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No. 23.

And in the end of the sabbath, when it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalen and the other Mary, to see the sepulchre.

And behold there was a great earthquake. For an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and coming, rolled back the stone, and sat upon it.

And his countenance was as lightning, and his raiment as snow.

And for fear of him, the guards were struck with terror, and became as dead men.

And the angel answering, said to the women: Fear not you; for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified.

He is not here, for he is risen, as he said. Come, and see the place where the Lord was laid.

And going quickly, tell ye his disciples that he is risen: and behold he will go before you into Galilee; there you shall see him.—Matt. xxviii, 1-8.

A Sign They Asked.

ANDREW J. SCHREYER.

"GIVE us a sign that we may know,"
The faithless Jews cried out,—and lo!
Christ healed their blind and cured their lame,
But still they hoped not in His name.

At Cana's feast by power divine,
He changed the water into wine;
How oft He made the leper pure,—
And struggling souls from sin secure!

Upon the sea He walked at will,
And bade the raging storm be still:
And yet ere on the Cross He died,—
"Come down," the blinded rabble cried.

Men saw the dazzling midday light
Obscured and changed to darkest night,—
And though they saw the dead arise,
They ceased not from their faithless cries.

May all our prayers this Easter morn,
On wings of love to heaven be borne;
That unbelieving friends may see,
And doubt not Christ's divinity.

The Feast of Faith.

WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14.



ASTER is the feast of Faith, and as such, it is the greatest in our calendar. Life without Faith, without confidence in an eternal reward is at best an unsatisfactory conglomerate of expectations and disappointments, pleasures and pains, sorrows and joys. With Faith, it is a battlefield of hope which, once won, leads to eternal happiness.

Without Faith the candle of life would scarce be worth the burning, even to the vigorous and conquering and healthy; to the sick, the imprisoned and the unfortunate it would be insufferable. Take the man in the prime of life, succeeding in his endeavors—would it be worth his while to endure the petty trials that enter into every man's day, the disappointments and discouragements that come to all, the pangs and heartaches that none can escape, when the only future upon his horizon is a helpless senility and a grave in oblivion? What would wealth or place or love avail, if they were to be used but selfishly, for they would serve to excite envy and hatred in others and anxiety and distrust of others in the possessor. Yes, even to the rich and strong, a faithless life must needs be an unhappy one. But how much more unhappy the lot of the faithless poor! They do not even experience the fleeting pleasures, the luxury and comforts that money can buy.

The pauper lying on his cot in the county poorhouse, the laborer toiling drearily from dawn till dusk in a vain endeavor to eke out food and clothes enough for his hapless family, the prisoner doomed to spend his days behind closed doors and grey walls, the consumptive in the relentless toils of the white destroyer,—these are they whose cup of life tastes more of bitterness than of sweet. With no hope in the Tomorrow, is not their lot indeed too dark to bear?

But there is a Tomorrow; there is a place where all wrongs will be righted, and all deficiencies filled. That is why the Feast of Faith is the greatest in the year; that is why Easter is a day of joy and happiness. It sets before the staunch and true a reward for their trials and heartaches; it promises relief to the sick and the oppressed; it proclaims hope to the prisoner and the sinner, for the Author of Easter pardoned a criminal in the last moments of His agony, and after His Resurrection was first greeted by one who had sinned often and grievously. Easter is the feast of Faith because it is the anniversary of the incident upon which all faith in Christianity rests, upon the Resurrection of Our Lord.

The doctrines of the Old Law (which are but the plain statement of the precepts found by every man in his own conscience) were found insufficient by most men to guide them to eternal happiness. More grace, more help, and above all, an example was needed to lead men to God. Jesus Christ came to earth, lived here for thirty-three years to show us

the way to His eternal Father, instituted the Sacraments as the means of grace, and told us to obey His commands if we would taste of life everlasting. Then His enemies took Him and put Him to death. But before He died, He said that as a supreme test of the truth of all He had taught, He would arise from the dead on the third day. Had He not risen, His example would have been forgotten and His doctrines ignored. His name, perhaps, would not even bring forth the disdainful smile which now greets that of Mohammed as we recall that that prophet went to the mountain when the mountain refused to come to him at his bidding. Had He not risen, the Old Law would have continued the inheritance of one race, and the faithlessness and licentiousness which had overtaken Rome at the beginning of our era would have spread over the world to make it a torture-pen for mankind.

But Our Lord did rise. No fact is more conclusively demonstrated by history. And hence the insufficient Old Law was supplemented by the New, and its wealth of grace has brought to the rich and the poor, the ill and the well, the oppressed and the free, the unsullied and the sinner repentant, a hope that the world can not give. Such is the meaning of the gladsome ringing of bells, the gaily decorated altars, the joyous paens of the choir, and the allelujas of the priest. And well may the Christian world rejoice on this, the day that gives promise of their resurrection.

Easter has other meanings, but the one set forth above is the highest in the Christian world. It is also the day on which we celebrate the return of spring. This celebration we have from our pagan ancestors, from whom, too, we have the word Easter itself. Before the Gospel had found its way into the tribes of northern Europe, our Saxon ancestors celebrated the day with a double motive—to show their pleasure at the passing of the hardships of winter and the coming of the pleasant days of summer, and to honor the gods and beseech them to smile propitiously on their fields during the following months. Their happiness in the passage of the bleak winter was signified by singing and dancing and by decking their huts out in festoons and blossoms; their hopes of a plentiful harvest were expressed by rabbits and eggs—their simple symbols of profusion. When Christianity came, the one God was substituted for the many gods of the pagans,

but the other harmless and beautiful observances of the day were left to the people. We are reminded of them here in America by the toy rabbits and eggs we see in the shop windows, especially the windows of the immigrants from central and northern Europe.

The modern significance of Easter, or better the significance given it by the modernists, if indeed they may be said to give it any significance at all, is not the pagan idea of thanksgiving for material favors, spirited by the Christian ideal of the soul's rejoicing, as it should be, but, we must confess, it is not even as worthy as the ancient pagan idea alone. The idea that Easter is a symbol of Faith has been forgotten by many, and never thought of by not a few. And the Christian ideal has not been given sufficient consideration.

Even the pagan remnants, the rabbit and the eggs, are outgrown by our precocious children at seven and discarded by the second generation of the immigrants from Europe, and we are left only the hedonists' post-Lenten cry, expressed by Omar a thousand years ago:

Come fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring
The winter garment of repentance fling.

The day is merely the signal for the display of the vanities of mankind; new togs for the men and bonnets, with dresses to go therewith, for the women. All, perhaps, know that Lent is a time for fast and penance, and although they have done neither, feel justified in relaxing their morals a little to celebrate the passing of a season they know not, nor care to know, the meaning of. All this is natural. There is a reason why the modernist's view of today is lower than that of the old pagan's. The pagan had his gods; the modernist has none. And although false gods are bad, they are better than no gods at all.

But great ideals have always been superior to place and times. The Christian ideal of Easter represents the greatest thing in the world—love of God inspired by faith. It can not but endure. With eighteen millions of Catholics in this country to raise their voices this Easter morn in glad songs of praise to the Risen Saviour, there is no need to feel disheartened. And we may join in the *Resurrexit* of the choir, knowing that the God who triumphed over sin in Judea two thousand years ago, will extend His blessings until an Easter morn will come when all the voices in the world will unite to sing the praises of our Lord Triumphant.

Five's Visitor.

ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15.

THE apathetic, wan faces of forty odd patients seemed to have lost just a trace of the stolid resignation that settles like a blight on the incurables. An air of general expectancy pervaded the atmosphere of the ward like a tangible thing. The twisted, wasted forms that lay supine and sallow, against the spotless white of the cots, were a trifle more animated and alert than usual. Hollow, listless eyes were brighter, and pallid cheeks that knew more frequently the grotesque striations of pain, now creased in what might have been smiles. The forty odd "incurables" were expecting visitors. What a welcome break in the terrible monotony a friendly face or a smile can make, only those initiated into the silent halls of pain may know.

As the morning dragged along, one face after another would brighten eagerly as relatives and friends came in. Soon the odor of fruits and flowers rose above the smell of anti-septic solutions. New books crackled, laughter intruded into spheres dedicated to sombre sorrow; there was unwonted levity among many of those for whom fate had ordained her sacrifices.

But the joyousness of the Easter season had not pervaded the heart of No. 5. The tolling of the big Cathedral bells near by had brought only a crooked sneer to his twisted lips. When the kindly old clergyman had quoted "I am the Resurrection and the Life," he was startled by a hoarse, harsh laugh, and turned to confront a pair of wide, dark eyes, glittering through tangled black hair. Even now, far away in his own parish, he was haunted by that laugh, and those wide hate-lighted eyes, and the deformed, swollen hands that incessantly fingered the white sheets.

No. 5's face was whiter than most of the skeleton-like visages, and the eyes, if not even larger than usual, flamed with strange, queer fires. He did not turn eagerly as each newcomer thudded across the rubber matting. One would have thought that he was not aware that they passed. No. 5 did not expect a visitor. Yet the anguish of other and earlier

years was not manifest in the mask-like countenance. Time was when he had laughed bitterly at the wilted and faded lily that custom had decreed the hospital authorities should place at his bedside Easter morning. He no longer gazed painfully at the patterned ceiling, with a nonchalance so pitiful, and a wistfulness so patient, that the Little Nurse used to steal out and cry. He no longer experienced the fierce stabs of loneliness, that used to follow the visits paid more fortunate inmates. But because it was Easter, and had seemed to mean so much to Her, he was thinking of the Little Nurse. He had only to close his eyes, and there stood before him the trim little white-capped figure, with the pensive dark blue eyes and the waving hair that limned its golden strands against the white of her stiffly starched collar. He recalled the time when she had come timidly in with a little bunch of real wild flowers, and shyly proffered them to him. No. 5 had not wept in twenty years. It is not to be expected of a man whose frame is twisted and torn by a premature "soup" explosion in the vaults of a national bank. But that day, he recalled, he had turned painfully toward the wall, so that the Little Nurse could not see the tears in his eyes. No. 5 was neither sentimental nor philosophical. He neither bemoaned his fate nor accepted with resignation the affliction that was his. He just gritted his teeth when the pain was hardly bearable—and cursed. The interns called him a "surly devil;" social workers shunned him for his unhappy faculty of shriveling up their gushing platitudes with one or two sardonic phrases. Visiting clergymen detested him because every time they converted Nos. 7 and 3 to the Lord, No. 5 as regularly argued them back to atheism. Reporters cultivated him for his sanguinary reminiscences, and his queer, warped views of life. The head nurse, prim and grim veteran that she was, could not abide his intense, unblinking scrutiny. The tangled hair, burning eyes and terribly distorted frame, would have been commonplace, but the sinister scrutiny he accorded her and the depression he cast over prayer services and mission work by casual and succinct blasphemies, combined to nurture her wholesome and unconcealed aversion. The whole world was against him—even as he was against the world. It had left him a foundling upon the steps of a tenement. It had reared him in squalor and ignorance and

crime. It had placed him in a Reformatory at twelve and in a penitentiary at twenty-two. It has made him successively a pick-pocket, a second-story man and a full-fledged "yegg." He used to laugh to himself over the chief incidents of his brief criminal career. The humor was of a nature calculated to appeal only to himself. For instance, the Little Nurse never saw any trace of it in the recital of how funny Spike Cleary had looked that night in the Citizens' National, when the "soup" had exploded prematurely, and left Spike without arms or eyes. Spike was lucky, he argued, because he had died within a week. But he himself—why he would have to lie there for years and *live!*—a twisted, torn wreck, friendless, homeless, Godless. He saw nothing to allure in the present; he hoped for no future. The Little Nurse had talked encouragingly about God and the hereafter, but No. 5 soon broke her of that. Yet when her innocent Irish eyes had clouded at his irreverence for what she accepted as truths, he experienced for the first time in his ill-starred life feelings of remorse and shame. She was the one woman he had ever respected, the one influence that he had ever acknowledged as good. Yet the mask-like face never altered or softened; not even when child visitors smiled at him, or salvation army lassies prayed for him. Even when the Little Nurse failed to report one morning, and the other patients who had loved her so well, sobbed audibly, No. 5's iron features did not relax.

But through the long years that followed he never forgot her—nor just how she looked when she had come in with the little bunch of wild flowers on that memorable Easter morning of long ago.

Gradually he forgot the whispers and murmured laughter about him. He was oblivious to the fragrance of fruit and flowers that struggled for mastery with the odor of antiseptic solutions. They seemed things of little moment, and slipped innocuously into a gray whirling oblivion. Suddenly No. 5 was startled out of this unnatural languor. It seemed as if he saw again the Little Nurse. Yes, there she was, standing just as she used to stand at the foot of his bed. And she was smiling just as she had been wont to smile—cheerfully, encouragingly, when his face was moist and gray with pain. Yes, she was smiling at him, and suddenly he found himself smiling bravely

up at her. It wasn't a sneer of derision or contempt, either; it was a real smile.

He thought for a moment that he was dreaming, but in second thought he realized the absurdity of such a thing. Whether his eyes were closed or open, there still stood before him the trim little white-capped visitor, with pensive dark blue eyes, and waving hair that limned its golden curls against a collar that was stiff and starched and white. She was very bright now; her countenance seemed to radiate joy and peace that banished his pain. And she was beckoning to him. She seemed to lead through a long, golden vista, ever upward and onward. And the lips that had smiled so tremulously when she had proffered the real wild flowers, seemed now to frame the text, "For I am the Resurrection and the Life." No. 5 remembered, and wondered why he had ever sneered at words that could bring such ineffable peace and promise.

The wilted lily was forgotten now. The friends of the other incurables came and went unheeded. The still form in Number Five seemed to enjoy a completer repose than usual. The tracteries of pain and loneliness and bitterness seemed smoothed away by magic hands. The swollen hands no longer picked fretfully and incessantly at the immaculate sheets.

"He's asleep, thank heaven," thought the head nurse gratefully as she walked through. But he was not asleep. He was far away now, and following the Little Nurse with the loving trust of a little child. No. 5's twisted limbs had ceased to throb with agony. His mind no longer flamed with bitterness and hopelessness and envy. The feverish light had died out of his eyes. The Easter sun flooded the white cots with gold. But the still form paid no heed. No. 5 had had a visitor.

On Gray's Elegy.

J. F. McDONOUGH, '17.

OH Gray, consistency is not your name.

You say great men were by occasion made;
If so they were not great, and all their fame
Was gotten but by fortune's timely aid.

If great men were but pawns to circumstance,
And fortune was the master of their fate,
If fame they only got by merest chance,
Then do you incorrectly call them great.

The Beaten Path.

TIMOTHY P. GALVIN, '16.



THE following excerpts from the diary of the late George Randolph Brown, who was born in Indiana on March 8, 1857, and who died a pauper at Atlantic City, March 23, 1914, will be of interest to all who have followed that gentleman's meteoric rise and sudden collapse in the financial world. These thoughts may also furnish some helpful suggestions with regard to the way in which we should spend our Easter. These notes are published by special permission of the *Newport Daily Post*. It will scarcely be necessary to add that the lamented Mr. Brown was the father of Edward Percival Brown, the well-known society leader, who gained considerable notoriety during the Vandergild divorce suit last winter, and also of Elizabeth Brown, who is known to theatre-goers as Mary Farden, exponent of the "new dances."

EASTER, 1872.

This was some big day for us boys. Ma always lets us sleep late on Christmas and Easter, so she didn't call us until a quarter past four. Just the same I'd been awake since three o'clock, but I never let on. Pa helped us do the chores and we had breakfast at half-past five. I ate eight corn cakes with fresh maple syrup and butter and sausage, besides eleven eggs, three fried and eight boiled. Little Willie tried to make a pig of himself and ate seventeen eggs and he was sick all morning. I did the same thing two years ago, and I'll never do it again. This morning we all went to church. Ma always makes us go on Easter. Every one of us boys wore new overalls and jumpers. Pa had a new blue handkerchief around his neck and Ma wore her old black bonnet and a new calico dress. We all looked pretty swell when we started out. Fatty Harley was at church and he didn't have no new overalls and I felt sorry for him. This afternoon we and the Douglass boys went out in the woods and cooked eggs. Bob Douglass sucked six raw eggs, but I can't suck eggs. I eat twenty-seven altogether today. That's three better than last year. Gee, I'm tired tonight and I'll hate to go to school tomorrow.

EASTER, 1877

This is the first time I ever missed church on Easter; but I was out late with the boys last night and perhaps I did drink a little too much. But no one else knows, so what difference does it make? I received a nice box from home today and I felt a little homesick. Only a year and a half since I left home and came to the city! Last year I went back for Easter, but somehow I didn't feel like going this year. The farm doesn't appeal to me any more.... That was some swell girl I met Thursday. I can scarcely wait until Tuesday night, for then I am going to take her to a show.

EASTER, 1887.

Easter again and probably the happiest Easter I have ever spent. Yet I wonder if I am as happy as when we used to cook eggs out in the old woods back home. How strange I didn't receive a box from mother today, but then I haven't written her since our little Bessie was born last fall. To think that mother has never seen either of my children or Grace, their mother. She must come to see us, and yet I'm afraid no one here would understand mother, except Grace. Grace understands everything. She knew I had very little money and so she never mentioned new clothes for Easter. If everything goes all right, we'll have plenty of clothes next year, for Godkin says he is going to make me a partner soon.

EASTER, 1897.

I wonder why I felt uncomfortable in church today. I never felt that way before. I saw Godkin there, but he wasn't in his old front pew. He was in the last seat. Why should I think of Godkin? True he took me in as a partner; but I couldn't carry an old-timer like him along and give him half of what I was making. I simply had to force him out, and he certainly has enough to live on; besides I'll see that he never starves.

Our children were beautiful today, but I wonder if little Edward wouldn't enjoy going back to the woods and cooking eggs as we used to do on Easter better than he enjoys sitting quietly on a chair all day long. Grace was more beautiful than ever today, but I fear we shall never understand each other again. She says it is always, "Business, business, business," with me, as if she could expect a man to give up his business and sit around the house all the time. Our home was a happy one until

she joined too many clubs and commenced thinking about the "new womanhood" and the rest of that bosh.

EASTER, 1903.

Edward came home from college yesterday and of course was the lion of our Easter. I had a long talk with him this afternoon. He embarrassed me when he asked me why his mother had been away from home since New Year's, but I passed it off by saying something about her health. I wonder if he doesn't understand. What did he mean when he smiled at me and said, "It's not your fault, Daddy"? I must fix things up with Grace. I know the whole town is talking about us. I suppose they are saying, "Another scandal in the four hundred!" We must live happily together—and why not? I cleared up half a million last month and I can get more next month if I want it. What can we lack to make us happy?

Old Godkin's daughter called me up today and said she must see me tomorrow—another loan, I suppose. I'm getting tired of those people.

Bessie was glorious today. She is the very picture of Grace the first time I met her; but I don't like that young fellow who took Bessie to the opera tonight. He is too slick and quiet and wise. I must watch that girl a little more. No matter what Grace does, my children are mine and they always will be mine.

EASTER, 1907.

What a terrible day this has been! First, an account of old Godkin's death in the morning papers. No doubt the undertaker thought I was crazy when I bought the best coffin in the house for the old pauper; but it is the last thing I could do for him and he did much for me. I wonder if I really gave him a square deal.

That was only a beginning. A picture of Grace and a French count stared at me from the society page of the *Tribune*. If the stories about that woman are true, she has gone mad. Little did I imagine when I so willingly allowed her to get a divorce that it would come to this.

Edward did not come in until half-past three this morning, and I'm sure he was so drunk he could scarcely find his room. I tried to talk to him about it today but he laughed and said, "Don't be an old fogey, Dad." I wonder how that boy spent five hundred dollars down at New Haven since Christmas.

To add to my misery, Bessie left right after dinner with that slick-looking young Goodman, who always impresses me as being an actor, and

of course she hasn't come back yet. Finally a telegram comes from home that mother is dying. I must go at once, and I am ashamed to go.

EASTER, 1908.

It is well that I am alone tonight, for I am at war with all mankind. Grace, the beautiful Grace, whom I once loved, is the laughing-stock of two nations. She is married to a second French count and said to be in love with a third.

Edward has failed in all his classes, and he can not possibly graduate with his class. He is even threatened with expulsion from school and he does not seem to care. All he says in his letters is "Money, money, more money." They say too that he is soon to be married to an actress. Perhaps he is spending his money on her. Does that boy think that I own a mint? If he but knew how near to ruin I have come! But why should I be rich if everything is to be against me.

Even Bessie has quarreled with me. I tell her she must not take up these new dances, but she says I have an "old-fashioned soul," that I am mistaken when I think she dances for pleasure, that she does it only for "art's sake." I know there is something wrong about it. Oh! there is something wrong with everything I do. Nothing has been right since I shoved old Godkin out. Nothing has been right since Grace heard of "the new womanhood." No, and nothing ever will be right with me.

EASTER, 1913.

I struggled with myself for hours last night and I finally decided that I had been wrong in casting religion from my life. I thought of the old country church where Mother used to lead me on every Easter morning and I decided to go to church this morning. But as I was about to enter the church door, I saw several men and women look at me and laugh. So I turned away, for religion is not for me.

People smile at me now because I am down. Do they think that I am to blame because the woman who was once my wife is the most despised woman in America? Do they think I am to blame because my son has broken up the home of the richest man in New York? Do they think I am to blame because shocking pictures of my daughter are exhibited on every bill-board in the land? What have I had to do with these things?

The passion for wealth has been the curse of my life; but I made my choice years ago and it is too late to change it now.

The Recompense.

ANDREW SCHREYER, '14.

YOU may toil beneath great burdens,
 And pass by mirth and glee;
 You may hold no palms of conquest,—
 At least none men can see:
 Yet when twilight's magic stillness,
 Has hushed the toilsome fray,
 Comes a joy in conscience's whisper—
 "You have eased a heart today."

Thus when life's bleak sands are sifted,
 And all your cares are done;—
 When the world shall ask and wonder—
 What laurels you have won,
 May the voice of God then echo,—
 No worldly fame you craved;
 You have sowed eternal harvest,—
 Behold the souls you saved!"

The Charm of the Liquids.

MARK L. DUNCAN.



OLD Roderick Faguet shoved two of the big glass bottles along on the shelf, and as they clicked against each other the sparkling red liquid in the one and the deep yellow in the other were set in motion. He stood looking up at them until the contents of the two bottles regained their equilibrium. And then taking the square, brass-framed spectacles off his long nose, he muttered almost inaudibly, "Just like my life! All monotony until moved by the proper stroke."

Roderick Faguet's apothecary shop was almost as old as the little Quebec town of Fontaine. And Roderick was just as old as the shop, for he had established the business when he was a young man. He knew the ailments of everybody in Fontaine. But that was of little consequence since he kept that knowledge to himself. The older he grew the more silent he became, and people thought it even harder to find out just what kind of pills or what sort of liniments would be most efficacious. But an implicit faith in his prescriptions made the patrons bear with his rude reticence. Children would give old Roderick written requests for remedies and would stand aside half-terrorized

while he adjusted his spectacles, read the note, and then groped about the dusty shelves, picking out at last with his long, bony fingers, the necessary medicine.

But Roderick was not a bundle of faults. He was a good Samaritan and healed the wounds of the afflicted ones. And his merits did not rest alone upon his rheumatism liniments or his chilblain ointments which relieved the commonest ills of his oldest patrons. He did far more than that. Roderick Faguet could cure broken hearts! And strange as it may seem he performed this good work only during the Lenten season. Nobody except those upon whom Roderick had administered it knew the method of this miraculous treatment. But few had been granted the treatment, for broken hearts are not common afflictions; that which is often called a broken heart is merely a discouraged spirit awaiting the regeneration of a newer impulse to life.

It was early on the morning of Good Friday that there came to Fontaine a sad and beautiful young woman. Nobility of character seemed to be engraved in every line of her face. Stopping before Roderick's shop she looked up at the weather-beaten sign above the door, and then called to an old woman who was passing by carrying on her arm a basket of hot-cross buns:

"Is this the place where broken hearts are cured?" asked the stranger.

"So I've often heard," answered the old woman, "but I can't have faith in what I hear. How's such a thing to be done? The day of miracles is past. There's only One who can cure a broken heart, so I believe."

"But I've trusted so long," the stranger replied.

"Perhaps not long enough," said the old woman. "But you might try old Rod. 'Twill do no harm." And she hobbled away on her cane.

The young woman entered the shop and Roderick looked up from his desk where a smoky coal-oil lamp was burning beside some yellow papers upon which he had been making and studying a mass of figures.

"Well?" he said, his voice cracking as if there was an effort to speak.

"Are you the man who cures the broken hearts?" she asked half timidly.

"I've done that thing," he answered, scanning her features. And Rod's own face showed

that he knew she was not deceiving him; that she came because her heart was really broken and not because of mere desire to learn the remedy.

"Then cure mine now, good monsieur," cried the woman, "for I am almost dead with grief, and I have travelled many miles to come to you."

It was only in such rare instances as this that Roderick's truest character asserted itself. The monotonous gloom of his everyday-expression seemed suddenly to fling itself into space and instead there appeared a benignity that seemed silently to beg permission to administer balm to the wounds of the afflicted one. No man is too old or too hardened by the world not to be moved when the chord nearest his heart is struck. It was like the clicking of the two big bottles on the shelf when the liquids were disturbed.

"You're weary, too," said Rod, "sit down upon this old bench. It's all I have to offer you. Your weariness is much too great, and you're in a poor condition to receive my aid."

"Then you're really going to cure my broken heart?" she asked, half doubting him.

"If you'll do as I shall bid," he answered.

"Oh good Monsieur Faguet, there's nothing that I would not do, for you can't know how great my burden is."

"Ah, yes I do," he answered quickly. There was no semblance of the reticent Roderick. He never spoke so freely to a customer, but rather made a curt and cold reply. But now a fullness of spirit and a soulful magnanimity crowded out all his old characteristics.

"Sit here until I call for you," he told the woman, who was scarcely more than a girl in years.

Roderick whisked his weazened little frame into the rear of his shop where, behind a tall white partition, there rested on a table a heavy gray steel casket. Into the casket he inserted a ponderous key and upon raising the lid there appeared two compartments, each moulded out like the inside of a cauldron, and in each one there was the purest and most sparkling liquid that one could imagine. Faguet sat down on the little bench before the casket and blew upon the liquids until they danced up and down the sides of the diminutive vessels. Then he stirred them with a fine glass tube, and his face, although its muscles grew tense, bore the signs of an inward exultation.

"Come," he called out to the girl.

She arose wearily, went back to the little old man, and sat down beside him on the narrow bench. The two buried bowls of gleaming essence shone before her, and she uttered a little cry.

"How pure and sparkling the waters are!" she exclaimed.

"It's not water, *mademoiselle*," said Faguet, "but the liquids that cure the broken hearts. Of both of them you shall drink, but have no desire to know their content."

"O Monsieur Faguet, it's not only the cure of a broken heart that I crave so deeply, but the return of him who broke it. O Jules! my Jules!" she cried out in despair. And then, recovering her self-possession, she brushed away her tears. From the glass tube she drank first of the liquid to her left and then of that to her right.

"Come, child, and stay with my good sister Camille over Easter. You are so worn out. But look, there goes Father Pierrot on his way to say mass. Go with him and he will put you in the care of Camille. She'll be at church, for she never misses on Good Friday.

The girl hastened out of the shop and caught up with the good priest who was on his way to the little church of St. Francis.

Next morning the young girl and Camille went to church again, for it was Holy Saturday and there was the blessing of the New Fire and the Paschal Candle. While the girl was kneeling at worship, Roderick Faguet received another person with a broken heart. This time it was a young Frenchman, drawn of face, but whose black eyes sparkled, although behind their gleam there was a sign of unrest not natural to so young a man. His pale features and much-worn clothes could not conceal the traces of a handsome face and body.

"Are you Monsieur Faguet?" queried the young fellow.

"I am," answered Roderick shortly.

"Then, I pray you, have pity on me. I've just arrived at the Tavern and it is not weariness alone that accounts for my gauntness which you have already perceived. I've suffered much and I beg of you to heal my broken heart."

"You've come not a day too soon," said Roderick, "for my cure is a Lenten one. Come with me."

So the young man and the old went behind the tall, white partition and sat down before

the steel casket. Roderick opened it and displayed to the young man the glistening liquids.

"Happy will I be," exclaimed the young man, "to have my heart made strong again! But if only the heart that broke with mine could again be made whole. O Monsieur Faguet, haven't you the power to cure all broken hearts even if they be not present?" And the young man's eyes begged for a reply that might bring him comfort.

"It can't be so," answered Roderick, "for the liquids must play their parts." And he smiled rather quizzically, and looked away from the troubled youth.

The young man looked up into the older man's face: "You'll find her, good monsieur, you'll find my Celeste and give her a draught of these liquids? O Celeste, Celeste!"

He buried his head in suppressed grief, then raised it, and drank of the potions.

"Go back to the tavern now, my boy, and rest until tomorrow. It will be Easter morning and I shall call for you and we can go to mass together." So spoke Roderick as he led the youth to the door and pulled it shut before the young man could find a chance to draw a sou from the little leather bag he drew from inside his waistcoat.

Easter morning saw the parishioners of St. Francis' wending their ways toward the little stone church. Its gilded cross gleamed in the morning sun brighter than the magic liquids of Roderick's casket. As Roderick and the young man entered the churchyard at the side gate, the feeble Camille and her young charge came in at the front gate. The two couples met at the church door. There was only a slight, startled glance from the two young people.

"Jules!"

"Celeste!"

The little old organ in St. Francis' never pealed forth such gladsome notes as it did that Easter day.

Ver.

WE tend thee greetings, dawning of the Spring!

Thy coming fills each little sunken seed
With life. Each lonely field doth gaily sing.

Nay, even stricken man and silent weed,
Decrepit now by storms, await with bliss
The soft and tender summons of thy kiss.

M. A. C.

Conventional Musings.

GEORGE P. SCHUSTER, '15.



OR most people, an Easter thought is like a hoop-skirt—absurdly antiquated. The feast itself comes sadly unadorned with gifts, even the old Easter rabbit being affrighted at the weird precocity of a childhood contemporaneous with the high price of eggs. Again, the supernatural element is so unemotional. We can very well believe that Christ was born, since a denial is hardly plausible. But resurrection—what a lengthy train of miracles it ushers in! And above all things, don't trouble our modern fanciers of diaphanous gowns and sex-dramas, with anything supernatural. To the Christian, however, what a vista is unrolled—a scene clad in the hues of infinite joy and praise! For he knows that his Redeemer liveth. Can an Easter thought, then, be meaningless? Should not rather the humblest echo of the mighty pean Christ sounded at the tomb of death be ever heartily welcome?

In more ways than one, Christianity seems to have been formulated especially for the sons of Japheth. Not only do its impositions bear less heavily upon their robust natures, not only do its ceremonies compare exactly with their ancient traditions, but its feasts and fasts correspond most intimately with their temperament and environment. Lent amid the gloom of wind-swept snows; Easter amid the hallelujahs of the budding trees.

How much awful beauty there is in the thought that when the Saviour rose out of His grave-clothes, He should have stood amid the stirrings of nature's perennial life, that the warm glow of His re-assumed humanity should have been matched in the blushes of the youthful rose. Nature and God—child and Father—hand in hand they die and live again.

But should the vitalized figments of cosmic force speak most directly in praise of their Master? Should the lilies and kine in the meadow exult loudest in the youth of the grass? No: the human soul, which in its birth felt the warmth of its Father's bosom, which alone in its life has consciousness of Him, must rebound most wildly in the happiness of youth. To us mortals, imbued with the vital knowledge

of immortality, nature sings an endless hymn of hope. Charles Hanson Towne has read it thus:

In every trembling bud and bloom
That cleaves the earth, a flowery sword,
I see Thee rise from out the tomb
Thou risen Lord.

It is, truly, admirable that when the body is casting off the stupor of the winter's inactivity, the soul should think on the Resurrection of its Saviour and read into nature the meaning of spiritual birth.

Christmas comes to us with the falling snow from heaven. Mankind gathers by the fireside, and for once in its insatiable struggle for gain, feels the tingle and pang of universal love. The Christ-child is on the hearthstone. He sits at the board, and the wassail is response to his toast. Outside the winds may root out their hair, and the waves may sweat foam, but in the heart of man there is peace. In the Nativity there is pathos and sweetness and love—all these are things of the home.

Easter, however, comes like the sap of the maple, from out of the earth. In it there is the struggle of spirit and clay, of good and evil, which is scrawled over the vast majority of pages in history's volumes. How is it that victory should mean so much to humanity—victory which stumbles over the corpses of women and children, and fords the rushing blood of men? It is because there is in us all a sense of verdant life, darting through every vein and thrilling every nerve. A swain goes out to wander on the hills, to subdue the forest and to cleave the soil with his share. A rustic maiden is at his side, and everywhere there is vitality and the vibrant glow of a cool sunrise. A frocked youth sails out alone to plant the cross of Christ in heathen hearts; perchance he is slain or frozen in the snows, but to his waning sight there is vouchsafed a crown. This is the lesson of Easter. When the Saviour stood at dawn before the unsealed-grave, success was perched forever on the banner of life and hope.

Can the world, then, ever grow old if it has a spring for the body and an Easter for the soul? Just as certainly as the seed, laying itself to rest in autumn, has prescience of green rebirth, just so surely has the soul a conviction that existence can never cease, and that the body will rise again. So let us make Easter the feast of perpetual youth; let us wander forth into nature with eyes that see in the bloom not the germ of decay, but everywhere vigor and

youth. For the hills of this old earth may have been trodden in dim ages past by the feet of unknown beasts; trees may have fallen and been metamorphosed into stone; but nature is still teeming. We know, indeed, that there will be a year when no flower will smile from its cradle; we are certain of a day when no oak will sense the fire of being in its gnarled frame; but there will never be a time when we shall not live. The scroll of Easter has proclaimed man's immortality to the world. The Son of God arose from the dead and stood before His disciples. In that moment He proved that the things of spirit are not to be nailed down by the blows of flesh, but that the soul will return to conquer the blood and wed it unto itself.

We can not help rejoicing. The sole query is, How shall we frame our songs to image the joy in our hearts? Let us not stop to ponder; let the soul caper and sing and the melody will rise like the scent of perfumed lilacs and lilies of the valley. Not all men, alas, can participate in the canticle. There is not a gust but bruises a myriad reeds, there is not a drought but leaves the skeletons of a species. The life of mankind, too, seems to be secured with a holocaust of thousands. But on Easter morn we can view the pain and sacrifice of the world differently than does the poet:

I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last to all,
And every winter turned to spring.

We know that the first one to greet Him risen was the Magdalen, that the thief was already with Him in paradise. No, there is hope and redemption for all, even for the most worthless. This day must be a benediction, for the Lord God has willed it thus.

Easter Analogies.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

WHEN the days were short and ill,
When sickly shone December's sun,
It seemed a triumph had been won
By darkness over light, until
We marked the day time's lengthening
With Yuletide promises of Spring.
'Tis Easter sunshine that fulfils
That Yuletide prophecy and hope
When earthly sepulchres reope
And life in every artery thrills,
So He, who at Christmas drew first breath,
Today has triumphed over death.

Spring Song.

GEORGE SCHUSTER.

SCATTER the seed, O husbandman,
 On the womb of the warm young sod!
 And bloom shall spring from the soil a teem
 With the potent breath of God.
 Scatter the truth, O sage, aflame
 With the flash of the forge of life!
 Like sap that wells in the heart of vines
 It shall work till the fruit is rife.
 Scatter the faith, O blessed priest,
 On the cliff and the wayless moor,
 For on stifled hearts of hopeless men,
 Christ's quickening rain shall pour.
 Man thou shalt live and death must die,
 For the wakened pulse pounds strong
 In every beast of earth again,
 And each bird's a new spring song.

The Testing Flame.

J. CLOVIS SMITH, '15.



AND, John, you know it would break Mother's heart if she knew. Robert's death has prostrated her, but she still thinks and speaks of him as her darling, innocent boy. If she learned the truth,—that he had died a fugitive from justice—oh, I am sure it would kill her. Poor Bob, so cheery, so willing, but oh, so weak. The night they brought him home all the past came before me, and then I knew that you and I were guilty, too, for having always indulged him.

"To save Mother, John, we must do something. Unless the amount that Bob took is made good somehow, suit will be brought, and then she will know. Isn't there a means by which you can secure the money? Oh, if I were able, I would gladly do it myself—for it means a tremendous sacrifice on your part. But remember, it is for Mother's life and happiness.

"At all events, you must come home. We are alone now, and Mother needs you. She has asked for you often in her illness, and yesterday bade me write you to come to her. It will be another great sacrifice to leave your business and begin here anew—but life is sacrifice, John. Come to us, and together we will

try to make the best of it, with His help.

"Your loving sister,

MARGARET."

Slowly Chalmers read the letter, once, twice, and a third time. Bob—a thief! Dead! It seemed too horrible for belief.

He began to pace the floor. The cool, refreshing breath of the April night came through the open window, bringing with it all the mystic odor of the life stirring without. But the poetry of renascent nature meant nothing to him. The piping sound of youthful voices and sweet tones calling "Bedtime, children," grated harshly on his ears and he nervously drew down the window.

Agonized doubts and questions ran riot in his brain. Why should he give up his future to atone for the sins of another, especially when for that other his life had already been doubly hard? If he left his business, it would be three or four years at least before he could make a decent living at home. And if he turned over his savings and went home, what of Ruth? Their marriage, already long deferred until he had won success at his profession, was set for June, but to leave Washington and his success meant to leave her. He could not again ask her to wait—in justice to her future, he could not.

Impulsively, he seized a picture from the mantelpiece, and gazed wistfully into the sweet, serious, womanly face of the girl before him. Then a mist blurred his eyes and there came another picture—a vision of his Mother on the day he left for Washington. Loving grey eyes that looked deep into his, and the tear-choked voice that bade him follow Honor and Duty, and leave the rest to God. He threw himself into a chair,—and suddenly a bell rang, somewhere, and there was a rap at his door.

"Senator Hastings, sir."

"I can't see him."

"He says it is very important."

"But—well, show him in."

The senator entered briskly, his whole appearance suggesting the keen, forceful man of affairs. After greetings had been exchanged, the avisor wasted no words.

"Chalmers, perhaps you know I represent the P. L. & R. here in Washington. I've come to see you about that franchise matter. As the case stands, you folks have the best of it, but you are well enough acquainted with these processes to know that the decision will be

reversed higher up. But that will give the matter publicity, and we don't want that. If you were to present the matter to your clients in that way, they would withdraw—and it means ten thousand dollars for you, and the charge of our legal affairs in your home city. What do you say?"

Chalmers sprang from his chair, "I say that you are a—" Suddenly he stopped. Ten thousand dollars, his brother cleared, a good position—

Seeing his anger turn to hesitation, the Senator rose hastily.

"Think it over, my boy, and give me your answer tomorrow," and he was gone.

Long hours John Chalmers moved to and fro in his study. A great battle was being fought on that ancient and most terrible of battlefields, a man's soul. Honor, Duty, and Filial Love,—mighty forces,—there met self-interest, ambition, and the passionate love for a woman; and the battleground was scarred and torn. Two great temptations burned in his brain: he could take the money, go to his mother and free his brother's name, and he could take Ruth with him. The position with the P. L. & R. made that easy. But to do this, he must sacrifice his trust,—he must sell his honor!

In the mad rush of anguish came the thought of self-destruction, always the escape of the weak, but he put this aside as unworthy. The naked alternative could not be escaped; he must save his Mother, but how?

Self-interest told him his first duty was to himself, his Mother who gave him life, and the girl he was to marry. Why should the mere financial interests of some distant clients, personally unknown, avail against these? Is there not a higher law? is not noble-motived self-interest more than this empty, fleeting ideal of honor? Suppose that he urged his clients to go on, and then lost the case in a higher court, would he not only not receive thanks, but also be called a traitor?

But always came the thought of Justice. The goddess, not blind, but all-wise and all-seeing, demanded that he remain true to his trust, thankless though it prove to be. Justice, always Justice! The awful Injustice at Golgotha came to his mind, and the Senator's gold suddenly became thirty bloody pieces of silver. Then he bethought himself that it was Easter morning. He had planned with Ruth to attend mass together, to rejoice in their coming happi-

ness, but now he must go and tell her—what? Exhausted, his mind confused, he threw himself on a bed, and mercifully sleep brought oblivion.

The first strong rays of morning sunlight roused Chalmers to his feet. The terrors of the night came before him in a vivid panorama, but he resolutely put them away. Dressing carefully, he set out to walk to his fiancée's home. The fresh morning air cleared the overwrought brain, and at last the will regained mastery over passion and sentiment. He considered the whole matter from the viewpoint of Duty and Justice, and the solution lay terribly plain. Before he reached his destination, the battle had been won, and now he prayed God to strengthen his determination.

Ruth met him with joyful greetings that changed to gentler words of welcome at sight of his white, drawn face. As they walked slowly down the Avenue, shaded by the fragrant, leafy canopy overhead, neither spoke for a long time. Then the girl's quiet voice caused Chalmers to look up quickly.

"Something is the matter, John; let me help you."

A smile of tender yearning flitted over his face, but the moment's change only intensified his air of stern resolution. Slowly and carefully he told her the whole story, omitting nothing, excusing nothing, defending nothing. Pain filled her eyes as the recital went on, but she still remained silent as he set forth the conclusion to which he had come: he must reject the senator's offer, go to his mother, and in justice to his betrothed, give her freedom. As he uttered the last words, they entered the portals of St. Patrick's.

All during the mass, prayers, fervent and pleading, went up from the man's heart, and as the alleluias of praise and glory for the newly risen Saviour rang forth triumphantly, a new hope came to him,—a hope that His mercy would find a way.

The mass ended, but his companion made no move. The great church emptied quickly, only the occasional rustle of a woman's garment betokened the worshippers who had not joined the gay devotees of fashion without. At length she turned to him, her eyes brilliant with unshed tears, and a smile of mystical beauty on her lips.

"Go to your Mother, John, and I will be waiting for you." And then it was Easter in his heart and in hers.

Easter Celebrations.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

THERE runs a custom through each passing year,
 So that when Eastertide approaches near,
 The throng their winter raiment lay aside
 And march forth smiling in the new-born pride
 Of Spring's adornment, though the day be chill.
 I also walk their way and note the thrill
 Of many a ribbon, ruffle, pleat, and frill;
 High hats, tight fitting frocks, and jaunty vest;
 But most of all, spring bonnets gaily dressed
 In an unlimited variety
 Of plumes and blooms of summer verdancy.
 Yet on the passing show all seem so bent,
 I wonder if they feel the deep intent
 Of Easter—feel the moral quickening,
 They celebrate as the advent of Spring.

The Easter Spirit.

JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14.



AFTER the past six weeks of more or less stringent observance of the Lenten period, man awakes on this Easter morn with thoughts of varied nature—that is, if he is the average man. The nature of these thoughts will range all the way from one of perfect self-content with his conscientious efforts at self-mortification to those concerning his latest "London model." The first limit is undoubtedly a most just and proper one, while the place of the latter may not be gain-said. But betwixt these two, or perhaps beyond the first, it seems there should be another thought, one more pregnant with the blessings of the day.

What does Easter really mean to you? Whether such question interrupts the morning reverie of the average man, or disturbs his train of thought, is not a subject for investigation beyond the pale of the psychical laboratory. But the significance of the question is potent with life and contagious with goodness. Whether we have fully done our part in the preparation of ourselves for this holy feast—beyond the acquirement of fresh bodily attire—is a thought for ourselves alone. But what Easter really means to each one of us vitally concerns all, for the spirit within us shows itself through our nature to our neighbor.

Does it mean only that the long, dreary days of the wintry season, with their inconvenient and disagreeable attendants, are gone from us for another year? Does the coming of Easter merely mark the close of an enforced and irksome period of restraint from certain pleasures? Is Easter but the magic sesame of our world of joy? Or penetrating below the outer surface of worldly gloss attaching itself to the time, do we see the real meaning of Easter—catch its powerful signification?

It seems comparatively easy to catch the Christmas spirit, at least one sort of it; but the Easter spirit is elusive, elusive as the March hares of the Easter cards, a meaningless combination, by the way. Christmas seems so much older, more familiar and closer to us than Easter, that we imbibe of its joy with greater facility. Perhaps this close association of our hearts with the feast of the Nativity is due in no small measure to the experiences of our earlier days and to the customs of the season. Or perhaps, the feast being the commemoration of an event quite natural to us mortals, a birth, its meaning is more readily grasped and brought home to us by our feeble human minds. In any case, when the Paschal time approaches it is difficult to see just wherein is to be found the spirit of the season. Our darkened intellects, illuminated but dimly with education, and brushed but poorly by culture, are unable to understand the events commemorated today or gather their full significance of spirit. The Faith of our fathers may be in us, and we may believe the mystery with unbounded constancy, but its presence somehow fails to awaken us as does even the approach of Christmas.

The dark days of the past week, so full of sorrow and passion, yet so necessary for today, awaken feelings within us far different to those of the time of Advent. Human nature, so pleasure-loving and health-worshipping, is not attracted to the contemplation of the consuming days and their prototypes as it is to the days of expectation. Suffering in any form and death as the close of suffering, are subjects not naturally delightful for contemplation. So it is, perhaps, for this reason that frail human nature is content with observing the mere form of the day and its raiment revival. It is not surprising, then, that on Easter morn the average man's thoughts are superficial, and his chief concern his part in the play of the day. Such is his nature; a nature to which pain is abhorrent,

and a nature which is so clouded by sensuality that it can not fully realize the value of suffering.

Nevertheless, back of all the cruel scenes of the past week, there is moving the spirit of the season. No longer the Babe, so helpless and enchanting in crib of straw or in His mother's arms, but the full-grown God-Man fulfilling the mission of his earthly career. It is the spirit of more than a Leader, of more than a King. It is the Spirit of Life, the spirit of triumph, of victory. What manner of victory it is we know; but we are apt, in the light of what we have said before, to forget its real, personal, intimate meaning for each of us. We perhaps forget that the feast of a few months before, to whose nature we come so close, is the necessary forerunner of today. We may forget, in the abhorrence of the awful scenes of last Friday, the fact that today is only because such events have been. We may forget in

the physical joy of the season, the spiritual joy of the day—a more truly eternal joy than that of Christmas, if we but think on it for a moment. For the joy of Christmas is tinged with the sorrow of the holy Mother at the thought of Good Friday; while today the heavens and the earth hold jubilee with an eternity of bliss before them. Typified in the renewal of all natural life, is the glorious joy of the mysterious Resurrection. It is the keynote of the joyous anthem which, murmured from afar during the past week, today bursts forth in the full strength of its wondrous tone. The idea that this holy Easter morn is the dawn of our reception into the Promised Land; that this day is the day without which all our life would be in vain; that Easter is the commemoration of the greatest victory ever to be recorded in the annals of creation—of the order of this idea should be the real meaning of the Easter spirit.

What Bill Told.

HUGH V. LACEY, '16.



THROUGHOUT my whole two winters of Alaskan loneliness I never felt that way before. What with Bill's little attack of delirium and that ghastly find in the morning, my nerve was completely shaken, so badly in fact that I would start half out of my seat at every sputter from the fire or at the least creaking of the wind-driven door. And a ghastly thing it is, no matter how inured one becomes to horrible sights, to come upon a man seated tranquilly on a dog-deserted sled, his chin resting in his hands, only to find him with his eyes fast closed—stark dead,—frozen as he sat. Creepy, I call it. This thing has no bearing on the story to follow. It merely serves to indicate my state of mind.

I got up from my seat by the fire and walked to the window where I stood leaning against the sash and looking out into the night. The sky was lighted hazy yellow by the moon that had not yet come over the hill. There was a sort of murk in the air and the trees showed through it like swaying wraiths. Up against the sky-line of the bald rock-rim of the valley, I could see the vague outlines of a lone timber wolf trotting the snow-crust, and as the jaundiced moon poked its edge over the hilltop,

the wolf pointed his nose toward the sky and let loose his loneliness in a howl that echoed across the valley like a banshee's wail.

I shuddered and, as I turned from the window, Bill rose up in the bed. He was swinging his arms wildly and uttering gurgling, half strangling cries whose very violence forced him awake. I stood in the middle of the room, aghast and motionless. Had my partner gone mad? I asked myself fearfully. Seeing me, he leaped from the bed, wild-eyed and quivering, the muscles of his face twitching from I knew not what. Throwing himself on the floor at my feet and clutching frantically at my knees, he mumbled broken, incoherent sounds as of fear commingled with joy and relief at my presence. I comforted him as best I could, told him there was nothing to be frightened at—though I myself was showing him a poor example of courage had he but observed the stick of stove-wood that I had hastily snatched up and still retained—and with him still clinging to me, went to the medicine chest where I took out the two-quart jug and poured a half-tumbler of raw whiskey which he drained at a draught.

I helped him to a chair before the mud-plastered fireplace and piled up a heap of pine-boughs on the sinking embers. The fire

climbed up the chimney with a roar and the single room of the cabin was bright and filled with flickering shadows. Bill sat silent in the chair, his face pale and drawn from his recent excitement, his hands clinched onto the chair-arms till the knuckles gleamed white through the drawn skin. He had sunk into an unblinking reverie from which I made a couple of attempts to arouse him but without success.

I wished he would speak. The uncanny feeling that had possessed me all day, the morning's cadaver, the yellow, ghostly gleam outside, and Bill's unaccountable terror—I could stand the silence no longer.

"Considerable dream you had, Bill," I said to him with a poorly simulated laugh, thinking to bolster up my own courage at the sound of his voice and, incidentally, to see if he was the same old Bill.

"Dream," he almost shouted back at me; "Dream—a chunk from life," and he relapsed into silence.

I brought out the two-quart jug again and poured a generous drink for the both of us. It acted as a lubricant, and Bill, shivering like a man with the ague, opened his talk.

"I suppose you think it kiddish of me," he began almost shamefacedly, "this falling to pieces over what you consider a mere dream."

"Oh no," I lied glibly and encouragingly, "I've done it myself."

"Of course it is a dream," he muttered slowly as if entirely oblivious of my presence and seeking only to convince himself. Then to me, "but this is no ordinary dream. It is no mere fabric of the imagination woven of insignificant and disconnected facts, as are most dreams, but in those moments when you saw me cringing before you—you know me—" he broke off in sudden appeal, "I ain't a coward."

You bet I did know Bill, and you bet he was no coward.

"In those moments I was living over to the every detail, the most horrible, the most grewsome affair that it has been my lot or the lot of most other men ever to witness. In those instants before I leaped from the bed, I was seeing again in all its horrifying reality—but I'll begin at the beginning."

Bill was silent for a moment brooding on his experience. I confess that by now I wasn't over-anxious to hear it. The preamble had not been very alluring. I was shaking but not from cold. Bill began:

"My early life was spent in the New England village of Westmere." I hadn't heard this before; he had been rather reticent about his younger days and, well, in Alaska, it isn't etiquette to pry.

"Behind our house and across a lot, lived a widow, a kindly little mite of a woman with gray hair and a wizened smile that always gave the impression of a world of trouble hidden behind it. And a world of trouble there was, too. Twenty years before, she and her husband had come to Westmere. He had been a painter and was at work on a canvas which, so critics afterwards said, would have made him famous had it been completed. He and his wife were, naturally, very deeply interested in the work and it was almost finished when he met his death, a violent one. The shock to her was terrific. A month or two after a son was born. The artist had left his wife only a few hundred dollars the most of which was expended during the illness following the birth of her child, and she was later forced to earn a living for the two of them by taking in the neighborhood washing."

All this was ordinary, everyday prattle to me who had once lived in a crowded city, a trifle pathetic 'tis true, but no horror-producer at all. Yet Bill's fright augured more and worse coming, I did not doubt.

"The foregoing I got from hearsay for at the occurrence of what I am about to tell you, I was a child of only five or six years. By this time the boy had grown up. He was a great, strapping fellow, in body a very giant but in mind, a complete, a hopeless idiot. I have since wondered why the authorities had let her keep him, for, although he seemed as harmless as a young calf, there was no telling what he might do if once aroused. Still there was some charity in their souls so they let him remain, and idiot though he was, he proved a great comfort to her in her loneliness, showing in many ways that he loved her—some consolation to an otherwise loveless woman.

"Mother used frequently to send me over to the house with pieces of cake, or part of a roast which we had left over from dinner and in this way I got to know her very well. Even at that age I could not help but admire her for she bore up wonderfully, smiling always, despite her misfortunes. Yet in all my trips to her house, I had never once been inside, though she never failed to invite me. I always paid my brief visit from outside by the door, for

I possessed a sort of inborn fear of her grinning boy. And all day long, while she toiled away at her washtub, the great idiot son, six-foot-two of brawn and muscle, would sit on the floor in the corner and grin and grin as with a great pudgy forefinger he traced imaginary figures on the floor before him.

"On an afternoon in early summer the tragedy occurred. Its every detail is as though chiseled into my brain. Mother had sent me over with a plate of gingerbread. As I neared the house I could see in through the open door. Everything was as usual. The little woman stooped over her washtub and I could hear her humming broken bits of a rather mournful melody as she worked. Over in the corner sat the great idiot son, who, with a huge, pudgy forefinger, was tracing his eternal figures on the floor before him as he grinned and grinned."

Bill stopped talking for a bit and I noticed that his facial muscles were twitching almost as badly as when he had first leaped from the bed. The idiot son with his grins and his figures was getting me going too. I wished Bill would finish his story and shut up.

"A trifle started it all," continued he, "but then, a leak in a dike starts a great inundation, and a tiny pebble a landslide that wipes out whole villages, they say. So with this. A kitten, a tiny, homeless kitten provoked it all. Having strayed in from the street in hopes of a saucer of milk, it had been fed and now, in its happiness, was rolling on its back and playfully mauling a feather in its forepaws. Suddenly wearying of this it became quiet and as I reached the door, I saw it crouched low, its tail moving slightly at the tip as it watched the slow movements of the boy's forefinger tracing the endless figures on the floor.

"The climax came quickly. The boy had evidently made a sudden movement with his hand and the kitten, after the manner of its kind, leaped and buried its teeth in the big forefinger. That was sufficient to arouse the latent violence in him. With a howl he arose from the floor and pursued the frightened animal across the room to where it had taken refuge behind the skirts of the mother who strove to quiet the now obsessed boy. In attempting to get at the object of his wrath, he was shoving his mother roughly aside when he caught his hand on a large pin with which she fastened up her apron and, upon jerking away, he got a deep tear from the elbow almost

to the wrist, and blood immediately appeared on the surface. The sight of it and the pain increased his madness until it was terrible to look upon. But the object of his anger had suddenly changed. The kitten, cowering in the corner, was forgotten. The atrophied brain had conceived a new vengeance.

"I stood by the door paralyzed with fright, unable to stir hand or foot, to utter a sound. The son's face was toward me. I shall never forget it—hideously distorted by passion, nostrils distended through which the breath came in snorts, and eyes—dragon eyes. I watched him seize the little mite of a woman and dash her to the floor. I saw him put his foot upon her body and grasping her head in his great hands as she piteously pleaded with him, fairly tear it from the trunk and hurl it with terrific violence toward the door where I stood. It flew wide and struck the wall just beside me. With that I became suddenly alive. My dead limbs threw off their numbness and with a scream, I fled."

Bill stopped speaking, and when he began again, I scarcely heard him.

"When I reached home, I could not speak. The horror of what I had seen sickened me. I can see again the—"

"Stop! stop!" I cried. I did not want him to repeat any of it. My mind was already full of the frightful picture—the tiny mite of a woman, the great grinning boy with his endless trceries, the playful kitten, the tragedy, then the headless trunk and jets of carmine pumping forth into the widening pool and the head itself flung with terrific force against the wall just beside the quaking boy. In my imagination I could see it as it struck and flattened, then fell to the floor, and the crimson streams that trickled down the walls for the wide, red blotch. "Great God," I shuddered, and covered my face with my hands in vain endeavor to shut out the picture.

"And the boy," I asked later, "did they have a hard time overpowering him?"

"No," Bill answered, "No, when people reached the house they found him sitting on the floor beside the body. He was dipping his huge, pudgy forefinger in the blood that flowed freely from the still warm body, and drawing endless figures on the floor before him as he grinned and grinned."

Bill and I emptied the two-quart jug between us and turned in.

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NO. 23

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—For a long time it has been the custom here at Notre Dame that the Easter edition of the SCHOLASTIC be the editors' edition, that it be somewhat ampler than usual and that it contain a group picture of the editorial staff. It is in compliance with this custom that we have undertaken our present task in the hope that our efforts may be favorably received by our readers.

—There is not a plant in all the world so precocious as the "dinky" list. When the buds are just beginning to emanate, when the grass is scarcely green and the dandelion yet in retirement, the scroll of Somnus has already assumed the proportions of a Brobdignagian. A view of the Sorin list actually made us call for smelling-salts. How strange it seems that the seat of wisdom and discipline, but recently proud of its solely potential representation, should have evolved twenty-three delegates! The proportional representation of St. Joseph's is equally elaborate. A gaze at Corby and Brownson, respectively, is a confirmation of the fact that records there are being hardly pushed, while Walsh, last but not best (emphatic litotes), holds the spectator in expressionless awe. Does not this indicate an unwarranted anticipation of the balmy leisure of the Easter holidays? The term *student* should be restricted in application to

men striving for the things of mind. If you are fortunate enough to be included under this term, why not strive to become worthy of it? We admit the temptations and mischievous lure of the redolent atmosphere, but we do not grant that an intelligent young man has an insufficiency of will-power to restrict his day-dreams. "Life is real, life is earnest," says Longfellow, and he has been successfully refuted only in practice.

The Easter Program.

The principal events in the celebration of Easter at the University this year will be the Varsity-Michigan baseball game, the Senior Ball and the Senior play. The ball game will be played on Cartier Field, Easter Monday afternoon at two o'clock. The Senior Ball festivities will begin with a supper at the Oliver hotel at seven o'clock, Easter Monday evening. The affair will be formal, and after the supper the couples will go to the dance hall where the grand march will begin at eight-thirty o'clock. The Senior play will be given on Tuesday afternoon in Washington hall. The curtain will rise at two-thirty p. m.

A Pleasing Concert.

Two weeks in college reckoning of time is ancient history, but in this instance we feel justified in reverting back to a concert that was given in Washington hall, Monday afternoon, March 30th. The vocal and instrumental selections were uniformly well rendered, and the whole concert party of such excellent attainments that individual mention would be in the nature of superfluous encomium. The very fact that the party was hastily organized to fill a defaulted date makes it all the more to their credit that they should have scored such a signal success.

The Fortune Hunter.

The Fortune Hunter, the phenomenal New York dramatic success of recent memory, was read by Mr. Edward P. Elliott in Washington Hall Wednesday evening, April 1st. The story of the young man who starts out to recoup his fallen fortunes by marrying an heiress, is a most interesting one. Mr. Elliott handled

his theme very capably, and sustained the interest of the audience to the end. His interpretation of the shiftless old druggist, and the two gossips, was probably his best effort. His impersonation of the fortune hunter made that worthy appear to be anything but an ideal character. The female rôles were essayed with even less success. All that should have been alluring in Betty was dissipated by the flat, colorless voice with which the reader invested her. We didn't expect much from Josie Lockwood, but it may well be doubted if even that unsophisticated country lass would be guilty of all the awkward poses and mannerisms that Mr. Elliott depicted in her. Nevertheless, we must credit Mr. Elliott with having attained his end most satisfactorily, for despite the several imperfections the lecture was of absorbing interest throughout.

Moot Court Trial.

The case of the Notre Dame Bar Association *vs.* Twomey M. Clifford held in the Notre Dame Moot Court, came to a close last Saturday afternoon when the jury brought in a verdict for the defendant. The trial which lasted a week is said to be the most interesting ever held in the local Moot Court. From the opening day, when Mr. Durrell as a witness proved himself a good comedian, to the final argument of the attorneys on Saturday, the crowded law room was kept at a high pitch of interest by the exciting proceedings. Mr. Vincent McCarthy ably qualified as an expert on handwriting and made a most valuable witness for the defendant, when he declared that he did not believe that the handwriting, whereby the Judge's minute docket had been altered, was that of the defendant. So well did the young lawyers handle the testimony produced that the outcome was in doubt until the jury had returned a verdict for the defendant, and Mr. Clifford was exonerated. Then Judge Farabaugh further set at rest those minds that had taken the moot proceedings too seriously, when he declared that he had altered the minute docket for the purpose of having an interesting trial. The attorneys on both sides acted like veterans. Craven, Massey and O'Neill represented the plaintiff, while the noted firm of Curry and Curry championed the cause of the defendant in their usual successful manner.

Society Notes.

THE CIVIL ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The civil engineers met Sunday evening at the regular session. Although the attendance was not as large as expected, the full program was rendered. The audience, though small was select.

Mr. Verns opened the program with a paper relative to sanitary science, "A plea for more stringent sanitary regulations." He discussed the sanitation of a city and showed the necessity for sewage removal. His paper was particularly apropos on account of the prominence given the sanitation of the Canal Zone in the magazines.

Mr. Bartel presented a mathematical discussion of great interest especially to the students of the calculus, "The Line of Infinity." He showed clearly that some of the apparent paradoxes are easily explained by one conversant with the mathematical conception of the infinite.

Mr. Salazar's paper dealt with the government method of dividing the public lands. It was very instructive, as the method is ingenious and has quite a history as Mr. Salazar showed.

Mr. Bracho presented the question for discussion with clarity and vigor. He showed the relation between force and energy and the reasonableness of the law of the conservation of matter.

The Director announced that a lecture course had been arranged for the weeks following Easter. This course will consist of lectures by prominent members of the profession from various parts of the state. Indiana has many well-known engineers and the meetings should be well attended. The subjects for the lectures will be announced in advance so that the members of the society will be prepared to discuss the matter with the lecturer.

THE PAD AND PENCIL CLUB.

An upheaval in the Pad and Pencil Club resulted in the overthrow of the reigning dynasty and the election of a new staff of officers to direct the weighty affairs of the organization.

J. U. Riley, former president, and George Kowalski, former keeper of the exchange—both of Walsh Hall fame and proud of it they say—and "Scoop" Sholem of world-fame,—were two zealous examples of the laws of inertia to satisfy the enterprising spirits of the rest of

the class, and so were ousted. They had been installed in office through the steam-roller tactics of Andy "Son-of-W.-Durbin-of-Cincinnati,-you-knew-my-brother" Durbin and the news bobbler making a move toward clean politics, disposed the whole lot of 'em, supplanting them with the following: Pres., D. E. Hilgartner, Jr.; Vice Pres., J. J. Flynn; Sec't., E. J. McOske; Tres., J. J. Miller; Chairman, F. T. Taffe; Reporter, L. S. Berner.

The popularity of the new officers was attested by the fact that the president and official reporter were elected unanimously. The policy of the new president, as extolled in his speech of acceptance of the office, was greeted enthusiastically, and preparations will begin immediately on the annual freshman journalist number of the SCHOLASTIC. The possibility of a class banquet before Easter was also discussed.

HOLY CROSS SENIOR LITERARY.

Sunday evening, March 29, the Senior Literary Society held its regular meeting. An interesting program, which showed careful and assiduous preparation was rendered. A symposium on Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was the first number. Mr. John Kroll read a critical essay, "Longfellow, the Narrative Poet"; Mr. H. Weidner then followed with a paper, "Longfellow as a Dramatist"; Mr. W. Lyons concluded the number with an appreciation of Longfellow as a Lyricist; Mr. F. Boland read a number of limericks, and Mr. J. Thole furnished the humor of the evening with "A Nonsensical Oration." The program was brought to a fitting close by the inaugural address of the president, Mr. Patrick H. Dolan.

Personals.

—E. K. Delana (Litt. B. '11) is practising law in the Marquette Building, Chicago, Illinois.

—Cyril J. Curran (A. B. '12) is one of the editors of the Law Review issued by Columbia University.

—John A. Sawkins (E. E. '13) has a position with the General Electric Company of Schenectady, New York.

—Michael Hartigan (LL. B. '87) is city attorney at Hastings, Nebraska, and prosecuting attorney of Adams County, Nebraska.

—M. M. Oshe (LL. B. '13) is assistant city attorney for the city of Zanesville, Ohio, and

is secretary of the Board of State Supervisors of Elections.

—Thomas A. J. Dockweiler (A. B. '12) is one of the board of editors of the California Law Review, issued by the faculty and students of the Faculty of Jurisprudence, University of California.

—Francis X. Cull, '09, visited old friends at the University last week. He is now with a prominent law firm in Cleveland, and is meeting with success. Brother Florian points him out as an example of the successful men his St. Joseph hallers make.

—Brother Engelbert, C. S. C., President of Holy Cross College, New Orleans, Louisiana, sent a box of beautiful palm branches for the blessing last Sunday. They were by far the most beautiful ever seen at Notre Dame. Brother Engelbert has our best thanks.

—John Francis O'Connell, our cheery Assistant Manager of Athletics last year, has now the following rather impressive card: "John F. O'Connell, Attorney at Law, 729 Stock Exchange Building, Chicago." We knew it would not take "Jack" long to get started. We wish him all the success possible.

—The Hon. Nicholas J. Sinnott (A. B. '92), a member of congress from Oregon, broke into the spot-light in Washington recently by a brilliant attack on President Wilson in connection with the "Sims Repeal Bill." "Nick's" fluency and energy as a speaker, together with a delicious flavor of humor and sarcasm, made a great impression on the House.

—William J. Milroy (LL. B. '13), the Varsity orator and debater of the past few years, is now with the law firm of Shepard, McCormick, Thompson and Patterson, Tribune Building, Chicago. He finds the city life agreeable, and says that he has found nothing in "the dim, distant future," we hear about in valedictories, to get frightened at. Keep up the good work, Billy.

Obituary.

MRS. JACOB SCHERRER.

The University lost a good friend in the death of Mrs. Jacob Scherrer who passed away recently in her home in Denver, Colorado. Three of her sons were educated at Notre Dame. To them and the rest of the bereaved family we extend most profound sympathy. R. I. P.

Examinations.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17.

Classes taught at 8:15 and 10:15 a. m. will be examined at 8:15 and 10:30 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 and 2:05 p. m. will be examined at 1:15 and 4:30 p. m. respectively.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18.

Classes taught at 9:05 and 11:10 a. m. will be examined at 8:15 and 10:30 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 2:55 p. m. will be examined at 1:15 p. m.

Christian Doctrine classes will be examined Sunday, April 19, 7:00 p. m.

Changes in Class Schedule, April 9-17.

On Thursday, April 9, regular Saturday classes will be held.

On Friday, April 10, there will be no Military Drill. The 1:15 and 2:05 classes will be held at 1:15 and 2:05 respectively. The Way of the Cross at 3:00 p. m.

Classes resume Wednesday, April 15, 8:15 a. m.

On Thursday, April 16, the regular Tuesday classes will be held.

Local News.

—Do your Easter shopping late. Suit sales come in July.

—The campus has undergone its first spring raking and the early April showers are already bringing out the green upon the sod.

—We wish to express our appreciation to Professor Francis X. Ackerman for the artistic mounting of the SCHOLASTIC Editors for the cut which appears in this issue.

—Father Farley is merely waiting now for Lent to end. He will then organize his famous twilight league, and let "joy be unconfined." Havlin will not be permitted to play.

—"What's Next?" the Senior play will be presented Tuesday afternoon in Washington hall. Some good comedy is promised the students, and some very noted performers are numbered in the cast.

—The boys who went down town in search of the belated concert company finally located them and corralled them in Washington hall five days after their scheduled appearance. The boys must have advertised in the "Lost and Found" column.

—The Senior ball, which will be given at the Oliver hotel Easter Monday night, promises to be a very pretentious social function. The committee in charge of the affairs is composed

of Harry Newning, Thomas Curry, William Galvin, Albert King, John Hearn, Arthur Carmody, Charles Dorais, and Frank Hogan.

—The Notre Dame council of the Knights of Columbus joined with the South Bend council March 29 and exemplified the first degree to a large number of candidates. The exemplification of the second and third degrees will also be a joint initiation and will occur early in May.

—The Junior class held a meeting last Monday night in the Sorin law room. The coming Junior class prom was discussed informally and other business talked over. While, of course, the small attendance was due to the study habit of every Junior, still this shouldn't be an excuse the next time a call for the Juniors is issued.

—The New Englanders have held a meeting lately in 201 Sorin hall where a general get-acquainted atmosphere prevailed. They now feel sufficiently well-acquainted to deem it advisable to become a permanent organization at Notre Dame. Let every New Englander be present at the next meeting which will be announced in a few days.

—One of the features of the Commencement program next June will be an out-door performance of "As You Like It." It will be the first time to present a play in such a manner at Notre Dame, but judging from the success of such performances at other colleges, especially in England, we have every reason to believe that it will be a praiseworthy innovation.

—Some of those who have seen the baseball schedule of Texas University and found thereon a contest slated with Wabash at Crawfordsville have expressed surprise that the Varsity is not due to meet the Longhorns, also. The explanation is this, the Varsity will be on its Eastern trip at the same time Texas is making its Northern invasion. We are sorry that these two nines will not meet, for we like the Longhorn's sportsmanship.

—The interhall teams are out for practice these days, and from their speed at this early date we believe the season will be a most successful one. It will be impossible, however, to compute the strength of the various teams until it is known definitely which of last year's hall men will be chosen for the Varsity. Meyers and Brooks of Walsh, Bjoin and Crilly of Brownson, Campbell and Cahill of Corby and D. Newning of Sorin are among the old inter-

hall men who are now with the Varsity squad.

—Work has progressed far on the 1914 "Dome" and the editors will soon be in a state of perpetual excitement when it comes to chasing madly over Notre Dame's six hundred acres trying to locate the proper men for the purpose of making them pose for the camera. The editor, however, is from the South, and is not naturally inclined to rush madly. If you want to find yourself among your classmates and hallmates, it will be safer to obey the first call.

—As the glorious days of spring approach there are a number of aspirants for the marble championship of 1914. Since last year's celebrated champion is no longer at Notre Dame the contests should be all the more lively. Anybody is eligible, but freshmen are particularly advised to enter, since conference rules do not govern this form of sport. Coach Eichenlaub and Patrolman Lenihan, two of last year's officers, will probably preside at the events this spring. The office of Attorney is open to any senior lawyer who can qualify.

—Following an ancient and venerable custom, we present the following item: Now that the lakes have lost their icy crust, and the warm south winds have kissed the limbs into bud, we will soon hear the lusty "Row, row," of the coxswains of the various classes, urging their men on to heroic efforts in preparation for the Commencement races. We are now out of breath after that sentence, but we hasten to add: But with no more Fordyce to urge Father Carroll to order new oar-locks, and with no Father Carroll to be urged, what are we going to do?

—Under the title of "The University of Notre Dame Studies," a series of general and historical pamphlets are to be published by the University. The first number of the series, just issued, is entitled "The Michigan Essay" and is the work of Rev. Paul J. Foik, C. S. C., Ph. D. "The Michigan Essay, or Impartial Observer," was Michigan's first newspaper and was published by Rev. Fr. Gabriel Richard in 1809. Much that is of historical interest is connected with the publication of the Essay, and Father Foik has produced a pamphlet of exceeding interest. The publication of other numbers of a similar nature will be anxiously awaited.

—Among the most noted visitors at the University during the past week was Senior

Tie Me, who dropped in unexpectedly April Fool's eve. He visited the various halls and urged the boys to tie him in any manner and he promised to free himself from the knots. Rope was used and the poor fellow almost lost his breath and life when the sinewy arms of the athletes drew the cords about him. In Sorin the fellows won out when the Senior of would-be fame begged for mercy after ten minutes of struggling to free himself from "Red" Regan's hog-tie. The performer was then treated to a bath while singing a Scotch folk-song, and left muttering maledictions that would have done credit to a gang foreman.

—The Kentucky Club met last Wednesday evening and enjoyed the usual good will and hospitality of each other. Mr. Pat Harl, a Kentuckian, who had been absent when the club was organized, was initiated. After having successfully qualified he cheerfully went through all the exercises until the order was given to "bring out the goat." At that the sergeant-at-arms made a tackle for one of the original members, and the initiation ended in laughter. Kentucky topics were discussed by some of the members, and two delightful poems, "In Kentucky" and "Take Me Home," were read by Charles Haydon and Gerald Clements respectively. The financial secretary was instructed to expend the money on hand for Natural Leaf.

—It has been said that a school succeeds when it teaches a man to love knowledge. Judged by this standard, Notre Dame is a success. It is interesting to see how many Notre Dame men take post-graduate courses after receiving their Bachelors degree here. To mention only a few: John McDill Fox, '09, is in Harvard, Cyril Curran, '12, and Frank Stanford, '13, are in Columbia, Henry Dockweiler, '12, is in Georgetown, and his brother Thomas at the University of California, Pat Barry, '12, and Edward Howard, also '12, are in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, John Burns, '13, is at Michigan, and William Corcoran, '12, in Northwestern, Simon Twining, '13, is at Indiana, and Jesse Herr, '13, in Michigan. All these men made creditable records for themselves while at Notre Dame, and we know that they are good representatives to the other Universities.

—Through the courtesy of Frank Mayr and Sons, jewelers of South Bend, some new

athletic trophies are to be awarded at Notre Dame. Beginning with this baseball season, a watch-fob will be awarded to the man who, according to the Faculty athletic board, does the best work for the team. The fob will be in the shape of a baseball of gold, with a blue N. D. and the name of the winner engraved on it. A like trophy will be awarded to the football hero each season, the fob to be in the shape of a football. The donors will also present two silver cups, one to the interhall team winning the football championship and the other to the hall which has the winning baseball team. The University expresses its gratitude to this liberal firm.

Athletic Notes.

OPENING GAME WITH WISCONSIN.

Last Friday Coach Harper announced the welcome news that the University of Wisconsin would be the Varsity's first opponent of the season. The Badgers are on a Southern trip, and sought Notre Dame for the first contest, which will take place Thursday afternoon, the ninth. This will undoubtedly prove one of the hardest and best games of the season. It is reported that the visitors are in fine condition, and will be this year, as usual, strong contenders for the Conference Championship. Thursday's battle will also give the dopesters a chance to line up Notre Dame with the Big Nine aggregations.

In all probability, Capt. Kelly will be on the mound for the locals—which augurs well for a victory. "Moke's" past prowess is well-known, and as he has been putting great stuff on the ball this year, the visitors will have to go the limit to clinch a decision. Kenny or Gray will take care of the receiving, with the veterans, Farrell and Harry Newning, holding down the far corners. The middle of the infield is still a problem, Myers, Mills, Mike and Art Carmody and Dee Newning, all fighting hard for places. The make-up of the outfield is just as uncertain, but with Bergman, Duggan, Lathrop, Bjoin and Finegan, a trio of heavy hitters can be picked.

Saturday, Olivet furnishes the attraction. It is expected that the visitors, though not in a class with Michigan and Wisconsin, will put up a good fight—we write this with memories of three years ago, when Capt. "Cy" Williams

won this game in the tenth with a home run. The most probable candidate for mound duty are Berger and Sheehan, either of whom can be relied on to puzzle the visitors. If it is dark weather, the chances favor the former, because of his great speed.

Easter Monday will see the resumption of athletic relations with Michigan, after a lapse of five years. This will be the first of a three-game series, the other contests to be staged at Ann Arbor in June.

The Wolverines are also on a Southern trip, games having been scheduled with Kentucky, Georgia and Alabama State Universities, Vanderbilt and Notre Dame. At the present writing the Kentucky Colonels have already bowed before the invaders by a 7 to 1 score. Sisler, the Michigan mound star, allowed only two hits.

It can be confidently expected that after such a trip, the visitors will be in mid-season form, and ready to clinch with the Gold and Blue. If, as is probable, Sisler is saved for this contest, and King Kelly opposes him, it will be a battle royal, worth going miles to see. The Ann Arbor squad is composed largely of veterans, and here they will have a little advantage. Michigan and Notre Dame, moreover, are old-time rivals, and a fight to the finish is inevitable,—and each team knows that its work is cut out. We earnestly hope that we will have on that occasion warm weather and success.

INTERHALL BASEBALL PROSPECTS.

Although no effort has as yet been made to frame an interhall schedule, and although it is probable that the season will not open until about the first of May, still the "dope" is already flying around, and most of the men are already lined up on paper. A little real baseball weather will undoubtedly bring out all the stars and near-stars, both old and new, and the crack of the bat will soon be heard on every campus. The final cut on the Varsity squad will soon be made, and the result will be a replenishment of interhall ranks. The fight for positions will then be on, and in several instances it promises to be a merry one.

Corby will of course be in the field endeavoring to retain the championship, which she won last year after a mighty struggle. The Braves will have a number of last year's stars back. Mike Carmody, Rohan, "Jimmie" Cahill, Finegan, Pliska and Fitzgerald are among the

last year's champions who are trying for places on the Varsity. That all of them can not be successful is evident, and the "left-overs" should form the nucleus of a splendid ball team. Such men as Rockne, Larkin, Bergman and Keefe can, of course, be depended upon, while a number of new men will try for places. Burke looks like a wonder on first. Slattery can work behind the bat, while Daly is an infielder.

Brownson, of course, looks great on pre-season dope. Mottz will again be seen at the receiving end. It is probable that either Crilly or Flynn will be let out from the Varsity to serve as first pitcher. Joe Miller, Finegan and McQuaid may also be seen in the box. If both Bjoin and Lathrop make the Varsity, Haydon may be placed on first. Yeager at second, Thorpe on short and Kline at third is the remainder of the dope on the infield. The outfield is very uncertain and it looks as though the best hitters would land the jobs.

With Beckman, catcher, Kane and Stack, pitchers, Ward, Delph and Bartel, infielders, Pepin and O'Donnell outfielders and a number of other experienced men in line, St. Joseph should be in the fight.

Sorin, too, has the nucleus of a team. Walsh, the tallest, and McLaughlin, one of the shortest men in school, will probably form the battery. Eichenlaub, Walter and Gerald Clements, Eich, Krajewski, Nowers and Hines are among the other promising men.

We counted Walsh out of both football and basketball before the season started and the south-siders proceeded to cop both pennants, therefore, we will refuse to make any predictions in baseball. Father McNamara has a number of strong men left from last year. Brooke, Canty, Hayes, Bush, Leuty and Baujan will be remembered from last year. Furthermore we suggest that everyone watch Walsh. She is becoming rather consistent in this business of winning pennants.

Safety Valve.

Suggestions as to how to make a Christmas story suitable for Easter:

- Change Christmas to Easter whenever it occurs.
- Have the fields covered with grass instead of snow (in case you're a highbrow, use tender verdure).
- Change the Christmas presents to Easter eggs.
- Make a rabbit out of the Christmas turkey.
- Leave the Christmas tree out in the woods to serve as shade for your picnic.
- Call the piercing winds "sweet zephyrs."

Make the icicles that hang from the trees "young buds that burden the air with sweet perfume."

Rip all the fur off the coats to give them a spring effect, and don't tolerate a man with his ears covered. If necessary, take his hat away and leave him bare-headed.

Instead of having father stagger under the load of toys he has bought for Willie let him stagger under the weight of the milliner's bill, which some one else has brought upon him.

Change the Christmas holidays into the short Easter vacation, and if the plot of your story actually requires the student to be at home for a week or two, give him the mumps or measles as an explanation for his being at home.

If none of these rules seem effective, if the Christmas spirit so pervades everything in the story—well, have the hero propose to the girl at Christmas and marry her at Easter.

Sorin Haller (singing)—I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.

THIS POETRY WAS WRITTEN BY BARNEY MCQUADE
FOR ENGLISH CLASS.

Buns are good for breakfast,
Buns are good for throwing;
So be careful, darling,
We are eating too fast.

THE EASTER SPIRIT.

Eggs, rabbits, bonnets and rain.

And you'd have a hard task proving that the old-time Easter suits that were made for Willie and Johnny out of papa's last year's clothes were not more becoming than the new suits our young men wear nowadays.

Some of the new suits would make one believe that the tailor has left his ironing board and a few flat-irons in one of the shoulders.

SPRING POETRY.

Spring has come, Spring has come,
Rah! rah! rah! for Notre Dame.

TRIMMINGS.

The wife would have her husband buy
An Easter-bonnet fine
"Now, have it trimmed to suit yourself—
Your taste is just divine."

He stepped into the milliner's

And asked to see a bonnet.

"It's for my wife for Easter, mam,
So put some eggs upon it."

DUNCAN.

A MASTER HISTORIAN.

Father Walsh—"At Mt. Vernon there is a carriage like those used during the reign of Chas. II., have you ever seen it, Mr. McShane?"

J. McS.—"Do you mean Mt. Vernon, Indiana, Father?"