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The Unending.

SUNSHINE and shadow, the clouds float idly by,
Now in the sun and now in the shade we lie;
And shade and sunshine be it till we die.

Shadow and sunshine, comes the freshening rain,
The fields awake and faded the gloom and the pain—
A little while and spring will be gone again.

Sunshine and shadow, laugh while the hours are gay—
Tomorrow darkly frowns on the fair today;
And we have only to go a little way.

E. J. MURPHY.

St. Cyril and Hypatia.

WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, '98.

HISTORICAL controversy seems always to have been a favorite diversion of mankind. There are but few great, national deeds of the past whose importance has not been assaulted and minimized. All great men have felt the scathing lashes of the enemy's words. In the political, social, moral, and religious world an abundance of themes is daily afforded for violent strife; and it must be said that every available opportunity seems to be eagerly accepted. This is especially true in the religious world, where disputes have always produced the most bitter feelings and baneful results. Just as the character of Cæsar has been torn asunder by the contention of enemies, so the great men of the Church have always been subject to the violence of the calumnist. The life of St. Cyril offers a striking example of the manner in which men will endeavor to distort the true pages of history for selfish motives.

In the early part of the fifth century, when

Alexandria was one of the chief cities of the civilized world, incidents occurred there more befitting a den of savages than an enlightened and cultured community. Its population was at that time nearly one half pagan, and the Jews were also very numerous. The latter people were the most turbulent and seditious in the city. The special objects of their hatred were the Christians, and many bloody riots occurred between the two parties. For this reason the Roman emperors had invested the patriarchs with extensive civil authority to quell these outbreaks. In the year 413 Cyril was appointed to the patriarchate, and almost immediately difficulties arose between him and Orestes, the imperial prefect. Cyril incurred the enmity of the prefect on account of the patriarch's unflinching efforts to rid the city of the open lawlessness of the Jews. Repeatedly did he beg Orestes to check the turbulence and insolence of this part of the community, but all to no avail.

At that time the chief school of pagan philosophy was taught by a young lady named Hypatia. Orestes was her firm friend, and one of her most important pupils. She was renowned for her teachings and great beauty, and every day a vast concourse of people went to hear her lecture in Alexandria. The protracted and groundless enmity of Orestes toward their patriarch was ascribed by the whole Christian community to the influence that Hypatia exerted over him. One day in the year 415 a number of monks and some lay-men seized her as she was going to her lecture-hall, brought her to the church of the Cæsareum, and there tore her to pieces.

Such is the substance of the historian Socrates' account of this horrible butchery. Later so-called historians and commentators have endeavored with all possible means to brand Saint Cyril as the instigator of this inhuman

crime, but the shallowness of their statements can be easily recognized. The weight of solid evidence, as we shall show, is evidently in favor of the patriarch's innocence; still his enemies and the foes of religion persist in attacking him.

To obtain a true account of this murder we evidently must have recourse to the historians that lived at, or shortly after, that time. These are Socrates, Philostorgius, Suidas, Damascius, and Nicephorus Callixtus. Now, let us see what these men say concerning the murder.

Socrates, the greatest of these men, and a contemporary of Hypatia, was known to be very hostile to Cyril owing to a difference in religious belief. In his writings he frequently shows a dislike for Cyril, but notwithstanding this hatred, not once does he accuse the patriarch. How can this silence be accounted for? Surely if there were the least evidence against Cyril, Socrates, his enemy, would not hesitate a moment in accusing him.

Philostorgius, a historian of great ability, and also a contemporary of Hypatia, narrates the manner of her death very carefully, but does not even mention the name of Cyril in connection with it, although he accuses the Christians. Suidas, another contemporary, agrees in almost every particular with Philostorgius. There is no apparent reason why these three historians, known to be truthful, should conceal the guilt of Cyril, if it were known or even generally rumored that he was connected in any way with this crime.

Now there remains only the words of Damascius and Nicephorus Callixtus to be examined. Damascius was a confirmed pagan, and in his works he repeatedly declares himself to be a bitter enemy of Christianity. Such a man would naturally try to calumniate one of the bulwarks of the early Church. He also was one of those inspired historians who relied on no previous authority, for he lived a century and a half after the murder. Nicephorus Callixtus lived nine centuries after the event, and whatever he has said against Cyril can not have any weight when compared to the evidence of the patriarch's three contemporaries. Where could those two men have gained their information? No such accusations against Cyril as are in their works can be found in the writings of those that lived at the time, and saw many of the Alexandrian events take place. Therefore, we must dismiss the opinions of these men, as they rely on no previous authority, and we can say to a moral certainty

that they were influenced by narrow prejudice.

Kingsley and Voltaire are the two chief enemies of Cyril in modern times. Kingsley in his "Hypatia" professes to follow Socrates closely; but, if so, where does he obtain his bitter accusation against Cyril? We can not discover it in Socrates. His bigotry evidently forced him to glance over the pages of Damascius. In matters pertaining to religion, who would believe Voltaire? But it is unfortunately the truth that the inventions of a confirmed infidel often spread wider and have more influence for a time than fact itself. Truth must finally prevail, however, and the echo of Voltaire's voice is rapidly growing silent.

Ample proof of the innocence of St. Cyril can be obtained from the record of his life and deeds. History shows him to be a very devout man. Did not his action in the Council of Ephesus, when contending with Nestorius, confirm this? The noble principle that he so valiantly defended in that Council remains today as the greatest attestation of the patriarch's sincerity and devotion. Moreover, when the Jews were driven out of Alexandria for their extreme cruelty, he came out among his people and restrained their violence so effectually that not one drop of blood was spilt. Surely a man so merciful to the bitterest enemies of Christianity, when force was mostly a virtue, could not sink so low as to commit a cowardly murder. If he had been the instigator of that horrible crime would it not have been known to a certainty long before this? Out of the large number of people that are known to have taken part in the murder some one would certainly reveal it; but no man connected with that murder ever said that St. Cyril had urged them on.

St. Cyril has always been regarded by the Church as one of her greatest saints. In the stormy period of the fifth century when enemies internal and external were doing all in their power to overthrow that divine institution, Cyril arose as its great champion and effectually vanquished the foe. That Church that has withstood the most powerful attacks and survived when all human institutions were crumbling to dust has not repented to this day that she enrolled Cyril among the great saints.

There is no need for violent dispute on this question. History leaves no blot on Cyril's character; his actions and writings in defending the faith of the Church against its enemies confirm his steadfast virtue, and the Church has glorified him with the crown of a saint.

An Early Frontier Wedding.

THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98.

Men were chatting here and there in groups; some sitting on stumps or trunks of felled trees, others resting on their rifles, or sitting leisurely on their horses. Women, too, had separated into groups; some were nursing babies and caring for the little ones around a large wood fire, for it was in early spring and the morning was cool; but the largest crowd of women had gathered near the church door chatting with the parson's wife. Young men and young women, strong in the vigor and freshness of youth in the springtime, were walking about, slyly dodging the watchful glance of the matrons. And boys and girls were making merry playing hide and seek in the edges of the forest.

A small log church stood at the intersection of three roads, in the midst of the primeval forest. Some three or four acres of ground were cleared around the church; and horses were hitched to the branches of the great beech and ash trees. Here the people were gathered.

"Here they come," shouted a boy, and immediately the narrow, dirty road was crowded with girls and boys. The boys tossed up their caps and the girls waved their handkerchiefs and bonnets. A few older men and women instinctively went after the younger ones, as if, perchance, to keep order. A moment later a bride and bridegroom, accompanied by a half dozen young men and women on horse-back, dismounted from their panting horses.

The church was crowded. A wedding was a great social event, and people came for miles to see it. There had been but three marriages in the little church in the last two years. After the congregation had sung a hymn, the bride and bridegroom came into the church and stood before the parson.

"Does anyone know of an impediment to this marriage?" asked the parson as he looked inquiringly over the rural congregation.

A tall, broad-shouldered man arose from a rough oak bench near the entrance of the church. His hands rested on the muzzle of his long flint-lock rifle, and he held a coon-skin cap between his forefinger and thumb.

"I have a statement to make," said he, "though, perhaps, it is not an impediment."

"Well," said the parson, "if it relates in

particular to either one of these two contracting parties, you may give us the plain facts."

The tall man bent forward, and a sunbeam struck across his face; and determination and bravery were written on his countenance.

"Well," he began, "I suppose most of you folks remember John Able—"

"My son!" exclaimed a woman interrupting him. "Tell me, stranger, what has become of him. My son, my own, dear John!" and she, breathless, sank down on the puncheon pew.

"Continue, brother," said Parson Alexander to the stranger.

"You all know," said he, "that John was in love with that same Eve Fields that's up there being married to Jim Pope."

"That's right," said the parson.

"Of course," continued the stranger, "they were nothing else than children then, but still John and Jim were rivals. They agreed to fight a duel for Eve's hand. I was to be the witness. They fought, and Jim killed him."

Jim Pope grew pale, but did not stir. All eyes were turned toward him, and then to the stranger. All were silent.

"Continue, brother," said Parson Alexander.

"Well, when I gave the signal to fight they both fired, and John dropped. The next thing I knew two red-skins had my hands tied behind me. That's all I know about the duel."

Another silence fell on the hearers, and this time the parson broke it by addressing Jim:

"Well, brother James Pope, what have you to say?"

Jim turned and faced the congregation, and with a faltering voice said:

"All that the stranger said is true. Only I saw an Indian pick John up; I think they took him with them. I saw the woods was full of them; two shots were fired at me, and I hastened home to give the alarm.—Poor John! The bullet from his rifle flattened against the muzzle of my gun. I wish he had killed me."

Jim stood motionless; and the terror-stricken bride, staring at him for a moment, fell fainting to the floor.

"This is evidence for the law," gravely spoke the parson; "I can not marry them under such circumstances. Jim is evidently a murderer. Officer Smith had better take charge of him."

"No!" shouted another stranger, "Jim is not a murderer. I am John Able."

A woman ran down the church exclaiming: "My son, my son!" and John Able was soon in his mother's embrace.

Again all was silence. Only the joyful sobs

of John's mother disturbed the solemn stillness.

"Jim gave me a bad wound," continued John, "but I recovered and escaped from the Indians in time to fight five years in the army of Washington,—"

"Thank God!" interrupted the stranger. "Parson, you have not recognized me. I am your son that the Indians captured over eight years ago. I, too, have been fighting for freedom. I was in the last great fight under Washington at Yorktown. America is free!"

In a short time Eve recovered and the ceremony continued. Both Jim and Eve answered the minister's "Wilt thou have" in the affirmative. And Parson Alexander stretched his hands over them, and blessed them saying, "May the Lord bless and protect you, man and wife, and this the first marriage in the County of Kentucky in the free land of Virginia."

The Case of Major André.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

War destroys not alone the material grandeur of a nation: its means of communication, its industries, its temples are shattered, and among them fall the men whose intellect brought these into being. Men of brilliant minds, restless, ambitious and promising futures, set out to try their fortunes in a foreign land and never return. In the event of war both belligerents lose the flower of their chivalry. Yet, lamentable as is the fact, no blame for the loss of particular individuals should attach to either side, provided that they were killed in honorable, civilized warfare.

It happened that in our war for independence, a young, handsome, talented British officer of great promise, John André, was executed by the orders of the American commander. Benedict Arnold profited by his capture and escaped. There were circumstances in André's case that could be construed favorably to him, and it has been claimed that he was sacrificed as a sort of compensation for the escape of the traitor Arnold. Westminster Abbey contains a mural memorial to him. There was a strong sentiment in his favor even in America, as a monument at Tappan testifies.

I propose to show that Major André was a spy, and therefore justly condemned. Warton, an authority on International Law, states that "A spy is a person sent by one belligerent

to gain secret information of the forces and defences of the other, to be used for hostile purposes. According to practice he may use deception, under the penalty of being lawfully hanged if detected.

That André was sent by the English to gain secret information of the forces and defences of the Americans, and that the information was to be used for hostile purposes, is indisputable. Sir Henry Clinton claimed that André entered the Continental lines wearing a British uniform and under a flag of truce. The following are the facts taken in substance from *The Annual Register* for 1781, a contemporary English periodical:

"Negotiations of a highly treasonable character were being carried on between Sir Henry Clinton and Benedict Arnold through André. Arnold, as Commander of West Point, could not go to New York, and it was arranged that André should come to him. Therefore, the latter was landed at night from a British vessel, the *Vulture*. The traitor met him outside the American ports and conveyed him into camp. The British officer wore his regimentals, but they were concealed under a surtout. His uniform was soon changed for ordinary clothes. André, himself when asked if he entered the lines under a flag of truce said that 'he had no reason to believe that such was the case.'"

If conditions were reversed and the man had fallen into the hands of the English, it is not too much to say that he would have met a spy's fate immediately. Washington and his colleagues, however, admired the noble-minded, gallant young adjutant, and gave him a trial by his peers. His jury was composed of six major-generals and eight brigadier-generals. Personally these men wished to save André. They had a clear case against him as a spy, but the vile traitor Arnold, who had brought him to this pass, had escaped to the enemy. André was of an honorable nature, and the work of a spy was distasteful to him. In his relations with the Commander of West Point, the latter had indicated the methods of his procedure. Washington offered to exchange his prisoner for the traitor. Sir Henry Clinton declined, and boasted that there were more Continentals ready to desert. Washington made a final effort. A man named Champe, a valuable soldier, was instructed to desert and go over to the British for the purpose of learning the truth of Sir Henry's statement. A daring plan was also formulated to abduct Arnold. To insure the success of the undertaking, few

persons were let into the secret. Champe really deserted and narrowly escaped death thereby. He found the assertions of Sir Henry Clinton to be false and his design of abducting the traitor was frustrated. Much against their inclinations, the jury of fourteen officers was compelled to find their prisoner guilty. There was no momentary advantage to be gained by so doing. Any prisoner in New York was offered in exchange for André, and, moreover, Arnold had threatened in the event of his execution the death of forty prisoners who had fallen into his hands in South Carolina.

Sir Henry Clinton claimed immunity for his adjutant on the grounds that all his movements in the American camp had been directed by Arnold. But the English commander well knew the latter to be a traitor, and all communication with him was at the agent's risk.

André was justly condemned and met his death with a coolness that has thrown a glamour around his name. "Bear witness," he said, "that I die like a brave man." These were the words of a true cavalier—romantic high-sounding, egotistic. About the same time an American, Nathaniel Hale, met death at the hands of the English. His last words were: "My only regret is that I have not more lives to lose for my country." André is a gay figure in the panoply of war,—one of Scot's heroes, who wrote with elegance, sketched with moderate ability and killed with comparative safety the unfortunates that resisted His Majesty. Hale's last utterance has the ring of true patriotism, true heroism, true nobility.

From even a cursory examination of the facts it is evident that André was a spy. He admitted as much himself, and that clears away all doubt. Although the law of nations gave the Americans the right to punish him forthwith, they allowed him a trial by his equals in military rank. He was condemned only after satisfactorily proven to be a spy and at a time when an opposite course would have been the more advantageous. His brilliant qualities, his social and literary talents, and above all his bravery, make us forget his true nature; for, after all, John André was an adventurer. What services he rendered England were rendered only that they might redound to his own glory. Patriotism was not their source; for he was a Swiss, not an Englishman. He was successful in his ambitious career, until he became a party in a base conspiracy against a down-trodden people. He was a gambler that played for big stakes. We are glad he lost.

Varsity Verse.

LOUD spake the lyre its song of cheer,
With melody full sweet and clear,
A chant of mountain, dell and plain,
Of orchards fair and tossing grain,
Of whispering wood and placid mere.

When all the world was dark and drear,
And trembled with a hidden fear,
A doleful song, a song of pain,
Loud spake the lyre.

Of lions bold, of timid deer,
The feats of rifle and of spear,
Of strings of sea-bass caught off Maine,
Of flocks of woodcock by him slain,
In his hunting trip of yester year,
Loud spake the Liar.

J. F. F.

WOONG AND WEDDING.

"My love is as fair as a summer's day,"
The poet sang in his little lay.
The worldly one laughed and went his way.

"Beauty lurks in my love's deep eyes,—
Deep as the blue of the deep June skies,
And my love's beauty never dies."

"Her voice is rich and pure and sweet,
The fairest voice that ever did greet
The lover that lays his heart at her feet.

"The breath of honey comes from her lips,
Daintiness lurks in her finger tips,
Venus herself my love outstrips."

The poet sang on for bad or for good,
The worldly man married, as such men should;
Death ended the poet's bachelorhood.

L. P. D.

BETWEEN THE LEAVES.

The faded flower pressed in a book,
With fragrance gone, with petals gray,—
How gladly once from her I took
This faded flower pressed in a book!
Ah me! Upon it now I look
When she—and must behold alway
This faded flower pressed in a book,
With fragrance gone, with petals gray.

J. F. F.

PERPLEXITY.

If love is what it is said to be,
Lovers would be a-plenty;
But we must love if we would see
If love is what it is meant to be;
And after the joy or the misery
We're far past the lover's year, twenty.
If love is what it is said to be,
Lovers would be a-plenty.

A. L. M.

The Man that Knew.

FRANK R. WARD, '99.

Hidden among the crags of the Vindhya Mountains in central India is a little Buddhist monastery remarkable only for its age and dirt. I chanced while traveling near there to be of service to one of the higher priests, and in return I was shown many of the mysteries of the old house, hitherto inaccessible to any but the worshippers of Buddha. In one of the cells was an ancient manuscript written by a disciple from some far western country. It was in the native tongue of the author; and although not understood by the monks, legend said it was written in support of the doctrines of their religion. I was permitted to examine it, and I found it to be in Anglo-Saxon, that of the time of the Conqueror. This in itself would not have interested me greatly had I not noticed in a superficial examination, that it was really a story of English life of the time of William II.

This aroused my curiosity, and though I dared not ask to copy the manuscript, I was, nevertheless, determined to do so with or without the permission. In order not to arouse any suspicion I showed no more interest in the paper than I had in the other curious things; but I obtained leave to sleep in the adjoining cell. In the night I arose, and with the aid of a taper succeeded in obtaining a fairly good copy, though some of the writing was illegible. Divested of its many religious homilies, the story was not long, and was, in fact, written in support of the doctrine of transmigration of souls. My personal opinion of its value I may not give; and yet as a relation of strange facts, it is worthy of much thought. Learned men have declared their belief that souls really do return to this world again and again to live the *same* life over; and if man's existence does run in cycles, might it not be possible that by some strange providence, one privileged being should remember what had passed during his former existence? Be that as it may, this is the story, still in the author's words, though changed into the form of modern English:

"I, Godric, one time monk of the monastery at Canterbury in the land of England, but now a disciple of Buddha, here set down the facts in the life of a strange man, whom I knew personally, believing these facts to be undoubted evidence of the truth of my new creed.

"In the third year of the reign of William the

Norman, there was given to Aslac, the ethel-born, king's reeve in the borough of Axtane, a male child. The boy was named Aelric and he grew up to be a lusty youth. In his seventeenth year he came to the monastery of Canterbury, and I became his instructor. As I remember him then, he was a tall, lank lad red-haired, with an intelligent, strong face, a nervous temperament, and strong above the common. He seemed a quick boy, quick at learning and with a good deal of determination. I came to know him better in the four years he lived at Canterbury, and more than once he caused me to wonder mightily. What first attracted my notice was that nothing ever surprised him. He seemed to know everything that was about to occur, taking what came as a matter of course, and making no attempt to prepare for it. He walked through life as a man follows a well-known path, and not as one that feels his way, groping. Not only did he know what his own future course was to be, but often, also, what was that of others. I remember clearly the warm September evening when I jokingly asked him would he be priest or soldier. He answered gravely: 'Now, that William the Red is our king, might not my color gain me preference with him?' Not for several days did I know the meaning of his words, not till the news came that, on the night of our conversation, King William the Conqueror had died in the French city of Rouen, and dying had bequeathed England to his second son, William the Red-Faced.

"Aelric soon began to conceal his gift (if gift it may be called), for it brought him much ridicule. Sometimes in private he would yield to my curiosity, and tell me of things that were to happen; but he seldom spoke of such things before others. Once he told me:

"'Tomorrow my father will be thrown from his horse and be killed.' Struck with surprise, I asked him: 'Why do you not warn him and prevent the accident?'

"'How can I?' said he—'is it not ordered?'

"So he was always,—no matter what was the danger, he took no precaution. And, in truth, I think he was right; for the next morning when I warned his father I was laughed at for my pains. The man, nevertheless, was dead within the hour, as the boy had foretold. Aelric thereupon left the monastery and entered the service of the king. Then I gradually lost sight of him, for a peaceful monk could have little to do with so violent and rapacious a king and his lawless soldiery. Yet sometimes I saw

the lad, and he told me strange tales of the court and the wars among the three brothers. I seldom asked him now to tell me of what was to come, for those were troublous times, and a quiet man had difficulty to keep up with what was present without looking into the future.

"Once, it is true, I asked him the result of the crusade then just started, and what he told me of the thousands to perish of disease and war and hunger in the vain attempts made my heart sick. But once more did I question him, and that was when he came home wounded from the war in Normandy. Then I asked him if he would perish in these wars, or if there would not soon come a time when he might return to his home in peace. This indeed he would not answer directly, though he gave me the answer in a packet to be opened and read after the space of three months. But scarcely had he gone before I tore it open, and then, too late, repented, for the words were the saddest I ever read. I never again saw Aelric, but a companion in arms thus told me of his end.

"Aelric had at first been a favorite with the king for his bravery and ability; and sometimes William amused himself with asking him of the future. Once in the height of the persecution of Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, the king asked Aelric if Anselm would not soon submit.

"'Nay, Your Majesty, he will conquer and at last receive his rights,' was the reply. This bold answer angered the violent king, and his anger was increased by the calumnies of courtiers, envious of Aelric's influence. Nevertheless, the words of Aelric weighed in the king's mind, and after some days he asked Aelric if he, William, should live to see Anselm's victory.

"'No,' replied Aelric, pointing to the sun then setting, 'Your Majesty sees the sun set for the last time.'

"'Will no one rid me of this evil prophet?' cried the enraged king as he spurred his horse away. That night Aelric was set upon and slain by two of the courtiers who had heard the king's words. But the next day William's dead body was found in the New Forest. Thus were the words of Aelric confirmed; not only those he spoke to the king, but the ones written in the packet given to me which had foretold the day and cause of his death. Aelric was a brave and wise man, and I loved him as the child of my flesh; but sometimes I think

he was a fool for not resisting the fate which he knew led to his death.

"After this England held little that was dear to me, and I wandered on the crusade, vain though I knew it to be. Before I reached Jerusalem I met a Buddhist priest, and under his guidance I embraced the religion of Buddha. Initiated in the mysteries of the new faith, I understood all that had been hidden from me of the life of Aelric. I knew now that he alone of all men had remembered the facts of his former lives. I wonder if, when he next returns to earth, will he remember. Would that I could."

Here ends the remarkable story of Godric, priest of Buddha; if a hypocrite at least a most convincing one.

Stray Homilies.

ON LIFE AND LIVING.

Our fathers have been kind to us in imparting those secrets of good living that experience gave them; yet Adam had as good a knowledge of good and evil and fell headlong into the ditch,—as man has fallen ever since he fostered the race. It would have been more fortunate for us had we been inclined toward good, and had our feet been impelled to walk only in the right way. As it is, the ways are laid out before, and our guides tell us that there are snares and pitfalls to the left and on the right the road is level; and we, with the words still ringing in our ears, turn laughing to the left, because the devil hides grossness with fairness and the snares are covered with roses. Man, who has been some thousands of years in the search for happiness, has gathered together many precepts, which are the stock-in-trade of those looking to our good end; and what is not born with us is drilled into our minds from our earliest days; but when their test comes, we put them aside. When Christ came to us in mortal garb, the principles He gave for our guidance were as clear as they are now, and before Him, I doubt not, the inner being taught as well; yet man in all those centuries has come no nearer to happiness; but falters and stumbles blindly, because he is unwilling to look to the last end of the life journey.

ON WISHING.

Common knowledge has it that this life contains no perfect happiness. Every fair day has its clouds; every merry-making has its thought

of wretchedness; every day of joy breathes the sorrow of the next morn. Man sits himself down to wishing in the face of this knowledge, and tells himself that if such were granted he could be perfectly happy. Now it is the desire for money, now for beauty; then it is for all things. One could be happy with what the other could be happy without. One laughs where the other weeps. When man has the best of things about him; he looks to mean, paltry littlenesses. This, doubtless, made Epicurus to say: "When shall I see Athens again, and the Acropolis? Wretch, are you not content with what you see daily? Have you anything better or greater to see than the sun, the moon, the stars, the whole earth, the sea? If you comprehend Him that administers the whole, and carry Him about in yourself, do you still desire small stones and beautiful rocks?"

ON WORDS.

"I can not love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved;
My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought."

So the poet writes of words, bewailing the feebleness of their power; and so have the poets spoken since poetry began to be written. The world has in its treasure-house but a little part of the beauty that has come into man's mind. The peasants that trod the fields have sung within themselves many pastorals, but their music died with them. Even those that are held in thrall by words give but little of the thought of their creator. Words are weak to convey great things. Music has thrice the power over the heart.

ON DUTY.

"It is a terrible thing to be happy! How satisfied people are! How sufficient they find it! How, when possessed of the false object of life, happiness, they forget the true one, duty!" This is at the head of a chapter of a novel written by a great man. Whether or not it is true, I shall not say. At first it seems enigmatical, and has a shade of untruth to the unwary reader. In some cases it is true; in many cases it is not true. Happiness often ends in misery; it takes us by the arm and leads us through paths of sunshine and lightsomeness. Here at our feet are the flowers and fruits and verdure of the awakening earth; there are the groves where the "woods are green"; there is the shimmering sea; above are the white, rolling clouds and the blue. We forget then. Whither are we going? When will this journey end?

No matter; so long as the ways are smooth let us go on. Then comes the time when the skies grow sullen, when the sea tosses in fury, when the groves become bleak and bare, when the flowers and green fade. We look for our guide, happiness; and beside us stands black-robed misery. We remember duties undone. We struggle long to gain the road from which happiness led us; and when we are back again, in a day we are again drawn away into the wilderness by our shining guide. When duties are done, it is time to think of straying; but duties are troublesome to most of us; and we are willing to forget.

ON WOMAN.

Perhaps it would be better to be silent than write on such a subject as this. Ever since man began to be, there have been disputes out of which man usually came sadder and wiser. Have our fairer companions been dealt with roughly in the books of the world? Have our philosophers given them their dues? It seems—to speak guardedly—that the least comment on woman's faults is pounced upon and torn to tatters; and the unhappy wretch that dared to make it is taught the value of keeping scathing opinions within himself. On the other hand, the good things that are written are taken in silently, as if duty brought them into print. The mean man is battered and dragged through the mire by hostile tongues; and the good man, if he has nothing bewitching in his manner, is left alone without a nod of approval or a whisper of gratitude. It is wise to say nothing but good words; smother the bad opinions if you have any. It seems to be fate that has urged the musty, grey-haired philosophers and writers to judge their gentle partners harshly. Hazlitt said: "Women judge of books as they do of fashions or complexions, which are admired only in their newest gloss." Is it or is it not true? It has been my fortune to know some few women to whom it can not apply; but for the greater number it stands solid. I shall say no more except this one sentence of Thackeray's; the ground is too delicate to tread on. "We have talked of Joseph Sedly being as vain as a girl. Heaven help us! The girls have only to turn the tables, and say of one of our own sex, 'she is as vain as a man,' and they will have perfect reason."

ON YOUTH AND AGE.

Here is a difference as great as between black and white. On the one side is youth, gayly clad, with springy step and the laughter

of light-heartedness; on the other side is age solemn and slow of step, and for the most part silent. It would seem that happiness lay only on the one side; and the other side were better never reached. Cicero, after a bundle of proofs to allay our fears, says: "Nam habet natura ut aliarum rerum omnium sic vivendi modum; senectus autem ætatis est peractio tanquam fabulæ, cujus defetigationem fugere debemus, præsertim adjunctio satietate." We have different thoughts. It is, perhaps, not so hard as we of the younger world make it; the grey hairs come slowly with the wrinkles. But old age frowns on us withal, and the *convivia* and *sermones* do not bid fair to lighten the burden. There is no respite for us; if death is not to take us before age comes, let us leave it out of our thoughts, for death and age both hover near.

What boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our feet?
Unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday,
Why fret about them if today be sweet?

A. L. M.

Books and Periodicals.

—J. Fischer and Bro., New York, have lately sent from press two vocal selections with piano accompaniment, "The Dance," "Goosey, Goosey Gander." The first a vocal waltz is very pleasing and taking. Either piece would be an enjoyable number upon any school program or closing entertainment.

—A large addition is being made to juvenile literature by the firm of Benziger Brothers, who are bringing out in a presentable form a readable and palatable translation of Canon Schmid's stories. "The Inundation" and other tales form one volume, while "The Canary Bird" and other tales make up the second.

—Through the agency of Benziger Bros.' publishing house, Miss Ellen Lorraine Dorsey has given us another of her clever works for children. "Pickle and Pepper," her recent book, is written on the same plan as her popular story, the "Taming of Polly." It is a clever piece of work in its way. We say clever in its way, not because of its plot, for there is no real plot in it. It is a book written expressly for children and is a compilation of incidents in the life of a boy and a girl nicknamed on account of their temper, Pickle and Pepper. The little incidents spoken of are just such as every child has experienced. Such episodes as the breaking of Pepper's doll can

not fail to awaken great interest in the young people, for it may be a recital of what has happened to them. It is in books like this that children find delight. They can not follow the workings of a complete or standard novel, such as men and women read. Our young readers have much to be thankful for that such writers as Miss Dorsey, while composing their works, have not forgotten to write something for them.

—It is not surprising that the arrival of the *Præco Latinus* is expected with a sort of eagerness. To read the events of the day in the old classic tongue of Cicero is a refreshing change. Verse is abundant, and good verse too. The student delights in comparing the productions of "W. S. Y." in the Horatian metres with the compositions of the Roman lyric champion. The rendition of Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar into Latin is clever.

—The *Cæcilia* is doing excellent work in the furtherance of Church music. The May Number contains "Litaniæ Lauretaniæ," by J. Singenberger; "Ave Maris Stella," by C. Greith; *Empfindungen Vor dem Bilde Marilus*, by C. Aiblinger; "die güthig-Jungfrau," by J. B. Benz. The celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the American Cæcilian Association is announced for June 20.

—The *Cosmopolitan* for May comes out with new type, which makes the magazine more attractive and easier to read. Besides this the contents are sufficient to attract the literary reader. Harold Frederic's *Gloria Mundi* is very well written and promises to be as successful as the *Damnation of Theron Ware*. Brander Matthews has a short story that cannot detract from his reputation as a short-story writer. The *Mills of the Little Tin Gods* is quite as interesting.

—The *Rosary Magazine* for May contains several very good articles. Reverend Bernard Merlin, O. P., writes a study of the Madonnas of Fra. Angelico dwelling descriptively and critically upon the great master's portraits of the Blessed Virgin. The paper on the Irish Rebellion of 1798 is timely—this being the centenary year—and of historic merit. The sketch of Louise de Condé, by the Countess De Courson, is attractively written and read with the interest of a romance. Probably the most notable contribution is the article on the "Rosary and the Holy Land;" it is thoroughly illustrated, and is interesting as well as instructive. Altogether, the *Rosary* for this, Our Lady's Month, is a very excellent number.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—When the board of editors last came together to talk over the possibilities and the affairs that pertain to the work of their own hands, the SCHOLASTIC, it was decided, through the smoke of cigars, that at Commencement time there shall be a daily SCHOLASTIC of modest size to chronicle the events thereabout and to give daily information of the affairs that happen in our then tumultuous college world. Ninety-eight may for this reason call itself an epoch-making one.

—On Thursday afternoon the candidates for the track team put forth their efforts for places on the team that is to be sent to Indianapolis at the State Meet of the Indiana Intercollegiate Athletic Association which will be held on the twentieth day of this month. There is lack of fast sprinters; but for all that Notre Dame should come out first. For all the men that have given the heart of these spring days to training—which is not a pleasant task—Notre Dame has a good share of gratitude. It matters not whether they are to carry the monogram or not. Hard work deserves a word of credit. It has been whispered about that there are men that have the ability and brawn and muscle who refuse to support the Gold and Blue because the duties of daily practice are somewhat onerous. For these men there should be

nothing but the cry of shame. Besides being an honor to uphold the college colors, it is a duty that they take up the moment they enter the college grounds.

Perhaps while the cheers for the heavy batter are ringing in your ears, you will read this, and DePauw and Notre Dame will be struggling for baseball supremacy. Our opponents, it seems, have met nearly all the college teams of Indiana, and have come out with the glow of victory. If Notre Dame wins, we shall have the right to lay hands on the state championship. Captain Powers foregoes the pleasure of this game by reason of his recent illness from which he is happily recovering. Some other one has the position at the home plate. With other things and this the Varsity is crippled; but we have staunch hopes for victory.

—Dreary is the work of the editor. The bright young lad comes into the sanctum fresh as the dew of the morning, with a firm resolution of brightening up the dingy old place. But the cobwebs shut out the sunlight; the florescence of the thing happened years ago; and now there is no bloom about it. The withered geranium stem in the window box was green so far back that the present generation can not remember it. The paste-pot is the only thing that is kept in use besides the editors corn-cob; and the only growing thing in proximity is the ink marks of the "devil's" fingers. The gay young youth droops and pines.

The only thing that brings to us a flush of sunshine is the kindness that comes to us from our fairer and happier friends over the way. This time it was a cake—a marvel of beauty and good eating. Then the cobwebs held the sunshine in and the corn-cob was laid aside. The long faces began to beam with delight, and the dingy old sanctum rang loud with the praises of those dainty fingers that fashioned so delicate a dream of pastry. The ink-checked face that yells for copy through the crack of the door went his way in wonder; such a din of merriment was unwonted. Our sanctum has grown dingy again, but we have not forgotten. We thank you, ladies, with a bow,—awkward, perhaps, but sincere; and we would pray for some better way of showing our gratitude, if we knew it were availing. As it is we can only sit and sigh for another spring, knowing that you expect nothing in return from such helpless creatures as we are.

Is the Race Deteriorating?

In his recent call for troops the President explained that his preference was for the National Guards of the several states. And with a few exceptions each state's organized militia was large enough to furnish more than the required quota. Consequently it was thought that within a week or two the various state guards could be mustered into the national service, and that the great army of nearly two hundred thousand men would be formed and ready for the field.

The proclamation calling for troops was issued on April 25, but today not one-fourth of the volunteers have been mustered into the United States service, and probably many weeks will have passed before the mere task of giving the men a physical examination is completed. The delay in the mustering is caused by the slow progress of the physical examinations, and this is accounted for by the fact that so far thirty-five per cent. of the applicants have been rejected by the surgeons because of physical unfitness for military service.

This large percentage of failures is certainly startling, especially when we are reminded that in 1861, of the volunteers then examined only thirteen per cent. failed. And this great disparity between the number of failures now and the number in 1861, emphasizes and brings home to us the question: "Is our race deteriorating?" If there is any meaning in these statistics—and they are absolutely accurate—the answer must be in the affirmative. Of course it may be urged that during the Civil War the need for men was much greater than it is now, and that the requirements for admission to the service were not so strict. But this explanation does not hold good, for the percentage of failures I speak of was in 1861, when only seventy-five thousand troops had been called and when it was thought that to quell the rebellion would be but a summer pastime; and further, the recruits in 1861 were not composed as now of men that were already State soldiers, presumably ready to take the field. No, the standard of the physical examination in 1861 was about as high as it is now, for, after all, a physical examination is a physical examination, and a man that is not fit for service today would not have been fit for service thirty years ago. Yet today thirty per cent. of America's young men are unfit for military service as against thirteen per cent. in 1861.

We naturally ask what is the trouble; what the cause of this degeneracy? An eminent Philadelphia physician, who has read the reports of the examining surgeons, is authority for the statement that these reports show that most of the men failing to pass the examination "have weak hearts, or lack the vitality necessary to make good soldiers," and that this condition is attributed to the prevalence of the cigarette habit. Now, this is not old women's nonsense; it is a solid, serious fact based upon medical science and attested by medical experts, and it directs our attention to a very serious question—one of social and economical importance—the question as to whether the tobacco habit is ruining our race. So far, we have had in this country scarcely more than one generation of cigarette fiends. But if today thirty-five per cent. of our young men are unfit to serve in a volunteer army chiefly as a result of the effects of nicotine, will not an equally large number be unable to fight the everyday battle for existence, after a few more generations of cigarette smokers have come and gone?

I am not attempting to show scientifically the reason why tobacco is injurious; that has been done very often by those competent to speak. But assuming it to be admitted that the effects of tobacco are injurious, the outlook for the race is not bright. The generation of children that bless the earth today is a generation of infantile smokers—and many of the young scoundrels are heavy smokers. They are undoubtedly ruining themselves, and will reach manhood nervous wrecks with weak hearts and no vitality. Their children, in turn, must suffer some of the consequences, and what injury is not theirs by inheritance they will bring upon themselves by following in the footsteps of their tobacco-using sires.

Of course what is said against cigarettes applies to the use of tobacco in any form; but it is the cigarette that is the principal cause of the astonishing prevalence of the nicotine habit; and against the cigarette, therefore, let us stamp our disapproval. Medical experts have demonstrated that the cigarette is the most injurious form in which to use tobacco; first, because of the inhaling, and second, because the cigarette fiend smokes about ten times as much as the cigar smoker. But the cigarette is not only responsible for utter destruction in particular cases, it is also, as I have said, principally responsible for the prevalence of the tobacco habit. A habit like that of smoking, as a rule, is contracted in

youth; but were there no cigarettes, boys would not be so likely to smoke. And further it is the cigarette smoker—I testify from experience—that becomes a slave to the smoking habit most readily and most hopelessly.

The prevalence of the tobacco habit is destined in the near future to be a serious question, and the first blow must be struck against the cigarette. The law should absolutely prevent the manufacture of these insidious implements of destruction, and use all means to stop their wholesale consumption. For unless the tide is stemmed and the nicotine habit decreased, the sturdy, active American will exist only in legend, and our people will become a race of puny, inert degenerates, that lack vitality, ambition and true manliness. X.

The Track Meet.

It's all off. We may or may not win the State Baseball Championship in our game with DePauw this afternoon, but if we don't show a few things to our fellow-members of the Indiana Intercollegiate Athletic Association in that Indianapolis meet on next Friday—well, speed is speed and might is might, and figures have an unquestioned reputation for truth and veracity.

The good old days of Notre Dame's pre-eminence in track athletics are coming back, and in the renaissance there are worthy successors of Jewett and the rest who, in the golden time, brought honor and victory to the Gold and Blue. Perhaps every man on the track-team is not a star; but every man on the track-team has won his place in open competition, and every man will do his best. And we can tell our prospective opponents that Notre Dame's "best" is pretty fast going in football or baseball or on the track.

The day set for the trials was "perfect. Notre Dame in the spring-tide enjoys a wonderful beauty, and Thursday was a feast for the gods. Under spotless skies, soft breezes from the south land were laden with the delicate fragrance of apple blossoms and lilacs. On such a day the athlete works as if he likes it, and the spectators are generous and good-natured. Manager Niezer saw that the arrangements were carried out splendidly. Brother Leander and Professor Green were the timers; Captain Powers handled the pistol; Father Murphy had charge of the tape, and Col. Hoynes pinned badges on the winners.

The summaries are given below. All the men worked in fair form, and the showing made is especially gratifying when it is known that the result of Thursday's games may prove an important factor in winning the state championship.

Kearney in the pole vault broke both last year's record and the best record ever made in Indiana. Powers was not in this event, and his return to active service means more points. Corcoran won two firsts, the four forty run and the running broad jump. Barry did good work in the hundred-yard dash, his mark of ten four-fifths being only two fifths behind last year's mark. Maloy won the standing-broad jump without much trouble. Eggeman broke his own record with the hammer.

The bicycle races roused the audience to a shrieking pitch of excitement. The finishes were close in two of the events, and nobody had a mortgage on first place until the line was a thing of the past. In the half-mile Odena set the pace and led until Grady came up; then Foley jammed his wheel into the lead and won with a couple of lengths to spare. In the two-mile a blanket would have covered Waters, Foley and Grady as they finished. The five mile was a procession until the last lap, then the trio tore hard and Waters cut through to a first with Grady at his pedal and Foley dangerously close.

Another week of practice remains, and then the Indianapolis State meet is on. Gentlemen of the track-team, good luck to you; and may you be as successful as your brothers that fight under the banner of the other Powers!

THE SUMMARIES:

EVENTS	WINNERS	SECOND	MARK
100-yds. dash	Barry	Wynne	10 $\frac{3}{4}$
$\frac{1}{2}$ -mile bicycle	Foley	Grady	1.15 $\frac{1}{2}$
$\frac{1}{2}$ -mile run	Herbert	Dwyer	2.18
400-yard run	Corcoran	Posselius	.58
1-mile run	M. O'Shaughnessy	Meyers	5.35 $\frac{2}{5}$
Run'g h. jump	Kearney	Rowan	5.03 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pole vault	Kearney	—	10 ft.
16lb shot-put	Powers	Eggeman	39ft. 11
16lb Hammer	Eggeman	Powers	99 ft. 4
Stand. b. jump	Maloy	Powell	9 ft. 9
Run'g b. jump	Corcoran	Maloy	19 ft. 3
220-yard dash	Farley	Wynne	.23 $\frac{2}{5}$
2-mile bicycle	Waters	Foley	5.50
5-mile bicycle	Waters	Grady	14.43

Manager Niezer will take the following men to Indianapolis next Friday—Captain Fred Powers, Eggeman, Kearney, Corcoran, Powell, Maloy, Waters, Grady, Foley, Farley, Herbert, O'Shaughnessy, Hoover and Barry.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK.

Exchanges.

The SCHOLASTIC takes great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of an invitation to the exercises commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Visitation Academy, at Wheeling, West Virginia. The Sisters of the Visitation have our heartiest good wishes for a successful celebration of their Golden Jubilee. They have labored unceasingly for years in the cause of Catholic education, and now at the end of their first half century of work they may well look back with pleasure and pride at the result of their faithful endeavors. The beginning was necessarily humble, but the good Sisters put their trust in the One for whom they labor; and as a result the jubilee visitors next month will see on the bluffs near Wheeling one of the best-appointed and most prosperous convents in the country. We especially thank the board of editors of *The Mount* for their thoughtfulness, and we hope to see the jubilee *Mount* as successful as the former issues of the paper have been.

Mr. M. R. Campbell (student '95-'96) is prominent in a picture of the track team published in the April number of the *Tennessee University Magazine*. Mr. Campbell, it will be remembered, was our Varsity catcher during the '96 baseball season.

"Mercedes'" verse and prose contributions are one of the causes of the general excellence of the *St. Xavier's Monthly*, but recognition must also be given to the really clever work done by the student-editors of the paper. Mercedes' poems, like all things that come from human hands, do not always show her at her best, but the defects, when they do occur, are never serious. Although the metre of "Mary!" in the May *Monthly* is rather commonplace, the poem presents the life of the Queen of Heaven in a terse yet deeply reverential manner, and the effect is very good. Miss Burns contributes a narrative poem that is very well done, and Miss Lynch has a successful paper on "Up-to-Date Magazines," in which she writes entertainingly of the advances made by the American periodicals during the last few years. Miss Moran's "Are Comparisons Odious?" is, perhaps, the best article in the number. The "types of masculine femininity" are treated of in a vigorous manner, and the paper throughout shows much force.

Our Friends.

—The Right Reverend Joseph Rademacher, Bishop of Fort Wayne, was the guest of Very Rev. President Morrissey during the week.

—Mrs. Wilson of Chicago was the guest of her son, Mr. George Wilson of Brownson Hall, on Tuesday.

—Mr. J. C. Donovan of St. Paul, Minn., visited his son, Mr. John Donovan of Brownson Hall, last week.

—Mr. George May, with A. G. Spalding & Bro., of Chicago, came down to the University on a business trip recently.

—Mr. W. C. Foley and Mrs. Foley of Chicago, accompanied by Miss Foley, were the guests of their son, Mr. Charles Foley of Sorin Hall, on Tuesday. They made many new friends while here, who regret that their visit was much too short.

—Mr. Timothy T. Ansberry (Law '93) of Defiance, Ohio, was the guest of Professor Edwards last week. Mr. Ansberry's Notre Dame friends were delighted to learn that he is filling the office of Prosecuting Attorney of Lima County very ably. Unfortunately business engagements cut short Mr. Ansberry's visit.

—The Fifth Annual Convention of the St. Joseph's Society was held in South Bend during the early part of the week. The exercises were opened with Solemn High Mass in the Reverend Father Johannes' church. The Right Reverend Bishop Rademacher was celebrant. On Tuesday Notre Dame was honored with a visit from the delegates, accompanied by several clergymen. The visitors were the guests of our Very Reverend President while here.

—The following, which we clipped from the *Catholic Telegraph* of May 5, will be of interest to many at Notre Dame: "Harry L. Ferneding, the young attorney-at-law, has tendered his services to his country, and is now a captain in Colonel White's volunteer regiment." Mr. Ferneding (Law '94) will be remembered by many of the present student-body. We predict that Captain Ferneding will acquit himself as well in the army as he did while at college and during his short professional career.

—On Tuesday morning, May 10, there occurred a pretty morning marriage and wedding breakfast in Chicago, at which two young people well known at Notre Dame were the contracting parties. They were Miss Mary Evaline Quinlan of the Class of '97 of St. Mary's Academy, and Mr. Michael Joseph McGarry (Law '95) of Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. and Mrs. McGarry left straightway after the breakfast on their wedding trip. They will be at home in Los Angeles after June 1. The SCHOLASTIC wishes the bride and groom all success and happiness.

Local Items

—It is customary for Brownson Hallers to take a hot punch after dinner.

—There were several excellent time-exposure pictures taken of Mart O'Shaughnessy in the mile run.

—Architect Revels, the designer of the grandstand, is preparing plans for a new bench to be placed under the shade trees.

—The baseball team won the bicycle that was raffled Thursday; McDonald held the ticket. The boys will have great sport now with their new wheel.

—Guilfoyle: "What do you call those people that believe the earth will become disintegrated and form a multitude of stars?"

Dillon: "Bloomin' idiots."

—Lost.—Nothing in particular this time; but if anything is found, please return it to me. I have this space rented for the year and do not like to have it blank.—L. Reed.

—A tennis tournament is now in progress, to determine players for a Varsity team. The successful contestants will have an opportunity to compete with visiting teams before the season ends.

—When they come from Missouri they come in pairs—two Corbys, two Berrys, two Mulcares, two O'Shaughnessys, two Hunters of one family, two Hunters of another family, two Corleys. Missouri is *sui generis* in that line.

—The lawyers are exultant over the success of their men on the field events of Thursday. Corcoran, Barry, Kearney and Eggeman took first honors in six events. Wynne, Powell and Meyers got second in their contests.

—We are indebted to the Hon. T. E. Howard for a copy of the "Progress," the first paper ever published by the students of Notre Dame. It is dated June 26, 1860, and is a copy of the first issue. We hope soon to publish a fac-simile of the paper as it is unique and interesting.

—Professor Edwards entertained the members of the Crescent Club with a smoker last Wednesday night. These entertainments are famous, and are thoroughly enjoyed by the members. Messrs. McNichols, Donovan and Wilson were in charge of the refreshments, and it is needless to say that the service was excellent.

—Those who are interested in the study of Indian relics will be pleased to hear that a real flint arrow-head has been found near the tennis court. There are no marks on it by which it can be ascertained whether or not it was used in the battle of Tippecanoe. The edge is a little rough, as though it were shaped by a man that had a defective tooth.

—The Brownson field is fairly alive with

uniformed players, and we have baseball games to spare. Tom J. Dillon owns and captains the Greys; John Farley holds a like position in the Reds, and Featherstone captains B. H's awkward squad. A four-club league has been formed which includes the Carroll Specials. A close and exciting contest is expected, as the clubs are well balanced, and the trophy will be a deserving one.

—Things seen and heard about the University:—

An occasional band concert wouldn't be a bad thing these days.

About one student in every twenty-five walks on the paths; the others prefer the lawns.

The hymn cards used at Vespers are being destroyed by certain students who can find nothing better to do while in church.

The Brownson Hall Tennis Association is having several tennis courts made. Why not use a little of that money for a back-stop?

Brownson men no longer sing away the evening "rec" hours down by old machinery hall. Their voices were pleasant to hear. Get together, boys!

If every man were to help himself to the flowers that beautify the University, spring would lose its charm at Notre Dame. Let the flowers alone. Don't be selfish.

Nearly every Sorinite has a pair of dumb-bells, Indian-clubs, boxing-gloves or foils in his room; but these articles are usually found in a dusty corner and show little use.

—It seems that the manœuvres of the fire company have brought it to such a stage of perfection that it requires no more running about. The front lawn is desolate; no more the resounding cries of "Get on your hemlets and run like anyhow, ain't I." Weeds grow around the double automatic, back action, triple elbow hook and ladder, scaling apparatus. The buildings thirst for a ducking.

COMIEDITTA—SECOND SERIES. NO. 1.

SCENE—Hickey's room.

P. Duffy opens the conversation with Hickey.

"It's only thirty-three days now."

"Thirty-two and a half."

"What train will you leave on?"

"The 6.40."

"When'll you get home?"

"8.23 the next day."

"Gee whiz. I wish I were home now."

"What for?"

"Mabel Jones is going to give a tea-party, and she wants me to be there."

"She does?"

"Yes. She wants me to stand in the corner and hold a pot of ferns."

"She'll give you some ice-cream for it, eh?"

"Yes, two dishes and lots of cake."

"Here's a nickel, my boy; go get some candy and be good."

—As the great engine of commercialism is

plowing through our adolescent country, the minds of men are likely to become turned, and for a moment follow in hot pursuit of the golden gain of commerce. It is well enough to aspire to lofty places in all branches of human endeavor, but there is greater honor than that of having one's photograph on a bar of soap, or one's name printed on the label of a tomato can. Let us look higher than the wheat pit and the packing houses. Come with us in a ramble through the fragrant fields of literary culture. Sit at our tea table while we unfold the beautiful visions of Dante and Petrarch. With such lofty thoughts such as we shall fill you, the summer will be greener and the snow of winter will have lost its chill. We shall open the musty pages of history and read aloud to you the story of nations. We will take you out on a starry night and point out each constellation and its kindred stars. Under our guidance no secret retreat of learning shall be left unexplored. In a word, our university extension course, under the direction of Prof. G. Reen Guds, G. B. F. B. P. P. V. H. J., late of the University of Berlin and President of Cripple Creek Business University, will do all that human skill can accomplish. Every man is a genius if he only knew it. It is our aim to awaken the slumbering ambition in our young people that they may push fearlessly onward. The first installment of the public lectures will begin in these columns next week. The readers are permitted to ask any question on the subjects we shall treat, and they will read the published answer. Professor G. Reen Guds will discuss Archaic Literature in the next issue.

—The following verse drifted in from the west. Its charm lies in the fact that no one knows what it means. It has something to do with a picture that was taken out of its rightful frame and another that was substituted in its place; beyond that nothing is known. Some say it applies to Eddie, and others claim it refers to an act of Mike O'Brien's.

TO THE TEN-PENNY-NAIL-AND-GLUE GIRL.

Robbed were you of your high station,
Of your queenly situation
And a school-boy's adoration—
Is the past so soon forgot?
Victim of a transient mania,
Lassie fair of Pennsylvania,
What can in this plight sustain you?
Hapless glue-girl, sad your lot.

Ruthless was the hand that tore you
From your frame and cruelly bore you
To the exile now before you.
Would I might your grief abate!
How could he be so unheeding
Of your eyes' most soulful pleading?
Throbs my heart with pity bleeding,
Banished glue-girl, for your fate.

Heed not then this base rejection,
Do not languish in dejection,
Suffer not in meek abjection;

Best adopt some wiser plan.

Other hearts may warm to greet you,

Other frames in honor seat you,

Constancy at last may meet you,

Brace up, glue-girl—be a man!—"S. M. A."

—The Sorin Hall lilac bush is coming out nicely, thank you. The duck-on-the-rock men nearly exterminated the thing; its leaves were gone, its branches torn off, its bark stripped, but, thank heaven! the old root still hangs on to the soil, and sent up new sprouts which have put forth a blossom on the end of the stem. It has been decided to have a May festival in honor of this great event. B. Braney has been selected as May Queen, by reason of his grace and beauty and his sprightliness. John the Big and Lan Johnders will be the maids of honor. The royal gown will be of checkered bed ticking overlaid with soda-water bottles and sprays of seltzer. It will be cut on the bias, with frills and flounces of tobacco bags and smiles. Bob has also purchased a pair of red, white and blue suspenders, which he will wear as a crown; and a train will be made of Cholly's last summer shirt. Braney will sing the following ditty:

You must wake and call me early, call me early brother
dear;
Tomorrow'll be the hottest time that ever happened
here;
Of all the glad new-year, brother, the wildest bright
green day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, brother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

The maids of honor will carry freshly plucked blossoms in carpet sacks and will scatter the cauliflowers, peach blossoms and sassafras root in the way. Seventy invitations have been sent out for more flowers—especially cauliflowers; and it is expected that twice that number will attend. There will be a grand chorus, "Behold, the Queen hain't coming, yet!"

—On the night of May 5, while all was quiet, a crusier flying the German flag attempted to run the blockade at the entrance to Varsity Harbor, but the flagship Fort Wayne, which had been patrolling the coast in search of prize, espied the big German approaching and a sharp conflict ensued. The German was defeated, and was forced to lower its colors in submission. About ten o'clock on the same night, under cover of darkness, a merchantman, flying the green, sailed up the St. Joe with several schooners in tow. Its purpose was to attack "Fort Pumperina," and then pass on unnoticed into Smug Harbor; but the gallant Fort Wayne, ever on the alert, heard the merchantman ploughing up the river and awaited its arrival. Presently the red masthead hove in sight, and in the darkness could be seen the gallant Irishman, that had conquered many a vessel, rolling and tossing under the weight of the heavy sea that oppressed it. Failing to explain its mission in the harbor at that hour of the night, it was seized and later disposed of by the court.

Several smaller boats were likewise caught trying to run the blockade, and all were fired upon. Some were badly damaged and others escaped with but slight injury.

—IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY, A. D. 3000.—Last Saturday, ladies and gentlemen, when we adjourned for luncheon, we had just finished speaking of the famous Obreyon Brothers. Luncheon over, I will now proceed to pass the tooth-picks. (Intermission while the visitors pick their teeth). . . . Now we will pass on down to the Historical Quarter, where, I am sure, you will find something very interesting. Here, you see, is the face of the renowned historian, Pierre E. Kearnee, who lived at the time of Paulinus Raganus, and who was the only historian that ever approached the truth with regard to the population of Chicago and the War of the Heinies. Kearnee was also a lawyer of considerable ability, and his thrilling words: "Free the Cubans or take a sneak," uttered in his great speech at the beginning of the Spanish-American War, will ever thunder down the bowling-alley of time. Kearnee made his exit from the stage of life in 1968 at the ripe old age of ninety years. A queer coincidence is the fact that he was born just ninety years before his death.

We have here on my right the angelic face of Douglas Lan Johnnders. Do you perceive the innocent smile playing about his ruby lips, and the shining Nimbus over his head? Ah, yes! Douglas was one of the grandest and holiest men that ever crawled over the fence of life. He, like the famous philosopher Omallee, was a farm product—a radish of simplicity, a turnip of loveliness, a cabbage of intellectuality, as it were—and he lived to see the fruits of his labors, the flower of his goodness, the glory of his greatness! You will excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, while I take my handkerchief and wipe away a tear or three. (Intermission while he takes his handkerchief and wipes away a tear or three); and I beg you will overlook this violent burst of eloquence. But do you know that whenever I undertake to talk on the sterling qualities of this great man, I am carried away with emotion; my throat becomes parched, and I have to get something to moisten it. We will therefore adjourn for today. Next Saturday I will take you into the Literary Quarter where we have the potraits of some marvellous men.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSES.

Advanced Christian Doctrine.—Messrs. T. Condon, Higgins, Duperier, F. O'Shaughnessy, St. J. O'Sullivan, *Moral Philosophy.*—Mr. Mingey. *Logic.*—Messrs. E. Brown, Dreher. *Latin.*—Messrs. M. M. Oswald, W. S. Murphy, E. Brown, Nieuwland, Trahey, McGinnis, M. J. Oswald, G. Marr, Szalewski, J. E. Berry. *Greek.*—Messrs.

Mathew Schumacher, James Trahey, Mathias Oswald, John Byrne, J. McGinnis, V. Dyer, *Mechanics.*—Messrs. Delaney, Neville, Steiner. *Astronomy.*—Messrs. Delaney, Geohegan, Steiner. *Descriptive Geometry.*—Mr. Kegler. *Advanced Surveying.*—Mr. Kegler. *Land Surveying.*—Messrs. Flynn, McIntyre. *Algebra.*—Messrs. Dominguez, Heineman, McKeever. *Geometry.*—Mr. F. McKeever. *Physics.*—Mr. Neville. *Electricity.*—Messrs. M. Condon, Tomlinson. *Dynamo Electric Machinery.*—Mr. F. Hesse. *Dynamo Laboratory.*—Mr. F. Hesse. *Trigonometry.*—Messrs. Lampert, Dominguez. *Calculus.*—Mr. E. Hay. *Analytic Geometry.*—Messrs. J. McIntyre, J. Mullen. *Steam Engine Design.*—Mr. Pulskamp. *Machine Design.*—Mr. F. Hesse. *Belles-Lettres.*—Mr. Medley, Dowd, Mingey. *Literary Criticism.*—Mr. E. Brown. *Literature.*—Mr. Brogan. *Rhetoric.*—Messrs. A. Krug, Ensign, Simpson, M. O'Shaughnessy. *Advanced Law.*—Messrs. Wurzer, Walsh, Steele, Ney. *Elementary Law.*—Messrs. Monahan, McKeever, Dalton. *English History.*—Messrs. J. Sullivan, M. Schumacher, H. Barry, Dalton, Diskin, Kuppler. *Modern History.*—Messrs. Rahe, R. Reed. *Roman History.*—Mr. Niezer. *Constitutional History.*—Messrs. Hering, E. Mingey, Sheehan. *Geology.*—Mr. W. Geohegan. *Advanced Botany.*—Mr. J. Nieuwland. *Shop Work.*—Messrs. F. Bouwens, E. Pulskamp. *Elementary Botany.*—Messrs. McCollum, St. J. O'Sullivan, J. Sullivan. *Human Anatomy.*—Mr. Fitzpatrick. *Zoology.*—Messrs. Lins, McElligot. *General Descriptive Geometry.*—Mr. A. Kachur. *Mineralogy.*—Mr. Arce. *Organic Chemistry.*—Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Gibson, Piquette.

PREPARATORY AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

Christian Doctrine.—Messrs. Ellwanger, McDermott, L. Garrity, Furlong, V. Dwyer, Simpson, Baloun, Conway, C. Corley, Desmond, Doherty, T. Dwyer, Fetherstone, M. Flannigan, Guilfoyle, Hagerty, Hoover, Hermann, Hennebry, Metcalf, J. Naughton, O'Connor, Glynn. *Latin.*—Messrs. T. Murray, Gorski, Brogan, Dorian, B. Maloy, McKeever, Fogarty, L. Garrity, Petritz, M. Daly, J. E. Morgan, Smogor, Pieper, Sutton, Holmes, Reilly. *Greek.*—Messrs. G. Marr, M. J. Oswald, Werk. *Geometry.*—Messrs. Krug, H. Brown, Donahoe. *Algebra.*—Messrs. F. Dorian, Fink, N. Furlong, Wolf, G. Graham, Pieper, F. O'Shaughnessy, Petritz, M. O'Shaughnessy, Crumley. *Arithmetic.*—Messrs. H. Bloch, McMahon, J. Ryan, Von Albade, Power, Paulin, Schoonover, J. Hesse, Luken, Doran, Mulligan, J. Bouza, Hennebry, J. Norris. *Book-keeping.*—Messrs. T. Harrington, Edward Hubbard, J. Baloun. *Composition.*—Messrs. T. Harrington, Graham, O'Reilly, Petritz, Kuppler, McCarthy, Werk, Brown. *Grammar.*—Messrs. Meighan, Schwartz, A. McDonald, Rinke, Von Albade, Peter Duffy, Asher Jennings, Nicholas Hogan. *Reading.*—Messrs. Charles Doran, Fabian Flynn, L. Hubbell, L. Luken, J. McNaughton, Weidmann, Dousett, S. R. Hunter, S. Hunter, San Roman, Morales, Hennebry. *Orthography.*—Messrs. Otero, Dousett, Edgerton, Guiff, William Ferstl. *Special Orthography.*—Messrs. J. Baloun, Bittner, Francis Petritz. *Geography.*—Messrs. Hugh McConnell, W. Ferstl, N. Schwartz, E. Green, Hagerty. *U. S. History.*—Messrs. Bligh, Rink, N. Schwartz, Buck, Nast, Hubbell, Hagerty. *Penmanship.*—Messrs. G. Burg, H. Fleming.

SPECIAL COURSES.

French.—Messrs. Brogan, Kachur, J. McIntyre, Steiner, F. Ward, Dowd, Shea, Werk, H. Brown, V. Dwyer, Landers. *German.*—Messrs. Becker, J. Sullivan, Petritz, E. Brown, Burg, Carlton, Fox, Fitzpatrick, Richon, Ferstl, Baldwin, F. Maloy, Heineman. *Instrumental Music.*—Messrs. Campbell, Ragan, McConnell, Krug, Gainer, Tomlinson, J. Bouza, Becker, T. Burns, R. Barry, P. Carney, Darst, Dominguez, Fehr, Friedmann, J. Hesse, Heineman, Kellner, Mueller, McConn, Morrison, Meagher, Waggenman. *Drawing.*—Messrs. F. Bouza, Bohner, Hoover, Simpson, Posselius, Neville, Pulskamp, Arce, Kegler, Delaney, Steiner, Atherton, Revels, Watterson, Scheubert, Smogor. *Elocution.*—Messrs. Duperier, Schumacher, M. Oswald. *Vocal Music.*—Messrs. Crowley, L. Garrity, A. Kasper, O. Tong, J. Ward, Woolverton, Odena, Jerrell, Moon.