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John Henry Newman.

BY PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

*I can not see my way! The English Church is built on sand, but I can not turn to Rome!—Extract of a letter from Newman to Keble.*

SO he wrote and gazed on the distant sea,  
That lay a sheet of gold in the morning light;  
And then he cried: "God, make my blindness sight!"  
Heart sore and hungry, sick at heart was he,  
And did mistrust that other life could be,  
This side the grave, than shifting sea and land;  
Yet dreamed he not his house was built on sand,  
But often thought on dark eternity.

He always deemed his house was builded fair,  
Until a tempest, risen with sudden shock,  
Rent it; then God made answer to his prayer,  
Showed him, on earth, a city calm and old  
And strong and changeless, set upon a rock;  
And here at last He placed him in her fold.

Newman's Sincerity.\*

MATTHEW A. SCHUMACHER, A. B. '99.

**M**ANKIND does not immediately and fully appreciate the worth of a great man. There is always one point in his life that challenges discussion; very often the contention is ungrounded, but it seems a matter of form that criticism must precede recognition. Perhaps it is best that such should be the case, for once a man is shown to be up to the required standard there is no longer any question about his merit. Contemporary judgment is often misleading; a hero in the eyes of one nation may in the same age be detested by another

\* Delivered at the Oratorical Contest, Notre Dame University, May 31, 1899.

people, owing to existing conditions—time alone gives true merit its place. Newman, while yet alive, was accused of one fault, and that a serious one—so serious, in fact, that the proving or disproving of the charge bore with it the value to be set upon the man. Kingsley made the attack, yet he but represented a large number who held the same opinion. The whole taunt resolves itself into one single thought—was Newman sincere?

I feel I should apologize for advancing this question; it seems an insult to true greatness. But the honor of a man is at stake; nay, the honor of a class of men who are generally branded with insincerity when they enter the Bark of Peter. When false accusations are made, no tongue should be silent till the slander is wiped away. The world must ever be reminded that truth is supreme, and falsehood must be sent whence it came. If you call sincere the man that has but one object in life—the truth—and pursues it till he finds it, then you must pronounce Newman insincere. But if you associate insincerity with the wisdom of the world, I pray you, touch not the name of John Henry Newman.

Newman's whole life was a struggle, an untiring, continual struggle for but one object—the truth. The energy of the man from a lad of fifteen till his last days is simply marvellous; his work seems almost incredible. At fifteen we find him possessed of religious convictions; we find him collecting the opinions of Anglican Divines, taking what he thought good in them and rejecting their weak points, till his youthful imagination became stored with so many views that his vision was marred for many years to come. Why should he begin to work at so early an age and with such persistency? Why not act as other boys and enjoy his youthful days? Simply because he was deeply con-

vinced that he had a work to perform in England, and that to do this work he needed careful preparation. His exertions brought a serious illness upon him, and when, humanly speaking, his life was despaired of, he spoke out with the assurance of one having a good conscience and treading his path securely. "I shall not die," he said; "I have a work to perform in England. I have not sinned against light; I have not sinned against light." Does this sound like the confession of a man that was likely to act insincerely?

What was the work he felt himself called to accomplish? He was called to benefit the English Church. He saw that Anglicanism was not up to the standard proper to it; its doctrines were not sufficiently understood, consequently not sufficiently appreciated. Newman wished to make the English Church a living Church, fully aware of its importance and its beauties, not a tool of the state professing every belief and no belief. It was the religion he was bred in; it was extremely dear to him, hence he took upon himself, upon himself alone and of his own free choice, to set forth in its true light the Anglican position. "I wanted," he said, "to bring out in a substantive form, a living Church of England in a position proper to herself, and founded on distinct principles, as far as paper could do it, and as earnestly preaching it and influencing others toward it, could tend to make it a fact—a living Church, made of flesh and blood, with voice, complexion, motion and action, and a will of its own. I believe I had no private motive and no personal aim."

That is what Newman proposed to himself, and this is how he tried to accomplish it. He began to edit a series of Tracts in which he set forth his view of Anglican tenets. The position he assumed caused great alarm and excitement among the clergy and his dearest friends. They found much that was offensive in the Tracts, and made the fact known; but Newman would not withdraw them because they possessed the truth; he agreed, however, to discontinue to publish them if his bishop so desired; but modify them he would not. I might state here that Newman's obedience to his bishop was remarkable; so entire was it that on his conversion he said to Wiseman that he would obey the Pope as he had obeyed his bishop. Why did Newman's move cause alarm? Simply because the clergy were leading a routine existence and never asked themselves whether they were doing what they

ought to do or not; hence when Newman made assertions that seemed subversive of the old order—but which in reality were the truth—they were stupefied. Surely we can not call Newman insincere, a Romanist in Anglican livery, an enemy to the English Church, because he expressed his opinions on the Anglican doctrines, because he interpreted them rightly.

Newman was not a Romanist till he joined Rome. He was exceedingly anti-Roman in all his works; in fact, he was always benefiting Anglicanism at the expense of Rome—this was one of his principles. In his youth he accepted the notion that the Pope is Antichrist and that the Church of Rome is bound up with the cause of Antichrist; and this thought was with him until within two years of his final step. He deemed it his duty in conscience to protest against her till he was forced to admit she was the object of his search. Even as late as four years before his conversion, he said: "I never contemplated leaving the Church of England; I desired a union with Rome under conditions—Church with Church. I kept back all persons who were disposed to go to Rome with all my might, because what I could not in conscience do myself, I could not suffer them to do." As editor of the *British Critic* he rejoices that none of the writers for the magazine defend the cause of Rome. I think this shows him an Anglican. Again he was convinced that the Anglican position was untenable as early as 1839; yet he did not give up his cause, but sought a new basis on which to rest his arguments.

While seeking a last stand for the cause he was defending, his inquiries were brought to a halt by three circumstances. He was convinced that if the Monophysites were heretics, the Anglicans were heretics also. But St. Augustine had proved the former to be heretics. Next, the bishops were condemning his Tract No. 90, in which he set forth the thirty-nine articles in a Catholic sense and which he would by no means withdraw. Finally, he saw that the Anglican Bishops were sending a bishop to Jerusalem with a view to exercising spiritual jurisdiction over Protestant congregations—that is, Lutheran and Calvinist—and dispensing these sects from renouncing their errors before they were admitted. This last act made Newman seriously doubt the Anglican claims, and he entered a protest against it, saying that such

an act was removing the Church from her present ground and tending to her disorganization; it also caused him to retire to a country parish at Littlemore to consider the doubt that had arisen—for he would not act as long as the doubt remained. But none of these three circumstances caused his final separation from Anglicanism. This sentence of Saint Augustine—"Securus judicat orbem terrarum"—gave him the decisive stroke. Cardinal Wiseman had published an article in the *Dublin Review* on the *Donatist Schism* in which he quoted those words of St. Augustine. The thought that the moral consensus of mankind gives certitude when pronouncing the final sentence on such churches that protest and secede from the original Church, haunted Newman and made him finally submit to Rome in 1845.

Why should Newman exert himself so strongly to support Anglicanism? Why should he make so many sacrifices to attain the truth? We are discussing a great man or we could not deal with these questions. See him alone undertake to renovate a whole Church; see his boldness in launching attacks at his opponents, and his persistency in defending the Anglican cause; see how his whole life is spent for the benefit of his fellows. There was a possibility that Anglicanism might be wrong, but not to the mind of Newman. He saw her as the true Church that must be better known and more appreciated, hence his strong exertions in her favor. He worked himself sick in defence of her; he acted with the conviction of a man that had a burden resting upon him, or that was called to advance a great cause. He showed himself capable and faithful to his trust; then how can we call him insincere? Again, he was impressed with Rome, and felt drawn toward her as early as 1839, yet he did not enter her communion till 1845. Look at the man for six whole years in dreadful suspense, doubting his position in the Anglican Church and not convinced that he should join Rome. Who would endure this mental agony without a supernatural motive? Who but a powerful intellect with the strongest determination to reach a certain end would ever dream of undergoing this strain? But here is Newman patiently waiting for the final moment, and while the whole land is agitating his possible move he alone seems calm; and this man is insincere!

He was exerting an immense influence on clergy and students as pastor of St. Mary's,

Oxford. His word was taken as matter of faith, and spread throughout the land by the students when they left the University. Men that were fellows when Newman entered Oxford as a student were now looking to him as guide and eagerly watching his every movement. He was the object of consideration and comment for all; his actions and sayings were taken up with the interest attached to a national concern; he was the first among the select of the land—despite all this he felt bound to resign St. Mary's at Oxford and take up a country parish at Littlemore. He was advised on all sides not to give up the position while he was doing so much good; but his conscience was paramount, and Newman resigned. How can such action in any possible way be associated with insincerity?

Finally he leaves Anglicanism and joins Rome; but what is he to expect in his change? Here are his own words; they are a summary of his life and the expression of a noble soul strongly moved:

"As to my convictions, I can but say what I have said already, that I can not make out at all *why* I should determine on moving; except as thinking I should offend God by not doing so. I can not make out what I am *at* except on this supposition. At my time of life men love ease. I love ease myself. I am giving up a maintenance involving no duties and adequate to all my wants. What in the world am I doing this for, except that I think I am called to do so? I am making a large income by my sermons. I am, to say the very least, risking this; the chance is that my sermons will have no further sale at all. I have a good name with many; I am deliberately sacrificing it. I have a bad name with more. I am fulfilling all their worst wishes, and giving them their most coveted triumph. I am distressing all I love, unsettling all I have instructed or aided. I am going to those whom I do not know, and of whom I expect very little. I am making myself an outcast, and that at my age. Oh! what can it be but a stern necessity which causes this?

"What have I done thus to be deserted, thus to be left to take a wrong course, if it be wrong? I began by defending my own Church with all my might when others would not defend her. I went through obloquy in defending her. I, in a fair measure, succeeded. At the very time of this success, before any reverse, in the course of my reading it breaks upon me that I am in a schismatic Church.

I oppose myself to the notion; I write against it—year after year I write against it—and I do my utmost to keep others in the Church. From the time my doubts came upon me I began to live more strictly; and really from that time to this I have done more toward my inward improvement, as far as I can judge, than in any time of my life. Of course, I have all through had many imperfections, and might have done every single thing I have done much better than I have done it. Make all deductions on this score, still, after all, may I not humbly trust that I have not so acted as to forfeit God's gracious guidance? And how is it that I have improved in other points if in respect of this momentous matter I am so fearfully blinded?"

In the Anglican Church Newman was surrounded by a circle of admiring friends; we might say he was a lord among worthies, possessing all that man could desire here below, in a position to be perfectly independent—he casts aside all this to embrace the long-sought truth. See him, whom words can not justly describe, fall on his knees and beg a simple priest of God to hear his confession and receive him into the Church of Christ! See him submit to Wiseman who was his opponent in controversy, and acknowledge defeat with the courage and simplicity only found in noble souls. See him leave home and land to work in the vineyard of his Lord. He cuts himself off from a beloved home; he separates from friends that were most intimate with him during the struggle. How could Newman come down to all this, and place himself in such a position? He could not do it if his life were not one of sincerity. He did it because he was ever a man of sound principle and strong conviction; because he worked for but one thing, and when he found it he embraced it. He examined Anglicanism in every detail; he made all the allowances that could be made, but it could not produce what was foreign to it. There was nothing in the system that could give him what his heart and mind sought—he was looking for the truth, and for it alone. He found that Anglicanism could not answer the test of just criticism; it was weighed and found wanting. Then Newman, the sincere Newman, the individual from chief pastor in a "creed out-worn," becomes the last sheep in the true fold.

The Jew and genius Disraeli, speaking in Parliament twenty years after this event, said

that the "conversion of Newman dealt a blow to Anglicanism from which it still reels." Anglicanism was a true Babel when the man who supported her tottering cause so bravely, who was the guide of thousands, was no longer of her communion. No, he was no longer hers; he saw the Light that never fails; he rejoiced and uttered those characteristic words: "Let me give my strength to the work, not my weakness; years in which I can profit the cause which calls me, not the dregs of life. Is it not like a death-bed repentance to put off what one feels one ought to do?" He felt and knew he was called by Him who said: "Come to me all you that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you." In My house "you will find rest for your soul." And Newman weary with his years of controversy and strife now reposed sweetly and quietly on the bosom of Mother Church.

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#### A College Man.

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, '01.

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George Piott was the son of a poor farmer. His father strenuously objected to sending him to college, and consented only after a great deal of persuasion on the part of George's mother. His mother appreciated the advantages of a good education, and persisted with such determination to send George to college that her husband was forced to yield despite the trouble the concession would cause.

When the college classes began, there was seen on the campus and about the halls a tall, ungainly, but intelligent-looking boy. Many weeks passed before the dust of farm and country was brushed from young Piott's shoulders. He was of a genial disposition, however, and before the end of the year had made many close friends, and had applied himself diligently to his studies. He was older than the ordinary boy in college, and he understood the importance of spending his time well. As he was particularly apt at writing, the hard work he did served to improve him greatly in this respect. His numerous contributions to the college paper attracted the attention of the faculty; and when he was awarded the prize for English essays toward the end of the year he received a significant note from the president. He was offered two lower English classes. The compensation would be a sum equal to the amount

of his tuition. The note was a Godsend to the young collegian. All sorts of happy thoughts filled his mind. To be a teacher in so large an institution was an honor in itself, and the compensation was comparatively large.

"Father will be relieved of this great burden, and mother will be overjoyed," he thought. "What shall I do? Will it be better to let them know at once and make both of them very happy—father, when he learns that I am not wasting my time, as he calls it, and mother, because the wisdom of her plan is partly confirmed? No; I shall pursue an entirely different course. I'll deposit the money father sends for my tuition in Mr. Wood's bank, and not say anything about the classes until I have finished college. In the meantime I may be able to make some money in other ways, and, with that received from father, can make them a handsome present when they need it more than they do now."

Piott spent the summer vacation in a college town at a desk in a large store. He found little time to study during the summer, spending what leisure he had in the open air. When classes were resumed in September he entered on his work with a willing heart. The classes he was to teach would interfere with his studies somewhat at first, but as he became more accustomed to teaching he could manage very well.

Three years had passed. The college man had continued to work zealously, and he occasionally wrote short stories for the magazines for which he received a liberal return. He was also the correspondent of a big daily newspaper, and had risen to such local fame that he had a column every Saturday. But affairs at home were in quite a different state. His old father, apparently doomed to disappointment in every undertaking, had made a dismal failure at farming. The farm was mortgaged to the last cent, the fences and buildings were in bad repair, and, worst of all, the old man's health was broken. The troubles he suffered had almost overcome him, and the interest on the mortgage and George's tuition were becoming too heavy a burden. So when George returned to college he found a letter there for him from his mother. The letter contained a check for his tuition and a lengthy account of his father's misfortunes. The information was a great shock to George. He was astounded. No news of such things had ever reached him, and here he was in a fool's paradise, writing and receiving, too, cheerful

letters from his mother. "What a fool I was," thought George, "I have almost killed my father to carry out a childish whim. I must get that mortgage before to-morrow passes, and—no, Christmas isn't so far off, I'll wait until then and take it and what money I have with me as a Christmas gift." The days passed quickly, and at last the Christmas vacation came. The boys were hurriedly leaving. Geo. Piott was among the first.

Away from the noise of his jolly friends George's thoughts turned again to home, and he pictured with delight the happy faces of his father and mother when they would see him. Nearly four years had passed since he saw them last, and especially since this visit was unexpected, he looked for a cordial welcome. Then the consciousness of his progress since he left home cheered him, and the fact that it was Christmas time and that pleasant faces were about him made his trip very enjoyable.

The train reached Eminence in good time. George alighted and hurried, almost ran, down the platform. Presently he was speeding over the city in a cab which, after an hour's drive, drew up in front of his humble home three miles from town. George pushed open the lower door and noiselessly ascended the old stairway to his father's room. A strange stillness filled the house. A low knock was answered by Mrs. Piott who was so affected when she saw George that she could not speak. Large tears stood in her eyes and then followed one another quickly down her cheeks as she brushed them aside and embraced him.

"My boy! my boy!" she sobbed.

Looking over his mother's shoulder George saw a form on the bed. A muffled groan, the form turned so that the light struck it, and George gasped aloud. His heart sank within him. There lay his father pale and emaciated almost beyond recognition.

"For God's sake! mother, what has happened to father?"

The old man's eyes opened at this remark and a sickly smile came over his face. George ran to him and folded his arms about him.

"Father, what has made you look like this? When I saw you last you were well and happy. What great trials you must have had!"

Then, without waiting for a reply he went back to his mother who was almost prostrate with grief and appeared fainting.

"Son, son, you have come just in time. The doctor told me last night that your father

couldn't live long and I was afraid you would never again see him alive."

She would have said more, but her grief was too great. She sobbed violently, but woman-like recovered herself presently. She then told George all that had occurred, and even began to reproach him for not making some effort to help them. Poor George felt like a criminal. The thought that financial troubles had caused his father's sickness and that he was in a position to prevent it annoyed him very much. He was in great distress.

"Mother," he began, after a few moments, "I have been a perfect fool. I have placed to my credit in Mr. Wood's bank a sum sufficient to pay off all father's debts and more too, and here is that infernal mortgage that has troubled him so much." The old woman stared at George in astonishment.

"Can it be possible, George?" she said at last, and George as if to remove the doubt evident in his mother's face about the remainder drew a bank book from his pocket and showed her a balance. Then without waiting for any further explanation she stole softly to the bed and showed the mortgage to the old man.

Before this George's father had been looking at him and his mother with an anxious expression, not understanding what was going on. When they came toward him his expression changed to one of contentment. He could not believe his eyes when he looked upon the mortgage, but continued to examine it carefully. He was almost too weak to speak, and uttered a few incoherent words that George and his mother could not understand.

The physician came back at noon and reported an improvement, and the old man's condition continued to improve until when George was preparing to return to college, he could sit up propped with pillows. Then George was made to give an account of his doings since he left. When he had finished, his father greatly affected at George's story took hold of his hand and looking straight into his eyes said:

"George, you are a noble boy and God bless you for it!"

The old man's voice quivered and his whole frame trembled as he spoke.

When George went out the old gate on his last trip to college his father was sitting upright in bed near the window supported by his wife and waving his hand to George like a child. His face was radiant with happiness.

### Varsity Verse.

#### THE SUN.

THOU wondrous source of comfort, heat and light,  
Ordained by God the heavens to ascend,  
Thro' every realm thy strengthening beams to send.  
First orb of all the universe so bright,  
All living things are nurtured by thy might.  
Nor is 't on earth alone thy rays descend,  
For countless worlds above on thee depend  
To keep them from an everlasting night.

Each day thou comest from the Eastern sea,  
Diffusing life along thy path before,  
And clouds like floating curtains part for thee.  
So beautiful art thou most radiant star  
That erring heathens looking from afar,  
Mistaking thee for God, would fain adore.

W. H. T.

#### SOME WEATHER.

At night we have a blizzard from the west:  
Next day the trees are swaying to and fro,  
Their branches bent 'neath clods of new, wet snow  
Preventing little sparrows in their quest  
Of food. The iceman's harvest time is here  
Again; with haste he gathers, knowing well  
To-morrow will bring changes—who can tell  
The turn of Indiana weather! Clear  
And bright, a morning's sun is hid ere noon  
With clouds; then rain makes mud, and soon  
There's snow and frost; we hear the sleigh-bells ring  
Once more; it thaws next day; the same old thing!  
And thus we've little winters until spring.

A. S.

#### WASHINGTON.

An honest boy, a noble youth,  
The "bravest in the land."  
His country's joy, this "man of truth,"  
Our army did command.

The presidential chair he filled—  
Two terms of honor there,—  
His choicest virtues he distilled  
Through all our country fair.

Immortal e'er will be his name;  
Through all the world is spread his fame;  
And when in Life's great race we run,  
We'll imitate George Washington.

C. L. O'D.

#### FRESH AIR.

I ask you, friend, for I'm no guesser,  
Have you e'er slept or even dozed  
When fifty boys and their professor  
Sat one full hour with windows closed—  
In class-room small, no open transom,  
But steam turned on the live-long day?  
"Oh, Prefect's bell, come to my ransom!  
Give us fresh air!" I hear you pray.

S. A.

#### A VALENTINE.

From scintillating eyes of blue,  
Her tender love to me she sent.  
Embarrassed then my words were few,  
When scintillating eyes of blue,  
As bright as any sparkling dew,  
On me their sacred passion spent.  
From scintillating eyes of blue,  
Her tender love to me she sent.

## The Long-Nursed Boy.

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, 1900.

*(Translated from the Gaelic.)*

Patrick Carey was the name of a man that lived in Ireland long ago, and Nellie was the name of his wife. They had no children, and they were sorry for it, as they feared to die without leaving an heir to their property. They owned two acres of land, a cow and two sheep and they thought themselves wealthy.

One day as Patrick was planting a tree in front of the house word came to him that he was the father of a son. So sudden was the shock, and so much did he take the good news to heart that he fell dead on the spot. Nellie, of course, was sorry and she said to the infant:

"I'll never stop nursing you till you are able to draw from the roots the tree your father was planting when he died."

The boy was called Patrick, and his mother after nursing him seven years took him out to try his strength. He failed, however, to pull the tree. Not discouraged at this she nursed him seven years more, but Patrick failed again. With as much heart as ever she continued to keep good her word, so that when Patrick was twenty-one years of age he was as big and as strong as a giant. The tree had grown too.

"Now," said his mother, "if you are not able for your task I am done with you."

Patrick spat on his hands and grappled the trunk. With the first tug the ground shook seven perches around, with the second came the tree and about twenty tons of earth with it.

"Ah! my heart's delight," said Nellie. "Well are you worth twenty-one years' nursing."

"Now," said Pat, "you have worked long and hard to support me, is it not time that I should try to see you in ease in your old days? Since this is the first tree I pulled, I will make me a walking stick of it."

With a hatchet and saw he prepared the tree, cut it about twenty feet from the roots, and used the underground lump for a head. Altogether it weighed a ton when ready. Next morning, he took his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and set out in search of hire. He went straight to the castle of the king of the Lagan, whom he told what he was about, what he could do,—which was, of course, anything that a mortal ever did,—and hired

to the king on conditions that if he could do everything commanded him for six months he would get as wages his own weight in gold and the king's daughter for wife.

"But if you fail," said the king, "you will lose your head."

"Done!" said Pat.

"There are some oats in the barn," said the king, "and go and thrash till your breakfast is ready."

Pat went in, took hold of the flail which was but as a match in his hand, and which therefore he laid aside to take up a more ponderous tool, his walking cane. He began to thrash and soon the barn was empty. He then went out to the garden to continue his work on the stocks, putting a shower of wheat all over the country.

"For heaven's sake!" said the king, coming out, "hold on or you'll rob me. Go now and fetch some water from the lake yonder, and by the time you are back the mush will be cold enough?"

There were two large hogsheads standing by the barn which Pat took up, one in each hand, and procured the water. The king was astonished. Going to his learned adviser he told him on what conditions he had hired Pat, and asked him what he should give him to do.

"Tell him, answered the sage, "to dry out the lake below, and to have it done before sundown this evening."

The king calling upon Pat gave him this command, which bothered him no more than to inquire what he should do with the water.

"Let it into the glen there," said the king.

Between this glen and the lake there was but a large fence, the top of which was used as a footpath. Procuring a pickaxe and bucket Pat went to work, opened a hole at the bottom of the fence, applied his mouth to it and with one inhalation drew water, fish, boats, and everything else out of the lake, and with an exhalation dropped them into the glen.

The king was surprised when he came down to see the bottom of the lake as dry as the palm of his hand, and satisfied told Pat he could take a rest for the remainder of the day.

That night the learned adviser was again resorted to, and informed how easily Pat had accomplished his task, and thereupon threatened with death if he could not propose some feat beyond Pat's power.

"All right," he answered the king. "Tomorrow morning give him a bill to your brother in Galway, and tell him to fetch you

forty tons of wheat, and be back within twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and cart, and you may be sure he will not come back.

Pat received the command with his usual good will. Everything was made ready, and he started; but as the old nag at her best could travel no more than four miles an hour, Pat dismounted, tied her on the cart which he threw on his shoulder, and off he went over hills and dales, never stopping till he reached his destination. He gave the note to the brother, got the wheat at once, hitched, but at the first tug the mare broke her back. Perplexed, though not discouraged, he put the wheat into the barn again; and at night when everybody was asleep he went to the shore and procured all the boat cables he could find there. These he tied around the barn, making a pair of hangers in which he hitched himself, and off he went, over hills and dales, and he never stopped till he deposited his load at his master's castle door. "No unworthy deposit it was indeed, for it contained hens, ducks, geese and grain, and everything, in fact, belonging to the King of Galway.

"Upon my life this is strange," said the king, looking out at early dawn. "Did you bring me the wheat?" he said to Pat who was standing near the barn.

"I did," said Pat, "but the old nag is dead;" and he told how everything happened.

Now, the king was perplexed, and with heavier threats than ever he went to the sage.

"Tell him," was the answer, "you have a brother in hell that you would like to see, and he must go and fetch him to you; when they get him there you may be sure they will not let him back."

"How shall I know your brother from the others there?" said Pat when made aware of the king's wish.

"He has a large tooth in the middle of his upper jaw," was the answer.

Pat spat on his stick, took to his heels and it was not long it took him to get to the gates of hell. Striking them with his stick, he put them among the devils, and he walked right in. Terrified at his approach Beelzebub at once asked him his business.

"It's the brother of King Lagan I'm after," said Pat.

"Pick him out," was the calm reply.

Pat looked around, but to his surprise he found forty men of the kind he wanted.

"For fear I should not have the right

fellow I will drive them all home, and the king himself will know his brother," said Pat.

He did, and when he got to the castle he shouted to the king:

"Come, pick out your brother from these."

When the king looked and saw the forty fiends, all with long horns, he almost fell dead with fright.

"For Heaven's sake! Pat, put them back," he cried. Pat turned on his heels, began to pelt the old fellows with his stick, and soon he had them safe and sound where he got them.

"If you can not propose how to get rid of Pat," said the king that night to his adviser, "you shall die to-morrow."

"Pray give me another chance," was the earnest appeal, and the Connaught man will not live long. To-morrow morning tell him to dry out the well, and when he is down there have your men ready with the millstone to throw it down on him, and surely that will kill him."

Next morning, of course, this was the king's command:

"You have to clean out the well to-day, Pat, and when that is done I will give you a new hat; it's very shabby that one you have on you is."

This should have been an easy job for Pat, considering how little energy he spent in drying the lake, but he did not succeed so well after all. A little was left at the bottom that was beyond inhalation, and he had to go down for it. Hardly had he reached the bottom when bang! went the millstone after him.

"I thank you very much for the new hat," said Pat shouting up. The axle hole of the stone happened just to fit his head, and he thought it was in fact the new hat, it suited so well. He came up, when he had his work finished, with the millstone on his head, and a proud man he was. This was yet the greatest surprise.

"You are the best servant I ever had," the king said, "and your wages are now ready, for I have nothing else for you to do. My daughter is yet too young to marry, but when she is twenty-one years of age you may have her."

"Indeed then I don't want her," said Pat.

"Now," said the king, "take off your hat and go into the scales till I weigh you out your wages."

"By my troth, I won't," said Pat; "the hat you bestowed on me."



All the gold in the kingdom and three more beside would not suffice to balance Pat and the hat. He agreed, however, on two bagfulls. With one under each arm he made for home, crossing over hills and dales; and when the people saw him coming with the millstone on his head they were surprised, but when his mother saw the two bags of gold its little but she fell dead with joy. Pat began and built a large house for himself and his mother. He made four quarters of the millstone and used them for coignes. His mother lived in comfort till she died of old age; and he himself spent a long life in the love of God and his neighbor.

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### The Trust Question.

WILLIAM A. MCINERNEY.

The solution of the trust question will be the most important issue in the next political campaign. The agitation of this question is no longer a mere murmur of discontent; it has become a very important economic problem.

As is the case with all popular movements, the agitation has been unwisely conducted, and has ranged from a just complaint of existing wrongs to sweeping denunciations of all accumulated wealth. This is the experience of all reform movements. The laboring people, and those of limited means, are the first to feel the effect of any economic disorder. They do not understand social and political questions, and can make no effectual effort to correct the evil.

The great spread of discontent resulting from the formation of trust combinations in this country gives promise of resulting in changes in the control of these companies. The present problem is to learn what changes are required.

The objection to great combinations of capital is their tendency to form monopolies in their respective lines. The result is a complete control of the markets and the prevention of competition. No one attempts to defend monopolies. They are to be avoided on account of the opportunities they afford for injury to the public. They are necessarily despotic, and despotic institutions should not exist in this country.

The fight against trusts must not become an attack against any business requiring large sums of money. Combinations of capital are to be criticised only when they attempt to

monopolize or control commerce. The State has a duty to perform in distributing the profits of production and affording the citizen means to obtain a livelihood. Its duty to interfere in the operations of trade-restraining monopolies is evident.

Such an interference with the actions of great enterprises would not be an unwarranted meddling with private property. The right of property is not so sacred that all other rights must be subject to it; and to say, as many do, that the Federal Government is unable to control enterprises existing under its laws, is to admit a weakness of government which we believe does not exist.

A Federal law directed against the restraint of trade, arising from the prevention of competition or unjust discrimination among dealers would, if enforced, be of much benefit. Greater strictness in granting charters to all corporations, with special restrictions on those of a semi-public nature, would be far-reaching in beneficial results. A careful investigation of the effects of protective tariffs upon imports, with a revision of the tariffs which foster a monopolistic control on trade, are an immediate necessity. Monopolies arise from different causes, and they must be overcome with legislation appropriate to each.

The question is too broad to be solved by a single act of legislation. Many experiments and much investigation must be made to obtain the desired end. This end will be attained, however; but it is not the work of a year. Time will be required and difficulties overcome, but the end sought is worth the labor required in the effort.

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### A Wish.

JOHN L. CORLEY, '02.

(Rondeau.)

Could I but write a single line,  
E'en though no rippling accents fine  
Should live in it; could I but know  
That it would hold a tender glow  
In after days, would it were mine.  
A verse to cling like ivy vine  
Upon Time's wall, or, like the wine,  
To live in age and sweeter grow,  
Could I but write!

That it might live as ages flow—  
Adown life's stream, where ages go—  
To turn a soul that fain would pine,  
To raise a step from life's decline,  
Then some might reap what I should sow,  
Could I but write.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—In accordance with established custom nearly all the Catholic students inaugurated the first Friday of the month by receiving Holy Communion yesterday morning.

—The impressive ceremonies that marked the close of the Forty Hours' Devotion last Tuesday evening were in happy time, coming as they did on the vigil of Ash Wednesday. The effect of this coincidence must have been very beneficial towards putting those that were present in the proper spirit for entering upon the season of Lent.

—During the past year many members of the board of editors have been guilty of passing over assignments without making the slightest effort to fill them. Notice of the assignment is usually given not less than ten days before it is due, and in many instances it is six weeks beforehand. With this much notice the failure to hand in an assignment can, in most cases, be attributed to carelessness. Every man that has his name on the staff is credited by our readers with doing his share of the work towards filling the columns of the

paper, though, as a matter of fact, only about one-third of them have been coming up to the requirements. In order to let our readers know who is doing the work required and who is shouldering it upon others, we shall hereafter publish at the head of the local columns each week the names of those who are supposed to fill up the literary department for the coming week. Credit may then be given only to those that deserve it, while those that close their ears to the cry of "copy" may easily be known to our readers.

—Mr. Daniel P. Murphy, our representative on the Graduate Executive Committee of the W. I. A. A. A., is doing no less in the interest of Notre Dame athletics now than he did when at the University. Though we had separate management of teams in his day, he was nevertheless elected by the students to manage all the teams. He was one of the most interested workers we ever had at the head of our executive staff, and seems now to have lost none of his old-time enthusiasm.

—Mr. Charles S. Stahl, right fielder of the Boston National League Team, who has been coaching our Varsity candidates during the past few months, was called away from the University to commence training for the coming season. During his stay at Notre Dame, Mr. Stahl made friends of all that met him, and his method of training the candidates was highly satisfactory. It is a matter of no small regret that he could not stay with our men all during the season, or at least during the early part of it.

—In the last decade of years a great cry has been raised against the methods of education in our various schools, to the effect that it is not practical enough. While this complaint may be well founded in some instances, it is almost groundless in the greater number of cases. The aim of university education is to broaden the mind and give it a wider scope and better grasp of things. A man with such a mind, even though it be stocked only with theories, will easily reduce them to practice. He will succeed better too, because of knowing the theory as well as the practice, whereas the man of practice alone knows only one side of the question. The former may improve on the practice, the latter must follow it blindly and work like a machine.

### The Mile-Race.

Fred Grant, a Junior, held the mile-race championship at the University of Connecticut. Of course the Juniors were desirous that he should still retain the honors in the meet soon to take place; but Merden, a new man, and representing the Freshman class, was doubtless a dangerous competitor. In some of the preliminaries, Grant found that Merden had wonderful endurance, and consequently, he looked forward to the race with some fear for his laurels. Merden was not a large man, but he possessed a great deal of nervous energy. It is this that makes the athlete, and not the brawny muscles as some persons think. It is this same energy that moves the world to-day.

Three days before the contest the tickets were all sold. The sympathy of all the students, except the Juniors, was centred in the Freshman. Grant knew this, and determined to beat Merden at all hazards: He said that if he could not outrun or defeat him by sheer speed and endurance he would win by "jockeying." Consequently, he evolved a scheme with two of his companions, who were also competitors in the race. They were to take the "pace" and inner track, and force the Freshman to keep the outer track, and so compel him to run a greater distance. If they were not successful in this, they would get him in a "pocket" at the finish. By this arrangement Merden would have a runner in front of him and one on either side, and his chance of getting out of this "pocket" would be almost hopeless.

When the command, "Starters ready!" was given young Merden felt a little excited. He caught the eye of his competitor and seemed to read his intent. In fact, he noticed the features of all his competitors were fixed in a tension of determination. In an instant his own resolutions strengthened. The signal was given, and the starters walked up to the mark with trained step, and when the pistol was fired they sprang forward as if they had been started by an electric shock. Then began the struggle for the inner track. Grant and his companions barely managed to keep Merden on the outside track by running at top speed, and before the quarter mile was reached the runners were panting like deer before the hounds. In spite of the intrigues of the Junior and his associates, Merden forged to the front,

and took the inner track. The crowd on the "bleachers" gave vent to their joy, and yelled with all their might, urging him on. As he ran past the grand-stand his face was flushed, and he was forcing the air through his expanded nostrils like an engine. Words of encouragement greeted him all along the line. The Freshmen yelled out: "Keep the inner track." Do not let them get the pole on you again." Grant was following close. How long could Merden keep the pace? The second turn by the grand-stand—his cheeks were flushed more than before. Thus to the last quarter, when to the astonishment of all he quickened the pace. The excitement increased, for the final test was at hand. Surely the good stout lungs and heart were at their best.

As they made the last turn Grant made a desperate spurt, and took the lead. His friends closed up behind Merden and they had him in a "pocket." Quick as a flash he saw that he was the victim of a prearranged plan. It is one thing to get caught in a trap and another thing to get out of it, but Merden was equal to the occasion. He fell back as though he was out of the race. As soon as he was clear of the "pocket," he made a superhuman effort, and in an instant he was running side by side with Grant again, though on the outside. The tape was only a few hundred feet away. The noise of the crowd became deafening. As they neared the tape Merden set his will, and summoned all his strength for one last dash, and in the intervening ten feet he passed Grant, crossed the line, and the race was won.

H. P. BARRY.

### Around Campus and Buildings.

"Mr. Chairman!" shouted the Chicago man with the long hair and seraphic smile, "Mr. Chairman! Mr. ———"

But the man making a speech in favor of the Boers had the floor, and kept the audience in misery by repeating for the ninth time the same old platitudes about English atrocity and emancipation for Ireland.

"Mr. Chairman!" cried the long-haired student in somewhat louder tones.

Still the Boer sympathizer kept his pace; he was actually growing toward a climax in his address, and, on account of having repeated it so many times, had commenced to believe that what he was saying was true. The usual hub-hub of voices and the spirit of restlessness that generally prevails at meetings of our

Parliamentary Debating Society had subsided. A prolonged snore now and then was the only disturbing feature of the occasion, other than the man who was defending the Boers. So soundly did the members sleep that not even a head nodded during the last hour and a half. The long-haired man, the chairman and the speaker were the only ones awake.

The speaker had reached his climax, and was gently coming back down again—presumably to start and say it over for the tenth time—when the Chicago man grew excited, and this time he shouted with all the force of his vocal apparatus:

“Mr. Ch-a-i-r-man!!”

The Boer sympathizer stopped speaking for a moment; the members were all awakened by the shout, and the chairman looked toward the long-haired man and said:

“Mr. Teddy, you have the floor.”

Then the long-haired man's face relaxed itself into another one of his inimitable smiles. He looked wise for a moment, then turned his eyes toward the presiding officer and said in very measured tones:

“Mr. Chairman, let us pause and see where we are at!”

(N. B.—He has not sufficiently recovered to know just where he is yet; the Boer sympathizer is among the missing; the minute book does not record that any motion was made previous to the adjournment of the meeting, although it contains several resolutions of sympathy for the bereaved families of deceased members.)

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Soberman (Junior Litt.) rarely cracks a joke unless it is an exceedingly funny one; that is, from his point of view. However, Soberman's notion of how far that adjective, “funny,” extends is capable of receiving much cultivation. It was more than two months since he had felt funny, and on that occasion he had thoroughly explained how his father caught cold drinking from a wet saucer and how the atmospheric temperature around a forty-four pipe steam radiator always reminds him of a preliminary debating contest. That was just before the Christmas examinations, and while Soberman was in the editorial room several of the associate editors were within hearing distance. With the aid of some medical assistance and a change of climate, caused by their visit home during the holidays, these unfortunate men recovered their health and had forgotten all about it. Last Thursday,

however, Soberman had another bug in his ear, and came bouncing into the sanctum all bathed in smiles, slapped the office boy a good, resounding belt between the shoulders, and declared that he had another joke up his sleeve. The literary editor rolled out the window backwards; the exchange editor reached for his hat, and said:

“If you'll pardon me, I must hurry—”

“You must excuse me,” said the local man, “I was just going as—”

But it was no use. Soberman had his back against the door and the exit was blocked. The editor-in-chief was vigorously packing a few balls of cotton in his ears, and said:

“Well, fire away!”

“What's the difference between a fat snake and an iambic pentameter verse?” said Soberman.

The office boy looked wise, but the rest of the crowd looked sick. After a seemingly interminable silence the joker said:

“Well, I see you could not guess it in a month, but it's just this: One has no feet at all; the other has five.”

Then he disappeared amid a shower of ink-bottles, old shoes, chairs and other utensils, while the associate editor muttered something about having that sleeve sewed shut before any more of those jokes were let out.

\*\*\*

“It does seem funny,” said the Pol. Economy student on the campus the other morning after the examination reports were read, “but it all depends on what class you commit the offense in.” Then he walked over to the pump near Science Hall, took a good drink of water, and came back to explain: “In Pol. Econ.,” he continued, “we had ten questions; I simply killed nine of them and missed one, and got 90%. In Logic we had ten questions; I got one right, but murdered the rest and got only 15%. Seems strange; but, after all, maybe the Profs. are right.”

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The Freshman lighted his pipe and looked out through the smoking-room window last Wednesday, while the snow fell about an inch to the hour and the wind blew fiercely from the west. “Pretty hard telling just what kind of weather this is we are having this week, but there is no disputing the fact that we are having lots of it,” he remarked; and the Sophomore who was standing by began to scratch his head and try to think of something equally wise to say. PAUL J. RAGAN.

## Exchanges.

The *Alumni Princetonian* has suspended publication until the latter part of March. Heretofore it has been published by the undergraduates of Princeton University, but from now on it will be exclusively under the management of the Alumni, and will appear as the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*.

\* \* \*

The ladies of Purdue University recently issued a special number of the *Exponent* that surpassed anything ever before published at the Lafayette sanctum. The special edition was more than double the ordinary sized sheet, and the typographical work was very artistically done. Each article was accompanied by many pen drawings that were accurately executed and well produced in print. In literary material there was an abundance of clever stories and verses, and some strong, well-written editorials. The regular editors of the *Exponent* will have to put forth their best efforts and brush up their work, or admit that their co-ed. friends are superior to them.

\* \* \*

We can commend the editors of the *Earlhamite* for the excellent number of their paper published on February 10. The first article is an oration on Prince Bismarck, the one delivered by Earlham's representative in the State Oratorical Contest. It is well written and reflects much credit on its author. Another interesting article is "The Count: A Boarding House Tale, Told by a Boarder." The one thing in the number that particularly attracted our attention is the editorial referring to the conduct of the several college delegations that attended the State Oratorical Contest at Indianapolis. The article is written in all candor and fair-mindedness, the author frankly admitting that whatever part in the boisterous conduct Earlham might have taken was wrong, and wisely omitting to offer excuses for it. Moreover, in suggesting a reform, he begins in the proper way by stating that such reform should be practised at home.

\* \* \*

The *Mt. Angel Banner* has an article in its local columns about a certain "Mac" taking a peculiar method of physical exercise. The article is evidently intended for something humorous, and might pass as such on us, if an almost exact counterpart of it had not appeared in our local columns some time ago.

## Personals.

—Mrs. Butler visited her sons in St. Edward's Hall during the closing days of last week.

—Mr. S. J. Brucker (LL. B., '99) is now engaged in business with his father at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

—J. B. Falkner (student '93) is now one of the assistant managers of the W. P. Roberts company at Clayville, Va.

—Mr. John F. Soule (student '73-'75) is now filling a responsible position with the Northwestern Lumber Company, at Hoquiam, Washington.

—B. C. Eldredge (Litt. B. '87) is Superintendent of the Central High School of Fairmont, Miss. There are fourteen grades in the institution, and Mr. Eldredge has fourteen associate teachers under his direction.

—Captain George Cottin, (student '56-'59) who left Notre Dame to serve as a volunteer in the Rebellion, entered the 58th Illinois Regiment as a private soldier, served all through the war, and came out Captain, is now Collector of the Port at Mobile, Alabama.

—Mr. Walter M. Geoghegan (C. E. '99,) is now chief of a corps of engineers at Pittsburg, Pa. After leaving here last June he engaged at once in following his chosen profession. The recognition gained from his employers and his advancement to his present position is conclusive proof of his ability to reach the top before many moons. "Jamie" was one of the most popular men that graduated last year, and his friends will be happy to learn of his success.

—Very Rev. Edward A. Pace, D. D., Ph. D., Dean of the Faculty and Professor of Philosophy in the Catholic University of America, and Daniel W. Shea, Ph. D., Professor of Physics at the same institution, visited with Rev. President Morrissey on Thursday and Friday. They were returning from a conference of various college men that had been discussing what qualifications and requirements should be necessary to entitle a student to the degree of Ph. D.

—Dr. C. M. Johnson, who finished the Biological Course here in '70, preparatory to making the medical course at Ann Arbor, has proved himself a public benefactor to the town of Harvard, Ill. Dr. Johnson has been the leading Physician and Surgeon of McHenry County for the past fifteen years, and in the course of his practice established and furnished the Cottage Hospital. This institution has just closed the eighteenth month of its existence, and in that time seventy-seven operations, all but one of which were successful, have been performed in it. This speaks well for the competency of those in charge of the hospital and for the facilities it offers for careful treatment.

## Local Items

—The literary department of next week's SCHOLASTIC will be in charge of Messrs. J. P. Shiels, J. J. Sullivan, W. H. Tierney and E. T. Ahern.

—The ice-man is forgotten; the snow-man is "it" now, and he is all the rage.

—Mr. Engledrum will be the busiest man at Notre Dame next week, preparing our track men for the triangular meet.

—The game that was to have been played between De LaSalle and the "Preps" has been cancelled by the former.

—Dr. Austin O'Malley will leave for New Orleans, La., next Tuesday to deliver a series of lectures before the Catholic Winter School.

—The golf trousers that flourished so extensively around here about this time last season seem to be a minus quantity just at present.

—The Mexicans and more of our Southern friends that never saw snow before have had a plenty of opportunity to observe it this week.

—The Philopatrians had a merry sleigh ride to South Bend and Mishawaka last Thursday. They were accompanied by Bro. Cyprian and Prof. McLaughlin.

—Higgins and McCormack's room continues to be the scene of Shaksperian tragedies. White and Ahern assume the feminine rôles, and really they are lovely.

—Johnson and Warder present a little sketch every time they are together that may be termed "The Rube and the Kid." They certainly act such parts in a natural manner.

—Notre Dame's representatives left this morning for Milwaukee to compete in the big indoor athletic meet. We have a crowd of fast men who should return bringing honors with them.

—The controller of the newspaper syndicate says that the SCHOLASTIC is no good; that it is capable of answering to most anything that may be said of it. He ought to know, if anybody does.

—Sunday the Minims and ex-Minims will have a dual meet. The youngsters have been training diligently under the hands of Engledrum and Corcoran. The meet begins immediately after Vespers.

—The Junior Crescent Club, under the guidance of Professor Edwards, visited Mishawaka on a sleigh ride last Thursday. All report a pleasant time, and join in thanking Professor Edwards for his kindness in taking them on the ride.

—In changing costumes during the Washington's Birthday play, some one of the actors left a pair of slippers in the dressing-room. They are now in the possession of B. Cyprian, and the owner may recover them by calling

at the Brother's room in the Main Building.

—Wednesday night an interesting game of "rough and tumble" basket-ball was played between the Seniors and Juniors. The score at the end was tie. Next Thursday the "Preps" basket-ball team will meet the Seniors. A good game is warranted.

—The snow along some of our walks is piled up so high that we would only need to put a cover across the pathway to have a tunnel. The SCHOLASTIC advises putting the cover on so that we will have some cool, shady walks when the hot days of summer are at hand.

—All students desiring to utilize their spare time on Thursdays by learning to handle the typewriter should report at once either to the secretary or to the professor in charge of the Thursday classes. There is still room for about four more students in the regular classes.

—The most singular Lenten resolution recorded at Notre Dame is the one made by Percy Wynne. He declares that he will act sensibly at least two days during the forty. Another remarkable resolution is that made by Tom Dwyer. He has decided to work at least an hour a day.

—The laurels won by last year's debating team will not be lost this season, if we can judge from the showing made by the contestants in the preliminaries. There seems to be every indication that we will have a team of talkers on the platform that can not be forced to the alternative of "put up or shut up."

—Brown, closing a debate in favor of Trusts: "Why, Mr. chairman and gentlemen, we have all the weight of argument on our side; we have every reason, every principle of right and justice on our side; furthermore, we have Mr. Drachbar on our side, hence I can not see how you could give your decision against us."

—To-day our young friends the Carroll Hall "Preps" will again try a hand at indoor baseball, this time with the Goshen High School. Last Saturday the Preps were defeated through lack of experience. The fine ending of the "Preps" was a feature. We hope all will attend the game and stir the young players on to victory.

—New pool and billiard tables have been added to the Corby Hall reading-room. The magazine table consists of most of the magazines and college journals of the country. The room is fast assuming an envious appearance to the members of other halls, and is expected to be the most elaborately equipped reading-room at the University.

—The Philopatrians were highly honored at their regular meeting last Thursday by having Dr. O'Malley and Prof. McLaughlin visit them and furnish the evening's entertainment. Prof. McLaughlin favored them with several musical selections and Dr. O'Malley

took up the remainder of the evening in explaining the "Comedy of Errors."

—The competition among the baseball candidates will be very lively this season. Their number is cut down to eighteen, just enough to make two candidates for each position. Several of the men are pretty evenly matched, and about the only thing on which the captain can rely in making his selections will be the batting ability displayed.

—The baseball men should be unanimous in following carefully the instructions of Captain McDonald, who will have full charge of them now since Coach Stahl has been called away. The Captain knows baseball as well as any man that ever wore a uniform, and is fully as competent as anyone within a radius of a few miles from Notre Dame to direct the training of his men. If the players will only respond properly to his directions there need be no fear for the rest.

—Since the preliminaries in the debating contest were opened up, a larger number of the students appear to be more familiar with the great business industries of the country. All the big Trusts and corporations have been looked up, and their effects on business enterprises carefully observed. Those men that have taken the pains to study the question of Trusts will be fully rewarded for their trouble, even if they fail to secure a position on the Varsity debating trio.

—The last meeting of the St. Joseph Hall Debating Society was held Wednesday evening. Mr. Barry opened the exercises by a declamation. Minute speeches were given by Messrs. Claffey, Corless, Corley, and Curran. Impromptu, Mr. O'Connor. The debate, "Resolved, That the Nicaragua canal should be fortified," was upheld by Messrs. Rigney, Sherry and Finner. Messrs. Warrel, Madden, and McGowan supported the negative. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

—There will be a debate to-night in the Law room and another one to-morrow night to end the first set of preliminaries for the candidates trying to represent Notre Dame against Indianapolis next May. The large attendance at these preliminaries shows the general interest that is being taken in this matter by the student body. To-morrow night's debate will bring the number of candidates down to twelve. Next week we will publish the names of the successful twelve.

—It caused no small amount of comment in local circles to find an article in the *Chicago Tribune* of last Thursday, stating that Yale University had been recently granted a post office, and that it was the first college post office established in the United States. A post office was established here at Notre Dame in 1851 and is still doing business. At that time the Rev. Father General and founder of Notre Dame, was appointed first postmaster,

and held that position without interruption until his death in 1893, a period of more than fifty years. At the time of his death attention was called to the fact that he had held the office for a longer time than any other man in the country. Yet the *Tribune*, read here extensively, on the reading-room subscription lists, and published within a few miles of us, has overlooked these facts and declares the Eastern University to be the first and only institution that Uncle Sam has favored with a station, and with the necessary authority for handling its own mails.

—The students of Notre Dame will be given a rare treat the afternoon of March 10 when the Second Annual Triangular Track Meet will be run off in the gymnasium. Athletes and followers of athletics will be kept busy next week figuring on the probable result of this meet. Chicago's chances look good on paper, but the old students will remember that last year Chicago was conceded first place. Illinois has a very strong team this year, and they will undoubtedly win first place in the pole vault and high jump. Notre Dame will show up strong in the track events. Each hall should organize a systematic team of rooters; and with the right kind of support from the student body Notre Dame will be there at the finish. The University Band will furnish the music, and Brother Alphonsus will have charge of the decorations. Tickets are now on sale at the different halls, and on account of the small seating capacity of the gymnasium the number of tickets issued are limited. All those who desire seats should purchase them immediately. The reserved seat ticket office will be located in the gymnasium, and will open Thursday morning, March 8, at 9 a. m. The following is the list of events:

- 40 yard dash.
- 40 yard hurdle.
- 220 yard dash
- 440 yard dash.
- 880 yard run.
- One mile run.
- 16 lb. shot-put.
- Pole vault.
- High jump.
- Broad jump.
- Relay race.

Dr. George K. Hermann will act as official Referee and Dr. J. E. Raycroft as starter.

—A. Hern returned from his trip home a few days ago but he was assuredly in a very sad state. When he arrived in Chicago on his return a desire to see some of the sights and to expand his narrow view of life crept over him. But he had never been in a big city before, so it is no surprise to know that he became confused and dizzy in a very short time after he plunged into the excitement and roar of the busy streets. With gaping eyes and mouth opened in wonderment he stretched his supine

neck in endeavors to view the huge buildings talling above him. He attempted to push his way through the bustling crowd, but he found it a wearisome task. Cranky business men persisted in stepping on his feet, and in pushing him out of the way in their haste. Angry women jabbed him with their umbrellas, and his little green satchel seemed to be a source of bother to everyone. But he moved along in an ecstasy of wonderment, almost unconscious of these trivialities. Even the newsboys scarcely drew his attention when they yelled "Rube" at him in very heartless tones. When they did attract him he thought to himself, "they must think I am Johnson," which gave him a feeling of pride. He stopped in front of a sky-scraper with such an observant look as only a person fresh from the rural hamlet can possess. He was standing there when a well-dressed man accosted him. The steerer claimed to be his friend, and A. Hern guessed "it must be some one that knew me to home." A. Hern made the usual purchase. When his friends at the University explained matters he was heard to say: "Swindled, buncoed, by Grovy!"

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

I saw your ad. for a reporter, and as I have good reasons for trying for that important position I will write to tell you what I will do if you give me the job. I have two good reasons, as I said before, one is subjective, the other objective—that is, one is subjected to your consideration, and the other is to be objected to by the other fellows—oh! I mean other gentlemen of the staff. One of these reasons that I spoke of before is that I would be an important addition to the staff, and the other is that this staff would be an important addition to me. Now, these reasons are very important, as you see, and I know they will be well considered especially by the other fellows. I'll promise to keep all the commandments that you made and a great deal more besides. I think I can make some valuable reports on the weather. The reporters have been giving us very poor guesses on this subject, and my reports shall be correct. They always make a mistake and report the weather for the week to come. Now I will give the bulletin for the week past. I won't write anything about Runt or Shag, because spring will soon be here and Shag's golf trousers are loud enough for everybody to hear when they come out, and Runt won't come under my scope of diction as long as he wears that Prep. sweater. Of course, I can't give you any news this week, because the news is all snowed under. I went over to the gym yesterday to find some news, and on my way I met my friend Billy going up to the machine shop. He was up to his knees in snow, and he began to growl about shop-work, snow and mathematics, and the distance the hall was from his room. Finally he said, said he:

"By George! I'm going to change my course."

"What are you going to take now, law?" I asked him.

"No, I'm going over to the gym with you," he said, so we went over together.

Well, we looked at the gym for awhile, and all at once Billy looked over to me and shouted:

"Say, Grass, why is this gym like an alligator?"

"Well, I don't know," said I.

"Because it is not comfortable without plenty of hot air, of course."

I threw, but the brick missed him. He got boastful then and told me how far he could jump.

"I can make sixteen feet in the standing jump now," he said.

I was on the look out for a sure enough joke this time, but he swore he could do it. I bet him the set up that he couldn't, so he pulled a mat out and I thought he was going out to put on his jumping suit, but he came out on the gallery and tied a tape line to the railings and jumped off.

"Just sixteen feet to my heels," shouted Billy.

"Ah! but you must measure from the top of your head this time," I argued.

He wouldn't have it that way, so I had to set them up. Of course, I meant all the time that I would set them up to myself so I ordered one lemonade and cakes, and plunked down my five cents with the order.

"Vanilla wafers, frosted fruit cakes, or Admiral Dewey cracker-Jack snaps?" asked B. Leopold. I always liked snaps, so I took them, and Billy stood perfectly pumphiscated, but while I sipped my lemonade Billy got the premium; or, I mean he took the cake.

We went over to the P. M. S. then were the celebrated Robert's Rules of Order were being discussed and the Prof. got me first thing.

"Now, Mr. Grass," said he to me, said he, "suppose a meeting is called to form a permanent organization, the meeting is called to order, a chairman *pro tem* selected, and motions are then in order; if you had to make a motion what would be the proper thing to make?" I was stuck.

"I would make a bow, professor," I said.

"No, but we want a motion," he said, said he.

"Then I would move that we do now adjourn," I said.

"Well, I don't know, about that."

"What would you do," said the Prof. turning to Billy.

"I would second the motion," said Billy. Then we came on back to our rooms. Well, as I said I didn't find any news as it was all snowed under, but I'll have some for next week.

Yours very closely, GRASS SHAKER.