

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## To Them That Watch.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN.

"For some must watch, while some must sleep."

WHEN men withdraw into that other land,—  
That place of dreams by mystic breeze caressed,  
Where troublous care is soothed by sleep's kind hand  
And weary limbs are wrapt in peace and rest,—  
Then half-deserted, through the lonesome night,  
Our great, cold world seems lost upon her way,  
And lingering hours a-longing for the light  
Drag slow their length until the coming day.

Then nurses, second mothers, sit beside  
The cots where men their sickly moods must lay,  
Where fitful fever gentle sleep doth chide  
And withered pain drives hopeful dreams away.  
Here watch they with a generous, patient care,  
And minister what comfort hands do know,  
Lay sweet relief to rigid sufferance there,  
And o'er the troubled mind, mild unction throw.

Ah, kindly souls, how slight this cold place takes  
Your noble worth! 'Twill not be ever so.  
That Night of nights wherein no man awakes  
Will soon be come—that time when you will go  
Lay down the burden of all earthly things  
And sink into an everlasting sleep.  
Then, gentle friends, may angels spread their wings  
Above your cots, and there the night-watch keep.

## Mr. Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca."

JOSEPH P. SHEILS, 1900.

WE are accustomed to think that when a master hand has once treated a subject, or expressed a beautiful thought, there is nothing more to be said in regard to it; that there is but one way to present that particular idea, and the master has discovered that way, and settled forever all doubts concerning the manner of its expression. Most of us sit idly down to contemplate the artist's work, and while we admire its perfec-

tion we say to ourselves: "That is what I have felt many a time, but I could never give expression to it." Now and then, however, another man wishes to tell the same story or bring up the same image, though not at the time expecting or even hoping to surpass his model. If his work be a failure we call him an upstart; if successful we praise him on account of the difficulties that attend an imitator.

Mr. Stephen Phillips has just brought out a play entitled "Paolo and Francesca." His material consists in the unlawful love of the two chief characters, Paolo and Francesca, and the death of the lovers as told by Dante. When we learn that his subject is taken from something that Dante has forever made beautiful we are somewhat surprised at the audacity of the young poet; but when it is announced also that the story is no less than that of Paolo and Francesca, whose names have become immortal, we begin to tremble for this man. And what has he done? When we have seen what he has accomplished we can not but admire the young poet's work, to whom all the more praise is due that he selected a story which had been so beautifully told before there was small room for improvement.

To say that Mr. Phillips has succeeded is speaking guardedly. Dante tells the sad tale of these two lovers in about twenty lines; Mr. Phillips takes this material, and constructs a drama in four acts full of beauty and strength.

We might think that Dante could have left nothing unsaid, and yet this play is more than mere words; words, words. He has not wasted time in writing it, for it does tell us more about the characters than was known before. Such words as these concerning Francesca—

This child  
Hither all dewy from the convent fetched,  
and again Francesca's words,

I  
Am innocent as yet of this great life,

My only care to attend the holy bell,  
To sing and to embroider curiously,

do not by any means leave the impression that she has "seen life." All through the play she is almost a child in many ways.

The work is thoroughly original. Although the material is taken from Dante, still the poet tells us about the characters in his own manner. The principal persons of the play are Giovanni Malatesta, tyrant of Rimini, Paolo, the young brother of Giovanni and dearly beloved by him, and Francesca, the young girl who early in the play becomes the wife of Giovanni. Besides these three, who appear also in Dante, Mr. Phillips introduces two more who have a great deal to do with the action. These are Lucrezia Degl' Onesti, cousin to Giovanni, and Angela, a blind and aged servant of the Malatesta.

The story of the play differs little in the main from that set forth by Dante. Giovanni, who is busy with affairs of state, when he is about to wed Francesca sends Paolo to conduct her from her home to the palace of the Malatesta. Paolo falls in love at first sight of this beautiful creature "scarce yet awake upon the world," and his passion grows with every moment of her presence. He fears his own weakness, and endeavors to excuse himself from the marriage ceremony and feast by saying that he is needed at once to take charge of his departing troop. Giovanni will listen to none of this; and Paolo, not wishing to give the real cause of his haste nor to offend his brother, at length consents to stay. Lucrezia, who at one time loved Giovanni, and perhaps even yet possesses a spark of the old fire, comes to warn him of the danger of a marriage with one so young. Her words, "Youth goes toward youth," make a strong impression upon Giovanni, though he is not conscious of this, and they sow the first seeds of suspicion and unrest. The forces in the rise of the action come quickly now. Angela, who is a clairvoyant, desires to speak to Giovanni. She tells him that Francesca will be faithless to him; and that her lover

Shall be  
Not far to seek: yet perilous to find.

Unwillingly he comes a-wooing: she

Unwillingly is wooed, yet shall they woo.

His kiss was on her lips ere she was born.

GIO. Who used thy mouth then and so strangely spoke?

O this is folly! Yet it weighs me down.

This is all the information she can give in regard to the lover, yet we can see that Giovanni is touched to the quick.

In the next act Giovanni confides his suspicions to Paolo, and tells him what Lucrezia and Angela have said in regard to Francesca and her lover. While they are talking Francesca comes in. Giovanni is called out of the room soon afterward, and the two young persons are left together. Then follows a strong scene in which Paolo shows his dread of Francesca's presence, and she discovers her power over him, but she is not able to understand it. Paolo leaves her hurriedly and sets out to join his troop. When he is gone Giovanni enters with Lucrezia and attendants. He begins to tell Lucrezia of the scene with blind Angela, and between them they try to fix upon the guilty lover. Lucrezia at last suggests Paolo, and at the sound of that name Giovanni is stupefied. He endeavors to accustom himself to the thought, and a flood of memory of their youthful days sweeps over him and he swoons. The next scene discovers Paolo in an inn out of Rimini. His brain is bewildered, his thoughts confused, and but one desire has taken possession of him:

I can not go from her; may not return.

O God! what is Thy will upon me? Ah!

One path there is, a straight path to the dark.

This is his decision, yet the thought is distasteful to him that he should be brought before Francesca with marks of violence on his body, so he has recourse to a certain Pulci, a drug-seller of Rimini. It so happens that the night he goes to the drug shop, Giovanni goes also to procure a potion that will attract to himself forever Francesca's love. Giovanni arrives first, obtains what he wants and is about to depart when Paolo comes to the door. Not knowing who the new-comer may be Giovanni hides himself behind a curtain and listens to the conversation that takes place between his brother and Pulci. When he hears Paolo confess that he is the unwilling lover spoken of by Angela, he can hardly restrain himself from killing his brother on the spot. A conflict of passions takes place within him, and when Paolo asks for the poison Giovanni is tempted to show himself and save his brother. The consideration of his own and Francesca's welfare, however, determines him to let Paolo go to his death as the only "relief," as he calls it. Paolo goes off with the poison, but does not drink it at once; instead, he goes to the palace to see Francesca for the last time. Giovanni leaves the shop soon after his brother, and on the way home is met by a messenger with news that arouses his fighting blood and takes him off to the war at once.

The next scene discovers Francesca in the garden just as dawn is beginning to break. Hither she has come, unable to sleep, to read some tale of love. Paolo enters softly and calls her by name.

FRANC. Paolo! I thought you now  
Gone into battle dim, far, far away.  
PAOLO. And seems it strange that I should come, then?  
FRANC. No.  
It seems that it could not be otherwise.

These are some of the finer touches of this new poet. There follows one of the most beautiful and striking passages in the play:

PAOLO. What is't you read?  
FRANC. It is an ancient tale.  
PAOLO. Show it to me. Is it some drowsy page  
That reading low I might persuade your eyes  
At last to sleep?  
FRANC. It is the history  
Of two who fell in love long years ago;  
And wrongly fell.  
PAOLO. How wrongly?  
FRANC. Because she  
Already was a wife, and he who loved  
Was her own husband's dear familiar friend.  
PAOLO. Was it so long ago?  
FRANC. So long ago.  
PAOLO. What were their famous and unlucky names?  
FRANC. Men called him Lancelot, her Guinevere.  
Here is the page where I had ceased to read.  
PAOLO. (Taking book.)  
Their history is blotted with new tears.  
FRANC. The tears are mine; I know not why I wept.  
But these two were so glad in their wrong love:  
It was their joy; it was their helpless joy.  
PAOLO. Shall I read on to you where you have paused?  
FRANC. Here is the place; but read it low and sweet.  
Put out the lamp! (Paolo puts out the lamp.)  
PAOLO. The glimmering page is clear.

Paolo and Francesca now read alternately the story of Lancelot and Guinevere, and at the end he bends and kisses her on the lips. Giovanni returns the next day and learns from Lucrezia that Paolo has been at the palace. His anger at Paolo's deceitful conduct as he deems it turns quickly to hatred and a desire for revenge. "I will be wary of this creeping thing," he says. "Yet I'll be no assassin. I'll wait to find them in each other's arms, and stab them there enfolded and entwined."

Lucrezia directs him to give out that he must return at once to the scene of battle, but instead of doing this to watch around the house. Giovanni follows her advice and conceals himself. Francesca left alone seeks the company of Lucrezia and begs her comfort and protection in the danger that she feels is overhanging her. Lucrezia at first tries to trick the girl and aid in the plot she had

arranged with Giovanni, but she can not long resist the appeals made to her as a woman. All her bitter feelings are converted into one overwhelming passion of love for this poor unguarded girl. Through the whole play this woman Lucrezia is a remarkably strong character; but especially at the end does she prove herself worthy of our sympathy. Here she says to Francesca.

At last the long ice melts, and O relief  
Of rain that rushes from me! Child, my child!  
I clasp you close. . . .

. . . . it was not all in vain,  
The holy babble and pillow kissed all o'er!  
O my embodied dream with eyes and hair!  
Visible aspiration with soft hands;  
Tangible vision! O art thou alive,  
Francesca! dost thou move and breathe? Speak, speak!

Soon after this Lucrezia goes out to seek Giovanni and prevent the intended crime. As soon as she is gone Nita, the maid, comes in to sit with Francesca. While they are talking Paolo comes to the door and asks for her, but she has a presentiment of coming danger through him and so refuses him admittance. Paolo, however, does not go away, but walks to and fro in the passage without till Francesca can bear it no longer and tells Nita to admit him. Nita leaves the two together. When she returns the room is empty, the two lovers having gone into a room beyond. Lucrezia enters hurriedly and looks about the room. Giovanni had hidden himself so well that he could not be found, and Lucrezia fears that he may be even now watching those two. Trembling with fear and apprehension she staggers toward the curtains of the next room. As she pulls at them Giovanni steps through. They face each other for a few moments, then Lucrezia sees blood upon his hands. "'Tis not my blood!" he says. Then follows a wild scene. Giovanni calling for marriage lights and tapers and in a crazed way proclaiming the marriage of the two lovers. They are borne in dead on a litter, and as Giovanni looks upon them now a feeling of great loneliness and pity comes over him, which is beautifully expressed in the last words of the play:

GIO. (Going to litter)  
Not easily have we three come to this—  
We three who are now dead. Unwillingly  
They loved; unwillingly I slew them. Now  
I kiss them on the forehead quietly.

LUC. What ails you now?

GIO. She takes away my strength.  
I did not know the dead could have such hair.  
Hide them. They look like children fast asleep.

## Varsity Verse.

## SWEET DAYS OF SPRING.

HOW oft in balmy days of Spring,  
Beneath the oak-tree's budding shade  
I woke to hear the robins sing—  
Their sweet notes filling all the glade.

And Nature, in her garb of green,—  
The pinky baldric of the skies,  
The dazzling sun with glorious sheen—  
Did speak of God and Paradise.

The rippling music of the rill,  
Like angels' laughter from above,  
Seemed wafted down my soul to fill  
With happiness, with peace, and love.

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But Spring is gone, and Summer's past,  
And Autumn's bright days too have fled;  
And Winter's here with bitter blast,  
And Earth seems mourning for her dead.

And days are dark, and sad, and bleak,  
And nights are chains of endless pain;  
With aching brow, and bloodless cheek  
I cry: "O Spring, return again!"

O'D.

## SUICIDE.

When Fate in angry mood has frowned,  
And gathered all his strains around,  
The sturdy Romans cry:  
"The great, who'd be released from pain,  
Falls on his sword or opes a vein,  
And bravely dares to die."  
But when beneath life's heavy load  
In sharp affliction's thorny road,  
Mid thousand ills that grieve;  
When dangers threaten, cares infest,  
When friends forsake, and foes protest—  
'Tis braver far to live.

P. J.

## IN PASSING THROUGH.

Oh! may my soul in passing through  
This earth above it rise;  
To me may earth be but the path  
That leads to Paradise.

And when the calling Angel bids  
Me pass from this dark Night,  
Oh! may my death be but the gate  
From Darkness into Light.

C. L.

## SNOW.

Shadow and shade for the Autumn,  
Tears for a Wintry sky;  
Gloomy and dark is my spirit—  
Why?

Sitting alone on an oak-tree  
A grey owl flutters and coos;  
A name dashes over my memory—  
Whose?

A face rises up from my fancy,  
I never can answer you how,  
But I wish it were cast in oblivion—  
Now.

D.

## Behind the Morning-Glories.

ANTHONY F. DORLEY, 1900.

"Yes, John," said his aunt, "you ought to get married. You are past thirty now with a growing practice, and—I am sure you would have little trouble in making a desirable match."

The horses just then turned down a wooded road in the midst of scattered farms and fields that smiled complacently in the hush of evening. The young man seemed in a deep study of the dusty hedge that retreated swiftly on his side of the road, and he said nothing. This was the first time his aunt had spoken to him about his possible love-affairs, and he was at a loss what to say.

"There is Mary Foster," she continued, "young, very rich, and some people think her—"

"Sentimental and a little bit silly," he interrupted hopefully. "I hate silly girls."

"Well, how about Helen Eames," she persisted unabashed. "I admit she is not a beauty, but I always liked Helen."

"Bad temper," he replied, surprised at his own ready knowledge of the flaws in their village belles. "Extremely bad temper. I really believe my aversion to any but sweet-tempered women is inherited."

He smiled and looked at his aunt, but she did not seem to appreciate the jest.

"I am in earnest, John, and this is not a matter to joke about."

Just then they drove slowly up a steep hill under tall sycamores whose leaves glistened in the evening sun. Through the trees, the red roof and the ivy-covered chimney of a villa that stood on the outskirts of the village became visible.

"There's Captain Houghton's daughter," said the old lady pointing in the direction of the villa. "I often thought your visits to the old Captain were more frequent than his gouty foot would warrant, but—he must be convalescing."

The old lady's eyes twinkled mischievously and she took a furtive glance at her nephew. That young gentleman seemed to find renewed interest in the dusty hedge and a blossom-laden laurel bush across the fields.

"I once hoped that you and Julia—"

Her remark was cut short by a forward lurch of the horses. John gave a cut of the whip at

the little barking cur whose attack had startled them, but it was some time before he brought them back into their slow, steady trot. They reached the top of the hill from which they had a charming view of the village and the farm-checked valley in which it lay. As usual in their evening drive he pulled up the horses, but, instead of turning to admire the picture outstretched below, his eyes lingered upon the red roof and the ivy-covered chimney that now stood in full view.

"Look at me, aunt Molly," flashed John, turning suddenly, "and tell me what chance I have with our village girls beside the smart set of young fellows we have in town,—a bachelor of thirty-two, far from handsome or even passable, just a little bit near-sighted, and, worst of all, gray streaks are already appearing among the few hairs I still have. Why, only the other evening I called to see Jane Gorman, and in the course of our conversation she asked me to shift my chair a little. I looked at her inquiringly, and she very frankly told me that the reflection from my bald head hurt her eyes."

John attempted to laugh good-naturedly at this joke at his own expense. His aunt thought the laugh sounded rather forced and bitter, but she could not repress a smile.

"I will persist in smoking around the house, as you know, and I read a great deal, so I would surely be denounced a perfect bore. As for dispositions," he continued after a pause, "you remember, Aunt Molly, that even you declared I was the worst-tempered boy in the world. I have improved somewhat, I admit, and by careful training I can expect to possess a *perfectly lovely* disposition by the time I am fifty or thereabouts."

Aunt Molly sighed hopelessly in the face of such opposition, and the silence during the next few minutes was unbroken. The horses were whipped up, and they soon passed Capt. Houghton's villa. John's heart beat quicker as he saw a lithe, girlish figure among the morning-glories that shaded the veranda. He raised his hat, and Aunt Molly answered the "good evening" that Julia called to them as they drove by.

"She is the prettiest girl I've ever seen," was the old lady's remark with a glance at John. In his heart he agreed with her entirely, but he seemed busied with the reins and a bad portion of the road, so he discreetly said nothing.

That evening after supper Dr. John Martin sat in his room with his cigar. In spite of his

laughing retorts to his aunt's kindly attack earlier in the evening, strangely pleasant thoughts of a girlish figure, half-hidden by a mass of morning-glories, would shape themselves—mystical, dreamy, like the wreaths from his cigar. He suddenly crossed to the door and locked it stealthily, as though with a sense of uneasiness, then from beneath a pile of papers in a drawer of his desk he pulled out a photograph and looked at it long and intently.

"She is deucedly pretty," was his mental comment. "True, the Captain can't leave her much—but I am not poor—"

After a time he impatiently put back the photograph and burst out angrily: "Bah! those smart young fools will hang about her continually." But in spite of it all, he did not realize until then how deep and hopeless was his love for Julia Houghton.

John heard his aunt calling him from the bottom of the stairway. He went down and found a young friend, Will Palmer, in his office.

"Hello, Will—nobody sick at home, I hope?"

"No, Doctor, we are well, thank you."

"Sit down and have a cigar," said John, as his friend stood nervously fidgeting with his hat. There was a pause during which Will studied the figure of the carpet.

"Fact of the matter is, Doctor, I'm in an awful fix and I want you to help me out," Will finally said, with a careworn, hopeless look.

"Why certainly, Will, what is it? Anything wrong at the store?"

"No, business is unusually brisk. It's something else.—I'm thinking of getting married," he blurted out after considerable hesitation. "Now don't smile like that or you'll rob me of the little courage I have left. I called to see her last evening with the intention of telling her everything, but she did not seem to understand. I beat around the bush for a long while—yes, I'll admit it—looking for some little help, but the word would not come. All I succeeded in making her comprehend was that I had something important to tell her, and I said that I would write her everything."

John listened amused at the apparent discomfiture of this big, handsome yet bashful fellow, and his eyes gleamed.

"That's the notion," he remarked by way of encouragement, "send her a nicely written note, and—well, that will surely fetch her."

"That's just it. I've spent all the afternoon beginning a score or more letters and destroyed every one of them. Seems as though—"

There was another pause during which Palmer transferred his study from the carpet to the ceiling. John thought he finally understood his friend's object in coming to him with his trouble, and said with a laugh that he could not hold back:

"Of course, if I can help you out in any way I will gladly do so. But, by the way, who is the young lady lucky enough to win our rising young merchant?"

"Julia Houghton, old Captain Houghton's daughter."

John was filling his pipe from a tobacco box on the mantel as he asked the question. The pipe suddenly dropped from his hands and broke upon the floor. He muttered something about its being the best pipe he ever had, and stooped to pick up the pieces with his back toward Will. When he again turned to his visitor, his face was as calm and composed as usual.

Will Palmer left soon after with John's promise that he would write and mail the letter of proposal. Will had been called away to New York that afternoon on important business, and it was necessary that he leave on that night's train. They decided that John use his typewriter in order that Julia might not notice the difference in handwriting, and add some apology for this unconventionality.

When Will was gone John went to his desk and again fished out the photograph. He looked at it for awhile and then buried it deeper still in the lowermost drawer.

"She is not for me," he said with a sigh.

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"One from a lady," said Aunt Molly laughingly when she brought John his morning mail at breakfast two days later. He indifferently looked at the address written in a modest feminine style, and at once recognized the handwriting of Julia Houghton. "I wonder what she has to write me," he muttered to himself. He wondered still more when he had opened the small, scented envelope and read the short note. It said something about his letter being a surprise, and ended with, "call to-morrow evening and receive your answer."

John read the letter again, looked at the address to make sure that it was for him, and then folded it carefully with a most puzzled look on his face. Of course, Aunt Molly wondered from whom it came and what it was about, but he seemed unusually interested in an article at the bottom of his newspaper that completely concealed his face. She thought

him for once provokingly uncommunicative.

John thought there must be some mistake, but in spite of long pondering he could not solve the mystery. How could she possibly connect him with that letter? How should she know the words were really his—the outpouring of his own soul? His office was unusually warm and stuffy, he thought, and the medical journal before him never seemed so dry and unromantic. Finally in despair he took his hat and walked over to Will Palmer's shop, but that young gentleman had not yet returned from his journey.

Fully an hour before he could with propriety call at Captain Houghton's house, he carefully brushed his best hat, took a second peep in the looking-glass over his wash-stand and left the house, stealthily avoiding Aunt Molly. He lengthened his walk by taking a round-about way; in fact, at one time he caught himself walking in an entirely opposite direction. Now and then he would stop, wondering and trying to think what was to come.

It was a soft spring evening, and the moon lingered in the trees of a neighboring wood when he finally reached the house. She met him at the door. He seemed not to hear her invitation to be seated when they reached the parlor, but stood holding the back of a chair.

There was an awkward pause. "How stupid of him," thought Julia. It was a most embarrassing moment for John.

"I come in answer to your note," he finally said. "I must admit, Miss Houghton, that I do not quite understand it."

She looked at him in blank surprise and with a slightly heightened color. John trembled when he thought it must be an angry flush. She did not reply at once, but hesitated a moment, then drew from her bosom a letter and handed it to him.

"Can't understand my note after writing me this?"

"John recognized the letter of Palmer's proposal, and with as much composure as he could command he read it through. Just once he interrupted the reading and looked up. She was leaning slightly forward and some of its color had left her face. When he reached the end he understood it all. To his utter horror he saw that, absent-mindedly, he had signed his own name.

John stood dazed for what he thought a very long time, and only gradually he became fully conscious of his surroundings. When Julia handed him the letter she stood before

him proud and tall. She was seated now, with her face in her hands sobbing as though her heart would break. He rushed to her side and lifted her up, and then he did something that his Aunt Molly would undoubtedly have denounced as positively foolish—he passed his arm around her slender waist and folded her to his bosom. She struggled to get away, but he held her fast. It did not take him long to explain all about the letter and he added much more, while through the open window came the soothing whisper of the morning-glory vines gently swaying in the evening air.

"You dear old goose," she said, smiling through her tears, "I've loved you all along, but I—I though you never cared."

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Unrecorded History.

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, '01.

While Sherman was passing through Georgia on his "celebrated march to the sea," great consternation prevailed throughout the state. Many of the terror-stricken inhabitants fled precipitately into other states taking what belongings they could carry with them. Those persons that remained did so either in the hope of saving their possessions, or because they could not escape.

In a small town near the eastern boundary lived a family named Clark. The Clark family was one of the oldest in the state, and it had reared many soldiers. Harry, their youngest boy, was not a soldier, but the proud possessor of a goat and a small Shetland pony. The goat and the pony had been his companions for a long time, and he cherished a fond regard for them. When he heard of the approach of Sherman's immense army, which had desolated the fertile regions through which it passed, and seized horses and ponies and all such animals, Harry became very anxious concerning the welfare of his pets.

Many wakeful hours were spent by him in trying to evolve some plan for the defense of these poor brutes. At last our untried and inexperienced warrior came to the conclusion that the best method would be to convert the shed, in which the goat and the pony were quartered and which stood near the road, into a fort. Accordingly barricades were thrown up, openings left in the sides of the shed to let the discharges pass through and the fort was well stocked with ammunition.

All the arrangements were completed the day before the army was to pass through. Before going to bed that night he had examined the fort carefully and satisfied himself that everything was in readiness. Sleep did not come to the small soldier that night for an entire hour. He was busily occupied with his plans until he fell asleep from sheer fatigue; then he dreamt of battles and soldiers until he was called to breakfast.

While Harry was at breakfast the firing of muskets reached his ears. He finished his breakfast hurriedly, and giving his younger sister the signal to follow he went in haste to the improvised fort. The little girl soon joined him, and at his direction took a position where she could reconnoitre the road. The young commander in the meantime occupied another point of observation.

They had been out of the house for more than an hour, and fortunately for Harry's plans, their absence was not discovered. Presently the soldiers were seen coming down the road. Harry became greatly excited. He began to give commands of all sorts to his sister and audibly to himself:

"Keep a sharp lookout, and let me know when they reach the fort," he would say, and then soldier-like: "What are their numbers?"

His sister looked a little scared. "Don't begin to bawl now," he said. As the enemy came nearer and signs of waning courage were evident in Harry—"I wish mamma were here; I wonder if she is afraid?"

Then Harry recalled his fading valor, and in a voice that showed evidence of effort thus addressed himself: "You must fight like grandpa, Harry." The little girl's only reply to her brave brother's many commands was:

"Don't hurt Mr. Sherman, Harry, you know papa likes him.

The vanguard of the army was soon upon them. Harry's courage failed him again. His knees knocked together and his face turned pale. He had not, however, lost heart altogether. The fact that his sister would perceive his weakness and that he owed the goat and pony protection urged him on. He mustered his courage with a final effort, and just as General Sherman was passing the shed he began the attack.

Stones, sticks and lumps of coal began to fly through the air in quick succession, and some of them came dangerously near the General. He was taken completely by surprise. When out of danger, however, he sent a soldier

to investigate the cause of such an unexpected assault. The soldier met with the same reception. Young Clark was hurling the projectiles with both hands alternately, while his sister put the ammunition within easy reach. But Harry soon grew tired, and the fusillade ceased accordingly. The soldier took advantage of his opportunity, and throwing down the barricade he stepped across the moat and entered the stronghold.

The little girl was standing near the entrance with a half-smiling and half-scared expression on her face and pointing to a barrel near by. No other living object was in sight. The goat and the pony were hid in another room and the commander of the fort had retreated. The soldier looked around and seeing only the little girl, whom he knew had not caused the trouble, he followed the direction of her finger.

The barrel to which the child pointed was a very innocent-looking affair apparently filled with sacks and rags. When the soldier threw it down, which he did with some violence, however, he was surprised at its contents; for his brave foeman of a few moments previous rolled out on the ground. The soldier concluded from the retreat of his adversary and his place of concealment that he himself was master of the field, and he placed his captive under arrest. The other admitted his defeat many times and wished to make a treaty of peace on the spot. After many attempts to beg off he finally said:

"Please do not put me in the dungeon, Mr. Soldier, mamma will be mad; she did not know that we were fighting you.

The soldier ignored the remark and informed Harry in a tone that made his teeth chatter, that "he must come along and be tried before court-martial."

Harry was very much frightened when he realized the enormity of his offence—that he had attacked an army of the United States; but the fact that the goat and the pony were not yet discovered cheered him. This consolation, however, soon vanished. Just as Harry and the soldier were leaving the shed the foolish goat began to bah-hah. The soldier of course immediately returned, and after some little searching found both goat and pony. They were lying in a corner covered with a carpet and just enough of their heads sticking out to give them air. Harry bit his lip and said nothing, nor did he cry. He looked on in bitter silence while the soldier removed

the carpet and led out his pets. The soldier then brought his prisoner, the goat and the pony before General Sherman. The famous old General was greatly moved when he beheld the objects approaching him. The soldier, a big, courageous fellow with a very determined look, held a firm grasp of the coat-collar of our little hero with one hand, and with the other he led the goat and the pony. The small prisoner hung his head and followed his conqueror with the air of a vanquished foe.

"Hello, young man, you have been attacking us, have you? And you have wounded and probably killed many of my men." Harry's eyes stole over the soldiers to see the wounded. "Are you aware that the offence you have committed must be severely punished?"

The General would have continued in this strain, but a pleading look from the frightened boy caused him to change his talk to a milder tone.

"Your plan of attack is an ingenious one. I admire your invention and your bravery; some day you will be a great soldier. Take your goat and pony and run home to your mother."

Harry was overjoyed and had only enough speech left after the terrible suspense to say "Thank you, sir." He then led his pets into the yard, and, turning them loose, ran as fast as he could toward the house. His eyes were red and his face streaked where he put his dirty hands to wipe away the tears he had tried so hard to keep back. In his flight Harry gave a last glance at the captured fort, and breathed a sigh of relief.

When Harry reached his mother's room he found her greatly excited and patiently awaiting the return of a servant who had been sent after him. The old servant came in presently, but he was so convulsed with laughter that he could not relate connectedly what he had heard, and was sent away by the indignant mother before he had finished. Harry had recovered somewhat from his fright by this time, and was seated in a corner censuring his sister for her traitorous act in divulging his hiding-place. But when he saw the servant sent away, he felt it his duty to tell his mother what had happened which he did to her great amusement. Harry has been known ever since as the brave commander of Fort Sumpter. He met General Sherman in Atlanta many years afterwards, and the General appeared greatly pleased to see the young soldier then a promising attorney.



## My Search for the Rainbow.

HARRY P. BARRY, 1901.

A storm had passed over from west to east, and the pleasant sun spread his beams over tree and flower. The rain-drops on the leaves sparkled like crystals as the limbs swayed gently in the evening breeze. The meadows were refreshed after the shower. Cumulus clouds loomed up like a great mountain range in the east. I was a child on that day and delighted to gaze on these clouds and imagine them filled with a creation of my own.

The evening referred to here a rainbow had spread its arch from the northern to the southern horizon. I had often heard it said if we were to go to the place where the rainbow came down on the earth we should find silver and gold. I thought I should run to where it came down as it was only a short distance. Off I dashed thinking of the presents I should pick out. I soon reached the place where I thought the rainbow came down, but it was not there. It came down in a swamp a little farther on. This swamp was in the shape of a large basin. It was fringed by a thicket of blackberry bushes. Inside these briars were clumps of wild willows; and in the centre was a black muck covered with shallow water. Reeds and weeds without names grew up luxuriantly in these pools.

I forced my way through the briars with the utmost difficulty. The thorns tore my clothes in zigzag shapes. At times it was almost impossible to move. Little by little I pushed forward until I came to the willows. They offered no resistance. I dashed through them like a deer. The wet leaves slapped me in the face, but that was a pleasure compared with the briars. I sank up to my knees in the muck. The grass and weeds tripped me, and several times I fell head first into the water. However, my spirits were high—in the rainbow only a short distance was a fortune for me. What matter if my clothes were torn? At this moment a cloud floated across the heavens. It looked like an inspector examining the work of the storm. It shaded the sun from the earth. I looked up to see how far I was from the rainbow, but it had disappeared.

The tears rolled down my cheeks as I gazed on my torn clothes. My feet were bleeding and my face was scratched by the thorns in the swamp. I turned around to see where I

was. All objects appeared strange to me, as I had not noticed them while thinking of the rainbow. I did not know which way to go. I was lost in the swamp. This marsh was inhabited by timber wolves; I dare not cry, for I might attract their attention. Darkness soon overspread the swamp, and night came early with a cloudy and stormy sky. I was weary and sat down in a clump of wild willows. There was nothing to break the stillness of the night but the croaking of the frogs and the dismal hoot of the owl. Once, however, I thought I heard some one calling.

My teeth chattered for I was cold and frightened. Just then some one said: "Track him, old boy!" Then I heard something dashing through the pools of water and the tangled brush. The noise sounded like a tornado in the stillness of the night. The noise came nearer and nearer and I stood up to run away, but before I could get out of the bushes our big Newfoundland dog was matching eyes with me. My brother who was following the dog as fast as he could soon came to where we were. He put me on his shoulder and started for home.

When we reached home mother asked me how I was lost. I told her that I had been in search of the rainbow, and how I intended to bring them all presents. She destroyed an illusion; she told me what the rainbow was and that if I went to the end of the earth it would still be a little farther on.

Notwithstanding that adventure I have followed rainbows all my life as others do. In the dim mist of the future we see the object of our true happiness. We rush on toward the object, but, like the rainbow, it is a little farther on. We are always happy in hope, however, and grasp at the mist around us, and at the end of life our hands are empty.

## Widowed.

They said 'twas the month of the roses,  
The beautiful flowering time—  
And as the roses climb on the wall,  
So did your spirit cling to mine.

Again came the month of the roses,  
All dressed in the very same hue;  
And as the roses turn to the Sun-God,  
Still did my spirit turn to you.

And this is the month of the roses,  
For the South wind rustles anew;  
But it bears the frost of December—  
The world is cold without you.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—We are pleased to announce the appointment to our board of Mr. William J. O'Connor, 1901.

—It is gratifying to note the fact that many new men have added their names to the list of candidates for the debating team. There is room for more yet, however, and every long-winded man with a thinking brain to control his fluent tongue should hasten to fall in line.

—The SCHOLASTIC desires to extend its congratulations to the Rev. W. A. Olmstead, Rev. Thomas J. Hennessy and Rev. Michael Biro, the three gentlemen ordained to the sacred priesthood last Thursday. May their labors lead them to that portion of the vineyard where the sun shines brightest and the purple fruits are sparkling in clusters of sun-kissed vines. *Ad multos!*

—By an oversight of one of our editors, which is to be regretted on our part, our publication of last Saturday did not contain the notice of Prof. Thomas C. Trueblood's reading. Prof. Trueblood is the head of the oratory

and elocution departments at the University of Michigan, and was invited by our faculty to favor the students with a reading of one of Shakspeare's plays. He chose Hamlet, and in his interpretation of the melancholy Dane's character, entertained a large audience for more than an hour. A graceful elocutionist, a man with a pleasing voice and finished delivery, is Prof. Trueblood, and he brought forth repeated rounds of applause from his audience for his skilful and dramatic rendering of the lines. The Professor is a great favorite with the students at Notre Dame, and his appearance here at any future time to give us a reading will be looked forward to with much pleasure.

—In the local columns of our last issue a communication appeared in the shape of a query advocating the formation of an inter-hall baseball league. Under normal conditions this would be very desirable, and the SCHOLASTIC would gladly lend all assistance in its power towards furthering the adoption of such a plan. In the light of our past experience, however, it does not appear that it would serve our interests best to give much time to getting up this league. The idea is not a novel one to begin with: it has been brought up at the beginning of every season. We have gone so far even as to form the league, but the expected benefit to be derived therefrom and the enthusiasm to be shown by the various Halls was not forthcoming. In only one instance was there any hall rivalry in baseball, and that was in the days of Combe, Chassaing, Fitzgibbon, McCarrick, and others of Brownson and Sorin Halls, who fought for honors to the close of the season. Other than this the inter-hall games have been productive of little enthusiasm. Nor does there at the present time appear any indications that there is spirit enough among the Halls to make this league what its promoters desire it should be. Hence it seems to us a better and wiser plan for all the Halls to get together and direct their attention to the formation of a strong reserve nine made up of all the best material available outside the Varsity. Let this team be given dates to play the Varsity practice games; let them meet outside teams both on the home grounds and away from home, and it seems that this plan would result more beneficially in the interests of baseball than would the inter-hall league. Communications from those interested will be appreciated.

## Bishop O'Gorman's Lecture.

Last Wednesday evening the Rt. Reverend Thomas O'Gorman, D. D., graced our college stage and delivered his lecture on Dante. The Bishop is an ardent admirer of the Florentine, and has made a critical study of his great world-poem. His lecture is a very comprehensive review of the circumstances that were prevalent in the state of Florence at the time of Dante's life, and of the influence these conditions had in moulding the character of the poet and the effect they had on his subsequent writing.

Before going into the body of his subject proper, the speaker talked at length on poetry in general and the mission of the poet. To detect the inmost mysteries of the world is to hear its melody. To hear this and translate it into words is the poet's work. His material is metrical language and the music of speech and song. The purpose of poetry, as defined by Carlyle, is to see behind the concrete and the finite; he that has enough of the divine in him to do this is the poet. The Bishop then gave his definition of a poet as "the seer that paints and sings with words." And poetry, he said, if true, combines all the other arts.

In speaking of Dante personally the lecturer described him as one born in a society impregnated with Christianity. In his youth he was a hard student and was possessed of great activity. In early manhood he took a leading part in the political affairs of his state, which at that time were in a very tempestuous condition. The effect of Dante's meeting Beatrice and his love for her were discussed thoroughly. The poet, like all great men, was of a morose and sorrowful disposition.

Speaking of the Trilogy, the lecturer referred to it as the great world-poem. In order to show how much it is being appreciated at the present day he cited the fact that thirty translations have been made of it and twenty works written on it within the century. The author named it "Comedy," which meant a village song. The attributive "Divine" has been given to it by posterity. In going over the poem the lecturer did not concern himself much with the structure and form of the poem, but gave the greater portion of his time to discussing the philosophy contained in it. His lecture was listened to very attentively, and was a rare treat to those that were present.

## Ordinations.

Tuesday morning three candidates for Holy Orders presented themselves before the altar to receive their divine commission from the hands of Bishop O'Gorman. They were Mr. Thomas Hennessy, C. S. C., a professor at Sacred Heart College, Watertown Wis.; Gen. William Olmstead, C. S. C., the presiding officer of Corby Hall, and Mr. Michael Biro, C. S. C., a student from the Catholic University.

Tonsure, Minor Orders, and Subdeaconship were conferred on them with all the imposing ceremonies which the Church attaches to these sacred rites. They were then bound forever to the service of God and His Church, and all the duties and obligations of the subdeacon were laid upon them.

On Wednesday morning the three candidates knelt for a second time at the feet of the Bishop. Then amid ceremonies more solemn and imposing even than those of the preceding day, the dalmatic and stole were placed upon their shoulders thus creating three new deacons for the Church of Christ; and on Thursday morning the students of the University; and the relatives of those who were then to be ordained priests, filled the entire church.

The sanctuary was filled with priests of the Holy Cross and seminarians. At eight o'clock the Bishop ascended the steps of the altar to begin Mass, and the three deacons who were to be ordained came forward, carrying on their left arms the chasuble.

They were presented to the Bishop by Rev. Father Burns who, as on the two preceding days, testified to their worthiness. The new clerics received the sacerdotal vestments, and while a choir of seminarians sang the "Veni Creator," the Bishop anointed them with holy oils, and gave to the newly ordained the power to offer sacrifice. They then said Mass with the Bishop, and towards the end of the Mass they received the power to forgive or retain sins, and as a sign that they were now endowed with the fulness of sacerdotal power, the chasuble, till then folded up, was untied and permitted to hang down. Then after giving them the kiss of peace the Bishop said to each of them, what we all felt ourselves saying with him, *Ora pro me*. Father Hennessy, who was a student here a few years ago, will celebrate his first Mass in the college chapel to-morrow.

J. H.

John O'Kane Murray.

In the parlor of the Library is a portrait in oil of John O'Kane Murray, done by Mr. Ferdinand Danton, and presented to the University by the Reverend Bernard Murray of Chicago. Danton has done some excellent work in church frescoes since his arrival in America, in 1869, and the walls of St. Bernard's Church, Chicago, owe their beauty to his hand. In the portrait of Murray, we see deep, luminous eyes and a face that betokened much study and thought.

Born on the 12th of December, 1847, in Glenariffe, County Antrim, Ireland, Murray came to America with his parents in 1854. His boyhood was passed in the turbulent days of Know-nothingism, when prejudice and animosity ran riot in the East and displayed itself on many occasions. This made so deep an impression on his youthful mind, that we find him all through his manhood, a strong and untiring defender of his faith.

His mental faculties were carefully developed. Soon he entered Saint John's College, Fordham, where he began that severe study and confinement which afterward brought on his death. Graduated at Fordham, he studied medicine in the University of the city of New York, and became a practising physician in Brooklyn. But the arduous life of a physician told strongly on his health, and he turned his attention to literature and history, for which he always had a liking. Murray's ambition was too great to pass his life in the practice of medicine. He saw an excellent field open to Catholic apologists, and in this field we find him laboring faithfully.

The Catholic priests and laymen had worked wonders for America, but few knew of it. With the exception of Brebœuf, Jogues, Barry and a few others, the deeds of our Catholic heroes and martyrs were buried in archives or hid in the pages of some ponderous volume. We needed a popular and clear history of Catholicism to brush away the prejudice of a century cobwebbed around our past. Our enemies grew strong in our seeming helplessness, and assailed us in one form or another. Many of us felt that we were right; but for want of proof we were timid about proclaiming this right. We had no time, individually, to search our archives, nor would our opponents seek the work we shunned. Murray saw this great need; he understood the Catholic workers and

the Catholic spirit of America as few men did, and he determined to give the result of his patience and study to his fellow religionists. He had something to say, and in a clear, concise way he said it. He was not seeking renown as a stylist, but truth as a historian. Our early privations and sufferings impressed him, and these he gave to the world. We owe much to Murray's "Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States." It established a basis of refutation, and the Catholic Church recognized the work of the young writer. Pope Pius IX. sent him a medal and a personal letter; for Murray had given the first great impetus to the popularizing of the Catholic history of the United States, and had told our story as we would have it told.

This work was followed by "Prose and Poetry of Ireland," "Catholic Heroes and Heroines," and a number of other works. But this continual study and fervent devotion to history and literature broke down his health, and for six years we find him vainly endeavoring to ward off consumption. In this he was unsuccessful, and he died July 30, 1885.

The popular text books of the day contained many objectionable references to the Church and her institutions. Murray was well fitted by training and study to wage a relentless war on the authors of those books, nor did he stop until all misleading references had been expunged. He did not enter the controversy impelled by religion, but because the truth had been falsified; and he fought for the truth. And as he wrote he was known as a man of firm convictions, a man who would neither compromise nor surrender. If only for this able fight, we should bear him, at least, gratitude; for after he had finished, any Catholic could send his child to the public schools, knowing that the Church would not be maligned. But Murray did more: he set our missionaries before the American people in the white light of just criticism.

Whenever we read Murray it is not to see how he tells a thing, but to know what he says; we do not look for the drapery of his thoughts, but for the thoughts themselves. We like to see the man in his work and understand him. He may not rank with John Gilmary Shea as a historian, yet, had he lived long enough, his pure and unselfish devotion to literature and history would give him a place among the men of letters of his day. In his death, society lost a useful member, the Church a strong champion.

JOS. J. SULLIVAN.

## Exchanges.

Many of our exchanges would do us a great favor if they would make it a point to be a little more regular about putting in an appearance. Some of them have been absent so long that we have nearly forgotten their names.

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According to the *U. of M. Daily* the oratorical board at the University of Michigan has been considering the question of awarding caps to representatives of the University in oratorical contests, and has reported in favor of the proposition. The basis upon which to determine who are entitled to wear the caps will probably be arranged something upon the plan by which athletes determine who shall wear monogram sweaters.

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A new publication called the *Examiner* has been started at the University of Pennsylvania. It will make its appearance weekly, and will be chiefly given to a critical review of all undergraduate happenings. We are informed also that the students at that institution have discovered some clever humorists among them, and have decided to put some of their witty sayings into print in a journal conducted on the plan of the *Yale Record*, the *Princeton Tiger*, and the *U. of M. Wrinkle*.

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The *DePauw Palladium* is glorying over the fact that Mr. Edwin Dunlavy, DePauw's representative in the State Oratorical Contest, carried away first honors. We congratulate DePauw on her victory, and while we bear her not the least envy for the laurels she has gained, is it at all out of place to inquire why it is that we are excluded from competing in these contests? We think we are entitled to be considered among the representative institutions of the state, and if the contest is for the championship of Indiana, why should we be barred?

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The *Wrinkle* has made its appearance again and has many witty remarks and comments on the Junior Hop. The *Wrinkle's* jester is a jolly old fellow and his corps of verse writers can compete with those of any other college publication in the country. We hope this good-natured fellow will visit us regularly.

## Personals.

—Very Rev. Dr. Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., was the guest of Very Rev. President Morrissey last Thursday.

—Mr. Wm. Walsh, of Austin, Texas, was among our visitors during the week.

—Edward S. McGuire (student '99) has entered as a student at Georgetown University, Washington.

—"Joe" Murray, guard on last year's Varsity, is now a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

—Mrs. Sherlock of Chicago was here during the week visiting her son, Mr. J. P. Sherlock of Corby Hall.

—Mr. Thomas Cavanagh (student '95-'97) of Toledo, Ohio, is now engaged in the Real Estate business.

—Mr. Joseph Kasper, Evanston, Ill., was at the University last Sunday visiting his sons of Corby and Carroll Halls.

—It is reported that Mr. Andrew F. Fehr, (student '96-'99) is now pursuing the course of Civil Engineering at the University of Pennsylvania.

—Mr. Henry J. Rahe (student '96-'99) has deserted his old comrades in Bachelor's Kingdom and joined the ranks of the Benedicts. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him all happiness.

—Samuel H. Keeler (student '92) is the regimental clerk and book-keeper of the Seventh United States Cavalry now stationed at Columbia Barracks, Havana. In a letter recently written by him to a friend here he sends the information that since he left here he has been received into the Catholic Church.

—Cards have been received announcing the marriage on Feb. 20 of Mr. George Myers of Dubuque, Ia., to Miss Adelaide Nash of Omaha, Neb. The groom to be is an old student of Notre Dame, known in his days here as a famous baseball player, and a great favorite among all his fellows. He is a brother of Mr. Dorrance Myers of Sorin Hall, and his fiancée is the sister of Mr. Louis Nash, also of Sorin Hall.

—Old graduates of our Law School will appreciate the compliment paid to our Dean in the following item which reached our table a few days ago:

Col. William Hoynes, professor of law in the Notre Dame University and one of the prominent republicans of the Thirteenth Congressional District, was in the city Saturday calling on old friends. This was the Colonel's first trip over the inter-urban, and he enjoyed the ride very much. Col. Hoynes was the republican candidate for Congress against Hon. Frank Shively during President Harrison's first campaign, and made a strong fight in the face of great odds. He is a talented gentleman, and much too honorable to make a successful politician.—*Goshen Democrat*.

## Local Items.

—There will be a lecture on color-photography by Father Maguire to-morrow evening in the college parlor.

—Mr. Jim Mac was asked, the other day, how he would like living in Corby Hall. He immediately replied, "Not for me, anyhow."

—Mr. William O'Connor, Flat B. Sorin Hall, flatly denies that rifle practice has been introduced into the elementary schools of his state.

—The game of basket-ball that was to have been played last Saturday will be played to-day. Culver has a very strong team and a good game is expected.

—Mr. N. Hogan was chosen captain of the indoor baseball team in Carroll Hall. The candidates are working every day. A good swift team is promised.

—The "Preps." of Carroll Hall have a very pretty purple and white jersey. The monograms are expected soon. The letter "P." on the jerseys stands for Preps.

—It may be a good joke to lie in ambush after dark and throw icy snow-balls at the Sorinites. Everything cometh to him who waits, and some of these "fresh guys" will get their deserts.

—"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," so Tennyson says; but don't pay any attention to him young man, if you are wise, because you will be dubbed a "cissy." Turn to baseball or something else intellectual.

—They are gaining on us, fellows, and we will soon have to face them again, those dogged examinations! Better build up the forts a little and be prepared for the attack, for if you are driven back across the Tugela this time it means that you must stay there all next year.

—The Mandolin and Guitar Club of Corby Hall gives some very pleasant entertainments every week in the reading-room. The programs always consist of a few new pieces, so the audience never wants for variety. The next meeting promises to be a treat as the Glee Club will give a few selections.

—The try-outs for the Corby Hall debating team to compete with Brownson Hall, resulted in the selection of Messrs. Higgins, C. J. Ahern and Wolfe. The debate was well contested, and all the candidates deserve praise for the good preparation and thorough knowledge they had of the subject. The team is expected to make a good showing against the Brownson team.

—A protest has been filed at the State Department, Washington, D. C., by the British government against two residents of this locality for a breach of the neutrality laws. The offenders, Herr Von Hochstulfauthen and Anheuser Busch Hanhauser, are charged in

the complaint with raising a set of President Kreuzer whiskers, an incendiary act of the first magnitude.

—A very interesting debate was held in the Law room Saturday evening, between the teams from Holy Cross and St. Joseph's Halls. The debate was to determine who should represent these halls in a discussion with the picked team from Brownson Hall and Corby Hall. Messrs. Cameron, Corley and Egan were chosen. Mr. Raymond O'Malley acted as chairman, Rev. Father Maguire and Messrs. Ragan and Walsh were judges of the debate.

—A FEW "PREPS" DON'TS.—Don't fail to attend the game of basket-ball in the new gymnasium at three o'clock this afternoon.

Don't wait for the band to show you the way.

Don't think that the game will be uninteresting.

Don't forget how well the "Preps" played last season.

Don't think they will disappoint you to-day.

—The talk of organizing an inter-hall baseball league should meet with favor among the different halls. Two years ago a league was organized among the Reds, Whites and Grays of Brownson and the Specials of Carroll Hall. It created much interest around the University, and old students will remember the enthusiasm displayed by the rooters at the games. The Specials won the pennant by a close margin. We may note that two of the Specials and one of the Reds played on last year's Varsity.

—Will some one please remove that trunk from "Baldy's" door? It has already complicated itself in many fights with "Baldy." The latest occurred Wednesday night when he attempted to go down stairs for a pitcher of water. The treacherous obstacle was lurking in the darkness near his door, and as might be expected he unconsciously stubbed into the hidden danger. He lost his equilibrium, and his fancy water pitcher strewed itself into a multitudinous number of pieces along the corridor. He has asked almost every Corbyite if it is his trunk, but no one claims it.

—The final trials for the Milwaukee track-meet will be held in the gymnasium on the afternoon of Feb. 18. It is the intention to charge an admission fee of ten cents for the purpose of purchasing spiked shoes for the track men. The candidates for the relay team will be run separately against time, and the four making the fastest time will run under the University colors at Milwaukee. There will also be sent representatives in the 880 and the mile run. It is hoped that all students will attend the try-outs and show the trackmen they are with them in their work.

—The Minims and ex-Minims held a joint meeting on Feb. 7, and formed an athletic agreement according to which they are to compete annually in track and field events.

This year a series of three meets will decide the championship. Brother Cajetan, Mr. Corcoran, and others, attended the meeting, and encouraged the little fellows by promising all the assistance they would need in carrying out their plans. Trainer Engledrum is giving them his attention during his spare time, and hopes to find among them the future athletes of Notre Dame.

—The graduates have begun to think about what is coming to them when they have finished their school days. The lawyers are all going out West, and will run for something; the literary men will edit big newspapers or sell tickets at the Vaudeville theatre; the engineers will build railroads for themselves or run all night sandwich wagons; the classical men will do nothing; most likely spend their time teaching; the science men will enrich the world with discoveries or make balloon ascensions at country fairs. But no matter what you do, gentlemen, remember there is always some place at the bottom that is not yet filled, and that fifteen cents will buy a pretty fair meal for a hungry man.

—The St. Joseph Debating Society added a parliamentary drill to its programme on Wednesday evening. This was well brought in to show the boys how much they didn't know about parliamentary tactics, and was the source of much beneficial excitement. The debated question was: "Resolved, That the Chinese should be excluded from our country." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Barry, Curran and Claffey; the negative by Corliss, Furlong and McQueen. The debate was decided in favor of the negative. Minute speeches were given by Messrs. Rigney, P. Flynn, Hughes and Finner; impromptu speech by J. McGowan. This was the first time Mr. McGowan has addressed us; and if we can judge from his first speech we feel sure he is a valuable addition to the society.

—Two years ago our genial baseball coach, while in the State of Utah, hired out as farm-hand (What did I do with my last year's salary). His principal duties were to manipulate the hoe in a corn-field. He had often been told weird stories of whoop snakes, but being a resident of Indiana he didn't know any better. One bright afternoon while hoeing away at the corn, to his great surprise he saw a real whoop snake rolling towards him at a terrific speed. He was paralyzed with fright. It was impossible to run to a place of shelter. With the characteristic presence of mind of all Indiana men he placed the handle of the hoe in front of him and waited for the terrible creature. It struck the hoe handle squarely, and in less than three minutes it was swollen up three times its natural size. (Don't look for the joke here, reader; it was on the snake).

—On Friday afternoon, Monsig. Conaty,

Rector of the Catholic University of America, visited Holy Cross Seminary and addressed the students. Both in matter and in spirit the discourse was wholly admirable. Dr. Conaty paid a touching tribute to the venerable builders of Notre Dame, and urged the seminarians to prove themselves worthy successors of those noble men. A lofty ideal of the American priesthood was that which the speaker set before his eager listeners, and his impassioned plea for loftiness of character and intense earnestness in the pursuit of their vocation must have deeply impressed all who heard him. After the address the seminarians were presented to Dr. Conaty individually, and a very delightful *conversatione* ensued.

—It is an unpretentious sort of thing, yet the embryo mustache of our friend Corliss has caused his rivals to turn green with envy. They watch its daily growth and graceful outline in a manner that betrays their chagrin. Some have vowed before the altar of Curran's tobacco pouch to humiliate the haughty Corliss. Secret meetings have been held in the vicinity of B. Leopold's store to devise ways and means for the downfall of the Tammany idol. The spirit of Dick Croker must be with the Gotham representative at all times, else he would have toppled from his lofty pedestal long before this. Though the gentleman in question is under the immediate protection of a personage of a higher sphere, let him beware, lest in a moment of self-adulation, he shall call down the wrath of that worthy upon his head and precipitate himself into the machinations of his enemies. Now an excuse for Corliss' mustache is advanced, and it is graciously accepted by all his admirers.

—James P. Fogarty, the sedate and silent student, from the Pennsylvania Timber and Coal lands was sitting on the bed; Gallagher from the same desolate spot was sitting on the trunk; the others were sitting wherever they had chanced to sit and the conversation was of its usual spirited nature, when the lull came. "Gallagher," said Fogarty, "do you mind the General Washington tree on Beaver Creek?" Now this is the tree that made the State famous because once General Washington tied his horse to this same slippery elm tree and made his dinner off the bark of it, then went swimming in the creek. "Do I mind the tree," said Gallagher, "why, I was brought up to reverence the illustrious spot, and it was from chewing the bark of that same tree that I first got the notion of becoming a statesman." "Is it true?" said Fogarty. "Well, the same notion came to me under like circumstances." Then the legal twain dropped into brown reverie as the future turned up its glittering edges; and they saw themselves sitting and chewing the bark of that tree and thinking of something else.

MANILA, Feb. 5, 1900.

(Another wireless letter to THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC by Gum and the undersigned).

DEAR GENTS:—In your last issue of the SCHOLASTIC, which, by the way, I found wrapped around a Filipino workman's lunch (but which I soon wrapped myself around), I noticed a letter from my old chum, Geegan. It's very strange, but I have not heard from Geegan in a long time; in fact, ever since I saw him last, nearly some time ago. Now Jerry ought not to treat me thusly, but then if he wants to he can, can't he?

Now I would like to tell you a few things that I know. The same day Geegan left Notre Dame, so did I. A nice lovely red necktie that I treasured very highly because of the fact that mother made it out of an old dress, my grandmother's second cousin's grandmother; (what relation has that to this?) used to wear disappeared about the same time; and it appears to me that Geegan could throw some light on the matter. What I want you to do is to write to Jerry and tell him to return either himself or the tie as soon as possible. If he is not willing to do this, he ought to give you some information about whether it has faded yet, or become acclimated, as I do not think the climate of that country agrees with it; and then again, if that Hibernian Regiment comes in contact with it, I think the tie will fade. So please attend to this and save trouble. I'll write again if you don't.

Perhaps you would like to learn something about myself and the other inhabitants of this country, but I won't give you satisfaction. The only person of importance I have not met is Aggy, the cross-country runner. It's a capital idea Aggy is building up. He is continually training, but always demands a handicap. I'm going to follow him over a few mountains some day, giving him a handicap of one mountain, and get a few pointers on his stride and his form. Hoping you are tired by this time and with regrets to my friends,

Yours solemnly, L. WELL OATISS.

—Count Reggio de Meyers, attorney at law, philosopher, and organ grinder, sat himself down in a corner of the gym., his right hand carefully caressing the seven or six hairy-like articles called shrubs, on his nether lip. It was a "rec" day and lacked but a few minutes of the hour for Brownsonites to visit the various Halls. The Count was anxiously awaiting the signal for the departure, not with a view of going on a visit himself, but that he might be left alone. He had selected this hour as the most opportune for perusing the columns of the "Jeffersonville Daily Whoop" peacefully, without being obliged to listen to the rude remarks and unjust criticisms of his friends. However, the Count's hopes of a peaceful hour were shattered when the hour arrived; Wrenn,

Fetherstone and Curry arriving at the same time with an invitation to His Highness to accompany them to Sorin Hall. He demurred at first, saying that he felt unwell and several other things, but seeing remonstrance was useless, finally consented. When the four arrived at Sorin Hall they could not decide which room to visit. Wrenn proposed No. —, but Curry objected, and thus it went on, one proposing, the other objecting, until every room in Sorin Hall had been proposed and objected to half a dozen times. Then the Count, in a last mad endeavor to restore chaos to order, asked Fetherstone in surprised tones why his room had not been mentioned? Fetherstone laughingly said that perhaps he might have a room some day, and then he would be able to extend invitations. But the Count surprised the trio by declaring in an earnest manner that they could not pass it off in such a way; that if they had any eatables, or otherwise, in Fetherstone's room they desired to dispose of without his assistance, to tell him so at once, and he would not intrude. Wrenn tried to persuade him that Brownson Hall was Fetherstone's home, but the Count swore they could not humbug him; he had been humbugged before. Seeing that they could not reason with him they decided to have some fun at his expense. Fetherstone explained to the Count why he had denied having a room, saying that he had not expected a visit from His Highness, and had therefore made no preparation to receive him, but that if he so desired they would repair to his humble apartments at once. To this the Count readily acceded. Wrenn begged to be excused for a minute to see a friend, Curry likewise, while Fetherstone started for the room with the Count in tow. On the way he made some excuse about wanting to see a friend, and told Meyers to go to the room, that a few of his friends were in there and that they would open it for him. Arriving at the number to which he had been directed, the Count rapped and received a sullen command to "come in." In he went, and a few moments later he came out, the party with the sullen voice hugging the Count's throat with one hand and his hair with the other. While the party was thus embracing him, the Count began to think, and thinking thusly, he became enlightened, and figured out that he had been duped. When he was released from the party's embrace, he hastened to the gym., only to find the trio there ahead of him. Curry attempted to console the Count; Wrenn sawed off a hearty he-he to the air of "The Pumpkins that Grew round my Cot;" and Fetherstone finally proposed a visit to B. Leopold. This proposition touched the Count on a vital spot. He was hungry, and arose from the bench smilingly acknowledging that he had been easy, and went up to the store only to find that he had been duped again.