

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## Study Dreams.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

WE wonder why the fancy often strays,  
Withdrawn by magic spell or pleasing dream,  
To roam in woods or by a lonely stream  
Afar from books and lore of ancient days.  
Perchance his tricks another Hermes plays  
To steal the thoughts deep-bent on studious theme;  
Quaint elfins hover in the air, and seem  
To coax the unwilling mind to adverse ways.

In vain we come to kneel at Wisdom's throne,  
Or seek the Muse's now reluctant aid—  
Our transient thoughts play truant thro' the hour  
And revel in the mischief they have made.  
Kind Nature, too, steals in with subtle power  
To claim some fleeting moments for her own.

## The Ancient Drama.

J. B. S.

**P**UBLIC games were at first but adjuncts to certain festivals. They soon became of essential importance in Roman life. The idea was to honor the gods in this manner, but gradually the games came to have a political meaning. This is absolutely true with regard to the games in the Circus, even if it is not so evident with regard to the theatrical representations. The people wanted to be amused, and it was the duty of the ruler to furnish them entertainment.

Horace alludes to the fearful spectacle which the ancients gave to the Furies on the battlefield (Book i., ode 28, 17), and he tells us that he would like to see Democritus back on earth, because that cynic philosopher would

watch the people more attentively than the performances themselves, as affording him more amusement than the farce (Epist. ii., 1, 197). Public sentiment was manifested in the theatre. There the people used to applaud those in universal favor as they entered (i., 20, 4). The theatre, as a rule, was crowded (Epist. i., 19, 41); but if the people had been treated to an inferior play when something better was advertised they would have resented it, and the dull writer soon found he had but one or two stupid admirers (Epist. ii., 2, 130). The masterly arrangement of the subject-matter and the artistic delineation of the characters is what drew the people to the plays of Terence (Epist. ii., 1, 60).

The theatre buildings were modelled after the Greeks. The stage, however, was deeper, in order to gain room for the chorus, since the orchestra proper furnished seats which were reserved for the senators. It was but right that the chorus should be on the stage, as its duty was to support the actors, and particularly to aid the principal actor (A. P. 193). The sacred chorus asks the gods for help, and is sure to be heard (Epist. ii., 1, 134). The rich purple garments of the chorus (Epist. i., 6, 41) will be mentioned further on.

Directly behind the seats of the senators were fourteen rows of seats reserved by law for the Roman knights. Lucius Roscius Otho, when tribune of the people (B. C. 67), formulated this law (Epist. i., 1, 62). The upstarts, relying on their wealth and forgetting the disqualification of their birth, struggled for these seats, and thus the law defeated its own object, which was to exclude just such persons from the seats in question (Epod. 4, 16). The spectators occupied the rest of the building on seats arranged in semicircular terraces.

In the days of Æschylus the stage was merely a platform. A few planks were roughly joined together. There was little room, and the architectonic majesty which characterized

later constructions was wanting (A. P. 279). The platform—stage—was originally exposed to the view of the spectators from the beginning of the play to the end. Later on, the curtain was introduced which was rolled up under the platform, and was raised to hide the stage from view. The curtain was raised between the acts. If the play was liked the spectators would wait for the lowering of the curtain to view the next act; otherwise they went away (A. P. 154). The curtain may have been introduced for various reasons. Chief among these reasons was the fact that a play was roughly interrupted by the people clamoring for a prize fight. During four hours they sat witnessing such scenes before the entertainment was resumed (Epist. ii., 1, 189).

It is a curious fact that the plays of writers, whom the Romans called ancient, found so much favor with the theatre-going public. This may be explained by the excellent acting of a Roscius and an Æsop. The plays of later writers were lacking in these masters of the stage; and though they were better productions they were not liked by the spectators (Epist. ii., 1, 78). Titus Quintius Atta (B. C. 70) wrote *fabulas togatas*—comedies representing scenes from Roman life. The stage, in order to satisfy the fastidious, was sprinkled with a perfume (crocus) and flowers (Epist. ii., 1, 79).

In the Roman comedy the chorus had not the same object nor the same importance as in the Greek comedy. The chorus played on the *tibia* or on the *lyra*. Whether it was the Phrygian or Berecynthian, or old Tyrrhenian (i., 18, 13; iii., 7, 30; A. P. 202) is of little importance. The question would gain in interest if Horace had informed us whether they played all in unison or octaves, or whether they played symphonies with various parts. However, these musicians were moving up and down, dressed in magnificent costumes to attract the attention of the spectators, and produced a pantomimic effect (A. P. 215).

The actors were either slaves or freedmen. The costumes varied according to the kinds of drama. Borrowed jewels were much in evidence (Epist. ii., 1, 204). The Greeks were so enthusiastic over the tragedy, which had reached the highest perfection under Sophocles and Euripides, that Pericles knew no more efficacious means to gain the popular favor than to allow each citizen the entrance money to the theatre from the public treasury (Epist. ii., 1, 98). The Greeks were so much in love with tragic representations that they

seemed to forget everything else (Epist. ii., 2, 129). Luxurious Tarent prepared the finest purple dye in which the long trailing garments of the actors (A. P. 215) were dyed until they obtained that brilliant violet color, which was considered the finest (Epist. ii., 1, 207). The actors in the tragedy wore shoes with soles several inches thick so as to appear taller and to look more like the heroes that they represented (A. P. 80). Thus in the Cyclops, which was borrowed from Euripides, it was necessary to fix up a large, ugly figure. The face of Messius was so ugly (and possibly the frame of his body so large) that Sarment told him he could very easily dance the Cyclops, and would not need either a mask or a cothurnus (Sat. i., 5, 64). On the other hand, in the comedy, the actors wore low shoes, or rather slippers, like the women (Epist. ii., 1, 174).

From the time of Roscius all actors wore a mask, except the mimics. Masks were used to strengthen the sound of the words spoken by the actor. The word *persona* has a different meaning from our English "person." It represents not so much the individual as the character, the rank, the dignity, the appearance (Sat. i., 2, 60), superiority and inferiority (Epist. i., 17, 29). The poet's duty demands that each character represented by the mask be uniform, consistent, and in harmony with what it represents (A. P. 126). For instance, an individual actually makes the same mistakes as the masked character representing that individual on the stage (Sat. i., 4, 56). Æschylus is the inventor of the mask (A. P. 279). The mimic farces allowed originally but one actor on the stage. Therefore, when Horace speaks of *partes mimum tractare secundas* (Epist. i., 18, 14), there is no question of this kind of representation. The actresses in the mimic farces represented scenes and characters from the ordinary and frequently from the lower strata of life. They wore neither mask nor cothurnus, nor slipper; they were barefoot. These actresses were strangers who had little regard for their characters, and their representations and gestures were of a low kind (Sat. i., 2, 2 and 56). The mimic farces were of Italic (Etruscan?) origin, uncouth, without plan, a mixture of jokes and burlesque scenes of comic characters and situations, in which the imitation of animals' voices was not prohibited (Sat. i., 10, 6). They nevertheless supplanted the Atellans, and were preferred to the pantomime and even the serious drama. Cæsar, the Dictator, commanded Laberius to appear on the stage with

a younger rival, Publilius Syrius (Sat. i., 10, 6). It was the talk of the town when Lepos danced well or badly (Sat. ii., 6, 72). Dancing that at first was not considered as becoming a Roman, eventually found entrance into the best society (i., 1, 31; i., 4, 5; ii., 5, 21; ii., 12, 17), even maidens learning the Ionic dances (iii., 6, 21).

The Roman spectator enjoyed lively action and a mixed plot. Æschylus had allowed but two speakers on the stage. Sophocles found this too uniform and monotonous, and introduced a third speaker. Horace wants the Roman drama to hold to the Sophoclean rule, and he positively forbids a fourth speaker on the stage (A. P. 192). This rule does not prevent a messenger or a slave to say a word between the rôles of the principal actors; it is merely intended to check the talkativeness of the minor characters.

If a poet wishes his drama to be a success (A. P. 176); if he desires the approval of the audience, he must not transgress the limits of possibility (A. P. 339): the fable must appear to be true (A. P. 188); for this reason it is better to select a subject which is known (A. P. 129); a subject which is not too long and which can be satisfactorily treated in five Acts (A. P. 189). If the music corresponds to the nature of the drama (A. P. 202-215); if the scenic effect is tasteful—Horace was frank enough to blame Augustus for helping to lower the Roman taste—(Epist. ii., 1, 190); if the various rôles are properly assigned, consistently delineated and strictly carried out; if good elocution is united with artistic versification (A. P. 319-322); if the action is refined, not too ponderous, nor too strained, (Epist. ii., 1, 170); then deserved applause is given (Epist. i., 6, 7; ii., 1, 205), otherwise the spectators hiss and show disapproval (Sat. i., 10, 77; Sat. i., 1, 66). These are the ideas of Horace on the Roman Theatre.

It was a strange but universal custom that the Cantor at the end of the performance told the people that it was time to applaud. "Plaudite." (A. P. 155).

#### A Memory.

Upon my desk a faded rose  
That came one summer's day—  
Of small account one might suppose,  
Yet dear to me that faded rose;  
It bloomed where sparkling Shannon flows  
In Ireland far away.  
Upon my desk a faded rose  
That came one summer's day.

P. MacD.

#### Good Conversation.

HARRY P. BARRY, 1901.

Pleasant words are sweet to the soul—PROVERBS.

Every man pursues his favorite theme, and tries to please by its subtle charms: the poet asks us to see the hidden beauty in a poem; the scientist interests us by revealing the secrets of nature; the novelist delights us with his idealistic creations. The musician under inspiration transports us into a new world—a region of his own creation,—where we are oblivious to the ills of humanity; where our heart beats with his, and we are happy. But the joys to be found in good conversation often exceed these pleasures; for literature, science and music would give us but little happiness if we could not communicate their effects to others.

In following art, our own native talent is often lost in imitation; but such is not the case in conversation. We may hear others more clever than ourselves, and by endeavoring to equal them we do not lose our own individuality. We say what we feel, and we can not talk deeper or wiser,—try as we may.

Good conversation flows spontaneously, and, like the brook, it should be an "incessant alternation of rest and motion, darkness and sparkle and glitter." It can not be cut and dried for future use, for, as fruit, it will lose its freshness and become insipid. It is not studied like books or speeches or letters; but it effervesces every moment with the life of the present. There is nothing into which the thoughts and feelings can fit so readily and so completely.

But what to say and when to say it is the difficulty. The occasion must give the stimulus. Every man will call for his favourite dish, and after we know what suits his taste we may offer it again. A philosopher is not inclined toward trivial things. If he is a bombastic fellow he may use terms with which the majority of people are not acquainted; he is not interesting. But there is another kind of philosopher and he is an entertaining fellow. Thoreau was of this class. For him the meanest thing had significance. He left his father's lead-pencil shop and dedicated his genius to the solitude of nature. He saw the goodness of God in everything. His God was not an intangible being; on the contrary: the God that the children, with their simplicity and

innocence, love and reverence. Such an one is a conversationalist, for he is in communion with his Creator. Talking is like playing on the harp, says the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." There is as much in laying the hands on the strings to stop the vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their harmony. Unfortunately there is in society a group that know not when to check their tongues, but

Like Delia's o'er her cup  
That runs for ages without winding up.

They are the chatterboxes. We have often been caught by the glitter of the butterfly maiden. Yes, she can talk; but she is like the daw with her infinite chatter. She discusses balls and parties. You must know the scandals connected with this one. You must listen to ejaculations like "perfectly lovely!" "too sweet for anything!" and hear her call some empty-pated fop "a perfect dream!" if you will entertain her. She arouses no interest in us, for her world is what happened yesterday or an hour ago. Of course, we must all bear a little feminine small-talk, and assume an interest if we have none. "Sweet and pretty hypocrites," says Holmes, "are engaging listeners." To listen attentively is as essential as to talk entertainingly. Many of us like to speak more than our share of the time, and as a result we are poor listeners. We must always take into consideration the feelings of our listener rather than our own.

Weather, religion and politics should be eliminated from conversation. Sarcasm is a sharp instrument and cuts like a sickle. Slang, though it sometimes flashes and pleases for an instant, is commonly the parlance of the vulgar, the efforts of a feeble mind avoiding intellectual effort in loose phraseology. The incessant joker must play the fool. Better be the king than the jester. The joker's repertory is soon exhausted and we have no further use for him. Generous sentiment, a warm and sympathetic nature, free from anger or pettiness, are qualities which are reflective like the light of heaven, and illumine conversation.

The gift of good conversation is a precious possession. It gives more beauty and colouring to the house than the cleverest painting. It enhances the artless hours of youth, and in after-life it is the most pleasurable of all our enjoyments.

SELF-POSSESSION is another name for self-forgetfulness.—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

DEFER not charities till death.—*Bacon.*

### Her Last Song.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

A graceful young woman clad in deep mourning clasped her hands convulsively to her bosom as she watched the clay falling on the white pine box that held the coffin of her husband. Then, as if tearing herself from a spot to which she was rooted, she hastily entered her carriage and was driven home.

Alone in her room she gave full vent to her grief, and the fast-falling tears ran in streams over her pretty face. But grief like this could not last forever, and her naturally buoyant spirits soon asserted themselves, and a reaction set in that left her head throbbing but her mind clear. And now her situation stood forth in bold relief, and she must contemplate it. No one to aid her and practically without resources, she realizes that the burden of caring for herself and her baby girl has devolved upon her. Her pride will not allow her to depend on others; she will face the task before her alone and bravely. But how begin? Her education and accomplishments are not of a nature that would assist her materially. So one after another she passes in review all her accomplishments, and as each is dismissed as impracticable her pretty features grow more perplexed. She fears the burden will be more than she can sustain, and she falls into a sad reverie only to be suddenly startled by the entrance of nurse with baby Marie. Away went all thoughts of the future from the mother's mind, and clasping her baby fondly to her breast, she felt herself strong enough to combat the whole world for the sake of her darling. The frail little child, like a piece of delicate china we would not touch for fear of breaking it, clasped her arms around her mother's neck and said, "Mamma, sing for Marie?"

Sing? with a heart wherein love and intense grief were struggling for the mastery—how could song find room there? "Do, mamma;" the pleading voice wins, and with a painful effort the mother sings a little song that always pleased Marie. The notes full of pathos swell forth from her finely modulated voice and fill the chamber with harmony. The child listens enraptured, and, when the song is finished, smiles sweetly, nods her approval, and thanks her mother with the childish embrace that all mothers love.

"Madame sings superbly. I have not heard better even from our grand singers that all praise so highly," said the nurse. The tone of honest praise and candor in the nurse's words made a deep impression on the young woman. Why could she not sing on the stage, make money, buy luxuries for Marie, and—but she must have time to think it over, so giving her loved one a kiss, sweetened with all a mother's affection, she told the nurse to put her to bed, for the little one's eyes were already heavy with sleep.

Sing on the stage! Why not? Many another woman had done it, had succeeded and was highly esteemed; but reason as she would the plan seemed tainted with the notion of losing caste. Still no other relief was in view, and this one certainly was honorable; yet the lingering doubt and the thought, "what will the world say?" almost induced her to give up the idea, but baby's face came between her and her resolution, and putting her darling's welfare in the scale it outweighed all the objections she could bring to bear against it.

The next morning she started out to put her resolve into practice, and see if she could get employment with any of the opera companies in the great city, never once thinking of the difficulties she might meet in her pursuit.

Polite managers said they were sorry they had no opening, others would let her know if they needed her assistance, and still others, brazen-faced and impudent, offered her a place in the chorus. She returned home in the afternoon sick at heart and filled with a mental nausea, but firmly resolved to try again. The next day and the next brought no result, but on the fourth day she met with better success. The manager of a new company, as yet only half-organized, asked to hear her sing, and recognizing her merit engaged her at once at a high salary and appointed the evening for her first public appearance. She returned home overjoyed, and spent a happy evening singing for Marie and romping with her in the nursery.

The eventful evening when she would appear for the first time came very soon, and though unknown to the audience, yet when she stepped forth in her simple white lace dress the encoring and applause that followed her first song showed that they admired her beautiful singing. The manager, more than satisfied with this *débutante*, doubled her already high salary, and we may add that he lost nothing by his kindness, or better, shrewdness,

for the announcement on a flaming poster that La Corinne would sing always brought a doubling of the box-office receipts.

La Corinne herself was not elated nor even touched with the natural pride that usually accompanies a public success. She cared nothing for the applause that greeted her every appearance, and still less for the favorable comments that every newspaper scribe felt it his duty to bestow on her, and the unopened billet-doux saved fuel for her. The exquisite bouquets that were rained upon her were always acceptable, for "Marie" loved flowers, and all these went to deck the nursery. The mother's existence was held up by the single thread—love for her baby girl. While she could have Marie to love and work for all would be well, and the inspirations that came to her as she sang in the nursery each day to please the baby were often the sources of the songs that the same night would draw thunders of applause from every part of the vast theatre.

But one day Marie was cross, the next feverish and the kind old family physician was called in. He saw at a glance that the case before him was serious, and as he looked up and caught the expression of fear and love on the face of the mother who was bending over the bed, he saw still more. He saw here two lives so inseparably linked together that he feared the snapping asunder of one would destroy both, but he put on his most cheerful smile, rubbed his hands briskly, and said: "It's only a fever." He prescribed some medicine and left, promising to call in the afternoon. He came about three o'clock and brought with him another physician. Both saw that the condition of the little sufferer was well-nigh hopeless, but neither expressed this by any sign, and the poor mother felt somewhat relieved as they left telling her not to worry.

That evening after a fond embrace she hurried off to the theatre and as soon as her song was finished, disregarding the cries of "encore," she hurried down to her carriage and was rapidly driven home. As she ran up the stairs she heard the nurse say: "I don't think the poor creature will be able to stand it." The answer was low, but she caught the words: "Can't live . . . morning," and throwing open the door, she cried:

"Who can't live—who can't live till morning? O tell me, Doctor!"

The kind old man, pierced to the core by

her tone of terror and grief, could make no answer, but taking her in his arms carried her to the bedside of her child.

The baby lay with eyes wide open, had no sign of fever at all, and smiled sweetly at her beautiful mother in her magnificent stage costume.

"O my dear little Marie! How does my darling feel?"

"I'm all right, mamma. What makes you look so scared and your hands shake?"

"O that's nothing! I was only afraid some one would hurt you while I was away."

"Don't be afraid, mamma; I am not afraid when Alice is here to play with me. But I'm tired now. Mamma, sing for Marie?"

The poor mother was ready to faint with exhaustion, but making an effort that seemed to tear her very heart out she kissed her baby and sang the same song whose echoes had but a few minutes before thrilled the hearts of a gaily dressed audience.

She was not half through when Marie sank back on her pillow, seemed to listen to another song coming from above, and then closed her eyes—she had heard her mother's last song. The mother's voice sank lower, and when she had finished she stepped softly toward the bed, thinking the little sufferer had fallen asleep. She touched one of the icy hands that lay on the coverlid, laid her hand on the sufferer's heart to see if it was beating, and with a cry of anguish drawn from a broken heart, she fell forward clasping the body of her darling, and both white souls made the happy journey together.

#### Chips from the Wood-Pile.

The only debt some men ever pay is their debt to nature.

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See thyself as thou art: in other words, buy a looking-glass.

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If you meet a man that has no bad habits, watch him; if he has a number of virtues besides, don't trust him; and if he has all the virtues shoot him, for the angels need him right away.

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"Every cloud has a silver lining." That's where they get the silver-plate for the castles in the air.

\*\*\*

A house on fire is a light-house.—W. H. T.

#### Varsity Verse.

##### A LULLABY OF THOMOND.

HUSHO! my dearie, locks of gold  
Are clustering round your brow of snow,  
Your blue eyes call up days of old,  
And send thoughts thronging to and fro.  
There now, my sweet, watch me no more.  
And now your dreaming course you take  
In fairy dance o'er Ina's lake.  
God grant *they* take not you, *mo stoir*;  
Husho, husho, *mo lanib*, so.

Oh! did I think that on the waves  
My babe was dancing with the band  
Of elfin folk who build their caves  
Of pearl and sapphire 'neath the sand,  
And but a changeling smiled at me;  
And did I think that to my breast  
Some fairy mother's child I prest  
'Twould break this heart! How might I dree  
To croon, husho, *mo lanib*, oh!

A. J. B.

##### BEWAIL THE DEAD.

Bewail the dead you living ones:  
Let every grief-shed tear that runs  
Down sorrow's cheeks from friendly eyes,  
Find echoes in heart-broken sighs,  
As drop by drop they flow and fall  
Around the bier and funeral pall  
Of him who dies

Because it is for you to grieve  
For those beloved friends who leave  
Life's way and follow death unto  
The silence that awaiteth you,  
Where summer's flowers their heads shall wave  
Beneath the breeze and twilight dew  
Above your grave.

M. McG.

##### TO A FERN.

I've seldom heard that poets sing  
Thy worth, and still our eyes  
See something of that peace in thee  
That on the hillsides lies,  
And something of the wonder too  
That grows in autumn's skies.

Thou mind'st me of summer meadows  
Where nodding roses sleep,  
And of ripples, gleam and shadows  
O'er humming waters sweep.  
And of singing thrush, or skylark  
Hid in the heaven's deep.

Thou mindst me of another gone  
Who often watched with me  
Thy crumpled leaves before the sun  
Unfold and spread while she  
In sport would help slow nature on—  
Such thoughts how can I dree!

Because my moist eye gazes now  
At leaves outspreading wide,  
My fancies long years leaping  
Sweep down the Fergus tide.  
Ah, God! how many longings  
In a fern may abide!

A. B.

\* My treasure.

## Juliet and Cleopatra.

ROBERT L. FOX. 1901.

Juliet in the play of "Romeo and Juliet" is classed by some critics among the great women characters of Shakspeare's creations. Others are averse to this, and think she is of a type inferior to that of Cleopatra, Hermione and Cordelia. Mr. Hudson claims that this difference of opinion arises from the fact that "the representation of Juliet is so charged with poetic warmth and splendor as to hinder a cool and steady judgment of the character." The critic is so influenced by the great passion in which Juliet lives that it causes him to sympathize with her, and thereby show some partiality—for instance, when the marriage of Paris is forced upon Juliet after she has already been secretly married to Romeo. To avert the unhappy consequences that would follow she appeals imploringly to her father, mother and nurse. Getting no sympathy from any of them ours naturally goes out to her. Concerning Cleopatra's greatness, however, there is no dispute. Almost all critics of high repute assert that she is Shakspeare's masterpiece in female characterization. Let us take these two great characters and see in what traits they differ.

Cleopatra we should judge to be a woman of the world about thirty years of age, very deep, possessing a vivid imagination, and at times difficult to understand. In Juliet we see an Italian girl of sixteen, pretty, brilliant and gifted with a deep passion of love. Shakspeare brings out the character of Cleopatra so forcibly that we feel as if we had known her for years, but in Juliet we have not that impression. We admire Cleopatra and love Juliet. Our sympathy tends more toward Juliet, for the very reason that she is a young, innocent girl, while Cleopatra is a woman acquainted with the world, and more competent to battle for herself.

In reading "Antony and Cleopatra," or seeing it played, we do not take pleasure in Cleopatra, but in Shakspeare himself, and his forcible way of characterizing her; but in "Romeo and Juliet" we like Juliet alone. In Cleopatra we see the author; In Juliet, the girl. This is due no doubt to the different times in which the two plays were written. "Romeo and Juliet," as Malone and other Shaksperian authorities assert, was composed

in the year 1596, and "Antony and Cleopatra" in 1608. An interval of twelve years works a great change in a mind like Shakspeare's. In fact, in all his later plays a marked improvement over his early ones is noticed. The *Tempest*, *A Winter's Tale*, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline* and *Macbeth* were written in the latter part of his life.

Cleopatra is not so important from a structural point of view. The plot is not hinged on her so much as on Juliet. The whole action centres directly around Juliet, while only part of it does in Cleopatra. The former we have constantly in mind during the whole play; the latter only when she herself appears, or when an allusion to her is made. Juliet is more of a heroine than Cleopatra. Her heroism differs from Cleopatra's by the fact that she acts the heroine without knowing it; whereas Cleopatra's is of a more ambitious nature.

In speaking of Cleopatra, Hudson says: "Her love is at once romantic and sensual, blending the two extremes of imagination and appetite; she is proud, passionate, ambitious, false, revengeful; abounding in wit, talent, tact and practical sense; inscrutable in cunning and in strategy of inventive passion for attaining its end." This in some respects is the opposite nature to that of Juliet. Juliet's love is neither romantic nor sensual, but pure. She is neither proud, passionate, ambitious, false, nor revengeful; but her talent, tact and practical sense we might say she has in common with Cleopatra. Antony's love is a mere spell or fascination which he has for Cleopatra, whereas between Romeo and Juliet a real love exists—their hearts are joined into one. In "Antony and Cleopatra" we do not find a speech that is so saturated with true love as that of Juliet's in the beginning of the second scene of the third act in "Romeo and Juliet."

Come, Romeo, come, thou day in night,  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—  
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd  
night,  
Give me my Romeo; and when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.—  
O I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it: so tedious is this day,  
As is night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them.

On the other hand, however, we do not

find such passionate eloquence in Juliet as Shakspeare has at times placed in the mouth of Cleopatra. As, for instance, in the scene at the monument just as the hero has breathed his last:

Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide  
In this dull world which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty?—O see my women,  
The crown o' the Earth doth melt!—My lord!  
my lord!

O withered is the garland of the war!  
The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls  
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting Moon.

No more but e'en a woman, and commanded  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
And does the meanest chores. It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs  
Till they had stol'n our jewel.

It is this queenly eloquence that makes Cleopatra what she really is and places her above Juliet. It is true that Cleopatra possessed pride, vanity and passion to a certain extent, but they were overshadowed by many other noble traits, so that they did not mar her character, but left her one of the strongest of Shakspeare's women.

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"In the Palace of the King."

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, 1901.

Among the many works of fiction that have appeared in the past few years, an excellent production has been created by Mr. Marion Crawford in his latest novel entitled "In the Palace of the King." Like many other books of Mr. Crawford's, this love story of old Madrid has a characteristic ring to it that is most pleasing. In it he has displayed an intimate knowledge of the court proceedings and the social life of the Spanish capital, and he tells his story, in which this knowledge is skilfully used, with a grace and charm that is fascinating. Some one has said that Mr. Crawford was a born story-teller, and we know that his narrative powers are unexcelled by writers of greater fame. Even Kipling, with his strong and bold strokes of character-sketching and his unique way of relating facts, does not surpass him. Crawford's unusual power lies chiefly in his ability to sustain interest in his stories. For when one is reading Crawford he never has time to stop and weigh what he has

just read. He is hurried from one interesting encounter to a vastly more exciting one, and frequently he can not lay aside the volume with any hope of contentment until he has read the story through. The consistency with which these scenes are put together is indicative undoubtedly of genius. Probably the worst fault that could be found with Mr. Crawford's work is that he is given irretrievably to continuing a story into a sequel; for most Americans are disappointed when they reach the end of a story and find that it is "continued in our next." We like to feel that we have done it all when we finish what we started out to read.

In this last story Mr. Crawford takes the unsuspecting reader into his confidence in the first page of the work and holds his attention continuously until he brings Don John back to life in the last pages. Like a magician he leads us through a series of stirring incidents, presenting a vision that whirls in mysterious silence before our wondering eyes. We would rest at times to think, but we are given no choice; whether we are tired or not it makes no material difference, the drama of life goes merrily on. We can not resist the alluring pleasures, and are in the gallery again looking on in fixed admiration at the busy whirl beneath us.

A remarkable quality of "In the Palace of the King" is that the whole series of incidents occur in the short space of one afternoon and night. The author takes up the story of the lives of his characters early in the afternoon and deals with them until an early hour in the evening, and in that interval of time he has thrown into an harmonious mass a series of happenings that excite pity and stir emotion in every breast. That the novel has been dramatized and is received with marked approval by the theatre-going people of America, is no surprise to those persons that have read the book. It is the best thing that Mr. Crawford has ever done, better than "Mr. Issaics" and a "Roman Singer," and it compares favorably with any work of its kind published in recent years.

The book was written essentially to please and to entertain, and any one taking it up expecting to receive some learned instruction in philosophy or science will be disappointed. The author intended merely to portray the mediæval life of Madrid, and devotes his whole endeavor to the accomplishment of his purpose. That he has succeeded, and

admirably, the success of the book in a measure attests.

The characters of this novel are not lifeless imitations of the individuals they are supposed to represent. We do not look for the manipulator to appear and put into boxes his toy men when we have finished the story. They are the living men and women that we should expect to meet in Spain to-day. They act and talk and think like other human beings, and we find some difficulty in convincing ourselves that we are amused by the creatures of another man's mind when we lay the book aside.

The noble traits of Don John, and the womanly instincts and pure hearts of Dolores and Inez, are very clever samples of characterization, and the artistic delineation of these persons is not as attractive as the loveliness of the characters themselves. At times they appear to be too perfect, too finely drawn; but the marked consistency of their actions relieves this impression. The strange powers of the blind girl and the many remarkable feats she performs are sometimes almost incredible, but the excellent use the author makes of them disposes the reader to overlook any supposed defect. Don John, with his manly courage, his boyish innocence, and his chivalrous regard for women, appeals strongly to an American.

The character of Mendoza, the chief guardman to the king and father of Dolores and Inez, is cleverly drawn. The reader feels like shaking the old fellow's hand and expressing his sympathy and admiration for him when he takes upon himself the responsibility of Don John's supposed death. His allegiance to Spain and to his king takes precedence in his mind over every other consideration, and he agrees to suffer an ignominious death, and does not weaken in his determination even in the face of insult, rather than permit his country's sovereign to be disgraced by the guilt of so heinous a crime. In developing this character, and unraveling the plot through it, the author displays admirable skill. The slightest bit of amateur work in this part of the novel would destroy it as a literary production, and the opportunity, and indeed the temptation, to grow melodramatic is very great. The examination of Mendoza in the king's apartments in the presence of the cunning secretary, Perez, is managed with judgment. The deception practised on Perez works perfectly, and it serves to bring out

the bad personality of the king and the noble qualities of Mendoza. Dolores proves herself a remarkable woman here. Her spirited and pointed thrusts at the king take the reader unawares and serve an excellent purpose. The dwarf is a mysterious being; he preserves his peculiarities to the end, and is a well-drawn character.

The final strokes that close the series of incidents and complete the novel are drawn with precision. The resurrection of Don John is altogether unlooked for and is the more pleasing. It makes a happy ending to a badly complicated state of affairs. To end the novel with John dead and the king succeeding in his nefarious designs would have been the logical way. With such an ending the novel would be better written from a point of view of logical outgrowth. The heroic death of Mendoza would have made the end of his career more glorious, and it would have been natural since his other actions were in keeping with such a death. The only danger with this ending would be that of getting into the realm of tragedy. Dolores, too, could have carried out her intention of making a generous sacrifice for her father's sake, and spent the rest of her life with credit and honour, if not with happiness.

"In the Palace of the King" has a spirit throughout that is healthful and pure. The reference that is made to the Catholic convent in which it is pictured as a prison for its inmates might be misunderstood. We are inclined to think, that the rigor of these institutions was not as great as Mendoza and others have declared it to be.

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#### Wandering Thoughts.

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"Little learning is a dangerous thing." For a college-boy or university man still worse is learning little.

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Virtue is a derivative of *vir*, and is but the after-image of character based on right principles.

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Life is an endless string of pearls joined together by iron links that tend only to make the pearls appear more beautiful.—*M. P.*

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Many a man is poor because he is not rich; of course there are various other reasons.—*W. H. T.*

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The time set for the Inter-collegiate debate between Indianapolis and Notre Dame is May 26. The question to be mooted has not been chosen yet, but it will be decided on inside of a week. Then preliminary debates will take place, and we hope the number of candidates to appear in these will be large.

These debates offer an opportunity for every student to gain some skill in public speaking, and every young man should desire proficiency along this line. No matter how great a man's knowledge or good sense may be, they profit him but little if he is among the great army of the dumb. For a college man to be silent when there is most need of open speech is shameful. The ability to clearly and forcibly express one's ideas is the culminating point of an education. The interest that will be aroused in the coming preliminary debates will be a help toward this if an aspirant only tries to shake off his bashfulness.

Because one may have no hope of winning a place among the chosen debaters is no reason why he should stay out of the contests. A year or two ago no one could pick any of the winners; some, in fact, went in with little hope, and to their surprise found a talent ability they knew not of. Not all who run in a race, of

course, can win. But it is certain that those who do run will be farther from the starting-point than the walkers or the ones who made no motion at all. We hope, then, for the sake of the University, and of the students themselves, that many may try, so the best here may be chosen. Father Crumley would like to have the names of those wishing to compete as early as possible.

It may be well to add that those students who intend to enter the preliminaries can find useful information in an article in the SCHOLASTIC of Jan. 12; what is most useful for a debater is briefly stated in it.

—The bi-monthly examinations will be held on the 23d and 25th. It ought to be needless to speak about preparing for them, but yet something may be added to our zeal and interest if we know others also look forward to them with some concern. There are those who regard competitions in class work as useless, almost injurious. They hold that by such means a teacher can get no just estimate of his pupil's knowledge. But here they miss the point; for any teacher worth the name at all knows the relative standing of those under him without an examination. The advantage aimed at is to have the student by means of a review get a logical grouping of the many facts he has assimilated in two months. In this way he can better see the relation of the different parts of a subject to each other.

It may be said this could be done without an examination. Well, it could, but most of us would not take the trouble. The wise course to follow is to co-operate with those who direct us; give in to their experience until such time as we get some of our own; not set up our raw judgments against decisions they have given much thought to. During the cool months we can do our best work, and now is the time we should strive to do it; for the springtime cometh and with it that tired feeling when no man will work.

—Father Olmstead, Director of Corby Hall, returned from New York this week. He has been making an extended visit with Father Luke Evers of that city. Everybody at the University is glad to see Father Olmstead back again and improved in health. The young men of Corby Hall, who are under his care, especially express their pleasure at his return.

## Economics in the University.

As everyone knows, there is now in America a tendency toward intensely practical college curricula. Purely polite learning is to be sacrificed to immediate usefulness, as far as is compatible with the giving of a liberal education. For, of course, all educators are more or less convinced that specialization must not be carried so far as to turn men into mere money-making machines.

The problem is, to provide groups of studies that will be of great value in mental training and possess practical utility. There is a group of subjects now forcing themselves on the attention of educators that combine both these desirable qualities, namely, the social sciences. The mathematical and physical sciences are justly praised as great aids to mental development; but the social sciences possess qualities pre-eminently fitting them for a place among college studies.

A student demonstrates a proposition in geometry. Every step in the proof rests rigidly on something that went before. No great width of judgment or grasp of principles is needed. Concentration satisfies all requirements. When he finishes he is absolutely certain that no one could have obtained a different result. A study of the physical sciences brings a wider range of faculties into play. Disturbing conditions enter into the problems. Error must be guarded against in experiment. Keeness of judgment is necessary to ascertain the value of results. The social sciences present a still more complex field of work. The human element enters largely. Social forces are added to physical. The investigator can not manipulate his materials, such as institutions, customs, prejudices, and social crises, to suit himself, but must rely on observation. The workings of social forces are more hidden and complicated than physical forces, but none the less real. Those who object that, because of the complicated nature of their data, the social sciences can never be truly sciences are the same as those who, according to a recent writer, "still regard the Great Pyramids as one of the seven wonders of the world, but who do not appreciate that the race persistence of the despised Jew is a far greater wonder."

On the side of usefulness, the social sciences can scarcely be overestimated. It is imperative that the highly organized economic

machinery of to-day be not unduly deranged by experimental and "freakish" legislation; but, on the other hand, great private interests must be firmly readjusted to the public welfare. The people must be prepared to undertake this middle course. It is not to be expected that reforms can be instituted without a struggle with vested interests; as Archbishop Whately once said, the theorems of Euclid could never obtain universal assent if they came in contact with private wealth and the business prospects of individuals. The studies deal with fundamental concerns of human life. We can not possess the efflorescence of civilization in a high degree if social and economic forces are not properly adjusted. You can not argue even about the destiny of his immortal soul with a man whose stomach is empty.

## Mars Again

EDITOR:—In an article entitled "Is there Life in Mars?" appearing in last week's SCHOLASTIC, some questionable statements have been made, to which it may be well to call attention. In the first place, the conclusion that Mars is made up of the same elements in the same proportion rests on very scanty premises. The writer, to use his own words, says: "if there should exist a very great discrepancy there would be an apparent variation in the march of the planet." This does not follow, because the attraction of gravity depends not upon composition but solely on mass. The writer should not have tried to clinch the good argument of spectrum-analysis in so weak a manner.

The next statement to which objection may be made is this: "Life can not exist under any circumstances without the help of these two forms of energy [heat and light]. It is a matter of fact, however, that life is possible without light."

Of course, no one can dispute that "the amount of radiant energy received by a body varies inversely as the square of the distance from its source;" but the following statement, "This law is enough to give an idea of the approximate temperature of Mars," may be questioned. There are other factors that determine the temperature of a planet. Astronomical observers give us data that prove beyond doubt that Mars has not lapsed into the condition of coldness that the writer describes,

The presence of liquid in various forms is a known fact. But even if Mars were cold and "desolate" as the polar regions of the earth, which the writer assumes, life would still be possible even in its higher forms.

An inaccuracy is made in the statement that on Mars the sun would appear "perhaps a little larger than a star of the first magnitude." If the writer would compare figures he would discover his mistake. In round numbers Mars is one and one-half times as distant as the earth from the sun. Squared and taken inversely, this gives us four-ninths. Consequently, the sun would appear four-ninths as large on Mars as here.

The last paragraph is a triumph of imagination. We shall answer it by quoting from Stewart and Tait's *Unseen Universe*: "... if the present physical laws remain long enough in operation, there will be (at immense intervals of time) mighty catastrophes due to the crashing together of defunct suns, the smashing of the greater part of each into nebulous dust surrounding the remainder, which will form an intensely heated nucleus, then, possibly, the formation of a new and large set of planets with a proportionally large and hotter sun—a solar system on a far grander scale than the present. And so on, growing in grandeur but diminishing in number till the exhaustion of energy is complete, and after that eternal rest so far as visible motion is concerned."

R. S.

#### Personals.

—Mr. Patrick J. Madden of Chicago paid us a brief visit recently.

—Miss Helen Hake of Grand Rapids, Mich., spent a few days with us on a visit to friends.

—Mr. John C. Geraghty of St. Paul, Minn., made a short stay lately at the University.

—The Rev. Father Fox of Chicago, Ill., has been the guest of the University for the past few days.

—Mr. Ernest C. Marker of Carroll Hall, who is at present sick in the Infirmary, had the pleasure of a visit from his mother.

—Mr. John Mosal of Jackson, Miss., spent a few days here during the course of the past week. Mr. Mosal was a graduate of Notre Dame in the class of '78.

—Mr. and Mrs. Stitch of Chicago, Ill., have been making an extended stay at the University. They came to visit their son who has been ill for some time past.

—Miss Crane of Frankfort, Mich., is visiting her brother Laurence of Carroll Hall.

#### Exchanges.

The natural tendency of an editorial heart if it still has left any feelings that are human, is to welcome the appearance of a new publication in the field of college or high school journalism. For five years the South Bend High School has struggled amid trials to edit a paper. With Spartan courage have they stood by their ideals—and now we have a production before us, the *Interlude*, which compares with any high school paper we have thus far seen. The cover design is especially commendable; and from cover to cover, the *Interlude* is an example of what courage and capability can do. The articles do not soar to the clouds, but there is a healthy tone to each. If the *Interlude* keeps the level reached in its initial number its success is assured.

\* \* \*

We can scarcely do justice to the author of the "Unconscious Humorist" in the *Acta Victoriana*, for we do not know from what point of view he would have us regard Gay. If the author takes Gay seriously, insisting on Gay's ability as a poet, and proving this poetic gift by the pieces of verse quoted from Gay, the author is the "Unconscious Humorist." If on the contrary, he regards Gay as an immense joke, and sustains his opinion with the verse quotations, he has burlesqued Gay, and that cleverly.

\* \* \*

*The University of Ottawa Review* takes life more seriously than the majority of college publications. It treats of subjects which have a significance, or had a significance, in the world about us, and seldom deals with light material. We do not admire this in a college magazine, but yet when a historical or economic subject is well treated, there is much merit. Any of us who have read but little of Irish history, can not help but be influenced by the article, "The Act of Union." The writer is not prejudiced in his statements, and fact follows fact in a logical manner. This is all we seek in a historical paper—truth and logic.

\* \* \*

The two ghost stories in the *Buff and Blue* are well written. The first is perhaps developed better than the second, but the second has more of an original plot. The local column contains some wise and funny sayings. We often find more philosophy in them than in a tract on Ethics.

J. J. S.

The Gymnasium Building-Fund.

Our Baseball Team.

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, Mich..	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, Monterey, Mexico.....	50
The Rev. E. P. Murphy, Portland, Ore.....	10
F. C. Downer (for son Henry and nephew Ed Kelly, St. Edward's) Atlanta, Ga.....	50
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
The 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
The 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
John P. Lauth, Chicago, Ill.....	25
Friend in South Bend.....	50
Friend who will not allow his name mentioned	250
Miss Ella Murray, Philadelphia, Penn.....	3
Sherman Steele, Indianapolis, Ind.....	10
Dr. James J. Creswell, Galena, Ill.....	1
Carol Von Phul, St. Edward's Hall, N. D.....	10
R. S. Funk, Redlands, California.....	5
Julio Usera, Carroll Hall.....	20
The Rev. P. Blake, St. Helena, California....	20

After two weeks of practice in the gymnasium under the direction of Captain Donahoe, the candidates for the baseball team are rounding into form. Of course, it is too early yet to make any predictions as to what men will develop into players and hold down the different positions on the Varsity during the coming season. One thing, however, is certain, that the team that Matt Donahoe will decide upon in a few weeks will compare favorably with the other Western nines if good material and hard work count for anything. We may not have the good fortune to get together as good a team as the one that represented Notre Dame last year, for that was an unusually strong team, and one of the best, if not the best, that ever wore the Gold and Blue. Norwood Gibson, Angus McDonald and "Chuck" Fleming are hard men to replace, but with consistent and hard work we hope to fill their positions. The other men who helped so materially to make our team of last year the champions of the West are with us, and each one of them will be in better form and do better work than he did last year. In the new men we have some promising material. We can not tell what our new fellows will do later, but some of them are showing to good advantage at present. To fill the position of pitcher may not be so difficult after all.

To-morrow Captain Donahoe will give his men a try-out, and from that time on will work with the fellows who promise most. The other men that have worked earnestly but have not had the experience that the more fortunate ones, on whom the captain's choice falls, will be content to wait another season, and will feel satisfied that they have done something for Notre Dame in trying to improve the team. To the men who will be selected to continue in practice, and on some of whom the duty and the glory of maintaining the prestige of Notre Dame in the baseball world will devolve, we look with expectancy and confidence.

The schedule for the baseball team was published some weeks ago. It includes nearly every one of the games we had last year, with the addition of a few more. We shall meet all of the big Western teams, and have an opportunity of convincing them further that Notre Dame's baseball nines are the best "in this neck of the woods."

### Track Team.

As the time for the A. A. A. U. Games at Milwaukee grows near the chances of our squad brighten daily. Since the inter-hall meet at the opening of the new gymnasium the fellows have improved a great deal, and Coach Moulton has hopes for an excellent showing in the big games. Immediately after the Milwaukee meet the fellows will have a very difficult task to defeat Chicago and Illinois in the triangular meet on March the ninth. By that time they will be in excellent condition, and may be counted upon to equal our performance of two years ago when Capt. Powers came to our rescue in a bad place so nobly and "Corc" took the atmosphere out of our diaphragms by giving Willie Maloney the dust in the quarter-mile run.

### Basket-Ball Games.

BROWNSON, 28; CARROLL, 13.

The Brownson Basket-Ball team showed up in splendid form last Saturday evening and easily defeated the Carroll Hall team. The team work of the Brownsonites was very fast especially in the last two thirds. The Carrollites played good ball in the first third, but their work after that was loose. Groogan proved to be a star at throwing goals, making nine of them. "Heiney" Thielman also distinguished himself by throwing a very difficult goal. Richon, Kelly, Cox and Hunter did good work for Brownson. For the Carrollites, Crowley, Uckotter and Medley, did the best work, Crowley scoring half of Carroll's points.

#### THE LINE-UP:

BROWNSON		CARROLL
Kelly, Groogan	F's	Crowley, Uckotter
Cox (C.) Richon	C	Quinlan (C.), Medley
Thielman, Hunter	G's	Faragher, Geraghty
Goals from field—Groogan, 9; Richon, 2; Thielman, 2; Uckotter, 2; Crowley, 3. Goals from fouls—Kelly, 2; Crowley, 3. Referee, Powers. Umpire, Cornell. Time-keeper, Eggeman.		

\* \* \*

BROWNSON, 22; SORIN, 19.

The Brownson cracks added another victory to their long list last Thursday afternoon in the new gymnasium, Sorin being the victim. It was by far the best game of the series, the result being in doubt up to the very last minute. Both teams played well, but Brownson's superior team work was too much of a

handicap for Sorin to overcome. Kelly and Cox played brilliant ball for the Brownsonites, Kelly making a beautiful throw from the centre of the field into the basket. Donahoe and Cornell played fast ball for Sorin and kept the Brownsonites hustling all through the game. Fred Powers was in the game and delighted the spectators with an exhibition of basket-ball playing that J. Frederick alone can give.

The chief features of the game, however, were "Big John" and his sensational work. John turned somersaults, handsprings, blocked throws, threw a goal with his eyes shut, stepped on Brownsonites, and finally brought down the house, or rather, the gym, by falling on himself.

#### THE LINE-UP:

BROWNSON		SORIN
Kelly, Groogan	F's	Eggeman, Krug
Cox (C.), Thielman	C	Powers, Capt.
Richon, Hunter	G's	Donahoe, Cornell
Goals from field—Thielman, 3; Richon, 3; Cox, 2; Kelly, 2; Groogan, 1; Powers, 6; Cornell, 1; Eggeman, 1. Goals from fouls—Powers, 1. Referee, Hayes; Umpire, Quinlan; Timekeeper, McWeeny.		

### A Card of Sympathy.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in His infinite goodness and justice, has seen fit to call to his eternal reward the soul of Clement Gillen of Youngstown, Ohio, the students of Brownson Hall sincerely sympathize with his brother Nace Gillen in his affliction.

JOSEPH O'REILLY,  
JOHN KELLEY,  
JOSEPH CULLINAN,  
BYRON KANALEY.—*Committee.*

### Local Items.

—FOUND.—A fountain pen. Call at *Ave Maria* office.

—Pete and O'Shea are planning to establish a bureau of Seriousness and Jollity.

—Boots is now open for any races from 440 yards to a seven day spin—O'Neill preferred.

—LOST.—Fourteen pounds while in the Infirmary. Finder please return to F. P. Burke.

—The "Gea Blatz" quartette—Thielman, Myers, Glasheen and Weber—will begin their weekly entertainment at Mike Daly's show room.

FOUND.—A hat in the Senior refectory. Owner may have the same by calling on the refectorian.

—Old Boy Smith's favorite pastime is addressing envelopes and composing. He must be doing well in his English and penmanship classes.

—With Morgan, Campbell, O'Neill and Farley again in the field, Notre Dame can boast a "star" quartette. Morgan's bass and O'Neill's tenor are very pleasing—pass the chips.

—It seems that Dubbs is still wrong in his chipping block. He remarked to McGowan, a few days ago, that he was afraid England would have a pretty wet spell during Edward's reign.

—KELLY: "Say, Shorty, do you know why the debater has that lead-pencil in his hand while he is arguing?"

SHORTY: "Yes, because he wants to have you see the point."

—The Navigators would like to know why Joe wears that far-away look, reads poetry and talks Plato. Is it because his hair has grown again or because the usual thing is at the bottom of the case?

—H. McGlew has been elected manager of the Brownson Hall Track Team for the ensuing season. Mac expects to arrange meets with one or two outside teams for the spring. The team will soon get down to work in preparation for the coming inter-hall contests.

—Henry Irving Malsh, "by the stern decorum of the countenance he wears," is attracting great attention in the "Tragical World." Ever since the departure of Mr. Snyder and Mr. O'Reilly's sad pedestrian incapacitation, a great burden has fallen on Mr. Malsh.

—The following cases were tried in the Moot Court Thursday: Gray *vs.* Brown. Assumpsit to recover for services; Yockey and Lavelle for plaintiff; Hernandez and Corley for defendant; judgment for defendant.

Cass *vs.* Mason—Baldwin and Crimmins for plaintiff; McGee and Cleary for defendant; Judgment for defendant.

—The debating team of last year won the inter-collegiate debate by taking up the "Poor Man's Burden" and condemning Trusts. Now we have this amalgamation that is nothing short of the Trust. The Germanic-Gaelic Trust has cornered the market. Corcoran is usually in the lead, and Linns has been backing up pretty well, so we think the opposition has a poor chance.

—The Law Debating Society held its regular meeting in the Law room last Saturday evening. The question: "Resolved, that the United States should interfere in behalf of the Boers," was ably argued by Messrs. Cooney and Cameron for the affirmative; Cleary and Kinney for the negative. The negative scored a victory. The Trust Question will be debated this evening. H. P. Barry and J. J. Sullivan

will defend the affirmative and William E. Baldwin and Philip O'Neill will support the negative.

—Opinions of well-known men on the '01 Banquet;

B. Baldwin: "Fine; wouldn't want them to come very often, though."

S. S. Liglistine (alias Highstone): "I think it was fine, don't you? Although I think it would be nicer if we had invited the Senior class from St. Mary's."

Albert Kachus (alias Kachur): "It was all right."

J. Hernandez: "Far beyond expectations. Best thing of all, everybody returned in time."

C. Wellington Yockey: "The committee deserve great praise. I hope the picture will be all right."

J. Clyde Locke: "Finer than a nut factory."

H. P. Barry: "Bewilderingly magnificent. Truly it did amaze me."

G. Kuppler: "Never had such a time in my life. Didn't get to sleep for two hours after."

Bill McInerney: "I tell you, boys, it was good."

Von Hanhouser (alias Hanhauser): "I liked everything about it except the way the newspapers got my name."

—The lawyers and collegiate men of nineteen hundred and one had a very enjoyable time at their banquet held at the Oliver on last Wednesday evening. On their arrival at the Oliver after a pleasant sleigh ride from Notre Dame, they found everything comfortably arranged. This was owing to the clever and unselfish work of E. P. Gallagher and John Lilly who managed the whole affair admirably. No social matter could have been smoother or better ordered. Elbel's orchestra was engaged for the occasion. After doing full justice to the good things supplied them the members of the class had a flash-light picture taken. As a consequence of everything having gone so well, good fellowship was at its height when the various toasts were responded to. Many good things were said, and many witticisms passed that the occasion lent zest to. Prof. Roche, who was the guest of the class, added to the general pleasure by letting his splendid voice resound through the hall in song. After a feast of music, flowers of oratory and song—not to speak of more substantial things—the boys piled into their sleighs, and made the midnight air resound with their singing on the way home. All of them compliment Mr. Wolfe of the Oliver on his splendid service.

—The St. Joseph Debating Society held its regular meeting Wednesday night. The programme was as follows.—Impromptu, Corbett; minute speeches, Dames, Corley, P. Sullivan. Debate—Resolved, that the American Indians have been unjustly deprived of their lands. The affirmative was held by O'Phelan, G. O'Connor, Toner; negative, by Kenney, Burke, Rigney. Judges, Cameron,

Corbett and Jaerger failed to render a decision, calling it a tie.

—The case of Crawford vs. Bristrow was tried on the Equity side of University Moot Court, Thursday, February the 14th. Barry and O'Meara appeared for the plaintiff, and Gallagher and Mitchell for the defendant. The bill prayed an injunction to prohibit the removal of a building erected on adjoining land under parol license. The Master in Chancery decided that Equity was on the side of the defendant, and refused to grant the petition.

—It is peculiar, what petty jealousies and animosities will sometimes move men to do after they start out to perform a laudable deed. Last winter when our gymnasium burned, the baseball uniforms, banners and track trophies were destroyed. Immediately some patriotic individuals suggested a general subscription fund to replace the banners—this suggestion culminated in one or two hall meetings, and then died of the dry-rot. This session an inter-hall basket-ball association was formed, with the intention of raising funds sufficient to replace the banners. A series of games was arranged, a few of these games were played, when Corby Hall, laboring under a fancied grievance, left the association. If there is any reason for this action, we can find an excuse for them; but they have acted from a misunderstanding, and all on account of baseball suits. When the baseball men began to practise it was found necessary to get twenty uniforms. Some one suggested that since Corby Hall had suits, and remarkably good ones, ten of the new suits should be labelled Sorin Hall, the other ten Brownson Hall. These suits belong to the athletic association and not to Sorin or Brownson Hall. They were bought for those trying for the Varsity, and for nobody else. The only object in labelling them Sorin and Brownson Hall was to start an inter-hall baseball association. Corby Hall refuses to listen to this explanation. They have refused to play the series of basket-ball games unless one-half of the gate receipts is turned over to them. A most noble way of replacing track banners! They refuse to attend the games played between Sorin, Brownson and Carroll Halls. Carroll Hall with ten dollars in its treasury offers to turn the sum over to the flag fund. Brownson Hall is scraping tooth and nail to bring about a practical realization of what it started out to do. But Corby Hall stands by, either in silence or in opposition. We can understand men fighting strongly when they think that their rights are being infringed upon, but we do not understand a studied opposition when there is no reason for it, and especially when it is contrary to the best wishes of the student body. We call for their co-operation in this work.

—The members of the Whisker Club intend to give an entertainment in the Brownson Annex on the evening of Feb. 29, the proceeds to be used in assisting Tark Main Joyce to grow a beard. This is a laudable purpose, and should receive the approbation of even the most empty bald head. Poor Joyce lost his beard during a terrible windstorm several years ago, and so far has been unsuccessful in his efforts to replace it. Besides this he has lost several fortunes trying to induce another to take up its abode on his upper lip, and at present he is but a shadow of his former self. The members of the club say they are certain that one ton of Mike Daly's "New Hair Magnifier," at 49 cents a ton, would bring out a luxuriant crop in less than a week, and they hope the proceeds will be sufficient to enable them to purchase a trial ton. Tickets can be purchased at all undertakers' establishments or at any first-class Feed Store at any old price. The programme has been arranged as follows:

Song—"Woodman, Spare those Bushes"..... Barber

By Zizzy Zum Quartette,

Misses Tiny Hielman and Growagain, and the Misses Farragher and McGlue.

Address..... Men of Whiskers and their Works

By Hon. Josiah Robbins Smith, G. U. M.

Recitation..... "Hair on Them"

By little Miss Julla Walsh.

NOTE.—This young Miss won the elocution medal which was offered by the peanut-seller's society of Bertrand, Mich., at their annual picnic last summer.

Flute solo—The Razor and the Hair..... Beethoven

By Yum Yum Murphee.

Reading—Quotations from the Address of Tuzzy Wuzzy to the milkman, book chap. 3d, Hinky Dunk.

By Miss Brigedetta McGlue.

NOTE.—This is Miss McGlue's first appearance on the stage since the war in China.

Song—"Me and Nanny Goat"..... Kipling

By Miss Arabella Buscomb Farragher.

Miss Farragher will wear her famous 44 caliber diamond and a lovely new 12 inch grin in honor of the occasion.

Address—"Ingrown Hairs and their Influence on the Aurora Borealis."

By Hon. Luigi Oh Rye-Lee, Z. I. P.

Humorous reading..... "The Fly in the Underbrush."

By Master Willie McAdams.

NOTE.—Master Willie is a phenomenal lad in many respects. He is nine years old, weighs 210 lbs, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, and wears long pants. He always stands first in his reading class and sometimes chews gum.

Recitation—"The Whiskers that Bloom on my Face, Tra La,"

By Master Sandy Kirby.

Sandy will appear in his new Scottish Highlander suit and wear two new cuff buttons in his shirt.

Duet—"Sweet Bunch of Cabbage Leaves".... Rostrand  
Mr. Growagain and Miss McGlue.

They will be accompanied by the whisker club's new orchestra of two pieces, Murphee and his flute.

Remarks..... Our Rapid Growth  
By Secretary Welch, R. D. S.

Song—"The Whisker Club"..... Gladstone  
Zizzy Yum Quartette, accompanied by the orchestra.