Home Sweet Home.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07

WHEN we're musing in the evening
With our study lamps turned low,
And the light from our old corncobs
Tints the room a crimson glow,
There's a lonesome weary longing
Comes upon us in the gloam.
And we miss the dear old faces
That make home sweet home.

Would that we could see the old folks
As they tread across the floor,
Would the voices of the loved ones
Sounded in our ears once more.
There's a secret charm that's missing.
When in other lands we roam,
It's the sacredness that hovers
Around home, sweet home.

The Conquest of Life.*

"I have come that you may have life and may have it
more abundantly."

MORE abundant life!"—the whole
purpose of Christ's work is
summed up in the phrase. More
abundant life for the body, for
Christianity has taught men the sacredness
of human life, has swept away class distinctions,
has struck off the shackles from the
slave, has cultivated a fine sense of justice
in the general mind; so that whereas in
pagan times the master had power over
the life and death of servant or child, in
Christian times and under Christian teaching
there is no man so humble, no cause
so weak, no cry so faint, as to be beyond
the reach of sympathy or redress. More

* Sermon delivered by the President of the University
at the solemn opening Mass, Sept. 23.
day. The savage craves only food and drink and a sharp weapon against the beasts of the forest. As he emerges little by little from the gloom of his cave into the light of civilization, intellect and conscience in him assert themselves more and more over brute force. The development of the race has begun, complex needs arise, aspiration after larger power and fuller conquest. And what takes place thus slowly in the development of the race takes place more rapidly in each individual of the race even when civilization has most advanced. Every child begins with the elemental craving for food and drink. He speedily develops an interest in the world of sense-perception, and then his life is mostly play; but it is only when he has begun to discipline his mind by study and his will by resisting capricious impulse that he emerges into manhood and claims his inheritance as a child of civilization. Little by little mind in him gains the mastery over matter, and this mastery grows uninterruptedly, if he so wills, until he becomes the wise man, the Christian sage. Little by little conscience gains the mastery over impulse, and this too, aided by divine grace, grows uninterruptedly if he so wills, until he becomes the holy man, the Christian saint. But in every case it is the hunger to know more, the thirst to love more, the yearning to do more, the courage to resist more—the desire for more abundant life—that stimulates his effort.

You, my dear young men, already know what it is to aspire after larger life. Some of you in great measure, others in smaller; but all of you, in some measure, have come to yearn after knowledge and the power that knowledge gives. In dreams by night and in visions by day, angels have come to you, messengers of the most high King, telling you that you are princes of the blood, bidding you take heart, to claim your kingdom. And you have risen up, and girt your loins, and left home and friends—not without many a backward look through misty eyes—to begin the work of conquest. Here to this sanctuary of religion and learning you come to fit yourselves for your kingly office. What can I say to you at the beginning of this school year that will best forward your purpose?

"Three things there are that are hard for me, and the fourth I am utterly unable to understand—the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, the way of a serpent on a rock and the way of a man in his youth." So spoke the wisest of the children of men. Youth is the playtime of life. The colt in the pasture, the puppy in the kennel, the kitten on the rug as well as the boy on the campus, are all reminders that youth is largely occupied with play. Far be it from me to find fault with this: youth is the most beautiful season of your lives. Once fled it will never come back to you again, and it is a tragedy when youth is clouded with the cares and labors that properly belong to mature manhood. But alas! youth is also the seedtime of life; and what would we say of the farmer who would fritter away the seedtime of the year and still hope for a harvest? Men sometimes talk lightly about the thoughtlessness of youth, as if that were a sufficient excuse for neglecting life's serious duties; but if you are ever to be thoughtless, would it not better be in old age when your work is done and when the years are not so heavily freighted with destiny? There is only one time, says Ruskin, when a true man can afford to be thoughtless, and that is when he lies on his deathbed. No wise man ever leaves any important thinking to be done there. Recreation and entertainment, then, there must be for youth, but growth too there must be—growth in wisdom, growth in knowledge, growth in strength and courage, growth in faith and hope and love.

And the first lesson you must learn is that the conquest of life is to come through discipline. The most sacred thing in all the world is authority. Authority is the golden ladder whose lowest round rests upon earth, and whose top is bound to the great white throne of God. The Church of God is built on obedience to authority. The layman obeys his pastor, the pastor obeys his bishop, the bishop obeys the Pope, and the Pope owes most complete obedience to his Master, Christ. And as man rises in the scale of perfection and of power, the obligations of obedience are multiplied. A superior who is at all fit for the exercise of so holy a function as authority must
hold himself ready at all times to serve the lowest of his subordinates. The Pope is the Vicar of Christ, he is the Successor of Peter, he is the Father of the Faithful, he is the Supreme Pontiff of Christendom, but the title which he recognizes as best fitting his exalted station is this: the Servant of the servants of God.

And not only in the Church, which is of God's architecture, is obedience to law an absolute necessity, but in all the works of man the principle of obedience to law is paramount. The architect is not free to build according to his whim. Let him ignore the laws of gravity, of resistance or of proportion, and his unbraced arches and his top-heavy towers come tumbling down about his head. In nature too this law is paramount. "When the river refuses to keep within its banks," says Hills, "it becomes a curse and a destruction. It is the stream that is restrained by its banks that turns mills-wheels for man.... And if disobedience is destruction, obedience is liberty. Obeying the law of steam man has the steam-engine; obeying the law of fire he has warmth; obeying the law of speech he has eloquence; obeying the law of sound thinking he has leadership; obeying the law of Christ he has character.... And as man increases the number of laws he obeys, he increases in richness of nature, in wealth, in strength, in influence. Nature loves paradox, and this is her chiefest paradox—he who stoops to wear the yoke of law becomes the child of liberty, while he who will be free from God's law wears fetters through all his years."

St. Paul speaks of "the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free," and what is this freedom but liberty from the yoke of sin through obedience to the law of Christ? Accept the law of God and you become a child of freedom; despise that law and you become the slave of passion. Accept the laws of health and you live a happy, wholesome life; despise them and nature will scourge you with whips of scorpions and plague you with disease. Accept the laws of the commonwealth and you move among your fellows majestic and independent as a king; transgress those laws and you must shun the face of day, and skulk in the darkness like a hunted, hated thing. Wherever you turn, whether to religion or philosophy or history, whether to nature without or conscience within, whether to the health of soul or body, this lesson is written in letters of fire over all the universe: Obey law or die.

The second lesson that you must learn in the conquest of life is that you must discipline the mind by study. One of the saddest facts of life is that the treasures of virtue and learning accumulated by wise and holy men pass out of the world with them; that they can not be transmitted as material possessions are to children and friends. On the other hand, is it not a source of comfort and strength to know that the best things in life, the things that matter, the things that are worth while, may be had by every man on absolutely equal terms. Wisdom, virtue, peace of conscience, knowledge, character, can not be inherited, they must be won by struggle.

The temptations you will meet in the practice of obedience and purity are the common experience of the race; they are as old as the rebellion of Adam, older than the shame of Sodom and Gommorah. And so the obstacles you will meet in study are the obstacles that have been met and surmounted by the leaders whose power you admire.

The heights by great men gained and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

The greatest advantage you will reap from your college life is in the close association open to you with mellow, cultured minds. Such association will best convince you of the worth of education and will furnish the stimulus needed for self-activity, which is the only true process of education. To lose faith in ideals, in the goodness of knowledge and virtue, is to chill the nerve of effort and to quench the star of aspiration. Let the old and the world-worn be pessimists, if they will, but do you cherish the glorious illusions of youth, for only so will you have strength and courage to endure the labor of preparation. "The kingdom of God suffereth violence, and
the violent bear it away." The kingdom of knowledge suffereth patience, and the patient bear it away. Learn to work without haste and without worry. Find joy in your work. Labor differs from play only in this: that play is taken up voluntarily and as an end itself.

Pursue learning, first, because it is a duty which you owe to the father who is willing to stint himself of comforts at home that life may open sweet and large and beautiful on the child whom he loves. Pursue it too because in honest study lies your only hope of happiness in college. The slothful student can not be at peace with himself, for happiness comes from sympathy with your surroundings. If through idleness you drag along like a hurt or wounded thing far behind your fellows, the class-room, the study-hall, the bell of discipline will all bear hard upon you. You will miss the cheery word, the sympathetic glance, the helpful act of professors and disciplinarians. Your school years are indeed a preparation for life, but forget not that they are also a part of life, and that they must be lived conscientiously and profitably if you would escape condemnation in the day of final accounting.

A third lesson that you must learn is that the conquest of life is to be wrought by character. God is love, God is mercy, and sins against God may be forgiven. Nature is pitiless, nature is relentless, nature is inexorable, and if there be a weak spot in your character, nature will find it out and punish you for it. There have been great temples with towering domes and splendid façades and immortal frescoes that have tumbled down into dust and rubbish because there was a flaw in the foundations. So, too, powerful men of brilliant parts are every day sinking into failure and disgrace and death because of a fundamental flaw in their character. This University is based upon the theory that education is chiefly moral; that character is more than culture.

Your Alma Mater will surround you with every strengthening influence that makes for character, but she can work no improvement in you without your active co-operation. Christ was the supreme Schoolmaster, yet even Christ failed wherever good-will and co-operation were wanting among His pupils. Judas, who, according to tradition, was His play-fellow when a boy, who was one of the twelve on whom He lavished all the love of His heart, whom He himself prepared for his first Holy Communion on the night of the Last Supper, Judas forgot those years of sweet intimacy, and on that very night betrayed his Master for thirty pieces of silver. The lament over the Holy City shows how these failures saddened the heart of our divine Lord. "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that stonest the prophets, how often would I have gathered thee to My bosom as the hen gathers her young under her wings, and thou wouldst not." And again: "If in Tyre and Sidon had been wrought the things that were wrought in thee, they would long since have done penance in sackcloth and ashes." Christ failed not because He was not the Supreme Teacher, not because His doctrine was at fault, but because His hearers by an act of the will deliberately closed their ears against His teaching. He recognized this, and henceforth He ended His lessons with the admonition, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." Even so, must your Alma Mater admonish you. Your hearty co-operation for the formation of character is needed if you are to obtain the best results. If only physical constraint operates, if your heart is not in your obedience, in your study and in your religious exercises, you are deliberately shutting yourself out from illumination and strength. Not those whom necessity compels to accept righteousness are blessed, but they who crave for righteousness with an appetite that can not be satisfied. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled." Unless you are filled with a divine hunger and a divine thirst that will be everywhere and always with you, that will grow with your growth and strengthen with your strength, you have not been educated. Nothing abides but deep conviction. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," says our Lord; that is to say, the measure of a man is the convictions that he cherishes with a love stronger than death.

These then are the lessons I would call to your attention on the opening of the new college year. Here in this beautiful temple,
before the altar whereon is enthroned the Supreme Teacher of mankind, pledge yourselves silently during the holy Mass this morning to live faithful to these ideals. Here among these fields over which holy missionaries weather-worn and weary have dragged tired feet still singing hallelujahs in their hearts, vow that the sacrifices they have made to create this University shall not have been in vain for you. Here where the sweet smile of Our Lady meets you at the turning of every lane, resolve to cultivate piety and purity in yourselves, and to carry the Christian life with you now and for ever after wherever you may go. May the benediction of the most holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, rest upon your good resolutions. May the sweet favor of holy Mary and the strengthening love of the protector, Saint Joseph, be with you and about you always. Amen.

His Ideal.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

It was July and as hot as the usual comparison. All day long the firm of Beach and Bowers, architects, had worked over blue prints. So when the rain came about five o'clock, young Richard Beach, throwing on his cravenette plunged out into it. Along the spattered cement he went in long, heavy strides, remnants of old college walks—all he had left, in fact, to remind him of those times, except perhaps the watch and fob he got in his senior year.

"Yes, that's young Beach," the lookers out the thick glass windows would say, "Takes well to water, doesn't he?" others would comment as the big fellow strode on, occasionally pushing his head back, and inviting the rain to beat against it.

"Lord, I love this thing," he broke out, "makes me feel myself. I could fight this stuff, gets a man's nerves throbbing, makes him expand and live, and stirs the fighting blood." And he pushed on, the primitive in him swelling up until he cursed the civilization that makes a man wear a hat in rain and wind. As he turned the corner a carriage whirled by, and through the windows he caught sight of Pierce hurrying home.

"Poor fool," he said, then he thought. "Well, I'll be!" he broke out, and caught the first trolley going West.

"Why, I wouldn't disappoint old Jim Baxter for half the contracts in Chicago," he explained to the conductor, as he stood on the back platform and watched the rain still pouring.

Now here is where the girl comes in. They generally find an entrance some place, and Dick Beach's life was littered with portals. Days ago which had rounded into years he had said he would never marry, all of which only proved the other fellow's retort:

"That some day, somewhere, some little girl would just glide into Dickey's life, and then, well then, the Beach stock would read, 'unsteady with great fluctuations.'"

Since that time many other portals had been added, but Richard still held out, until finally he guessed that after all perhaps he knew a thing or two that the other fellow didn't.

The conductor rang the bell that starts the car, when Beach saw her hurrying across the street. As she came nearer the wind blew her hair (no matter what color) across her face, and through the wisps he could see her eyes, great big brown eyes, looking imploringly towards the car and him. He pulled the rope and alighted. She came tip panting, her flushed cheeks and quick breaths choking the thanks she meant to speak. But out of her great eyes she told him.

She turned to enter the car, but halfway on the threshold Beach saw her pause. He knew the signs: the sudden paleness, the swimming dizziness, and then the arms that started up grasping for something and catching his coat, clinging to it as she fell.

"Too much hurry," he said to the conductor as he looked down on the pale cold face pressed against his coat. The passengers pushed forward, but he motioned them back, while the conductor made way and stopping the car hailed a carriage.

It proved to be nothing but a woman's swoon and a few minutes later she awoke. With her return to consciousness he felt easier, and when she asked him where they were going, he replied: "To the hospital."

"But I feel all right now," she returned
somewhat feebly, "and I'd rather go home."

"1542 Jefferson," she answered his query, and closing her eyes leaned back against the cushions. Once only she turned and through the half-opened lids smiled to him.

"1542 Jefferson!" he called to the cabby, who turned about and lashed the horses.

Then there was silence for a long time, and in the silence Beach heard nothing, saw nothing, dreamed nothing, but the pale creature at his side.

"You know," she said faltering at first, "I just had to catch that car, and it was so kind of you—" then suddenly—"she flushed and started up, realizing for the first time that she was alone with a strange man, in the most wicked city in the world.

"Well," he said noting the expression, "I won't hurt you; it is a bit unconventional, but then everyone was in such a hurry—except me." And he bit his lip as he thought of Baxter's dinner.

The remorse was but for a moment, for now she was looking at him through those great brown eyes. It was his turn to color.

He didn't know these signs, for they had never before come to him just that way. Yes, he had met many girls and had flirted in tête-à-tête until he thought he knew a great deal, but now he found he was stupid.

She looked out the window and smiled, almost laughed at him. He knew it was at his evident perplexity. But that did not discourage him, for he was wise enough to know that they always laugh at the man who is going to win. Then the carriage stopped.

"Won't you call," she said, as he helped her from the step, "I am at home Fridays after 3." So that is how it began.

He threw the driver a coin and jumped into the carriage, telling him to "rush to Lafayette Place."

All the way up he thought of her, looking so pretty, almost coquettish, as she stood on the stairs and laughed at him when she said good-bye. He was still thinking of the stairs when the carriage rolled into Lafayette Place. He hurried to his apartments, stopping only to look at the great hall clock, which, like most hall clocks, was stopped.

"I'll never make it now," he said putting his hand to his pocket and feeling for his watch. But it was gone.

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**Varsity Verse.**

**EARLY AUTUMN.**

*Tis autumn and the harvest time.
God's bounty smiles on every side:
The field where sways the tasseled corn,
The barn and granary bulging wide.

The apple kissed by every breeze,
All blushing dances from our reach,
While tree on tree is laden with
The burnished pear, the luscious peach.

Such scenes the morning sun reveals,
And sinking early in the West
His last rays gild the fertile fields
Which with such bounty God has blessed.

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**CORNERS.**

There's the "candy boy," you know him
By the clothing that he wears,
And the "would-be-tough" who carries
Heavy "packages" and swears.

There's the fellow with nose glasses
Who would have you think he knows,
And the grad of the air foundry
Who continually blows.

There's the fellow with the learning
Hanging all around his face,
And the "drop-the-nickle boy"
Who takes the operator's place.

There's the lad who keeps one eye closed
So as not to see things twice,
And the one who butters all your bread
With some of his advice.

There are few a little timid,
Three or four a bit outlandish,
And one who is unbearable
He's so dogon grandstandish;

But the rest are really corkers
And considered "all the noise;"
They are known by the people
Just as simple "college boys."

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**THE AWAKENING.**

In the darkness of the night
Fair was my dream and glowing bright,
Then came the sun, and with it day,
Turning the glow to ashes gray.

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Let us so spend these few short days of ours
That when our fancy turns to times gone by
We'll not meet barren wastes bleached and dry,
But there behold a field of budding flowers.

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T. E. B.

W. J. D.

V. A. P.
“Sister Songs,” Mr. Thompson informs us in a brief preface to the book, was written about the same time as “The Hound of Heaven” in his former book of poems, published in 1893. It was written in 1891 and not published till four years later, two years after his first book of poems had won such distinctive recognition. Facing these facts I am at a loss to understand why Francis Thompson has allowed such uneven work as “Sister Songs” to go before the public. “Thrift, thrift, Horatio,” explains why the “hysterical” novelists produce another work ere yet the moons of their last hero’s happy marriage have dawned a third time, and in the same principle is found the reason why more reputable and far-sighted, if as commercial-minded, writers let a considerable time elapse between books till their public’s appetite clamors for more. Neither of these explanations suits the case of Mr. Thompson. After giving the public a book of surpassing power he waited two years to offer it another of a much inferior character. For such must be my judgment in general as to the merit of “Sister Songs.” It adds nothing, I think, to Mr. Thompson’s reputation as a poet or rather as a seer. Fine frenzy there is in abundance; it is in fact all fine frenzy, and we need not go further to seek the reason of its inferiority.

In the first place, there is little raison d’être for the poem. The two little girls to whom it is written can not possibly understand what it is all about, and perhaps, notwithstanding the optimistic belief to the contrary expressed by the poet in the envoi at the end of the poem, perhaps they never will. Reason never had so little check over imagination as here. Image follows image in riotous profusion; perceptions of the senses are spoken of in interchangeable terms; light is just as likely to be heard as sound is to be seen, while time and time over, as no word in the English language will convey the poet’s meaning, he invents one for the moment. But all this, or much of it, could be pardoned if it really meant anything, but the subject-matter itself is so inconsequential that the poem on the whole amounts to nothing as a criticism on life. Doubtless Thompson did not mean it to be such: he purposely enclosed himself in the wide temple of his imagination and heaped incense on the flames of his devotion to these little maids till he himself, as well as all true vision of them, was lost in the changing arabesques his fancy created. But on this account we can not accept it bona fide as poetry.

It must not be supposed, however, that “Sister Songs” is all artificiality and a mistake. If it is true, as a careful critic has said, that one who writes much verse is almost sure to write now and then a line of poetry, it certainly is more evident still that a man of Francis Thompson’s power could not produce a great number of verses without achieving often through the work poetry lasting and fine. This is precisely the case with “Sister Songs.” If there are many faults to the poem, there are also many excellences; indeed one might go so far as to say that each page atones for itself, that Thompson always restores the equation between imagination and sense before he allows us to turn further. Similarly, the close of the long poem almost makes up in its exquisite, rounded perfection for what literary sins have been committed throughout the work.

But lo! at length the day is lingered out, At length my Ariel lays his viol by; We sing no more to thee, child, he and I; The day is lingered out: In slow wreaths folden Around yon censer, sphered, golden, Vague Vesper’s fumes aspire; And glimmering to eclipse The long labiurnum drips, Its honey of wild flame, its jocund spilth of fire.

How much might not the following rare figures compensate for? The child is said to be

As girlhood gentle, and as boyhood free.

Thou whose young sex is yet but in thy soul: As hoarded in the vine
Hang the gold skins of undelirious wine, As air sleeps till it toss its limbs in breeze.

And this great line,
... the innocent moon, that nothing does but shine.
Moves all the laboring surges of the world.

But in spite of the many fine things we see and appreciate in "Sister Songs," there are so many more which the poet does not insist on our understanding that the general drift of the poem is inevitably obscure. It is accordingly with a sense of relief rather than regret that we take up Thompson's latest poetical work, "New Poems," a compact and pregnant little book of some one hundred and thirty odd pages, published in 1897.

Naturalistic interpretation comes as near as might be expected of any single phrase to characterize the nature of this last poetical writing of Mr. Thompson, yet this expression is altogether too general and vague. There is development over his first work, great and satisfactory as that was; but the improvement is on the side of Thompson's virtues, and looks not towards the correction of his faults. The increase of power is noticeable almost on every page. There is more objectivity to this last work of his, more interpretation of nature, less psychological analysis. There are profoundly personal poems as, for example, his "Anthem of Earth," a memorable passage of which I quoted above. This is more than a merely autobiographical poem, or, if you please, it is autobiographical rather of the race than of the individual. It deals immediately with the life-problem as such. The forces that influence man's life, his nature and his destiny: these are questions Thompson puts to himself in the "Anthem of Earth." Greater theme he could not have; better treatment it has never received. The pressure of thought to the square inch is far higher than in any of his former work, with no loss on the imaginative side. Nor is the poem deficient on the side of science, being so deeply philosophical. How beautiful and strong the expression of a scientific fact in the following lines:

... I do think my tread,
Stirring the blossoms in the meadow grass,
Flickers the unwithering stars.

The passage that follows is typical both for thought and expression of the rest of the work:

In a little dust, in a little dust,
Earth, thou reclaim'st us, who do all our lives
Find of thee but Egyptian villegage.
Thou dost this body, this envocated realm,
Subject to ancient and ancestral shadows;
Descended passions sway it; it is distraught
With ghostly usurpation, dinned and fretted
With the still-tyrannous dead; a haunted tenement,
Peopled from barrows and outworn ossuaries.
Thou giv'st us life not half so willingly
As thou undost thy giving; thou that teem'st
The stealthy terror of the sinuous pard,
The lion maned with curled puissance,
The serpent, and all fair strong beasts of ravin,
Thyself most fair and potant beast of ravin;
And thy great enters, thou, the greatest cat'st.
Thou hast devoured mammoth and mastodon.
And many a floating bank of fangs,
The scaly scourges of thy primal brine,
And the tower-crested plesiosours.
Thou fillest thy mouth with nations, gorgest slow
On purple moons of kings; man's bulking towers
Are carcass for thee, and to modern sun
Disglutt'st their splintered bones.
Rabble of Pharaohs and Arsacide.
Keep their cold house within thee; thou hast sucked down
How many Ninevehs and Hecatompyloi,
And perished cities whose great phantasmat
O'erbrow the silent citizens of Dis:
Hast not thy fill?
Tarri awhile, lean Earth, for thou shalt drink,
Even till thy dull throat sicken,
The draught thou grow'st most fat on; hear'st thou not
The world's knives bickering in their sheaths? O patience!

Much oifal of a foul world comes the way,
And man's superfluous cloud shall soon be laid
In a little blood.

Of the poems that are primarily interpretations of nature, those seem most deeply inspired which speak of the sun, or of phenomena connected with it. Indeed, Francis Thompson early in his writings called himself the "constant Magian" of the sun. The verses quoted above from "Sister Songs," beginning "The day is lingered out," are the most beautiful, I think, of the poems he has written on this theme, though others may be more remarkable for the richness of oriental imagery and color, as, to take one example out of many, that which occurs at the opening of Mr. Thompson's "Orient Ode."

Lo, in the sanctuaried East,
Day, a dedicated priest,
In all his robes pontific exprost,
Lifeth slowly, lifeth sweetly,
From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,
Yon orb'd sacrament confer.
Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn.
And when the grave procession’s ceased,
The earth with due illustrious rite
Blessed,—ere the frail fingers fealty
Of twilight, violet-cassocked acolyte,
His sacerdotal stoles unvest—
Sets, for high close of the mysterious feast,
The sun in august exposition meetly
Within the flaming monstrosity of the West.

There are not only many such passages in this “New Poems” of Francis Thompson, but there are many passages of equal merit on entirely different themes. Mr. Thompson does not always wear the sacerdotal robe of the worshipper of Phæbus, nor is he always the philosopher or the scientist; he is on occasion the lover or suitor, the keen observer of the little things of social life. He is a poet in that queer sense in which Browning used the word and which he adopted from the Portuguese: a man who sees everything with the object of speaking it out, as well as a seer in the highest sense. Thus the “Way of a Maid,” a poem if ever there was one, is a perfect specimen of vers de société.

Space for further quotation narrows, but I must quote one more poem interpretive of nature, simply ideal in thought and expression, “To a Snow-Flake”:

What heart could have thought thee?
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered thee, wrought thee,
From argentine vapor?
God was my shaper.
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapor,
To lust of His mind;
Thou couldst not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost.

So far it has been my purpose to set forth the great merits of Mr. Thompson’s poetry, speaking only in a general way of its defects. But these faults of his style demand for themselves more special recognition. They are among the most striking things about Francis Thompson’s poetry. They are of the essence of it and as inevitable as breakdowns with an automobile. A poet who takes the image on a fly, so to speak, who catches the fleeting, subtle thing, can not be too choice as to the words with which he brings it down or the snare of words in which he imprisons it. Need of spontaneous expression explains, though it may not justify very satisfactorily, the neologisms of Francis Thompson’s style. The reason of his Latinisms and solecisms is to be sought first in Thompson’s reading, and secondly, in the nature of his themes; for the poet’s solecising reminds one of the violence done the Latin language by the schoolmen, and much of Thompson’s work is scholastic in theme. Accordingly, the English language must be shaped to the requirements of his subject. The rare word, the obsolete, and the odd, though authentic word, he is also fond of, and between the dictates of his taste and the exigencies of his theme we get such an array as, lioned, nesciency, fluctuous, flexile, resupine, transparent, and so on to almost any length.

But Thompson not only perpetrates verbal atrocities, he is father to monstrosities of imagery as well. He is often tripped up in the train of his own metaphors, and in the circumstance presents a sorry spectacle.

Examples of all these faults are to be had in the following lines, remarkable for little else:

As in a secret and tenebrous cloud the watcher from the disquiet earth
At momentary intervals beholds from its ragged rifts break forth

The flash of a golden perturbation, the travelling threat of a witched birth;
Till heavily parts a sinister chasm, a grisly jaw,
whose verges soon,
Slowly and ominously filled by the on-coming plenilune,
Supportlessly congest with fire, and suddenly spit forth the moon:

Of such lapses is Mr. Thompson capable, and they are reprehensible indeed. No poet who has produced as much good work as he has been guilty of so many and such grave literary offences, and yet, when one remembers some of his best work, one asks, with the English critic, Mr. Archer: “How

(Continued on page 46.)
—We love familiar faces. The old-time friends and old-time associates always fill us with an emotion that is more than casual, one that is real, that strikes the right chord in us and makes our whole system vibrate with genuine gladness. And so it was that on last Sunday at the opening Mass we were delighted to see the familiar face of our Rev. ex-President, Father Morrissey. With him in his accustomed place in the sanctuary was Father French, Vice-President and co-worker with Father Morrissey during his administration. That we missed them in their year's absence is best proved by the real pleasure we felt on seeing them here again. So now we haste to congratulate the new Provincial of Holy Cross in the United States, and the first Assistant General of the Order of Holy Cross. We are glad to see them with us, and hope they find us the same Notre Dame.

—Deeply ingrained in human nature is the spirit of resistance to change. A kind of reverence grows upon us from long-continued association. Hence, the vitality of an established custom. It is this that teases and exasperates the reformer. A usage may have outlived its usefulness, and have become a grave inconvenience, yet it persists. The Gregorian Calendar was adopted in England only after overcoming an opposition of nearly two hundred years; even then mobs gathered in the streets and shouted: 'Give us back our eleven days.' Russia is still eleven days behind the rest of the civilized world, though her position is both unreasonable and inconvenient. Instances of this kind might be multiplied. The furious attack on the spelling reformers is just now an excellent example of the natural dislike for innovation. A moderate concession to spelling reform is certainly reasonable, and would save for better use the mental energy of each generation now expended in mastering a clumsy and meaningless spelling. There is no good reason why though should not be spelled ‘tho,’ or through ‘thru.’ Yet this process should not be carried so far as to rub off from our words helpful philological ear marks.

—"If I am elected I expect to discharge the duties of my office according to my own honest opinions." So spoke William Randolph Hearst in New York recently. And we have no doubt about it. But what are Mr. Hearst's honest opinions? We admit he has opinions, and we admit that he is honest in them. But how shall we know them? And once knowing them, will we allow him to discharge the duty dictated by them? Of his personality we know very little; he hides himself behind his work. He is the man behind, and so we might judge by his works what his opinions are.

In so far we know him to be the journalist who has sanctioned and fostered the yellow sort of thing all his life. This has been his machine, and this is how he has worked. All of which makes it hard for us to reconcile ourselves to thinking that the man whose principles allow him to spread the poison of yellow journalism, and call it purely a business venture, can have another set of principles which are fit to govern a state. We all would like to know what are the honest opinions of a yellow journalist? What would be the outcome of his rule? What sort of sensationalism would he tolerate in the government of a state? And what poison would creep in consequent to his clever condemnation of vice, and so fill the minds of the people with the attractiveness of sin; sin, which we all hate, but after reading, endure, and in the end pity. It is extreme politeness and consideration to tolerate in a yellow sheet "honest opinions which" are distasteful to us, but it would be injustice to allow them to be thrust on us officially.
The second week of practice has made a wonderful improvement in the Varsity. Twenty-six men are now working daily to win back for Notre Dame her football reputation, and it looks as though they were going to do it too.

Coach Barry has won a home with the squad already and they are doing all that could be asked of them. The greatest and best thing noticeable among the men this season is the willingness and earnestness with which they go about the work. A silent, determined spirit appears to be lying in the heart of every man on the squad, and as day by day Coach Barry's teaching reveals itself the men smile a little brighter and work a little harder. And to Coach Barry must go the credit of inspiring that spirit of good clean fighting that the men are showing. He has scored already with the men on the squad. Nothing he asks is too hard for them to try, for in him they have found a good clean sportsman, teaching only good clean football. And it is safe to say that if the squad and Coach Barry have any kind of baseball luck—say it low—but something may happen.

The past week saw an influx of good men. First and foremost comes the man of baseball fame, with the same broad smile and the same two hundred pounds, Jerry Sheehan. Mr. "Jer" had the rooters guessing some. It had been rumored that he was coming every day for a week, but no Jer appeared, so when he did loom up the side-liners drew another long breath and said: "Well, at last he's here."

Ex-Capt. Beacom, who has been suffering with a severe cold, came out the first of the week and is rounding into the same stone-wall. Beacom has been switched to tackle and may play there this year; but no matter where he plays just so he is in the line-up, for that two hundred and twenty pounds of muscle will take care of any position Coach Barry may see fit to put it in. Hutzel and Keefe also made their appearance this week. Hutzel is a good fast back with experience, and will make someone go some for a position at end or behind the line. The same may be said of Keefe as of Hutzel; coupled with Keefe's experience he is one of the speediest men in the school.

Dwan's classes have been arranged, and it seems now that Captain Bracken will go back to left-half and Dwan will play quarter. The arrangement looks good anyhow. Capt. Bracken is one of the fastest men on the team and has played half for two years, his speed and experience making him a valuable man behind the line this season, as speed is necessary, under the new rules. Dwan lacks Varsity experience, but he is showing all the form of a veteran at present. He has speed, nerve, endurance and a good head, and although somewhat lacking in experience he can be counted on to fill the bill. He has everything a quarter needs, and by the time Coach Barry calls him fit, he will be a veteran in experience.

Among the new men trying for the backfield, Hutzel, a brother to Oscar, is doing well. O'Flynn, another first-year man, had been showing well at right-half until a few days ago when he injured his leg and has been compelled to ease up a little.

The tackling bag still gets all that is coming to it. By the time all the twenty-six men take a fall out of it every day, the reminder of Pat Beacom will be a sorry-looking sight.

The first game will be played with Rockford High School, Oct. 6. Rockford High School won the championship of Illinois last year, and will give the Varsity a good work out.

Friday Captain Bracken took the dummy on the flying tackle, sending it to the side-lines for repairs.
The weather has cooled down considerable and makes harder practice possible.

**

Speed, speed, speed, is now the cry of the Coach and will continue to be for the rest of the season. Ten yards in three downs requires something built on the rabbit style, and the faster the backs can go the more easy will be the ten yards.

**

Mertes and Henning are deciding the time at center on the second string. Both are big men and will develop into valuable line-men before the season is over.

**

Watch for the season tickets. They will be out the latter part of the coming week. S. E.

Variable Speed Motors.

CONCLUSION.

The Lincoln Variable Speed Motor is the invention of J. C. Lincoln of the manufacturing Co. of his name in Cleveland, Ohio. Its peculiarity lies in the fact that speed control is obtained by moving its armature out and in between the pole pieces. It is a four pole-shunt wound machine, and by means of a hand wheel the moving of the armature is accomplished. As the armature is withdrawn, the magnetic flux decreases and so the speed increases. The armature of the motor is made slightly larger at one end than the other. This peculiar construction is used in order to increase the airgap more readily. This increase is accomplished when the armature is withdrawn from the pole pieces. The increase in the airgap coupled with the decrease of the magnetic area gives a greater speed variation than would otherwise be possible. In order to prevent destructive sparking when the armature is drawn out a special commutating field is provided for this purpose, so that at all speeds sparkless commutation is approached. The thrust bearing is at the commutator end of the motor. This bearing, which carries the armature, is moved in and out by a hand wheel at the back of the machine. The shaft of the hand wheel is passed through the frame of the motor and is threaded at its end. Here is a nut, and as the shaft engages the nut, it in turn moves a lever which in turn moves the armature. This motor can be run in either direction and with very few turns of the hand wheel a full variation of speed can be obtained. All the speeds can be obtained with one voltage from an ordinary two-wire circuit so that the multiple system is eliminated as also the controllers. It is a time-saver and does away with an additional expense due to balances used in the multiple voltage apparatus.

Our next machine to consider is the Inter Pole Machine, manufactured by the Electrical Dynamic Co. of Bayonne, N. J. As the name implies, this machine is supplied with small poles intervening the main poles. At the Electrical Show held in Chicago the first of the year this machine was on exhibition, and it was said at that time that a workman in the shops of the Company, conceived the idea. This statement however was moderated somewhat by F. J. Sprague, in a recent article in the Electrical World. He says:

"In this specific form, this commercial application of the Inter-Pole has been comparatively recent, but since this general method is one which is fundamental to the larger development of non-sparking continuous current machines operated at increased potentials, I derive more than ordinary satisfaction from the fact that both the idea and practice originated with me years ago.” In still a later number of this same publication, we find that a prominent electric company has placed on the market a machine embodying almost in its entirety the features of the Inter Pole Machine. This Company was very bitter against the Inter Pole Machine when it first made its appearance, loudly condemning it as a “freak” motor, yet to-day they have almost the same kind on the market, and it is reasonable to suppose that while they condemned it they themselves were experimenting on the same idea in their laboratories. Their auxiliary poles perform the same functions as the same poles on the Inter-Pole Machine. So we see that this machine has been the result of much research from all sides.

Absolute non-sparking conditions are
attained by this motor. The Inter-Pole which is situated between the main poles is excited by the series coils, and so weaken and strengthen the field as the load increases or diminishes. In this way the field is automatically rocked back and forth so that good commutation is had at all points. If now the motor is speeded as it is done by weakening the main fields, the motor calls for more current to maintain its increased speed and the armature tends to react strongly on the weakened main poles and twist the field backwards. This condition is prevented by the strengthened inter-pole exerting its influence, and the field and non-sparking point are brought back to their proper positions. So it is claimed that the inter-pole motor can be speeded 600% over its slowest speed by field control and still have no sparking. Reversing can also be easily accomplished, for the armature circuit being reversed the inter-pole is reversed, and so its effect is reversed. This is done by simply changing the external connections of one armature and one auxiliary lead.

This motor is small in size and light in weight. It with its apparatus for field regulation can be directly connected to the machine it is to run, and in this way, as before, time and labor factors are reduced. An overload of 100% can be carried without sparking and an overload 40% for long periods either at maximum or minimum speed for any reasonable length of time without injury to the machine. This machine uses ball bearings recommended by Prof. Strubeck of Germany, and is perhaps the only machine using these bearings. Constant speed at varying loads is maintained at any set load between the limits of speed variation. This motor also operates on a single voltage as does the Lincoln Motor, its speed changes are affected almost instantly, and it fulfills all requirements for a variable speed motor. Its action is simple and its construction is not as intricate as the Lincoln Machine, consequently it will stand rougher usage.

The auxiliary poles of this machine can easily be removed by simply disconnecting the coil connections and withdrawing the bolts which hold these to the frame. This fact is of great value. The winding of the auxiliary poles are connected in series with the armature and in this way produce a magnetizing effect proportional to the current in the armature. So it is seen that the resultant field of this motor is made up of three components:

1. That due to shunt winding.
2. That due to armature reaction.
3. That due to the auxiliary poles.

The brushes are permanently fastened to the frame.

The Stow Manufacturing Co. of Birmingham, N. Y., have on the market what they call a Multi-Speed Motor. Like other motors for variable speed these machines owe their speed regulation to the variation of field strength. By a suitable method the flux at the pole tips utilized in commutation is practically constant, even though the total flux acting upon the armature is changed, thus insuring sparkless commutation. The pole pieces consist of an ordinary pole shoe and a cylindrical shell over which the magnetizing coils are wound. In this shell is a solid core of high permeability. When the core or "plunger," as it is called, is in contact with the pole shoe, the magnetic circuit is most complete and of minimum reluctance. In this way the magnetic flux becomes a maximum, and the speed, as a result, a minimum. By means of a hand wheel this plunger can be moved in and out in this cylindrical shell thus varying the magnetic flux and so varying the speed. One voltage as before is all that is required for this motor. No controllers and no rheostates are required, so that much additional expense is eliminated. As with the Lincoln Motor, this machine is also liable to mechanical weaknesses.

In the foregoing we have led up from the crude way of varying speed to those methods which reduce the principal factors named before.—Time, labor, and expense. Briefly we have examined the different methods and it remains for us to choose the better machine.

Master minds have been following every conceivable line of research, and to what extent they have pushed their investigation is seen by the varied method of variable speed control as used to-day in running elevators, etc., and driving machines in our shops.

C. E. R. Jr.
can one harden one's heart to remonstrate with a poet who can write like this? One's impulse is rather to say, 'Go on and prosper—play what pranks you please with the English language, Latinize, neologize, solecize as you will; make past participles from nouns and verbs transitive from adjectives; devise gins and sprinzes for the tongue out of cunningly knotted sibilants and dental sounds; pause not to distinguish between grotesque conceits and noble images; only continue to write such lines as these:

"Even the kisses of the just
Go down not unresurgent to the dust.
Yea, not a kiss which I have given,
But shall triumph upon my lips in heaven
Or cling a shameful fungus there in hell—and everything, everything, shall be forgiven you!"

For adopting the severest test Matthew Arnold devised for judging of the quintessential and lasting character of poetry, that of applying as a touchstone to it passages from the works of accepted great poets, it must be admitted that Francis Thompson's best work rings true. "Absent thee from felicity awhile" has many a kindred line throughout Mr. Thompson's work even in those fragments quoted in this paper. He has more lapses from grace than we like in a classic, and a classic he will—never be. He will never be a standard for the writing of English poetry. As Keats and, in less degree, Matthew Arnold are too Grecian in the character of their work to be pure English poets, so Francis Thompson is exotic by reason of his Latinism of form, and indeed we might say of thought as well. He is an English Lucretius, great in the possession of that cosmologic view of things which makes the Roman poet, to my thinking, the greatest in Latin literature. What is looked for in a classic—the realization of the highest his language is capable of, for all ages to be the standard of judgment—we find, among English poets, in Shakespeare alone. However great the complexity of the education he received, no matter were his knowledge of Greek and Latin and French ten times as great as it really is seen to have been from his writings, and accordingly exercised an influence ten times as strong over them, no matter of his "puissant" Cæsars and his "multitudinous seas incarnadine," he is always to our mind the Shakespearian of "Hark, hark, the lark!" for all times our one great classic. Not so does the image of Thompson come before the mind; we can not separate him from the foreign dress in which he has clothed himself; we can not strip naked of its accidental trappings of imagery and phrase the essential poetry of his work; in spite of ourselves it is some such lines as

The conscious, sacramental trees
Which ever be
Shaken celestially,
we remember, and not the thrice-refined beauty of the poem "Daisy," beginning,
Where the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
or the less simple but glowing lines,—
And glimmering to eclipse
The long laburnum drips
Its honey of wild flame, its jocund spilth of fire.

Yet when we study and carefully compare Francis Thompson's work with that of English poets who have sung before him, we find, even as quotations throughout this essay have been meant to indicate, that he has given us a body of poetry as large, as strong and as lovely as that contributed by either Keats or Tennyson or Shelley or Wordsworth to English literature.

(Continued from page 39.)

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Statement of Facts.

The following statement of facts has been referred to the prosecuting attorney, who will decide whether to proceed by indictment or information on the criminal side of the Moot Court, or to return the statement to the clerk as not properly the basis of a criminal action: The People of the State of Indiana vs. Anthony L. Barrett.

The defendant in this case is a resident of South Bend, State and County aforesaid. He is a hotel keeper and conducts a saloon in connection with his business. Ballard Gray, the prosecuting witness, lives at
Navarre Place. Last April he expected a visit from some of his New England relatives and determined to lay in a plentiful supply of cider. On the 20th of that month he purchased from said defendant three barrels of what is popularly called hard cider, each of which was said to contain 42 gallons. The price paid for it was $1 a gallon. Gray and his Eastern relatives made free use of the cider, as did his many friends, political and social, who called during the summer. It disappeared in so seemingly short a time, to wit, Sept. 1st, that Gray began to entertain doubts as to his having received as much as had been sold to him. To test the matter he filled the barrels with water, carefully measuring it by the gallon. In this he was assisted by Ole Swanson, his coachman. They found that the barrels were of uniform size and contained hardly 33 gallons each. It thus appeared that Gray received 27 gallons less cider than he purchased and paid for. He demanded that quantity of cider, or the $27 paid for it, in the course of his interview on the subject with Barrett, but the latter refused to give either. He is of opinion, under the circumstances, that Barrett is criminally liable, but does not undertake to say whether for false pretenses, cheating, larceny, or the like. He makes affidavit as to the facts stated and leaves it to the prosecuting attorney to prepare the information or indictment and take such further action as may seem proper. It should be stated that on examination it was found that each barrel had a double or false bottom, thus reducing its capacity to the stated quantity of 33 gallons—a shortage of nine in each case.

Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe of Chicago will, as announced by him previous to the "Opening Talk" Saturday evening last, donate this year a gold medal to be competed for by the members of the law class. It will be an exact duplicate of the medal of 1905-'6: this in accord with the approval of the Very Reverend President. Those who saw the medal won by Brown of Pennsylvania need not be told of its neat workmanship and style. It can be truthfully said that the O'Keeffe medal was a superb memorial of Notre Dame and a trophy which may proudly be prized by anyone. The conditions are simple:

An English Composition on some legal subject.

The Composition to be accompanied by a cipher, number or letter, or group of numbers or letters; to be enclosed in a sealed envelope; marked on outside with subject of composition and the cipher or code index; with this sealed envelope another sealed envelope; inside the writer's or author's full name; outside the cipher or code index.

The composition to be in the hands of Dean Hoynes on or before May 1, 1907.

The subject is at the selection of the author, and may be treated as the author deems best.

The style of the composition, the knowledge of the subject, and the scope of mental capacity generally will govern as to decision.

Every member of the Law class is eligible.

The decision will be made by the majority of three lawyers of Chicago.

Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe will give a lecture on the third Saturday of each month during the academic year as follows:

October—Real Property: Title: Examination of Abstracts: Guaranty Policy.
February—The Lawyer in his Office.
March—The Lawyer as Advocate: Cross Examination.
April—The Lawyer as Counsel.
April—The Corporate Ally.
May—Ethics of the Bar.
May—The Lawyer of the Future.

It is especially suggested that, immediately previous to each lecture, the students read some text-book on the particular subject. Thus they will the better profit.

The lawyers are coming in daily, and it is expected that this year's Law department will be the largest in years.
Personals.

—We are glad to hear of the success of Mr. John J. O'Phelan (Law '04), who has located in South Bend, Wash., and has already built up a good practice.

—The many friends of Aloysius Lyons at the University sympathize deeply with him in the loss of his sister, Miss Alice. The young lady succumbed to an attack of appendicitis after a short illness.

—From Berlin comes the news that Fred W. Wile, another Notre Dame man, has resigned as correspondent for the Chicago Daily News, taking a three years' service with the London Daily Mail at a salary of $5000.

—W. P. Feeley (C. E. '06) is the first of the late class from whom we have heard. "Bill" is with the Big Four Railroad Co. at Indianapolis and is doing well. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates him and wishes him the best of success.

—We hear from Vermilion, S. D., that T. D. Lyons '04 has starred again. Tom is candidate on the Democratic Ticket for Superintendent of Public Instruction. While at school he was an energetic worker, being prominent in oratorical, debating, and SCHOLASTIC work. We wish him the best of success.

—Another veteran alumnus has dropped from the list; in the person of Mr. John B. Goodhue of Beaumont, Texas. While in the employ of the Southern Pacific, Mr. Goodhue became their agent at Beaumont. Coming there before the oil boom, he was in a position to accumulate much property. Death resulted from the effects of an operation from appendicitis.

Local Items.

—Twenty-five out Thursday!

—Barry is surely whipping them into shape.

—Contributions to the SCHOLASTIC will be received at Room 26, Sorin.

—"Bud" insists that the rim of his hat is not an auto course—"just a rim."

—Has anyone heard of the whereabouts of Murray? We miss you, Marathon.

—Even Brogan admires Beacom's nerve in the big boy's constancy to his Beloved Straw.

—Pep and Barry and you, Mr. Rooter, will make us State Champs.

—That puffing you hear isn't from Enrique's auto. Neither is it from the hall elevator. It's just the punctuated choo-choo of the third flatter carrying his trunk.

—Carpenters and masons have been busy fixing up the entrance to the kitchen. A new brick addition has been built adding much to the comfort and appearance of the place.

—Science Hall is to have another physical laboratory, the one at present being too small to accommodate the students. The addition on its east end is being fixed up for the purpose.

—The hours in the library are:

On weekdays—8 a. m—12 m.
1 p. m—6:30 p. m.
7 p. m—9:30 p. m.

On Sundays—9 a. m—12 m.
1 p. m—4 p. m.

—At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Club last Wednesday evening W. P. Escher of Braddock, Pennsylvania, was elected President; W. J. Heyl, Vice-President; Orthmor Benz, Treasurer; A. G. Drumm, Secretary. The Pennsylvania Club is one of the most progressive Clubs at the University. The good fellowship and good times of the Pennsylvania Club have been traditional at Notre Dame. And it seems as this year's organization will keep up the good work. The Pennsylvania Club is the one we have heard so much about concerning the famous "N. D. Ball" at Christmas time.

—Last Wednesday evening St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society reorganized for the coming year. Much interest was shown in the election of officers, the results of which are as follows: F. T. Collier, President; J. Diener, Vice-President; F. X. Cull, Secretary; N. M. Doyle, Sergeant-at-Arms. Father Marr, C. S. C., was unanimously chosen Spiritual Adviser with Bro. Florian Moderator. The members chosen to fill the offices of Honorary President and Vice-President were Messrs. Schmidt and Cunningham. After the election of officers Bro. Florian addressed the society in a few well-chosen words. He reminded the members that this society has been the forerunner of the present inter-hall debating system, and that a society is not to be considered according to the number of members, but by the quality and earnestness of those who composed it. Arrangements are now being made to hold a debate between St. Joseph's and Brownson, to take place some time in December. It is expected that this will arouse the liveliest interest between the two societies. St. Joseph's will spare no pains to win the honor, and place herself once more at the head of debating societies at Notre Dame.