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Edgar Allen Poe.

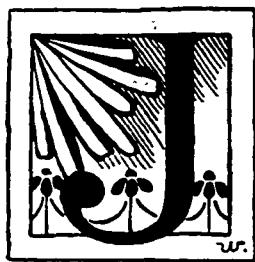
ROBERT E. LYNCH, '03.

AY wandering winds fore'er his dirge breathe
low;
Westminster, rest this child of a world unfound:
Keep safe the flowers close watching o'er his mound;
May breaking sunlight o'er his grave first flow,
And rays of dying sunset's crimson glow
Long linger there. Let sweet and soft resound
The songsters' lays: ah! sacred keep the ground
Where little honoured, not unsung, sleeps Poe.

Draw nigh the mound: a crumbling stone in earth
To mark the place that genius once had birth.
The flowers are few, the grasses high. I stand:
"The Bells" peal forth, "The Raven" croaks in vain,
The poet, dead, speaks in that same weird strain
That awed a world and swept from strand to strand.

The Christianity of Socrates.

TIMOTHY J. CROWLEY, '02.



ERUSALEM in the one hundredth and ninety-fifth Olympiad differed in little from the Athens of the seventy-fifth. In the Holy City the worship of the God of Abraham was a hollow and empty service, largely—a mere traditionary performance that served political or personal ends. The thought of God influenced little the inner life of the Pharisee, and the rationalistic Sadducee was little better than his pagan neighbors. Attention was given chiefly to externals, religion hardly meant more than propriety; the garments, not the hearts, were rent.

Similar to this was the condition of Athens. The zeal so universal in Homer's time for the worship of the divinities was replaced by a

cold and legal cult. The gods of the city exerted no positive influence over the citizens. Indeed if the sophists did not reason the deity out of existence altogether, they raised such doubts about the reality and providence of the gods that the doctrine "Carpe Diem" seemed the only reasonable one. Hesiod's ballads on the dignity of labour were valuable only for their age and metre; and the lessons of piety and reverence for traditions taught by Æschylus were ridiculed by demoralizing representations on the stage.

These were the worlds the two great champions of truth laboured to reform. The aim of both was to prepare the minds of the people for the reception of truth, to wean them from total absorption in things temporal by directing their attention to "the one thing necessary." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice," this was the mission of Christ; it was the commandment He gave His followers when He Himself was about to be delivered up and crucified for it. The lifework of Socrates was similar: "Daily," he says in the "Apology," "have I reasoned with you and tried to persuade you to seek after virtue above all things. And before he was delivered up to *The Eleven* to die for this teaching he requests his countrymen to inflict the same punishment on his children that he did on the people: "Rebuke them as soon as they seek anything other in preference to virtue." (Apol. xxxiii.)

Since, then, the conditions under which they laboured were practically the same and the end in view of both identical, we may learn of their characters by studying the means they employed to reach that common end.

Socrates felt that something was wanting in the sceptical imaginings of the sophists. Their land of promise lacked reality, and was, consequently, ill-fitted to uplift and benefit the people. The mirage of a fanciful future good seldom triumphs over present allurements. It

was impossible for their exhortations, however sincere, to have much influence on the people. The best lesson they could teach on playing the immortal or on striving after the honorable and good was marred by the fact that their doctrine was nothing more than an opinion. They themselves denied all judgment possible; Euclides was liberal, and he held but to identical ideas: "Man is man." Hence doubt penetrated everything, and as a result where there was nothing stable, no standard or tribunal of appeal, the fairest and most liberal theory was adopted as a rule of life. The sophists, and especially the demagogues, who, as Demosthenes said, had forgotten right and justice, flattered the passions of the people and were careful to remove from their ethics any disagreeable intervention of the deity. The beliefs and strict morality of earlier times were the outgrowth of ignorance and superstition which should be dispelled "by right reason and better knowledge."

It was no wonder that the advent of Socrates among this people, self-convicted of righteousness, should be ominous. He had nothing to recommend him; in fact, he had much to incur their displeasure. Naturally his appearance was laughable, and it would seem that he scrupulously refrained to improve on nature by the use of the arts. As a soldier he fought during the winter campaign in the snows of Thrace without hat or shoe; as a teacher he went along the streets barefooted and bald, persuading all of their ignorance and self-esteem. This task, divinely imposed as he believed, was a difficult one. God came on earth to convince the world of sin, and He met with opposition, insult and death. Socrates convinced men of their ignorance—the only cause of sin, he thought—and he fared no better. Like Christ, Socrates had but one doctrine and that he preached, unconditionally, to the poor and rich, old and young.

Though to all outward appearances he resembled the sophists, none, however, more zealously denounced their teachings. They were the Pharisees with whom he had to contend; their generous and mild ordinances had lulled the people into an easy self-sufficiency that took from them all ambition to strive after a higher standard of living. Socrates endeavored, as he said, to show them their error, to convince them that they were making a mean their end. Wealth and office were excellent things, and should indeed be desired, but not so as to prevent the practice of virtue

which was far superior. Christ likened the lives of the Pharisees "to whitened sepulchres, fair on the outside." Socrates taught his followers that "seeming to be and not being in reality" was the greatest sin, as it directly resulted from the only cause of all evil—ignorance. Hence to show the emptiness of the sophists' teachings he applied his cold logic to their florid theories.

He took truth for his arbiter, which meant nothing more for him than the agreement of an act or object and the intellect. Anything, he held, the intellect, uninformed by the will, pronounces upon was true, right, good and virtuous. This was reason, and should be the standard of man's conduct. It was the gauge of his own acts. He tells Crito on the eve of his death "always have I acted according to reason. Not hastily, however, do I decide according to its first passionate impulses, but I weigh and choose." Whenever by sound reason he knew that truth was on his side he despised all other allurements. He lived and died true to this conviction. The clamour of the people, the wishes of his friends, nor the love of life itself, could ever thwart him from the path of duty. "Better, Crito, that we ask ourselves, is this course,—to escape prison and death,—just, than is it fair and expedient?"

We can not justly attribute this conduct of Socrates to obstinacy or the like; for pride seldom leads its victim to make such sacrifices. Rather should we admire the saint-like action of the sage who loathes what the common lust, and who aims at his ideals—imprudently, if you will—irrespective of consequences. No matter of what age or creed, that character is admirable who seals his faith with his blood.

Great indeed as was the life and works of Socrates, what was it in comparison to the life and works of Christ—even as man, "as He walked among men!" To speak of external appearance: His perfect body and modest demeanor contrasted with the philosopher's peculiar beauty and uncouth habits. But we can hardly, even in thought, separate His divinity from His humanity. In all His actions, from the Crib to Calvary, the human seems supplemented by the divine. His discourses, superhuman throughout, had a miracle for peroration commonly. Always in Jesus was "the sweet odour of Christ," the hearts of the disciples burnt within them as He spoke, the very hem of His garment possessed a healing power.



But what was the knowledge of Socrates in

comparison with that of Christ? As a lantern is to the sun? Socrates indeed may have been "a light in a valley of darkness," he may have been the Jesus of the world; but what are his teachings and wisdom in comparison with those of our Saviour. It is true, when the cloud of doubt had veiled the fair past of Athenian traditions and at a time when sophists and demagogues, who, through pride and avarice, worked the city's destruction, undoubtedly Socrates was, in a manner, a *Lumen ad revelationem plebis suæ*. Human wisdom personified in Socrates often ended in doubt, and the sage honestly declared that God alone could remove the cloud.

Socrates reasoned, and reasoned well, as far as reason could go. Unfortunately, however, his sublimest conceptions,—the noblest efforts of unaided reason, perhaps ever known—have been marred by some uncertainty. This is a notable difference in the two characters: where Socrates explained and conjectured, Christ "taught and spoke as one having authority." The philosopher knew that such and such could be, Christ saw it was. Jesus had no doubts; He was never perplexed, and no question of His disciples—that was meet for them to know—was ever left unanswered. Socrates had to leave many things unsolved, and his solutions of many others were vague and undefined. In short, throughout we see that Socrates is like ourselves—a man, whereas we always feel that 'Christ is God.' Despite his natural limitations, Socrates was a truly wonderful man, and his life is an example to pagan and Christian alike as it teaches that the truly wise man will die for Truth and God.

Faun's Feast.

(Horace III, 18.)

HOU lover of the fluttering sprite!
Move gently 'thwart my mead.
Do, Faunus, keep the younglings quiet
To gambol there and feed.

A kid's hot blood ere this year ends,
With what likes Cyprus more:
The teeming bowl to make amends
I'll on thine altar pour.

See all the flocks in festive glee,
When dawns December Nones!
The swains, too, feast, and on the lea,
The lazy plough-ox groans.

That day the wolf with lambkin lies,
The forest wreathes thy head,
And the hollow-sounding earth replies
To the ditch-man's measured tread.

T. C.

Triolet.

When each altar boy bears a blazing light
In church at vesper-prayer,
I fancy that the angels bright,
When each altar boy bears a blazing light,
Have plucked the lamps from out the night,
And left the heavens bare—
When each altar boy bears a blazing light,
In church at vesper-prayer.

J. J. S.

In the Making of a Poet.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

In these bright original days when Christian Science has become the creed of a progressive cult, it has become fashionable to question everything in the arts, sciences or in religion. And thus acting on this atmospheric impulse of doubt I would like to hang a question mark on the old sentence, which has passed current for so many years, "Poets are born not made."

I do not doubt but that the emaciated critic standing in the shadow of his midnight lamp, thinking over the lyric poetry that had come into being since man first thought and wrote, believed that he had shown a wonderful bit of observation when he penned that memorable sentence; nor do I think that he was much wrong. But yet the truth is evident that in the making of a modern poet there is much more than in alone permitting him to be born. Energy comes in as a strong factor.

I would not dare express an opinion that work, and an abundance of it, philosophical deductions or metaphysical reasoning, could put inspiration into Shelley's "Sky Lark," Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," or the best productions of other poets of great genius, unless the power was originally in the men. But yet there must have been a time when their souls were first seeking an outpouring, that they struggled for rime and rhythm. It is human to believe that they did not always write "Sky Larks"—otherwise we would have a chronicle to this effect.

The boyhood days of those great seers may furnish few parallels to those of the modern youth, who is endeavoring to draw gossamer threads from the depth of his fancy, and weave them into a poetic web. The latter's first productions may not be fruitful ones, but perseverance turns him into a writer of verse in the magazines—a "modern poet." And thus

the emaciated critic's famous observation begins to run, "Poets are first born then made."

At an early age the embryonic versifier begins. The flame is Promethean-like, and nothing can quench it—not even the non-publication of his verse (though the publication might). And thus he goes working week after week until his sophomore, junior or his senior year, when he becomes one of the best verse contributors on his college paper—and finally a "magazine" man.

We do not fully understand the making or the development of a poet until we have emptied the SCHOLASTIC box which receives the contributions of all the young versifiers: those that are beginning to rave about love, to hear the songs of the birds, the voice of night; to observe all things that have a fanciful or a romantic nature, as the flowers, clouds, waves and stars. After much careful observation, a perusal of older men, the youthful poet turns in on us an abundance of verse. We have many of these before us now, and it is hard to select the ones which go best to illustrate the making of a poet.

It is a curious irony that when a fledgling in any art, especially letters, seizes his pen, his first thought is to turn out a great production, and he attempts it. His theme is generally "Life and Love," which he endeavors to solve in a few lines; or some other gigantic subject into which analysts have dipped only to find an inexhaustible fount. Here are a few lines out of the contribution box. The author evidently was in a pessimistic mood, and appears to have been reading "Lear." His piece is entitled "Without Hope."

Strike! O lightning, strike, O strike!
Upon me here below;

I do not care if thou wilt strike so hard
Or deal a death-like dealing blow;

Ravish the earth to west to north and south
Till desecration mark where thou didst strike
And men shall victims be unto thy mirth.

The same author, later on, seems to be influenced by the gentle rays of the divine passion, for his theme is "Life and Love":

Life is like the sun's great light,
That brightens the path of earth and men,
Then sinks within the halls of night
To gather its strength for the morrow again.

The soft full flush of the gentle moon,
The gentle cooing of the dove,
A maiden's heart well up in tune—
All these indeed are love.

Here are four lines where the inspiration

seemed to burn out before the poet could gather it up in an asbestos lining:

Come where the winter lies dying

And the breeze in the trees are a sighing,
And the birds on the leas, and the leaves on the trees,
To burst into life are a trying.

Occasionally the youthful writer, following the footsteps of all that have ever seen Parnassus, through a telescope, attempts a description of the sunset, and we have "Twilight."

Strange shadows form out of the waning light,
And the dying sun sinks low into the West
The birds to nests have gone with hurried flight,
And the flowers have lulled themselves to rest.

After many vain attempts to solve in quatrains the problems of "Life and Love" the youthful writer is caught by the French forms of verse, and we have many triolets turned in on us as:

I told her that I loved her true,
She said she did not care;
Indeed I felt a trifle blue
When I told her that I loved her true,
For she said I had no ghostly shew.
I went up in the air—
When I told her that I loved her true,
And she said she did not care.

The word *shew* is evidently a poetic license. The same writer later breaks out in another triole which proves that he has been working.

We took ice-cream
And she said "'tis fine"—
I sighed for a "screen,"
But we took ice-cream.
I know it was mean,
For I hoped for old Rhine,
But we took ice-cream,
And she said "it was fine."

Sometimes the poet strikes a different strain and he turns in some heroic couplets.

Down valleys deep and up hills high,
We travel together, my sole and I.

When in the city and very tired,
If we have the price a rig is hired.

But if perchance our cash is shy,
We always walk, my sole and I.

Again he is carried away by an extreme love of country, and drops in on us the following lines with a note requesting their publication.

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms,
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild fantastic forms.

Occasionally the poet grows morose and indignant at some fancied grievance and turns in a piece entitled, "My Valentine":

"Indeed you're a bag of old clothes,
And your hair is a glorious red;
And trying for aye is your little pug nose,
To come in contact with your head.

"And your mouth's as a melon in twain,
In stature you're naught but a stub,
And your legs like a bow to anyone show,
You were raised on a barrel or a tub.

"Your eyes are criss-cross and they squint,
Your teeth like the teeth of a saw,
In your laugh there's a crack and a hump on your back;
Will your smile ever heat up and thaw?"

I'd buy a large knife and a gun,
Then I'd fill up with hot fighting wine;
Had I but a hint of the villain that sent
Me this fierce and this foul valentine.

A careful examination of all the verse which has come into the SCHOLASTIC BOX during the year shows a marked improvement in the work of the regular youthful contributors. The first bits are generally lacking in rhythm, and are full of bad rime. And those that have rhythm and rime are wanting in thought. But as the poet continues, his lines begin to run smoother, he picks up fanciful bits of imagery, as "babbling brook," "gentle moon," "buds on the leas," "waning light," "dying sun," and many others that have grown trite, but these are but steps in his development. He finds that the writing of good verse is not so much a matter of inspiration or intuition as a craft. And since all crafts improve with work, especially sentence-making, if any brain guides his pen he will notice that riming, or verse-building, is becoming easy to him, and at the end of the year he will find that he can turn out a rime which ten months before would require work and an abundance of it. And thus we see that work becomes a prominent factor in the creation of a poet.

Venus' Whims

(Horace,—Book Ode i., 33.)

BSTAIN from chanting mournful elegies,
And memories of a cruel Glycera;
Her plighted faith is broken, Albius,
A younger man outshines you now by far.
A love for Cyrus tortures Lycoris,
Distinguished ever for her forehead low,
And Cyrus follows waspish Pholoe;
But roes to Apulian wolves shall sooner join,
Than Pholoe to this base paramour.
Such is the will of Venus: she delights
In cruel sports; unites unequal hearts
And minds with humor grim to an iron yoke.
With Myrtale, the slave-born child withal,
More violent than the Adriatic Sea,
A willing captive I have lingered, when
A better Venus sought my fond embrace. W. D.

Varsity Verse.

THY SORROW.

J. W. D.

DEAR classmate, in your hour of sore distress,
When all the world laughs, happy, free from
care;
And your poor soul is burdened with what ne'er
Upon you should be thrust—Who'd ever guess
That one so perfect had demerits, much the less,
That they would multiply through missing prayer?
Others had clean records who were never there;
'Tis only *dub's* behavior shows excess.

Your bleeding heart has won my apt applause;
By dauntless courage you have kept your peace,
Nor torn your hair, nor knocked the prefect's laws;
But though you live a martyr to caprice,
Rise early, "duck" your pipe, by all survive,
For you have left demerits—twenty-five!

E. F. Q.

THE EGOTIST.

Enamored of himself he can not trust
That men will grant him praise perchance is his,
But spends his life in self-analysis,—
An atom of the universe's dust.

C. L. O'D.

A RONDEAU.

I thought you then too fair I know;
Quite young you were, 'tis long ago;
For when I'd sing you near asleep
With lulling strains and hummings deep,
You'd cling as if you feared some foe.

And if o'er smiles salt tears would creep,
The rarest soul that e'er could weep
I thought you then.

While now your graces queenly flow,
And suitors prize your presence so,
I love to dream and pleasures reap
From mem'ry caldrons which I steep.
Now sweet—beyond compare, my woe,—
I thought you then.

F. F. D.

REMEMBRANCE.

When evening comes the red sun's ray
Dissolves in liquid streams of gray;
The colours of the rounded sky
Darken into dusk and die,
While shadows through the oak trees play.

I hear a lone bird's throbbing cry,
Far off it seems,—I know 'tis nigh.
In memory's boat I drift away
When evening comes.

I see the laurels of another day,
Fair trophies won in early fray;
I feel again my pulse beat high
As blazoned banners I pass by—
Disquietude—I can not pray

When evening comes. C. L. O'D.

O Ship!

(Horace, Epode x.)

MAY evil fortune fall upon that ship
That carries Mærius of evil mind;
Compel the raging waves to stay its course,
O Auster, with thy never-failing wind,

And let the east wind aid thee in thy work
To scatter far and wide the fractured oars.
So! now the blustery Boreas appears,
The north wind round the fated vessel roars.

The gloomy darkness hides each friendly star;
In vain the mariner Orion seeks.
Now, Neptune, raise a great and mighty sea,
As thou didst formerly against the Greeks,

When Pallas turned her wrath from fated Troy
Against the impious son of Telamon.
Behold the pallor upon Mærius' face,
As now his storm-tossed ship is backward blown.

But when extended on Ionian shores
Proud Mærius lies as food for birds of prey,
Then shall we gladly offer sacrifice
To Boreas, and make a holiday.

M. J. S.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

GEORGE BURKITT, 1902.

When "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Pickwick Papers" were finding a place in the heart of every English reader, an older novelist than Dickens was saying, "They are getting tired of my novels"; and he said of perhaps the greatest novel in English, "They don't read it." That novel is "Henry Esmond," the novelist was Thackeray.

To-day William Makepeace Thackeray stands among the first writers of the world, and it was his novels,—some of which were becoming tiresome to the people of his day,—that put him there. His attention was not devoted entirely to novels: he wrote essays, ballads, burlesques and lectures; but had he not written novels, he would scarcely be known to-day. In his literary career of twenty-six years he produced twenty-six volumes that contain some of the best examples of pathos, satire, wit and humour, terseness of expression, simplicity of language, and colour in description and narration that can be found in our literature.

In 1829 the students of Cambridge published a small periodical called *The Snob*, in which Thackeray made his first appearance as a literary man. His first regular employment

was on *Fraser's Magazine* in 1837, and a few years later he became one of the chief contributors to *Punch* in which was published some of his best work. At this time also he wrote for other magazines and a few newspapers. In 1854, when "The Newcomes" appeared, Thackeray had broken his close alliance with *Punch*, and in 1859 he became editor of a new publication called *The Cornhill Magazine*. Although he did not possess the qualities that make a good editor, it was the name of Thackeray that made the people of England look forward with so great expectations to the new publication. The magazine equalled those expectations, and throughout his editorial career Thackeray secured the services of the best writers of his day: such as Tennyson, Ruskin, Lever, Matthew Arnold and Mrs. Browning. After two years and four months Thackeray gave up the editorship, but he continued to write for the magazine until his death in 1863.

"Vanity Fair," his first complete work, was published in serial form, and hence it is not so well constructed as "Henry Esmond." However, it is remarkable that so long a serial story should contain no padding, no dullness, no verbose descriptions, no long drawn out explanations that become so tiresome in other authors.

In "Henry Esmond," Thackeray reached the highest point of his genius. Had he written nothing else, his name would stand as one of the greatest in English fiction. If the writing of "Vanity Fair" in serial form was a drawback to the unity and strength of the complete novel, what a handicap Thackeray assumed when he wrote "Henry Esmond" in the first person and adopted the language of Queen Anne's time! But his admirable success thus becomes more admirable. Of his other novels "The Newcomes" is the best.

Thackeray's style is essentially his own and has few equals in English prose. He is more a realist than an idealist. His characters do not use particular sentences, complete and neatly polished for particular occasions, nor do they use the clumsy constructions and fragments of speech common to ordinary conversation; but the dialogue seems natural. His descriptions and narrations are realistic; they do not read as if they were ground out of a patent sesquipedalian word machine, nor as if they were written by a student in Preparatory English,—as a rule, the language is pure, simple and natural. His characters are

not wooden skeletons plastered over with labels enumerating the properties that are common to human beings: they are real men and women endowed with emotions, intelligence and free-will like our own.

The chief characteristics of Thackeray's style are the simplicity and beauty of his language, his cutting satire, his sparkling wit, his keen sense of humour, and above all, his ability to moralize without wearying the reader or interrupting the movement of the story.

How could the following passage, taken from "Henry Esmond," be more simple and more beautiful? "'You mustn't call papa Frank, you must call papa my lord now,' says Miss Beatrix, with a toss of her little head; at which the mother smiled, and the good-natured father laughed, and the little trotting boy laughed, not knowing why, but because he was happy, no doubt—as everyone seemed to be there."

Another writer might relate an incident in one page and become tiresome, Thackeray might devote to the same incident an entire chapter that would be extremely interesting throughout. He is garrulous, but we like to hear him talk. Some of his work, however, is remarkably terse, but completeness is never sacrificed. The following passage is terse, but the picture is complete: "No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."

There is a touch of satire in everything that Thackeray wrote. He was a simple man himself and had little regard for his vain, pretentious brethren. An amusing story is told that illustrates his simplicity. Thackeray and some other well-known men, had been chosen to lecture on the same evening. When Thackeray's turn came, he stood up smiling and winked over his spectacles at one of his friends, as if to say, "Now for it." For a few sentences he got along very well, but suddenly he stopped, gazed at the ceiling, scratched his head and then sat down. He did not seem annoyed in the least, and after the entertainment he said to the friend to whom he had winked over his spectacles so confidently: "My boy, you accidentally missed hearing a lecture that would have stood among the best you ever heard." Could such a man be expected to look favourably upon pretension?"

Thackeray was a master of pathos, and the effect of simple language in describing a pathetic scene may be shown by this beautiful passage describing the death of Colonel Newcome: "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master."

Thackeray's sense of humour was very keen, and all his books abound in humour expressed in various ways. For instance, in speaking of the officers and crew of the *Lady Mary Wood* he says: "I have a regard for every man on board that ship, from the captain down to the crew—down even to the cook, with tattooed arms, sweating among the saucepans in the galley, who used (with a touching affection) to send us locks of his hair in the soup."

In some novels the slightest deviation from the story, anything not directly connected with the plot or characterization, becomes tiresome and annoying. George Eliot is one of the few writers that can go out of the path of the story without interrupting the reader. But in this respect Thackeray surpasses Eliot or any other novelist. In some of the most interesting parts of his novel he drops the thread of his story to moralize, and he has so much originality that frequently his moralizing is more interesting than the story itself.


In reading the following passage from "Vanity Fair" we are scarcely aware that the second paragraph is not at all necessary to the movement of the story. After the battle of Waterloo, Mr. Osborne receives a letter from his son, George. "The letter was in George's well-known bold handwriting. It was that one which he had written before day-break on the 16th of June, and just before he took leave of Amelia. The great red seal was emblazoned with the sham coat of arms which Osborne had assumed from the Peerage, with '*Pax in bello*' for a motto: that of the ducal house with which the vain old man tried to fancy himself connected. The hand that signed it would never hold pen or sword more. The very seal that sealed it had been robbed from George's dead body as it

lay on the field of battle. The father knew nothing of this, but sat and looked at the letter in terrified vacancy.

"Have you ever had a difference with a dear friend? How his letters, written in the period of love and confidence, sicken and rebuke you! What a dreary mourning it is to dwell upon those vehement protests of dead affection! What lying epitaphs they make over the corpse of love! What dark, cruel comments upon life and vanity! Most of us have got or written drawers full of them. They are closet-skeletons which we keep and shun. Osborne trembled long before the letter from his dead son."

In the early part of his literary career Thackeray was not popular,—he is scarcely more popular now, and no doubt he shall never be generally popular; but perhaps this is only a proof of his real worth. He has the qualities that make a classic writer; he is liked by the better educated reader; and should the day come when novelists shall die, perhaps the last survivor shall be William Makepeace Thackeray.

Horace.—Bk. III., Ode II.

ROWN sturdy 'mid rude camps, a boy should learn
To suffer with good grace hard poverty;
And as a knight, with fear-inspiring lance,
Unhorse the Parthian, over-bold. And I
Would have him dwell beneath the open sky,
And mingle with the tide of stirring deeds; on him
From hostile walls should gaze the tyrant's spouse;
And seeing him, the blooming maid should sigh,
Lest, foolishly, her royal lover dare
In fight the fierce young lion of the ranks
Whose anger vents itself in foemen's blood.
And if the hero fall? 'Tis sweet and right
To die for land that gave you birth; to all
Upon this earth death comes: naught flight avails;
Nor does the craven with the shaking knees escape.
True manhood, ignorant of base defeat,
With stainless honour shines; nor takes, nor keeps
The office from the changing populace.
It shows the road to immortality;
And boldly ventures on forbidden paths.
To shun the vulgar throng, the misty ground,
It swiftly wings its way to upward tracts.
A trusty silence has secure reward.
Let him, who mystic Cere's rites defies,
Sit not beneath one roof-tree at my side,
Nor in the fragile yacht: ofttimes the deity,
Despised involves alike unjust and just;
And leaden-footed justice ne'er relents. T. L.

A Winged Nuisance.

JOSEPH P. S. KELLEHER, 1902.

A few years ago through the influence of some American wiseacres, the sparrow was brought to this country from England. These bird enthusiasts were led to believe that this bird had been of great assistance to the English farmer in protecting his crops from bugs, and in keeping the canker-worm from his fruit trees. The American farmer had been bothered by insects of every kind: potato-seeds were eaten in the ground by the potato-bug; corn was eaten by the wire-worm; and apple blossoms were destroyed by the canker-worm. Hardly any vegetable escaped the ravages of an insect. Attempts were made to rid the fields of so tormenting a set of pests. Every means invented appeared to increase their number rather than destroy it. Potatoes planted in ridges, a supposed remedy for getting rid of the wire-worms, was of no avail. And Paris-green was sprinkled on the fruit trees to kill the canker-worm. Then, some knowing ones that had read about the exaggerated deeds of the English sparrow beyond the sea, petitioned the United States Agricultural Department to bring the sparrow to these shores. Since then, he has tormented the city and country resident.

Sparrows are of three kinds. The hedge-sparrow, as his name implies, has his nest in hedges or where tall grass abounds. He lives on worms and crumbs of bread. His plumage is of a dark, reddish grey. The tree sparrow builds his nest in the woods and orchards. He lives on worms, berries and grain. In color he is grey with a sprinkling of red spots. The house-sparrow lives in the city; an old belfry or tower, a chimney, or the window-sills of old mansions are his homes.

We are most familiar with the house-sparrow; he is with us during the whole year, and is ever making himself known by his thievery and boldness. In any of the colder parts of this country it is as common a sight to see sparrows in winter and in summer, as it is to see the sun rise morning after morning.

Everybody is a lover of birds. Still there are some among our winged friends that we have but little respect for. Who does not despise the crow and the hawk for their bold inroads into farmyards and cornfields? Not even the gleaming black plumage of the

crow wins our admiration, much less does his monotonous caw. The sparrow has no beautiful plumage. His reddish-gray feathers do not please us. Nor is he a songster. He is one of the few birds that have no pleasing note. His attempts at singing are shrill chirps which make one's nerves tingle. The rattling of a heavy truck cart over a stone-paved street is often more preferable than the continuous chirping of a sparrow.

Yet, there is something in his capers which amuses us. One day I saw several sparrows gathered round a piece of dry bread. First one would try to fly away with the whole piece, then another would chase him and take the morsel. They were quite noisy. From their lively chirping, I judged that they were quarrelling among themselves. Finally one bolder than the rest deliberately attacked his neighbor. After he had started a fight among his friends, he flew off as quickly as he could. We call animals dumb because we think that the lowing of cattle, the buzzing of bees, and the chirping of sparrows, have no significance among these animals. However, anyone watching the movements of these sparrows would be forced to admit that their chirps conveyed some sign or another to the flock of sparrows; for when they found that fight was in progress, all of them attacked one another with great vigor.

One morning in the country I was awakened by their chirping. I thought there must be some trouble among the sparrows. I went to the window determined to disperse them, for they were disturbing my slumber. About fifty sparrows were gathered round a large cock in the farmyard. The lord of the hen-roost was scolding them, and trying to drive them away from the morning ration of his family. But the sparrows were too great a match for him. While some were eating the grains others were attacking the cock. One perched himself on the cock's back; another pecked at his feet and another gave him a few thrusts with his bill. Before I left the window, the sparrows flew away after eating all the grain.

The sparrow seems to live for amusement only. Instead of hunting for worms in the trees and for bugs in the ground he robs his neighbors. He steals the eggs of the robin, the swallow and the meadow-lark. I have often seen him along the sea-shore seeking after the turtle's nest. These traits were not acquired by the sparrow since he came to our country. An English farmer told me that his hen-roost

and granary had to be protected from him. He is so small that he can go through a very small opening. On this account farmers make their granaries tight. This is injurious to the grain; for it is apt to get heated, which renders the grain useless for market.

Sparrows have shown their native instincts in this country. Like the average English product they make themselves felt wherever they go. They multiply much faster than other birds; so much so that the state and municipal governments are appropriating money for their extermination. The sparrow has destroyed the homes of other birds, ruined the growing grain, and proved himself to be as obnoxious to the city resident as the crow has to the farmer. And the time has come to send him back to his English home.

Greetings to Father Morrissey.*

THE word of welcome and the song of joy,
The smile of gladness and the clasp of hands,
In all your feast-day greetings of past years,
Was not the echo of a song more glad,
Was not the sunshine of a happier soul,
Was not the pulse-beat of a deeper love,
Than that which thrills us at your safe return.

These many weeks were slow in passing by;
The days were long that filled our hearts with fear;
The anxious hours were weighted all too much;
The prayers that moved unceasing on our lips
Seemed overcharged with confidence in God,
So great the quest, so near a miracle
Was that which kept thee till this safe return.

A favored prince was he who saw you smile,
Or wave your hand in greeting as he passed;
An honored guest who heard your welcoming voice
In days when danger's shadow passed away
And life came back with all its cheering strength—
A hundred princes now the favor claim,
Made doubly joyful in your safe return.

The terror-spreading words that flitted 'round,
When first the threatening shadow crossed your door,
Are silenced, and the keen suspense has ceased.
The dim dark morn of your departure hence
Has grown into the brighter day, and all
The lingering hours of long anxiety
Have passed away upon your safe return.

We welcome you again, and scarce can feel
That deeds of greatness yet to be achieved
Will strike on friendship's sympathetic cords
A deeper tone than that which spoke the love
Of this our College home, yea, all the land,
For you, dear friend, when love sought utterance.
We welcome you upon your safe return.

* Recited by Master F. Baude at St. Edward's Hall entertainment in honour of Father Morrissey's return.

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The Board of Editors.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901

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REPORTERS.

ROBERT E. LYNCH	J. PATRICK O'REILLY
P. P. MCELLIGOTT	JOHN HARTE
J. DOHAN.	

—Last Thursday Dr. O'Malley was removed to Philadelphia to have an operation performed for ptomaine poisoning. Here he will be under the direct charge of his brother a physician there. Our deep sympathy goes with Dr. O'Malley in his serious illness—especially we men of the SCHOLASTIC that have learned to swing our pen under his guidance with all of the little perfection we may have.

—Here at Notre Dame is published a magazine of recognized literary merit, the *Ave Maria*. Yet despite its excellence only a small number of students read it. This is almost an unpardonable oversight, since a few copies are placed regularly in the reading-rooms of the various halls. Of the scholarly contributions that appear in it we can point to no better example than one in a recent issue entitled "The Critics Criticised." The author, the Reverend John Talbot Smith, a well-known priest of the New York diocese and popular as a writer and lecturer, gives facts concerning modern literary critics that make one's favourite gods tremble. The article is a trenchant exposure of the methods adopted by incapable and careless critics, and is well worth reading.

Notre Dame Opens New University.

The announcement was made some time ago that the Congregation of the Holy Cross was soon to establish a new college at Portland, Oregon. It was chiefly at the request of Archbishop Christie of Oregon that the school was taken in charge by the religious of the Holy Cross, and it will be under his auspices. The institution is to bear its old name, Columbia University. This is the fifth branch established by Notre Dame in the United States of America. She has one at Watertown, known as Sacred Heart College, another in Cincinnati, St. Joseph's, one at Austin, Texas, St. Edward's College, and a fourth at New Orleans, Holy Cross College. In addition to these, there is a house of study at Washington in connection with the Catholic University.

Until recently it was not known who were to be the officers of the new school, but on May 27 the Very Rev. J. A. Zahm, Provincial of the Order of the Holy Cross, gave out the appointments. The Rev. M. A. Quinlan will act as President; Rev. William Marr, Vice-President and Prefect of Discipline, and the Rev. John Thillman, Director of Studies. The appointments for the remainder of the faculty have not been made as yet. A full staff of teachers will be sent out later on. The selections for professors will not be made before the end of June.

The three young men mentioned above will depart for their new post of duty at once. They are to take full charge of the new institution and make preparations for its opening next September. All of them have for some years been intimately connected with Notre Dame. They are hard, earnest workers, and under their careful supervision and with their energetic efforts, there is no doubt that Columbia University will soon be the Notre Dame of the far West. With their experience in the work before them they will make the new university one of which the mother institution and all connected with it may justly feel proud.

In Father Quinlan, Notre Dame will lose a good man, one who by his natural abilities is well fitted for the task in hand. He was graduated from Notre Dame University in 1893. The following three years were spent at the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C., where he made a special

study of history and economics. After his ordination he remained at Notre Dame where he was given the chair of rhetoric. Through his ability as an educator and strict application to the work set out before him, he soon proved to the satisfaction of his superiors his ability to fill a higher place.

Not alone as an educator has Father Quinlan become known, but he is a warm advocate of clean college athletics. As in everything else he entered this field with a vim, and worked hard and long for the purification of athletics here.

He was chosen secretary of the Faculty Board of Control last fall, and it was due to a great extent to his earnest efforts that the Western Conference rules were adopted for the regulation of athletics at Notre Dame. How well those rules have been lived up to is plainly exemplified in the evil days that have fallen upon some of our over-enthusiastic young athletes. This spirit which induced Father Quinlan to sacrifice sure point winners for the sake of principle will be the same that will enable him to make a thorough seat of learning out of Columbia University.

Among both Faculty and students Father Quinlan has made a host of friends. His kindness and care for those under him won the hearts of all the younger boys, and his frank geniality and warm heart made him the comrade of all the old men. It is with the deepest regret that we will witness his departure.

In Father Marr and Father Thillman, the Reverend M. Quinlan will have two very able

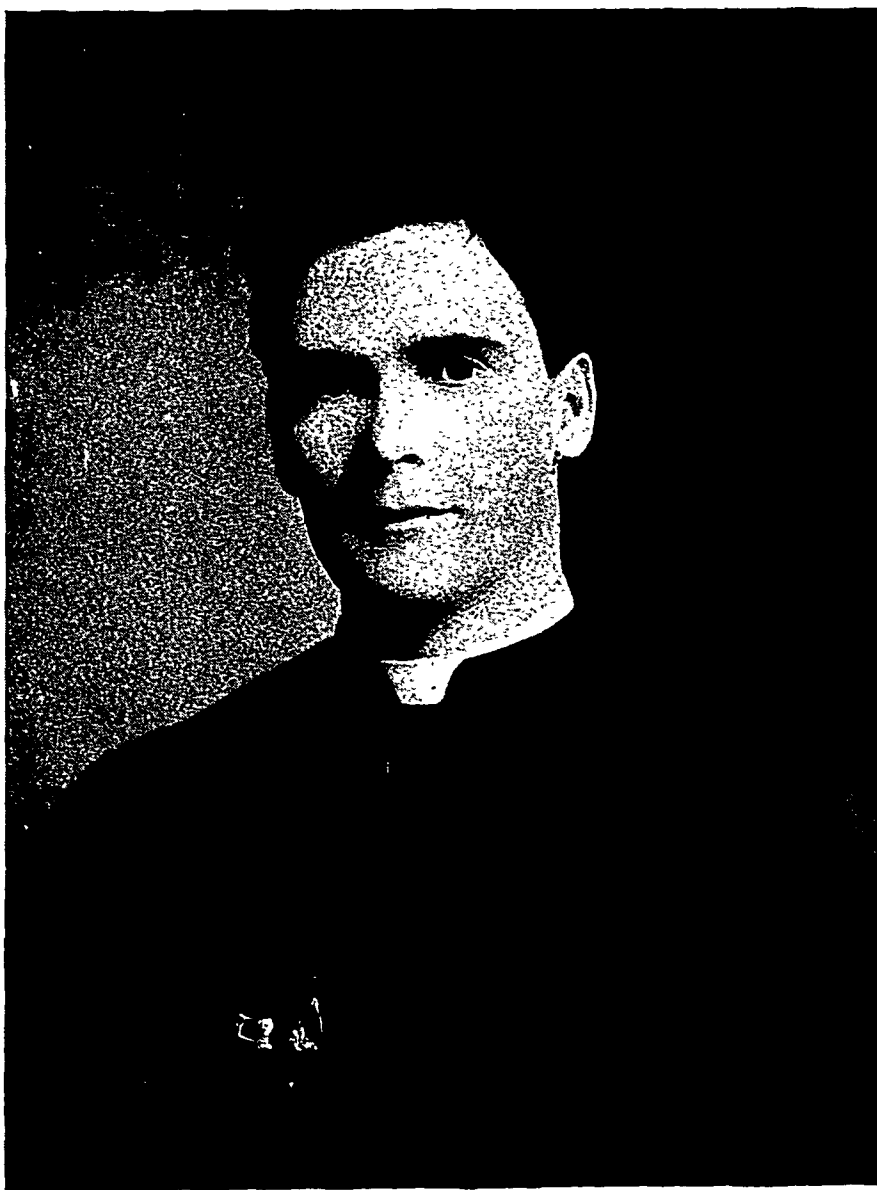
assistants. Both are graduates of Notre Dame. The former is one of the most accomplished orators and lecturers on the staff at Notre Dame. He has been engaged principally in missionary work, and was for a time in charge of a parish in South Bend.

After spending a few years just after his ordination at Notre Dame, Father Thillman was appointed to the Vice-presidency of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wisconsin. He has gained much valuable experience in the field of education and is an accomplished linguist.

Such are the men who are to take in charge the new home of learning on the banks of the Willamette. We will witness their departure with sadness, for all of them have become dear to us during the few short years in which we were associated with them. Still we are confident that faithful as they have been to the cause of Christian education in the past, they will prove equally so in the future; and no doubt Columbia University will soon be on a par with if not in advance of every educa-

tional institution in the far West. May the efforts of its new faculty be crowned with success!

A. L. K.



THE REV. M. A. QUINLAN, C. S. C.

SERIOUSNESS is wisdom's sister: for we are not wise when life seems to us but mirth and delight. They alone become conscious of its meaning and worth who feel that it is awful as eternity, mysterious as God; that it is a conflict where the soul hangs between infinite being and mere nothingness.—*Spalding*.

John L. Corley Wins Oratorical Contest.

The oratorical contest, which is one of the most interesting events of the university year, took place at Washington Hall Wednesday afternoon. All the contestants deserve good words for the manner in which they gave their orations.

After a musical number by the orchestra, Mr. N. R. Furlong gave the first number on the programme. Mr. Furlong spoke with a strong voice and with much earnestness. He was listened to attentively, and though his style in places was somewhat florid—a fault that probably can be applied to almost all orations written by young men—he delivered his oration creditably. Mr. Furlong's subject was "Webster's Reply to Hayne," and he showed himself familiar with Webster's life and work.

Mr. Francis Schwab next spoke on "Jean de Brebœuf." This was a notable effort, and well deserved the applause and high place given it by the judges. Mr. Schwab's voice and facial expression were particularly good. His oration also was a typical oratorical composition. At the carefully arranged climaxes Mr. Schwab threw himself into his effort with a zest that carried the audience with him. The subject was well selected and excellently treated, and altogether, Mr. Schwab's effort was a superior one.

In "The Statesman-Martyr of England," Mr. L. J. Heiser had an opportunity to display much oratorical and elocutionary skill. His stage manner was natural, his voice strong, and his gestures carefully done. He was given considerate attention by the audience and read his oration well. Mr. Heiser has for two seasons been one of the favorites on the Washington Hall stage in the student dramatical and operatic productions. His oration on Wednesday was in keeping with his other public appearances in Washington Hall.

Mr. E. J. Gilbert delivered the next oration. His subject, "The American Flag," furnished material for many patriotic tributes. Mr. Gilbert's stage presence was perhaps better than

that of any of the contestants. He spoke with good voice, and showed great familiarity with the text of his speech. While his gestures were given well, there may have been too many of them. At all events, Mr. Gilbert was given close attention and merited the mark given him by the judges on delivery.

Mr. T. D. Lyons gave a most intelligent reading of his carefully-written oration on "Patrick Sarsfield." Mr. Lyons possesses a deep, pleasing voice. He spoke distinctly and naturally and in places with much force. He made excellent use of the possibilities to be found in his subject, and combined with that a careful and judicious delivery. Mr. Lyons

was given much applause both during the recital of his number and at its close.

The closing oration, "The Light of the New Civilization," given by Mr. J. L. Corley, was awarded first place in delivery, and consequently the Breen Gold Medal. Mr. Corley certainly handled his subject with more than ordinary skill. His oration gave him excellent opportunities in an oratorical way and he made the most of those opportunities. He uses excellent taste in his gestures and real oratorical art in his climaxes. Mr. Corley has a strong stage presence and has had considerable praiseworthy experience in oratorical work for so young a man. He was a member of



JOHN L. CORLEY, '02.

the current year's Debating Team. There is a report to the effect that it is Mr. Corley's ambition to go on the lecture platform. Surely Mr. Corley's early efforts show him to be possessed of many of the qualities essential to a successful lecturer.

Because of an error in figuring out the result, and owing to the small fractional difference between Mr. Corley and Mr. Schwab, the decision was first given publicly to Mr. Schwab. An error, however, was found in that result, and afterward Mr. Corley was found to be the winner of the contest. Both gentlemen are to be congratulated on their showing, and while an exhibition of the quality each made

should be a sufficient satisfaction in itself, the man in second place can feel that only one-sixth of one per centum separates him from the first place.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1902
 March—"American Cadet".....*Hall*
 "Webster's Reply to Hayne".....Nicholas R. Furlong
 "Jean de Brebœuf".....Francis C. Schwab
 "The Satesman-Martyr of England".....Leo J. Heiser
 Waltz—"A Dream".....*Bailey*
 "The American Flag".....Edward J. Gilbert
 "Patrick Sarsfield".....Thomas D. Lyons
 "The Light of the New Civilization"....John L. Corley.
 Two Step—"Phoebe".....*Dwyer*

DECISION OF THE JUDGES.

JUDGES OF THOUGHT AND COMPOSITION.

Very Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C.
 Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.
 Rev. T. A. Crumley, C. S. C.

JUDGES OF THE CONTEST.

Rev. Edward S. Keough, D. D.
 Professor Henry. Dickson,
 Rev. Francis Clement Kelley
 F. F. D.

DePauw is Beaten.

Last Monday the Varsity celebrated its return from the northern trip by trouncing the lads from Greencastle. It was a very disagreeable day for baseball. There was a cold wind blowing from the north that made a person long for a seat by a good roaring fire. In addition to this, sand storms, miniature cyclones, and various other things, took possession of the diamond so often that the players were almost despondent. But through good luck they managed to pull off the nine innings with Notre Dame in the lead. The fielding on both sides was about even, although our lads managed to hold themselves down to one less mishap than the visitors; but at the bat we were far superior. "Bill" Higgins was very effective, and but for the many misplays would have kept the visitors to one or two scores. Mr. McRoberts, who not very long ago won a reputation for himself by holding the Varsity to four hits, was exploded to the tune of thirteen hits, including two doubles, a triple, and two home runs. Farley took such a liking to Mack's benders that he circled the bases twice on long hits, one going so far that it required a relay of five men to get it back into the diamond again.

The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	DePauw	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	3	2	2	5	2	Martin, 3b	2	2	1	1	0
Farley, cf	2	3	1	1	1	Sum'ville, 1b	1	0	9	0	1
Antoine, c	0	1	4	1	1	McRoberts, p	1	1	0	4	1
Gage, 2b	1	3	4	2	0	Nicely, c	0	1	6	0	0
Hemp, 3b	0	0	1	3	0	Preston, ss	0	1	1	3	1
Stephan, 1b	0	0	7	0	0	Woody, lf	0	0	0	0	2
Sh'gh'ssy, lf	1	0	1	0	1	Conley, rf	0	1	0	0	1
O'Connor, rf	2	2	0	2	0	Brown, 2b	1	2	7	5	0
Higgins, p	1	2	2	3	0	McCoy, cf	1	0	0	2	1
O'Neill, 1b	0	0	5	0	1						

Totals 10 13 27 17 6 Totals 6 8 24 15 7

Notre Dame—0 3 1 1 0 3 0 2 0—10 13 6
 DePauw—0 0 1 0 1 1 0 3 x—6 8 7

Stolen bases—Lynch, 2; Gage, 2; Shaughnessy, Woody, Conley, Brown. Base on balls—off Higgins, 4; McRoberts, 3. Hit by pitched ball—by Higgins, 3. Struck out—by McRoberts, 4; by Higgins, 4. Sacrifice hits—Hemp, Higgins, Conley, McCoy. Wild pitch McRoberts. Passed Ball—Antoine, Nicely. Two base hits—Lynch, 2; Nicely. Three base hits—O'Connor, Nicely. Home runs—Farley, 2; McRoberts. Double plays—Hemp—Gage—Stephan; Brown unassisted. Time, 1:45. Umpire, Coffey.

Knox, 6; Notre Dame, 5.

After swamping Monmouth college on May 24 by a score of 12 to 1, Notre Dame the following day lined up at Galesburg against the team from Knox College. The game was ours until the ninth inning when, through the total inability of Umpire Hinkston to tell a strike from a ball, the bases were filled; and on account of the sudden closure of his foul ball eye the bases were cleared. It is said that this memorable ninth was clearly Hinkston's inning, and forced the substitution of another umpire, the coach of Knox college.

Knox had the bases full several times in the first five innings, but could neither time nor place her hits satisfactorily. Essick pitched a star game for Knox, with good support. O'Neill and Lynch were the prime favorites in playing among the visitors.

The Score.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Knox	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	0	2	7	5	0	Sch'ber, ss	1	1	2	2	0
Farley, cf	2	1	1	0	0	McKenna, rf	0	0	2	0	1
O'Neill, c	1	1	3	0	0	Porter, cf	0	2	1	0	0
Gage, 2b	1	1	1	3	2	McMull'n, 1b	2	3	1	0	1
O'Connor, rf	0	0	1	0	0	Grogan, 2b	1	0	1	4	1
Hemp, 3b	0	0	1	3	1	Montg'y, 3b	1	2	2	2	1
Sh'ghnessy, lf	1	0	2	0	0	Hall, lf	0	0	2	0	0
Stephan, 1b	0	1	1	0	0	Zalusky, c	1	2	6	1	1
Dohan, rf	0	0	0	0	0	Arthur, lf	0	0	0	0	0
Hogan, p	0	1	0	0	0	Essick, p	0	2	0	4	0

Totals 5 7 27 11 3 Totals 6 12 27 13 5

J. P. O'R.

Exchanges and Magazines.

We do not ordinarily like to talk about ourselves. The SCHOLASTIC's critics have always been very generous with their praise, and, though they have not hesitated to find fault when occasion warranted fault-finding; they have, for the most part, been kindly in their criticisms. However, just at present we think an explanation opportune. It has been a custom for many years to turn the SCHOLASTIC over to the students in the Preparatory Department toward the close of the year. The custom was followed this year as usual.

We make this explanation because one of our distinguished fellow ex-men has seen fit to characterize the work in a recent issue of the SCHOLASTIC as "trivial rubbish." He calls it "stultiloquence" also, and contrasts it with the "evidently superior" work of one of our monthly exchanges. Perhaps the SCHOLASTIC's work was very inferior. It ought not cause astonishment that the weekly themes of "Prep" students were inferior to the monthly themes of college men.

It seems that this particular ex-man goes to all this trouble in order to prove the superiority of the essay over verse and fiction in college journalism. It would seem also that he has particular reasons for standing by the essay. We do not blame him; on the contrary, if we had continually to turn out verse of which the following is an example,

"And with these can I not all life's evils defy,
Though around me they fall thick and fast?"

or, if we had always to depend on the kind which the "evidently superior" journal turns out we also should stick to the essay. It might not be of much value to the contributors further than to give them facility in combining the literary styles of their authorities and to afford them practice in penmanship, but their work would not be "trivial," "mawkish," "sentimental" and, least of all, "heretical."

We have no quarrel with the cleverly-written literary essay; but we believe that the average student will acquire greater originality and facility of composition by working in verse and fiction. Let him then stand by the kind of work that will bring the richest returns to himself.

Another ex-man has recently charged us with heresy. We can only say that we can not come back at that man by charging him with a sense of humour. J. P. O'H.

St. Edward's Hall Greetings to Father Morrissey

On May 25, the Minims entertained the Faculty in honor of Father Morrissey's return. In a well-delivered address, Master Francis Baude expressed the love and esteem in which the President is held by the students of St. Edward's Hall. Various kinds of entertainments have been given by the Minims, and their work is always good. Even in the operas given by the collegiate men, the students of St. Edward's Hall have been assigned parts in the choruses, and the value of their assistance has ever been recognized. However, the presentation of an operetta by the Minims is an innovation, and the excellent rendition of "The Bell in the Forest" promises much for the future of the opera at Notre Dame. The boys showed a great deal of skill in portraying the different characters.

There is always a pleasure in hearing refreshing young voices, and the pleasure on this occasion was increased by the quality of the voices in the solos, dialogues and choruses. The harmony of the choruses, the pleasing rendition of the solos, and the intelligent interpretation of the dialogue, showed the excellent training given the young students by the Sisters and Professor Roche, under whose direction the entertainment was prepared. After the operetta, Father Morrissey expressed his appreciation, and called upon Colonel Hoynes for a criticism of the entertainment. The Colonel's remarks were very complimentary to the young performers. The instrumental music was rendered in excellent manner by the Philopatrian orchestra. The Sisters wish to thank Messrs. McGlew, Featherston, Ill, Wagner and Schmidt for the assistance rendered.

THE BELL IN THE FOREST.

Prince Percival, Regent of the Province.....	G. Shannon
Count Ruprecht, Attendants to the prince.....	C. Kelley
Count Leopold,	R. Farrell
Alexis Forster, The Gamekeeper's Son.....	E. O'Bryan
Karl Krag, A Notorious Poacher.....	T. Smithwick
Bluster, One of the Finest.....	G. Freese
Screech, Town Crier.....	B. Mulligan
Franz Staub, A Wanderer.....	D. Randle
Stitchem, Tailor.....	J. McBride
Chopem, Butcher, Village Tradesmen.....	W. Purdy
Waxem, Shomaker.....	E. Rousseau
Kneadem, Baker.....	John Young

VILLAGERS, HUNTSMEN, ETC.

J. Berteling, L. Mooney, H. Sawyer, H. Farrell, J. Lynch, G. Tapprell, C. Miles, E. Connolly, C. Reilly, F. Sabin, C. Hoffman, T. McDermott.	B. K.
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Personals.

—Mr. J. J. Dormitty of Marion, Ohio, who was graduated from the commercial course in 1872, paid us a brief visit.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Shea of Ashland, Wis., accompanied by their daughter, Miss Louise Shea, were the guests of their son, William Shea, of Sorin Hall. They have many warm friends both among the faculty and students, and their visits are always looked upon with pleasure.

—It gave us great pleasure indeed last Sunday to receive a visit from the Hon. Abraham L. Brick, our representative in Congress. Mr. Brick has always shown himself a warm friend of Notre Dame. He has already represented his district for two consecutive terms and is a candidate for a third.

—Mr. Thomas A. Medley (LL. B., 1900) has succeeded his uncle, the late Thomas W. Simms, to the office of Master Commissioner and Receiver of the Washington Circuit Court at Springfield, Kentucky. Mr. Medley is also a graduate of the classical course, and while at Notre Dame was prominent in oratory.

—Word has come to us that Mr. Fred C. Schillo, who was graduated a few years ago from the Law Department, was married a week ago in Chicago. He not only taught while here but was prominent in athletics, especially football. Many of the older students will doubtless remember his fierce tackles and rushes while playing tackle and half-back on the Varsity. Mr. Schillo has a host of warm friends among the faculty and students of Notre Dame, all of whom unite in offering their sincerest congratulations.

—We had the pleasure of a visit during the week from the Reverend Father Weig of Bavaria. Father Weig is a member of the Congregation of the Sacred Word, an order devoted wholly to missionary labours. Our visitor was stationed in China, and his experience affords additional proof of the heroism displayed by the Catholic missionary. At the time of the recent Boxer out-break, Father Weig was suffering from an attack of typhoid. The Boxers seized him, helpless as he was, and tearing off his clothes, threw him into a stream. Fortunately his head remained above water, but owing to his great weakness he was unable to move. The Reverend Father remained in this plight for some time till at length he was rescued and carried aboard a war vessel. He was sent at once to his mother-country where he slowly recovered. Now Father Weig, in obedience to his vows, is on his way back to China to resume his missionary labours. He was accompanied by the Reverend Father Duehmig of Ft. Wayne, Indiana.
A. L. K.

Local Items.

—Next Sunday we will have a procession and all those ceremonies which go to add solemnity to the feast of *Corpus Christi*.

—To-day we practically make our last appearance of the year in Western track athletics—appearance and nothing else. Out of eight very able competitors, but three remain—a remnant of what was once a powerful team. "Tis time to lay us down and weep." The cause for much of this confusion: an over-developed pair of heels and a poorly developed sac of gray matter. Let us hope that with this year we shall see the last of this—at least let us hope!

—What are left of the track team, Kirby, Sullivan and McCullough, compete in Chicago in the Conference Meet to-day. Our dreams of two months ago, those of winning at least second place, are shattered, and we will now be content with a few points. Our famous relay team has become a myth. But one of the men is left to tell the tale, the others—"if you have tears prepare to shed them now." Kirby should take a second place in the low hurdles, and we are looking to McCullough to help us out with a few points in the weights.

—Father Olmstead has had a signal honour conferred upon by being invited as the principal speaker to take part in the dedicatory services of the \$300,000 soldier monument in New York city. The exercises took place last night in Metropolitan Hall. The guests of honour present were Governor O'Neill, Mayor Low, Admiral Dewey, General Miles, General C. O. Howard, and many other men famous in American life.

General Olmstead's career has been an enviable one. He has been a civil engineer, Brigadier-General in the Civil War, a surgeon and physician, and finally a priest. Recently he was brevetted Major-General of Volunteers.

—"Play!" The voice of silence rent the stilly night in the neighborhood of Three and nothing. Luna, in all her splendour, sat on high, and smilingly sent forth volumes of silvery beams that flitted and played as choristers. Old Jupiter nodded approval; Venus smiled and often winked at our tall tragedian, while Mars, Saturn and Uranus moved round to get a better view. The gentle zephyrs stole quietly by, and the leaflets feared to stir; nature was out on dress parade to behold B. Palma in his rendition of Mr. Daly's clever play "A Night Off." Our blonde certainly played to a crowded house—so crowded that the trunks, usually utilized for costumes, had to serve as recliners for the contortionistic exhibition.

—The Corby Hall baseball nine came to grief at Holy Cross campus Sunday afternoon.

Encouraged by an enthusiastic army of rooters they attempted to take a game from the Holy Cross team, but failed. They left the field beaten by a score of 7 to 6. The game was by far the most interesting that has been played on Holy Cross campus this season. Rheulbach, the mighty twirler of the Corby team, failed to scare his opponents. It seemed as if the Holy Cross boys would never stop bunching hits and stealing bases. The good field work of the Corbyites saved them from a worse defeat. Parker and Dempsey introduced a new feature into the game. They collided, placed their heads in the form of a V and attempted to catch a high fly. This may be unique, but it is rather dangerous. Mulcare of Holy Cross pitched excellent ball, and was ably supported by McGinn, who allowed no Corby man to steal a base. Hagerty and Ryan prevented many a speedy liner from being a safe hit. Both teams were at their best, and gave the onlookers an exhibition of skilful ball playing.

—He wore a red hat and black shoes. It's the only description we have. He came in silently last Wednesday afternoon; but whence he came or whither he was going no one knew. Only one thing was known—his name. That was Froyne—Mr. Froyne. Some say he was an old student; but be this as it may, he seemed to have many friends at Notre Dame especially in Sorin and Corby Halls. And he remembered all of them, either by bringing something or asking to see them. For Tiny S. he had a box, and was kind enough to carry it up to the third flat. For Dominic K. our visitor had a special delivery package. No one knew what it contained, but the general opinion is that its contents consisted of a new clay pipe and some free samples of tobacco, "Bull-dog," in all probability. He made his head-quarters in Room 112, and the Count and others were invited up to call on him. After spending the afternoon in Sorin Hall he was too fatigued to continue the rounds, so he asked Mr. Winkie and Robbie K. of Corby to step up to the main building. Both donned their Sunday best to do honour to the occasion, but they were doomed to disappointment. Before they reached the parlour Mr. Froyne had left for Brownson Hall to call on Mr. Reichardt.—Query: Who is Mr. Froyne?

—Friday came and with it Decoration Day exercises. The students assembled in the University church where Solemn High Mass was sung. Father Fitte preached a sermon full of feeling in which he referred to our country, our flag and our dead. He said that the first thing that struck him as he came into Notre Dame was the Cross and the Stars and Stripes. He held that those two should ever be together; that in our land and under our Constitution, which is the greatest any

country can boast of, we should endeavor to live up to the spirit of our laws and preserve our liberty as the most sacred heritage for our descendants. He referred to those silent heroes that at one time moved and breathed with the breath of life, and who sacrificed for God and country everything that can be held dear by man. After Mass we marched down to the flag pole where Old Glory was hanging at half-mast. Byron Kanaley recited Lincoln's Gettysburg speech; the band played the Star Spangled Banner, Columbia and our own Notre Dame song. Then the flag was raised in all its grandeur to the top of the staff. And we standing by and looking on felt a touch of that spirit that has moved our forefathers on more battlefields than one.

—The echo of Uffendell's case has even reached the Pacific Coast; and the rank injustice of the Conference Committee in forbidding Uffendell to compete, and in referring his case to a higher tribunal, simply because he holds a position at the University, thereby paying for his tuition, is commented upon by the *Seattle Post Intelligencer*. The writer says:

Because Uffendell is earning his way through college he can not take part in an athletic meet; he is barred out; the rules do not allow such persons to participate. No matter how closely you read the report you come to the same conclusion every time.—I had always, up to the present time, believed that the young man who went to college with fifty cents in his pocket and swept halls, waited on table, rang chapel bell, in fact, did anything of an honorable nature to earn his way through college, was worthy of my respect and commendation. I had also been laboring under the belief that it was right for him to play ball in his few moments of leisure, and that it was perfectly proper for his more fortunate companions to play with him. I now find late in life that I have been on the wrong track. My ideas have not been based on commonsense, because the educational institutions (or more properly their athletic authorities) of the Middle West frown upon the sturdy young American who has the strength of character to pay for his tuition by work. I suppose that I am not entirely alone in this darkness. Probably there are a few others who have been misled, and really think that the young man who earns his way through college should be allowed to associate with the other students and play ball or jump and run, provided, of course, they are very, very good.

Of course, it is never too late to be straightened out in our beliefs, and I suppose that when I am told, as I probably shall be, that some of the athletes from the University of Washington and the University of Oregon are working their way through school, I shall draw myself up like a pouter pigeon and refer to the wise decision of the powers of the "Big Nine" meet. Who is there after this who will dare say that the student who works has a right to be an athlete? To carry the matter to its logical conclusion, has he a right to live? He is working for his education; therefore he can not take part in an athletic meet. No, he is not a professional; but he is a working man. I can't see where he has a leg to stand on. He might just as well get off the earth, and let the wonderful judicial mind of the "Big Nine" hold sway.

I never felt so humiliated in all my life; I am truly a back number. My idea that restrictions in college athletics came from the desire to curb those who placed athletics before college work was wrong; these restrictions were aimed at the student who thought enough of an education to work for it.