

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTURVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITURVS·

Vol. XXXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 9, 1901.

No. 23.

At Twilight.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

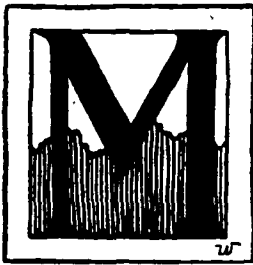
TO M. V. C.

MY thoughts go back to you when varied glow
Strikes out across the sun-lit evening skies,
And strange, weird sounds fill up the earth that lies
Within the slowly gathering gloom below.
Again I hear the voice I loved to know,
Again I see the warm light of your eyes;
And swift all ling'ring thoughts of day-care flies,
And you are near while fancy has it so.

But fancies fade as does the evening light,
And fears and melancholy come to me.
Too oft 'tis true that memories will die.
And should I know I am forgot to-night,
No word could speak the pain—but there! I see
Yond Hope-star set deep in the southern sky.

A New Year's Eve Apparition.

ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902.



MASTER OOPSDORP, you have known me for a long time."—"Yes, that is true, Mynheer Vander Wert, I have known you ever since we came to New Amsterdam now fifteen years ago."

The first speaker was a man of about three and twenty. He was tall, well proportioned, and good nature and honesty beamed from his frank countenance. The man addressed as Master Oopsdorp was about fifty-five years of age, heavy, rather short, but with a fine head. Both men were dressed after the fashion in vogue among the early Dutch colonists—baggy breeches, jackets of the same material, and broad-brimmed, high-crowned hats.

"You know also," continued the young man, "that I am somewhat popular with the young people; and, if I do say it myself, a man who

loves the home-circle and does not frequent taverns. Moreover, I follow a profession, the art of carving, that will always secure me enough with which to support a family. Several of Master Gansevoort's ships have figure-heads that I have carved."

"Well, young sir," replied the old man, wondering not a little at this speech, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"The long and short of it is, I desire your daughter in marriage. I love her well, and think I can make her happy. Katinka has confessed a like feeling for me, and I am sure you—"

"Oho! not so fast, my friend," threw in Master Oopsdorp. "Since my wife died, that girl has been more than a daughter to me, and I will never give her in marriage till I am sure that she will be well cared for. You say you have your trade. You have had a good deal of work lately, it is true; but how long will this good fortune last? The English may at any time get possession of New Amsterdam; as I hear they are trying to do. In that case, ship-building will be transferred across the water, or will at least be carried on by English hands. What will become of your profession then?"

"In that case my art is as likely to be in demand as the tanner's trade which you follow. Why may not your tannery be destroyed as well? My skill they can not destroy, and a good wood-worker is always in demand."

"Well, well—there is another point," said the old man. "My great grandfather, grandfather, and father were tanners before me, and I wish this tannery to remain in the family. As you know, I have no sons; therefore, the man that marries my daughter must be a tanner. If you love Katinka so much as to give up the carving for the scraping knife, well and good, you shall be taught tanning from the very foundation, and in time become the owner of the establishment. If not,—well, you are only wasting words."

"Hear me, Master Oopsdorp. I am as

strongly attached to my art, as you are to your trade, which I am sure you would not give up on account of any demand."

"Oh, so carving is an art and tanning nothing but a trade! That is the reason why you do not wish to give it up, eh? This is the second time that you have spoken of a tanner as if he were a common cobbler. Young man, tanning is an art as well as your carving. Do you not think that there is as much skill in dressing a delicate hide as there is in hammering away at a block of wood? Call my work a trade if you will, but unless you follow it, you shall never have my daughter."

"Surely you would not sacrifice Katinka's happiness—"

"Pooh! I sacrifice what I please," growled old Oopsdorp.

"This is outrageous. Have you no heart? Can you knowingly and willingly make your daughter unhappy on account of your obstinacy and thick-headedness?"

"What do you mean?" shouted the old man, rising from his chair. "You, a penniless adventurer come to my house and insult me! first by calling my work a trade, and then by calling me obstinate and thick-headed. You are a worthless, impudent scamp!"

"And you," cried Vander Wert, losing all control over himself, "are an obstinate, thick-headed, selfish brute!"

"Mynheer Vander Wert, there is the door!"

"Mynheer Oopsdorp, good-morning."

The young man walked slowly from the room, and went into the garden where Katinka, a buxom rosy lass of nineteen waited anxiously,

"Has he said yes?" she asked eagerly.

"No, dear. First he asked me to leave carving and become a tanner. I might have consented even to that, but some of my words made him angry. Then I lost my temper, and made some remarks which only poured oil on the fire. He ordered me out of the house. I do not think that after what has just happened he will ever consent to our marriage."

"Father will change, Henry," she replied, "but even if he does not, remember that I will always love you. Everything will come right some day."

Her lover would have shown his feelings in a forcible way, but just then Master Oopsdorp was heard shouting: "Katinka! Katinka!" and the girl at once hurried to the house.

"Katinka," said her father, "Henry Vander Wert was with you just now?"

"Yes, father."

"He was in here a few moments ago, and after grossly insulting me, had the impudence to ask for your hand. I answered him as he deserved. After this you will not speak to the rascal, and I command you to drive him from your mind altogether."

"Father," replied the girl calmly, "you can forbid me to speak to Henry, and that I am in duty bound to obey; but as to forgetting him entirely, it is not in my power, and you can not compel me to do so."

The old man was greatly astonished to say the least. He scarcely recognized, in this rebellious young lady, the daughter that had always been so docile and obedient. His word had always been law, and the slightest act of disobedience threw him into a passion.

"I say you shall forget him!" he cried.

"And I say that I will *not!*"—stamping her foot—"I will not speak to him since you forbid it, but forget him,—never!"

For a moment Master Oopsdorp looked at her in amazement, and then rushed off to the tannery, where, for that afternoon at least, the workmen had no easy time.

From that day forth everything was changed in the Oopsdorp household. Katinka obeyed her father to the very letter, it is true, for she never even nodded to her lover on the street. At home, the girl was as quiet and as dutiful as ever. Still there was a certain restraint between her father and herself. Though she never rebelled openly, defiance was always flashing from her eyes. The old man could not understand this strange trait. That look made him furious. He would storm and scold, and then rush off to the tannery. Finally he tried to drown his troubles in the tankards of ale at the Jolly Friar, and many a night did the tanner return with tottering steps from the tap-room of that tavern.

Finding that neither abuse nor prayers were of any avail, the old man, who was becoming more morose every day, decided to bring his daughter to submission by threatening to leave the country; so one evening he said to her:

"Katinka, I am dissatisfied over here; my tannery does not pay, and I should like to see my native land once more. After the first of January we shall return to Holland. I can easily dispose of the house as John Erickson said to-day that he would like to buy it."

This was partly true; Erickson had said that afternoon: "Neighbor, I wish I had a house like yours."

What Katinka's feelings were can easily be

imagined. Once out of the country a union with Henry would be out of the question. The poor girl did not know what to do, but there lived next door to the Vander Werts a cousin who had been her companion and counsellor; to this young woman, then, she went for comfort and advice. When Mrs. Brinker, her cousin, heard the story she laughed heartily.

"Why, you dear silly goose," she cried, "do you suppose that your father will leave the tannery that is making him a rich man? Can't you see that he is only trying to frighten you? Come, cheer up. I shall tell Henry about this strange freak. Perhaps he can think of something that will pacify your father."

Henry had indeed hit upon something, and when the tanner's plans were made known to him he was more determined than ever to carry out his project. At first the young man had been so gloomy that his grandmother, and other relatives, now feared that he would become very ill. By degrees, however, his spirits rose. Several times the plan of becoming a tanner and thus ending the suspense had occurred to him, but his pride had always rebelled against such a step. Of course, while the old man held to those queer conditions there was no chance of marriage, and Henry knew that his neighbor would never yield to prayers or entreaties. However, both Katinka and he were young and could wait.

Still, hopeful as Vander Wert was, this waiting became rather irksome, so at length he decided to try flattery upon the old man. A lucky chance made this possible. Master Gansevoort, the ship-builder, had ordered a figure-head for a new ship, and had asked that it should represent Neptune. In an instant a plan flashed through Henry's mind. The carving should be modeled after Master Oopsdorp's fine head. When the ship was ready, all men would admire the beautiful figure at the bow, and then they should learn that it was modeled after Christian Oopsdorp, the well-known tanner of New Amsterdam. Surely after that the old man would relent. Accordingly the young carver set to work, and by New Year's eve the figure-head was finished. On the morrow he would call in his neighbor and show him the carving.

On that same evening, the evening of Saint Sylvester, Katinka had gone to her cousin's house to get a recipe for a cake. While the two women were talking about the subject nearest Katinka's heart—her marriage to the young wood-worker—Mrs. Brinker suddenly said:

"I know of a charm which, if used on Saint Sylvester's night, will cause the face of your future husband to appear to you in a dream. I made use of it and saw Hans' face. A few weeks later we were married. Now my advice is this: try the charm to-night. If Henry's face appears, rest assured that nothing can keep you apart. If another appears—well, you and he were never intended for each other, and you may as well stop worrying about the matter."

Katinka knew well enough whose face would appear to her, but she decided to give the charm a trial.

"What is this charm?" she asked.

"You go to a window, and, turning your face to the sky, tie a bit of ribbon about the little finger of your left hand, saying:

Dearest saint, enthroned above,
May I find favor in thy sight.
Hearken to my humble prayer,
Show me my true love to-night.

"After this you must go to bed without speaking to anyone; otherwise the charm would be broken. Now repeat what I have told you."

Just as she finished, the door flew open and in rushed Master Oopsdorp. The old man had evidently been drinking heavily, for he spoke thickly and his face was flushed.

"What is all this nonsense that you are babbling?" he shouted. "You fools think of a man, all day, and when at night he appears in a dream you attribute that to a charm. Get home at once, you idler, and never repeat such foolishness again. As for you," he cried to his niece, when Katinka had gone, "you, a married woman, should know better than to fill a girl's mind with such idle stuff, and excite her against her father."

"And you," cried Mrs. Brinker, "should act more like a sane man than like a fool. Can't you see that you are breaking that poor girl's heart by your obstinacy? If I were your daughter I should see Henry Vander Wert whether you cared or not. I hope from the bottom of my heart they will be married in spite of you, you hard-hearted, obstinate wretch!"

Oopsdorp was about to say more, but the young woman's husband came in at that moment, so seizing his hat he left the room. The old man did not go home, however, but to the Jolly Friar where he was soon drowning his troubles in tankards of foaming ale.

A goodly company were assembled in the tap-room that night, and among them was Vander Wert. After the customary songs the

men began telling humorous tales, which soon changed to those of a more serious vein. Finally, as is the custom in such a gathering, old legends and ghost stories were raked up. Suddenly some one remarked that he had once heard that anyone who saw his apparition on St. Sylvester's night was sure to die in a short time. A dozen tales in proof of this statement were instantly recalled. The host told how one man had killed another. On St. Sylvester's night the murderer's ghost, if so it might be called, had appeared at his bedside, and a few days later he had died. Then one of the guests remembered how Piet Svendsen had ruined a neighbour. On St. Sylvester's night he had seen his own apparition, and one week later had been killed by a fall from his horse. One story succeeded another, till a joyous peal of bells announced that another year was past. Then, after one more tankard to the New Year, the guests began to leave.

Just as Vander Wert was going, the host said:

"There goes a rising young man. He is making another figure-head for old Gansevoort and I hear that it is to be a masterpiece. No one has been allowed to see the carving, and from the way our friend watches over it, I think that its loss would be a hard blow to his chances in after-life."

Instantly a plan came into Oopsdorp's half-drunken mind. He would destroy the figure-head, and so ruin the young man. That would keep the scamp away from Katinka. With a hasty good-night, he left the tavern.

The young wood-worker had in the meantime reached his cottage. Before entering, he went to the little work-shop to assure himself that his precious carving was safe. Suddenly foot-falls sounded on the door step. The young man, who had been somewhat unnerved by the ghost stories told at the tavern, was for a moment irresolute, but on second thought he crouched behind a work-bench. The door was slowly opened, and to Vander Wert's surprise in came Oopsdorp with an axe in his hand. Wishing to see what his neighbor was up to the carver kept quiet. Oopsdorp stealthily crossed the room to where the figure-head was concealed behind a sheet. Raising the axe he jerked away the covering. What should appear before him but his own features, white and rigid, and of superhuman size!

For a moment the old man stood as motionless as the carving itself. Then with a loud cry, he dropped the axe and rushed from the workshop. How he got to bed, Master Oopsdorp never knew, but once there he drew the covers over his head, and feared to look up lest that awful apparition should be there. The old man shook with terror, and cold sweat came out upon his brow. That his end was near he did not doubt. Svendsen had done evil, had seen his apparition, and soon after died. Now his own image had appeared in the

very place where he was about to ruin another. Death was close at hand—he knew it. At length the wretched man fell into a troubled sleep, and awoke but little refreshed.

"Why father," cried Katinka when she saw him, "what's the matter? You look like a ghost."

"Eh, what?" said the old man, starting.

"You are so very pale. Are you ill?"

"Oh, it is nothing, nothing! I did not sleep well last night. My child," he continued gently, "I have behaved very badly toward you. I was too obstinate, too brutal. Forgive an old man who has not long to live."

"Dearest father, I have nothing to forgive," answered Katinka warmly. "I was in the wrong. I should have been more respectful. As for your life, you may even outlive me."

"No, no! I know better," he protested; "I can feel it. It is not far off. When I am gone—"

Just then the door was thrown open, and on the threshold stood Vander Wert.

"A Happy New Year to you, neighbour, and to you, Katinka!" he cried cheerily, "and many of them!"

Master Oopsdorp was so taken aback by this joyous greeting that he could only murmur a feeble, "The same to you!" in response. As for Katinka, she only looked down and blushed.

"Come neighbor," continued Vander Wert, "shall we bury the old trouble? I was hasty and forgot the respect that I owed you."

"No, it was all my fault, young sir, I—"

"There, there! Since we are both sorry, we may as well let bygones be bygones. Now come with me. I have something in my workshop that I wish to show you."

The old man refused at first, but finally yielded to the entreaties of both Henry and Katinka, and a few moments later they were in the workshop. When Oopsdorp heard Henry's reason for choosing him as model his face lighted up with pleasure. Then Henry, picking up Oopsdorp's axe said: "Why I must have forgotten this yesterday afternoon." The tanner felt heartily ashamed of what he had done.

"My boy," he said brokenly, "do you still feel toward Katinka as you did last summer?"

"Yes, neighbor, I love her more than ever; but—"

"Never mind. I know what you want to say. You will never give up the art of carving for my trade. I do not ask you to do so. I was foolish in demanding such a sacrifice on your part, and I hope you will forgive me. What do you say, will you have my daughter?"

"With all my heart!"

"Then bring grandmother Vander Wert to my house at once. We will celebrate your betrothal in true, old-country manner."

And so Henry Vander Wert married Katinka Oopsdorp without exchanging the carving for the scraping-knife.

Varsity Verse.

A HOPE.

I SEEK the blushing flowers, the trees,
That first I knew;
The rocky coast, the salted breeze,
That blows from out the crested seas,
The waves of blue.
I've set my heart among these hills,
Beneath this sky,
Where gush the streams and wind the rills,
Where the lark the meads with music fills—
'Tis here I'd die.

J. J. S.

MY FAVOURITE BOOK.

When the campus lies in darkness
And the night winds moan and sigh,
Like some roaming elves of mischief,
Or a ghost train passing by,
Then I delve in this old Horace
With a satisfaction true,
And I read with real pleasure
What the ancients used to do.
Some may work with mathematics,
Or the study of the law;
Some may gaze upon the planets
Just to tell us what they saw;
Some may love the works of Shakspeare,
But their charm I fail to see,
Yet this old brown book of Horace
Brings a happiness to me.

I read the grave epistles,
And the Odes' sweet varied note,
That are like the song a-gushing
From a speckled thrush's throat.
And each line I note with gladness
And each word I weigh with care;
Every time I gaze upon them
I've a satisfaction there.

And I feel for those that can not
Have the happiness I know,
When I dwell with my old Horace
For an afternoon or so;
For the pagan's text can't fool me,
With its queer constructed line
When I have a good translation,
Like this old brown book of mine.

J. L. C.

A LULLABY.

Hush! now, my dearie, mother is keeping,
Watch o'er your cradle, watch as before;
Hush! now, my dearie, soon you'll be sleeping,
Angels are peeping
In through the door.

In the bright night, fairies will hover,
Working their charms, close to the door;
But you are safe, tucked under cover,
Safe on the breast of your fond, loving mother,
Safe as before.

Hush! now, my dearie, mother is keeping,
Watch o'er your cradle, watch as before;
Hush! now my dearie, angels are peeping,
Stealing and creeping
In through the door.

J. J. S.

The Twentieth Century Citizen.*

(CONCLUSION.)

We have seen that as the individual becomes step by step a member of various societies which ever increase in width and scope and in number of members, he must give up more and more of his primeval freedom, and accept ever-increasing obligations. But there are certain rights which he carries with him intact and without the preservation and safety of which he could not hope for happiness. These rights are: his right to live, his right to possess peacefully the means of living, and his right to use freely these means. In the daily contact of man with man these rights of one individual may and will come in conflict with the same rights of another; and the great scope of civil society is to preserve a just equilibrium in this conflict, in order that no single individual may be obliged to sacrifice more of any one of these rights than justice may require. It is then to regulate the external relations of men and to secure to every individual his rights—as our own Declaration of Independence so truly and philosophically expresses it—"to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," that we have civil society.

Now in every civil society there must exist two classes of people—the people who hold possession of the principle of authority, necessary to every society, and who guide and direct the activity of society; and the people who make up the multitude and live the life and do the work of citizens. The duties and obligations of the first of these classes are fulfilled by enacting and promulgating laws which will protect each and every individual in the rights just mentioned; but it is rather with the duties and obligations of the second class of people we are at present concerned, for, by citizens, we generally mean those who make up the multitude, not those who rule. Under the guidance, then, of what we have deduced as the fundamental ethical principle of all society, and considering the special aim and scope of civil society, it is not so difficult to form some idea of the citizen's duty. Our principle is "Love your neighbor as yourself;" the scope of civil society is to secure to every individual his right of life, of property, as a necessary means to life, and of liberty in

* Lecture delivered by the Rev. F. Z. Rooker, D. D., Apostolic Delegation, Washington, D. C., February 22.

pursuing his happiness. Every citizen, then, is morally bound to co-operate with every other citizen in order that these rights of every individual may secure their fullest protection; and, negatively expressed, every citizen is morally bound to avoid all action which will impede or prevent the full enjoyment of these rights by his neighbor.

The first grand duty, then, of the citizen is sincere, honest obedience to lawful authority. But there is this difference to be noticed. If a citizen obeys all the positive laws promulgated by authority for the guidance of civic co-operation he has probably fulfilled his strict duty and satisfied his strict obligation. Even morally he is not absolutely bound to do any more. By following this course he will be doing well, though, perhaps, he might be able to do better. He will be truly co-operating with his fellow-citizen toward the end of society; but he will not, perhaps, be putting forth all that is in him. There are thousands of ways to help one another and to work together for the good of society which are not commanded or suggested by legislation. A generous, whole-souled citizen will see and adopt these ways, but positive generosity is not of absolute moral obligation. Private charity, for instance, private co-operation for the spread of education, associations for mutual benefit and progress, all offer extensive enough fields for the work of generosity. There will always be found, fortunately, many natures which are not satisfied with well enough, and generosity will not be lacking; but the very fact that these works are denominated private, shows that they are not strictly comprised among the duties of citizens. With the prohibitive legislation of authority the case is different. A citizen does not even satisfy his civic obligations by merely refraining from those actions which the civic authority forbids; but is morally bound to abstain from much more. Just as in the case of positive legislation authority can not be expected to point out every possible way in which men may aid one another in enjoying the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; so in its prohibitory legislation it can not be expected to foresee all the possible ways in which men in their malice may interfere with one another in the possession and enjoyment of those rights. But while in the former case it may be and must be the intention of authority to leave to private zeal that which it does not command, in the latter it can not but be the intention of

authority to forbid any and every action by which one citizen can interfere unjustly with another in these matters.

The reason for this difference is so manifest that it calls for no explanation. Even were civil authority content with the mere avoidance of those things which it forbids, our reason would tell us that any act which has, as a necessary consequence, the unhappiness of even one individual must be morally wrong, and would forbid its performance. Suppose, for instance, that in my shrewdness I see how I can amass to myself an enormous fortune by the use of means which must of necessity deprive others of acquiring a decent and comfortable living; the mere fact that the law does not prohibit me from using such means will not excuse my use of them. It is perfectly true that the fruit of my own intelligence is justly mine. But it is equally true, that nothing can justify my using my own intelligence to oppress even one single other individual. I have a perfect right to possess and enjoy all that I justly acquire; but I have no right at all to possess or enjoy one cent, which, in justice, ought to have gone to some one else, no matter how it happened to come to me instead. I must remember that the strictest justice alone can be my guide with regard to those acts which I must avoid, and that I can not expect my fellow-citizen to give up one particle of any of his rights for my good unless some right of his comes into direct conflict with some one of mine, and mine happens to be the stronger. Were I to expect otherwise I would be expecting my neighbour to expend his energies for my happiness and not for his own, and that is the essence of slavery. Let us not delude ourselves. Let us not deceive ourselves with specious arguments based on the absence of prohibitive legislation, on the greater good to the greater number, on the progress of civilization, on the development of society which we expect to be the outcome of any system which will rob even a few of their rights. No matter how great a good for how great a number an act or a system of operation may accomplish, if it unjustly oppresses a single individual it is immoral, and any man who participates in it is guilty of a crime against citizenship.

It is not the purpose of this lecture, as was said from the beginning, to go into details and formulate a code of action for citizens; our idea is rather to try and find the general lines

along which a citizen must act in order that his action may be morally right. In general, then, and of whatever civil society a man may be a member, he must co-operate with all other members of that society in the attainment of civic happiness for all, obeying cheerfully and sincerely all the ordinances of legitimate authority which are directed to that end; and he must refrain from every action which tends necessarily to impede unjustly the civic happiness of even one individual, whether such action be prohibited by authority or not. These duties, since they arise from the very nature of civil society, will exist in every concrete civil society, no matter of what form it may be, or in what time and place it may exist. But since every actual existing civil society must be concrete, and since it is made concrete by the special conditions of time and place and persons, in every concrete society these general duties will be specialized, and their performance will be required in a particular manner.

While every concrete society must have the same general scope, that is, the protection of the rights of the individual to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, each one will differ from the others because it is made up of a different group of individuals inhabiting a different part of the earth's surface. Necessity has divided the great human family into these separate groups, and the consequence is that each group has accumulated its own special traditions and taken on its own special characteristics. These special traditions and characteristics naturally influence the judgment of the people as to the most profitable way of acquiring their civic happiness. The same specializing influence comes from the circumstances of time and place. The same people living in the same place will seek their civic happiness to-day by means which differ from those used a century ago; and the people living on the seaboard will adopt means which differ from those used by mountaineers. These specializing influences make what we call nations, and every nation, while it must have in view the same general end as every other nation, must, at the same time, go about accomplishing it in its own particular way. Now, what new obligation does this fact impose on the citizen?

From the nature of society in general he is obliged to co-operate in the attainment of civic happiness. Society in the concrete adopts some special way of reaching that end.

As a member of a concrete society, then, the citizen is obliged to co-operate in this one particular way. He is obliged to imbue himself with the traditions and the characteristics of the nation of which he is a citizen. He is obliged to aid in the development of the resources of the particular locality which the nation inhabits. He is obliged to submit to the guidance of the particular authority which exists in the nation. He is obliged to aid in the development and protection of all those institutions which the nation constructs for the promotion of its welfare. And he is obliged to do all this with sincere, earnest interest and love. This love and this interest constitute what we call patriotism, and the first duty of every citizen of a concrete civil society is to cultivate and preserve in himself the spirit of patriotism. He must not lose his love of every human being as of his fellow-man; but he must bear a special love toward his neighbour as fellow-citizen. He must not persuade himself that his country is the best that could possibly exist, for that would preclude progress; but he must feel that, taken together, it is better than any country that does exist. He must not close his eyes to the defects of his own nation nor to the superiorities in others; but he must labor to heal those defects by substituting for them the corresponding perfections which he finds in others. Unless a man can do this, and does do it, he can not pretend to be a citizen of any nation.

It is not by his living in a particular place and in the midst of a particular people that a man is a citizen and fulfils the duties of a citizen. It is by loving with his whole heart the authority, the laws, the institutions, the people, the very hills and dales, rivers and lakes, the fertile plains and the deserts themselves, and by co-operating earnestly with his neighbours for the welfare and the advancement of these things, that a man is a citizen. If a man can not bring himself to do this in one place he should go to some other where he can. The world is large and the nations offer variety enough to suit any taste. Every man is morally bound to be a citizen, and a patriotic citizen, somewhere; and if he is not such where he is, he is an immoral man until he gets where he can be.

One of the first, if not the very first, effects of the individualizing influences of time, place, traditions and characteristics of civil society is to distinguish existing societies into monar-

chies and polyarchies and these latter into their various forms of limited or constitutional monarchies, aristocracies and democracies or republics. All of these forms exist, and every concrete society is the natural outcome of antecedent events, the crystallization of the influences which preceded its actual state whatever may be its form. In each particular society the ethics of the citizen will necessarily differ in detail from that in every other, since the fundamental principles will be modified in their application. What would be the right and duty of a citizen of a republic would be ethically wrong in a citizen of a monarchy. Again, it is not our purpose to formulate codes of morality for the citizens of every possible form of society. Our scope is accomplished if we have shown clearly that there are fundamental moral principles which underlie all citizenship, which can not be lost or changed, but only modified in the process of concreting a society, and if we have shown what those principles are. It may not be amiss, however, to give a brief glance at the result of the application of our general principles to our own particular form of society.

This nation is a republic. The distinguishing characteristic of a republic is, not that its citizens actually rule—for it would be ridiculous to imagine any society in which all govern and no one is governed—but that the citizens periodically choose those who are to possess this authority, and that those who possess this authority are rulers only in the act of exercising it, and become subjects to it the moment after they have expressed it. Now, every citizen of whatever society is morally bound to co-operate with every other for the civic happiness of all—of his neighbor as well as himself,—and to avoid every act which tends directly to impede the civic happiness of any individual. What, then, must be the first duty of the citizen who possesses this enormous privilege of selecting his own rulers? Why, it can be nothing else than to make such use of that privilege as will insure the promotion of civic happiness for all and will prevent the loss of that happiness to any. The importance of this duty is apparent when we consider how much the success of a society and the civic happiness of its members depend on the direction given them by those who hold and exercise authority.

Happiness in any society can exist only when authority is exercised with wisdom and

justice; when no man or body of men are given more or better chance to be happy than others have; when none receive more of the general good than in justice they deserve; when no single man is oppressed that some one else may gain. What, then, must happen if you give authority to men who will use it to promote their own interests and those of their friends at the expense of those of the whole society without distinction; who will even sell their power to those who need it to gain their own selfish ends at the cost of others' loss? What will happen if I choose my ruler with an eye solely to my own individual interest, hoping and intending to use my candidate when he shall possess authority for my own exaltation and the oppression of my neighbor?

A man is a perfectly good citizen when he votes with the expectation of realizing his own happiness, provided that he expects that his neighbor will get his equal share as well. A man is a bad citizen when he votes expecting to gain at the expense of his neighbor. It is this selfishness—the desire to be happy even by the wretchedness of his neighbor—which makes a man a bad citizen. Shrewd and unprincipled men know that human nature is weak and inclined to such selfishness. They are full of it themselves. Taking advantage of it in others who are just as bad but less shrewd than themselves, they make tools and fools of them. They promise them all sorts of selfish gain at the expense of others, and lead them thus to select the men for office whom they know they can command to their own advantage. It is the moral duty of every citizen to resist all such temptation and to resent all such dictation. It is his duty to exercise his privilege to vote with intelligence and with love of his neighbor. He must take an interest, a keen, deep, honest interest, in the affairs of his society beginning with those nearest and most tangible to him and his neighbor, those of his municipality, and ascending, so far as his powers will permit, to the broader and more remote ones of his state and nation. If he will not do this, let him be content when he sees others drawing to themselves the lion's share of all the goods of civic success; let him utter no word of complaint when he knows that what should come to him is going to others; let him not groan when he realizes that he is a slave, working and toiling that his masters or bosses may enjoy themselves; let him expect no share

of civic happiness, for he has in no way co-operated to obtain it; but let him, and all who have used him, beware of the result, for they have done all in their power to ruin and destroy society, and the crash must and will come.

Such is the first great duty of every single citizen of a republic like ours. But every individual exists in his own special condition with its own special surroundings, and he will consequently have his own special duties. A physician, if he would be a good citizen, will have to meet his own particular obligations, a lawyer his, a clergyman his, a merchant his, a mechanic his, an artisan his. If one should wish to study the subject in detail the field would be interminable. For the sake of one last consideration we may divide, or rather classify, all of our citizens into two groups: those who have had the advantage of a superior education, and those who have not. We are among those who have had that advantage, and in order to bring our consideration home to ourselves, let us see what special obligation this fact imposes on us as citizens.

The specification of human activity comes from the intellect; that is, in order to do what is right a man must know what is right. If our superior education has accomplished anything for us it must have trained our minds so that they can readily and accurately grasp the truth and know the right. Minds that are less trained must find this very difficult, and even, at times, impossible. The enormous majority of our fellow-citizens have never had this advantage. The difference between us is, then, that we more readily and more accurately than they, can know and ought to know the duties of the citizen. We, therefore, are more strictly bound to perform those duties exactly and constantly. We are bound to co-operate with them for the good of all, and to employ in that co-operation whatever special power we may possess. They, too, must co-operate. Their difficulty will be that they know not how to do so. They have neither the time nor the capacity for finding out. We possess the knowledge which they need. We have no other way of co-operating with them than by imparting to them this knowledge which we have and they have not. Bread is necessary that men should live and society exist. My fellow-citizen knows how to make bread and I do not. He makes bread, and thus co-operates toward the well-

being of society, and he would be an unworthy citizen did he refuse to make bread when it is needed. The knowledge of the duties of citizenship is necessary in order that society should exist. I have that knowledge and my fellow-citizen has not. I should be an unworthy citizen did I refuse or neglect to supply it to him. Many a time men do wrong because they know no better; and many a time they might have known better had we told them. The duty, then, of co-operation means for us the duty of imparting our knowledge to those who need it. The duty of not impeding the happiness of our neighbor will mean especially to us the duty of not withholding from him the knowledge he needs to gain that happiness and of not teaching him error for truth.

Next to the responsibility of those who possess authority in any society comes the responsibility of those who possess knowledge; for next to the power of authority to guide society to the attainment of the object of its existence comes the power of knowledge to do so. Let us, then, realize that to us it has been given "to see things which others have not seen and to hear things which others have not heard." Let us remember that it is our duty as citizens to teach others in what consists the happiness for which their natures yearn; that it can consist in nothing else than the full satisfaction of their higher faculties toward which the reasonable—which means the temperate—use of sensitive goods may aid, while the unreasonable use of those goods must lead man to misery and not to happiness. We must teach them that civic happiness is a necessary means to every man's ultimate happiness, and that, consequently, every man is bound to co-operate toward its attainment; that the only possible basis of such co-operation is the love of our fellow-citizens; and that, therefore, the man who impedes unjustly his neighbor's civic happiness is guilty of a crime against society—a crime which tends to the very ruin and destruction of society. We must teach without fear or favor; and when we see—and we should be the first to see it—that any man, or any combination of men, is engaged in some selfish scheme which can, of its nature, benefit only the few at the expense of the many, our voices should ring out in clear and unmistakable protest, and we should insist that every man is born with and must and shall be protected in the possession of his inalienable rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 9, 1901.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Board of Editors.

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, 1901

HARRY P. BARRY, 1901	WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, 1901
JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901	WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901
JOHN P. HAYES, 1901	JOHN M. LILLY, 1901
FRANCIS DUKETTE, 1902	GEORGE W. BURKITT, 1902
LEO J. HEISER, 1902	FRANCIS SCHWAB, 1902
HENRY E. BROWN, 1902	JOHN J. HENNESSY, 1902
PATRICK M'DONOUGH, '03	EDWARD A. RUMLEY, 1902
JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902	JOHN P. O'HARA, 1902
JOSEPH P. O'REILLY, 1903	} <i>Reporters.</i>
JOHN P. CURRY, 1901	
ROBERT E. LYNCH, 1903	
FRANK J. BARRY, 1903	

—The observance of the Feast of St. Thomas of Aquin was heartily entered into by the philosophy students on last Thursday. At the morning Mass the Rev. Father Fitte made the Angelic Doctor the theme of his sermon. By a few well-chosen incidents, taken from the life of St. Thomas, he gave the students a better idea of the purity and simplicity of the great philosopher's character than the boys could have gotten by reading a lengthy biography of the wise man. They left the church with a well-defined idea of how excellently the Saint put into practice his own teachings.

At the feast given in the afternoon in honour of the day, each seemed to hold in mind that a philosopher is a man who always acts in conformity with the rules of right reason; for the good things supplied were enjoyed in a most philosophical manner. At the close Father Fitte, who was host, treated each of his youthful guests to a cigar which was supplemented with a genial smile and a happy saying. All agreed that the time had been pleasantly spent, and many were the expressions of gratitude given to the venerable Father who was the proximate cause of the whole affair. This ended the observance of Saint Thomas' day.

Requirements for Admission Modified.

At a meeting of the Faculty held this week some changes were made regarding the entrance requirements. Heretofore no high school graduates were admitted to freshman standing without an examination. At their last meeting, the members of the Faculty decided that graduates of reputable high schools would be admitted without examination if they had satisfactorily completed their preparatory course. The courses in the modern languages will be strengthened, and even a better and more precise knowledge of these tongues will be exacted than formerly.

Three years' preparatory Latin are required for admission to freshman standing. The work done during this time is equal to a good high school's four year Latin course. If, however, a bright student wishes to complete the preparatory course in two years, he will be given an opportunity to do so. But the accomplishment of such a task calls for unusual application and extra work on the part of the aspirant. Not everyone, of course, can do this, but for those who have time and ability and wish to try it, special classes in Latin and Greek will be organized.

The Rev. President and the Faculty board think Latin, Greek and Mathematics more essential for culture and exact mental training than any other branches. In this they agree with the best educators of the land. We have noted frequently that the leading university men regret that these studies have been elbowed out to make room for theoretical and utilitarian branches. They fear that if the innovation were to be followed all real culture and learning would leave the college and university. It is gratifying to see, however, that a reaction has set in, and that Latin and Greek, which had been discarded by some of the so-called advanced institutions, once more form a part of their curricula.

Notre Dame has held to them throughout the change, founding her argument on the fact, that it was better to cling to those subjects that are certain in their rules and which give ample exercise to the intellect rather than adopt theoretical studies whose laws vary with the opinions of the teacher. The college, after all, is meant to develop a man who can get the best possible grasp on any subject, not a specially trained being who is clumsy and awkward outside of his small circle.

"The Man Dies but his Memory Lives."

The sad story of a youthful hero and of a cause that sleeps was revived this week by celebrations held in three continents to honour the memory of Robert Emmet. He was one of

"The great-souled few who unseen and unsung
Go down to the charnel's gloom."

Ninety-eight years ago an executioner in the city of Dublin held up to the view of a curious mob a gory head, and cried out: "Behold the head of a traitor!"

The face was youthful—almost boyish—in appearance, for Emmet, whose head the crowd now gaped at, was but twenty-three. Only a month before that face was aglow with a dream: the dream of liberty for his countrymen. The heart and brain that made the face glow had themselves the fulness of liberty: virtue, purity, valour, gentleness, kindness, the yearning to help his fellows.

To love men as Emmet loved them is given but to a few. Why he did so, or how he could, we can but guess; but this we can know: while lofty souls of his kind come on earth the Deity is not afar off leaving man to himself. He sends His prophets and usually we crucify them. Emmet could scarcely be called Irish. He had to go back but a few generations to find his English ancestors fighting in the ranks of his country's oppressors. And yet no one of his day had the fervour and enthusiasm that he had in his country's cause. This we may attribute to the influence of the Gael and the loftiness of his own soul.

There is no fact that the history of Ireland gives stronger proof of than this: namely, that no stranger can live among the Gael, and not grow to love them and their country dearer than they do themselves. From the days of the Normans, who came into the unfortunate land with Strongbow, down to the ancestors of Emmet, no Englishmen ever succeeded in maintaining their race characteristics. They always merged into the native population, becoming, as one of their Anglo-Irish poets said, "Kindly Irish of the Irish." The forces that brought the invader and stranger to turn on the land of his father were various, but chief among them were the hospitality of the native race, their kindly religious feeling and their great true-heartedness.

Emmet's father was as susceptible to the charms of the Gael's kindly nature and to the beauties of their land as were the Blakes,

Barrys, Fitzgeralds and Fitzmaurices of other centuries. He early instilled into the minds of his sons those principles of morality and patriotism for which one of them laid down his life. But still there was no influence or no teaching that could form a soul like Robert Emmet's. He was a gift to his countrymen and to the human race from God Himself. For let us note what Emmet was.

At eighteen his eloquence was so great and so affected his companions in Trinity College that the conservative authorities had to bring in an orator of mature mind to counteract the effects of it. At twenty a clergyman remarks of him: "So gifted a creature does not appear in a thousand years." He was wealthy; his religion was that of the ruling class. His talents opened for him the doors of the highest places in the land. He truly asks his weeping country in his immortal speech before his accusers: "Had it been the soul of my action could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors?" But he did not. He who had so much to give gave all. When he saw the atrocities that were committed in the name of loyalty and the degraded state of a people who were meant for freemen he had no peace.

Day and night he saw the smoking hovel, the father hanging before his own door, where his dying eyes had seen his constant wife or chaste daughter outraged by a beastialized soldiery. He saw his countrymen denied the right to worship as their fathers had for fourteen hundred years. Now from all those outrages, and worse ones, Emmet was safe. He was a Protestant, and no loyalist could charge him with crime unless he had committed some overt act. There was no danger that he, like his less fortunate Catholic brother, might be dragged, on mere suspicion, from his fireside, be scourged till he fainted, have a cap of boiling pitch placed on his head, or even be hanged. But Emmet saw enough of such deeds to sicken his heart. He felt that his freedom was bound up with that of his countrymen. The ease of place and high honour he put behind him. He became a rebel, he tells us, "Because I should feel conscious that life, even more than death, would be unprofitable when a foreign nation held my country in subjection."

After this decision had been reached we find him in France pleading and beseeching

with enemies of England to invade Ireland. Half hopeful of aid from France, he returns to his native land to arouse his countrymen. Here he spends his private fortune for military supplies; he is at work night and day setting the hearts of his countrymen aflame with the fire of love and patriotism that glows in his own bosom. Now he is in the Wicklow mountains organizing the warlike peasants, and now he is in the smithy of Thomas Street lulled to sleep by the sound of the hammers that are forging pikes for the good cause.

We must not think his plans merely visionary ones. Competent military authorities, and his enemies at that, declared that if Emmet could bide his time he would beyond doubt have been successful. But an explosion in one of his armouries forced him to precipitate the uprising he had so well arranged. His premature attack was a failure, but even in it the nobleness of his character was displayed. Although he wished to give the uprising the appearance of a general rebellion, he refrained from calling in the peasants from the provinces, "For," he adds, "I did not wish to shed blood uselessly." Instead he sacrificed himself. And so his plans, though well laid, came to naught. The consummation of all was the act of the executioner who held up the patriot's dripping head, and said: "Behold the head of a traitor!" No, not the head of a traitor; but of a martyr, a saint. Who can say to-day that the pure-souled Emmet failed? His blood that was lapped up by the curs of Dublin has cemented the hearts of his countrymen, Catholic and Protestant, together. Over his unmarked grave is one common spot where they can meet. And let us remember that the share of freedom we enjoy to-day was won by men like Emmet who were successful where he was not. A. J. B.

Notre Dame at Milwaukee.

The many predictions that were made in regard to the showing and the number of points our athletes would win in the big meet at Milwaukee last Saturday were without exception miscarried. Our fellows did not perform as well as almost all of us expected them to do, and many of us were somewhat disappointed when we saw the results. Some of the events had been conceded to our fellows even by outsiders, and Notre Dame was looked upon as the possible winner of from twenty to twenty-five points. As a result of these

conjectures we were a little surprised at the outcome, and we look about for the probable cause. On the other hand there is no excuse to offer except the small accidents that always happen on such occasions and we are too good sportsmen to refer to them. The best solution of the problem is most likely that we expected too much of our men so early in the season, and did not take into consideration the bad days that every athlete has at some period of his career. Saturday may have been an off-day for the fellows, and we should feel glad that the day is passed, and that from now on we shall see only good days. That in the meets to come the men will justify the good things said of them previous to the last one, and especially to-day will retrieve some of the laurels they lost in Milwaukee.

The meet from any point of view, except Notre Dame, was a grand affair. The large exposition hall was handsomely decorated in the colours of the competing teams and of the nation, and the six thousand persons who came to see the athletes perform were bedecked with like colours. A band of sixteen pieces played continually throughout the meet and the athletes furnished the rest of the amusement.

For us Big John was the best performer as far as points gained are concerned. John put the shot within three quarters of an inch of the Central Association's indoor record, and but for a bad slip would have surpassed it easily. Corcoran and Kearney won our other two points, besides the one taken by the relay team consisting of Herbert, Murphy, Uffendall, and Corcoran. To Herbert for his work in the low hurdles, and to Glynn for his performance in the dashes, some praise is due. Uffendall, Murphy, Hoover, and Guerin made a creditable showing for the gold and blue, and because they did not win their events we have by no means lost confidence in them. Of Uffendall of course, we expect a great deal more before the season is over. The summary is as follows:

Shot put—Eggeman, Notre Dame, first; Cochems, Wisconsin, second; Waxwell, first Regt., third. Distance, 40 feet 3 inches.

Pole vault—Martin, First Regiment, first; Stephens, C. Y. M. C. A., second; Kearney, Notre Dame, third. Height, 10 feet 3½ inches.

75 yard dash—Borden, First Regt., first; Smith, First Regt., second; Corcoran, Notre Dame, third. Time, 8 seconds.

One mile relay race—Borden C. D. Smith, G. Smith, Slack, First Regt.; first; Maloney, Horton, Wellington, Pettit, Chicago, U., second; Corcoran, Uffendall, Herbert, Murphy, Notre Dame, third. Time 3 min. 31.3-5 sec.

Exchanges.

There is no more ably edited college paper coming to our exchange table than *The University of Virginia Magazine*. It possesses the lightness, or liveliness, of spirit that is so necessary to a good college paper. "Two Elements of a Literary Atmosphere and Virginia's Title to Them," is an ably written article, showing that Virginia possesses striking and beautiful features of nature together with legendary or historic associations that are so essential to the literature of a country, but which from lack of time have not been developed. This is the best and most comprehensive essay that has appeared in any of our exchanges, and would grace the columns of any current magazine. "The Comparative Study of Shakspeare and History" is a very praiseworthy article, and far superior to the heavy, cumbersome essays that are so common in many college publications. The technique of the stories is good, the plots original, the characterization well done. "The Midnight Visitor" is very humorous on account of the incongruity of the situation. Praise and censure are usually to the point in the exchange column.

* * *

The exchange editor of *The Mountaineer* is enraged in the February number. He objects vehemently to the criticism of the ex-man in the *Georgetown College Journal*. He characterizes his brother editor as an "anile exception" to the type of exchange editors, as "a blabbing child, ostentatious in displaying his infantile idiosyncrasies," and calls him many other uncomfortable names. He says "When a critic calls another to task merely to display his own deftness of wit, ingenious repartee, or power of sarcasm he fails of his purpose." Such an upbraiding seems to overleap itself. While stating what a criticism should be—honest, unprejudiced, and not egotistical,—*The Mountaineer*, instead of turning his left cheek to be slapped, proceeds to annihilate his criticiser by sarcasm. Such imbroglio is very interesting and amusing to a reader, but entirely out of place in the exchange column. The editor must not imagine that he is writing for *Brann's Iconoclast*. Who knows, perhaps this verbal fusillade may lead to a terrible, realistic duel? Calm yourself, brother editor, do not sully the sacredness of the exchange column by using it as a weapon for cross-firing bitter personalities. J. M. L.

In Memoriam.

We feel a keen sorrow in having to chronicle the death of the Rev. Father Just, C. S. C., who died on last Monday at St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas. Father Just came to this country when a boy, and made his studies at Notre Dame; he afterward spent three years at the Catholic University at Washington, and was ordained priest in 1896. For some years past he was connected with Notre Dame as a teacher, and left here to take up his duties at St. Edward's where he died. He was well-known and loved by the students here both as a student and a teacher. God had blessed him with many rich gifts, and his kindly disposition won for him a host of friends wherever he went. Still a young man, and with his brilliant talents, his future looked promising indeed, but God designed otherwise and called him home. We extend our most heartfelt sympathies to his afflicted relatives in their great sorrow. R. I. P.

The Gymnasium Building-Fund.

We had decided to discontinue publishing the gymnasium fund, but new contributions coming in forced us to change our minds. This we most willingly did. For though the gymnasium is now complete, and in use for some time, we can not feel it is entirely ours while bills against it remain unpaid.

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
Mr. W. Roberts, Brazil, Ind.....	1

Personals.

—Mr. C. J. Miles of Chicago, Ill., paid us a brief visit a few days ago.

—Mr. Charles H. Fleischer of Chicago, Ill., spent a few days here lately.

—Mr. G. C. Harwood of Marion, Ind., was the guest of his son during the past week.

—Mr. A. Langnecht of Chicago, Ill., was among the recent guests of the University.

—Mr. Francisco Frind of Mexico City, Mex., recently paid a brief visit to the University.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hanlon of Chicago, Ill., entered their son in St. Edward's Hall this week.

—Mr. P. J. Kasper of Chicago, Ill., made a short stay at the University on a visit to his sons of Corby and St. Edward's Hall.

Local Items.

—Roland Blakeslee has the record for contributing to the "extra penmanship" association.

—Colonel Hoynes received another consignment of books for the Law Library during the past week.

—"If the old folks knew their only son had become a philosopher, how happy they would feel."—*A Philosopher.*

—The students are glad to see Brother Celestine at his post of duty again after his long confinement in the Infirmary.

—Kirby and Boots have established a place for fitting out "gents." Prices reasonable, if you don't care how to spend your money.

—The philosophers' sleigh ride was a howling success. Some took it philosophically, some metaphysically and some physically.

—Dominick O'Malley has broken the strength-test record held by Big John. He has made an aggregate of 1806 kilogrammes.

—Those blue envelopes, green, violet, red, and yellow envelopes are fore-runners of the happiness of our Brownson Hall cupidities.

—The Irish-American Track Team, composed of McGlew, Farragher, Dorr and Murphy, will compete against the Cuban-Mexican team on St. Patrick's Day.

—Ritchie Walph Raldo Emershion will speak before a select audience next Wednesday evening in the gym. on "The Advantages of a College Education."

—Church, Harrington and Uffendall threaten to sue "our gazette." Uffendall says that his poem has been stolen and that his recompense was nothing short of a "hot air" course of praise.

—NOTICE (to whom it may concern)—All persons desiring to sit down and enjoy a pipe of old Duke's mixture will call on Mr. J. Driscoll, Room No. 1, first floor, north end of St. Joseph's Hall.

—ABCDia's Champion Mexican Team wallowed the life out of Farragher's Pets the other night. ABCDia threw right goals from the centre of the field. It was a case of science against luck, and science won.

—Solemn High Mass was offered up this morning for the repose of the soul of Father Just, C. S. C., who died last Monday. Father Maguire was the celebrant, and the entire student body attended.

—PROFESSOR:—You were here yesterday, Mr. H.; do you know what we are going to talk about, this morning?

JOHN: Yes, sir, it will be the continuation of what you were speaking of yesterday.

—The "Hamburg Steamship Line" and the "Ship Subsidy Bill" are questions that

do not come up very often for discussion. We have heard but one man express his opinion on them, and he was—well, Chauncey can tell you all about it.

—Mattison and Groogan say that the purloining of half-used tobacco bags is the greatest feat that they have jointly performed since their arrival here. The art will be taught to those who have their first and second fingers the same length.

—Our old friend Cox has gained great notoriety as a basket-ball player from the Anderson "Rack Tack." "Tom Cox continues to win basket-ball honors. He is the whole thing on the Notre Dame Varsity team" (Special correspondent).

—The Sorin Hall orchestra, under the leadership of "Dr." Gilbert, has been engaged to play in a deaf and dumb asylum during the summer of 1901. Sorinites are very much pleased to know that this new organization is meeting with such success.

—Corley is of a very ingenious turn of mind. He carries his frock-tail coat pockets full of cork stoppers so as to be ready for an emergency during this sloughy and slippery season. John kicked a big hole in the zenith a few mornings ago, a fact which, no doubt, suggested this new plan of defence.

—The philosophically inclined youths went forth on an experimental expedition for the express purpose of experiencing the philosophical side of "high life." The young followers of Aquinial philosophy came to the conclusion, after careful deliberation and due consideration, that "life is worth living."

—We are sorry to inform our readers that the serial story, "Downfall of Larkins," the first instalment of which was to appear in this issue, will not be commenced until next week's issue owing to the ill-health of the author, Railroadyard Kupling Murphee. Mr. Murphee exercised too violently on the hand-ball court the other day, and sprained his right eye blinking at the ball.

—Dr. Molumphy dissected a goat last Friday in search of Prof. Worden's lost diamond ring. Owners of the following articles may recover the same by calling on the Doctor: A letter addressed "Dear Jimmie" from "Ben," Wash., D. C.; a red necktie marked "Pat D."; a blue-rimmed envelope from Louisville, O., crammed full of explosives too *dear* to handle; a green pair of golf trousers marked John H.; A white cuff on which is written the five Latin declensions, marked "Dan C."

—One of the cruelest jokes of the season was played on poor little Oscar Lippman the other day. Kuppler, Hanhauser, and a few others, invited Oscar into the smoking-room to tell some of his funny stories. Oscar accepted the invitation, and had just about reached the climax of his first story, when the

entire "bunch," with the exception of Oscar Lippman, hustled out of the room. Oscar says he experienced the same sensation that a person coming down in a modern elevator for the first time does.

—A knock at the door.

"Come in!"

"Good morning! Dr. Welker, I believe?"

"Yes. Have a chair."

"Thank you, thank you!"

"Well, what can I do for you this morning?"

"Doctor, I can not sleep nights. I take plenty of exercise and study very hard, but when night comes I am just as bright as when I awoke in the morning. Now I want you to prescribe something that will make me tired and sleepy."

"O—ah, yes, yes, yes! I comprehend," said the doctor, nodding his head several times. "I'll write you a prescription, and if you follow its directions I guarantee that you'll feel tired."

"By the way, Doctor, I haven't got much spare change, will it cost very much to have the prescription filled?"

"No—no!" said the doctor, "it's cheap!"

The prescription read as follows: "Call on Chauncey Wellington and have him talk to you for ten or fifteen minutes every night, and I'll guarantee you'll feel tired."

—Mike Daly's new soap is indeed a wonderful compound. Mike performed a few experiments in our presence the other day to demonstrate its good qualities. He applied some of it to a hairless dog, and in ten seconds the poor cur was lost in fuzz. It was then rubbed on a cat who was suffering from superfluous hair; the cat is now hairless. Mike says that he has been studying the soap question for years in his laboratory at Cassopolis, and that he has proved by experiments that his new soap is far in advance of the cheap articles imposed upon the public to-day. Other soaps remove dirt, cure chapped hands, beautify the complexion, etc., etc.; Mike's soap acts as a tonic upon the system and can be used internally. It is a safeguard against disease, removes freckles, warts, corns, ingrown hairs, dimples, wrinkles; cures rheumatism, cold feet, measles, grip, toothache, earache, and supplies old men with the vigor of youth, young men with the wisdom of the aged, and the undertaker with hundreds of orders, but does not remove dirt. The German-Gaelic Trust Company have the sole right of selling it. Price ten cents a hundred; towels free. Be sure to see that Mike Daly's signature is on every package.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5, 1901.

DEAR EDITOR:—Here I am again. I had intended to go straight on to New York, but at the last minute I received a telegram from Mark requesting me to be present at the Inauguration exercises. I left that night, and immediately upon my arrival went into secret

conference with Mark, the Pres. and Teddy. I outlined the programme for the day, and gave Mark some homely advice. I told him it was my candid opinion that if he would throw a hatful of silver dollars at the crowd on a certain corner, it would take. I had hopes of being there myself, but Mark could not see it in that light. I also gave him some good advice. He said he felt blue thinking about the four long, tedious years that he had to put in, but I told him to forget it; the people would know better next time, and for my sake to look his best as I expected some of my friends to be present. When it came to Teddy's turn he balked. I finally landed him in a corner, and after a hearty hand shake I asked him if he could possibly spare one or three of his pet lions for our new zoölogical gardens. He promised to do so as soon the weather gets milder. Before I left I told Teddy there was one thing he should not forget to do during the exercises, that was to look wise.

The parade was a grand success despite the cold, drizzling rain, and I made an awful hit, but no one seemed to notice it. Governors from several states were there with their bodyguards; marching clubs from East and West; politicians, pickpockets, detectives, foreigners, and hundreds of others I did not know. As I passed the reviewing stand, I gave the College yell in favor of William. This made Mark and Teddy a little sore, so I gave a yell for them. When I got through shooting my hot-air, the Pres. told me to come up and sit beside him, but I refused.

I did not go to the Inaugural Ball as Teddy wore my dress suit. I leave for New York to-night. Next week I go to London, and from there I intend to travel all over Europe on my wheel. I will visit King Ed, Emperor Bill, Queen Whilemenia, President Loubet, Count Boni de Castellane, and write you of my experiences with them. Love to all with fondest regrets.

Yours Loquaciously,
Laten Early.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Latin—G. Marr, G. Burkitt, T. Crowley, F. Dukette, E. De Wulf, R. Lynch, R. Sutton, J. Carmody, G. Farabaugh, B. Kanaley, T. Lyons, H. Wolf. *Greek*—G. Burkitt, G. Marr, E. De Wulf, R. Lynch, J. Carmody, E. Davis, G. Farabaugh, B. Kanaley. *Ethics*—V. Jones, M. Zalewski. *Philosophy*—H. Brown, J. Kelleher. *Psychology*—R. Krost, F. Dukette. *English*—G. Marr, H. Brown, G. Burkitt, L. Heiser, J. Farley, L. Carey, B. Kanaley, E. Quigley, T. Lyons, E. Mitchell, J. Jenkins, G. Rafter, E. Staples, J. Worden. *Analytic Mechanics*—J. Falomir, F. Gaston, R. Wilson. *Mechanics of Material*—J. Falomir, F. Gaston, J. Mullen. *Astronomy*—R. Wilson. *Civil Engineering*—E. Hay, J. Mullen. *Graphic Statics*—E. Hay. *Railroad Surveying*—J. Falomir. *Hydraulics*—

E. Hay. *Sanitary Engineering*—J. Mullen. *Trigonometry*—A. Richon. *Analytic Geometry*—L. Antoine, B. Enriguez. *Machine Design*—R. M. Garza. *Thermodynamics*—J. Carlton. *Elementary Surveying*—J. Murphy, A. Pancratz. *Calculus*—F. Petritz. *Descriptive Geometry*—F. Petritz. *Algebra*—F. Donnelly. *Pharmacy*—E. Warder, G. Rafter. *Materia Medica*—E. Warder, H. Hoover. *Pharmaceutical Chemistry*—E. B. Warder. *Advanced Human Histology*—R. Krost. *General Biology*—J. F. Kearney. *Advanced Zoölogy*—R. Krost. *Human Anatomy*—Robert A. Krost, Vincent Welker. *Microscopy*—Walter Gearin, Eugene North. *Geology*—Orrin White. *English History*—J. O'Hara. *Colonial History*—J. O'Hara. *Mediæval History*—J. O'Hara, R. Hanley, E. De Wulf. *Modern History*—J. O'Hara. *Constitutional History*—Joseph Sullivan. *Roman History*—W. Daly, G. Farabaugh. *Political Economy*—J. O'Hara. *Law*—S. Highstone, W. McInerny, T. O'Meara, Leo Cleary, C. Mitchell. *Organic Chemistry*—R. Krost. *Qualitative Analysis*—O. White, R. Krost. *Parliamentary Law*—A. Brogan, W. McInerny, B. Kanaley. *Advanced Christian Doctrine*—G. Burkitt, A. Krug, J. O'Hara, A. Brown, W. Moore, J. McInerny, J. Neeson, E. Stahlknecht, H. Fink.

PREPARATORY AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

Christian Doctrine—J. D. Quinn, Gallitzen Farabaugh, Walter Stevens, Arnold Althoff, Peter McNamara, G. McGillis, L. Dwan, L. Antoine, R. Emerson, M. Egari, W. Maloney, C. Mitchell, L. O'Reilly. *Latin*—J. Sherry, F. Zerheusen, J. O'Donnell, W. McCormick, P. Durkin, A. McFarland, W. E. Nolan, James J. Corbett. *Greek*—G. Farabaugh, W. McCormick. *Law*—H. McGinley, P. McNamara, E. Quigley. *Composition*—J. Hart, T. Hunt, W. Siewertsen, W. Cunningham, J. Lantry, F. Clifford, F. Foley, I. Muriel. *Grammar*—J. Corbett, S. Gorka, J. Usera, A. Dwan, L. Guerstbauer, J. Hoffman. *Algebra*—J. P. Shea, H. McFadden, J. Sherry, S. J. Fleming, D. Madero, J. Corbett, J. O'Phelan, M. Fansler, T. Dwyer. *Geometry*—F. Burke, M. Fleischer, W. Siewertsen, J. McGinn, H. Geraghty, J. O'Phelan, H. Talcott, H. Beechinor, D. G. DeVoe. *Chemistry*—W. Siewertsen, E. Wolf, M. Fleischer. *Zoölogy*—S. Swartz. *Botany*—H. Hoover. *General History*—P. J. Corcoran, C. O'Donnell. *United States History*—T. F. Dwyer, W. Gibson, A. Winter. *Geography*—T. F. Dwyer, C. Winter. *Special Orthography*—G. Halpin, T. F. Dwyer, W. Larkin, S. Gorka. *Reading*—H. Schaus, W. Hall, P. Crosas, A. Guillen, O. Vega. *Spelling*—C. Laux, J. Madero, G. Hanford, M. Hogan, E. Ruiz, M. Garcia, I. Muriel, O. Vega. *Arithmetic*—T. Harrington, A. Schaab, C. Haney, R. Porter, F. Guerstbauer, L. Hart, B. Medley, R. Murphy, J. Quinlan, H. Rindskopf, E. Sinnott, B. Thorp, A. Cullen, D. Matteson, F. Brent, G. Herbert.

SPECIAL COURSES.

Shop-work—F. Smoger. *Drawing*—J. Falomir, C. Cullinan, T. Donnelly, D. DuBrul, A. Ill, A. Jennings, J. Lavelle, O. White, J. Lomelin, F. Petritz, W. Uffendall, H. Zeiger, T. Madden, E. Schwab. *Artistic Drawing*—J. Worden, G. McCullough, E. Rayneri. *French*—B. Bernard, C. Kahler, W. Daly, J. Geraghty, J. Jenkins, M. Walsh. *German*—R. Kolch, J. Neeson, J. Geraghty, F. Hughes, T. Irving, E. Whaley. *Spanish*—A. Pancratz. *Spanish-English*—J. Villaneava. *Music*—C. Rush, J. Carmody, A. Krug, A. Brown, F. Kellner, G. Davis, D. Matteson, C. Mattix. *Telegraphy*—M. Gomez. *Oratory*—F. Schoonover. M. Szalowski. *Elocution*—L. Van Sant, W. Quinn, A. Devereux.