheeler rely on the good judgment and taste of his man, Ashley, that he never failed to ask his advice concerning his raiment for each and every occasion.

Consequently, when he received a note from Mrs. Franklin Teal, asking him down to the Teal country place for a house party, he merely passed the note to Ashley and bade him pack up.

Wheeler accepted the invitation, not for the pleasure such gatherings afforded him, but because Mrs. Teal had been almost a mother to him since the days of his youth when his own mother had died, and the merest wish of this kind and popular matron was law to him. As the depot wagon which conveyed him from the station drove up the broad, smooth road to the entrance of "The Dunes," his hostess was waiting on the porch to greet him.

"I thought it was you, Carl, and I wanted to have a talk with you before anybody else could catch and monopolize you. Grannis here," indicating a stolid-looking man servant who stood in the entrance hall, "will show you to your room, and as soon as you can, I wish you would come to me in the green morning room. Now hurry."

It was about fifteen minutes later when he again stood in the presence of Mrs. Teal.

"Now for the great news," he said laughingly. "I can see that you are just crammed full of something important, Aunt Elizabeth. What is it?" She had always been Aunt Elizabeth to him, although not connected with him either by ties of blood or by marriage.

"First, let me tell you, Helen Randall is here."

Wheeler laughed easily.

"Oh, that doesn't bother me at all. I have fully recovered from my infatuation."

An expression of relief flitted over her features as she went on.

"Well, then, you probably will be willing to aid me in a certain little scheme I have in mind."

Wheeler produced a monogrammed cigarette case from his pocket, gazed inquiringly at his hostess, and at her nod, extracted a cigarette and lighted it.

"Has it anything to do with her?"

"No, absolutely nothing."

"Well, let me hear it. But mind, my dear aunt, I am not committing myself one way or the other until I have learned all the details."

"I want you to assist Cupid."

"Extraordinary! What, pray, am I to do, prance around over your lawns and through your gardens, carrying a little bow and a sheaf of arrows?"

"Oh, be serious, Carl. Of course not. I merely want you to do some judicious flirting."

"Far be it from me. Besides, I rather imagine that flirting would be of more hindrance than help to the little urchin, *sans appareil*."

"Listen to me. You know that little Wreywood girl?"

"Let me see. Which one of the season's debutantes was she? Ah, yes, I have it. She was the child whose entrance into the world of sham and convention was made brilliant, so to speak, by the light of a royal prince and two impoverished counts at her coming out dance."

"Yes, your memory has served you well in this instance."

"You don't mean to tell me that she is involved in a love affair already! Why, she's only a kid,—beg pardon, I meant to say, an infant."

"She is twenty years old."

"Ah! Twenty years old, and therefore, quite ready to be cast afloat on the matrimonial sea. Who, if I may ask, is your other victim?"

"Stanley Hall."

"Humph! The slaughter of the innocents. How history repeats herself. And how, tell me, can my flirting with the child, to use



your own crude word, assist the affair in any way?"

"Well, you see, Carl," began Mrs. Teal, eagerly, "Stanley is awfully backward, and when he notices you beginning to be attentive to Margaret Wreywood, I have great hopes that he will become panic-stricken enough to forget his bashfulness and act his part correctly."

"Oh, I begin to understand. I am to be a sort of a capper—er—ah—I should say, decoy."

"Then you'll help me?"

"Um—I guess so. I'll start the campaign, at least."

"I'm so glad."

The conversation ended. Wheeler strolled off into the garden, while Mrs. Teal went to superintend some household affairs.

The more Wheeler thought over the proposed method of hastening the affair to a happy conclusion, the less it appealed to him, so that after smoking three or four cigarettes in the pergola, he hit upon a new plan which he thought would prove fully as effective.

That evening at dinner, he chatted quite freely with Margaret Wreywood about topics that were banal in the extreme, but as he modulated his voice to such an extent that his words could only be distinguished by the girl at his side, an onlooker would have thought that their conversation was along personal lines.

Stanley Hall, a natty looking, well set up young fellow of twenty-three or four, sat at some little distance from them and looked miserable during the entire dinner.

After the ladies had withdrawn from the room, Wheeler changed his seat for one next to Hall, and over the coffee and cigars, they entered upon an animated discussion of the merits of a new type of racing car. Gradually, Wheeler steered the conversation around, until soon they were talking of various acquaintances, and finally of Miss Wreywood. They left the room arm in arm, and as they were sauntering along the broad hallway, Wheeler said to his companion:

"Stan, old chap, I wish to tell you something in absolute confidence."

"Let her flicker, Wheeler, I know how to be quiet." The young fellow was plainly

flattered by the trust reposed in him by his older companion.

"I am going to ask Miss Wreywood to-night if she will be Mrs. Carlton Wheeler. Will you wish me luck?" He held out his hand.

Hall, with mouth agape and eyes almost starting from his head, took the extended hand and shook it mechanically, the while he stammered some incoherent words anent "luck" and "happiness." Then, abruptly excusing himself, he walked away.

Wheeler watched him, chuckling softly to himself as he saw the young fellow walk up to a group in which Miss Wreywood was standing, and presently the two wandered off in the direction of a door opening on the gardens. Then hunting up Mrs. Teal he drew her aside and said:

"I think there will be startling developments in your love affair very soon."

"Oh no, Carl, it's much too soon yet, but in three or four days we can tell how matters are progressing."

Wheeler smiled enigmatically but said nothing further.

Later that night, standing in an alcove with Mrs. Teal he observed the young couple entering the room.

"Behold!" he said indicating them. Now for the dénouement."

As soon as she saw Mrs. Teal, the girl walked up to her closely followed by Hall.

"Mrs. Teal," she said, and there was the faintest trace of nervousness in her voice, "I wish you to make an announcement for me."

Wheeler shot a significant look at the astonished lady.

"Why, my dear, whatever in the world can it be?" said Mrs. Teal.

"Stanley and I have been married for a month, and I wish you to make it—"

But she got no further, for Mrs. Teal had quietly fainted in Wheeler's arms.

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### The Price.

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THE bonds of human souls in thrall  
Asunder snapt with His last breath;  
To pay the ransom for us all  
The Saviour died a captive's death.

F. C.



## Awakening.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

THE earth from wintry slumber wakes  
To melody and bloom;  
The forest stream its silence breaks  
Out of its icy tomb.

There is a song on every breeze  
And joy in all the air,  
From minstrel singers in the trees,  
When skies are blue and fair.

The mystery of life and light  
To every heart is plain;  
There is no morn without the night,  
No joy is free from pain.

Such tokens these does nature send  
To give her soul a voice;  
That with her songs God's grace may blend,  
To move us to rejoice!

## Easter Time in Southern Europe.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.



F all the feasts prescribed by the wealth of Catholic ritual, none is so fraught with deep solemnity and religious feeling as is Easter. The festival that marks the close of the penitential season of Lent, and comes to relieve, with its message of hope and deliverance, the dark scenes of the Passion Week, has a more purely religious significance than any of the other feasts celebrated by the Christian world: it, more than all others, enforces the truth of Catholic teaching, and fixes more deeply in the Christian mind the realization that the Church is God's institution. It gives hope and consolation to the sinner, brought by the meditations of Holy Week to a realization of his evil ways, and to the just man it brings the spirit of gladness that proceeds from love of God.

Being essentially a religious feast, the celebration of Easter is largely shorn of those customs and traditions that cluster around such feasts as Christmas and St. John's Day. The custom of coloring eggs at Easter time is practically the only one that has gained any degree of universality. The Church's ritual prescribes the ceremonies of the day, and being devoid of any but

spiritual interest, few customs outside of these have been established.

The Latins' love of splendor and solemnity makes the celebration of Easter and Holy Week most interesting. Their artistic skill and love of architectural beauty have created cathedrals of noble proportions, and the rich adornments which they possess make possible the most beautiful effects in carrying out the solemnities of the ritual.

The more important ceremonies begin on Holy Thursday. At the beginning of Holy Week a purple veil is stretched across the sanctuary, completely hiding from view the main altar of the church. A temporary altar is constructed outside this veil, and on this altar the Mass of Holy Thursday and the Pre-Sanctified Mass of Good Friday are said. The highest resident dignitary of the church celebrates the Mass and consecrates the Host, which is then carried in solemn procession to the *Monumentum* or repository, where it remains for the adoration of the faithful until the following day.

A word should be said regarding these *Monumenta*. All other decorations and symbolical adornments, the Christmas Crib, the flower-bedecked altars of the month of Mary, and so on, fade into insignificance when compared to the *Monumentum*. This is generally raised over some altar in an obscure part of the church, or in a little side chapel especially prepared for the purpose. They vary in height from twenty to forty feet. As a rule they are pyramid-shaped, and their steps, covered with white silk and crimson velvet, lead up to a golden repository, wherein is placed the Host. Suspended from the ceiling is a velvet canopy, the soft folds of which enclose the sacred shrine. Myriads of candles, set in burnished candlesticks, and the choicest flowers from *quintas* and gardens are tastefully arranged on the graded steps. Thousands of people kneel in silent adoration during the day. The day is declared a public holiday, and a plenary indulgence is granted for "making the stations," i. e., visiting seven of these *Monumenta* during the day and complying with the usual conditions.

On Good Friday the awful tragedies which the day commemorates are typified in the solemn ceremonies. The panelled walls are hung with black, the windows and crevices are darkened, the odor of incense pervades

the air; sorrow and gloom are depicted on every side; the black vestments of the priests and the solemn chanting of the choir intensify the blackness of the spirit of the day. Before the purple veil that hides the main altar are raised the massive figures of the crucifixion, the dying Saviour, His Blessed Mother, and St. John. At twelve o'clock begins the sermon on the seven last words. For three hours some learned cleric preaches the agonies of Our Lord; the solemnity of the occasion never fails to inspire both preacher and people, and the auditors sit spellbound listening to his lessons of repentance. This is one of the most remarkable practices observed among Latins, and it is one of the most inspiring religious observances imaginable.

The usual ceremonies of Holy Saturday are held at an early hour, and at nine o'clock begins the *Missa de Gloria*. From the *Gloria* in the Mass of Holy Thursday, the bells and organ have been silenced. All note of cheerfulness has been banished from the ritual. The solemn dirges are chanted as usual during the first part of the ceremonies, which are held on the temporary altar constructed outside the veil, but when the celebrant pronounces the first words of the *Gloria*, the veil is rent, and the altar is disclosed, radiant with flowers and candles. The bells ring, rockets are fired from the roof of the church, the cannons of the fort fire the salute of honor, and the steamers and tugs in the bay scream their deafening salutes. Within the church, the solemnities of the Mass proceed. Everything is typical of the universal joy at the Resurrection of the crucified Christ.

Holy Saturday shows joy run riot; the ceremonies of Easter Sunday are more calm and dignified. There are no sudden transformations. The hangings of the church are changed to white and gold, the altars are decked with flowers.

Environment and tradition cause widely differing tastes. Customs vary amazingly among different peoples. But when the spirit of religion, of Christian religion, is present, there is a sameness that marks certain customs with a note of distinction that can not be passed over. The universality of the Church is the one tie that makes possible the universal brotherhood of man.

### The Good Thief.

THE sin-worn appeal in his eyes,  
The passion-worn sob in his sighs,  
Won from the Master, life's prize:  
Penitent sinner he dies.

T. A. L.

### Woman Suffrage.

JOHN C. TULLY, '11.



McGOOGERTY was in anything but a happy mood. For the twentieth time he had started up believing that he heard her coming, but each time he was disappointed. The disturbing sounds were of the passers-by in the street who had taken advantage of the glorious Easter afternoon for walks or drives and were now returning to their homes.

Easter—the day of gladness—how little of joy it held for him. He had labored under the belief that his years of hopefulness were about to be rewarded. He knew that he was growing cynical and had been most anxious to have his faith renewed, and had looked forward to this day as a turning-point. It seemed now that it was a turning-point, but quite different from what he had hoped. Most of the day since returning alone from church in the morning, he had spent in solitude musing over the unfortunate trend of his affairs. His wife had returned late the previous evening, worn out after a hard day's work at the suffragists' convention, and was too exhausted to leave her room on Easter morning. When she did appear late in the afternoon, it was only to announce that she must leave at once for Niles to attend the closing session. He anxiously besought her to remain at home for the evening, but in vain. She felt that her presence at the convention was imperative, for the suffragette platform was under discussion and her attitude at the last moment would decide whether her leadership was to continue. She had failed to take kindly to his earnest pleading, and, when a show of temper escaped him, gave way to indignation and left the house declaring that

her liberty was not to be trampled upon and the future of her party imperilled to satisfy the whims of a mere man who considered himself neglected and lonesome.

He could not believe that she meant it. Surely she would not desert him thus, simply because he did not approve of her principles and preferred his fireside and her companionship to any political distinctions which might be achieved. As he waited dejectedly for her to return, as he expected she would, his thoughts went back to their first meeting, four years previous, to the day. She was the sister of his room-mate, and had come as his partner to the Easter Ball which was to be given on the following evening. He had admired the picture which stood on the dresser in their room, but when he saw the original he lost his head completely. The day and evening which followed convinced him that the interest was not altogether one-sided. Certainly it was more than mere friendship that inspired the cordiality of her invitation as they said "good-bye till June."

Just a year later their honeymoon was cut short that she might begin the active campaign made necessary by her appointment as leader of the suffragettes. McGoogerty disliked the idea of having his wife enter politics, but it was her desire to do so; her sister suffragettes clamored for her support, and he was forced to relent. It was not without misgivings, however, and he secretly hoped that she would soon forsake the obligations of public office. But it was not to be so. A decisive victory at the polls, and everything seemed to give way to an extravagant ambition for power. She became preoccupied with the duties of suffrage; every act was viewed as bringing her a step nearer or farther from the fame she craved, and every unfavorable happening increased her irritability and dislike for domestic affairs. He saw now quite clearly the mistake he had made in choosing a consort who felt herself to be a hewer of destinies for her supposedly down-trodden sisters. Things must not go further. Another campaign of worry would mean a wreck on their matrimonial sea. At the risk of making himself ridiculous he would overtake her and make another appeal for the abandonment of "public life."

While he was not in the habit of overdoing either, to think with McGoogerty was to act. Two minutes later saw him hurrying to the station where he knew the Niles train was due in half an hour. The waiting-room was deserted, but as he turned to leave she entered from the opposite side. Before she could frame a sentence he launched forth into such a marvellous burst of eloquence that she stood transfixed. Never had his glib tongue found words so ready. The nimbleness of his speech and his facility of expression reminded him of the old days when he pleaded for night permissions in Sorin.

"When you have finished, we will go," she finally interrupted, as he struggled for breath in a last attempt to picture the absurdity of his lonely existence. "I saw you coming this way and drove back to get you," she continued. "Yes, I've decided to sever my connections with the suffragist movement. But it isn't as bad as you would have it appear. I'm afraid you are becoming a little imaginative. You must join the pedestrian club and get out for more exercise in the open air. You see, we have decided that our officials must not all be elected on a basis of good looks, and it's nonsense trying to educate you men up to any other standard."

They had entered the waiting conveyance and were whirled rapidly homeward as the one-sided conversation proceeded. Just a block was yet to be gone when, crash,—down went an axle, and the big machine turned over in the ditch. Struggling to free himself from the débris, McGoogerty became aware of a strange familiarity with his surroundings. Collecting his wits, he saw he was in no other place than his own room in Sorin.

"Well, Mac," he heard his room-mate say, as he relieved himself of a yawn and rose foolishly to his feet, "is that your usual method of falling out of bed on the morning after an Easter Ball? Tell me about it. How was the dance?"

"Altogether lovely, last night," answered the afore-mentioned "Mac," "but since that time I'm afraid I got some of the happenings mixed with that woman suffrage oration I'm due to deliver in elocution class this afternoon."

## The Temple.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

UNKNOWN, the Master came  
 Unto the Jewish shrine,  
 And in his Father's name  
 He spake with lips divine:  
 "Destroy this temple; I," He says,  
 "Again will build it in three days."

Upon His sacred word  
 Their hearts grew dark in hate;  
 The depth of what they heard  
 They could not penetrate.  
 He spake not of the temple proud  
 But of Himself, the Son of God.

They scorn His hidden power,  
 Blind to the light of grace  
 Whence comes salvation's hour.  
 Nor seek they to embrace  
 The mystery of His ardent zeal,  
 Nor of the love His words reveal.

Anon, three days are born:  
 He rose by His own might,  
 Resplendent as the morn  
 In robes of golden light  
 And as He rose a temple new,  
 The ancient splendor sank from view.

No stone upon a stone  
 Its former glory keeps,  
 Where once it rose alone  
 Jerusalem still weeps  
 Its loss. The pride of Israel's heart  
 Lies mute, with all its hallowed art.

## Easter Customs

MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '10



ANY lasting customs have grown up with the celebration of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is but natural for man to bring to mind the events of concern to him which have taken place at some previous time. Therefore, soicety has instituted festivals, days set apart to recall such events. That Easter should be so universally celebrated is not strange, since the Resurrection of Christ proves by way of historical fact that there is life beyond the grave, a problem that has always engaged the mind of man.

Like many other Christian festivals, Easter

supplanted such pagan festive celebrations as occurred at the same season of the year. Because the Resurrection of Christ is in a way analagous to nature in spring, full of the promise of life, Easter readily lent itself to the customs of pagan vernal festivals. The very name, Easter, is derived from Eostre, a Teutonic goddess of spring. All Easter customs have grown out of the religious character of the festival, though some ancient pagan practices were retained by giving them a Christian meaning. These Easter customs are either liturgical or social.

To have a correct idea of the Easter celebration we must remember that it was connected with the solemn rite of baptism. These liturgical ceremonies commenced on the eve of Holy Saturday, and were continued during the night. When the number to be baptized was large the baptismal and Easter celebrations were united. However, when it became customary to baptize at all seasons of the year the baptismal ceremonies were less important at Easter.

The Easter celebration proper began at midnight on Holy Saturday. At this hour the clergy in silence entered the dark church and removed the cross from the sepulchre to the altar. In all countries, except Russia, the candles were then lighted, the doors opened and a solemn procession was held with the cross through the church, the cloister or cemetery. The beautiful old antiphon, *Cum Rex Glorise* was sung. When the procession returned to the church Matins were chanted. After the third lesson of Nocturn, two clerics representing the holy women, went to the sepulchre where another cleric, impersonating an angel, announced to them that the Saviour was risen. The two then brought the message to the choir, whereupon two priests, after the manner of the Apostles, Peter and John, ran to the tomb, and finding it empty showed to the people the linen in which the body had been wrapped. Whereupon the choir sang the *Te Deum* and *Victimae Paschali*.

In Russia the church is dark when the procession leaves it. On its return hundreds of candles and colored lamps are lighted to represent the splendor of Christ's Resurrection. Then all those present give each other the Easter kiss. One says, "Christ is Risen." The other answers, "He is truly Risen."

This custom has become an Easter salutation in many Catholic countries.

In some cities in Spain two processions leave the church before sunrise, one with the image of Mary veiled, another with the Blessed Sacrament. When they meet at a predetermined place, the veil is removed from the image of Mary, and the *Regina Coeli* is sung by the clergy and people.

In Germany the custom of kindling fires on the tops of mountains early Easter morning was derived from a similar pagan usage, symbolizing the victory of spring over winter. This custom was, however, in time prohibited by the Church.

In both Oriental and Latin churches, it is still customary to have those victuals which were prohibited during Lent blessed by the priest before eating them on Easter. On Easter eve homes are blessed in memory of the passing of the angel in Egypt and the signing of the door post with the blood of the Paschal Lamb.

The most ancient and most universally practiced social custom is the use of Easter eggs. The origin of this custom dates back to a time when the use of eggs, milk, etc., were prohibited during Lent. Thus because eggs were forbidden in Lent, they were brought to the table on Easter Day, colored red to symbolize the Easter joy. The symbolic meaning of a new creation of mankind by Jesus risen from the dead was an invention of later times. It is not likely that the custom had its origin in paganism, although many pagan customs celebrating the return of spring gravitated to Easter. It is well known also that the egg has always been an emblem of the germinating life of early spring. Colored eggs are used by children on Easter in a game known as "Egg-picking." Another strictly American practice is "Egg-rolling" by children on Easter Monday on the lawn of the White House. Since eggs are no longer forbidden during Lent, the privilege of using them again at Easter is not so great as formerly. Easter eggs are, however, still given to children, while the older people have ham and eggs for their Easter breakfast. The peculiar thing about this custom is that the rabbit lays the eggs, for which reason they are hidden in nests. The rabbit is a pagan symbol for fertility.

In France and Germany hand-ball playing was one of the Easter amusements. The

ball had a far-fetched analogy in the sun which was believed to take three leaps in rising on Easter morning. Even bishops, priests, and monks used to play hand-ball during Easter week. In England the game was kept up to quite recent times. Not many years ago twelve old women at Bury St. Edwards, England, played the game with avidity. On Easter Monday women had the right to strike their husbands, on Tuesday the men struck their wives, while in December the servants scolded their masters. In the northern part of England the men paraded the streets on Easter Sunday, and claimed the privilege of lifting every woman three times from the ground receiving in payment a kiss or a silver sixpence. The same was done by the ladies to the gentlemen on the following day.

In Russia the belfries are open on Easter to anyone who chooses to ring the bells. But probably the most peculiar of all the Easter customs was found in Germany in the fifteenth century, the Easter Laugh. The priest inserted funny stories in his sermons to make the people laugh. These insertions were descriptions of the antics the devil used to keep the doors of hell locked against the descending Christ.

On Easter Sunday the cemetery in Constantinople is turned into a public pleasure-ground where bands play, while the inhabitants enjoy a holiday among the tombs.

Many of these merely social customs of the Easter celebration have died out for obvious reasons, while only those which are in some way connected with the great central fact of the festival, the Resurrection of Christ from the dead, remain.

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### Easter in Poetry.

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CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

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ART is indebted to religion for the greatest conceptions of beauty and truth it has so variously expressed. The grandest productions of sculpture, architecture, painting and music owe their superiority to artists animated by a religious motive. Nor is this strange, for since truth is the essence of religion and the object of art, it is quite natural that the highest art

should portray religious conceptions. Poetry combines in a way the powers of all the other fine arts. It moulds delicate figures, constructs gorgeous palaces, paints exquisite pictures and chants sweet melodies, yet it is distinct in itself and has its own peculiar function. When we speak of Easter in poetry we mean to scan the field of literature and pluck a few of its choicest flowers redolent of the joyful spirit of Easter—the spirit of the Resurrection.

Comparatively speaking we do not find so many nor varied tributes upon this subject as upon the Nativity. Indeed, excepting the mediæval Latin poets,—whose Easter poems excel all others, and the Catholic writers of more modern times—there are, at least among those who use the English tongue, very few poets who have written directly upon it. The material rejuvenation of nature in springtime has called forth their richest diction, while upon the sublimity of the risen God they are either wholly silent, or mention it only in a passing way.

Some, however, notably Wordsworth, Lowell, Rossetti, Spenser and Crashaw, have treated of the Resurrection in poetry which breathes of that true Easter spirit and portrays in vivid colors the various solemn and joyful scenes associated therewith, as the Paschal feast, the vision of Magdalene and the splendor of the Risen Lord.

But it is more to contemporary poets, those who are one with us in their viewpoint of this great mystery, that we would herein give consideration. The following poem from the pen of Charles J. O'Malley, one of America's leading Catholic lyrists, may well be quoted entire both for its charming simplicity and appropriate expressiveness:

In April when the ash-trees bloom,  
The doves at Easter coo and sing  
Amid the golden poplar-cups,  
Brimmed with the melodies of Spring;  
The lilac's purple thuribles  
Pour odorous fragrance, born of pain;  
Sweet nuns, the glad, white roses bow  
'Neath Alleluias of the rain,  
While serving doves adore and croon,  
And God keeps watch thro' afternoon.  
At Easter, slow the white clouds go  
Stoled priests down the wide aisles of heaven;  
In majesty exposed, the sun  
Flames on from Laud to None at even;  
The moon, like a veiled Carmelite,  
Removed a-west in awe adores;  
In love heaven's boundless depths of blue  
Around His tabernacle pours;  
While the great stars, on heights concealed  
Adore His countenance revealed.

Associated with the thought of Easter is

a sense of light-hearted joy, of purity, of triumph, of majesty and peace. All these the poet has here expressed for us in language at once simple and musical.

Henry Coyle has given us several poems on Easter. In "Easter Dawn" he relates the visit of Magdalene to the sepulchre on the morning of the Resurrection, representing in a touching manner her disappointment upon finding it empty and her astonishment at the angelic apparition. Another poem by the same author is "In Sorrow's Night," the last stanza of which expresses the idea of Easter joy triumphant over every sorrow.

Sad heart, be glad! the night is past  
And Easter morn dawns bright at last;  
The mists and shadows roll away,  
Look up, rejoice this happy day!

"Easter," by John B. Tabb, like all his other poems, though short, is pregnant with beauty, and expressive of the majesty of the Resurrection:

Like a meteor, large and bright,  
Fell a golden seed of light  
On the field of Christmas night  
When the Babe was born;  
Then 'twas sepulchred in gloom  
Till above His holy tomb  
Flashed its everlasting bloom—  
Flower of Easter morn.

Still another Paschal gem by Father Tabb appears under the title "Easter Lilies":

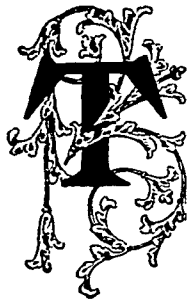
Though long in wintry sleep ye lay,  
The powers of darkness could not stay  
Your coming at the call of day,  
Proclaiming spring.  
Nay; like the faithful virgins wise,  
With lamps replenished ye arise,  
Ere dawn the death anointed eyes  
Of Christ, the King.

No truer expression of the Easter spirit is given than in the oft-repeated anthem of the Church—Alleluia, praise be to God. It is this sense of gratitude and exaltation that animates the poet at this season. Though we feel that the sentiments he expresses are so true, so beautiful, so grand, we are not surprised because his sentiments are our own. Everything conspires to lend strength and richness and variety to his thoughts. The inward joy of his soul, the exultant hearts and faces of his fellowmen and the universal regeneration of material life, all appeal to his fancy, and, almost without effort, he is carried away on the breath of song. Nature forms delicate figures, builds leafy bowers of ash and maple and willow, paints the sky with exquisite colors, and from the throats of her feathered songsters pours forth sweetest harmonies. These sink into the poet's soul, and these he breathes forth in his Easter song.



## The Livingston Strip.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.



HEY were playing checkers, McCreedy and Lehr. It was Lehr's move. He jumped up and took two of Dick's men. This was what Dick had been working for as he now took four of Lehr's men.

"I thought I hit it rich when I got your two men, but I see, Dick, you were just making a sacrifice for future gain," said Lehr.

"When your sight becomes a little more cultivated, Lehr, you will find that the man who makes sacrifices in checkers is the one who wins. The same thing is true, though probably not in so marked a degree, in all the ventures of life. Were one to take an extreme view of this matter he might finish by concluding that there are no really unselfish acts on the part of men in this world. Everything that a man does might be traced back to a selfish motive. Sacrifices are necessary, and the man who knows when to put in one here and there in the business world, for instance, is the man who succeeds. That is what we'll have to do in this Livingston matter. It sounds all very good, this going ahead without taking any chances or incurring any extra expense, but it is the ultimate end a good business man has in view."

"Well, Dick, your scheme looks rather risky to me, but you've put through some good ones, and I am with you as usual."

The men were sitting in the front room of their suite in the Peninsular hotel, Matterhorn, Michigan. Playing checkers was about the only amusement one could find in Matterhorn. It was one of those frontier towns situated on the shores of Lake Crosse where the railroads ended. Across the lake, a distance of about fifteen miles, there was what was known as the Livingston strip. This was to be the scene of Dick McCreedy's next financial venture. A mining expert from Chicago had found that a very good grade of copper ore could be got from the land making up this strip. McCreedy had secured options on the most of the land, and had secretly sunk a mine for a test. The experiment proved that there was money

in it for the man who would continue the mining, but the extent of the deposit was an unknown factor. McCreedy was ever a speculator. It would be no pleasure to him to go ahead and mine the ore himself. It was the speculative aspect of the affair that brought McCreedy and Lehr to Matterhorn.

"Dick, I asked a travelling man downstairs why they called this place the Peninsular Hotel, and he said that before the town went dry the hotel was *almost* surrounded by water, but that now since the Prohibitionists had got hold of the place they ought to change the name, and call it the Island Hotel, for everything was water now."

"It's a poor town. I'll admit that, but then that isn't going to hinder us any in making a scoop on this Livingston mine. We've got some things to buck against, though, as we have had in all our deals. We've got to put about fifty cars of that ore on the market in one shipment. We must make a sensation out of this thing in order to get the buyers for the property. We can not allow the work to drag along for then people would have time to look into the thing and see that the deposit was limited. There are only two square miles to that Livingston strip. It's a small field for mining at best. We have got to get the ore across the lake some way, for it would be slow work hauling it around through this broken country. The only large boat on the lake is owned by a man named Ramsey. Ramsey has been hauling freight back and forth across the lake for the past twenty years and he has made a small fortune out of it. I called on him and made him an offer for the boat, but he refused point-blank to have anything to say on such a matter. He's got too good a thing to think of selling it, and I don't blame him, but we've got to bring him around to it some way, for we need that boat. We haven't got the time to build one."

"Why not rent Ramsey's boat. If you are going to make a sensation out of the thing, and then sell, you won't need it long."

"Yes, Lehr, that would be all right, but do you suppose he'd rent us that boat without first finding out what we wanted to use it for? Tell him that and the 'sensation' would be knocked in the head."

"Then I am to understand that if you



fail to get the boat the whole job is knocked in the head."

"Your insight is wonderful, Lehr, that's just it, but we're going to get it, never worry about that. Ramsey will be over here begging us to take it in less than a week."

"You can't make a man do things like that on water, Dick. If we were back home you might be able to fix Ramsey so he would pay you a bonus to take the boat; but Matterhorn is dry, awfully dry."

"No, Lehr, we've a better chance to bring him to our terms here than we would have back home, for Ramsey too is awfully dry."

Three days later at daybreak a long train of flat cars pulled into Matterhorn. On each car was piled a large number of old steel rails. Every man in town saw that train before the day was half over. On every car was a large placard bearing these words: "McCreedy and Lehr, Contractors, Matterhorn, Michigan." The *Matterhorn Weekly Free Trader* came out that afternoon with the whole front page devoted to the "New Railroad to the Livingston Country." Capitalists from the East, it seemed, had realized the great possibilities of such a line, and it was their intention to have the road in operation in the course of a few months. About the first conclusion people came to was that the project was sure to knock poor Ramsey's business in the head. Ramsey was not poor by any means, but he was an old settler, and the people were a bit sorry at seeing his business injured.

They wondered what John Ramsey thought about it. They wondered what he would do. John Ramsey had thought about it and he had decided there was only one thing to do—that was to sell the boat. It meant that he must part with his life's best friend, for the boat had made him a small fortune. He faltered at the idea at first, for it is a hard matter indeed for friends to part. The cold world of business, however, makes little room for the existence of human sympathies, and at eight o'clock that night John Ramsey was wending his way through a drizzling rain towards the Peninsular Hotel. He found Dick and Lehr playing checkers. The next night the boat that had once belonged to Ramsey was engaged in hauling rails across the lake to the Livingston strip for "McCreedy and

Lehr, Contractors." Two trips were made every night, and in ten days rails for the road from the lake to the mine were laid. On the 2d of May a train of fifty cars pulled out of Matterhorn bearing the first consignment for the smelter. It remained for the *Weekly Free Trader* to flash the first news to the world outside of Matterhorn, and this it did as ably as it had heralded the coming of the "Eastern Capitalists" in the new railroad deal. It told of the fabulous wealth the mine represented, in fact it told of everything which would go to make the property a bonanza. A thousand extra copies of the paper were printed, and these were sent throughout the land. The influence caused by this sensational find was so great that two days later amalgamated copper fell four points on the New York stock exchange. The metropolitan papers in writing up the affair referred to Dick McCreedy as "The One-Time Sugar King, Now King of Copper."

Dick and Lehr were dining at the Westminster hotel, Chicago.

"Well, Dick, there was lots of fun in it, looking back at it, but it's great to be in a country where everything is not all water."

"Chicago has always suited me well enough too, Lehr, but you mustn't let that aversion of yours for water carry you too far. You know you need lots of it in the business of speculation. By a year from now, Hyde and Loeb will have completely drained Lake Croose in their effort to come out even on the Livingston Copper mine. It will take lots of stock sales for them to get away that good."

"I admire your eulogy on water, Dick, but I am glad we're through with Matterhorn. I am mighty glad, Dick, I am mighty glad."

"Well, we're not all through yet, Lehr. That is, we—" "Not through yet?"

"No. We have yet to dispose of the *Matterhorn Weekly Free Trader*." Lehr had not known that the securing of this paper was a part of Dick's scheme. He settled back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Well, Dick, I see now that you've got to make these sacrifice moves in every game, but you're a king pin at it. They've called you the Sugar King and then they called you the King of Copper, but I am going to go 'em all one better, I am going to call you the King of Speculators, and I guess I haven't missed it durned far."

## Easter Morn.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

THROUGH the mists of early morning,  
O'er perspective blue and grey,  
Scarlet shafts are bent adorning  
Christ triumphant on His way.

Perfumes rise in joyous greeting  
From fair Nature's petals green,  
Once again new life is beating  
'Neath the surface, yet unseen.

Cast aside all gloom and sadness,  
Lift the sable pall of Lent,  
Fling out flaming rays of gladness  
O'er our budding continent.

Break the bars of sorrow's prison,  
Rise, imbibe new freedom's breath,  
Know ye not that Christ is risen,  
Having conquered sin and death!

## Easter Egg and Easter Hare.

THOMAS F. CLEARY, '11.



ASTER, like every other festival, is accompanied by its peculiar customs. Most of these we may trace back to remotest antiquity where they are found to be an imitation or corruption of some old pagan practice. Naturally, not all the usages associated with the season of the Resurrection in the early Christian periods have survived. Those which have not settled into desuetude are distributed among the different countries according to the temperament and tastes of the peoples. But there is one custom now common to nearly all the modern nations: the decorating and eating of the Easter egg.

To the urchin the decorated shells as plainly spell Easter as Kris Kringle and his reindeers denote Christmas, and he regards the pleasure of decorating the oval coverings of the embryo chickens as one of the most exquisite delights of life. The egg is also regarded as an invariable constituent of Easter Sunday menus, and, in some sections of this country at least, young America considers it a sacred duty to direct all his energies of gourmandizing on this particular dish. Not infrequently he enters into com-

petition with his companions, and should he prove victorious he regards himself on a par with the champion runner or jumper of the neighborhood. An odd custom, surely, but one affording much innocent amusement and harmless enough, provided the youngsters are not too ambitious.

In Washington, D. C., children enter the White House grounds on Easter Sunday and for an hour or so amuse themselves by rolling eggs down the greenclad slopes, never failing to excite the interest of White House occupants, who, standing at the windows, apparently enjoy the sport as much as the little people themselves.

In the Easter decorations the egg plays a prominent part. The shells are stained with all manners of colors and are then strung together bead-fashion and suspended along the walls in festoons, or arranged in any fashion that the imagination of the decorator may suggest. In dyeing eggs there is no necessity of stopping at plain colors, but with the material supplied by the modern novelty shop the shell becomes a canvas on which an endless variety of Easter emblems may be painted.

The egg is symbolical of the very germ springing into life, and on reflection this will appear to be not unsuitable as a type of the Easter season. Indeed, this notion is traced back even to the beginning of the world when the egg was regarded as the proper food and present at the time when all nature was bursting forth into new life. The Eastern nations use the symbol to indicate the revival of life at the vernal equinox. It is discovered that early Christians interchanged eggs, and that in Mesopotamia staining was first made use of, red being employed in honor of the blood shed by Christ. The Egyptians, ancient Gauls and Romans interchanged and ate eggs at Easter, but they also followed the same practice at various other festivals. In Scotland the peasants searched the moors carefully for the eggs of wild fowl and he who found any was considered most lucky.

On the Easter penny post-cards, which, by the way, seems to fill a long-felt popular want, the egg is displayed in every possible shape, form and manner of collocation. We find them beribboned and gaudily colored with or without accompanying chickens. Of

late, however, the chicks share honors with the American rabbit. This latter little animal is shown holding the egg aloft, hugging it to his bosom, and sometimes, in opposition to zoölogical facts, issuing from it. Truly the Easter bunny is a quaint conceit, but what relation he bears to Easter is not as palpable as in the case of the egg. This in short is the explanation. Easter is closely connected in several ways with the moon; the hare in ancient mythology was a symbol of the moon—hence the relation.

Easter is derived from Eostre, the name of a Saxon divinity, whose feast was celebrated in April. Astarte, the Phœnician goddess of the moon, and the Saxon divinity were practically the same. Furthermore, Easter is dependent upon the moon for the date of celebration, as the Council of Nice decreed that it should be held upon the first Sunday after the first full moon upon or after the vernal equinox.

Having thus set forth the solution that is offered to account for the interrelation of a heavenly body and a Christian festival it remains to show the kinship of the hare and the moon. Obviously, to become a symbol of the moon the hare must have possessed some real or fancied characteristics of the body it typifies; and such was the case. In Oriental mythology the moon was regarded as androgynous, a quality also attributed to the hare; that is, each was capable of changing its sex. The hare was, moreover, a nocturnal animal, coming out to feed only at night, and was in the ancient superstitions, therefore, considered like the moon an enemy of the sun.

A still further likeness is observed in the fact that the young of the hare are born with their eyes open unlike the rabbit which is born blind. In the Egyptian tongue the word hare meant "open," "to open," "the opener," and tradition declares that the eyes of the animal were never closed, in striking analogy to the moon, which was thought of as the open-eyed watcher of the skies. The prescription of the brain of the hare as a cure for somnolency is a remnant of this old superstition.

In Egyptian, "un" (hare) meant also period, and because of the time of gestation, which corresponds to the time required for the moon to travel around the earth, the

hare became emblematic of periodicity, and, as the "opener," was connected with the opening of the year at Easter, as well as with the Paschal eggs, which were broken at this time to signify the beginning of the year.

The myths and customs of Eastern nations contain numerous evidences of this conception of the hare. The Hindu and Japanese artists paint him across the disc of the moon, and the Chinese represent the moon as a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. In Sanscrit, "cacos" (hare) signifies certain spots on the moon where the hare is supposed to reside. His presence there is variously explained, one legend declaring that when Indra was nearing starvation a hare, having nothing else to offer, threw itself into the fire to be roasted, and as a reward was transferred to the moon where it still remains. Another story declares that Buddha took the shape of a hare to feed some hungry persons, and in this form ascended to the moon.

European countries have constructed a number of myths about this same defenseless animal. In some places the children are told that babies are found in the form of hares; in Russia for a bridal party to meet or run over a hare is the worst possible luck; Swabian children may not make rabbit-shadow pictures on the walls lest they offend the moon, and they are taught to hunt hares' eggs at Easter.

Warwickshire retains an odd practice which is declared to be a survival of the worship of the sun as the golden calf. If the young men catch a hare before ten o'clock on Easter Monday and bring it to the parson, they receive in return one hundred eggs, a groat and a calf's head.

The superstition of the negro in regard to the rabbit is well-known. The left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit killed in the dark of the moon is esteemed an invaluable talisman, for it is taken, he believes, from the Lord of Light, the conqueror of darkness, as the type of the new moon.

Travel back as far as we will into the realms of antiquarian lore the hare has always been mad. His mental condition has never been satisfactorily explained, unless we accept the theory that it is connected with the lunacy of the moon, and his hopeless lack of rationality has passed into a proverb that time gives no indication of eradicating.

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THE Feast of Easter, with its note of triumph for the victory of Christ over sin and death, is come to fill out its place in the calendar of the ecclesiastical year. Doubtless its spiritual meaning will not

Easter, The Feast of Triumph. make any special appeal to those whose souls are not quickened by Christian faith. It will mark the advent of the Easter hat, and the season when theatre-going and social functions of all kinds are quite within the proprieties. But there are others—and these are fortunately very many—to whom the day brings a deep spiritual joy, for the reign of death is over and the sunlight of Redemption shines upon the world forever. It is the day whereon Christ brought to fulfillment what He had so often promised—the proof of His divinity by rising from the dead. He proved His divinity by His Resurrection, and proved it in so signal a manner that no one may question it with any show of reason. The simple, straightforward story of the Evangelists; the persons present, the precautions taken, the scenes that transpired, are all so convincing that no serious attempt has ever been made to explain away this crowning fact in the

life of Christ. The divine character of the Church, her sacrifice and sacraments, and her deposit of faith, all depend on this mystery. The fact that it is proved so conclusively has spared us from a great deal of acrimonious religious controversy.

Easter is the great feast-day of the Catholic Church. The length of time she gives in preparation for it would seem to indicate this. The solemn silence of Holy Week is the hush preceding the triumphant song of the Resurrection morn. She realizes with St. Paul that if Christ were not risen our faith would be vain. But since He is risen, and since He pointed to His Resurrection as a proof of His divinity, it follows Christianity is established on a firm foundation, and the Church is safe against the attacks of doubt and unbelief. Hence there is no uncertain note in the *Resurrexit* of Easter Day. It is a day of victory and glory not alone for Christ, but for all those who hope to share in His Resurrection.

—Ex-President Roosevelt said that he attributed his success in life to doing well the things nearest at hand. He took advantage of every means  
The Literary Society. offered to equip himself for the struggle of life.

There is a part of the work at Notre Dame from which a vast amount of good must accrue to those who avail themselves of its benefits, and that is the work which is carried on by various literary societies. Hardly a week passes but we read an account of what these societies are doing. This is notably the case with Brownson, St. Joseph and Walsh Halls. This kind of work is, in the first place, a means of entertainment. The meeting of their society is an event which the members of these halls look forward to with pleasure. They enjoy listening to the musical numbers on the program. They take interest in the debates which are carried on. It is needless here to dwell on the benefits which come to those who take part in the programs. The art of public speaking, it has been said, is a lost art. Be that as it may, it is a duty which every college man owes to himself to be able to go before an assemblage and express himself in a creditable manner. It is largely to college men that the world looks for its leaders. It is

the man who is able to go before a body of men and inculcate into their minds the ideas which he wishes to see materialized that will be a leader. The college man is expected to be a leader in thought, but in order that he may be a living force in the world's progress it is necessary that he be able to put his ideas before people with that force and clearness which will make their acceptance easily accomplished. Active participation in the work of these societies develops ability along the line of public speaking; it teaches the art of expressing thought in a clear and concise manner; it gives that confidence which can be attained only by actual experience on the platform. There is another very important benefit which comes from this kind of work, that is the interest which is aroused toward higher forms of literature. It creates a desire to read and become acquainted with the masterpieces of thought and expression. The refining influence which literary societies exert over members is incalculable. There should be a literary society in every hall such as are found in Brownson, Walsh and St. Joseph Halls.

—Perhaps the most impressive feature of the Holy Week liturgy is the chant in which the various hymns and psalms are sung.

During this time, the saddest and sublimest events in the life of our Lord are expressed in the saddest and sublimest of harmonies. The music reveals the sentiment of the prayer as clearly as the words. In the Passion, chanted by three chanters on Palm Sunday, we find in the part of the *Turba*, "the greatest triumph of polysymphony," while nothing in music can equal the solemnity or sublimity in the chant of the part of *Christus*. Even the names of the composers of this music have been lost in the mist of the ages.

It is in the Lamentations of the Tenebrae services, however, we find the grandest harmonies of music. Contrasting these with the *Exultet* of Holy Saturday, Rockstro, a modern musician, said: "While one represents the perfection of triumphant dignity, the other, [the Lamentations] carries us down to the very lowest depths of sorrow, and is indeed susceptible of such intensity of pathetic

expression that no one will feel inclined to deny its right to be regarded as the saddest melody in the whole range of music." In the harmonized Lamentations we find the most wonderfully expressive symphonies in all music. Truly might Mendelssohn have said: "Its effect is heavenly." During the blessing of the paschal candle is sung that magnificent Eucharistic prayer called the *Exultet*. It is without doubt one of the most striking chants in all the Church liturgy. It has been pronounced by an eminent critic "The finest specimen of plain song we possess." The harmonies of Holy Week are unsurpassed for beauty and expressiveness, and no one will hesitate to admit that they are well bestowed.

—There is a pathetic story in the life of a Mill or a Pope or an Edward, Prince of Wales. Precocity and high birth rob the helpless child of his best days, rob the grown man of the wholesome experiences of childhood, and rob the nation of versatility of character. It is not that there are any Popes or Mills in our midst that the thought comes to us—far be it from us to proclaim to the world infant genius—but the listlessness and inanity of so many of the young hopefuls at the University suggests the protest. There is small danger that any of them burn the midnight oil over volumes of Tacitus, or write Greek verses at the age of nine. Not one of them could justly be accused of "lipping in numbers." But at the same time, they are old men in all but the sacredness of grey hairs and the consciousness of a life well spent. Their shuffling gait and bowed heads would indicate decrepitude and impotency. Life is to them indeed a sorry proposition, and at the very moment when it should bloom loveliest. There is an inspiring lesson in the vain but untiring search of Ponce de Leon. The best days of his life were given to the search of the Fountain of Youth. He realized that youth is mankind's greatest blessing, and he was willing to sacrifice the pleasures of a royal court and brave the hardships of an unknown wilderness to perpetuate it. Now is the time to be young, old age will come soon enough.

## St. Patrick's Day.

NEVER was there a more perfect St. Patrick's Day at Notre Dame than the 17th of March, 1910. The weather was ideal and contributed to a perfect enjoyment of the day. Country excursions were planned, baseball games were played, and different groups found varied amusements to while away the hours.

The official celebration of the day began with Solemn High Mass at eight o'clock in the Sacred Heart church. Rev. Father Quinlan was celebrant, and Rev. Fathers Carrico and Farley assisted as deacon and subdeacon. The panegyric of the Saint was entrusted to Reverend Patrick J. Dalton, who delivered a masterly discourse on the life and virtues of the Apostle of Erin.

"The Prince and the Pauper," presented by a Philopatrian cast, was the afternoon's offering. The society has had to work under heavy odds this year because of the exodus of old members to Walsh and Brownson Halls, but the spirit of the remaining members and of the novices made up for this handicap. The play proceeded without a hitch from start to finish, and the work of the young actors evidenced patient rehearsal and careful training.

There was no special star in the cast: it was a performance in which all acquitted themselves well. George Clarke carried a difficult rôle with rare skill. His acting on other occasions has given him a reputation in juvenile dramatics. His teammate, Louis Cox, was not a whit less worthy, although this was his first appearance in dramatics. His portrayal of grief and anxiety in the second act, when, instead of the sympathy he craves, he receives the pity paid to a madman, was very well done. Frank McInerny was all that could be demanded in grace and naturalness of action. Experience should work wonders with these three juveniles.

William Bensberg and Edward Sippel had difficult parts to handle, but they were equal to the occasion. Cecil Birder's solo was heartily encored. Mark Broad, Martin Walter and Joseph Peurrung were good in their respective parts. A special word of

praise should be bestowed on Bernard Boggy, whose cleverness lent tone to the whole production. In a word, the character portrayal was successful.

The minuet by the court pages was very prettily executed. The dance of the jesters was also clever. The scenic and light effects were carefully worked out. The orchestra was in splendid form and contributed much to the complete enjoyment of the afternoon. The following musical program was rendered:

"The Prince of India".....Farrand  
 "Horse Marines".....Allen  
 "Down the Pike".....Allen  
 Selections from "The Midnight Sons".....Heubbell  
 Selections from "The Beauty Spot".....De Koven  
 Selections from "Flirting Princes"—Howard and Orlob

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 Frederick Ward's Concept of Hamlet.
 

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On Monday, March 4, the students listened to Mr. Ward's interpretation of Hamlet. With perfect ease Mr. Ward acted the subtle Claudius, now the fickle Laertes, and again the meddlesome Polonius or the noble Horatio. But, as one should expect, it was in the part of Hamlet he did his finest interpretation. With delicate skill he delineated the virtues of Hamlet: his tender-heartedness, his honor, his self-restraint and self-sacrifice, and above all the deep pathos of his situation. The sorrow and gloom cast over his life by the treachery of his uncle, the disloyalty of his mother, the treason of his classmates and the unfaithfulness of his lover, were ever forcibly evident in the art of the actor. His remarks on the soliloquies of Hamlet and his advice to the players bore weight and authority. Gifted with a striking personality, a strong and musical voice and grace in gesture, he made a deep impression on all who heard him. The rapt attention and favorable reception accorded him by the students give testimony of their appreciation of his work.

Readers of Hamlet will not all agree with Mr. Ward's interpretation of Laertes' singular behaviour at the grave of Ophelia. What Mr. Ward calls the genuine outburst of grief for a dead sister is considered by many so much stage play, quite in line the character of Laertes. Indeed, the whole behaviour of Laertes at the grave is too stagey to spring from the depths of real grief.



### Reading by T. A. Daly.

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As a rule, when an audience goes to hear a reading of self-made poems, it goes with the grim determination to sit it out though bored to death, and because of this irrational prejudice the reader frequently finds his work doubly hard. However, this is not the case with Mr. T. A. Daly, who appeared in Washington Hall last Saturday night. If this hostile attitude existed at first it melted as soon as he began to speak. It may be said without exaggeration that Mr. Daly is one of the most entertaining speakers who has visited us this year, and among the most successful humorists in America to-day.

The poems read were selected from the author's store of Irish and Italian dialect stories. In them humor and pathos, judiciously blended, are suited to the merry jingle or the gentle sway of his verse. He can move to tears and to laughter in a breath. His rendition of his verses is wonderfully good and finds ready sympathy with the audience. Though there was no "padding" in the program—all the pieces rendered are good enough to be remembered and repeated—special mention should be made of "Parish stories" in Irish dialect, his Italian baseball story, and his solution of the Italian problem.

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### Final Trials in Debate.

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Last Monday evening in Washington Hall were held the final preliminaries for the purpose of choosing a team to represent the University in Debate. The contest was very spirited throughout and showed careful and earnest preparation by the participants. The question: "Resolved, That Federal legislation be enacted establishing a Central Bank in the United States," is one not easily comprehended without much study. The presence of so large a part of the student body, their keen attention and generous applause are alike an evidence of the deep interest taken in this branch of University activity and of the high standard of the work done. Places were awarded in order of merit to P. J. Donovan, J. V. Toole, M. A. Mathis and J. L. Hope. The judges

were Messrs. F. Henry Wurzer, '98, Marion B. Stanley and F. Augustine Smith, all of South Bend. A number of appropriate musical selections were rendered by the University Mandolin Club. Judge G. A. Farabaugh, '04, presided.

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### Representation of the Passion Play.

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On Friday, March 11, Reverend Father Schumacher gave a very carefully prepared synopsis of the Passion Play at Oberammergau as a fitting preparation for a proper concept of the moving pictures of the Passion which followed. Father Schumacher made no attempt at eloquence. His command of voice, combined with a subdued manner did more to create atmosphere and to give impression than any amount of mere elocution could effect. One can not say the pictures were an unqualified success, for here and there the transition from scene to scene was rather rapid. However, in view of the difficulties that still linger around the moving picture, it may be truly said the presentation was very creditable.

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### Class Banquets.

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During St. Patrick's week the atmosphere was hazy with gastronomic treats. Two class banquets were held, on the eve and on the day of St. Patrick's feast. The Freshmen did their duty first, and on the evening of the 16th, fifty of their number assembled at the Oliver for a feast of meat and flow of speech. After the disposal of the well-chosen menu, Toastmaster Buckley called on the following speakers: Wm. Martin, "The Freshmen"; James W. Foley, "Class Spirit"; Thomas Hollywood, "Class Prospects"; William Tipton, "Second Edition"; Frank Crowley, "Freshman Athletics"; James Devitt, "The Spirit of Notre Dame"; Elmer Brentgartner, "Class Prophecy"; John McLaughlin, "St. Patrick."

The Class of 1912 held their second annual banquet on the night of the Seventeenth. The high standard set by this class last year was sustained on this occasion, and the banquet was a highly successful class function. John P. Murphy,



as toastmaster, directed the flow of oratory. "The Day we Celebrate" was toasted by Russel Finn with Fenian zest. A trilogy to "The Past," "The Present" and "The Future," by Walter Duncan, Paul Rush and Raymond Skelly, came next on the program, and Claude Ritter clinched the three masterpieces with "Just a Story." John Daily concluded with a humorous dissertation on "The Talents in Our Midst."

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### Obituary.

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#### WILLIAM COLAHAN.

The death of William Colahan (Short Electric Course '04-06) removes from the scene of his labors another loyal son of Notre Dame. Mr. Colahan died at his home, Philadelphia, March 3d. He had been working for an electric supply company in Chicago ever since his graduation. *R. I. P.*

\* \*

Leo Garrity has the sympathy of the whole University on the death of his father who was called away at Chatsworth, Ill., during the past week. We bespeak for the deceased the prayers of all at Notre Dame. *R. I. P.*

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#### P. J. CORCORAN.

The Butte papers bring the mournful news of another promising Notre Dame graduate called away in the person of P. J. Corcoran (1900). During his student days the outer world knew Mr. Corcoran as a great athlete. To his teachers and classmates he was in addition the earnest student, the young man of promise, which his life in the far West amply proved. Mr. Corcoran was just thirty-two years, having died on his birthday. May he rest in peace!

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### Local Items.

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—"Keep off the Grass" sign is abroad.

—Now is the time to subscribe for the Dome. Come early, etc.

—'Tis a long way ahead, but could not attendance at finals in debate be optional?

—The members of the mandolin club are to be congratulated on their first appearance.

—The band rendered excellent selections at the meet. Let us hear and see more of the band.

—The glorious weather has emptied the recreation rooms, but Walsh bowling alley holds its own.

—The services of Holy Week, under the direction of Rev. Father Connor, were of that high character one expects at Notre Dame.

—A large and appreciative audience witnessed Brother Florian's feast of sound and color in the recreation room of St. Joseph Hall on the evening of March 19.

—The Walsh Hall Social and Literary Club held its bi-weekly meeting Sunday evening. The debate was on Prohibition. Mr. Bradley took the affirmative and Mr. Fink the negative side. After a lively argument the judges awarded the decision to the affirmative. Two new candidates, Mr. Frawley and Mr. Bruce, were initiated into the membership of the club.

—We cull this from the *Dayton Journal*:

Rev. Dr. John Cavanaugh, President of Notre Dame University, and one of the most noted Catholic educators of the country, was a guest of the Knights of Columbus Tuesday evening and made an address to a large company of the Knights and their women on the value of education. Dr. Cavanaugh arrived during the afternoon and was entertained at dinner at the Hotel Phillips by the local Notre Dame Association, composed of graduates of that University. These include John C. Shea, Peter Kuntz, Jr., Henry L. Ferneding, Walter Bauman, Beckman and Robert Ohmer, Arthur Gibbons, Will Carroll, J. Stout and others. The dinner was handsomely appointed. Following the dinner the eminent visitor was escorted to the Knights of Columbus hall, where he was given a very cordial reception.

—The weekly meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating society was held last Sunday evening. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That nations should submit their differences to a tribunal composed of representatives of all nations, for peaceable settlement." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. H. Meyers, M. Garcia, J. McCarthy, and the negative by Messrs. W. Cotter, L. Dallwig and H. Carroll. The question afforded room for much discussion, and strong arguments were brought out by both sides. The decision was given to the affirmative. Other numbers on the program were: "Death of a Mad Dog" by W. Downing; "A Woman of Fortune" by

P. Byrne; "Apostrophe to the Ocean" by P. O'Brien; "Rock of Ages" by W. O'Shea; "Beautiful Hands" by S. Cauley.

—At the weekly meeting of the Civil Engineering Society, Mr. Herr related a number of the fictitious beliefs of the ancients which were based upon the motions of the stars and the planets. The importance of astronomy in the construction of our calendar, which in early times was a badly confused affair, the determination of latitude and longitude on the earth's surface, and the value of the study of the science were well brought out. The reasons why the purely practical engineer is preferred to the young college graduate by some firms were discussed by Mr. Gamboa. He outlined the manner in which certain pieces of work, especially in railroad engineering, are committed to memory by the practical man after a few years of service just as the college lad learns mathematical formulas. But in many cases where new and complicated problems present themselves he will invariably resort to the aid of a college man who has had a thorough technical training. The methods of irrigation and the benefits derived from the same were set forth by Mr. Dolan. He explained the various systems of watering land by means of artificial waterways. Mr. De Landero discussed the relative velocity and loudness of sound in air and in a vacuum.

—St. Joseph Hall students have made it a custom to celebrate annually the feast of their patron Saint, and those who have the good fortune to be present at the programs rendered on these occasions, spend a pleasant evening. The program this year was unquestionably the most successful ever given in the hall. Prof. Reise, Emil Brentgartner, J. Dant, F. Hollearn and E. Glynn of the University Orchestra furnished the instrumental music, and the Bohemian quartette rendered a number of vocal selections, serious and comic, in the most approved fashion. Raymond Skelley gave an appropriate address of welcome. J. E. McLaughlin delivered an elocutionary selection and Edward Howard and Albert Hilkert each paid tribute to the name of St. Joseph, the one in verse, the other in prose. In their dialect recitations and vaudeville stunts Smith and Foley kept the company in a continuous state of merriment.

Smith has a fine sense of stage humor, and in depicting the Southern darkey he is quite at home. "Here and There" by John Burns was a clever bit of character portrayal with a quiet vein of humor running through it. E. H. Savard took for his theme the life and labors of Father Sorin, in a well-constructed oration, which he delivered in true oratorical style. Father Burke delivered the closing remarks.

#### PROGRAM—PART I

Overture.....	Orchestra
Address.....	R. E. Skelley
"King Robert of Sicily".....	J. E. McLaughlin
"St. Joseph".....	A. A. Hilkert
"Our Patron".....	E. J. Howard
Selection by Bohemian Quartette	
Joseph A. Smith	W. J. Brady
Edward J. Howard	James E. Foley

#### PART II

Dialogue.....	J. A. Smith and J. Foley
"The Endeavor of a True Son".....	E. H. Savard
"Here and There".....	J. T. Burns
Selection.....	Orchestra

#### Athletic Notes.

##### FIRST TRACK MEET.

With an accompaniment of much music and lusty cheering the Notre Dame Track team made its first local appearance last Saturday with Ohio State on the defense. With the exception of a two-miler and a half-miler the Buckeyes would have made a good meet pitted against one of our hall teams, but they failed at every other stage of the game to even press our Varsity men for first honors. The two-mile event furnished the most exciting competition of the day. Freddie Steers ran a pretty race all through the many laps, holding back for the final spurt with Wickoff hanging on doggedly to his quarter of a lap lead. On the last round, Steers took up a terrific pace and sprinted the distance in quarter-mile style, but he failed by a yard to get the honors. There was no burst of speed to Wickoff. He depended on his short lead to get him the race and this it did. Had Fred started his sprint a half a lap sooner he would have finished ahead with ease. It's an easy matter, however, to tell how the thing might have been done.

It is not an easy matter for any athlete to equal a world's record, but Wasson and Fletcher have been doing the thing up

so frequently here it is no longer necessary to put the fact in the scare-heads. Jimmie came down in the 40-yard dash to the tune of 4:2, and as soon as he kicked the dirt out of his shoes went in the 220 and took first honors again. Fletcher negotiated the 40-yard low hurdles in 5 flat, tying his own Gym-record and equalling the world's record. He pulled first place in the high ones several moments later, but in the high jump the Fates ruled otherwise. Philbrook after following Fletcher up the scale in this event succeeded in going over the bar on his third attempt, the distance being 5 feet 10 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches. While we are speaking of scales and bars it is well that we take up the case of one Shorty Rush who surprised the populace present by winning the pole vault after his lone competitor had made preparations sufficient to vault over the Gym.

The mile, half and quarter were lonely affairs from a Notre Dame standpoint, there being only one local entrant in each event. Dana has been winning the mile around these parts for such a period of time that the memory of man hardly runneth back to a time when things were otherwise. For three years has this been the case with but a single break. "Divvie" Devine was the cause of that accident some two years ago, but the Rabbitt turned around and put one over on Long John that day by beating him out in his event, the half. We have never heard the expression, "He ran like a hawk," but anyway, Dana didn't run that way Saturday. He ran just a bit better than the Mr. Hawk held in captivity by the Ohio aggregation.

You can't blame Big John Duffy for being a fast man with Millions behind him, but John cast aside the sordid Mr. Millions early in the 440 and won the hand-shakes by several yards. Devine found his Waterloo in Sherman. If this is the same man who marched to the sea we want to compliment him on his ability to keep in training, for he gathers a lot of them in in this half-mile event.

The relay race put the finishing touches on the thrills which the two mile and the brass band had so nobly excited earlier in the day. Relays are always thrilling. This one was no exception to the rule.

## SUMMARIES:

40-yard dash—Wasson, Notre Dame, first; Fletcher, Notre Dame, second. Time, 0:04 2-5.

High jump—Philbrook, Notre Dame, first; Fletcher, Notre Dame, second. Height, 5 feet 10 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

220-yard dash—Wasson, Notre Dame, first; Duffy, Notre Dame, second. Time, 0:24 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

Mile run—Dana, Notre Dame, first; Hawk, Ohio State, second. Time, 4:43 3-5.

Shot put—Philbrook, Notre Dame, first; Dimmick, Notre Dame, second. Distance, 40 feet 5 inches.

440-yard run—Duffy, Notre Dame, first; Millions, Ohio State, second. Time, 0:54 1-5.

40-yard low hurdles—Fletcher, Notre Dame, first; Wasson, Notre Dame, second. Time, 0:05.

Half mile run—Sherman, Ohio State, first; Devine, Notre Dame, second. Time, 2:03 3-5.

Pole vault—Rush, Notre Dame, first; Scatterday, Ohio State, second. Height, 9 feet 6 inches.

40-yard high hurdles—Fletcher, Notre Dame, first; Scatterday, Ohio State, second. Time, 0:05 3-5.

Two mile run—Wickoff, Ohio State, first; Steers, Notre Dame, second. Time, 10:12.

Relay won by Notre Dame (McDonough, Rush, Duffy, Wasson).

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## A. A. U. TRACK MEET.

The Varsity track team journeyed to Milwaukee on the 12th inst. and partook of the festivities occasioned by the holding of the A. A. U. Championships under the auspices of Marquette University. The local team succeeded in getting second place in the meet with the Cherry Circle athletes in first place. The meet was notable through the fine work of the Notre Dame men. Jimmie Wasson tied the world's record in the 60-yard dash in both of his trials and in the final heat, winning the event in the time of 6:2. Martin duplicated this feat in his second trial, and finished second to Wasson in the finals. Fletcher showed his class by romping in ahead of Askins and Waller in the 60-yard low hurdles. Waller of the Cherry Circle team tied the world's record in one of his trials, but showed up slow when running with Fletcher in the finals. Philbrook and Dimmick played their usual star part in the shot put, taking first and second places respectively. The mile run proved to be a contest between Steers and Dana. Freddie ran a heady race, keeping well in the background until he had two laps to go when he picked off the field one by one finally passing the Rabbitt who was leading. The men were in fine condition for the meet and came away in the best of shape.