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Where he Sleepeth

JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND, '99.

I.

THE pine trees sigh and sway
In the perfume-laden breeze,
And the zephyr from the leas
Singeth dirges on its way,
As caressingly it creepeth
O'er the vervain covered mound,
Where he sleepeth.

II.

At night the moonlight streams
Flash athwart the cloudy crest:
E'en the night seeketh rest.
While in solitude of dreams
Still the lonely willow weepeth
O'er the vervain covered mound,
Where he sleepeth.

III.

Though in life it be my lot,
That I wander far away,
Still my sweetest thoughts will stray
To a lonely, silent spot
Where the night-wind vigil keepeth,—
To the vervain covered mound
Where he sleepeth.

Mathematics.

JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND, '99.

WE read and hear a great deal about renowned philosophers, poets, prose writers, historians, and even scientists; but mathematicians receive very little attention. It seems that among all nations they are in disfavor. They never rise very high in the rôle of fame unless they are also physicists or astronomers. This can not be solely because mathematics is abstract. Nothing is more abstract than philosophy.

Philosophy, however, is absolutely necessary, and this is in its favor; on the other hand, mathematics is put aside merely because it lacks that sense of beauty that yields immediate pleasure. Mathematics, too, is useful, stern, forcible and effective; but, like a blind man, it must be led by astronomy, physics and mechanics to do the work required of it.

The reason mathematics can not rank high lies in its very nature. Whether it stand before the natural sciences or not is not for me to decide, neither should I put it at the foot of the class of sciences or arts. Facts and examples, however, prove that a mathematician, as such, may succeed in making of himself a very ingenious machine; but he is no friend of the Muses. The man that finds his sole pleasure and sense of beauty in determining some speculative problem of no practical use loses all taste for real artistic beauty with which nature may have endowed him.

He may arrive at truth, but it rewards him very sparingly for his trouble. He may go so far in being mathematically metamorphosed that he will have everything demonstrated by figures; and, by requiring a proof of this kind for everything, falls in the end into a kind of scepticism. Examples of this nature are not few. As Chateaubriand has said: "Glory is born without wings; she is obliged to borrow these of the Muses when she would soar to the skies."

Physics and astronomy, it is true, are not to be called sciences without mathematics, but it needs them more than they need it. It enters more or less into most of the other sciences, at least as an assistance. When it helps others it shows forth its greatest wonders; when alone it is useless; and very often also harmful.

It is true that while we feel an inward pleasure in hearing such names as Homer, Shakspeare, Herodotus, even Aristotle, we can not help

feeling a solemn chill creep over us when we think of Euclid or Ptolemy. Descartes is known to us not so much as a founder of analytical geometry as a metaphysician. Newton, fortunately, was more than a mathematician, or he too would have sunk into oblivion. We do not admire Pascal because at fourteen he produced one of the best works on conic sections written at or before his time; we consider more his depth of pure intellect and genius.

Mathematics sharpens the mind to see the truth when proved. It is not devoid of real beauty to a certain extent, and what it has done in other branches is wonderful indeed. The existence of the planet Neptune, which was predicted as the result of a mathematical calculation, well serves to show the usefulness as well as the exactness of mathematics. It was also shown that to keep up the equilibrium of the solar system, there must be some body moving in an orbit around the sun between Mars and Jupiter. There was a gap here, and so astronomers set to work, and soon there was found what mathematicians proved must exist. One after another the asteroids were discovered, and mathematics added another triumph to its fame.

We must, of course, feel grateful to Leverrier for giving us a new planet, and we must acknowledge the favor of adding the asteroids to our solar system; but we can not see that we owe any debt of gratitude to the mathematician that presumes to tell us that if from any number the sum of its digits be subtracted the remainder will always be divisible by nine. This is what Voltaire calls *nugæ difficiles*—"difficult nonsense." This is too speculative. Speculation has, of course, led to many discoveries; but to make it an object or end is like chasing butterflies—we run ourselves to death to get them, and when we have caught one it is not worth our trouble.

It is not because the study of mathematics is uninteresting that it is out of general favor. It is, perhaps, too interesting for those devoted to it; for, as a rule, they are not satisfied in being useful; they endeavor to please by speculating. As a result, they cease to be of use, and then become harmful to themselves.

We must, however, never forget that to every question there are two sides. Mathematics has many disadvantages, but its advantages are perhaps equally great. When well used it profits greatly, abused it may hurt seriously; for we all know that the best and sweetest

wine makes the sourest vinegar. Many make it a hobby to dispraise mathematics whenever they can; some because it is popular, and the majority because knowing nothing about it, they themselves can take no interest in it. This is but the fault of their own narrow minds. It is said Voltaire criticised Homer, whereas his knowledge of Greek never extended beyond the alphabet.

Mathematics is one of the best means of obtaining a good sound judgment. The memory after all is but an aid of inferior nature. The student of mathematics will find little difficulty in comprehending abstract philosophical questions. His mind is prepared beforehand. He is easily convinced by a clear, sound proof, though he is far from credulous.

One great mistake not uncommonly made is to begin to teach mathematics that are more advanced to such as are still too young, and in this way they get a life-long dislike for them. Mathematics is solid food and is not easily digested. If we find it too heavy for us, we must take it in bits until we are used to it, or we shall become dyspeptic. It is, perhaps, a greater error to banish mathematics entirely from a course of classes. Literature and the fine arts are the dessert, mathematics constitutes part of the solid food. We can not live on dessert alone; we must take something substantial, or before long we shall need a microscope to find if we still cast a shadow.

Poor though Rich.

JOHN J. HENNESSY, 1901.

It is a seeming contradiction to say that a man or country that possesses an abundance of all the necessities of life, should be poor and want everything that supports life. Yet we see a country extremely rich in all its products, but only kept from starving by charity. Ireland is starved amid plenty, and anyone that has ever read of the condition of the Irish people under English rule would imagine that the country is unfit to produce anything except potatoes. The statement of a few eminent men will be sufficient to decide that question. In Mr. Brown's essays on Trade, published in London, 1882, we read:

"Ireland is, in respect of its situation, the number of its commodious harbors and the natural wealth which it produces, the fittest island to acquire wealth of any in the Euro-

pean seas. For, as by its situation, it lies the most commodious for the West Indies, Spain and the Northern and Eastern countries; so it is not only supplied by nature with all the necessaries of life, but can, over and above, export large quantities to foreign countries, insomuch that, had it been mistress of its trade, no nation in Europe of its extent could in an equal number of years acquire greater wealth."

"Ireland," says Newenham, writing about ninety years ago on industrial topics, "greatly surpasses her mother country, England, in the aggregate of the endowments of nature. England abounding in wealth beyond any other country in Europe, can not boast of any natural advantage which Ireland does not possess in a superior degree."

Notwithstanding all these riches, Ireland is poor. In 1729 there were over eight hundred silk looms at work in Ireland which were able to supply nearly the whole world with silk, cheaper and of superior quality to any manufactured in England. England became jealous. English silk-makers petitioned parliament. An act was passed, and in less than half a century later there were not one dozen looms at work. By this act England forbade Ireland to send her silk abroad except to England who paid for it under price. About the same time the best woolen cloth was made there, but England was afraid of being beaten in competition, and parliament suppressed its manufacture.

It seems that England was determined to destroy Irish trade completely, and next in turn she suppressed the raw-hide and leather trade, which was then very extensive. Glass was also doomed. It became so flourishing that parliament was petitioned, and the glass trade was put down. Many other smaller industries suffered a like fate, and every means of Irish industry was killed by an act of parliament.

Ireland's natural resources are very numerous. She has one hundred and thirty-six safe and deep harbors, a number not possessed by any other country in the world. She has nineteen navigable rivers, and with them none of the English can be compared. Her fisheries are the richest in the world, and at present the fishermen subsist on charity. Cod, ling, hake, mackerel, pilchards, herrings, etc., abound as it were in bottomless mines, yet she has to be supplied with cured fish from the Isle of Man and from Scotland. There is not a country in the world for its size, which is one-half so abundantly supplied with the most precious

minerals and fossils as Ireland. "In Tyrone, Waterford, Cork, Down, Antrim, and throughout Connaught," says Mr. Henderson, "are immense stores of iron unutilized." A century ago Mr. Lawson, an English miner, stated in evidence before the Irish House of Commons the following: "The ironstone at Arigna lies in beds from three to twelve fathoms deep, and can be raised five shillings per ton cheaper than in Cumberland." Mr. Clark says that the iron ore is inexhaustible. With all this abundance not a pound of iron is dug out of Arigna, and never shall be till Ireland controls her own industry. Mr. Lawson also said that the coal in Arigna is better than any in England and extends six miles in length and five miles in breadth. She has at least, according to the best authorities, 180,000,000 tons of available coal; yet she imports over 2,000,000 tons yearly from England. There are over 3,000,000 acres of bog land in Ireland, some of which is over forty feet deep. Mr. Lawson also tells us, speaking of Arigna, that the fire-brick clay and free-stone of the best qualities, besides a bed of potter's clay extending two miles in length and one in breadth, are found there. Here are a few of the principal minerals. The figures indicate the number of counties wherein they are found: 1, gold; 2, amethyst; 3, silver; 7, granite; 8, crystal; 15, ochre; 15, coal; 16, lead; 17, copper; 19, marble; 19, iron; and many other minerals and fossils.

The water power of Ireland is very great, almost beyond conception. It has been proved by Dr. Kane, of the Royal Dublin Society, and others, that the water power, from January to December, counting 300 working days of twelve hours each, is 3,000,000 horse power; yet scarcely a wheel is turning in Ireland—all that the mills of Lancashire may thrive. Windmills are entirely unknown in Ireland, simply because they are not needed.

With all this abundance of natural wealth we are astonished that such a country should suffer from want and be depopulated by starvation. At the Golden Jubilee celebration of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, John Boyle O'Reilly delivered one of his master speeches. In it we find these words: "The following figures, according to the eminent statistician, Mulhall, attest the blessings enjoyed by Ireland during the past glorious fifty years:

Died of famine.....	6,125,000
Evicted.....	3,560,000
Exiled.....	4,185,000

The great bulk of the exiles came over to America where, according to the same statistician, they produced wealth to the amount of \$3,275,000,000. Let us do her avaricious majesty the justice to say that this last item will strike her soul with genuine regret. As for the rest, the Irish should be as thankful for the reign of Queen Victoria as they might be for the plagues of Egypt."

In 1696 the king of England, William III., sent a commission of five men to Ireland to examine the country and to report to him the best means of keeping the Irish in subjection. In 1697 these five men reported as follows:

"There are two ways of holding Ireland in subjection—by a standing army in the hands of Englishmen; and by checking the growth of that country in trade and wealth, that it may never be dangerous to England anywhere." Suffice it to say that this policy was adopted. "Twice since the accession of Queen Victoria Ireland has had to mourn her people, decimated, exiled, and impoverished. No country in the world has been so often or so sorely tried by want as Ireland. Other people can look back on the pages which record their former sufferings, and thank God that none such come upon them now." With Irishmen the case is far different. Let them look at the pages of their history which tell of A. D. 1228, 1318, 1433, 1497, 1545, 1581, 1603, 1652, 1740, 1825, 1847, 1880, and all that they can do is to pray God that the trials awaiting them may not be worse than those their forefathers and themselves have already undergone.

The first famine experienced under the reign of Queen Victoria is known as "Black '47." The incidents relating to this famine are very numerous. We are told of a poor father who was carrying his two dead sons in a cart to bury them, but being so weakened by hunger he stopped on the road and died, and the three bodies were left as food to the dogs and birds. Persons of all ages were found dead on the roadside, some of them having a piece of raw turnip near them. Still with all this hunger the landlords demanded every penny of their rent. When the peasants were unable to pay it they were thrown on the roadside and everything in their cabin sold. They were not even left a bed to lie upon. "How many stacks in Irish haggards had the landlord's cross upon them for rent, like poor Mary Driscoll's little stock of barley in Skibbereen? It stood in her haggard, while her father, who resided with

her, died of starvation in a neighboring ditch."

With all this suffering Irishmen are still believed by many to be a lazy people, and unfit to cultivate their lands. No wonder that they are lazy when they can not work for themselves. If they cultivate their lands and make them produce good crops, they see their rent raised accordingly. If a man attempted to cut the branch of a tree he had to pay a heavy fine.

The wood in Ireland became very scarce, and how could it be otherwise? In order to use the wood of his farm the owner had to get a lease of it for a certain number of years. It is related that a wealthy man once got a lease of a farm for thirty years. He had several acres planted with the best young ash, elm and oak trees he could find. As the thirty years glided by the trees grew until he had a goodly lot of wood. He fixed the day for cutting it to be the eve of the day on which the lease would expire. He had half a dozen workmen with him at supper to be ready for the morrow's work. Suddenly the door opened and the sheriff, two bailiffs and six constables entered. The sheriff read the terms of the lease, and concluded by telling the farmer that the lease had expired, and that his farm and all the products thereon belonged to Her Majesty. Thus the farmer by some miscalculation was a day behind, and had to leave his wood untouched. My father often told me that one day as he was cutting the branch of a tree the sheriff saw him and that he only got out of the difficulty by saying that he was afraid the branch would fall on the children.

Nineteen times during the reign of the present queen, Ireland has tried to cut a ship canal from Dublin to Galway to reclaim her peat land. By doing this steamers passing to and from Northern Europe would be saved seventy hours' journey. They would also be saved from the dangers of the English Channel. But the merchants of Bristol, Southampton and London said that if this canal were cut it would be disastrous to them; so parliament refused permission to cut it. What wonder then that the Irish are lazy! However, look at the work which the 4,185,000 exiles under Queen Victoria have accomplished in America and elsewhere. If they wanted to work a mine they could lease it for only thirty-one years, and had to give one-tenth of its product to England regardless of the labor and expense of laying the ore on the bank.

Most English writers call the Irish a rebellious and unroyal people. "This is the tribute which injustice pays in all cases to morality." "I pity a slave," says Wendell Phillips, "but a rebellious slave I respect." A fight that has gone on for eight hundred years between a weak country and a very strong one is assuredly a fight based on no weak or worthless sentiment. The Irish have never compromised. They claimed eight hundred years ago precisely what they claim to-day. They have been rebellious and troublesome!—They have been nationalists all the time.

Strange nations look only at one side of the question. They look at the loss and remain silent or shake their heads. But these only tell the world that they are not the quality to keep up a losing fight for eight hundred years, with odds of five to thirty in number, and five to a million in organization and wealth. One eminent historian speaks thus:

"The Irish people have passed through a national purgatory, and have passed through it, perhaps, as no other nation could. They suffered in fever-stricken and squalid hovels, or on the bleak roadside. They died on miserable straw pallets, which had grown thinner each day beneath them; for the material of which they were composed was needed to kindle a scanty fire. They died in the country ditches and on the pavement of the cities; but they suffered and died with the prayer of faith on their lips, for never did the awful *Miserere* of the starving, suffering poor of Catholic Ireland ascend to heaven, that the pious *Gloria* did not mingle with it."

Still how very few men has Ireland lost; for no man that has given his countrymen an example to follow, but still lives in their hearts. It is true, that they sacrificed their lives with no seeming results; but ere long the seed watered by the Irish martyrs' blood will bud forth when her parliament will be opened in College Green, and that "flower will drop a seed of even greater and more perfect beauty for a future day."

"They have scattered her seed with her blood and hate in it,

And the harvest has come to us here.

Her crown still remains for the strong heart to win it,

And the hour of acceptance is near.

"Through ages of warfare and famine and prison
Her voice and her spirit were free;

But the longest night ends, and her name has up-
risen:

The *Sunburst* is red on the sea."

Varsity Verse

THE RED MAN'S BURDEN.

TAKE up the Red Man's burden,
And then you've got your fill;
Starve out the children of the wigwam
And keep the frontiers still.
Send your "blue coats" to Montana
And to every Western wild;
Cry "havoc" on each Indian—
Half devil and half child.

Take up the Red Man's burden,
'Twould break his crooked spine;
Feed fat your politicians—
That herd of human swine.
Go, tell the squaw and Mohawk,
In language calm and plain,
That you want their reservation
To help your selfish gain.

Send your agents to the wigwams
To teach the Indian vice;
First fill him up on whiskey,
Then carve him slice by slice.
Give them anything but freedom.
But should they ever ask relief?
Oh!—let them eat each other,
For they can not eat your beef.

Take up the Red Man's burden,
His forests and his fields;
Forbid him air and water
And whatever Nature yields.
But if he sticks it longer,
Then try some other means:
Let him civilize the Cubans—
Be a target in the Philippines.

Take up the Red Man's burden;
Join hands with Johnny Bull.
We'll take away your niggers
Till his galleys shout "We're full."
We'll ship them off to China,
And then conclude a peace.
Though he failed to gobble Turkey,
Still he's grinning hard at Greece.

Take up the Red Man's burden,
And cram his foolish head;
Go fill him up on bullets
When he hoots and howls for bread.
He has no right for living!
Oh! he shouldn't live at all.
Since he will not die from hunger,
Let us try a leaden ball.

Take up the Red Man's burden,
And satisfy your greed;
Then tell the Philipinos
The reason why they're freed.
But if they kick and holler,
Then the only honest thing
Is to ship them all to Cuba
And make Mark Hannah—king.

P. J. D.

The Circus.

JOSEPH P. SHEILS, 1900.

Willie Tallon and his small brother were jumping about splashing each other with water in the shallow creek that winds through Canton. Suddenly a cloud of dust arose far down the hot, sun-baked road. They watched it for awhile in silence, then stepped upon the bank. As soon as they were dressed they set forth to find out what was coming. It was the circus! At last it had come. The great Western circus so long expected was prepared to gladden the hearts of the youngsters of Canton.

The two boys began their inspection at the head of the procession, and walked slowly along toward the end paying particular attention to the elephants, lions and tigers. As the vanguard moved into the town the band struck up a tune, and

"Out came the children running,
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

Willie and his brother followed the circus to the grounds, and watched the workmen put up the tents, and set things in order for the performance which was to take place that afternoon.

"The circus is here, ma," said Willie, when he reached home.

"Did you see the procession, Willie?"

"Yes'm. Ted'n I were down at the creek when it came by. I think I'll go over to see the circus this afternoon."

"Oh, you will! Well, let me tell you, Master William Tallon, that you'll do no such thing. Do you understand that? Either you'll promise me that you won't go near that circus this afternoon, or you'll stay in this house for the rest of the day."

"Why, ma, all the other boys are going," whimpered Willie.

"That'll do now, Willie," said his mother turning back to her work.

Willie walked off somewhat dispirited. He knew what the "kids" would say when they heard that he was not allowed to go to the circus. He did not wish to meet any of his companions for fear they might ask him to go with them, so he remained around the house. About half an hour before the performance was to begin, Willie's "gang" called for him.

"Oh, Bill! Billy!" came the cry from the gate.

Willie peeked from the front window and saw the crowd of boys, and he was afraid to face them. The boys called again, and Mrs. Tallon heard them. She opened the door, and no sooner did they see her than they left the premises.

Willie was in agony all the afternoon. All the boys were at the circus, while he was obliged to stay at home and afterward stand their abuses for not going.

They returned a short time before supper while Willie was playing in the street before the house. They immediately began to describe the wonderful sights they had seen. They told him how they had squeezed under the canvas just as soon as one of the guards had passed by, and were lucky enough to find a number of vacant seats just above them. They had seen the "whole show and didn't pay a cent." Most of them intended going again in the evening.

"Come on with us, Bill," said one of the boys. "It's the greatest thing you ever saw. This will be the second time for us, and you're afraid to go once."

"I ain't, either," protested Willie.

"Come along, then, will you?"

Willie thought for awhile about his mother's threat. But his mother had told him not to go that afternoon. She had said nothing about the evening, so he decided to take his chances and go.

"All right," he answered at last.

"We knowed you'd come."

"How'd you know it?" asked Willie laughing. Now that he had taken the step he wished to forget the risk entirely.

"Hurry up and eat your supper, Bill. We'll be around in about half an hour."

"All right, don't forget," answered Willie as he walked into the house.

He did not look at his mother during his supper, but stared alternately at his plate and the clock.

"What's the matter, Willie?" asked his father. "Why aren't you eating?"

Willie raised his eyes with a start and answered that he was eating.

When supper was finished he left the house and met his companions.

"I guess we'll be in time, won't we?" asked Willie.

"Sure!" was the answer. "It doesn't begin for half an hour yet."

They waited outside the grounds until they heard the music within, and then approached the tent.

One of the guards was just passing by, and he shook his club at them and made them move off some distance. As soon as he turned his back they made a rush toward the tent. The man looked back, and, seeing what they were about, he raised his club and struck the boy nearest to him; of course, it was Willie. Willie jumped away and rubbed the sore spot. After waiting about ten minutes he plucked up courage to try again. This time he succeeded in getting under the canvas and running into the arms of another guard who was walking around within. This man put him under the canvas again just in time to meet the guard outside who struck Willie over the back. After this Willie did not feel in the mood for making another attempt, but set out for home.

The house was in darkness and both doors locked when he arrived, so he sat out on the curbing and waited. It was almost ten o'clock when at last he saw his father and mother and Ted walking up the street.

"There's Will, ma," cried Ted.

"Where were you, Ted?" asked Willie, a dreadful suspicion flashing upon him.

"We looked all around for you just after supper to take you along," answered Ted, "Pa took us to see the circus."

Is She still Alive?

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, 1900.

Old Nannie Lowry was a hard body to kill. People said that she had a nature not a little in common with the cat; that, in fact, if the cat has nine lives Nannie had twenty-nine. For a whole night she would lie in a fit somewhat like apoplexy, and in the morning she would be the first probably to be seen taking in turf or drawing water for the breakfast tea.

It went round as a secret among the neighbors that Nannie was in intimate intercourse with the other world. By many this was believed; for they heard some inkling of the religion of a son-in-law who had two years before been visiting her. Spiritualism it was called, and it was said it took well in America.

"But doesn't Father Tom tell us not to give in to dreams and fairy tales and such other things?" one would ask.

"What if he does," would be the answer.

"Sure the devil can do a great many things too."

There was another theory current about Nannie's firm clutch on life. It was known all over that Nannie was descended from a mermaid, and on that account it was thought that perhaps she could not die on land. Her great grandfather, tradition had it, while fishing one day at the sea, found a curious object resembling the tail of a fish. Whether from a superstitious impulse or with joy that he had found a treasure he made home as soon as he found it. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold when in came at his heels a beautiful girl of about sixteen years of age, breathing heavily and with an anxious countenance.

"Ah! please," she said, "give me that thing you found just now at the shore."

She begged and begged, but in vain. She began to make offers of payment, but not the kind to suit the young man. It was love at first sight with him, and nothing could please him but herself in marriage. He succeeded. Paddy and the mermaid were married and lived happily for thirteen years, having at that time five in the family. Everything was going on well. The young woman was the admiration of the parish, the more so on account of her sudden appearance in the country. Paddy never made anybody wiser when asked about her ancestry than by answering he got her from Connaught. But a change was to come. One morning as the mother was preparing one of the little girls for school she received the long-sought-for information about the whereabouts of the tail. The little one began to express her admiration of the beautiful thing she saw her father examining the day before. He put it into the corn stack. Next morning the mermaid was gone.

If this story was true it was no wonder that the people had such notions as they had about Nannie. Mickey Donnell, a neighbor of hers, thought by all means to get rid of her one day. Nannie had a sick calf, and nothing could cure him, she was told, but carrageen moss. This could easily be got around the rocks of the shore anywhere. Where it was most abundant was on a rock three hundred yards from the land, and here Nannie decided to go. Mickey was going to fish the next day, and of course he left Nannie on the rock promising to be back again before high tide to take her off. He came back but that was all.

"No," he said to his crew when they were passing the rock, "let her die now or never, she can not die younger; she was the cause

of enough bother already and she won't be so any more."

He was the skipper and his word was law. Nannie was left, and would have been washed off had not another boat that knew she was there noticed her between them and the setting sun and come to her rescue.

There were others that believed that Nannie's life was providentially prolonged for the purpose of hastening Ireland's freedom. If Ireland was doomed to a term of suffering, the heavier it was the shorter it ought to last. This view tended to make many indulgent, old as well as young, for was it not a glorious thing to see Ireland free in their own day?

Nannie, of course, was living on and with age calamities. She had a little pig that took the disorder one day very suddenly—never so suddenly before, in fact,—and right straight she accused a five-year old boy of Mickey Donnell's of assault and battery upon the pig. Then the battle began. The boy's mother and Nannie met the very next day.

"You old witch, you!" said Mrs. Donnell, "you ought to be dead long ago."

"Oh!" said Nannie coolly, "I never died a winter yet, and the devil would not kill me in summer."

"It's down in the bottom of the sea you ought to be picking oysters," said Mrs. Donnell.

"Oh!" said Nannie, "I'm just as well here picking bones with the like of you."

Just then Nannie was arrested by the screams of the pig, and overcome by sympathy for the poor, suffering creature, she fled from the field.

It will easily be seen, then, whether in sickness or in health, what a source of trouble Nannie was, and no wonder that her prolongation here below appeared longer than it really was. Whether her existence was surrounded by mysteries or not there were some to lose by her frequent fits. Her two daughters, still unmarried and beyond that age, would be put into trouble both physical and mental. The one was the preparation of the house for the reception of the priest, the other was the fear that their poor mother would some day die, if not at present, without the last rites of the Church. A neighbor of theirs, a school teacher, had his share of the troubles. Whether broad noonday or dark midnight he had to go for the priest, and if the latter so much the worse, for the road was not the best in the world; in fact, perhaps the worst. There were no engineers, it seems, when this road was to be made; or else it was cut out with a view to economy.

The roughest place was selected for it, thus leaving the good land for tillage. Moreover, besides having a steep incline it was lined on the lower side with a hedge of briars, and woe to the one who would fall down. Jingling Brae, it was called, a name suggesting no scarcity of stones on its premises, and truly, for connected with it was the legend that stones even grew there. Along its upper side a ribbon of sweet grass grows, an enticement for the pig, the "poor man's friend," as she is called, to make her daily rounds there. As a consequence you meet with not a few pits here and there, which, of course, add to the discomfort of the traveller. In fine, this road is often compared, and no wonder, to the "narrow way" mentioned in Scripture.

I said whether it was day or night the school teacher was called upon—and called from his school even; but this meant a good time for the scholars, who often wished that Nannie had ninety-nine lives if any at all. Many attributed to the school teacher's troubles on Nannie's account the premature loss of his hair.

The priest, too, had to share in the calamities. I think he will never forget the first night he visited Nannie. Her house is built on the lower side of the road and about ten yards from it. A lane two or three feet wide connects them. This lane was paved by the son-in-law when he was there, and one can see that he knew how such work was done in America. Here he was his own master, however, and he forgot to do the work with an eye to the welfare of his fellow creatures. Such a finish as was to this piece of work would supply us with skating all the year round. It is easily seen what would be the result of encountering it on a dark night, and especially by one unacquainted there.

Another occasion perhaps made a deeper impression on him. In the house next to Nannie's there was a silly, epileptic, overgrown youth whose name was Denis. One day Nannie took sick and the priest was sent for. In the meantime a mustard plaster was applied to her and she got well. Denis was around and he got an inkling of the mustard plaster and its marvellous and sudden effect. He was told to go to meet the priest with the news of the old woman's recovery. He did so with all haste, and before he was within two hundred yards of the priest he shouted out:

"Ah! me lad; you're, me lad; mustard, me lad!"

The priest was dumfounded and thought at

first that the old woman had died. He began again to proceed, but as he did Denis again spoke out:

"Go home, me lad! Mustard, me lad," and kept at this till the priest came to the house.

The night to which my story tends was one of the unfavorable sort already referred to. We may add also that the two old maids went to special trouble. Preparations in such cases are hasty—and it could not be otherwise, for there was only a mile to the priest's house. Yet such a display the four walls of that house never before beheld. Even the night that young Nannie and her husband came home did not come up to it, and no wonder. There were many good and beautiful things with Nannie from America, and these were now used for ornamenting the bed and its environments. A white coverlet embroidered round the edges and having in its centre the compass and square formed the chief feature. This symbol was well in keeping everybody thought, as it was told them to be the sign of masonry in America; for all of Nannie's ancestors for sixteen generations, it was known, were stone masons. Near the pillow were sprigged in red and blue the national campaign emblems of America.—an eagle about to soar, but just prevented by the stalwart claws of a rooster.

Everything was ready. The priest came, did his duty and went away again. Would Nannie recover? No one knew; though if they were to judge from the past there was nothing to fear. Everything was quiet until dawn; there were signs of life still. The watchers had begun a livelier conversation to keep themselves awake. Everyone knows how moments of intermission come now and then to note the line of demarcation of different subjects when women talk. One of these came. One looked at her opposite companion, and her opposite companion looked at her. There was another in the company and she looked toward the bed. Was Nannie dying! The others too were attracted to the scene. What did they behold? There was Nannie sitting up—evidently distracted and not beholding anybody—looking around her. A terror struck the women; they did not know why. There and then Nannie put her hand to her forehead, made a big sign of the cross as if embracing the whole world, breathed, sighed, breathed again, and then, in clear tones said: "O Lord! I thank Thee, for taking me out of this wicked world into Thine everlasting glory."

Books and Magazines.

—The April number of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* presents no new characteristics of that clever publication. Its contents are about the same as we usually find them,—a medley of verse and prose in the form of essays, stories and sketches. H. B. Marriott Watson has begun in this number a serial entitled "The Princess Xenia" that promises to be of much interest. Mr. Lodge continues his history of the Spanish American war, this time dealing with the "Blockade of Cuba and the Pursuit of Cervera," and although the subject is growing trite, there is still an article on the wonderful trip from San Francisco around to the Atlantic made by the battle ship *Oregon*.

—Better than usual, we would say, is the *Cosmopolitan* for April. Count Leo Tolstoi's new story begins in this number and starts out in a very pleasing manner. President Harper of the University of Chicago contributes an article on the "University and Democracy" that is well worth reading by anyone that is interested in knowing how far our colleges and universities go toward shaping and moulding the character and lives of our great republic. "The Nemesis of Motherhood," by Harriett Prescott Spofford, is perhaps the best short study, while "Great Problems in Organization," by F. W. Morgan, "Daring the Rattler in his Den," by Summer W. Matteson, and "Some Tricks of Ancient Temples," by Henry Ridgely Evans, are the most interesting essays.

—One thing about the *Ladies' Home Journal* that makes it attractive is the fact that it is run on lines in many ways different from those followed by other leading magazines. The columns devoted to illustrating views of pretty homes and gardens are unique, and belong to the *Journal* alone. While it is true that they are not instructive and pleasing in the same measure and manner that so many columns devoted to stories or essays would be, still they are very interesting, as they tend to show the American taste in the arrangement of homes and lawns. Besides this, the *Journal's* articles are unusually well written and treat with subjects that other magazines do not touch. Such, for instance, are the articles of Frances Evans, "About Men" and the one "What Women Find to Do All Day" in the Easter number for this year. In the same issue there is a fine character-sketch, entitled "The Magnificent Madam Rush."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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} Reporters.

—Such disorderly exhibitions of behavior as that exhibited in Washington Hall during the play last Monday by certain students of Brownson Hall must be stopped. It is gratifying to know that there were only a few of them, and that the general sentiment of the student body is loudly against such puerile attempts to be funny. It would make no difference, however, whether there be one or many responsible for it, such conduct is most ungentlemanly, and the sooner the offenders are brought to realize this fact, the better for themselves as well as for others.

—Last Sunday there was no departure from the established manner of celebrating Easter. Though the grounds were covered with snow and mud, there was no dampening of spirit among the students, and all had the usual greeting for their friends. In the morning solemn High Mass was celebrated in the college church at ten o'clock by Very Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C. Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh acted as deacon, and Rev. J. A. Burns as subdeacon. Very Reverend James French, Vice-President of the University, preached the sermon in his customary charming way that pleased everyone in a very marked degree.

—College spirit at Notre Dame is sadly wanting if we may take the glee club as a criterion. That organization started with a good membership and the first rehearsals were very encouraging. Gradually, however, lack of enthusiasm, the old bugbear in all our societies, took hold of the men, and they began to shirk practice. As a result, the director finds himself training only a handful of men that do not respond in a manner such as his earnest work calls for. When our fellows get sensible enough to realize that a good glee club is more important than a game of chess, and that such a club can be formed only by work, not by wishing and imposing on the patience and good will of the director, then we may boast of a few ounces, at least, of college spirit.

—The Varsity baseball nine has been picked, hence the SCHOLASTIC takes the liberty of offering a few suggestions to the players in general. Because there are nine men selected to fill the positions just now, that is no assurance to those men that they will be the '99 Varsity. Any man may be ousted from his position at any time in case a better man works up to take his place. To the men, then, that are picked now, we would say that they had better train harder than ever before, or they may not stay on the team long enough to soil their new uniforms. There is not a man of them that we absolutely need, hence should anyone relax his practice or grow overconfident of his ability, it will cause the captain little or no trouble at all to fill his place. We have the men to use, and the reasonable thing is to use them; for our big games to be played this season will not allow any half-hearted work.

To those players not as yet chosen as Varsity men, we may say that they have a great chance for the team yet. Their work has been too good to be overlooked without recompense. The nine is picked only *pro tem.*, and at any time during the season, the captain says, he will place a new man on the field. In other years all men not on the team at the day of the first game refused to practice any longer. Such work as that never merits a place on any team, and, moreover, it prevents college teams from being what they should be. We must make the men fight to hold their places, and then they will put stimulus and energy in their playing. This will insure getting the best men on the team, and in case anyone fails he will know that it was not his fault.

The Philopatrians' Successful Play.

In their play last Monday, the Philopatrians added handsome feathers to their Easter bonnets, and have just reason to feel proud of their work. During past years the critic has appeared after each production to say that it was the best ever given, although some persons smiled ironically and accepted his words *cum grano salis*. Despite its conservative policy this season, the SCHOLASTIC has no hesitancy in saying on this occasion that *this* play was *the best* the Philopatrians ever produced.

First of all there was the music,—and without it, wouldn't a play be dull?—"the finest," say the old residents, "that was ever given in accompaniment to any production by local talent." The orchestra was complete; the selections appropriate and of high class. It is the first well-balanced and equipped orchestra that we have had to help us, and the effect was most pleasing. The *Traumerei* and "Coronation March," the music for the shepherd's dance and the accompaniments to the songs were especially fine. We take pleasure in announcing that the composition and orchestration of the music for the "Shepherd's Song" is the work of Mr. McLaughlin.

Master Edward Bender, whose singing on Easter Sunday charmed everyone, gained new honors in his work last Monday. His voice is wonderful; he sings very difficult music, and sings it with the expression and accuracy of a trained musician. Sweetly and softly he raises his voice and strikes every note perfectly. Much had been said of him before, but after his rendition of "Hosanna Laus Deo" last Sunday he was the talk of the day, and everyone waited to hear him sing at the play. How well he did then can be inferred from the fact that the audience applauded until he was forced to sing every song the second time. He reached his climax, and won the hearts of all in singing "Home, Sweet Home" in the third act. Incidentally, we may add that outside of his songs his acting was nearly perfect.

Owing to the general excellence of the work done by the young men that took parts in the play it is very hard to mention anyone in particular. Moreover, so much has been said around the University, complimentary of the actors, that there is little use of adding any more. It is generally conceded, however, that Messrs. Schoonover, Stich and Morgan were the 'stars,' if any are to be picked for that honor.

Mr. Schoonover had the leading rôle and acted it creditably. His movements on the stage, gestures and facial expressions were very good. Mr. Stich has perhaps more acting instinct about him than any other person at the University, and his work last Monday, clever as it was, was done with very little training. Should the proposed Stock Company be organized next year, he will be a very valuable member. Next to Bender he is the best singer at the University, as his solos in church last Saturday and Sunday proved. Mr. Morgan, in his rôle of Ferdinand, King of Naples, did some very good work, although he hadn't as much to take care of as some of the others. In order not to make this critique too lengthy it will be necessary for us to omit personal mention in detail of many members of the cast. All was done so well, considering the age and inexperience of the players, that we would like to say more of them than we really can. There was much deserving of notice, it is true, but the writer feels that he himself may, perhaps, be more open to criticism than were the actors: hence too much praise would be construed as flattery.

Aside from the few already spoken of, those worthy of special mention are Messrs. Newman, Putnam, who played a difficult part for a boy, Brennan, McDonald and Fink, the villains, Davis, Bloch, Giffin, Rush, Stanton, Padden and Britt. Their work was exceedingly clever, and judging from the comments made about the campus, it has not been left entirely for us to show that it was appreciated. As we have said before that every man played his part well, in order that those not mentioned in this article may receive just credit, we refer you to the local columns where the programme is printed, and you may see who the others are.

The SCHOLASTIC is the deputized agent of Notre Dame to tender thanks to all those that are responsible for the success of anything that is ventured at the University. We can not conclude these few remarks better than to mention here the names of those that made the play of last Monday the brilliant affair it was. For the excellence of the orchestra and the music in general, many thanks to Professor McLaughlin; for the splendid performance by the actors let the same amount of praise be given to Bro. Cyprian, director of the Philopatrian Society, who gave his best efforts towards making everything run smoothly, and to Professor Carmody who assisted in training the men.

PAUL J. RAGAN.



The White Easter at Notre Dame.

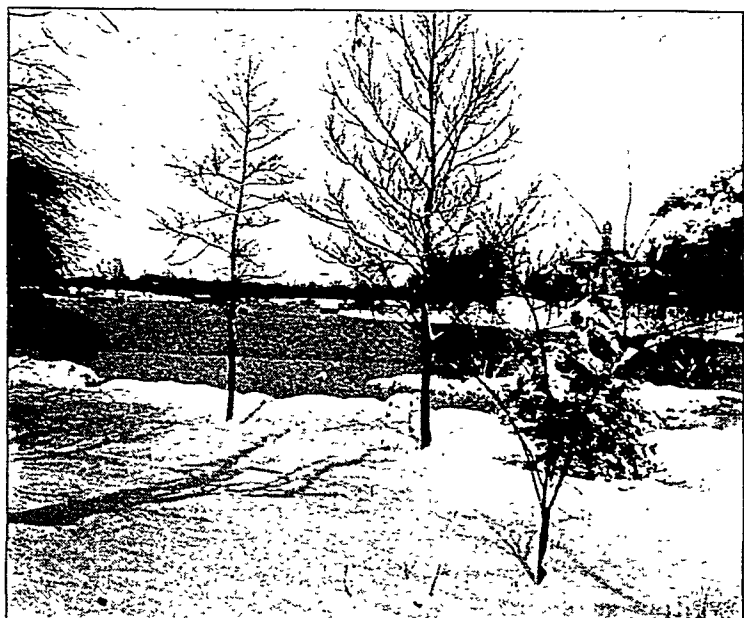
MY DEAR CHARLES:—How fortunate we mortals are that all our sayings do not embody absolute facts! If the one that "a white Easter makes a fat grave-yard" were true, what an amount of mourning would be in store for us during the next twelve months, and how many of our fair friends would have done with their troubles about Easter bonnets before the next *alleluias* are sung! Last Sunday was the whitest Easter for many moons in this neck of the woods, and I know not when such a one is likely to happen again.

Out on our campus, where you and your chums of the olden days listened to the robins singing, saw the lawns in the first beauty of their spring garb and the trees all in readiness for the early blossoms, we, of this year's generation of students, saw a very different sight. The robin did not greet us with his Easter lay; the greening lawns were still only in the dreams of our spring poets, while the more prosaic class, like myself, beheld the campus robed in mantles of snow. The trees,—

dear friends of ours when the June-day sun beats down—were not in readiness for the annual carnival, but appeared in the same sackcloth that they wore on Ash Wednesday.

I am sure this must sound very strange to you as you read it in your Southern home surrounded by everything in the full bloom and blush of spring. And then as you recall the Easter of the olden days and remember how every lusty "rooter" of Notre Dame could be seen in his spring suit on that day standing on the side lines back of Science Hall watching you and the other ball-tossers making the early excursions around the diamond, it must strike you as almost incredible.

Nevertheless, it is true, for even as I write, the last traces of snow are hiding in the fence corners. 'Tis certainly an odd occurrence, but still, you once had the pleasure (?) of meeting the Indiana weather-man, so what wonder to you if he should delight in seeing the Minims turn aside from their Easter boxes to spend the day on the toboggan?



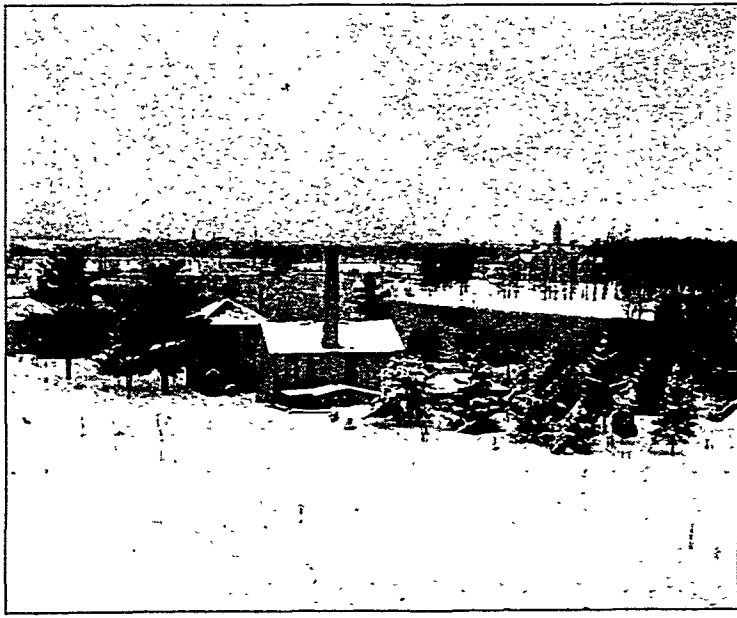
Even in your days, how many times did you start down the avenue toward the neighboring city, decked in your new spring costumes while the sun smiled brightly, and wish a dozen times before your return that you had carried your ulster with you? Well, we have the same old idiosyncrasies to meet with now. In one day I remember, it was very pleasant when we walked to class at eight o'clock in the morning. Between ten and eleven on the same morning we had a light thunder-storm followed by hail. Then it turned suddenly cold, snowed in the afternoon, warmed up slightly towards evening and rained some more, and then about ten o'clock that night all was clear, and the moon rose over Mechanic's Hall as beautifully as though it were in the middle of May. Think of that for a changeful day! We have not so many different courses in our weather *menu* now, but what few we have are well varied. Mud one day, snow the next, cold weather for the following day and snow again the next. So we have found it during all the days of this

year, and so happened it that our climax came about in the white Easter. There is small room for wonder at that.

I am sending you some pictures of the old familiar haunts, for I know you will appreciate them. A friend of mine took some snap-shots, and I received a few of them as souvenirs of our old Notre Dame under a weight of April snow. "How much," will you say, "it makes the old place look like it was in the reign of the Yule-tide." Ay, ay! so it did; and had our *hosannas* and *alleluias* been replaced by the *venite adoremus* one might have expected to see our trustworthy old Saint Nicholas about the grounds.

And then again,—but I think I have said sufficient. The old clock in the tower is striking midnight, the last hour of to-day is already being pushed aside by the new-coming day, and I am tired. I hope the next sunrise will bring a change; may the spring flowers and the fresh grown grass soon replace the white Easter!

PAUL J. RAGAN.



Beyond the Gates.

Eating is a thing that men have in common with beasts, yet the way in which a man eats is the surest test of his refinement. Indeed it is not safe to pass final judgment upon a man's refinement until after you have eaten a meal with him. He may seem perfectly cultured in every other way; yet you can not be sure that when you invite him to dine with your most fastidious friends he will not drown the conversation when he eats his soup, or that he will not pick his teeth while waiting the change of courses.

We talk a great deal about liberty; we hear Independence-Day orators say that an American citizen is greater than a king. Yet despite all this talk there is much slavery in existence all about us. I once heard a man say that when a person depended on another for the means of support that person was a slave. There is much truth in the remark. And how many men are thus dependent? Even in business, especially in small businesses, men are forced to become abject in catering to trade.

There is a barber in a city near here that considers it a business necessity to convulse with laughter whenever a customer makes an observation that possibly could be construed into a witticism. The laughter, of course, is forced; it must be a terrible strain on the vocal organs, if not upon the entire system, but it pleases the customers to have their witticisms laughed at, and the barber feels that he must please his customers.

The atheist thinks that the man of religion is very foolish and simple to believe in God and accept the teachings of His Church. Yet, from the most practical and common-sense standpoint, the man of religion shows better judgment than does the atheist. Admitting, as the atheist must, that it is possible that religion is true, the man of religion is the wiser. For by his belief the man of religion can lose nothing and he may gain much. On the other hand, the atheist by his disbelief gains nothing and he may lose a great deal. In short, the man of religion has everything to gain and nothing to lose, while the atheist has everything to lose and nothing to gain. This is not a very high motive for fearing God, but it certainly is a practical one, and the atheist insists upon being practical.

Local Items.

—The baseball men wore their new uniforms for the first time yesterday.

—Good luck to everyone in the debate to-night, and may the best men win!

—Secure plenty of megaphones and be ready for the Michigan game two weeks from to-day.

—Lost.—Somewhere in the new gymnasium, my stride. Finder please return it to Duperier.

—Next week's edition of the SCHOLASTIC will be published by the students of the Rhetoric class.

—The Varsity was scheduled to play at Champaign to-day; owing to cold weather the game was cancelled.

—Last night Messrs. John Mullen of Sorin Hall and George Lins of Brownson were elected to captain the boat crews.

—We have been invited to send a representative to Richmond, Indiana, for the meeting of the State Tennis Association.

—If Powers and Eggeman keep up their good work Chicago will not have a "cinch" on the discus event in the dual meet, May 20.

—Pete Crumley's new tie is the latest novelty in cravats. It is a beautiful dapple. Pete put it on Easter Sunday and bagged several smiles during the day.

—Baldwin and Kachur are growing poetic, and the effusions of not long ago convince us that when their heart-strings are played upon by the right bow they will emulate Bobby Burns.

—Yockey, Captain, Manager and bat-carrier of the Filipinos ball team of Sorin Hall, took his men over to play St. Joseph's Hall last Thursday. They finished two innings after four hours of play, with the score standing, 59 to 57 in favor of St. Joseph's Hall.

—Class of '99, please do not forget that your graduation theses are due on May 15. It is only a little more than a month from now, so take the SCHOLASTIC's warning, and go to work at them. If you do not remember what the requirements are, consult the University catalogue.

—NOTICE.—A number of guns, swords, bayonets and other equipments have been taken from the Armory, and as we are about to move into new quarters we would be pleased to have all the articles returned to the Students' Office. Prompt attention to this notice will be appreciated by the Quartermaster.

—Mr. Sammon's bill passed the house in the parliamentary debating society last Wednesday by a majority of ten. Mr. Daniel Collins opposed the measure most strenuously. He was assisted by Congressman Edward Yockey. Fogarty and Holland overwhelmed the opposition, and carried the measure by storm.

—Capt. Clyne of the Carroll Hall Anti-Specials had his squad of men out last Thursday for a practise game. Two teams were picked out, and a game of five innings was played. The side opposing the captain won by a score of 6 to 5. The team will play a series of games with the Specials of that Hall and other outside teams.

—Since the appearance of that puzzle in our last week's SCHOLASTIC the editors have done nothing but receive letters and telegrams from all parts of the country. It can not yet be decided who has been picked as the handsome gentleman, for all have received high votes. Dillon and Medley are in the lead with a tie vote of 18, 607, 444. Chances are in favor of Dillon.

—THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has issued its special Easter edition which contains contributions by each member of the Staff and the usual Staff photograph. The literary efforts of the Easter number are exceptionally strong, and the edition is a very creditable production.—*South Bend Sunday News*.

The *News* knows a good thing when it sees it; we congratulate our fellow-editors on their good taste.

—We all gazed with admiration upon the Parisian Easter bonnet worn by Hayes. Whether it came in a hat box or box car matters not; but for grace and elegance and simplicity the bonnet could not be equalled. It was a source of pride to him and of envy to Pete and Maloney. He is uncertain how it shall be trimmed, but we would suggest a peacock tail feather, a bunch of nosegays and a yard of gold and blue ribbon.

—A dual meet between Ahern, Donahue, "Freddie" and VanHee will take place next Thursday. The loser will buy \$2 worth of cream-puffs for the winners. VanHee has been dieting under the supervision of Greisheimer, who is a trainer and dieter of no mean merit. Ahern is picked as the winner in the 220-yard dash. One day he picked up a nest of bees in Illinois and met with a stinging rebuke. In the retreat from the bees he discovered his ability as a sprinter. The excitement over this contest has spread to the next table. McCallen and Winters know about it.

HEADQUARTERS NOTRE DAME CADETS.

NOTRE DAME, April 5, 1899.

General Orders, No. 2.—Sergeant Druecke is hereby reduced to the ranks for neglect of duty. Sergeant Slevin promoted to Fourth Sergeant; Private Fink promoted to Fifth Sergeant; Private Kasper is transferred from Company A to Company D; Private Stanton is transferred from Company C to Company A; Private Morgan is promoted to Quarter-master-Sergeant. By order of

J. J. GREEN, Commandant.

W. M. GEOGHEGAN, Cadet Capt. and Adj.

—Some designing fellow endeavored to bring about mortal combat between Fatty Mendoza and Bill Dalton. The duel was arranged—the weapons were pistols, the cause was a fair señorita, and the combatants a trifle dissimilar in shape. Mendoza said that he was handicapped and wanted two shots to Bill's one; but Bill said that he wouldn't hit below the belt; this arrangement was unsatisfactory to Mendoza, so the duel was postponed, to be fought out through the SCHOLASTIC. The señorita is undecided whether she admires the length and nimbleness of Bill or the volume and solidity of Mendoza.

—A LEAF FROM KING SOLOMON'S DIARY.—The generosity displayed by Wynne in consuming his friends "Duke's" mixture makes us think him a Cuban. Will somebody whisper into his ear, when the dormitory lights are out, that depredations on his friends' tobacco pouches can not go on forever, and kindly suggest to him that the buying of a package of tobacco would not be a bad investment?

When you read Monsieur Gilbert's famous masterpiece you wonder where he got his inspiration. Teddy was led on to greater things by one of our men; that fierce, sombreroed chap, Morrissey, was the real inspiration. For a long time the secret was kept from the world, but at last it has transpired, and the hat, the sombrero, which was the cause of three-fourths of the inspiration, is about to be presented to a society of curios.

—The baseball candidates are doing outdoor training now, and their work is very encouraging. The announcement that the Fort Wayne Interstate League team will be here to play a series of practise games has caused much enthusiasm among the fellows, and they are determined to make things lively for the professional team when it arrives. It is too bad that we can not secure some good practise games before we meet Michigan two weeks from to-day. The manager has been trying hard, but finds it impossible to secure teams that would furnish better practice than our reserve team can give us. The reserves this season are unusually strong, and they will play the Varsity to a standstill as soon as the weather permits. Captain Macdonald has chosen the following men as the Varsity nine: Catcher, O'Neill; Pitcher, Gibson; first base, McDonald; second base, Brown; third base, Fleming; short-stop, Donahoe; right-field, P. Follen; center-field, Lynch; left-field, Farley; sub-catcher, Becker; sub-pitchers, L. Holland and Mulcare. There are other good men that may make the team in the near future.

—The Greek play, that was delayed on account of the illness of Father Stoffel, will be produced in the course of a month. The fellows have been given warning to begin memorizing their parts, as practice will be begun immediately. It is rather difficult to

spend these long spring afternoons in rehearsing; but as the students are enthusiastic over it, and with Father Stoffel no less enthusiastic, there is little doubt that the livers at Notre Dame will be favored with a performance that savors of the days when Helen's beauty caused the war of Troy. The costumes are all prepared, and much of the necessary scenery has been arranged. A translation of the play is being made by the students, and a text will be printed with the Greek on one side of the page, and a hexameter translation on the other. So the play can be intelligently followed if anyone desires to follow it.

—The Philopatrians held their annual banquet at South Bend last Thursday afternoon. The boys that ate on the same table with Mahoney, wondered why he fasted the two days previous to the dinner, since the Lenten season is over. They understand the reason why now. Higgins and his crowd were on hand to make lots of noise by shouting the various college yells. Newman put on one of his new-style collars in honor of the occasion. Britt wore such a loud necktie that he did not need to ring a bell to let the people know that he was coming. Groogan was asked by a man if he could change a dollar. Groogan, who is always obliging, changed the money. When the stranger disappeared, our friend looked at the piece of greenback, and found out that it was counterfeit money. Now he declares that he will never change money for anybody, even if he were the Prince of Wales. When the time came to come home all were very tired, but not the worst for their excursion to South Bend.

—The debate to decide who the three gentlemen shall be that will represent Notre Dame at the University of Indianapolis on May 3, will take place this evening in Washington Hall. Professor Carmody has taken pains to select prominent judges that are well able to pass correct comment on both the oratory and the material. The gentlemen that are contesting have admitted that they have exerted every power to make a good showing, and there is no doubt that the contest will be deeply interesting. For many reasons there should be a large attendance among the students. The debators have grasped the question in most all its phases by this time, and anyone desiring a knowledge of the disarmament question should not fail to attend. The question is thoroughly novel, and should have a great attraction for the student that is interested in the welfare of all humanity. It has been debated between many of the prominent colleges throughout the states and always with patriotic fire and a deep, broad view of the underlying principles of good, strong government.

The debators are all well known in the college circle, and the report is current that

each of the six have a firm hope of not only getting on the debate, but of coming out with first place. This will indeed make the contest a thoroughly pugnacious one; and the proper debating spirit, intermingled with no small amount of Ciceronian polish, will evidently be manifested in a high degree. It matters little which of the six men are chosen, because any three you might decide upon will do their best to bring the victory to Notre Dame. Be ready to-night at half-past seven, and if your labors will permit go and hear the debate. You will be well repaid. The gentlemen in order on the affirmative are Messrs. Tierney, McCollum and Steele; on the negative, Messrs. Weadock, Schumacher and Barry. The decision will be made as early after the debate as possible.

—The following is the programme presented by the Philopatrians on Easter Monday.

MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

Before the First Act.

March Celebre.....*Larchner*
There will be no intermission between Acts I and II.

Before the Third Act.

Selections from "Robin Hood".....*DeKoven*

Before the Fourth Act.

Shepherd and Morris Dances, Henry VIII.—*German*

Between Scenes I and II, Act IV.

"Sounds from Vienna Woods,".....*Strauss*

"IF I WERE A KING."

Drama in four Acts.

Persons of the Drama.

Genaro, the Shepherd King.....	Fredrick Schoonover
Ferdinand, King of Naples.....	James Morgan
Ruisco, Cousin of the King.....	Alexander McDonell
Don Gonsalvo, Ambassador from Spain.....	Henry Fink
Bozza, Major-Domo.....	John Putnam
Valerio, the Shepherd King's Little Brother.....	E. A. Bender
Alberto, Son of the King.....	Lawrence Weber
Melchiorre, Chief Courtier.....	John Newman
Banquo, Overseer of the Shepherds.....	Vincent Brennan
Cecato, Chief Shepherd.....	George Stich
Philippo } Battisto } Silvio } Marco }	Shepherds..... Charles Rush Dominic Padden Henry Britt Robert Stanton
Alonzo, General of the King's Armies.....	Arnold Althoff
Verdi } Beppo } Lino }	Pages..... Robert Clark Michael Crowley Stephen Trentman
Stephano, Chief of the Brigands.....	William Bellinger
Lucio } Pedro } Cavulla } Urso }	Brigands..... Percy Graham Daniel Mahoney George Kasper George Dougan
Guido } Orazio } Marino } Cerano } Dorio } Lupo }	Courtiers..... Grover Davis Herbert Bloch Emil Miksak August Brown William Reiking Henry Giffin
Guards } } } Jacob Askanas Henry Dreucke Patrick McGrath Arthur Steward Francis Walsh
Leandro, Royal Usher.....	Dominic Groogan