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The Flag.*

EUGENE A. DELANEY, '99.

THAT Valley Forge our Flag first shone:
The field—the sky of steel-cold stars,
The snow blood-reddened was its bars;
Its soul—the heart of Washington.

On land and sea, through strife's drear day,
Our banner spake a truth so old—
So strong, that e'en when suns grow cold
Its glory must not fade away.

When men in strength forget the right
And drive the weak by ruthless hand,
Our emblem needs but give command
To stay a tyrant in his might.

To-day, from strife we turn apart—
We look not to thy battle scars,
O Flag,—the peace writ on thy bars
Lives sweet within our gladsome heart.

Washington—The Citizen-Soldier. †

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

THE aspirations and temper of a people may be understood from a study of their heroes, for it is natural to walk in the path of preceding generations. The traditions of America are those of the hardy pioneer and of the toiler of factory and farm. We would let wealth and influence come to each one according to his labor and ability; we resent the payment or the taking of tribute. It is by the exercise of such principles that our country has grown to be the beacon light of liberty—

* Read at the presentation of the flag by the Class of '99 on February 22, 1899.

† Oration delivered at the Washington Birthday exercises in Washington Hall.

not seeking to establish a government over unwilling subjects, never attempting to destroy through hatred or selfishness an inoffensive, civilized people. Our national existence does not tremble on the bayonets of soldiers of fortune, nor rest on the unstable supports of temporary expediency; but it is founded on justice and cemented with prosperity. Hatred and fear gnaw at the vitals of nations as they do at those of individuals; and it has been our boast in the past that we alone among the greater nations formed alliances against none, nor feared the wrath of any. Our honest, independent policy commanded the respect of all. Our battles of righteous warfare were won by men that fought to free the oppressed, to shield their homes and guard their liberties. His duty done, the American returned to peaceful pursuits with an alacrity that astonished other nations.

Our heroes are not steel-clad knights nor world-conquering despots. The men most dear to American hearts are not conquerors, but defenders; and to-day a prosperous, grateful people honor the memory of him that was first in peace and war, the typical exponent of our Americanism—Washington, the citizen-soldier.

To those that assert nothing of moment can be accomplished in battle by one that has not been bred a soldier and holds martial renown above all things, we reply that in war as elsewhere the sense of duty, of right, renders man invulnerable and crowns his attempts with laurels. Our commander fought not for narrow personal considerations, not for the gratification of an overreaching ambition. He marched with his compatriots under the banner of liberty, and no earthly power can long prevail against men goaded by oppression and allured by freedom.

The success of our revolt against the superior forces of the British is sufficient to show that the American commander possessed a vast

amount of military ability. Among the details of the conflict are many incidents that serve to bring out more definitely his character, to show he was a thorough soldier—courteous to enemies, brave, strategic, prudent. On every battlefield his coolness infused confidence into undisciplined troops. Who could falter under the gaze of those keen, gray eyes, clear and deep as the irresistible sea? When he rode out between the hostile lines at Trenton, who could resist that mute, heroic appeal?

To his personal courage he added the rarer qualities of a profound strategist. At the darkest period in our history, when the riotous enemy deemed themselves secure, when captives suffered untold miseries in British prisons, and the very elements seemed to conspire to freeze the blood in patriot veins, the genius of Washington burned brightest. He captured the formidable Hessians; with a starving, half-clothed, untrained army he repeatedly out-generaled Cornwallis. He kept alive the fires of patriotism amid the gloom of defeat. His campaign in the Jerseys that winter has been called by so prominent a General as Frederic the Great, "the most brilliant on the pages of military history."

Inspiring in battle as the very incarnation of victory, his conquests were graced with that noblest of martial qualities, magnanimity. It required a strong, controlling moral force to refrain from avenging on captured invaders the long, cruel list of British atrocities. Yet, even the Hessians, hated mercenaries though they were, never accused their captors of inhuman or ungracious treatment. Every means was taken to justify their conduct in the eyes of the citizens; and their leader, dying in the rancor of defeat, was soothed by the compassionate victor. The spy André would have been spared, let us hope, to use his talents and energies in better ways, had not circumstances positively demanded his execution. Even the defection of Arnold excited more sorrow than wrath, and the traitor's unfortunate family were treated with that consideration which the commander-in-chief ever manifested. It is needless to adduce further examples, for the instances of his forbearance are as numerous as the occasions that might call them forth. There were men that regarded him as a rebel, as a destroyer of a stable government, as the leader of a hopeless, visionary cause, but they never doubted his integrity, never assailed his honor.

That repression and not lack of spirit was

the source of Washington's mildness is evident from his vehemence when thoroughly aroused. The strong barriers of restraint were seldom removed; but when they could no longer withstand the gathering force of the imprisoned current, that usually placid stream became a torrent, thundering, irresistible. Early in his career he had rushed among the disorganized troops of Braddock with a fearless fury that filled the Indian allies with awe. At North-castle his resentment against the retreating Lee was for once unchecked, and changed a panic to a triumph. He hurled himself into the disordered rout of Mercer's troops at Princeton and led them back to victory.

His work as a soldier was characterized by moderation and completeness. His victories were not always brilliant, but they never bore bitter fruits. Less firm minds would have been turned by such successes, would have panted for further conquest, would have striven after the continental extension of the colonies; but he was content when the ends for which he fought were obtained. Glory, or even the assurance of victory, could not justify war. On the other hand, he did not stop short of the goal. Thoroughness marked the conduct of all his campaigns, and when at last the army had done its part and disbanded, he did all that lay in his power to provide for the veterans and the widows of those that had fallen.

But to know Washington as a soldier was to appreciate only one side of his character. He was most lovable, most natural, perhaps greatest, in the simple *rôle* of citizen.

His early surroundings were of a nature to dispose him for a useful civil life. If possible, a retired one; if necessity required, a stirring one. He was not taught to regard self-seeking ambition as the supreme virtue, nor intrigue as the most valuable accomplishment. He escaped the feverish thirst for power, and avoided complacent inactivity. Personal interests had not the highest claim. For one's own self, retirement were best, but let it be sacrificed for the good of fellow-men. He loved the quietness and simple cares of plantation life. The terrible triumphs of war, the dazzling successes of legislative halls were but means; the end was to live in retirement and cultivate the arts of peace.

Well it was for our turbulent legislative assemblies that he carried the placidity and sagacity of his seclusion into public life. The squalls and storms of jealousy and mean ambition could scarcely ruffle the depths of

that steady, impassive nature. As President, his cabinet was composed of men from both the political parties then in existence. He was not a bigoted partisan who could brook no expressed opposition to his opinions. He had the courage to carry out his convictions. If they could not stand the test of debate, if there were insuperable objections that might perhaps be apparent to another, Washington was willing that they should be rejected. Nothing could turn him aside, however, when convinced that he was in the right. He did not obtain sanction for his executive acts by any skilful manœuvring. He was rather like personified justice. He had the leadership during the most crucial period of our growth. The men of the different colonies, and even those of the same colony, disagreed as to the form and attitude of the new government. The diverse opinions and arguments were submitted to him as one that had the respect and confidence of all. He sorted and measured the beams of sense and sentiment from North and South, and laid the keel of our nation with the weightier, the more permanent. There were men of strength and skill at the oars; but Washington at the helm directed the course, avoided the rocks and treacherous seas of European diplomacy, and guided the bark into peaceful waters.

It required a man of strong character and far-seeing prudence to refuse aid to France in her war with England. It seemed but gratitude, even simple justice, to assist a nation from whom so much help had been received, especially in galling one from whom so much injury had come. Washington, however, saw that the young United States had a mission and a destiny. Its birthright must not be sold for any temporary inclination or advantage. Our duty is to give an example of popular government on a grand scale, to vindicate the dignity of labor, to assert the equal rights of all men to follow those natural yearnings for advancement. Our career can never be prosperous, or our destiny assured, if we have portion with countries upholding class discriminations and distinctions of race and creed. We can have no natural affiliation with those that live under entirely different physical, economic and social conditions. Our faith is not in aggressive or defensive alliances, but in independence.

This fair, teeming land might have been otherwise, if a false chivalry or the scorn of civil life had led our founders from the solid track. Washington's desire, we may say his

ambition, was to live as a plain, private citizen. The groans of dying men or the interminable jangling of interested, prejudiced or conceited statesmen had no allurements for him. Had not the occasion called him from his retirement he would have lived as any other Virginian planter. He would have been far above the ordinary in kindness and the justice of his dealings, perhaps little above it in brilliant qualities. He would have a friend in everyone that knew him. His name would have died with his contemporaries. His life, except the portion that has become a part of history, was not eventful. As a boy he did not differ markedly from his fellows. He was neither gloomy nor impetuous. His demeanor was more grave than is usual among boys; his ways more methodical; his morals upright.

The wisdom of his policy has become apparent to his successors. May they follow in the way that he has pointed out! Let us remember that he is our ideal of the American citizen-soldier, of the type that embodies the qualities of Cincinnatus and Fabius. To be first in war is a glorious thing, to undergo the hardships of campaigns for the sake of freedom and justice is nobility; but to minister to the comfort and betterment of mankind by the arts of peace is greatness. Genius is given for a blessing; but how often does the man of genius turn it into a curse. Washington developed the good that was in him, and left a nation and an undying name. His great achievements were the result of sagacious, long-considered plans. His glorious career was not the brilliant trail of a meteor flashing from darkness to oblivion; it was the steady, unfailing light of the sun that has its rising, zenith and decline, and, passing, leaves a day, a lingering glow, and a feeling of regret.

Another Question of Happiness.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK (LAW), '99.

Ralph Blair sat in his small studio and watched the sparrows playing in the dusty road. The trees and grass had been freshened by the June showers, and the warm sun of the afternoon shone bright on the quaint old windows in that up-country mansion. From the yard below there floated the scent of roses; and the village post-master going leisurely for the mail shouted a friendly greeting to the tall young man at the window.

With a sigh and a tightening of the lips, Blair again bent his broad shoulders over a small canvas in the corner, and labored patiently for a few moments. But he could not get the tint he wanted; he daubed his fingers with the paint he had intended for the sky, and as his pipe refused him comfort he rose from his easel and started for the field near the quiet river.

Throwing himself on the green bank he tried to read; but he was more interested in himself than in the book, and drawing his cap over his eyes, he gave himself up to his favorite day-dreams. Lazily he thought of his home-life, his college days with pipe and book, and finally his first unaided step into the life of the world. Then he had told himself that his success would have to be great, his future brilliant with fulfilled promise. Then he had said to himself: "Until my fame be world-wide I shall not rest content."

On this June day it seemed as if he had made this promise to himself years and years ago. Many years had come between filled with many things. He had seen that the brighter the lime-light shines the more it hurts the eyes, and he had left the glare of the calcium to his rivals. None seemed to notice his departure; none, except a woman who pleaded with him to come back, to accomplish all that of which he was capable. But knowing that she wanted some of his glory for herself he had refused, and had buried himself in this obscure hamlet. He had left the stress and storm of the ocean for the safety and calm of the land-locked harbor, and here he had found peace. The wide roof of the house on the hill with the grey smoke curling lightly from the chimney, the placid satisfaction of the cattle, the subdued trill of the oriole in the tree above him, told him that he was now part of the motionless picture.

The bright blue skies, flecked with thin, fleecy clouds, looked graciously down upon him, and gave his artist soul a zest for life, more grateful than the sweet rain of the early afternoon. He loved the flocks on the hill-side, and a friendly feeling had grown up in his heart for the rosy-cheeked lass at the village inn. The breezes that swept coolingly round his forehead were delicious. He was happy.

As he lay there he planned a career for himself—a humble career, far different from that he knew in other days. He would forget all that had brought him here; he would live his life in this peaceful valley. He would be

respected by the old men; and when he in his turn was an old man, the children of the village would climb on his knee, and he would tell them little tales of his own childhood, and he and they would be such good friends. But Blair the artist was a young man.

And even as he planned, a face came between him and the clouds—a face he had known in the city. The eyes were seductive eyes that tempted him, and laughed at him and seemed to pierce him through. There was no trust in those eyes—how different from those of the inn-keeper's daughter! And the lips, half parted, rich and red, were curved at the corners in cruel lines. The cloud-face was a beautiful face—a strange, irresistible beauty. Another would have shrunk away. Blair looked straight into those mocking eyes and flinched not.

Blair has left the peaceful valley. Once more he is in the hurry and crash and din of the city he had once forsaken. He has probably forgotten the children, and the flocks and the maid at the inn. He has come to his own again. He is famous. He loves a woman in the city—a beautiful woman. He thinks that she loves him. I've noticed that in the country dreams come true oftener than in the city. And Blair, you know, is a dreamer.

Words that have Harmonies.

JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND, '99.

Though it is useless to try to subject poetic thought to fixed rules, there is no doubt that there are some technical elements that are essential to poetry. Among these we may consider tone-color of words and poetical association of suggestive or emotional words.

Experience and observation prove that there is attached to some words a certain meaning beside that which the dictionary gives us. When we look for the definition of a word the result is impressed on our intellect and becomes matter of knowledge. The additional meaning that goes along with certain words does not give information; it rather stirs up emotions, and this is the essential characteristic of tone-quality in words.

Tone-color is, to a great extent, subjective, and varies with the reader; hence we account for different degrees of taste and interest. That experiences of tone-color vary is more the fault of the individual, because by cul-

ture we can learn to appreciate more keenly.

Along with tone-quality we may place suggestive association of words. The poetical experience in either case is similar, but obtained in a different way. Tone-quality arises from the word itself; but an effect is received from associated words, not because of the words themselves,—which may have no suggestive force—but because two or more words by relation produce a poetic effect. Everybody, moreover, has a more or less extensive emotional vocabulary. What wonder is it then that when a poet strikes one of these hidden notes, there is re-echoed a whole chord and harmonies of past recollections that fill a heart with sweet music. Often one of these words is sufficient to flood a whole passage or poem like the beautiful element of sadness in a minor chord.

It is also worthy of note how these suggestive and associative meanings originate. Even after many years there remains with us a return of emotion at the presence of certain objects or circumstances, which of themselves were not important, since they would not affect another, nor even ourselves now. When we first experienced this emotion, it was not so much the object that caused this, as the state of our mind at the time. The soul was on the alert to produce an emotion and the object was the occasion. The imagination colors it, and the memory then stores it away to be viewed when a similar circumstance returns.

We may perhaps still remember some strange impressions we received as children. A word is heard the meaning of which is not known. Immediately the curious young imagination paints a fantastic image that is made to correspond with the word, according to the state of mind that the child is in at the time. The picture is stored away and elicited every time the word is heard, even long after the meaning is fully understood.

Grown people also indulge in a similar practice. We hear for the first time the name of a person, and we become prejudiced against him before we have seen or known him, for no other reason than that the name sounds odd, strange, or suggestive of presentiment. Of course, at mature age these workings of imagination become less active by reason of reflection, but there always remains some vestige of past pain or pleasure. There is no doubt that many of the words we term suggestive have acquired their coloring in the manner explained.

Tone-color and suggestive combinations of words are the great obstacles in the perfection of translations of great works. It is seldom a person is found that is so conversant with two languages as to be able to translate every suggestive word of one language into a suggestive word of the other. Granted, however, that such an artist can be found, there is another difficulty still greater,—in no two languages have corresponding words the same tone-color, or have it to the same degree.

My First Attempt at Cooking.

JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99.

When I was twelve years of age, I spent the summer vacation with my Aunt Helen in the country. I loved to roam about the green fields and to chase butterflies or catch grasshoppers in the meadow where my Uncle Henry was mowing his heavy crop of clover. I was also fond of playing with Rover, the old watch-dog, and I often went out with him to hunt fox-squirrels and chip-munks.

However much I liked outdoor sports, especially an exciting coon-chase now and then with Rover, I always preferred to stand near the bread-box and watch Aunt Helen make cookies or biscuits. Toward the end of August she was seized with a violent fever, and consequently confined to her room for nearly six weeks.

Considering my aunt's absence from her household duties an excellent opportunity wherein to apply for the office of cook, I asked her permission, one Saturday afternoon, to make the biscuits for Uncle Henry's supper. At first she strongly objected to my childish proposal, saying that I was by no means capable of cooking biscuits; however, I soon strengthened my previous arguments by making known my abilities as a cook. I mentioned the different ingredients to be used, and also told her how much time the cooking would require. This accurate knowledge of making biscuits pleased Aunt Helen so much that she exclaimed:

"Why, Johnnie, that's just lovely! I never thought for once that you were so interested in household affairs. Perhaps you will be able to do all the cooking while I am sick."

This bit of flattery pleased me exceedingly, and I immediately entered upon the duties of my new office. In my excitement, however,

I forgot nearly all the fundamental laws that guide a good cook. I put on Aunt Helen's white apron, took a large earthen jar from the cupboard, and began operations. In the jar I put a proportional amount of eggs, flour, salt and water. When the mixture was kneaded into a dough, I shaped the dough into biscuits and placed them in the oven to bake.

After I had finished my tedious task, I swept the kitchen floor, washed the windows and busied myself with various other domestic duties, occasionally taking a glance at my biscuits. I finally concluded that they were sufficiently cooked, and removed them from the hot oven to a cool pantry. As supper time was drawing near, the anticipation of my uncle's compliments filled me with great joy.

When the old clock struck six, Uncle Henry and his hired man, Mike Dooley, sat down to supper. Shortly after both were seated at table and well started in a friendly dispute about the corn crop, I went down to the cellar for some canned fruits. Just as I was leaving the cellar, I heard a very loud noise in the dining room; I dropped the can of pears, in my excitement, and ran in all haste to the dining room window. Dooley was courageously combating a violent attack of stammering, and making all sorts of gestures—from the epic to the "pump-handle."

"Wa-wa-wa—" would escape his lips now and then, but he could say no more. The color of his face seemed to pass through the different colors of the rainbow every ten seconds. Finally, Dooley raised his brawny hand and aimed one of my ill-cooked biscuits at Uncle Henry's head, exclaiming:

"Am—am—I to live on brick-bats? I—I—I'd sooner ate turf, yer honor!"

While Dooley was acting this somewhat dramatic scene, I noticed that Rover growled most distressingly, and showed evident signs of a death struggle. Poor Rover! he, too, had fallen a victim to Dooley's "brick-bats."

Fear and consternation had so completely unnerved me by this time that I scarcely heard the morning call: "Johnnie, get up for breakfast."

I need scarcely add as a conclusion to this narrative that my first attempt at cooking was also my last. Dooley never tired of telling about my brick-bats until nearly everyone in that section of the country had heard of them. The result was that when I went camping with the boys later on, I had to be content with building the fire and carrying water.

Varsity Verse.

FAILURE.

HE billows are tumbling and frothing,
The sea is a tumult of waves,
The brave crew is trying but loathing
The storm that has made them his slaves.

At last there has sprung in the vessel
A leak that has ruined her chance;
In vain with the waves does she wrestle
And sinks as she tries to advance.

So sometimes when we've undertaken
Some task, and have started out well,
By trials and temptations we're shaken,
And the effort soon hears its own knell.

W. O'C.

WILES OF NATURE.

When the day is done,
And the low, descending, golden sun
Lingers along the western wooded height,
Throwing its last faint rays of light
On the unseen steeds of approaching night,
My soul is sad.

But when dawn appears,
Bearing aloft its ashen spears,
Climbing the hilltops, grim and gray,
Chasing the damp and dews away,
Announcing to all the god of day,
My soul is glad.

F. X. McC.

WHAT YOU NEED.

I have by huntsmen been assured—
Perhaps you've found it so—
The deer may often be secured;
If you have a little doe.

J. J. D.

A WORD.

A ripple fleeting and unseen
That seeks the shores of heaven's sea,
An ever widening space between,
Thou can'st not call it back to thee.

J. J. D.

TRIOLETS.

I

The flowers we sow
For us bloom the sweetest,
And the purest dews glow
On the flowers we sow.
Fairer blossoms may grow
With charms the completest,
But the flowers we sow
For us bloom the sweetest.

II

The verses we write
To us are the dearest.
Others may slight
The verses we write;
But as joy or delight
In hours that are drearest,
The verses we write
To us are the dearest.

J. A. N.

A Bad Pie.

ANDREW J. SAMMON.

Our staff—consisting of two men and a small boy—was sitting by the coal-stove fire entertaining the usual crowd of evening callers who borrowed the daily papers and carried away our magazines. It was a cold night in January, and a heavy blizzard, which swept over the little town for three days, had just ceased, leaving the streets packed with snow from ten to fifteen feet in depth.

"The outside world will not believe us next week," said Harry Lane, "when we tell how it was impossible to see a building across the street, and that tunnels had to be dug into every business house; but," he added, shaking the coal-grate and sighing mournfully, "we boom our town only as a summer resort."

Harry was the juvenile editor of the *Enterprise*, and was making weekly efforts to convince the rest of the world of the importance of Beardsley and its inhabitants. The population he always gave at twelve hundred, though by actual count, including infants and the village marshal, there were only seven hundred and twenty-one persons.

The mixed train that passed by the town occasionally had been snow-bound for a week, and as we had nothing in the office to read, we considered the light from the coal stove to be sufficient for our self-invited guests. The office door creaked on its hinges again, and another visitor made his way in the dark between "stones" and "frames" to the stove. This was Pat O'Connor, the druggist, whose face was so red from the cold that it matched favorably with his glossy hair, red also from childhood. Throwing open his large coon-skin coat, he carelessly mounted a high stool near the "galley-rack," and, as he did so, I heard a faint click as of falling type; but as nothing fell to the floor I decided it was only the creaking of the old stool.

"Why are you not at the Swan of Avon meeting to-night, Pat?" asked Mike Canty, as the former finished telling the wonderful things he did that morning in the blizzard.

"I guess, I'll quit that four hundred society for good, M. R.," replied Pat. "You know yourself I'm the smartest man in the club, but they made me red-headed at their last meeting when they did not make me president of the club. I'm going to join your Robert Emmett

debating club at your next meeting and be with the common herd—where I belong. Won't the 'Swans' be jealous then? And, by the way, perhaps they won't be jealous when they read in the *Enterprise* how your club defeated the Clinton club in the public debate. I must not forget to congratulate you on that rousing speech of yours, Mr. Canty."

Mr. Canty, a red-hot fire insurance agent, was president of the Robert Emmett Debating Club, and all the young men in town were members. At a public debate, held the previous week with a club from a neighboring town, Mr. Canty's speech, as all thought, had won. The question was one concerning the respective merits of the Union and Confederate soldiers during the civil war. On account of the usual scarcity of news we were giving the debate about two columns, and all our matter was corrected and ready for the press on the following morning.

I don't know how Mr. Canty felt when he read the *Enterprise* the next day, but I shall long remember how he looked when he came into the office and with much emphasis pointed to the following paragraph:

"... And in closing for the affirmative, Mr. Canty was such a coward that he skulked from the question at issue, and was afraid to uphold his part as a gentleman. . . ."

The passage should have read as the revised proofs indicated:

"... And in closing for the affirmative, Mr. Canty [clearly showed how the confederate soldier] was such a coward that he skulked from the question at issue, and was afraid to uphold his part as a gentleman. . . ."

The line marked in brackets was left out. We did not know how, nor was there any use in trying to explain. The only safety we had was that the enraged caller had neither club nor gun; every other possible abuse he freely poured upon us until the air felt hot, and we felt as if the office should have an insurance policy. Harry swore to his part by showing the revised proof with the line in brackets on the bottom of a very full galley. I swore I did not "pie" anything while "making up the forms," and so we looked for a chance to blame Charlie McDonald the office boy, but he was equally prompt with a volume of oaths that he never changed a "hair-space." We escaped with only the loss of one subscriber, and, strange to say, he paid up three years' back subscription—the only cash we saw for two weeks.

We were still unable to solve the mystery till the following day Pat O'Connor came on his usual friendly visit and said:

"Boys, don't put me down as a thief, but I find some old "types" in my overcoat pocket, and two of those things you call leads. I swear I never put them there."

Arranging the letters we found they made up the line in brackets, and then we knew the cause of the little click on the "galley-rack" the night of the blizzard.

A Schoolgirl's Diary.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

SUNDAY, May 20.

"I got up this morning feeling drowsy and tired; mamma must have let me oversleep myself. Everything outside was smiling, the birds chirping, and even our bird Dick singing as he had never done before; but I had no eyes for the beauties of nature. I tried on my new gown, but it was too tight under the arms—two hooks and eyes were wanting. Madame O'Brienne has submitted me to too many ill-fits—I wish she would be more careful. I went to church in the afternoon and listened to Mr. Gibbs preach. Those long sermons weary me. How negligently our minister dresses. The necktie he wore to-day was the same one he wore at our picnic last year. I wonder why he doesn't buy a new one!—perhaps his wife won't let him. Martha, his servant girl, told me that his wife henpecks him awfully. During the sermon I saw Harvey Travers staring at me, but he turned away his eyes when he saw mamma looking at him.

MONDAY, May 21.

"I went to school as usual this morning, and had that old thing, Mr. Heiman, question me in Latin. I hate Latin; I almost hate school. I wish that Mr. Sweet was teaching Latin as well as English. He is so kind to the girls and dresses so "swell." I walked home from school with Harvey Travers. What a wonderful variety of subjects he knows, and how eloquently he talks! I wonder why I never noticed that pent-up fire that is in his eyes, and that sparkles when he becomes excited. He has been paying me more or less attention for the last four months, and I never thought him so good a fellow until this day.

TUESDAY, May 22.

"I have been thinking about Harvey a great deal to-day. No matter what I pick up he seems to charm away my thoughts. Mr. Herman chided me for being listless in class. Harvey met me outside the school-gate and walked home with me. When he saw mamma looking at us from the window he blushed and looked confused. He lingered on the way and took the longest route from school, yet the time passed very quickly. To-morrow is recreation day, and he wishes me to join a party of girls and boys who are going botanizing. We shall meet at Clara's house at three o'clock. I did not wish to accept his invitation, but he looked so unhappy, and said if I did not go he would not go, that at last I gave my consent if mamma is willing. Clara lives nearly a mile away, and he said that he would meet me at Chatham Square and we could walk over together. When I asked, 'Why not my home instead of Chatham Square?' he stammered out something about mamma. I don't know why all the boys are afraid of mamma. 'I shall wear a veil, Sir Galahad,' I said, 'and if you recognize me you will be a close observer.' I wonder if mamma will give me her permission. I would like to see more of Harvey, for I like him wonderfully well—in fact, I almost love him."

Our schoolgirl's mother was a widow. Her husband had died many years before, and her sister had come to live with her. Ethel had grown up a happy child, somewhat wild, and her widowed mother was anxious about the girl's future. Her daughter's friends she knew almost as well as the girl herself, and everything belonging to Ethel was carefully examined by the mother. She knew the hiding-place of the diary—a bureau-drawer, under three rolls of muslin—and often had read it with amusement.

"Look here, Martha," she said to her sister as she came in a flurry of excitement into the sewing room with the open diary in her hand. "I thought something was up when I saw Ethel come home from school two days in succession with that high-school boy. See how romantic! He wishes me to join a party of girls and boys to go botanizing, and said if I didn't go he wouldn't. I shall have a veil on, Sir Galahad,' I said, 'and you will be a close observer if you recognize me. I wonder if mamma will give me permission? [Most certainly, my dear, I won't.] I like him wonderfully well—in fact, I almost love him."

"Listen to that closing sentence, Martha—'I almost love him;' and they will meet at Chatham Square."

"For some time Ethel has been wanting to go to the opera. You can take her to-morrow about two o'clock; then I can pounce undisturbed upon her 'Sir Galahad.' My figure is somewhat like Ethel's [looking at herself in the mirror]. He will not recognize me with a veil on until I am close—then pity the romance!"

"But, mamma, I do not want to go to the opera to-day," said Ethel, when the subject was broached to her. "I've promised to look for plants with our botany class."

"You must go, my dear," insisted the mother. "The last *matinee* will be to-day, and I do not wish you to miss it."

After remonstrating in vain, Ethel was sent to the theatre under the guardianship of her aunt.

THURSDAY, May 24.

"I saw Harvey to-day, but he crossed over the street to avoid me. I intended to explain all to him, but evidently he did not desire an explanation. When he passed me in the corridor he slightly raised his hat and passed on without a word. If he wants to act so coldly without even giving me a chance to clear myself, well, he may, I won't make the first advance."

"My little plot was successful, Martha," said Ethel's mother holding the diary in her hand. "Poor boy! I scared him badly. I'm afraid it will be some time before Ethel will be addressing anyone as 'Sir Galahad.'"

Feeding the Calf.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

Deacon Bunker was a dignified old gentleman. He had a heart overflowing with love for his fellow-man, his Maker and all the things his Maker had made. Maria Bunker, his wife, was an exact counterpart of her worthy spouse. She was, besides, thrifty, pious and an excellent housewife.

One Sunday morning the old man hitched up the horse, and they started for church. They had just driven into the main road and the deacon turned back to shut the gate, when the old lady said:

"Pa, I declare for it, that calf hasn't been

fed, and the milk is in the brass kettle on the stove all warm for him."

"Well, well, well!" the old man replied, "this is a pretty time to think of feeding the calf, I declare, with my best clothes on. Maria, what were you thinking of not to speak of it before?"

The old deacon then proceeded to give a lengthy dissertation about the absent-mindedness of all women, and how they would think of something just at the wrong time. He argued that after they were once ready for church, his wife should never allow her thoughts to centre upon such a thing as a calf.

"Well, Pa, you know we are Christians, and if we go off to church all day and leave that calf unfed, why we couldn't pray enough nor sing enough to make God forgive us for such an act."

"Well," said the deacon, "I guess you are right."

So he started back, took the brass kettle from the stove, gathered up his long coat as snugly as possible, and started for the barnyard. Now that calf was impatient, eager and hungry, and you could see expectancy standing right out in his big eyes. The old deacon said:

"Come bossy, come along up here."

The calf came, and the deacon inserted his finger—no, two fingers,—in the calf's mouth; he was a shrewd old deacon, and knew better than to try to feed that calf with one finger. He led the calf down into the pail, and the milk began to taste good.

The calf became very much engaged in the pail, and his tail began to show just how he felt. He plunged his nose down below the drinking point, when suddenly (he must have breath) he gave a snort that spurted milk all over the deacon.

"There, said the deacon," I knew it would come to this, just on account of Maria's forgetfulness."

The calf gave another snort, and the good deacon could stand it no longer. He straddled the calf's neck, and seizing both ears, plunged the little fellow's head deep into the pail.

"There now," he said, "if it wa'n't for the love I bear my Lord and Master, I'd punch your cussed head off."

There are people in this world who would have taken good old Deacon Bunker at that moment and measured him by the thirty-nine articles, but I think the Lord had compassion on him that morning.

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F. X. MCCOLLUM, }
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—The old adage that time is money may be changed to suit our athletes and written so as to read "time is honor." This is true in regard to our sprinters and runners. Last Thursday in the trial heats it was clearly demonstrated, when Mr. Joseph Duane carried away the honors of the day by defeating all the fast men of the University in the dashes. The summary of last Thursday's events is as follows:

40-yard dash—Duane, 1st; O'Brien, 2d; Wynne, 3d; Barry, 4th. Time, :04 $\frac{1}{5}$.

40-yard hurdles—Duane, 1st; Powers, 2d; Mulcare, 3d. Time, :06 $\frac{3}{5}$.

220-yard dash—Duane, 1st; O'Brien, 2d. Time, :25 $\frac{2}{5}$.

440 yard run—Corcoran, 1st; Herbert, 2d. Time, :56.

880-yard run—Corcoran, 1st; Herbert, 2d. Time, 2:15.

Mile run—Connors, 1st; Butler, 2d; Hartung, 3d. Time, 4:51.

Pole Vault—Powers, 1st; Glynn, 2d; height, 10 feet 6 inches.

High Jump—Powers—Glynn; 5 feet 8 inches.

Shot Put—Powers—Eggeman; 39 feet eight inches.

Running Broad Jump—Powers, 1st; Glynn, 2d—20 feet.

Relay race—O'Shaughnessy, P. Corcoran, Barry, Herbert. Time, 4:01 $\frac{1}{5}$.

Old Glory and Her Honored Son.

Last Wednesday at Notre Dame was given to the honor of the Stars and Stripes and the memory of their illustrious defender, George Washington. The spirit of patriotism, so thoroughly enkindled by the late war, is still burning in the heart of every American, and on Wednesday the residents of the University were prepared to give expression to their love of flag and country. Glee club and band, Faculty and students, Class of '99, local Booths and Barretts—all turned out to make the exercises of the day worthy of a lasting place in the memory of those that were present on the occasion. It was the first appearance of the glee club, and, considering the short time that the members have been together, they gave a very creditable performance. Of course, it is not anywhere near perfection as yet. We have no De Rezkes or Plançons to sing operatic music, but we have good amateur talent; and if the club works well and earnestly along the lines that they have started, it will not be many moons before we will find the glee club the most popular organization at the University. The start last Wednesday was a good one, and the club will be frequently called on in the future. If the interest that is taken in the work now be not allowed to flag, we are going to have an organization that will satisfy a long-felt want. We shall have a glee club with jolly good songs, and with men to sing them well, under the able guidance of Professor McLaughlin.

The band, too, is in good shape, and must be called upon whenever any public demonstration takes place. The honor of opening and closing the programme was given to it last Wednesday. The first selection, the famous "Light Cavalry Overture," was rendered very well, though not so smoothly as the "Selection from Don Juan." The final number, "Stars and Stripes Forever"—a selection very appropriate for the occasion—was played with a dash and sprightliness that made everything in the opera house ring.

The whole interest of the morning exercises centred in the presentation of the flag by the Senior Class. Mr. Eugene A. Delaney read a well-written verse that we are pleased to publish in the place of honor in this edition of the SCHOLASTIC. After the singing of "America" by the glee club and audience, Mr. John F. Fennessey, chosen representative of

the Class of '99 mounted the stage, and in behalf of his classmates presented the flag with the following address:

"A scant year ago the waters of Havana Bay trembled and swirled around a sinking vessel. The night mercifully drew a veil of darkness over the destruction and death on the *Maine*. Another flag had sunk forever beneath the waves that run above our dead sailors.

"It is told us that the phoenix rose anew from its dead ashes. Scarce were the flags of the *Maine* wet before thousands of flags fluttered forth throughout the Union. North and South blended together, and once again we stood, the United States of America. Men are judged by their actions. When they willingly aid their country in time of danger we say they are patriotic. They obey a primary impulse of their nature—an impulse unfortunately too often refined away by super-civilization.

"Customs are often formal and meaningless, yet it seems to me that this custom which obtains at the University will never be otherwise than beautiful. It is not so merely because the men of former years have handed it down to us. It is not that we feel ourselves forced to add another weather-beaten, dingy flag to those of former classes—for so ours in another year will be. No; it is beautiful because it is a natural outlet to the overflow of a beautiful virtue—patriotism.

"The words of those that gave the first flag were not empty. There are as yet but few flags, still we know that of those men who gave them, some went forth to fight for the flag they once raised here in token of respect and admiration. And yet what less could we expect? The very air is pregnant with patriotism. The old guard of sixty-one is dropping, but the atmosphere is still alive with their spirit. From sixty-one to ninety-nine is a space of but few years. To-day is the time that calls for patriots. The fight was yesterday, to-morrow the settling of our fate. True patriotism is needed. The valor of the college man has been shown on the field; now it is for him to take his place in the forum, and there aid his country. The flag is only a material emblem of his convictions. We know that those who love their flag must love the country for which it stands.

"Its colors glowed in Valley Forge where the starred blue sky met the dazzling snow, incarnadined with the blood of heroes. It has waved over battlefields that were lost; yet never has an American been forced to bow his head in shame at its sight. Fit emblem of a patriotic people! Its colors signify to us, courage, purity and constancy. What more beautiful gift could be made than this! It does honor both to the one that gives and to him that receives.

"A token it is of affection and esteem. To you, Reverend Father, it is given as to a representative of those that have fostered in us the love of country spiritualized with love of God, which constitutes the truest, highest, holiest patriotism. To you we give it as an emblem of all we esteem and love."

When the applause following Mr. Fennessey's address had died away, the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung. The "Selection from Don Juan" followed; then the glee club sang "L'Estudiantina," after which the Vice-President, Rev. James French, accepted the flag in behalf of the University. Father French was very eloquent in his address, and we regret

very much that we are unable to give it in print to our readers. He thanked the class of '99 for their gift, and, taking it as a proof of their devotion to their *Alma Mater* and their love of country, promised them that the University will watch with interest and pride the course that each man of them will follow. The "Stars and Stripes Forever" ended the exercises of the morning, except for the bestowal of well-merited compliments on the Class of '99, on Professor McLaughlin, his band and glee club, and the committees of arrangements. The afternoon was given over to the production of

THE PLAY.

The presentation of "His Brother's Bugaboo," a comedy in three acts, was what all the plays given under direction of Professor Carmody have been, a success all through. There was not a hitch in the acting from beginning to end, except, perhaps, that during the first scene the actors did not speak loudly enough. There were many humorous and catchy situations in the plot that were produced in a very satisfactory manner, each actor being perfectly natural and quite at home with his part.

The exercises were started at 2:30 p. m. by the University Orchestra rendering Rosey's "Anniversary March." After this Mr. John J. Dowd, orator of the day, appeared before the curtain to deliver the oration, which we print in the first columns of this edition. Of the oration we shall say nothing, but leave our readers to judge it for themselves. Mr. Dowd's delivery, however, was in the nature of a surprise to his friends. His voice is not forceful, but he has an easy and earnest manner of speaking, that gained for him the closest attention from the audience. When he had finished, and the applause following his address died away, the curtain was raised before a very pretty stage setting, and the play was on.

The opera house was well crowded, and it was not long before the large audience was laughing at the droll eccentricities of Mr. Benjamin Goldfinch. Mr. Raymond O'Malley, in the character of Goldfinch, was the star of the play. His costume was good, and his rendition of his lines was all that could be desired. At times his acting was up to the highest standard ever seen on our stage, and this may be said of nearly all his part, for he maintained his character in the most even and consistent manner throughout. In the three scenes—one, where he measured the wine with his handkerchief, one, the last in the second act after

he came home with his wife's parasol, and the last when he was about to send the letter to Lorimer, but was interrupted by the sudden appearance of that gentleman—his work was excellent.

A close second to Mr. O'Malley, and a man deserving credit for a first-class piece of acting, was Mr. Louis Weadock in the character of Uncle Gregory. Perfectly easy and natural all through, and maintaining the gruff, cold indifference that belonged to his part, he was a typical, hard-hearted old English gentleman that had made a few dollars and could tell the rest of the world to mind its own business. He was at his best in the second scene in the second act. Mr. Walsh, as Dick, kept up the enviable reputation he has made as an amateur actor. His part was well done, especially the scene where he told all to his father, while the father was asleep and did not hear it, and where he wrote the letter to Mr. Isaacs. Of the other male characters, Messrs. Duperier, McCollum and Cornell are deserving of special mention. They were not represented in the leading rôles, but their parts, especially that of Mr. McCollum, were long and important. They moved about on the stage with as much ease and familiarity as if they were spending the afternoon in a drawing-room.

The minor characters were all well selected and took their parts well. There is usually a tendency to overlook these men and their parts in a play. However, in figuring up the merits of a production they frequently make up an important factor in the success of the presentation. Mr. Murphy and Mr. Brucker had few lines, but these lines were well done. Mr. Murphy's facial expressions and troubled looks, his busy air and ready tongue marked him out for a man that fills the burdensome task of a shoemaker. Mr. Brucker's "make-up" would do justice to any dealer in second-hand goods.

Of the ladies in the play we speak last not least. The task of acting the part of a female is certainly very difficult for a man, and one never knows how really awkward he is until he tries something like this. The ladies of our play last Wednesday, however, were charming. Mr. Tuohy, as Mrs. Goldfinch, gave the best bit of acting as a lady character that we have seen. His costume was cleverly made up, his acting was cleverly done. Beyond this nothing need be said except to compliment Mr. Tuohy for the excellence of his work. As Lucy

Lorimer, Mr. Gilbert was fascinating. He had few lines to speak, but his acting and stage presence were good. It would have been better if he had spoken louder at times. Mr. Rush, the parlor maid, was also cleverly made up, and performed his part very well.

In commenting on the merits of the actors, taken together, it is a pleasure for us to note the fact that everyone of them seemed perfectly confident of himself and exhibited no embarrassment or stage fright. Bashfulness is about the worst fault to be found with young amateurs as it not only unnerves them for the parts they have to play but also becomes so apparent as to excite the sympathy of the audience for the person so embarrassed. One had almost rather be on the stage himself reciting the lines than to sit in his seat and watch some other person go through them with twitching fingers, quaking knees and tremolo voice. Fortunately, there was none of this in our last play.

Another commendable quality noticeable in the acting was that all attempts at being "stagy," or overdoing one's part, was absent. This is a fact that should be very strongly emphasized and set down as a precedent for future plays. Heretofore this defect was very common in local theatricals, and had a very detrimental effect on the work of the players. A person may be required to act and speak in a manner that is not his natural way of speaking and acting, yet it is not necessary for him to assume a *basso profundo*, and beat the air with his arms in order to make his part effective. The main thing is to find out what is required for the rôle you are filling, and then conform to that as much as possible. In this Mr. Weadock and Mr. O'Malley succeeded admirably.

Thus passed Washington's birthday at Notre Dame with song and music, oratory and comedy. Many of our friends from South Bend and elsewhere, whom it is always a pleasure to see, were in attendance at the exercises, and though the weather was gloomy out of doors, there was nothing but good cheer to be seen on the faces of all. Now that the day is one of the past, one that was enjoyed by all, it is only fitting in closing this review of the exercise to give to Mr. F. X. Carmody, to the actors, musicians and all, a fair amount of justly deserved praise. The SCHOLASTIC feels that the opinion of everyone in attendance at the play can be fully expressed in the two words "Well done." PAUL JEROME.

A Reply.

EDITOR, SCHOLASTIC:

The criticism in last week's SCHOLASTIC of my article on genius so misrepresents my position, and, therefore, is so unjust, that I feel constrained to ask you to allow me space in which to make a brief reply.

My critic objects that I am not logical, in that, I fail to give a definition of genius upon which to rest my proposition. My paper made no pretense at being a logical thesis, but was, as the title indicates, merely "some notions about genius." It happens, however, that I did lay a foundation for my proposition. I said: "Despite the difficulty in framing an accurate definition, we all have, at least, an indistinct idea of what is genius; and using this indistinct idea for our standard of judgment, etc." My critic found it convenient not to quote these words in connection with his statement that there was no foundation for my proposition.

My critic kindly warns me to look out for "historical perspective." I am not aware that my article showed that I was in need of this warning; I simply said: "Since Dante the world has not seen an epic poet that could be mentioned in the same breath with the author of the Divine Comedy." Does he deny this?

My critic boldly asserts that if we wish to make a rational comparison between our own age and others, we must leave geniuses of the Dante type out of the question. It seems to me that they most decidedly should be brought into the question. Their existence in other ages and their lack in this age was the very point to which I called attention. My critic refutes my position by saying that it is not fair to count that sort of geniuses. Is this his university logic? It appears to me like the logic in use at kindergartens.

To finally clinch his refutation, my critic names over a few distinguished men, chiefly musicians, who have lived during the last century or two. Had he read my article intelligently he would have seen that the question I asked was, "Why does not the world to-day produce a literary genius?" My thesis—since he calls it such—was: that considering our advantage over other times, this age of all others should be a golden one, at least in literature. But I contended that the age was not a golden one, and my critic's answer has not caused me to modify this contention.

JOHN WESTMORLAND.

Personal.

—Mrs. M. A. Stade of Chicago is visiting at the University.

—Mrs. McNichols of Chicago is visiting her son of Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. G. C. Stich of Chicago has been the guest of her son of Carroll Hall.

—Mrs. C. F. Macdonald of St. Cloud, Minn., is visiting her son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. Naughton of Chicago were guests at the University visiting their sons.

—Mr. W. S. Tillotson of Chicago is at the University visiting his son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Edwin B. Falvey, B. S. '98, was recently married to Miss Daisy Booth of Paris, Texas.

—Mrs. H. L. Goodall of Chicago has been the guest for several days of her son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Foley of Chicago was the guest over Sunday of his son, Mr. Charles Foley of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wagner of Chicago spent several days with their son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. M. Walsh of Chicago spent several days at Notre Dame visiting her son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Butler of Columbus have been visiting their son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. William F. Boetz of Laporte, Indiana, visited his son of Carroll Hall during the past week.

—Mrs. Fogarty of Michigan City, Ind., spent several days at Notre Dame visiting her sons of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. C. W. Dyer of Chicago was a visitor at the University last week, the guest of his brother of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Lawlor of Boston, who represents the publishing house of Ginn and Co., spent a day of last week at the University.

—Mr. J. Lechbitner, who holds a prominent position in the schools at Wakarusa, Indiana, was a visitor at the University last Sunday.

—Mrs. Beemis and Mrs. Flasher of Chicago were among the week's visitors at Notre Dame. They were the guests of their sons of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Jerome J. Crowley, student of last year, was married the early part of the month to Miss Hartley of Chicago. Mr. Crowley has numerous friends at Notre Dame, and their very best wishes are his.

—The Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, Rector of St. Jarlath's Church, Chicago, made a brief visit at the University during the past week. He was given a cordial welcome by his friends here, all of whom hope that his visit may soon be repeated.

Card of Thanks.

TO THE STUDENTS OF CARROLL HALL:

Mr. and Mrs. Carney desire to express their deepest gratitude for your sympathy in their great bereavement, also for your kindness in sending flowers. Please continue to pray for him that is gone. W. M. CARNEY.

Local Items.

—The SCHOLASTIC positively refuses to print any more locals about Maloney's moustache or Brucker's whiskers.

—Mr. Campbell, agent for the Victor Sporting Goods Co., was at the University for two days this week exhibiting a fine lot of samples.

—Only a short time now until the great March Meet. Get ready to root for our men when you see them coming to the tape ahead of all others.

—Remember, fellows, that we will be unanimous in asking for the old morning walk to the cemetery as soon as the good weather will permit a pleasant stroll.

—The doors of the Art Department will be open on Sunday morning after ten o'clock. Persons desiring to visit this department and inspect the work of the students are invited to do so to-morrow morning.

—We are happy to contradict the statement in the *Pretzelville Phlast* that it was Felix Bauwens, successor to the throne of Belgium, and at present King of Smiles, that died recently in Paris; it was President Felix Faure of the French Republic.

—All lovers of music are cordially invited to stand near Gilbert's transom whenever he is under inspiration (or perspiration). This is by order of Teddy himself, so you need not be the least bit modest or backward in accepting the invitation because it is issued in general form.

—Mr. Raymond O'Malley, Litt. B., '98, is a very busy man at present. After taking the principal part in the play on Washington's birthday, he has been honored with the leading rôle in the Greek tragedy, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, which will probably be presented next month.

—The admission price at the indoor track meet on March 11 will be 50 cents. Reserved seats, 75 cents. All seats in the gallery will be reserved. Tickets will be on sale in the different halls in a few days, and everybody wishing to have one should get it as early as possible, for they will all be sold in a short time.

—"How sweet it would have been," said one of our young lady friends as she was looking

over a programme last Wednesday morning, "if the persons that named Mr. Geoghegan had only left that last syllable from his second name, and just called him Walter Modest. It would have been so appropriate in his case, for he is such a shy young man."

—The first regular meeting of the Ratisbon Health Club was held last Sunday. Mr. Coquillard's name was brought up for janitor, but unanimously rejected. Kelly was chosen in his place. A feeling of jealousy ensued which was settled by a boxing bout. Mr. Coquillard was put out in the first round much to the amazement of the members. All side bets were called off. The odds were 2 to 1 on Coquillard.

—Alexy, who is considered the best critic in Carroll Hall made the remark that the jokes in the SCHOLASTIC were very stale. Recently, while talking to one of his friends he said that he was going to try for the Carroll Track Team because he went a mile in 59 seconds. When asked how he managed to make such fast time he said that he was on the Limited Express. It is hoped that everybody will try to laugh at the *joke*.

—The Crescent Club was very well attended on the evening of Washington's birthday. The music was very good, and the young folk "tripped the light fantastic" until a late hour. There were many strangers present that were looked after by Prof. Edwards who always sees that visitors to his club entertainments are given the most courteous attention. All pronounced the affair an enjoyable one and departed with satisfied smiles. Light refreshments were served.

—The men that selected the caps for our baseball players last season were men of good taste. When Mr. Powers left us last summer to fill the position of catcher with the Louisville National League team, he took his Notre Dame cap with him. Last Wednesday he received a letter from the manager of the Louisville club asking him to send the cap at once, as it was desired to furnish the "Colonels" with caps of a like pattern and style. There is no doubt that the Kentucky nine will have the finest headgear in the league. If all these caps shade features as handsome and attractive as those of our former catcher, the bleachers will be overcrowded with fair maidens, all enthusiastic "rooters" for the "Colonels."

—PHILOPATRIANS.—Last Wednesday evening the Philopatrians had the honor of entertaining Prof. McLaughlin, who holds the office of Musical Director in the society. Mr. Rush played several selections on the piano; Mr. Schoonover recited Richard III's Dream; Mr. Bender, accompanied by Prof. McLaughlin, played on the violin; Mr. Putnam created much laughter by reciting "A Green Water-million;" Mr. Black spoke the well-known

piece, "Barbara Freicher;" Mr. Nissler played a selection on the flute; Mr. Higgins recited "Casey at the Bat;" and Mr. Davis told a story "About O'Reilly's Goat." After the regular programme, Prof. McLaughlin played many popular airs on the piano, which were greatly appreciated.

—It is a pleasure for us to announce the organization of a track and field team in Carroll Hall that has nearly a hundred members. All the young men that have muscle to compete in athletic contests will be carefully trained in the near future. At the first meeting, Messrs. Powers, Corcoran, Farley, Connors and other seniors, made encouraging speeches that filled the Carrollites with enthusiasm, and when they were promised a trainer after the March meet they determined to work hard to make their team a success. This is the best move made in athletics so far. There are good men in Carroll Hall, and if they work hard we will get our best athletes from that department. We shall say more about it next week, and expect to publish the names of the men doing the best work.

—The news that Sandwich Highstone received a box spread with the rapidity of lightning, and it was not long before the owner was the happy listener to numerous protestations of eternal friendship and mutual love. The contents meanwhile were disappearing with alarming dexterity, and all the time new friends were arriving and complimenting the lucky young man who had such thoughtful folk at home. While one did the talking the others did the grabbing, and everybody left the room a little the better for his visit. The last and the least man at the box was Highstone. There was nothing left but some scanty crumbs and an agonizing scent of what had so quickly vanished. Ahrens had his bucket there, O'Connor his pillow case and Lilly a waste-basket. Come again, fellows.

—At the next entertainment of the "Heines," Mr. John Charlemagne Mullen will deliver "Luge, mine Luge," better known as Silvia Sylvestro. Mr. Mullen has won fame through his elocutionary ability, and has performed before many of the monarchs of the old world. He is of a mild, affable disposition, with long, creamy locks and decidedly sharp, well-cut features. He has a beautiful mud-colored beard which makes its appearance about every equinox. He is very proud of these crinite protuberances, and usually has his picture taken during the season in which they appear. He has a large "side-of-a-barn"-like forehead, and it overhangs his penetrating black eyes like a huge cliff. He is graceful, pleasant and extremely courteous, a regular barnyard of perfection. Music has every charm for him that it would have for a deaf man, and he will sit for seconds and make his poor, helpless autoharp whine so loud and piteously that

the dust actually begins to moisten on the sympathizing old fiddle. Many startling effects are expected from the grey-eyed prodigy.

—Students in the contest for the intercollegiate debate should be working diligently on their material. The preliminaries will be held in the near future, and as the subject is a difficult one that requires much deep thinking and individual research, it is necessary that everybody intending to enter the debate should begin his work at once and stick to it until the subject is at his command. It matters little which men win out, for there are a score of debaters at Notre Dame that are able to represent the University in a creditable manner under any circumstances. The men that will make the team are the men that do the work, and these are the men we want to see bring back with them from Indianapolis a new victory won in a new field of labor. Athletics are certainly admirable means for manifesting the physical talent in a university; but intercollegiate debating transcends the former, in that it manifests the intellectual talent which is the end and aim of every university. Then, students, enter the debate with unflinching determination to win. Let every man do his best. Labor for the individual good you will derive from it, and Notre Dame will send a team to Indianapolis that will bring back victory.

—Shane gave a "Hobson" the other evening in his comfortable apartments in Sorin Hall. Nothing was lacking to add to the pleasure of the evening. An orchestra, composed of one, Eyanson, sent forth the most entrancing music from a particularly juicy Jew's-harp. This same orchestra was seated majestically on a cracker-barrel behind deep banks of pale blue tobacco smoke from whence it produced its whining, whizzing melodies. The host himself, to say the least, looked "just too cute for anything," as he sat demurely on a gilded radiator, and gazed around him with the air of a monarch. "Sandwich," "that dear, sweet thing," officiated as Hobson, and he was indeed the incarnation of a whole candy establishment. Sweet! why every time a maiden kissed him she felt as though some dear "chappie" had presented her with a two pound box of Huylers. He performed his duties in a skilful manner, proving without a shadow of doubt that he was not a strange hand at the business, and at each new kiss his countenance showed the same signs of evident relish and profound satisfaction. Among the ladies that tasted the soul of "Sandwich," the following are mentioned, as they are prominent leaders in society: Miss Lucy Gilbert, Miss Gertrude Geoghegan, Miss Bertie Cornell, Miss Effie Ahrens and Miss Hattie Duperier. The affair was such a marked success that Mr. Julius Arce has decided to have one in the near future. Eddie Pulskamp will impersonate Hobson.

—It is with deep regret that we announce to the many readers of the SCHOLASTIC that we shall be unable for some time to continue our department of *Country Correspondence*. That hustling reporter, literary genius, poet, wit, humorist and handsome fellow, Mr. J. Silas Treetops, who was at the head of this department, has unlive himself. To use the words of a great musician of Sorin Hall, "he has dis-existed: evacuated to the uppermost regions, as it were." His departure occurred in a strikingly singular way. Mr. Treetops, like all great writers, was proud of the work he was doing for the SCHOLASTIC, and was very much devoted to his pen. He would never retire at night without his pen over his ear; and always after writing some of his most beautiful thoughts he would raise the pen to his lips and kiss it before putting it down on the desk. It was through this that his death occurred, making him a martyr to the cause of literature and journalism. Last Wednesday, after writing his usual amount of interesting news, he raised the pen to kiss it, but by some mishap, the pen fell out of the holder, slipped down his throat and choked him. Unable to endure the terrible pain he succumbed, and breathed forth his pure soul into the waste-basket. He soon drew his last breath and was unable to survive it; death occurred shortly after, due as the coroner says, to a broken heart. His latest wish was that his penholder be hung in the museum along side of those used by Bulwer Lytton and Tommy Hoban. His funeral took place last week from the office of our News Depot in Bertram, and he was laid to rest on the south side of Peter Wynne's new rail fence. Loving friends are preparing his biography, which we hope to present to our readers next week. May he rest in peace, and never be so foolish as to kiss his pen again.

—The SCHOLASTIC realizes that there are many things in this world that will never be understood. There are also many things that are not understood that should be understood. There are many people that would like to understand many things, but have not the ambition to learn to understand them. There are also many persons that would like to understand things that have no opportunity to understand them. We volunteer our services to help this latter class of persons along. They seem willing to help themselves, and, following the old adage that Heaven will help those that help themselves, we feel ourselves called upon to do something in their behalf. With this end in view we shall publish from week to week a column of explanations of many difficult but interesting questions, and we hope by doing this to secure a widespread information among our readers. We have spared neither expense nor labor to secure competent men to write for this column, and we feel safe in predicting a very beneficial result as the reward of

our labors. In this edition we present a thorough explanation of a perplexing question that has never before been so completely mastered as it has been by the learned man now in our employ. The question to be explained is "The Difference between a Waltz and a Two-step." No one can doubt the advisability of understanding this great question. Our readers have so frequently asked advice on this subject, that we feel obliged to secure some man that could treat it in a worthy manner. We have finally found a gentleman capable in every respect. He comes from Ujiji, Woamboambo, Africa, and is no other than the great Rondo Sonata Funk, P. D. Q., Mus. Doc., at one time director of the world-famous "Squirt" Band. He received his musical education in Germany, and his writings are somewhat germanified, but they are forcible and clear. We give his article on this subject as follows:

DEAR EDITOR:—You ask of me to explaination myself the difference of the waltz between two-step. You come by the right fellow this time, and it gives me a pleasing pleasure to write for you. It is the height of simplicity and usefulness in anyone to understand this question. The waltz was first played by my band some years before it was written. Later on, somebody that had nothing else to do, stole our patent and wrote the first waltz which he called a "Hot Time." It is written in $\frac{3}{4}$ time and is usually played at funerals and weddings. When it is played first it always precedes the two-step, and if executioned well it presents a beautiful image to the audience. Our greatest waltz always produces the image of myself drinking two glasses of beer at the same time. This was composed by Bach expressly for our company, and is played only on state occasions when I can get the two glasses of beer. As I said before our band is strictly temperance, and never plays any grand opera music.

The two-step was first forgotten by myself. Later on it was remembered by an Irishman, named Mendelssohn, who published it under the title of "Spring Song." He was not a success at this great work, and after he croaked he buried himself, leaving his music to an Italian named Teddioso Gilberti. This great man elicited his work under the title of the "Circus Rider's Serenade," which was first played at the Lincoln Park Menagerie in Chicago. Now the two step is usually played in church, whereas the waltz is not. A two step is more elevating and refined than a waltz, and should never be played by a full orchestra. By full, I mean what I mean, do not misconstrue me. This is all, good-bye.

Yours musically,

RONDO SONATA FUNK.

NOTE.—Next week Mr. Weadock will explain the difference between "Piper Heidsic" and Battle "Axe."