

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## Century Greeting.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

HARK! the clock in yonder tower  
Breaks to us the midnight hour!  
What hour is this that the world should stare?  
What hour is this that the midnight air  
Should glow with light and ring with sound,  
That the skies reflect and the hills rebound?  
Is a strange star fallen, or a new world found,  
Or an earthquake's thunder cleaving the ground?  
That men show strange, and, gathering 'round,  
Pause and stand, then shout with joy?  
While the echo comes both sad and gay,  
As each new voice takes up the cry,  
Like the fighting men of the battle fray,  
As the conquering chief goes marching by?

Ah! true is this, and gone before,  
A hero passed with silent tread,  
And a muffled sigh our fancies hear,  
For his days are numbered with the dead!  
But break no word of the days gone by,  
Their long past loves or olden fears,  
Though the heart finds joy in a single sigh,  
Full oft we weep but idle tears!  
But look! can you see in the midnight glow,  
And list, can you hear in the cannon roar,  
A strange weird light you do not know,  
And a sound you've never heard before?  
The light and the sound break the mystery—  
The voice of the new-born century?

To thee, the Twentieth Century!  
To thee all hail! All hail to thee!  
A foothold found in the one just past—  
The heights await in the one to be!  
We meet thee as the moments fly;  
We greet thee and our hopes run high.  
We look to thee for greater things  
Than all the joys that New Year brings,  
For well we know there are to be  
One hundred New Years born of thee!  
Then hail! O Twentieth Century.

## The Interpreter.

WILLIAM D. FURRY, 1900.

Not only he who sings the poet is,  
For lo! another hath such gifts as his.  
That soul who, when he hears the singer's voice,  
Feels all his being awoken and rejoice  
In sympathy, and fee's the quick tears start—  
Oh! that soul is a poet in his heart.



RITICISM and interpretation must not be confounded. There is much criticism, for instance, that is anything else but interpretation; although there can be no interpretation without more or less criticism.

Criticism, if properly done, is an aid to interpretation. In fact, criticism is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. This end is interpretation. We doubt very much whether criticism for the sake of criticism alone, has any value whatever as a work of art.

It may be said of every book that it is a mystery, to which the author alone has the key. A corner of the veil may sometimes be lifted in the preface, which, if the author be wise and truthful, contributes much to an understanding of the book; but all books do not have prefaces, neither are the writers always truthful: in which instances we should have no aids whatever in reading the book.

But it belongs to literary criticism, as it is understood in our day—by Sainte-Beuve, for example,—to solve the problem offered us by every book worthy of our attention.

According to Schleiermacher, the function of criticism is to place the present reader in the place of the author when the work was produced. This is to be accomplished by reproducing the heredity and environments of the author, together with his educational training, and the like.

But valuable as this is, the function of criticism is yet higher. Its function should be to carry the present reader into the very mind of the author at the time when he conceived and elaborated his work. To do this, the critic must first identify himself with the author; and to effect that there are two means at his disposal: history, and especially the history of the time of production, and the book itself.

Neither of these two sources should be neglected in making a critical estimate of any production. It is said, that charity "covereth a multitude of sins," and it is quite certain that if past critics had made use of the first of these means, several harsh criticisms, at the least, would not have been written, and who knows but that the world of letters would have been the richer,—at the least by one poet.

It is not difficult to distinguish between critics and interpreters. Jeffrey was a critic; Principal Shairp, Walter Pater and Brunetière are interpreters. The critics usually have to do with nothing but the production, and spend their time, as Rivarol said Beauzee passed his, "between a supine and a gerundive." If there are any defects in the book, however slight, the critic is sure to find them; but whatever may be the merits of the book they go without the critic's notice. But we soon tire of such work. Because the most of us believe in the better side of humanity, and prefer to have our attention called to the good rather than to the bad. In other words, we are optimists and not pessimists.

Again, we tire of such criticism because the author has done for us what we could have done for ourselves. Coleridge said: "He who tells me there are defects in a new book, tells me nothing which I should not have taken for granted without his information. But he who points out and elucidates the beauties of an original work does indeed give me interesting information such as experience would not have authorized me in anticipating." The first is the work of the critic; the last the work of the interpreter.

Some one has said "that next to invention is the power of interpreting invention, and next to beauty the power of appreciating beauty." Ulrici said "that it would take a second Shakspeare to interpret the first." From these two quotations it can be seen that the work of the interpreter is placed upon an equality with the work of the poet. And if

poets are born not made what less shall be said of the interpreter? But if we are not permitted to go so far, we can at the least say that no man has ever come to distinction as a critic who did not have an inborn sense of the worth and value of literature. The power to interpret, no less than the power to create, is a gift; and, like all gifts, it may be developed.

Authors usually are the best interpreters; for no critic can be just to an author who does not put himself in the author's place, and no one can so well do this as an author. He only, perhaps of all men, can think as the author thought, feel as he felt, and look at man and nature through the same eyes. Only when this is done can an author be rightfully interpreted, and only he who can do this is an interpreter.

The interpreter should have a comprehensive knowledge of things and persons, a well instructed taste, a mind that looks for and appreciates the good rather than the bad, and who is able not only to convey himself into the mind of the author, and see and feel as the author sees and feels, but, who can, by words and figures, transport his readers also into the mind of the author.

The work of an interpreter may appear difficult, and doubtless would be to any person not having an aptitude for it. But the work is not impossible. Examples of interpretative critics are not wanting. And after creation the work of interpretation follows closely, and the effect of such work is such as should call into the field many that are desirous of helping raise mankind to an appreciation of the beauties of literature. Such work, as President Porter says, "will awaken enthusiasm, teach us to look for excellency rather than search for defects, and prompt unre-served enjoyment and generous delight in beauties revealed." We may add further that such criticism will help the mass of readers to distinguish the good from the bad; improve the public taste, and thus effect a beneficial reaction upon authors and publishers.

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A VERY large number of the ordinary congregation is composed of widows, if we may judge from the "mites" in the collection-box.

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SOME ladies that have been ignored in the matrimonial scramble waste their time now in meditation on Paradise Lost.—W. H. T.

## Maguire's Box.

JOSEPH P. S. KELLEHER, 1902.

"Good-morrow, Patsy, where in the world are you going?"

"Oh! begorra, Dinny, I'm jist goin' beyant to the landlord's. Foine day, isn't it?"

"This is a queer time to be going to the castle—sure it's only nine o'clock. What's that you have got under your arm?"

"It's only a bit of a box that I picked up down yonder."

Pat Maguire was the only son of a rather well-to-do farmer, Michael Maguire, near Macroom. He could neither read nor write. Pat had rather spend an afternoon in casting gibes at an old woman, riding on a donkey, or spend the whole day in playing "pitch-and-toss" than in helping his old father. He was a favorite among his companions; and as each evening they sat about the fireplace in Chishom's public-house, Pat would be the one to suggest the sports of the company. Why should he work, when he could get enough to drink, and a bed on the settle at home? He was on his way home when he met Denis O'Callahan.

"It's a strange thing," said O'Callahan, "that you're going to do with that box. Why man your fortune might be in it! Come with me to Chishom's. We and the rest of the boys will see how you can get more for your find than by bringing it to that old devil, Colthirst. How did you happen to get it, anyway?"

"Well, thin, I'll tell ye, Dinny. I was goin' home to see the ould woman; for the ould man, as you know, gave me me walkin' papers not long since; and as I was passin' by the ould castle in the yard, I saw the bit of a box on a heap of dirt. Seein' that no one was wantin' to take the box, I took it meself, an faix, whin I opened it, sure it was filled with papers."

"But this is no reason why you should bring it up to the landlord. What has he got to do about it?" demanded O'Callahan.

"Maybe, he hasn't a call to it, Dinny; but it's no good to me, anyway. The loikes of me has no use for sich things."

"Why, Pat, your fortune might be in that box. Come on. Let's go down to Chishom's, and examine the papers."

"Begorra, I'll go, if ye'll give me a drink

or two; for I'm that thirsty a dhrop of the crather would do me a dale of good just now."

"I'll fill you up, man, and be glad to do it. Come on! Let's hurry."

Denis O'Callahan was one of those that was reared under the same circumstances as Maguire, but he was more fortunate. A short time before he met Pat, he had returned from a three years' stay in America. One would hardly realize that O'Callahan was born in Ireland. All traces of the brogue had left him. He would do anything to get rich. At this time he was employed as a porter in Lord Colthirst's castle. Maguire did not know this.

Shortly after dinner, Maguire and O'Callahan arrived at Chishom's. A cheer of welcome from the loungers about the place greeted them as they walked up to the bar. Pat soon got his pint of porter; and it was not long before he began to talk quite freely about the box.

"Come on, boys! let's look at Pat's box," cried O'Callahan.

Pat readily assented. On examination, it was found that the box contained papers which were the titles to a large tract of land near Cork. O'Callahan alone knew this; for he was the only one of the crowd that could read or write. A paper written in a language strange to them was in the box also. This suggested the notion to O'Callahan that there might be money hidden somewhere.

"Look here, Pat," said he, "I'll give you fifty pounds for the box. It isn't worth so much, but I'd rather give you that amount than to let the box fall into the hands of Colthirst. These papers contain the names of some monks that lived here long ago. You wouldn't want that bigot to desecrate the good monks, would you?"

"To be sure not," returned Pat. "Fifty pounds! Begorra, Denny, I never thought ye had fifty pounds to throw away for sich a thing as a wee bit of a box."

Just then, Pat looked round him, and by the expression on his companions' faces, he suspected that O'Callahan was fooling him.

"No, sir! I won't do't. I'll take them to the landlord; for they belong to him, since they were found on his land." Speaking thus, he left the public-house.

"Well," mused he, "it's a pity I haven't a bit of the learnin', then, I could tell by meself what is in the papers. Begorra, I'll take them to Father O'Sullivan. He'll tell me what to do with them!"

"Is Father O'Sullivan in?" inquired he of the housekeeper at the priest's house.

"I don't know whether he is or no," saucily answered the housekeeper. "An' if he is, it's not the loikes of ye that he'd be seein'. So be off with yourself, Pat Maguire."

"Now, Maureen, dear, I must see the Father, I have some papers that I want him to read for me. Run like a good girl an' fetch him."

"Are they in that box?"

"Yes."

"Give me the box 'an I'll give them to the Father."

"Faix an' I won't. The box and the papers will stay in me own hands till the Father sees them."

Pat would not go away until he had seen Father O'Sullivan. He was ushered into the waiting-room. In a few minutes Father O'Sullivan came in, and looked at the papers. He told Pat that they belonged to Lord Colthirst, and advised him to bring them to the lord.

"Sure, Father, Dinny O'Callahan offered me £50 for the box."

"Well he might," answered the priest. "I wouldn't put it beyond Denis to try to make the contents of the box his own. Since he became the porter of Lord Colthirst he is a changed man. He does not come to Mass any more, nor does he like to associate with his old friends."

"Do ye tell me, Father, that O'Callahan is the porter of Colthirst Castle? Begorra! 'twas himself that stopped me from bringin' the box there."

"I wouldn't put it past Denis to do this; but now, like a good, honest man, bring the box to the landlord."

Once more Pat was on his way to the Colthirst domain. When he came to the public-house, he could not resist the temptation of taking one more drink. While he was drinking, Mike Finnagan, one of O'Callahan's friends, asked Pat where he was going.

"I'm on me way up the road a bit," said Pat.

"I want to put ye on yer guard against O'Callahan," returned Mike. "Are ye goin' to bring the box beyant to the castle?"

"Yis; that's jist what I'm goin' to do."

"You're doin' an' honest deed. I'd do the same meself. The lord will give ye a foine reward. Before O'Callahan left the public-house, he an' Jerry O'Leary made it up 'twixt themselves to git even with ye for not givin' the box an' the papers to O'Callahan. I think

ye'll have a pretty hard toime of it gettin' to see the lord, for O'Leary is his foresther, an' O'Callahan is his porther. In ordher to git into the lord's presence ye must git permission from O'Leary and O'Callahan. Be careful."

"It's thankful I am to ye, Moike, for this bit of information; but I'll outwit O'Callahan an' O'Leary."

Everything turned out as Finnagan said. Pat was met at the gate of Colthirst's domain by the forester who demanded his business.

"I have important business with his lordship," said Pat.

"You're a foine specimen to be axin' admittance to a lord's castle."

"Come now, Jerry, sure an' ye know that this bit of a box moight be of great use to the lord."

"Give me the box, an' I'll fetch it to the lord; ye can stay here at the lodge till I come back."

"The divil a bit I will. If ye don't let me go up, I'll wait here till the lord passes by; thin I'll give it to him."

"Now, Pat, be aisy. Ye know that it's rather late to be axin' admittance to his lordship's home. It's as much as me job is worth to let anyone up to the castle at this toime of day; but seein' that you're a dacent sort of a man, I'll take ye up to the porther, if ye'll promise to give me the half of what ye git. I'm sure ye'll git a good bit from the lord."

"Anything a tall, a tall, so long as the lord gits the box from me own hands."

At the castle, Pat was waited on by the porter, who, sure enough, was O'Callahan. The porter did not seem to feel surprised at seeing Pat; nor did Pat express any surprise whatever in seeing O'Callahan dressed as a porter. After a long conversation, Pat promised O'Callahan the other half of the reward, if he would present him to the lord.

"Well," mused O'Callahan, "O'Leary and myself will get a pretty good thing out of this. We'll have to give Pat a pound or two to keep him from giving us away."

"Thim spalpeens are bright chaps, if they can git ahead of me. I'll make thim suffer for puttin' me to sich trouble," muttered Pat as he awaited Lord Colthirst in the drawing-room.

"Patrick Maguire, your lordship," said the porter retiring from the room.

"Well, my dear man, what can I do for you?" asked the lord.

"Faix an' I want to give yer honor this

box; an' it's a dale of trouble I've had in bringin' it to the castle."

"Do you mean that little box under your arm?"

"Yis, yer lordship. I found this bit of a box beyant at the ould castle, an' Father O'Sullivan tould me to brin' it to ye; so here it is."

Lord Colthirst took the box and examined its contents. To his surprise he found out that not only were the papers a title to a large portion of land, but that he was the direct heir to these lands. He had long sought after these papers, and now here they were: a proof beyond a doubt that many disputed lands were his.

"My good man," said he, grasping Pat by the hand, "what reward can I give you? These papers are worth a hundred thousand pounds to me. I have searched for that box in many a place, but never did I think that it might be in the old castle near your home. Evidently, it was overlooked during our moving to the new castle, and after the old castle fell down, the box was mixed up with the ruins. It was fortunate that I had begun to clear away the ruins or else this box would never have been found. It was most fortuuate; indeed, that none of the workmen found it, or, perhaps, I should not have found it, for I assure you, Maguire, that one would travel many a mile without finding so honest a man as you are. I can hardly repay you; but ask me whatever you wish and I shall grant it."

"Faix an' I knew it," said Pat. "Didn't Father O'Sullivan tell me as much? I couldn't rest till I seen thim in your own hands. I don't want any reward. I only did as any honest man should do. I'll be biddin' yer lordship good day."

"I won't let you go that way," returned the lord,—“ask something of me, anything at all. I bind myself to grant whatever you ask, provided it is in my power.”

Visions of gold sovereigns, fine clothes, and a good time flashed through Pat's mind; but in an instant he thought of his promise to O'Callahan and O'Leary. He must be consistent in his honesty. Then, again, he thought of the treatment he had received from these two fellows.

"Yer lordship, I'll jist ax ye to sintince me to six months' confinement in the jail beyant. It's divilish cowl'd to be sleepin' out of duers this weather."

"If you are really in earnest, I can comply

with your request. Just wait a moment until I write a writ for you to bring to the jailer."

While the Lord was writing out the writ, Pat touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Before ye put down the name, I want to say somethin'. I promised two of me chums, who assisted me in bringin' the box safely to yer lordship, that I'd give thim the half of what ye'd give me, so now, instead of puttin' down me name, put down Jerry O'Leary for three months' confinement, and—"

"Why!" interrupted the lord, "do you mean my forester?"

"Yis, yer Lordship; an' put down the other three months' for Denis O'Callahan. May they enjoy the reward!"

"My porter, too," said the lord angrily. "What pranks have these fellows been playing on you, Maguire?"

No answer came; for Pat had quietly left the room, and had sent in O'Leary and O'Callahan to get the reward he promised them.

They came into the lord's presence smiling; for they expected a handsome reward, since Pat had assured them that he had asked for something which was of such a nature that it would take their breath away when they would hear what he had asked for.

"What does this mean?" angrily demanded the lord. "What right have you to treat persons who come to see me in such a manner? If you were only one-half as honest as that simple Maguire is, I should not be compelled to act toward you as I am obliged to do now. O'Callahan, Maguire wished me to give you one-half of the reward he asked of me; O'Leary, you were to receive the other half. Since I can not legally do as Maguire asked, I shall do what is nearly as equivalent. According to his wish, each of you were to be confined in the county jail for three months; for he asked for an imprisonment of six months for himself. You are now discharged from my service, and if you are not off my premises within one-half hour I shall arrest you for trespass."

O'Callahan and O'Leary were dumfounded. They left the place as quickly as they could, for they knew that Lord Colthirst was a determined man.

Not long after this Maguire received a call from the lord who gave him a long lease, and without rent, to a farm near Cork, and made him a forester to one of his parks near that city. Maguire still occupies this place.

## Varsity Verse.

## THE STORM.

IN whirls the leaves move quickly o'er the ground,  
 The clouds in darkness pass across the sky;  
 A distant roar foretells the storm is nigh,  
 Then louder comes the roll and heavy sound.  
 A flash—the land grows bright for miles around;  
 The lightning's glare an instant blinds the eye;  
 A crash—sounds like the fall of mountains high;  
 All nature trembles at the thunder's bound.

The rolling echoes leap from peak to peak;  
 The ships at anchor on the restless sea  
 Can scarcely grapple with the wind and rain;  
 Nor wanes the tempest till a golden streak  
 Has pierced the sky o'er yonder distant lea,  
 Then peace and sunshine clothes the earth again.

J. O'C.

## FANTASY.

Painter! you can please this clouded eye!  
 Spread blue waters, and the lowering sky,  
 Where the turbid ocean holds his rough domain,  
 And weary sailors look for land in vain.

See there, ah there! upon the troubled tides  
 A wave-tossed bark—my soul—in sorrow rides.  
 Ah! thanks. 'Tis done by thy strange magic powers,  
 That surge is liquid, and the twilight lowers.  
 'Tis midnight all, but see the moonbeam bright  
 Silvers the ocean with reflected light;  
 Smooth flows the wave and whitening o'er the deep,  
 In silent grandeur moves the stately ship.  
 No rough winds blow, but every well-filled sail  
 Bespeaks the gentle western gale.

Now view the pending deck. Lo! faithful there  
 The seamen stand in ever-watchful care.  
 But see! that wizard hand would move my soul  
 With seeming life and crown the wondrous whole.  
 Behind the ship the sparkling waters flow,  
 The crashing billows foam around the prow,  
 No clouds arise the moving bark to brave,  
 The pale moon trembles on the dark-blue wave.

D. P. A.

## LOST TRUTH.

When poverty, the maiden cries,  
 Comes tapping at the door,  
 They say that through the window flies  
 All love that reigned before.

But still the truth from this I fear,  
 Since papa failed, has fled,  
 For now I love the millionaire  
 I once refused to wed.

J. L. C.

"WHEN DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT."

"Farewell," she said, "my sweetest song  
 I'll sing for you each day!"

"And this for me,—how sweet!" quoth he,  
 "Five hundred miles away."

J. L.

## Anglo-Americans and Latin-Americans

VICTOR M. ARANA.

Before all and above all, I consider it opportune to explain the meaning of the title of this writing. I use the term Anglo-American purely as a matter of convenience. I do not refer to descendants of Englishmen alone, but to all the natives of the United States. The name American can not be applied now, for it corresponds as well to the other race which is considered here; and in the difficulty of using a term which will stand exclusively for the people of the Great Republic, we call it Anglo-American, although realizing that we are well-nigh complimenting England.

This essay may seem to dwell on facts of an historical or political character, or upon studies and researches of an ethnological kind; but I do not intend to write on history or politics, and as to investigations about ethnic matters, I leave the task to a more skilled pen. My purpose is simply to make a general comparison between the two races, based on observations of their most striking features and characteristics.

In studying the distinguishing marks of these two races I have, mostly directed my attention toward the youth of both sides. It may perhaps be said that the field of observation has been deficient, since it embraces only young persons, and lacks the other and more important elements of society. In answer to this objection it may be said that although the choice may seemingly be very limited, in reality it is very vast, and for two reasons: First, young men should not only be regarded as a fraction of society, but also as the reflector of the life and activity of the remaining parts. In fact, what is youth? Undoubtedly, we must consider it as the offspring of society itself, not in activity or actual exercise of any function, but rather as being trained to control the affairs of the future. This elementary form of society, as we may call it, is minutely acquainted with the spirit and character of the epoch. The second reason is, because this is the age in which the character and peculiarities of men are more clearly detected. In the close companionship of the student youth is where the qualities and defects of our fellow-students are observed with more tangible results: they are free from being affected or concealed. Therefore, if we want

to know a social community, we need not visit its dwellings from roof to basement, nor are we required to observe all its acts; a rapid glance into its schools will enable us to appreciate accurately what sort of people we are dealing with. Furthermore, what is of more importance, is the future; and we may be able to foretell future events, if we know the value of the contemporaneous youth.

Now to consider the matter from a physical standpoint. The typical Anglo-American is tall and of fair complexion; rather slender and flexible of frame. He inherits that nervous and wiry constitution peculiar to the northern races of Europe. His features are stern and commanding; his blue or grey eyes, with a green hue, always show intelligence and wit, his nose is generally of a straight and well modelled type; his mouth and chin, we may say, are the most interesting parts of his face: they obviously show firmness, determination and strength of purpose. As a whole, his face is attractive, for it wears that invisible, thought-revealing seal of superiority. This race indeed belongs to one of the most handsome peoples of the world. Such a quality does not simply rely on a single peculiarity, or upon a certain isolated mark of beauty, but it rests on the general harmony and pleasing uniformity in which all the parts are formed. It is not for our seeing a well-shaped nose or a pair of large eyes that we call this people handsome, no; it is because that nose or those eyes are accompanied by a perfectly formed mouth, set on a well cut face, which is topped by a high forehead; and because the trunk, limbs and head bear classical proportion to one another.

The genuine Latin-American is of lower stature, generally of dark complexion and a trifle stout; he has at the same time, a pleasing and graceful appearance. Analyzing his face minutely we should, perhaps, find few features that would answer satisfactorily to the inquiring gaze of a critic; but if we observe the same face, regarding it as a whole or a conjunct, we shall surely find that there is a hidden charm which depends more on the manner in which the features appear than in the way they singly are.

Anglo-Americans and Latin-Americans are quite different physically; and, as a matter of fact, we must say that they have peculiarities which in both cases are various and interesting. The foremost facial trait of a Latin-American is of a different character from that of his neighbor: while the latter

exhibits that classical perfection and neatness, which is rather statuesque, the former's chief peculiarities consist in the expression found on his countenance. A sculptor would naturally select the northern face for his subject; for in that face he finds a worthy and fitting model for his shape-giving art; on the other hand, a painter would unhesitatingly prefer the southern face, for his art is rather of an expressive and life-like character.

We now take up our subject and consider it morally. In observing the characteristics of a people, the most difficult to detect are their moral traits. This is the reason why, sometimes, in the attempt to depict them the superficial observer only attains meagre or erroneous results. The morality of a man is, strictly speaking, hidden from all.

It is, perhaps, useless to say that the United States stands among the most moral countries of the world. The variety of creeds and the enormous foreign population alter but little the truth of this fact. This greatly depends on the religious and moral training given by parents, and upon the careful education in schools and colleges. Going further, if we observe more closely we find that the degree of morality varies with the religion, culture and also with the original nationality. The rural population is morally superior to the idle and indolent classes. A rural North-American is by far more strict in this respect than the city dweller. We must also say that the descendants of the primitive settlers are found among the best observers of the moral law. Their sense of morality is clearly defined: they keenly detect the right from the wrong.

In Latin-America we notice more regularity, perhaps on account of the uniformity of the population. Although the moral education of the Spanish-American is well taken care of, his morality is not the result of this training. He is naturally well inclined; he inwardly approves of and admires a good action with the same readiness with which he dislikes and detests a mean and vile deed. He practises morality wherever he sees an opportunity to do so; not through hypocrisy or ostentation, but without the least regard for publicity.

The two great races of the new continent differ very widely as far as mental faculties are concerned. The North-Americans are characterized by their deepness of thought; their southern cousins distinguish themselves for the brilliancy of their conceptions and the fecundity of ideas. The one invents with great

facility, combines and frames his notions from elementary ideas; the other conceives his thoughts as a whole, and imparts to them the seal of originality. The Anglo-American is a keen observer, minute analyzer, and grasps very readily when he investigates. The Latin-American goes to the bounds and concentrates his ideas in his mind, not caring much for the details. The two intelligences are certainly very different: the one is serious, deep and powerful, while the other is rather gay, keen and fascinating.

Where, however, the mental traits of these two peoples differ most strikingly is in the manner of expressing their thoughts. Indeed among human attributes, perhaps none is so important and so invaluable as the conveying of our ideas. It is the foremost faculty of the human race: it is man's exclusively. If we realize that even among individuals of the same race, the ways of expressing their thoughts are utterly different from one another, we shall more easily conceive how far two races differ from each other in this respect. The man from the north sets forth his thoughts in a concise and specific manner; the southerner conveys them with overflowing and florid wordiness. The one goes to the point, and handles it with a clear and literal language; the other wanders about the point and, without touching it, he pictures it in figurative words. In earnestness, the Latin is full of passion, and his eloquence is of the sympathetic character: he manages to persuade his audience by appealing to sensibility. His northern brother possesses the eloquence of logic: he convinces his listeners with his powerful argumentation. In short, the one speaks to the reason, the other to the heart.

The true Anglo-American, perhaps on account of his passive sensibility, may not seem much inclined to art; but in reality he is an artist, for besides being an excellent critic in art subjects he has a broad notion regarding the object and essential nature of art. He believes that art is not only the expression of real beauty, but also the means by which ideal beauty may be brought to perception.

The Latin-American in this, although by no means possessing a higher concept of art than his more serious cousin, has more enthusiasm and inclination for art matters. He loves art fervently, and he is also gifted by nature with exquisite taste. If he takes up music he is passionate, and the notes that come forth

from his instrument are adorned with sweet and melodious tones peculiar to born musicians. If he is a painter perhaps he may be careless in lesser details, but his work will generally be vivid and full of expression. His Latin blood contributes, in a great degree, to make him an artist: it gives him inspiration and provides him with undying vehemence and ardour.

Anglo-Americans have in their character a quality equalled by few races and surpassed by none: they love work. They may, with much reason, boast of being one of the most industrious peoples of the world; for they certainly deserve it. There is hardly a race on the globe that could rival the North American enterprise, as it is understood nowadays. The genuine Anglo-American loves work, not for the benefits it may render him, but because his temperament and character require it. He could not live well without exercising his activity in some way: idleness is not often met with in this country.

His southern neighbor is by all means inferior to him in this regard. He works with regularity and steadiness, for he realizes the necessity of doing so; but he does not possess that restless and plucky activity peculiar to the other people: he is rather passive and sedate in this respect. A Latin-American, as a rule, is more inclined to amusement and rest. At times, however, when he feels roused by anything that interest him he is earnest and capable of enduring unlimited labour; he is then, regardless of his natural tendency, constant and zealous to extremes.

The amusements and pastimes of a community undoubtedly stand among the foremost marks necessary to portray the character and inclinations of its people. It is a fact, as well, that the active and painstaking races do not pay much attention to enjoyments of any sort. Such a thing happens to the Anglo-American people, whose amusements are generally moderate. This race's principal characteristic is their being practical—even in their enjoyments, they look for tangible results. They have a broad notion of what amusements should be; they consider them as a pleasant rest necessary for their busy and active existence, and at the same time strive to make them useful in some other line. For instance, if their work is intellectual, rest must be given to the mind, and their amusements become some physical exercise, in which they do not only entertain themselves, but



are mindful also of their physical welfare. By this we see that an Anglo-American's pastime is not, strictly speaking, a pastime.

The other race regards amusements, not as rest for the working energies, but as a necessity of their existence. This is not on account of their inactive temperament, but because their nature is gay and of a genial disposition. They have very cultured amusements on account of their artistic tastes: the stage, music, social gatherings, reading of fiction and many other enjoyments of this kind are eagerly indulged in.

But at last we find a point of resemblance in the make-up of these two peoples. The countrymen of Lincoln as well as their neighbors have always distinguished themselves for their patriotism. In every one of the American republics, from the highest ranks of society to the obscurest persons, and from the wealthiest to the poorest, all have a chosen place in their hearts where they keep a deep respect and love for their country. Patriotism is an inborn mark in the hearts of every citizen of the new continent: they hate tyranny; they abhor oppression. With the same vehemence they love liberty, for whose sake they would sacrifice their homes and lives.

There are in their annals numerous pages embellished and made brilliant with heroism, which was displayed to the utmost during their stubborn struggle for liberty. We all know that they were freed from foreign oppression, through the immortal efforts of the disinterested and far-seeing statesmen Washington, Juarez, Bolivar and San Martin. The memory of these liberators is kept alive, and whenever they are recalled, respect and admiration come to the hearts of their living countrymen. Their names are synonymous with greatness, patriotism and nobleness; they always suggest the purest and most genuine integrity. Their souls were inspired by something superior to earthly glories; accordingly and justly, they now possess a higher and more superior place than others in the great roll of immortals. Their countrymen are not only proud of them, but they admire their deeds, and strive to imitate their virtues.

In conclusion, we must say that Anglo-Americans and Latin-Americans present numerous peculiarities in their character; and all of these are worthy of interest and observation. They differ strikingly in some

respects; but in others their similarities are well marked. The North-American personifies the Teutonic race, which is vigorous physically and intellectually; sober and methodic, and always energetic. The Spanish-American possesses the Latin characteristics: he is distinguished for his lucid mind and keen sensibility; easily affected and passionate in his love and hatred. Both are courageous, frank, generous, and sincere. The second is a lover of nature as it appears to him, and an admirer of its beauties; the first is an observer of its secrets and a student of its laws. Both races are young and promising, and to judge from what we see, we are safe in predicting for them a brilliant future.

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#### Wandering Thoughts.

---

A truly educated man aims at walking in that path which leads upwards to higher and nobler deeds.

\* \* \*

"Noble deeds are born of noble thoughts." If you would abide in the realms of higher and nobler thoughts, learn to think.

\* \* \*

Sincerity and perseverance are the two stepping stones to success.

\* \* \*

"Continuous contact with good tends to make us good." Hence the blessing of a Catholic school.

\* \* \*

If you would know what culture you possess, find out what regard you have for the feelings of others.

\* \* \*

Independence does not exist. He who is selfish is a beast of the lowest rank.

\* \* \*

If you would help others, forget yourself; for self-interest destroys all good.

\* \* \*

Suggestion is an electric button which, when pressed, sets the whole intellectual apparatus in motion.—J. R. S.

\* \* \*

Some men are so spiritless that we feel as if we could whittle out better wooden men.

\* \* \*

Right and wrong are neighbors, and the partition between them is of the finest gossamer.—W. H. T.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Reporters.

—Whoever has seen Miss Eliza Allen Starr's illustrated edition of "Christmastide" has words of praise for the beautiful little volume. We congratulate her on such an universal appreciation, for Miss Starr's life is one given up to art. In its matter and form her latest volume is an artistic production.

—A number of our professors and a few of the student body became Knights of Columbus last Sunday, when a Council of that society was organized at South Bend. We learn that Prof. John Ewing was made a Grand Knight. On behalf of the University we congratulate him. We also congratulate the Society, for by placing him high in their order they obtained for themselves as much honor as they conferred distinction on him. For the Knights of Columbus is a Catholic Organization, and Professor Ewing is a type of the true Catholic gentleman.

—During the week the University received an invitation from Washington requesting that a delegation of students be present at the inauguration of President McKinley on March 4th. The committee in charge of the inauguration ceremonies say they are desirous

of having representatives from all the leading colleges and universities in the country. The students will march in the parade, and when passing the reviewing stand each delegation will be allowed to give its college yell. The yell must not be prolonged, but must die out in time for the next representative body to give its college cheer, and so on, until all the students have passed. The object of the committee is praiseworthy, as they aim to arouse a spirit of patriotism among the young men of the country.

—The SCHOLASTIC needs contributions of verse and prose, and needs them soon. During the part of the year that has just passed the members of the staff have been so punctual and have done such good work that we feel they need no urging to keep the pages of the SCHOLASTIC as bright as they can make them. We would like to have more stories, short interesting tales, with a turn to them; more pieces of sprightly and pointed verse. We do not fear a dearth of essays, literary and scientific; but we will find, if we try, that our best and most original work will be in tales and verse.

## Advice to Debaters.

I have been asked to give a few words of advice to our debating-teams, and such counsel may be divided into two parts: one concerning the material of the discourse, and the other concerning its delivery and the manner of the speaker. An entire treatise, of course, might be written upon these divisions, but the following rules may be of use for beginners.

As to material:

1. Be certain you understand the meaning of every word in the question under discussion, and that you foresee all possible interpretations of the question's meaning.
2. Group your arguments so that useless repetition may be avoided. Commonly the order to follow is: begin with good arguments; set the weakest arguments in the middle of the speech; and end with the strongest arguments. In team-work each man selects a separate group of arguments, and arranges these in the "Homeric Order" mentioned in this paragraph.
3. Do not try to use *every* argument you find: a multitude of arguments is often con-

fusing. Insist upon a few strong proofs which will vividly affect your audience. Remember a hearer must carry your arguments in his memory, and a multitude of arguments will be forgotten.

4. Express yourself very clearly and accurately. Do not trust to your power of extemporary speech; but do not, on the other hand, leave the audience with the opinion that you have recited a memorized "piece."

5. In a debate, when the time is limited, avoid a long exordium.

6. Use short, snappy sentences in a speech. Be concrete (See Spencer on Style).

7. Before writing an important debate read a book like Baker's on Argumentation.

As to manner and delivery:

1. Be modest but confident.

2. Do not walk about the stage like a bear in pain. A man that has command of his nerves, and consequently of his audience, does not prance. At the most, you may change your position by a single step when you enter upon a new line of thought.

3. Stand firmly; do not sway at the hips. Keep your hands out of your pockets and your handkerchief within your pocket.

4. A gesture is a motion of the hand or arm which is used by serious speakers only to emphasize a word or phrase. A debater should remember that he is not expected to give an exhibition in calisthenics: never make a gesture merely for physical exercise, and always finish a gesture by an end-stroke with the hand from the wrist. Do not gesticulate across your face, and avoid theatrical, linked and pumping gestures.

5. Avoid any article of clothing that will distract the attention of the audience. Gentlemen do not wear diamonds.

6. Never drink water (or anything else) while you are speaking.

7. Eat only a light meal if you must speak soon after dinner.

8. Speak distinctly, not harshly. Avoid provincial pronunciations. Use English, not the street vulgarities of your own city. Remember that *a* is not *o*, nor *o*, *a*; *u* is not *oo*, *e* is not *i*. Place your accents properly. Forgetfulness of this rule irritates a cultured judge.

9. Do not verbally slug your opponents.

10. Do not hurry.

11. Do not end with formulas like, "I thank you for your attention." A. O'M.

#### A Word to the Athletes.

It is often a mooted question as to what constitutes loyalty to one's college. We can show this loyalty in many ways, but on us, whom the Lord endowed with a healthy body and a sound mind, the duty of showing our loyalty through athletics especially devolves. It is true, that we may not become great athletes; in fact, we may not even qualify for the athletic team, but yet we shall have developed our physical man, understood our capabilities, and sought to engender true college spirit.

As "Dad" Moulton says, "we have the finest natural and artificial capabilities for turning out athletes of any Western college." And what is more, we have for trainer a man who has more experience in athletics and with athletes than any man in America, with a possible exception of Mike Murphy of Yale.

"Dad" Moulton coached Minnesota for five years, Michigan one, Wisconsin one, Iowa one and Vanderbilt two. He has developed Kranzlein, winning the A. A. W. champion with him; Mayberry, Crum, and a score of other champions, amateur and professional. In an interview he says: "No one must go through a trying ordeal to get into condition, if properly coached. Everyone enjoys training; and to eat well, sleep well and be regular in one's habits is the key to athletic success. You may have to forego some pleasure, as smoking, but the satisfaction derived is more than self-sufficient. If you will train, train properly, for poor or half-training makes third prize winners, or failures, and dissatisfied men.

"Let all come out, for I have often found in raw material, first-class men; nor is there reason why I should not find them now. I will treat all with absolute impartiality, attending to each man individually as his needs demand. I will establish a system which should work well. Powers will give hints and suggestions to the field men; Corcoran will have the squad of sprinters, and Pat O'Dea will kindly lend his aid in the hurdles. Eggeman will attend to the hammer throwers. In this way I can keep an eye on all, and help when needed. Again I would ask the students of the different halls to try for the track team, for, as I said before, I can not tell what first-class material may be among you." This is how "Dad," our trainer, feels about the matter. It is hoped that in a few weeks, when the gym is ready, he will have a squad that will rejoice his heart.

## The Gymnasium Building-Fund.

The work of rebuilding the gymnasium will be completed in a few days. While the burned building was a model in many ways, the new one is an improvement in every particular. The elevation, with its additional height, its battlement-finish, towered corners surmounted with flag-staffs, and its massive and enlarged entrances, presents an attractive and imposing appearance.

The new building is practically fire-proof. Where the use of combustible material could not be avoided, the damage by fire is confined to such portion by the erection of a brick fire-wall, which rises the full height of the building and separates the gymnastic and dressing rooms from the main or exhibition part. The ceiling between the iron trusses is lined with decorated tamped iron instead of Georgia pine as before.

A new and improved heating plant has been installed in a separate building. The part formerly occupied by the heating plant and hand-ball alley have been added to the exhibition room, increasing its length fifty-three feet.

While all modern improvements have been used in the construction to avoid fire and damage to the building, the Faculty have been no less anxious to provide for the comfort and convenience of the athletes and students generally.

The gymnastic room is one of the best in the country. It extends the full width of the building, thus giving ample room for each exercising apparatus. Its high ceiling and numerous windows on front and both sides show how the health and convenience of the students have been considered in providing light and ventilation. This room will be fitted out with all improved exercising apparatus.

The toilet and bath rooms are models of convenience and plan. The walls of the shower bath rooms are lined with cream-colored enamel brick, and in contrast with the asphalt floor gives the room a clean and cheerful appearance.

Throughout the whole construction and fitting out of the building the Faculty have spared no expense that would add to the utility of the building or to the convenience and health of the students. It only remains for our athletes to get together and work as faithfully as they have been provided for, and

the pennant of victory will soon float from the flag-staff at Notre Dame:

Wilton C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.....	\$100
The Rev. P. A. Baart, Marshall, Mich.....	25
Friend, Notre Dame, Ind.....	100
Friend, South Bend, Ind.....	1000
W. A. McAdams, Williamsport, Ind.....	25
The Very Rev. F. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mch..	50
George Cartier, Luddington, Mich.....	25
J. G. Kutina, Chicago, Ill.....	1
O. H. Woods, Avon, Ill.....	1
Lucius Hubbard, South Bend, Ind.....	50
Dr. F. Schlink, New Riegel, Ohio.....	5
Chute Bros., Minneapolis, Minn.....	10
F. T. Slevin, Peoria, Ill.....	10
The Rev. A. Messman, Laporte, Ind.....	25
O. Chamberlain, Elkhart, Ind.....	10
T. T. Ansberry, Defiance, Ohio.....	5
The Rev. P. J. Crawley, Lebanon, Ind.....	20
W. H. Welch, Chicago, Ill.....	10
Miss Lizzie Ryan, Philadelphia.....	5
William P. Grady, Chicago.....	10
William P. Breen, Fort Wayne, Ind.....	100
A. M. Jelonak, Chicago, Ill.....	2
Ed W. Robinson, Chicora, Wayne Co., Miss..	15
Gilbert F. McCullough, Davenport, Iowa....	10
A. M. Prichard, Charleston, W. Va.....	5
Friend, Lafayette, Ind.....	10
Austin O'Malley, Notre Dame, Ind.....	25
John H. Sullivan (for son John, St Edward's Valparaiso, Ind.....	25
Peter F. Casey (for son Grover, St. Edward's Chicago, Ill.....	25
J. A. Creighton, Omaha.....	250
Durand & Kasper, Chicago.....	100
Augustin Kegler, Bellevue, Ill.....	5
John C. Ellsworth, South Bend, Ind.....	100
Alfred Duperier, New Iberia, La.....	5
G. T. Meehan, Monterrey, Mexico.....	50
The Rev. E. P. Murphy, Portland, Ore.....	10
F. C. Downer (for son Henry and nephew Edward Kelly, St. Edward's Hall).....	50
Atlanta, Ga.....	5
Earl W. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa.....	5
Edward C. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa.....	5
Wyman & Co., South Bend, Ind.....	100
E. A. Zeitler, Notre Dame.....	5
The Rev. N. J. Mooney, Chicago, Ill.....	50
A. J. Galen, Helena, Mon.....	5
Samuel T. Murdock, LaFayette, Ind.....	100
The Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Lapeer, Mich..	15
Frank B. O'Brien, Sorin Hall.....	25
Patrick Murphy, Chebanse, Ill.....	10
N. K. and W. H. Mills, Thornton, Ind.....	5
Rev. Timothy O'Sullivan, Cheltenham, Ill....	100
D. A. Hanagan, Chicago, Ill.....	25
Granville Tinnin, Rushville, Neb.....	25
John and Mrs. Dougherty, Beaver Meadow, Pa.	1
Michael Hastings, South Bend, Ind.....	25
August Fack (for his son in Carroll Hall) Helena, Montana.....	10
P. T. Barry, Chicago, Ill.....	50
James M. Brady, Windfield, Kansas.....	10
A. Friend, Boston, Mass.....	20
Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, Chicago, Ill....	50
Louis J. Herman, Evansville, Ind.....	5
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, (for sons Martin and George).....	25
Friend from Umatilla, Mexico.....	10
Robert A. O'Hara, Hamilton, Montana.....	10

## Books and Magazines.

—The January number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* abounds as usual in interesting and useful reading matter. One of the prominent features of this magazine is its good moral tone, which is unfortunately lacking in many of the present day periodicals. Its stories, as a rule, have literary merit and suit the need of the ordinary reading public. An article entitled "What Shall we do with Tom," expresses simply yet forcibly a few suggestions as to what should be the aim of life. Though the same old truth is expressed, the manner in which it is presented deserves credit.

—In the *Dramatic Magazine* the work intended by its editors is fully realized. Through its pages we become acquainted with the plays and players that are to-day attracting the attention of the theatre-going public. Though the magazine has little pretention to literary work some of its articles are interesting. The engravings also form an important feature of the work, and great care is apparently exercised in this direction.

—The first *Cosmopolitan* of the century is no degenerate, but is as good as its brothers of the past cycle. The article on Knickerbocker Days brings us back to the easy-going life in New Amsterdam.

Mr. Brander Matthews has a very interesting essay on "Americanisms." He pleads for a recognition of the American joint-ownership of the English language. He argues well that, if individualisms, for which America, as a whole, is not responsible, and the survival in the United States of words and usages that have fallen into abeyance in Great Britain and American contributions to the English language are excepted, our Americanisms will not appear more numerous than the Britishisms that crop out on the other side.

The running description of the Paris Press makes one feel that if the press is a power of any moment in Paris it is to that city's detriment. Of its fifty-one newspapers, the greater number is represented as an array of weak, characterless, time-serving sheets. Most of them are against the existing order of things, and of those who favor the Republic, many do it for pay.

## Exchanges.

Many of our exchanges have come clothed in their Christmas raiments and possessing those qualifications which only Christmas can give. It is said that some men write well only when feeling melancholy. This appears to be especially true of those magazines that lay every story, essay or verse in Christmas, of Christmas or about Christmas. Full of happy expectations, the authors possessed not melancholy sufficient to give feeling or cleverness to their stories or verse, and consequently we must suffer.

\* \* \*

We bow to the superior goodness of woman at all times, and whenever she produces a clever article or magazine we bow to her superior skill. The *Sibyl* certainly takes rank as a woman's publication, both for the material which goes to make it and the good arrangement of this material.

The two essays, the "Goal of Education" and the "Roycrofters," are interesting and skilful. However, the story, "The Genius of a Toe," possesses good material, but the ending is too evident. The pastel, "The Study fire," is a very clever thing. It may be well to note that the *Sibyl* depends entirely upon its editorial board for instalments. Some of our other exchanges not as good have outside help.

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Considering the fact that the writers in the *Victorian* are '03 men, their productions are very good. But unfortunately there is too much of the commonplace in some of the articles. This is generally true of all literary fledglings taking their first flight.

\* \* \*

The *Dial* sets forth a good Christmas number. The stories and verse relate to Christmas, and as it is difficult to build a story around or write poetry about Christmas, the articles and verse deserve admiration. However, the last piece of verse, called "The Old Year and the New," seems better to us the oftener we read it.

\* \* \*

The cleverest part of the *Agnesian Monthly* seems to be its exchange column. Although our opinions may not coincide concerning some of the articles criticised, yet it is not wise to be at logger-heads with a critic, especially a woman critic, for she will ever have the last word.

J. J. S.

## Personals.

—The many friends of Professor Edwards will be pleased to learn of his recent return to the University. During the past few months, the Professor has been making an extensive European tour, concluding with a lengthy visit to the Paris Exhibition. He reports a very pleasant trip abroad, and relates many interesting experiences. The students and SCHOLASTIC welcome him on his return home.

—Mr. Stewart McDonald, a student here a few years ago, is making a brief stay among his old friends.

—Mr. John A. Krieger of Chesterton, Ind., entered his son as a student at the University a few days ago.

—Mr. Frank Winter of Chicago, Ill., entered his son Henry as a student of Carroll Hall at the opening of the present session.

—Mr. Bernard McLain of Elizabeth, N. J., accompanied by his daughter, spent a few days at the University. While here they were the guests of Brother Leander.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Charles H. Meyer of Toledo, Ohio. Charlie was an old student here, and he has the best wishes of the SCHOLASTIC for a long and prosperous married life.

—The sad news comes to us from Taramah, Ga., of the death of Mr. John Flannery, an old student of Notre Dame. The SCHOLASTIC joins with the student body in their feelings of sympathy to the members of the bereaved family.

—We have learned that Mr. Eugene T. Ahern, one of the members of the SCHOLASTIC staff, has gone to Texas for the purpose of recovering his health. Gene has been failing for some time, but we sincerely hope that the change of climate will have the desired effect so that he may return to school.

—A recent issue of the *Gael* gives especial praise to Mr. Martin J. Henahan for his devotedness to the cause of promoting the Celtic language in this country. His energetic disposition has been shown in the organization of societies in several of our principal cities. Mr. Henahan attended the University from '76-'79.

—Among the recent guests of the University were: The Rev. Father Cawley, C. C., of Collooney, Ireland; Rev. Father Henry, of Partie Attymas, Ireland; Rev. Father Judge, Rector of St. Finbar's Church, Chicago, Ill.; also Rev. Father Ocheanesess, Rector of Our Lady of Lourdes' Church of that city. The latter was graduated from Notre Dame in '93. The clergymen were accompanied on their visit by Mr. Edward Feehan, a prominent lawyer of the city of Chicago.

## A Card of Sympathy.

WHEREAS WILLIAM O'MALLEY, venerable by a long life, worthily spent in deeds of Christian virtues and honorable citizenship, has passed from the affection and esteem which had surrounded him to his everlasting reward.

Be it resolved: That we hereby express our sorrow that a life so loyally devoted to Church and country has ended, and we further tender to our friend and colleague, Professor Austin O'Malley, and to the members of his family, our deepest sympathy in this the hour of their sorrow and affliction.

And be it resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that they be also published in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

For the Faculty.

REV. S. FITTE, Professor of Ethics.

MARTIN J. McCUE, Prof. of Civil Engin.

JOHN G. EWING, Prof. of Hist. and Econom.

\* \* \*

In the name of the members of St. Joseph's Hall we offer our sympathy to our friend and classmate, Robert Lynch, on the death of his sister, who died Monday. Some of us have never known the grief that comes when we must part forever from the gentle influence of a sister; but the sorrow of our friend who has been so dear, brings its sadness to us all, and our deepest sympathy is with him and all the bereaved family.

GEORGE O'CONNOR,

JOSEPH KENNEY,

DAVID MOLUMPHY,

THOMAS LYONS,

JOHN CORLEY.

## Local Items.

—Harry has a new pair of soles and heels thicker than the first ones.

—Hello! Just get in? I wish you happy century, and many of them! The same to you, old man!

—FOUND.—During vacation, a fountain pen. The owner may have it by calling at Room 52, Sorin Hall.

—LOST—In the Bath House, Room 4, a gold ring. Finder, please return to G. V. Van Valkenburch.—"Alabama Joe."

—"You must keep your mouth shut when you are in the water," said Gallagher, as he gave Joe his first swimming lesson in the new

swimming pool. "If you don't you'll swallow some of it." "What if I do?" asked, Joe gulping down a quart. "There's plenty more in the lake, isn't there?"

—The greatest nuisance last year in Sorin Hall has been "Corridor Debates," and the new century opens with the thing in full blast.—Let single taxers beware!

—George Meyer has the sympathy of the student body in the loss of a valuable dog. While out gunning with two friends during the Christmas vacation, one of the party mistook the dog for a rabbit and shot it.

—There will be a formal opening of the gymnasium about Feb. 1st. Manager Eggeman promises something good, though as yet he is not prepared to say what the programme will be. We may be sure, however, to see some good running and sprinting and excellent field work, for Fred Powers is expected back before the opening.

—Happy New Year, Mike! What are you doin' for a livin' now-a-days?

Risky business! risky business!

What business?

Didn't you hear I was runnin' a pool-room without a license?

An' are you?

Of course, I am, but it's a swimmin'-pool.

—"Mike" Hastings, who has been gardener at Notre Dame for the last twenty years, has contributed \$25.00 toward the rebuilding of the gymnasium. "Mike" by thus showing his appreciation of what he sees puts to shame many of those who are far better able to give than he is. He has a warm spot in his heart for sports, and admires young athletes; and although he has been a grandfather for over a dozen years, we venture to say some of the youngsters would have to do their best to beat him even now at a "hop, step and jump."

—Late one evening during the holidays Chauncey Wellington sought rest in one of the swell cafés in Chicago, and feeling rather lonesome he addressed the man sitting at the opposite side of the table:

"What part of the country are you from?"

"From Notre Dame," answered the man.

"Is that so? why, I come from there too," replied Chauncey.

"Well, this is surely a happy meeting," added the stranger. The young man then gave his name as John Lavelle, and strangely enough both had known each other in their childhood. It is needless to say that the meeting was a happy one.

—FOUND—Near the door of Brownson study hall, a dark lantern, a modern set of burglar's tools and an old faithful jimmy. The owners may have their property by calling on Mr. Dorian, the night watchman. They may also take away the two holes bored in the door of Brownson study-hall. They are superfluous

so far as looking in is concerned, for the door has two glass panels. The watchman would also like to take another fall out of the stubby burglar; catch-as-catch-can style preferred this time, although everybody grants him the decision in the last contest wherein Greco-Roman rules prevailed.

—What has befallen Sorin Hall these non-halcyon days? There is a hubbub and furore in every nook and cranny of the classical building. We left our room the other day, and while passing through the hall we met with no fewer than seven debaters. In the corridors three men were button-holed, on the stairway two were held by the coat lapels. We heard such expressions as "natural agent," "unearned increment," "private ownership of land." When we asked Gallagher, who was trying to steal past one of the enthusiastic speakers unnoticed, what it all meant, he said:

"Don't you know the reform wave has struck the hall? These loquacious talkers are the Tangle Sixers explaining the Single Tax.

"I'm trying to get out now, he continued, Without letting Barry see me. Near the main entrance(?) we met a prefect who began to discuss morning prayer with us. While listening to him we perforce had to hear Tangle Sixer Baldwin and McInerny. "Mac" was saying, "Well I'll admit Adam had no right to throw the second man in the sea; but what distinction do you make between a natural agent and an unnatural agent." This seemed to stagger Bill for a moment, but soon he answered: "A natural agent is anything placed on earth by God for the common use of man as farm land, a coal mine or gas well— We heard no more, for Christian-like we love our enemies and helped the prefect, who had fainted, to his room.

—There is more than one way to work off the grudge a fellow has against himself for spending his holidays at college. George Dewey O'Connors and Francis Philippino Burk, attorneys, conspired to gain an extra session of Judge McGowan's court, and hanged half a dozen criminals during vacation. They started in with a wild case of skiving against Corley, but the defendant had the sympathy of the local jury on general principles, and the case was lost. Jenkins was convicted of insanity in the first degree. Worden was proved to have been intoxicated by drinking too deeply from a Christmas love-letter, while Derkin and Hart had a trial over Kitty O'Shea, Jr. Kitty told Derkin that "her heart was at the university," and Hart said there was no doubt about that for he was here. The thing resulted in an assault and battery, two broken noses, a broken head, three broken hearts, a trial by jury and a verdict by which both were restrained from falling in love for sixty days. The case was appealed by both. At the close of the session Judge McGowan gave a grand

farewell address to the nineteenth century, and all drank (coffee) to Kitty O'Shea and the new century.

—Magglieu stayed at the Notre Dame Hotel during vacation, and when he was there a few days, the idea entered his head that he should write to his sweetheart. This is his effort:

DEAR FAIR ONE,—I take my pen in hand to let you know that you are still in my thoughts. My heart is full of turkey and mince-pie, and so overflowing with gravy that unless you come and share it with me, I am liable to be submerged in greasy abysses. I wrote you two letters since I wrote to you last, but I suppose the mail man got on a spree. I hope you are enjoying the Christmas. We are having a great time—Shorty and myself, I mean. We let Jim play with us occasionally, but he prefers the company of horses and dogs. He says he believes in affinity. He may be right, but I never looked up the meaning of the word. I think it means sweet potatoes, because he took a great fancy to a dishful of them at dinner to-day. If I don't meet you before I see you, good-bye,

Yours trulissime,

HENRY AUSTIN MAGGLIEU.

N. B.—I intended to tell you in my letter that I played football with Jim last fall. Jim is a good player, and only that I am not given to praising myself, I should tell you that you'd walk many a mile before you'd meet my equal on the gridiron. Of course, this is strictly confidential, for if the other players heard it they might be inclined to dispute its truth. After the holidays I shall have two classes, prayers and victuals. There are many other studies on my bill, but I shall devote all my time to these two, and all my attention to the latter. In memory of the times when I was unable to write I shall here put my x, which you may interpret in whatever light you wish.

Yours again,

H. A. M.

—A SAD, SAD TALE.—Often there is great suffering and pain imposed upon a genius because the age in which he lives does not appreciate him. In Sorin Hall last session lived a celebrated violinist, who, because of the low and vulgar tastes of the clods about him was never understood. Indeed, they so berated and calumniated his tear-stirring solos that he had to cease playing upon his beloved instrument altogether. But hope, that buoys up man when the storms of untoward fate threaten to overwhelm him, beat faintly under the red undershirt of the young musical genius. "Though at present I must be dumb," thought he, "I will bide my time till vacation comes." The holidays at last arrived. One morning, about ten o'clock those young men of Sorin Hall who were able to be up, sadly gazed through their windows at a joyful world,

and were surprised to see our suppressed violinist hurry toward with a dress-suit case in one hand and a violin case in the other.

It was a beautiful day. The sun, in his warm-hearted way, was smiling so cheerfully that the arbor vitæ in front of the University building seemed like cones of scintillating diamonds because of the glistening snow clinging to their branches. The sun also melted the "beautiful," so that the walks were covered with slush. But our traveller did not mind the mud. The soles of his shoes were heavy, and his heart was light.

He was going to see a dear one whose soul yearned to make life a musical dream as his did. She, at any rate, would appreciate the inspired compositions of Bert Weiser Pint-bottleo. For years she and our genius had known each other, but never had she heard him play in his masterly manner. Circumstances had always overthrown pre-arranged plans. But they could no longer do so, for he was determined to see her for that purpose. And see her he did.

It is morning again. In Sorin Hall the students are going from room to room seeking what they may devour. The street cars are running in South Bend and the wind is from the northwest. A young man leaves the Lake Shore train, and slowly moves toward a hack. He carries two cases: one for a dress-suit, the other for a violin. Have we not seen him before? Surely we have; but how changed! Care has pressed her corpse-like hand upon his features. His trousers are uncreased. His ample chest sags in, and his head droops. What has happened to him, our youthful musical prodigy? But five days before, how cheerful, how full of hope, he left us. Where was he? We do not know. But this we know; Wearying of his own company in the hack, he left it and began to plod his way back to Sorin Hall. On the way he met a maiden who was fain to flirt with him, but he only answered, "Get thee gone, I'll go home if I'm able."

And this more we know. Curiosity impelled us to try to solve the mystery of his changed condition. While he slept we surreptitiously got his violin case. The violin itself was cut in twain. Inside was this note. It said:

Dearest:—It is better we should not meet. My pet ape, that you admired so much last night, got into your room to-day and took your violin. I heard him, dearest, but I thought it was you playing, so I did not mind, but the imp took to using a keyhole saw for a bow, and cut your violin in halves. I know how you prize it, and think it best we should not meet. Excuse these tear-stains.

Your afflicted,

GERTY.

It will be asked, who is this unfortunate? We can not say, but merely hint. There are two violinists in Sorin Hall; and Jack Mullen was here all vacation making a retreat.