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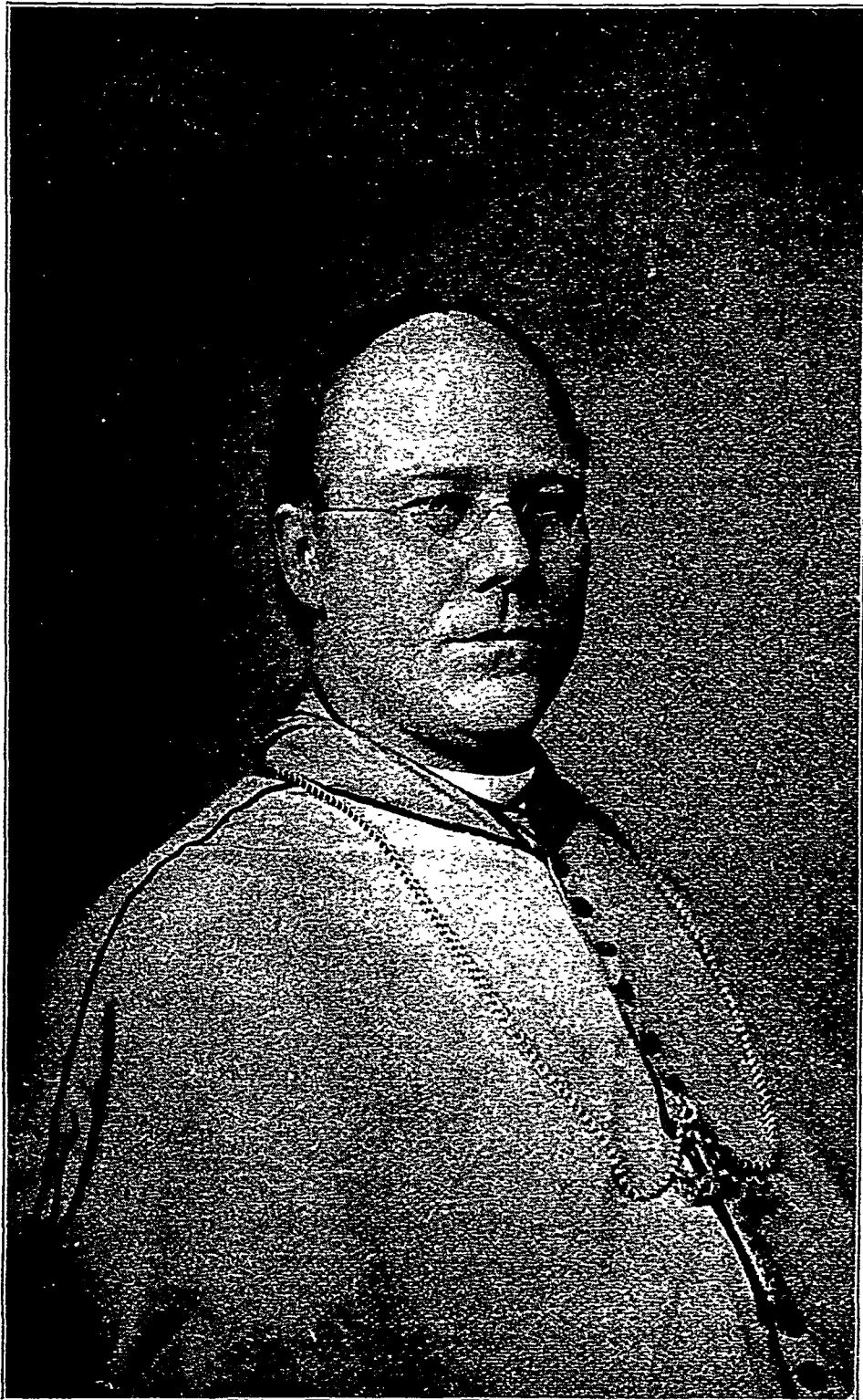
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RIGHT REVEREND JOSEPH RADEMACHER, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne.
Died Friday, January 12, 1900.

LONG may sweet memory of him endure,
This princely man beloved by us all.
His life was noble and his heart was pure,
God grant that Peace was waiting at his call!

Eloquence of Lacordaire.

JAMES H. MCGINNIS, 1900.

NO other country has passed through so many periods of political agitation, religious unrest, and revolutionary movements as France. Her history is made up of epochs of which any nation should feel loath to boast. Still, as a lily, the emblem of all that is pure and beautiful, thrives best in the slime and mud of shallow ponds so great men have been nurtured amid the dissensions and troubles of France. This paper has to do with Father Lacordaire, the orator, than whom few men are more worthy of the pride and praise of Catholic France.

It is a good aphorism that says: "Tell me where a child builds his air castles and I'll tell you what he'll be." When Lacordaire was a boy he used to preach sermons to his nurse that were so real and forcible that they terrified her. At eight years of age he was often seen at his window "reading aloud the sermons of Bourdaloue" to persons that passed. Thus in the child we behold the future orator that, from the pulpit of Notre Dame, was to move the hearts of his countrymen. He prepared himself for his future greatness in a circuitous manner.

When Lacordaire was yet very young his father died; and his mother sent him to school at the Lyceum of Dijon. Here he lost his faith, and much trouble of soul ensued. A few evils, however, are mitigated by some good; and this was true of Lacordaire's unbelief. At Dijon there were other youths that were tossed about on the prevailing wave of scepticism, and they with Lacordaire united themselves into a society to seek truth. This society was called the Dijon Society of Studies. At its gatherings Lacordaire first showed the depth of his reasoning, and there his reputation as an orator began. A member of the society, M. Lorraine, in referring to these meetings of youthful agitators, says:

"In all discussions Henry Lacordaire took a prominent part. We still seem to hear those brilliant bursts of eloquence, those arguments so full of skill, of rapidity and ready wit; we seem to see that eye so sparkling, so penetrating and so fixed."

Lacordaire was more than a presumptuous college orator, however much his scepticism had led him astray; he was a deep thinker

and a good reasoner. At the age of twenty years he said in one of his speeches: "Everyone is free to engage in a combat against order, but order can never be overcome. It may be compared to a pyramid that rises from earth to heaven; we can not overthrow the base, for the finger of God rests upon the summit."

Shortly afterward he finished his law studies and settled in Paris, where he soon became a devout Catholic. In Paris he became known as an orator in a peculiar and hazardous way. He was too young to be admitted to the bar; but he longed to try his power as an orator on a tribunal of judges. An opportunity for doing this soon offered itself. He undertook to defend the cause of a client in court at the risk of incriminating himself. In a letter to a friend he speaks of his first law-case as follows:

"I amused myself this morning in pleading a cause; the cause was a detestable one, but I wanted to make sure that I could speak before a tribunal without fear. Were I cited for this before the court of discipline, it would be a fine opportunity of making another speech, and that would be all."

In this first speech that was undertaken for amusement, he merited the praise of eminent men in Paris. M. Berryer, one of the ablest lawyers then practising in that city, said of him: "Lacordaire can easily rise to the first rank at the bar providing he avoids the snare of too ready eloquence."

His success instead of filling him with ambition to acquire the fame predicted for him as a lawyer, seems to have made him determine to change his profession; for shortly after this successful pleading we find him an humble student in the seminary of St. Sulpice.

While at the seminary he was once called upon to deliver a sermon in the refectory during the dinner hour. The theme assigned to him was "The Incarnation." Notwithstanding his abstract subject, and the difficulty of being heard above the clatter of dishes, he succeeded in making a lasting impression upon his fellow-seminarists. The Fathers in charge of the seminary were amazed, though somewhat displeased, with the originality of his ideas and novel boldness. This very novelty of style and earnestness soon made the name of Father Lacordaire famous as a preacher.

For a few years after he was ordained we hear little of him, except that he declined the offer of an honorable position at Rome, which might have led him to the cardinalate. He spent the first few years of his priesthood as

chaplain of a convent; but he devoted the greater part of his time to the study of Saint Augustin, Plato, Aristotle, Descartes and in silent meditation. He was preparing himself in this way for apologetic preaching, by which means he hoped to change the immoral and atheistic tendencies of the French youth.

Finally he broke the silence of his long retreat to make an attack against Louis Philip on account of his nomination of three bishops. He was summoned to appear in court to answer for this boldness; and it was thought that he would be convicted. Lacordaire conducted his own defense; and by his eloquence in summing up the case he succeeded in obtaining his acquittal. Emboldened by this victory he soon denounced the law forbidding public instruction. He was again tried and this time convicted, notwithstanding his masterly oration in his own behalf, which won for him the popular opinion. In one of his letters he refers to this defeat as follows: "There are some triumphant defeats, of which victory herself might feel jealous."

Lacordaire was then in the prime of his life, and he felt that he was able to do much good for the souls of young men, and for the welfare of the state by preaching. He says: "When I determined on entering the priesthood I had only one end in view, and that was to serve the Church by the ministry of preaching—that is my vocation."

In the latter part of the year 1833, he started a series of conferences at the College Stanislaus in Paris. These conferences became so popular that the college chapel could not hold the large concourse of young men that assembled to hear the seemingly new doctrine of an eloquent orator. This doctrine was the same as that taught by the other priests of France; but it was so new in its application, and presented in a style so enthusiastic and forcible, that the youth of Paris were captivated by it. His biographer, in speaking of these conferences, says: "His conferences took the form neither of lecture, sermon, nor homily, but rather of a brilliant discourse on sacred subjects, in which all the sympathies of the audience were engaged in turn by the appeal of eloquence, of faith and of enthusiasm. It was not merely the priest that spoke, but the poet, the philosopher,—it was the man of the present speaking to men of his own time of things of the past, the present and the future; leading them first to admire his talent and finally to respect and believe his doctrine."

The whole of Paris began to speak of the eloquent preacher, Father Lacordaire, and the young men that had been so averse to all things religious now began to awaken into an atmosphere of feverish excitement on account of the teaching they had heard. This sudden change terrified the old priests of Paris, who had become helpless in their efforts to stay the tide of disbelief and immorality, so they accused the new preacher of teaching an "unsound doctrine." On this account Lacordaire was ordered to cease the conferences.

Not long afterward, however, he was invited to preach at Notre Dame by the bishop himself; an act that was brought about by public opinion. Then Lacordaire began another series of conferences, that continued through two years. It is needless to mention the success of these sermons, for their effect has become an epoch of history. The conversion of almost the entire youth of France, at least of the intellectual and most learned portion of them from an atheistic and immoral life, followed; and the Church that was persecuted before now became the hope of the republic's future safety. Mgr. de la Bouillière, in his funeral oration over the grave of Lacordaire, spoke of these conferences and of the ability of the preacher in these words: "The conferences at Notre Dame form an epoch in the history of Christian eloquence, and one from which dates the commencement of an immense religious movement among the youth of the time. The vaulted roof of the cathedral of Paris now yearly beholds the spectacle of thousands of men kneeling at the table to fulfil their Easter duty. Ask them who made them Christians, and they will reply that the first spark of returning faith was enkindled by the lightning flash of this man's eloquence."

Lacordaire was forced by humility and charity to advance further in the way of virtue. He had earlier in life attained eminence as an advocate only to forsake that profession for the humble office of a curate. Now he was on the pinnacle of fame again, but he perceived the danger of so great a height, and descended to the lowly life of a Dominican monk. Notwithstanding his successes he did not forget his human weaknesses. In his "Memoirs," he says: "I understood that I was not yet ripe for the task."

On December 3, 1843, after an absence of seven years, Lacordaire returned to the pulpit of Notre Dame. He was forbidden to wear the habit of his order; and much anxiety was

felt by his friends for the safety of his life; for much bitterness then existed against the suppressed Dominicans. His biographer thus relates his re-appearance: "All the world was there, and the immense nave was too small to contain the crowd, from whom there arose a suppressed murmur. The Archbishop from his seat manifested a visible emotion. Several young men had placed themselves armed at the foot of the pulpit, in order, if necessary, to defend their great orator. When Lacordaire appeared there was a complete silence. He slowly glanced over those dense ranks, and thus began: "After the battle of Arbela Darius, king of Persia—" There was no noise, no disorder; at the third phrase he had won their hearts."

He continued to preach at Notre Dame and in other churches throughout France during the next eight years, without ceasing for any great length of time to rest. Everywhere he preached the people thronged to hear him; and seldom did anyone go away without believing what the great preacher said, and being moved to do as he asked them. The remainder of his life was used for the benefit of his Order, in which he filled many dignified offices. Though he preached occasionally, his great claim to honor as an orator belongs to his earlier years.

If, as Quintillian holds, the aim of oratory is to persuade and to move, the success of an orator can be measured by his power in these respects. What then can we say of Lacordaire as an orator? He who seemed able to persuade everybody that listened to him, and who moved the entire youth of France to a better life; he, who, though preaching to prejudiced and unbelieving multitudes, not only converted them but compelled them to love him? In truth, I believe that the genius of Lacordaire deserves to be classed with that of Demosthenes and St. John Chrysostom. From the time that he used to frighten his innocent nurse to the day of his death, there seemed always to be some peculiar power in the man to make his hearers respect and love him; and when he spoke they changed even their most averse opinions so as to agree with him.

Though Lacordaire was not a politician, he did more to purify the politics of France than all her revolutions and armies combined. He made the hearts of her citizens pure, and thus the nation profited by his preaching. His work as a preacher entitles him to the just praise contained in the saying, "He lived and the world was benefited by his life."

Varsity Verse.

TO INA'S STREAM.

I KNOW where your spring from the depths of a dale
Sends softly its waters to brighten the vale;
From runlet to runnel, then into a stream
You steal with sweet purl and a shimmering gleam.
The willows that blooming hang over your edge
Do drooping down mingle with cresses and sedge,
And near modest bluebells lie hid from noon's glare,
And lilies bend over like pure nuns at prayer,
While the thrush in the hawthorn sings through the day.
I know where you glimmer—but 'tis far away.

From willow and bluebell you wind down the glen,
And hurry in silence past places of men,
To murmur by meadows where bright daisies spring,
And sythe-whetting mowers for joy blithely sing;
But you soften your music when you see the rim
Of the abbey's grey wall that o'ershadows your brim,
And there with the moonlight when winds are asleep
O'er the homes of my fathers still vigil you keep.
But they must lie deaf to your soft, gliding flow,
Though there they have prayed—yet 'twas ages ago.

Flow gently, mild waters, and linnets sing out,
And leap into sunlight, you bright speckled trout;
And blackbird, that nests in the hazelwood near,
With notes deep and tender your brooding mate cheer.
Oh Ina! how gladly when my work is done
Would I lave my hot brow where your cool ripples run,
Or lay on your soft grassy knolls my tired head,
And mingle my dust with the dust of my dead.
What dream in the glare of the day comes to me?
To end my race thus, I know can not be.

A. B.

CHANGED.

The themes of Christmas tales
Since the dawn of that happy morn
Bespeak the widow's wails
And the hapless child forlorn.

It was then from India wild
That the wrathful kinsman came
To find his hapless child
And relieve its heart in flame.

But now from the frigid Klondike
This welcomed person comes
And, as of old, he father-like
"Removes him from the slums."

W. C.

A TESTIMONIAL.

Dear Doctor, read this over twice:
"Your cures are dear at any price."
Three months ago I scarce could move—
Rheumatic pains in back of neck—
And now, your honor, I can prove
That you have made a total wreck
Of me. I've followed your advice:
"No pillow use again," you said,
Lie on one ear each night in bed."
The pains are all gone to my head,
And I've a rubber neck instead.

A. S.

One of Scott's Vacations.

MARTIN O'SHAUGHNESSY.

It was toward the close of autumn when I met Scott; and I was heartily glad when he accepted my invitation to stay with me. He had come, he said, just for a few weeks of this mountain air. The cabin he preferred to a hotel; for he wanted a little rough life. It would build up his constitution, which, he said, was failing.

He often went with me on my trips up the mountains. But he would stroll off through the woods after watching me work for awhile.

"Prospecting is wasting time," he would say, "I'll go and get some game for supper."

"Come with me to-day," he said, one bright morning. "I have some big game up the mountain and I might need some help to get it. You had best bring your Winchester. This gun is not a very desirable piece to have when one is being crowded, and a bear is as bad as a heavy weight for rushing matters.

The sun had risen above the tree-tops when we started. The air was crisp and dry—an ideal day for walking. When we had gone what I thought was about half-way up, I was obliged to ask Scott to wait until I could take a rest.

"You do not seem to be a novice at climbing," I said when I sat down, "and the way you find these paths has me guessing.

"Yes, I am not a novice at hunting," he said, "I did a little of this last summer in Colorado. And an old guide that I had taught me a few things about the brush. I presume had there been any chance of a good strike up here, you would have ruined the trail long ago with your prospecting. When you're ready we'll go on, or we'll be late getting back."

When we started Scott again took the lead. A few rods farther up the mountain he turned short to the right. There was no path here, and we had to pick our way as best we could.

"Go easy now, old man," he said when we had entered a dense thicket, "you are making as much noise as a crowd of college men at a football game."

The farther we pushed through the thicket the more tangled the brush became, and I could see that Scott was losing patience with me; for I could not, at the same time, avoid stepping on the dead twigs and keep the branches from striking me in the face.

"You'd better wait here," he said, "and if I call do not lose any time in coming."

I waited only a short time until he returned. He was not so cautious as before, and he seemed to have been disappointed.

"We'll try to get at our game in another way," he said. "I think we made too much noise."

We took another path that led down the mountain, and that was easier to follow. Scott walked slower than before and he seemed to anticipate a shot, for he kept his gun in readiness. We had been walking in silence for some time, when he suddenly turned to me:

"Now easy again, old man," he said. "Have you noticed that," and he pointed to a slender column of smoke that rose above the tall brush.

A few rods farther we came in full view of a cabin. But for the smoke that rose from the log chimney, there was not a sign of life about the place.

"Now quick," said Scott as he ran toward the cabin.

"So far so good," he whispered as he stopped at the end of the house near the chimney—"wait here." And he stole quietly around the corner.

I had not time to think of what it all meant before he returned and beckoned to me:

"Look in there," he whispered as he pointed toward a window. "Don't make a noise."

"I tip-toed up to the window and peeped in. On a bed opposite the window lay a person, I could not see the face, and beside the bed knelt a man with his head bowed.

"Some one's sick," I whispered, "we'd better go in."

He shook his head and turned toward the path. When we were back in the brush again I asked him why he would not go into the cabin.

"She's dead," he said, "the poor devil won't bother us now since she is gone. And I had not the heart to take him from her bedside. It was she who did the counterfeiting."

"But why did you go to that place farther up?" I asked.

"I saw him digging there just yesterday and I thought that he was hiding something. I found only his diary. He probably lost it. Here is the last item:

"When Helen gets well we will quit the business and live honestly."

The next day Scott bade me good-bye. His health he said had improved greatly.

International Law.

 MICHAEL J. MCCORMACK (LAW), '99.

International law is a subject that should not only be interesting to English speaking peoples but should be of the utmost importance to them. In the first place they are the great travelers and colonizers of the world. Through their energy commerce is continually increasing, and in every quarter of the world they have interests to guard and protect. Therefore it is to their advantage to know and see that the rules which govern the relation of states in their actions toward one another are standing upon the strong piers of honesty, reason and justice. In this respect the United States has aided wonderfully in the development of the laws of nations, and we have every reason to be proud of our judges and writers on the subject. Kent, Woolsey, Marshall, Dana, Story, Wheaton, Wharton, Halleck and others are ranked with the highest authorities on international law.

Before going any further let us find what is meant by international law. It may be said to be the rules which govern civilized nations in their intercourse with one another. Kent defines it as "that code of public instruction, which defines the rights and prescribes the duties of nations in their intercourse with one another. Its faithful observance is essential to national character and to the happiness of mankind." It seems to me that the definition given by Blackstone is much more explicit: "International law is that system of rules established by mutual consent, which independent civilized nations acknowledge in reason and their natural justice to be obligatory upon them in mutual intercourse and relations."

Some seem to think that there is no such a thing as international law, and what we call international law is only a number of confused rules that all nations follow more or less. Lord Coleridge takes this view, for he says: "Strictly speaking, international law is an inexact expression, and it is apt to mislead if its inexactness is not kept in mind. Law implies a lawgiver and a tribunal capable of enforcing it and coercing its transgressions." This is also the opinion of several other writers on the subject, and their opinion is probably based on Austin's definition of law, that is: "Law is the command of a superior who has coercive power to compel obedience and

punish disobedience." It seems to me the definition is wanting in that it makes force the predominant idea, whereas it is universally known that much of our law has developed from customs prevailing at different times. Savigny says that "all law is first developed by usage and popular faith, then by legislation and always by internal silently operating powers, and not mainly by the internal will of the lawgiver." This was practically applied to international law by Lord Russell when he said that "it is the sum of the rules or usages which civilized states have agreed shall be binding upon them in their dealings with one another."

International law, like all other law, derived its beginning from usages and customs. After the downfall of the Roman empire, when the country had become divided and had come under the administration of several sovereigns, the need of rules to regulate their conduct toward one another was greatly felt. This might be considered the rudimentary stage of international law. The rules thus laid down were very ambiguous and not only required an interpreter but a judge. Finally, in the Middle Ages the Pope was looked upon by all Christendom as their religious head, and consequently was often called upon to decide disputes between nations. The Pope's power did not last, however, and many lands started a system that gave form to laws generally acted on by nations and which, like a popular song, when once started was repeated here and there until the chorus thundered out so strong that all were compelled to listen.

While Hugo de Groote is said to be the father of the law of nations he had predecessors—Ayala, a Spanish Judge, and Suarez a Spanish Jesuit, both born about 1548. Suarez, from the view-point of the Catholic theologian, assumes that "the principles of the moral law are capable of complete and authoritative definition, and are supported by the highest spiritual sanction." Therefore, he treats international law as "a code of rules dealing with matters outside the sphere of the natural law; matters not strictly right or wrong in themselves, but becoming so only by virtue of the precepts of the law that is founded upon the generally recognized usages of nations." His idea of the origin of international law might be of interest to some, so I shall give his views on the subject in full:

"The foundation of the law of nations is that the human race although divided into various

peoples and kingdoms, has always a certain unity, which is not merely the unity of species, but is also political and moral, as is shown by the natural precept of mutual love and pity, which extends to all peoples, however foreign they may be to one another and whatever may be their character or constitution. From which it follows that although any state, whether a republic or a kingdom, may be a community in itself, it is nevertheless a member of that whole which constitutes the human race; for such a community is never so completely self-sufficient but that it requires some mutual help and intercourse with others, sometimes for the sake of some benefits to be obtained, but sometimes, too, from the moral necessity and craving which are apparent from the very habits of mankind.

"On this account, therefore, a law is required by which states may be rightly directed and regulated in this kind of intercourse with one another. And although to a great extent this may be supplied by the natural law, still not adequately nor directly, and so it has come about that the usages of states have themselves led to the establishment of special rules. For just as within an individual state custom gives rise to law, so for the human race, as a whole, usages have led to the growth of the laws of nations; and this the more easily, inasmuch as the matters with which such laws deal are few and are closely connected with the law of nature from which they may be deduced by inference which, though not strictly necessary, so as to constitute laws of absolute moral obligation, still they are very conformable and agreeable to nature, and therefore readily accepted by all."

Vattel was also a great writer on the law of nations and for many years he was quoted more than any of the other public jurists. Grotius must not be forgotten, for he is even considered by some to be the father of international law. He found such sentiments as "law a stranger to justice" prevailing, and in his effort to prove that justice was essential to the well-being of society, and that all nations stood in need of law and the observance of faith, he produced a work that has been looked upon as an authority ever since.

The laws that states have agreed to be binding in their relations toward one another are not found in clear, set rules; for there is no obligatory international code. However, we find them in state documents, in declarations of nations and text-writers that are generally

accepted as authorities; in established precedents, in treaties that have affirmed certain principles, and in the decisions of prize courts that have had such men as Lord Stowell of England, Portalis of France and Story of the United States as judges. These are the sources which determine whether a certain principle will or will not be accepted as part of international law.

Speaking of principles I think it would be well to state here how international law has elevated different nations. I say elevated, because these laws have put all nations on an equality with one another; the weakest nation has all the rights a nation can possibly have. Sovereignty, independence and equality are therefore the three attributes which every nation strives to preserve.

By sovereignty is meant the exclusive power that each state has to exercise within its own jurisdiction or territory. It has this right from its *de facto* existence whether it is recognized by foreign powers or not, and the state's sovereignty reigns supreme over its subjects wherever no other sovereignty has jurisdiction. For example: the sovereignty of the United States, although not recognized until 1782, was complete from the year 1776. In order to be recognized by international law as having complete sovereignty a state must preserve its power to enter into all relations with foreign states. Our individual states, for instance, are not sovereign because they can exercise toward foreign nations only such rights as are allowed to an individual. Sovereignty in this country therefore lies in the central government, and it alone has the power of declaring war and establishing peace, of sending ambassadors to foreign courts, and so on.

By independence is meant the privilege of a nation to exercise its rights and sovereign power without any interference from other states. Thus a nation may change its form of government, change its laws and make new ones as custom demands, declare war, acquire new territory or surrender part of its territory, as Sweden and Norway did in 1814, and become united under one king without any just cause for any other nation to object or try to prevent the action. A state may also put itself under the protection of another nation and still retain its independence in some respects, but not absolutely.

In considering the equality of states, honor or rights to have the same commercial privi-

leges that have been granted to other states is not what is meant, but simply equality of sovereignty. There is only one degree of full sovereignty, and therefore all states that possess it necessarily have equal rights, since size and power neither add to nor subtract from sovereignty. Independence and equality of all recognized states are fundamental principles of the law of nations.

Independence and belligerency of states are often confounded. The recognition of a state's belligerency may long precede that of its independence; in fact, it may never gain its independence. For example, the Southern Confederacy was regarded as a belligerent state by Great Britain and other foreign powers in 1861. It consists in "granting to the revolutionary party in a foreign state the rights of war which it would have if it were in the position of an independent belligerent." This recognition when made by neutral states is done either in the interest of humanity or necessity on their part, and is not to be looked on by the mother country as a ground of war. Recognition of belligerency also relieves the parent state from the responsibility of the insurgent's acts; and gives it the additional right to interfere with neutral commerce and declare blockades. Still the revolting state can get war implements and other assistance subject to the neutrality laws. Its flag is also respected; but with all these rights it is far from being independent.

As I stated before, it is no ground of war for the mother state, for a neutral state, to recognize the insurgent's belligerency, but to recognize its independence is an injury, and may be ground for war; for instance, when France recognized the independence of the United States. This is a question that each nation must decide for itself, and it is not necessary to wait until the party opposing the revolutionary effort recognizes the insurgent's independence. This does not mean that a State has the right to give aid to the colonies which are in revolt against the established government. In such a case, however, international law does not forbid assistance to established government when it calls on a nation for help. This aid is looked on more as a preserver of the peaceful order of things than as an interference. The safe rule to follow, is for each nation to watch over its own interests and its own interests only; for there is considerable difficulty in determining what is lawful assistance and unlawful inter-

ference. As for the recognition of a state's belligerency there is no set rule. It can claim this recognition only when there is an actual state of conflict, or, in other words, that which international law regards as *war*.

To sum it all up in a few words, the sole object of the law of nations is to follow as closely as possible the divine precept: "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." This might be said to be the object of all law, but I think it applies especially to international law, because it is the most significant.

United by Accident.

CHARLES. F. ENSIGN.

They were both silent and constrained during dinner that evening. Now it was over, Jack Harvey,—Harvard '96 Varsity back, number 7 in the college boat and oft-toasted "jolly good fellow," seemed anything but the ideal of comradeship, being entirely lost to view behind a large expanse of newspaper. At the opposite end of the table, sat Mrs. Dorothy Maxwell Harvey, the belle of the last Newport season, where Jack had first seen her—no sooner seen than he loved her, no sooner loved her than he laid siege to her heart and was rewarded by entire capitulation. Now they were in Venice on their wedding trip, but Dorothy's face did not bear the happy expression that is usually expected from the bride of a month. A frown rested on her brow; her lips were closed tightly together, and she regarded with a severe look the cornice over Jack's head as if she were mentally arraigning the little stone cupid whose head protruded therefrom for being such a fool. A peep at Jack behind his paper would have revealed the fact that he did not look much more amiable and that his cigar was receiving some very harsh treatment.

Finally, Dorothy breaks the silence with—
"Jack—she usually called him "dear"—
"Jack, I wish you would finish that horrid old paper. I want to talk to you a little bit. I haven't had a chance to-day."

"Very good reason why," from behind the paper. "You've been so busy entertaining that weak-headed young Englishman, Fitzarthur, that you haven't had time."

"Umph!" snaps Dorothy, her ire aroused, "I had to talk to some one. You were so eager

to show that insipid Miss Cushing and her sister the beauties of St. Mark's and the Grand Canal that you left me no choice."

"Well, I had to show them some attention," growls Jack, "considering the fact that our families have been friends for years"—then he emerges from behind the paper and continues: "Look here, Dorothy, if we are going to quarrel now over such a trivial matter what might it come to later? If we have discovered so early that we are not suited to each other the best thing we can do is to break the bond before it is too late. There is no use ruining both our lives."

During this speech Dorothy had risen and her black eyes snapped ominously. She looked every inch an angry queen, and had Jack been a weak-minded subject he would have quailed before her. But he does not quail, not one bit, only looks more sullen and rises also.

Then Dorothy tosses her head scornfully and says in freezing tones:

"Mr. Harvey, you only forestalled me in the expression of an idea that has just settled itself in my mind. You are right; we can no longer be happy together and I will relieve you of the further embarrassment of my presence. I leave with Nannette on the Orient Express to-morrow morning *en route* to New York." With which speech Mrs. Dorothy sweeps out of the room in high dudgeon, and slams the door after her.

Jack paces the room for a few moments, then takes up his hat, rushes downstairs, out on the landing that serves the hotel for a veranda, and hails a passing gondola. The boat swings gracefully into the landing steps, and as she comes to a standstill the swarthy captain asks: "Where?"

"Anywhere," says Jack, "only keep moving," and he flings himself into the little cabin in such a reckless manner that had it not been for a quick, skilful movement on the part of the gondolier they would have been upset.

They swing out into the broad water-way and are soon swishing along merrily past the decaying old palaces once the pride of the fair "Queen of the Adriatic," who seem to regain their ancient splendor under the generous influence of the southern moon. On they speed around sharp corners, into little alleyways, just missing the buildings as they turn, and Jack finds himself wondering what the consequences would be if two of these frail crafts should come together at such a speed.

At last they sweep out into the Grand

Canal—the playground of Venice. Gondolas large and small decked with many colored lanterns are floating to and fro in ever changing figure. The tinkling music of the mandolin and guitar, sweetest in their native southern air, comes stealing over the waters. It seems to Jack like a bit of fairyland with its light and life and music that he is permitted to behold.

It grew late. The big red moon was half lost to view in the distant sea. The boats were fast disappearing, and Jack gave the signal to return. The gondolier was, to use Jack's expression, "drilling her up" in lively shape. They were just about to turn one of the sharp corners when another gondola swung into sight.

Both gondoliers shouted and strove to stop their boats, but in vain. There was a crash, and the other gondola struck broadside, and was upset. Jack heard a woman's scream and caught a glimpse of a white scared face just disappearing beneath the water near the other boat. In a twinkling his coat was off and he was in the water. He swam to the spot where he had seen the face, and when it appeared again he grasped the woman by the hair and struck out for his gondola. By the aid of the gondolier he lifted the unconscious, dripping figure over the side and then clambered up himself. Not till then did he look at the figure he had drawn from the water. He turned, and there on the deck, half-drowned, lay his wife.

"Great God, it's Dorothy!" Then he turns to the gondolier and cries: "To the Hotel de Europe, quick!" and that worthy seeing his scared face bends to work with such a will that they do the distance in a gondola record-breaking time.

Jack carries Dorothy to her room in his strong arms and orders everything that he can think of, or Nannette can suggest, as restoratives. After an hour's feverish work they are rewarded by a faint glow of returning life. Her eyes slowly open and rest on Jack who kneels beside the couch. Then gathering strength she lays her hand on his head and says in a weak but contrite voice:

"Jack, dear, we—were—very foolish."

"We were," says Jack, and his voice was tremulous.

"But this is the last time, isn't it darling?"

"It is," assents Jack and kisses her. "Fitz-arthur and Cushings will never part us more,"—and the sea shone again.

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Reporters.

—By the death of Right Reverend Joseph Rademacher, D. D., the Church lost one of her most devoted sons, an earnest worker and a noble man. Until the time of his unfortunate illness the bishop was one of the most active members in the American Hierarchy. He felt keenly the grave responsibility that his exalted position placed upon him, and with unwavering zeal strove to fulfil every duty, labored to spread the light of that faith to which his whole being was given, and longed only to see his fellowmen rise higher and higher in the knowledge of those things that make life a journey towards a haven of rest rather than a pilgrimage to an unknown desert. In questions involving principles of right and wrong he was firm in whatever position he considered right; yet, his kindly disposition enabled him to overlook the faults of others, and in his large heart there was room for only one feeling towards his fellowmen, and that was a feeling of love, a yearning to help them. Without ostentation he was attractive in manner; without affectation he was affable. Whether performing the high duties of his exalted office or in meeting a friend, he was the same genial person, with a smile expres-

sive of kindness, and a modesty that would grace the humblest hermit. By the clergymen that labored under his direction he was held in the greatest esteem; by the members of his flock he was loved. A tender remembrance will prompt the Catholics of the Diocese of Fort Wayne to beseech for him that peace of which no man can tell.

—The formal opening of the new session occurred last Sunday. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the college church by the Rev. Vice-President French, and a forcible sermon was given by Very Rev. President Morrissey.

—It sounds very much like a fairy tale, but this time it is the truth,—we are to have a rollicking glee club. There is no reason why we should not have a good organization. Many an evening when crowds get together on the campus or in the gymnasium they give abundant proof that there is material for a glee club. Last Wednesday evening a few students assembled in the music room and there was no end to the songs, dances and music they had. At least fifty men must be at the meeting to-night for organization of the club. Everyone that can sing is invited to come up; everyone that can play on any instrument is also invited to come up. If you can't sing or play, come anyhow and hear what the rest can do. There is a good time ahead whether you take part in it or not.

—Now, men of the athletic teams, we are right with you again. There is no privilege the SCHOLASTIC will not ask for you, no assistance in our power that we will not readily give to you, no honor belonging to you that we will not bare our arms to protect. The season starts with bright prospects for both track and baseball. Mr. Engledrum says that the men doing the sprints and the long runs are the fastest crowd of runners we ever had. In baseball we have all last year's team with the exception of two members, and there are many new candidates that are likely to do some great things. Mr. Charles S. Stahl, who has played with Boston for the past four years, is in charge of the baseball team and will coach them until the season opens. At present the men will not do any more than very light work, and just enough of that to put away stiffness.

The Beginning of the Twentieth Century.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

It is remarkable in view of the thorough discussion of the question, when the twentieth century begins, and the unanimity of all authorities upon it, to find "H.," in the last number of your paper, advancing the idea that we are now in the twentieth century.

The Christian era was first used by Dionysius Exiguus, an Italian monk, about the year 526. Computing back from his day, by the aid of such data as he possessed, he determined the period that had elapsed since the Incarnation. The date of the Incarnation, he called March 25, A. D. 1, and he and all others who followed his method of computation, called the day preceding February 29, B. C. 1. The vulgar era, which we use, begins the Christian era with January 1 in the year 1, A. D. of the Dionysian era, so that the date of the birth of our Lord, according to the vulgar era, occurred on December 25, B. C. 1.

According to the vulgar era, the first day of the first century was January 1, A. D. 1, and the last day of the first century was December 31, A. D. 100. The error made by "H." and others is in the implicit assumption that the first day of the first century was January 1, A. D. 0. There is no such year historical as 0, A. D., nor is there such a year historical as 0, B. C. The last day of the year 1 B. C., December 31, was the day before the first day of the year 1, A. D. January 1. The first year of the Christian era began on January 1, A. D. 1, and ended December 31, A. D. 1; for the first year of the Christian era is the year 1, A. D. The second year ended December 31, A. D. 2; the third year December 31, A. D. 3; and the hundredth year December 31, A. D. 100. So that the first day of the one hundredth and first year was January 1, A. D. 101, which was thus the first day of the second century. Carrying the computation down, it will be seen that nineteen hundred years will not have passed since the first moment of January 1, A. D. 1, until the last moment of December 31, A. D. 1900. Until the nineteen hundred years have gone by, we are still in the nineteenth century, and we will not reach the twentieth century until the first moment of January 1, A. D. 1901.

It is to be noted that in making his computation, Dionysius erred, so that the real date of the birth of our Lord is some four or

five years before the beginning of the Christian era. The death of Herod, which occurred after the birth of our Lord, is now fixed by all historians in the year 4, or 5, B. C. The birth of our Lord, therefore, happened either December 25, B. C. 5, or December 25, B. C. 6., some nineteen hundred and three or four years before December 25, 1899.

E.

Knowledge More Powerful than Wealth.—
A Negative View.

This question involves the relative power of wealth as compared with knowledge. It is not to prove that wealth is preferable to knowledge, though it probably is to a large majority of persons, but merely to decide the actual power of wealth and knowledge in the world to-day,—whether riches are more potent or mightier, generally speaking, than learning, or *vice versa*. I admit that wealth is the more powerful, and I think you will agree with me when I say that the universal creed of the times is, "Seek ye first the almighty dollar."

To cite an example of the power of wealth as an incentive to effort, I would mention the commission A. T. Stewart gave Meissonier to execute a painting of Napoleon at the height of his glory. He agreed to give him \$150,000 before he lifted a brush. To-day this painting is considered the masterpiece of France's greatest artist of the 19th century. There can be no question but that Meissonier loved his art for its own sake, nevertheless, it was money that incited this his noblest effort to take form, and to leave him undying laurels in the annals of French art. Every day and in every place we see what wealth may accomplish; and what we do not see we read of. England consults Rothschild whether she may go to war or not, as the success of conflict requires means as well as men. England, also, in the war of the Revolution, hired Hessians to fight her battles.

We can all of us place instances of where money was a deciding factor; but how many times is knowledge so? To be sure, the rich man, if he makes his own money, must be possessed of knowledge of some kind, though it need not be of the erudite order, and to that extent, I grant that knowledge and wealth are inter-dependent. But the man of means can employ the best talent, while the man of learning is helpless without means of support. In other words, money can buy learning, but

can learning buy money? It would seem a fact that knowledge is a slave to wealth.

The power of money over man to-day, more especially over those engaged in politics, is so great that it has come to be a common saying that every man has his price. And this is by no means a paradox, but rather a rule that proves its worth by occasional exceptions.

To come down to a pertinent example of the power of wealth and knowledge, I may say that a hungry man will certainly prefer corned beef and cabbage to Greek roots. When his appetite is appeased, he will appreciate "the feast of feeling and the flow of soul," but before that he will always choose "the feast of feeding and the flowing bowl." From this it is very evident that knowledge may fill a man's head, but that it can not fill his stomach. And as the necessities of life are supplied by the purchasing power of money, money, or its equivalent, is of vital importance to existence. We can live without knowledge, but we will certainly die if we neglect to eat. This may seem a low comparison for a subject held in such universal esteem as knowledge, but as the question is of power only, I think it is permissible. Let me recall to your mind these words of Owen Meredith:

"A man may forget the land of his birth;
The face of his first love; the bills that he owes;
The twaddle of friends and the venom of foes;
The sermon he heard when to church he last went;
The money he borrowed, the money he spent,—
All these things a man, I believe, may forget,
And not be the worst for forgetting; but yet,
Never, never, oh never! earth's luckiest sinner
Hath unpunished forgotten the hour of his dinner."

It must be borne in mind that money is nothing more than a medium of exchange for the commodities of life, and of itself has no real but rather an acquired value. So that from this point of view, we really are considering knowledge *versus* the necessities of our state of life—one very desirable, the other absolutely essential. So, in this particular, we see that a necessity is immeasurably more absolute in its requirements than that which is merely desirable, and consequently it is more powerful. The one is necessary to life itself, the other only to its successful fulfilment. Of course we all know that knowledge is a power, and a power to be reckoned with; but it is labor that grinds the wheels of commerce, and money is its equivalent. And commerce, in turn, is entirely dependent upon the productive classes, as indeed, is the world. J. S. M. H.

Three More Taps Needed.

In the last few years especially, college writers have been continually rapping on the table in their editorial rooms to call up the old college spirit. Although it may occur to some that the practice has gone far enough, we are going to make one more try here before we abandon all claims to acting as a medium for our old *Alma Mater*. This time we do not wish any one to accuse us of averring that there is any lack of loyalty on the part of the student body, for we freely admit that there is a plenty of that. Granting that much, however, there is still room for complaint that college spirit is lacking. There is too much indifference in many respects. Everyone is satisfied to see all endeavors made here prove successful; but there are too few that give any effort toward earning the coveted success. The kind of college spirit we should have is that feeling that prompts every man to do his just share in pushing things along. We should be united in every effort. So far as athletics go, we do well enough. The support given our teams is generous, and no complaint need come from that quarter. Turn aside from that one point, and look at the other things that call for your attention. There is the band to be kept up if we desire to have lawn concerts when the fine evenings are ushering in the close of the year. There is the orchestra, that is to give some new music at each play to be presented in Washington Hall. The mandolin club needs to be revived and reorganized; the glee club needs members to fill many vacant places. The SCHOLASTIC, the old friend of the students, would like a little more support than the bare legal allowance; for the general indifference in regard to contributions during the last two years is gradually bringing us down from the high place won by Casey, Cullinan, Reilly, Slevin, Marmon, Murphy, Bryan, and other energetic writers of a few seasons gone by. The days for preliminaries to select representatives for the intercollegiate debate and for the preparatory school debate will soon be dawning, and the best endeavors must be given to preparation by those that wish to defend our honor on the occasion of the contests. The college song,—well, everyone here knows that, and there are several copies of it left over. But there are a great many other small affairs to be looked after, so let everybody take a hand.

Exchanges.

In skilful handling of plot and cleverness of construction, the short story, entitled "The Greater Prize," that appears in the *Yale Courant*, excels any thing we have found in others of our exchanges this year. The happy and unexpected close to which it is brought, leaves a very good impression on the reader, and brings the hero out of an extremely delicate situation in a felicitous manner.

* * *

An instance of how very different opinions may be formed concerning authors is afforded by two articles referring to Kipling, one of which appears in the *Columbia Literary Monthly* and the other in the *Stylus*. The *Stylus* man makes Kipling the master writer of America in verse and fiction. The writer in the *Monthly* takes an opposite view, and declares him "primitive and immature." He does not approve of Kipling's philosophy or his system of ethics, and denounces his view of life as altogether too low. While our views do not coincide with either of these men we must acknowledge that they have presented very strong papers.

* * *

A valuable addition to our exchange list is the *Fleur de Lis* from St. Louis University. Although still in the first year of its existence, this paper gives promise of soon being able to claim a prominent place among college journals.

* * *

We hope the young ladies in charge of the *Agnesian Monthly* will hurry the publication of their January number so that we may soon follow the continuation of the story "To Them that Wait." The *Monthly* is a contemporary that we admire very much.

* * *

Fraternal in every respect is our greeting to the *Skylark* from Notre Dame Academy, Waterbury, Conn. This newcomer in the college literary world is but another evidence of what clever things girls can write if they only take up the pen and make the attempt. While the young ladies at Notre Dame Academy may spend much time at needlework or something of like nature, that would never appeal to us, they do not for this reason neglect their English training, any more than we, who give much time to football and track work.

Personals.

—Mr. James Cooney (A. B. '90) and wife of Toledo, Ohio, spent two days of this week at the University while on their return from a visit at Chicago.

—Joseph Haley (LL. B. '99) made his first speech in the court room a few days ago. The *Fort Wayne Journal* says he is bound to win, and refers to his effort as a "concise and thorough presentation of the facts." Good for Joe! We hope it is but the first step in a successful career.

—Mr. Clinton F. Rose (student '83) was elected Democratic chairman of the first district in this state on Jan. 9. How well Mr. Rose stands in the estimation of his fellow politicians is attested by the fact that it took only one ballot to give him a large majority. While we never mix in politics, we wish Mr. Rose all possible success.

—Recently we received the sad news of the tragic death of Edwin P. Hammond, Jr., student '88-'89. Mr. Hammond was one of the most promising young men of Lafayette, and the press of that city bespeaks universal regret for his untimely death. His mother was the first graduate of St. Mary's Academy and a convert. We extend sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family.

—Reports from all sides are adding to the list of Notre Dame's sons who have gone forth to serve their country on the battlefield. Prominent among them was Louis W. Mohun, Corporal of the 9th United States Infantry, who lost his life at Manila, November 29. The *Washington Evening Star* says that "his appointment as lieutenant in the regular army on the recommendation of his officers was only a question of a few weeks; and it is regretted he did not live to receive the straps he so honorably earned. His mother and sister have the sincere sympathy of the community."

—Captain Joseph O'Neill, now in command of the 25th Infantry, at the Philippine Islands, is making for himself a record equal to that of any of our veterans who went through the civil war. He is a born fighter, and, excepting the few years that he was here at college, spent most of his days with the army. He came to Notre Dame in 1880, and four years later graduated in the scientific course. His father was in command of a fort on the frontier at that time. While here O'Neill was a captain in our cadets. Soon after leaving he was appointed to the office of lieutenant in the regular army. He has remained in the service ever since. In the battles of El Caney and San Juan Hill he took a most active part, and his bravery won for him his present appointment. The latest cablegram from Gen. Otis announces a victory won by Captain O'Neill's men at Iba on January 6.

Card of Sympathy.

Since God, in His all-merciful wisdom has seen fit to enter the home of our classmate, Mr. Albert Kachur, and take unto Himself his father, we his classmates tender to the members of the sorrow-stricken family our heartfelt sympathy.

W. F. O'CONNOR,
JOHN MULLEN,
EDWARD HAY,
ROBERT FOX,
JOHN LILLY,
JOSEPH SULLIVAN,—*Committee.*

Local Items

—A game of basket-ball was played in the Carroll Gym last Sunday, which resulted in a tie.

—Unfortunately the "end of the century" controversy has been introduced into Sorin Hall.

—Hereafter band practice on Thursday morning will be immediately after Mass instead of at 9.30 a. m.

—A jury box sufficiently large to accommodate twelve good men and true has been added to the law room equipment.

—If Schott will not discard that loud sky-piece of his he should either be shot or arrested for disturbing the peace.

—If the person that inquired for basket-ball would visit the Carroll Gym some night, he would soon see what had become of the game.

—A movement is on foot to send "Boots" to Ladysmith. His track-team experience would greatly assist him on his return journey.

—Let every student resolve to himself that he will not get any demerits this session, and reason from the result how weak human nature is.

—New students are kindly invited to see the editor and submit any items of interest they may be possessed of for publication in the SCHOLASTIC.

—Remember, young man, the ambition to be a sprinter is not the only thing to strive for in life. We must have a few baseball players and high jumpers.

—The Glee Club this year is going to be a rouser. Everybody, help it along. Let every one that can, attend the meeting in the music room this evening.

—Very Reverend President Morrissey has the thanks of the Minims for a valuable addition to their library, which is a personal gift from the head of our Faculty.

—The Carroll Hall reading-room has been stocked with a number of the latest games.

The boys take great pleasure in staying inside on stormy days playing these games.

—Many of the boys are homesick since their return, but that will soon disappear when the recollection of their pleasurable visit home shall have fled from their minds.

—Prof.:—"Why is the letter E like London?"

Student:—"Why, I think they are both the capital of England."

Prof.:—"Very good. Go to the head of the class."

—Mr. and Mrs. T. Connolly of Chicago, Ill., presented the Minims with a well-trained parrot that is highly appreciated by the youngsters, and also added to their library ten volumes of Bancroft's works.

—The boys of Carroll Hall seem to be inspired with a fresh vigor for study. This can be readily seen by the way in which they apply themselves to their books so soon after vacation. The Hall is being rapidly enlarged by the entrance of several new students.

—The course of lectures on art will be resumed next Thursday in the University parlor at five p. m. Professor Paradis will speak of the different schools in the history of painting, explaining the characteristic tendencies of each one. There should be a good crowd in attendance.

—The story of Parrhasius and the Captive would never have been written if the famous painter could only have seen the expression on Shag's face while he is performing on the parallel bars. No tortured man ever wore such a woe-begone, agonized look, and none but the greatest artist could ever reproduce it.

—The ax is busily hewing down many of the old cotton-wood trees in front of the Grotto. Old students will regret to see them go as many pleasant hours have been spent under their shade during the hot summer. Several of the trees still stand, however, and we can still seek a shady spot near the Grotto when old Sol again beats down his pitiless heat.

—The new bell in Corby Hall is perhaps a great improvement over the old one which required a great deal of muscular stimulus to make itself audible to all. We must say, however, that the Corbyites consider it a great contrast to the belles they have been hearing during vacation; the rings of the latter were perhaps not so wide yet they made deeper impressions.

—The case of Smith vs. Brown came up for trial in the justice court Wednesday afternoon and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff. James Fogarty and Frank O'Shaughnessy were the attorneys in the case and acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner, especially in their speeches to the jury. The next case on the docket is looked for with much interest, owing to the fact that it is one of the most complicated cases that has thus far been given

out. Ragan and O'Shaughnessy will appear for the plaintiff, while Locke and Kuppler will look after the interests of the defendant.

—The pupils of St. Edward's Hall recently enjoyed a sleigh ride to South Bend and participated in a banquet at that city. While there they were shown through the Studebaker wagon plant, and were presented with a neat little book containing the history of the works.

—From Mrs. T. Connolly of the Auditorium Hotel at Chicago, comes a very neat gift to our Very Reverend President. It is a facsimile of the Tiffany Chapel painted in water-colors by Joseph Lauber. The Tiffany Chapel was one of the most unique displays in the Manufactures and Liberal Art's building at the World's Fair.

—Local reporters will please remember that their weekly contributions are due on Thursday morning. It seems to have become fashionable to wait until Thursday to write them and hand them on Friday. This is too late, boys. Do your writing Wednesday night, and you will have it off your mind before the "rec" day arrives. At the same time you will save some one else a great deal of trouble.

—Professor Edwards has received many valuable relics for the museum during the last few days. Rev. V. Arnould of Canton, Ohio, presented a piece of an old vestment brought back from Manila by one of the soldiers. It is made of curious old brocade, and is a very valuable relic. Rev. C. Van der Donckt of Pocatello, Idaho, presented the head of an old crucifix which had been found in the streets of Manila. It is of carved wood, and shows the work of an artist. He also sent a prayer-book found in a church at Manila.

—The Anti-Specials' next move in the line of athletics, will be the organization of a basket-ball team. These youthful athletes should have great encouragement as all know of the reputation they gained for themselves last fall. The manner in which they conducted themselves on the football field showed them to be exceptionally skilful in the playing of that game. Let us get together, and give them plenty of encouragement, for they are a credit to their Hall and to the University.

—Now is the time to get wise on track records, if you are to be in college form. The students of Sorin Hall have opened up a bureau of information on this subject, and Mr. Thomas F. Dwyer of Worcester, Mass., is in charge. Mr. Dwyer has seen all the great runners from the time of Murcury to Aguinaldo and can speak with historical accuracy on the subject. We give the new student that is ignorant of track games a hunch to get on the righthand side of the genial Dwyer, and he will be wise therefor.

—"I never permit myself to become sad," said John Forbing, as he sat breaking bread

at the noonday meal. His friends at once became attentive, for John is one that makes no idle remark, and it is well to note closely what he says when in a thoughtful mood. "No," he repeated, "I never allow myself to become sad," then he lapsed into silence again. "Why is that?" asked one whose face became flushed at the boldness of his own question. Forbing raised his eyes and noticed the confusion in the face of the young man; the benign smile on his own face put the young man at repose, then he replied, weighing his words carefully—"What's the use?"

—Count José and his interpreter, Guyac Ipicac Forbingski, have just returned from a tour throughout the States. The Count speaks highly of the treatment he is receiving from the American people, and thinks them exceptionally hospitable. Wherever he went he found the business outlook very encouraging, and he foretells that the United States will fully revive from the recent panic within a few months. Labor is scarce in the West, and that is a sure sign that the times are bettering. The Count will remain in the city a few days, the guest of His Royalty, the Turk. Several elaborate festivals have been arranged in his honor, and society is promised a gay time during his stay here.

—A reporter called to see Coach Stahl the other day, but that gentleman was in no hurry to be interviewed. At the same time, however, we believe that he is only waiting until a later opportunity presents itself, and then there will be something worth talking about. There is a lively crowd of fellows working under Mr. Stahl, and when he has had time to tell them a few of the many things he knows about the national game, everybody can give an interview about the team, for they will play the style of ball that is written up in the papers. There is no lack of confidence in the coach, and everyone at Notre Dame is sure that he will give us a team that will play ball after the fashion of the "Bean Eaters" who carried off the national pennant a year ago.

—As there was some mistake in the gymnastic schedule published in last Saturday's SCHOLASTIC, Director Weiss has given us the following to be printed as the correct order for classes. For Sorin, Corby and Brownson Halls, the hours will be the same, and are as follows: Sunday, 2:30-3:45; Tuesdays and Saturdays, 10-11, 11-12; Wednesdays and Fridays, 3-4:30; Thursday, 2-3:30. Carroll Hall students will have their hours as follows: Sunday, 3:45-5; Tuesdays and Saturdays, 3-4:30; Wednesdays and Fridays, 10-11, 11-12. Thursday 3:30-5. St. Edward's Hall on Monday from 11 to 12. There is no class on Sunday, but the gymnasium will be opened at the hours mentioned above and for the students of the halls as named in their order to go in and work for themselves.

—We are now on the home stretch; there are many for whom the session that we have just entered upon will be their last at Notre Dame. They will go out into the world and may not come back this way for many years. To those we would suggest that they walk about the campus as much as possible these few months, select a tree that they will call their tree, and keep in mind the height and dimensions of that particular tree, and when they return in after years they will have the pleasure of observing how much this tree has grown if it has not been cut down in the meantime.

—The proper thing for those in charge of the gymnasium to do is to see to it that the track room be properly heated. When the room is so cold that a man would require an overcoat to feel comfortable in there, neither the track men nor the baseball team can do any desirable work at practice. If the candidates work under such conditions the result will be to make them sore and stiffen them so that the practice will be more of a detriment than a benefit. With the present outlook for good teams we can not afford to take any chances of putting our men in poor condition early in the season merely because of neglect to keep their training rooms properly heated. It should be made a custom too, to have the track room warm on Thursday and Sunday mornings for the baseball men, so that track and field candidates will have exclusive use of it in the afternoon. This suggestion has been offered us by several of the men trying for positions on the teams, and we publish it in the hope that it will not go unheeded.

—The Turk sat quietly in his room getting "facts in case" and finding what the "law says" about one of the proceedings of the Moot-court. After he had been studying for some time he thought he would get the opinion of one, Teddy Asphalt, on the subject. When he attempted to open the door he found it wouldn't budge. He tried his key, but the door was unlocked. Then he pulled and jerked until the door fairly creaked under the enormous strain, but still it would not open. When he heard a giggle out in the corridor he was terribly enraged. He twisted with all his might, but the knots in the rope only became tighter. Words that Webster never knew came over his transom. Then the fellows began to worry about what he might do when he came out. So while he pulled, a sharp knife severed the rope, and the terrible Turk landed with a thud on the back of his neck. When he came out into the hall everything was quiet. He pranced up and down the corridors and vowed vengeance on the instigators of the trick.

—Tennyson never tires telling of his Christmas vacation. His stock of experiences seems to be almost exhaustless. But there is one he never ventures to tell. A show struck his town

one night, and wherever there was a fence or tree, and on every barn could be seen the gorgeous posters of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was a great event in the town, and such a catastrophe as missing it would never occur to Tenny. He brought one of his many lady friends and spared no means or expense whatever in order to please her. He bought peanuts and red lemonade for her to keep her from crying when Uncle Tom was being whipped. The manager was seated next to him counting the number of people that came in. Tenny was from college, so he aired his intelligence in telling the manager what a sad and successful play it was. Tenny's interest became centred on the stage the minute the curtain arose. He was heedless of his surroundings until he discovered that he had been missing time, and his overcoat was an unknown quantity. Watch, overcoat and manager were missing. He jumped up and tried to stop the play, but the dutiful guardian of the place ignominiously ejected him from the house. His pleas to have his money refunded and watch and coat restored were in vain. The show disbanded after their performance that night, and Tenny is at a loss to know where the manager is located.

—Last Monday evening the beautiful residence of Big John was the scene of an unusually brilliant *fête*, the like of which has never been recorded in the annals of Notre Dame society. Big John gave a pink tea in honor of his friend Mr. Stahl. The carefully numbered guests began to arrive soon after seven o'clock and were received by the host who in turn presented them to his room-mate. John received in a beautiful frock, grey trowsers and a smile. His bulky physique made him look very stately, and his charming personal bearing was in keeping with his appearance. Promptly at eight o'clock the guests marched down to the dining room to the strains of an Irish jig played by Mullen's orchestra of two pieces, Mullen—and his violin. The spacious dining room was beautifully decorated. From the chandeliers to the corners of the room were drawn streamers of the prevailing color, green. The flower in this room was the tulip, and it was tastefully placed at various places in the room. At each plate was a bachelor button, a very appropriate flower. After the elaborate tea had been served, the guests returned to the parlor where they intended to play Fox and Reese. About that time the orchestra began playing "Oh! where is my leetle dog gotten to." This was too much for the old Irish patriots. Bidding the host a hasty good-night they rushed pell-mell through the gate, and in their excitement forgot to close it. The breaking up of the party so suddenly was a severe blow to John, but worse than that, the evening zephyrs were out in full blast and blew so fiercely through the open gate that they froze all of John's maple trees.