

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XXXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 1, 1902.

No. 18.

## Harvest.

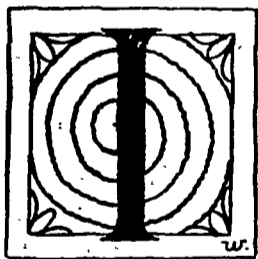
EARLE E. WHALEY, '03.

THE wandering rays of summer time have traced,  
Where yon light shafts the ripening grain uphold,  
A subtle pattern, web and woof of gold,  
With snow-white lilies closely interlaced.  
And thus the many harvest fields are graced  
With blooms whose beauty never may be told;  
And when night's star-strewn curtain is unrolled,  
In each sleep-laden blossom pearls are placed.

So when my slender harvest shall begin  
With such poor grain as tare-choked soil can yield,  
And hopeless am for failure to atone,  
I hope the Reaper seeing far within,  
Will pardon grant for my poor barren field,  
Because some lilies 'mongst the tares have grown.

## The Physician's Wife.

ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902.



WONDER if I shall please Will?"—The question came from the lips of a young woman in a white ball-dress, but her happy smile showed that she was sure of the answer. She was standing before a mirror fastening her jewelry where it would have the best effect. Her maid was kneeling on the floor, pulling at the folds of the gown and smoothing out wrinkles.

"Where can he be staying?" murmured the young woman.

The door-bell rang. The maid rose, but her mistress checked her.

"I suppose it is my husband, Emma. Stay here, I'll open the door and surprise him."

She tip-toed out and opened the door.

"Well, Will—"

She stopped suddenly. The man before her was not her husband. He was dressed like a poor day labourer.

"What do you want?" she asked.

The man did not answer at once. The dazzling figure in the doorway confused him. At last he managed to say:

"Good-evening! Is the doctor in?"

"No!" answered the doctor's wife curtly. She did not care to have her husband, who was late as it was, detained any longer.

"That is too bad," grumbled the disappointed man.

"What do you want with him?—His office hours were over long ago."

"I did not come for myself," he replied. "Mrs. Andersen of Centerville sent me. Her baby is very sick."

It was now the young woman's turn to be surprised. Centerville! Why that was five miles from the city. The clock had just struck eight and the entire trip would take almost three hours. That would mean she must give up all hope of getting to the ball.

"Is the child very ill?" she asked.

"I don't know," answered the man. "Mrs. Andersen told me to go for Dr. Brenner."

"Very well, I will tell him as soon as he returns."

"Thank you! But don't forget—Mrs. Andersen of Centerville who was kicked by a horse last summer. She lives just behind the hotel."

Mrs. Brenner nodded and locked the door. As she turned away tears came to her eyes. Since her marriage to Dr. Brenner, eighteen months before, the young woman had had very little enjoyment suited to her age. The conscientious, hard-working doctor never had any rest. Scarcely a third of his nights had passed without a call. If they planned anything at a time when there was little to do and all appeared favourable, some one was sure to send for the physician and spoil the design. Of course, it was very noble of him, and

Edith was proud to be the wife of so well loved a man. However, she was still so young to give up all harmless enjoyment. Mrs. Brenner had been looking forward to this ball for so many weeks, and her husband had promised to accompany her. At the last moment this labourer from Centerville had to appear and mar the pleasure of the entire evening.

"These miserable children must always be ill," sobbed the young woman, turning her face to the door so that the maid would not notice her tears. "Why did I ever marry a doctor? It is a terrible fate to be the wife of a—"

Frightened at her own thoughts she checked them and assured herself ten times over that she was not in earnest. The doctor was her dear, good husband whom she loved above all things. Suddenly Edith hit upon a saving plan. "Every time they call Will to a great distance or out of his bed, it is usually not worth the trouble. I'll not tell him. The poor man needs a diversion. Why he scarcely knows he's living. It is my duty as his wife to look after his health and comfort."

Trying to persuade herself of this—that she was acting for the good of her husband—she opened the door slightly and listened for fear the man might have met her husband. However, all was safe. Then the young woman hurried to her room to add the last touches to her toilet. Again the bell rang.

"Will!" she murmured, starting.

It was indeed the doctor. Lively and amiable as ever he entered and embraced his wife. He looked her over from head to foot and then said proudly:

"How beautiful you are, Edith, and how beautifully you are dressed!"

"We are really going?" she asked.

"I'll be ready in ten minutes," he replied, going toward the door. Then with his hand on the knob: "Has anyone asked for me?"

The young woman started. Turning away to conceal her flushed face she answered in a forced manner:

"I do not know. No, I think not. Is nothing on the slate?"

"No, dear."

"So much the better, then. But hurry, Will;—it is getting late."

When he had gone Edith sighed heavily. She had lied for the first time—not in her life, for who of us as a child has not?—but indeed since she had come to understand what it meant. However, was she not acting

in her husband's interests? Edith brought all her philosophy into play to put down her better nature. At one time she fully resolved to tell the doctor everything. The young woman went to his door and said in a tone as unconcerned as possible:

"Will, suppose some one were to send for you now, would you go?"

Dr. Brenner hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"Well, that depends. If the case were very urgent—"

"Could you not send some one else?"

"Edith, you know that the strength of a remedy depends to a great extent on the patient's confidence in his physician. If a person had placed his hope in me, he would not look upon a substitute with the same confidence."

"I can not tell him," she thought, and closed the door. The young woman struggled with her conscience till the ball-room was reached. Her cheeks grew red and pale by turns; her breast heaved uneasily. The doctor could not fail to notice her agitation.

"What is the matter, Edith?" he asked. "You are excited."

"Excited—I?"

"I presume you are happy at the prospect of going to a ball."

"Yes, Will."

"You women are all alike," he went on, playfully. "I can't see how you find so much enjoyment in a few hours of dancing."

Edith did not answer. She only tried to smile. Then came the moment she had been looking forward to; they stepped into the ball-room. How different the reality was from the day dream! The atmosphere seemed close and oppressive, the glare dazzled her eyes, but it could not stifle her conscience. For a moment she was undecided whether to go on or turn back. Then the strains of a waltz reached her ears. A smile came to her lips and she followed her husband to the dance.

While sweeping along with him her cheeks glowed, her eyes sparkled. The influence of the music and dancing took hold of her, and before it the unwelcome thoughts fled. For a time during the pauses a vague remembrance of the affair came back to her. By the eighth dance, however, she had forgotten the sick child entirely. Her pulses beat faster, her eyes sparkled more and more. She felt free and happy. Her husband read the keenest enjoy-

ment in every feature. That constituted his pleasure in the ball.

Edith had thought that she had driven away the torturing thoughts, but as the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home" died away they came back stronger than ever. The dancing, music, magnificent gowns, all disappeared, and her conscience began to prick her anew. The young woman was silent on the homeward ride. That phantom was still before her, and—did it not have the face of a child, the lips drawn as if crying, the features furrowed with pain? Was not that the unfortunate mother behind it, who looked at her so reproachfully?

The doctor sat back in a corner more fatigued by the unaccustomed enjoyment than by his heavy duties. He was half asleep and his wife's agitation escaped him. Suddenly she seized his arm, and he awoke with a start. "What—what is it?" he asked.

"Did you not hear the bell ring? Some one wants you."

Just then the cabman drew up before the house. Dr. Brenner listened.

"By Jove, you're right!" he said. "That is too bad. I was never so tired in my life."

He assisted his wife to alight and then approached the door. A man was pulling at the bell with all his strength.

"Are you looking for Dr. Brenner?"

"Yes sir!"

"I am he. What do you want?"

"I was here several hours ago," answered the man reproachfully. "Why didn't you come, doctor? Mrs. Andersen is almost beside herself. The child may die at any moment."

Die! The word went through the young woman's head like a knife. What had she done. What had prompted her to do it?

"You were here this evening?" asked the astonished physician. "At what time?"

"About eight."

"With whom did you leave the call?"

"With a lady in a white dress. She promised to tell you."

"Wait a moment," said the doctor with a slight tremor in his voice. "I'll go back with you at once. I only want to accompany my wife upstairs."

After Dr. Brenner had engaged the unwilling cabman for this new service, he followed Edith into the house.

"Edith, did you receive this man?" he asked at length.

"Yes, Will, I—forgot to tell you."

"You forgot it?" he asked with meaning.

Edith drew herself up. "I'll not lie, Will, I did not forget it." Then the young woman sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands. Dr. Brenner stood irresolute for a moment and then pulled himself together.

"I hope nothing serious will come of this, Edith, he said, gently, and, without taking time to change his clothes, was gone.

The young woman was left alone in a fit of deep despair. She wept bitterly and accused herself of being a light, frivolous woman. She did not think of taking off the ball-dress, but the chill air of the night had no effect on her. At length morning broke. Anxiously Edith listened for the sound of wheels. The doctor might return at any moment. She opened a window and looked down the street. From the distance came the rolling of a carriage. Then it died away, and she sank into a chair. The cold was making itself felt and her slender form shook violently. Again came the sound of wheels, and once more disappointment. Once Edith in passing glanced into a mirror, but shrank from that image so pale and worn, the eyes red and swollen.

At last her husband entered. Mrs. Brenner did not dare to look at him for fear of the tidings he might bring. He sat down without saying a word. The young woman was unable to bear the strain any longer.

"Will," she asked, is it alive?"

"No!"

A loud cry came from her lips. Slowly she raised herself and turned her pale, haggard face toward her husband.

"It is dead, and my reputation with it," he went on in a gloomy tone. "Now everyone will say that Dr. Brenner went to a ball while a poor woman was waiting for him at the death-bed of her child."

"Could it have been saved if you had gone out early last night?"

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps? No; it could surely have been saved. Is it not so, Will?"

She read the affirmative in his silence and with a cry started for the door. Her husband caught her and drew her down on the sofa beside him.

"Where are you going, Edith?" he asked, gently.

"To the unhappy mother. I want to tell her that you are not to blame, that it is all my fault."

She tried to break away, but he held her fast; and then said in a softer tone:

"Edith, I won't torment you any longer. The child lives, or at least was living when I left it."

"It lives?" she cried. "It will recover?"

"I hope so. The poor thing was very low. Another half-hour and it would have been too late, if it was not too late. The next few hours must decide it. I shall know by noon, and will go out again this afternoon."

"Oh! Will, I shall have no peace till I know that the child is out of danger. Save it for my sake. And—and—" her voice broke and she began to sob—"forgive me, Will. Or will you—will you hate me—after this?"

"Far be it from me, dear, to hate you. I forgive you with all my heart, and only hope that all will turn out well."

"Thank you, Will! thank you! I'll never, never, never do such a thing again."

"I know it, Edith. No doubt you did not fully understand what you were doing. The mistake would have cost me far more than it would you—or it may still do so. If that child should die, public opinion would hold me responsible. And then—oh! Edith, it is hard to bear when one has tried to do his duty as faithfully as I—they would say that I neglected poor people because they could pay nothing. Now, dear, try to sleep, I must have a few hours of rest. I've had none since yesterday morning."

The fact that the child lived lightened Edith's burden somewhat, but she could not sleep. Her imagination pictured all kinds of results to her thoughtlessness. The young woman scarcely dared to leave her room because she dreaded the curious glances of her maid. Only when the door bell rang, she rushed out in the fear and hope of hearing something of the child. The news came at last. With a cry of joy Edith ran to her husband who had just dismissed the last patient.

"Saved, Will, saved!"

The physician seemed to breathe easier.

"Thank God!" he murmured fervently.

Mrs. Brenner wept again, but this time with joy.

"Only think, Will," she said, when she had gained control of herself, "after taking your medicine, the child fell into a sound sleep. It is breathing regularly and the fever is almost gone."

Her husband answered with a caress.

"When are you going out again?" she asked after a short pause.

"At four o'clock."

"You'll take me with you, won't you, Will?"

"Why?"

"I want to beg the mother's forgiveness and clear you—"

"No, no," he returned resolutely. "Leave well enough alone, Edith. The woman might misunderstand you and start gossip about us. I have excused my lateness by saying that there was a mistake."

"But I may at least go with you and take something to the woman. You said she was poor. Won't you take me?"

"Yes, if it will make you feel better."

Edith packed a large basket with clothing and food and accompanied her husband. On the way the young woman was suddenly struck with the fear that the child might have suffered a relapse and died in the meantime. However, when she entered the poorly furnished house and saw the child resting easily in the cradle a great weight fell from her heart. Mrs. Brenner could scarcely control her feelings. With moist eyes she stood before the cradle, the small, thin hand in her own, looking at the pale face with an expression of great joy.

"The lady would probably like to have such a little thing in the cradle," prattled the mother, not understanding the cause of Edith's emotion; "there's nothing dearer in the world, and even though one is poor the children are such a comfort. Oh, if you only knew how I felt last night and how I feel now!"

"I can imagine," said Edith softly bending over to kiss the child. Then she unpacked the basket. There were things the like of which had never been seen in that house.

"Much too pretty and expensive for us," Mrs. Andersen affirmed again and again. Neither she nor her husband wanted to accept them. At last, however, they gave in, and one could easily see how happy the gifts made them.

"God reward you, dear lady!" cried the poor woman pressing Edith's hand, "you are an angel. May Heaven bless you in your children!"

The young woman's face grew red. She could not meet Mrs. Andersen's eyes. No reproaches could have cut her so deeply as Mrs. Andersen's grateful words. Harsh words bring out stubbornness, but shame leaves a deeper mark.

In no physician's household is the call-slate more carefully attended to than in that of Dr. Brenner. No one receives even the poorest patients more kindly than the beloved physician's pretty young wife.

## Varsity Verse.

HORACE (*Carmo. I, 18*).

NO other tree, dear Barus, plant before the vine  
 Around Catillus' walls or Tibur's fertile soil;  
 For hardships hath the god for men averse to wine  
 Decreed; and they in vain attempt to ease their toil.

Who thinks of war or want that o'er his wine doth muse?  
 Nay, rather, Venus fair and Bacchus hold his soul.  
 Lest any one the gifts of Briseus abuse,  
 Let him reflect the wars incited by the bowl.

The Thracians' fate by Evius wrought let him beware,  
 When lust made them as fools 'twixt right and wrong  
 discern.

But I'll not rouse thee 'gainst thy will, O Bacchus fair,  
 Nor strive thy sacred hidden mysteries to learn.

The ever-sounding din of drum and horn restrain:  
 For closely after them come Love of self, alas!  
 And Glory, heads exalting that are blank and vain;  
 And lastly, broken Faith as limpid as is glass.

G. F.

## SEPTENTRIONES.

When cold winds brow hard without,  
 Sometimes they penetrate one's heart;  
 For whistling eaves and rattling pane  
 From sad'ning thoughts are not apart;

'Tis then one sees pale, ghostly surf  
 For drowning souls in cruel reach;  
 And icy masts in racking gales  
 That groan and break upon the beach.

Most awful things the blast portends,  
 The fireplace blaze spits angrily out,—  
 Close checked the greedy flame sinks back  
 To gain new life at each draught's rout;

Uncanny creaks dry rafters give,  
 Steam whistles screech in higher key;  
 With breeze low sent some way around,  
 The carpets dance forbodingly.

Bad actions sealed and good foregone,  
 Do find exacting mentors then;  
 And errant deeds in secret done  
 Cause pain that passes mortal ken.

F. F. D.

## RONDEAU.

In Ireland, mirth and joy the New Year brings;  
 Within each breast a brighter hope new springs.  
 Cares are forgot; the old once more are young,  
 And warm and true the greeting on each tongue—  
 Ah! there to-night, my dearest thought takes wings.

Then wakes again the music of the strings,  
 And by each hearth some soulful ditty rings  
 That tells of days when Freedom's lyre was strung  
 In Ireland.

Of all the past to which my memory clings,  
 I prize not least of my remembering:  
 A New Year spent the kindly Gael among,  
 The tales they told, the happy strains they sung—  
 Though poor in gold, they're richer far than kings—  
 In Ireland. P. MACD.

## Poet and Critic.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

Strongly prejudiced by writers of this class, and especially by the early Edinburg reviewers, Coleridge has uttered a blasting condemnation which may be true of the hacks, who, like vultures, have swooped down and live on the creations of a genius; but to the creative critics it has no application. "They (the reviewers) are," he says, "a species of maggots, inferior to book worms, living on the delicious brains of true genius." Then he proceeds to infer that the function of criticism is not legitimate.

But criticism is more than legitimate and far from parasitical. Admitting that what the critic has comes by inspiration of the author, what then does this prove? "Living on the delicious brains of true genius?" On the contrary. No man, not even the poet, is born full of ideas or intuitions that will seek a setting or an outpouring without observation and inspiration. This observation and inspiration does not come of its own undivided effort, but from the awakening of society or the material universe about him. Thus were the Elizabethans strongly influenced by England's revival of national greatness. Mariners going to foreign and savage lands brought back stories of the inhabitants, highly coloured by the sailor's superstitions and emotions. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" was developed from such a tale. Thus it was that the imagination of the poets and writers of that period having been strengthened by a new life, the poet got the greater part of his inspiration from the revival of national greatness. For it is the natural tendency of man to be borne along to action on an impulse that strikes a country at any period of her history. For examples of this development, we can look at the literature of Greece at the time of Pericles; Rome under Augustus, England with Elizabeth, and the awakening of Germany at the time of Lessing, Goethe and Schiller.

All great critics must be moved by the subject-matter. This is the way Lowell worked, especially in his treatment of Shakspeare. He fully appreciated Shakspeare, inspired if you will have it, and then turned out that masterpiece of criticism "A Last Word on Shakspeare." Could anyone call this a parasitical production, a "living on the delicious brains of true

genius?" for it contains a depth of observation and strength of criticism which is seldom found. What Lowell said was true. His thoughts ran fire, and they had not been uttered before. Shakspeare appealed to him in a light different from that seen by other critics, and he gave his thoughts to the world.

Bagehot is another example of this original work in criticism; and so he could take all the great critics, as Arnold, Lessing, Pater, Sainte-Beuve, etc., that produced works worthy of posterity.

However, it is likewise true, as Bagehot has cleverly remarked, that "people take their literature in morsels as they take sandwiches on a journey." They do not think for themselves, but ask for a short review of the man and his work. Thus we have many appreciative papers written around a man, with the intention of giving the unthinking public a short criticism on the author and his works. Many of these so-called critics, consciously or unconsciously, take another man's thoughts and accredit them to themselves. To these Coleridge's condemnation would apply.

Again, as some one has aptly said, there is the "appreciative critic who uses the author as a clothes-horse on which to hang his thoughts." These thoughts are many of the "morsels" Bagehot refers to. They are good for work of their kind, but they are not criticism. In the great critic we find the appreciative qualities combined with the analytic, synthetic and judicial. Bagehot in those keen essays of his furnishes us with an example as he brings in outside knowledge, not for mere entertainment, but to develop the character of the man criticised.

But the great critic as he begins his work perceives that not only is it evil to destroy one's individuality at the command of a magazine, or for the sake of popularity, but that he should not go astray on "cant terms." He does not interpret the phrase "art for art's sake," as Zola and the band of realistic writers, who have dominated French literature for the last thirty years, interpreted it. Misunderstanding art, they paint the wretchedness of humanity, and call this art. From the material they use, their work is necessarily immoral. They forget that in literature as in painting, everything will not make a picture; that there are certain things 'fit to be put into literature called literatesque' as well as there are certain corners of nature 'fit to be put into a picture called picturesque.' And thus

their work is neither sensuous nor spiritual but sensual.

To him especially is it apparent that "art without spirituality or ethical beauty is a whited sepulchre, full of stinking bones." That the great masters, as Shakspeare, Dante, Homer, Milton, Goethe, Molière and Congreaves recognized that art and morality can not be separated; that wherever there is a healthy tone in the literature of an age or a race, the work must necessarily be moral.

In order to prove this latter contention he investigates the literature of ancient Greece only to find that athletics and religion, athletics as a part of religion, dominated in their poetry, and that this poetry was exceedingly moral. He sees the vengeance heaped out on *Œdipus* for his marriage with his mother; the punishment of *Clytemnestra* for the murder of her husband; the revengeful sacrifice of the gods for all crimes against them, and that the tone of a great literature is ever healthful and moral; for no disease can lurk in it, under it, or about it; that the paintings of the crimes and corruptions of mankind, the sores and boils of the human physique must necessarily in itself be unhealthful. To give the sins and crimes of a wanton, her conquests and liaisons and desertions, the selfishness of a rouse, the senile degeneration of a young man—to fill the pages of a novel with this sort of stuff, page after page, as we find running through *Sapho* with scarcely a redeeming character in the whole novel, is to debase literature to a rotten use.

Thus it comes to him that the realistic writers take a wrong interpretation out of the phrase "art for art's sake." They take it to mean form. It is true, that there must be perfection in the conception and execution in the form before the work can be a work of art. If it is lacking in unity, perspective or light in shade, as in a picture or poem, it may possess much beauty but yet not be a work of art. But we must not confound form with technique. Technique alone can give perfection of form, but yet the creation may be weak as a work of art; there must be something else within it, something which appeals to the inner nature and establishes a bond of sympathy between us; if this spiritual or vivifying principle is lacking, the work ceases to be moral, no matter what its form is, and therefore it is not a work of art.

And then he holds that if the meaning

"art for art's sake" is as the naturalistic and realistic writers would have us believe; then the phrase is a false imposition on life. But if it means—as the great writers and critics understand it to mean—the working at a thing of art because it is artistic and moral and for this reason alone, then the phrase must stand.

(To be continued)

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The Lady of the Hyacinths.

EARLE E. WHALEY, 1903.

In a chair drawn close to a marvelously wrought writing desk Alice Merrill sat with her chin resting on her hands. Costly rugs and tapestries were on the floor and wall, with here and there a drawing or a marble that proved the artistic taste of the owner. The air was heavy with the odor of hyacinths that were scattered about the room.

Though Miss Merrill was an heiress and a beauty she did not seem to be a very happy woman. On her face was a drawn, tense look; her eyes seemed but depths of sadness, and her white, slender hands opened and shut with that action which intense mental struggle gives.

Her maid entered the room and busied herself with her duties for the evening, but not until she asked what more might be required, was she noticed. Without looking up Miss Merrill told her to bring in charcoal and light a fire and after that not to come unless she was called.

Left alone Alice Merrill sat looking at the fire as it burned and crackled, shooting tiny sparks in every direction. She arose after a time and heaped the coal high in the fireplace, and again seating herself took up a jewelled paper-knife, the last gift of Charles Peters, the man who had finally won a love that had been sought by many. Whether the memories it brought were pleasant or not her face did not tell, but the thought of past days came to her, the first knowledge of her love, the crowning point in her life; the many pleasant days spent with her betrothed, and last, the quarrel that had dispelled her dream of future happiness. She blamed him for his hasty anger, then, woman like, took the blame upon herself.

Words whose points were chilled with sarcasm and irony had passed between them,

but until to-day she had not realized their full import. She again took up the card that had finally destroyed her hope. It read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Stoddard  
request the honour of your presence  
at the marriage ceremony of their daughter

MARTHA NEWELL

to

MR. CHARLES EDWARD PETERS

on Friday noon, October the eighth,  
Grace Episcopal Church,  
New York City.

She seemed to be looking at the card, but before her eyes came a vision of Martha Stoddard, the playmate of her childhood, the confidante of former years. The knowledge that this well-loved friend had taken her place with Charles Peters brought suspicion and doubt to Alice Merrill's mind. It was grief piled on grief, and still she sat silent, with no colour on that fair face, her hands idly toying with card and knife, tokens of anger and love. All her wealth, all her friends, all the advantages of her high position; none of these could change the past. The promise of the future was suddenly broken, and yet no tears, no heart-bursting sighs, only that still, white face and vacant, self-searching eyes.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when Alice Merrill's maid knocked at the door of the room. Receiving no reply she hesitated, then softly entered. Though startled and amazed to find her mistress as she had left her the night before, and with a vague fear tugging at her heart, she was too well-trained a servant to make any expression of surprise or alarm. Looking at the still form she thought her mistress asleep. The face was clear and quiet as a child's with just the shadow of a smile on the finely curved lips. The odour of hyacinths was in the air, but the spray in her mistress' hair had drooped and withered. Touching the lightly folded hand the maid found it cold and nerveless.

The papers that evening contained a notice of the death of Miss Alice Merrill, beauty and heiress, from asphyxiation. The verdict of the coroner stated that death was caused by the inhaling of fumes from a charcoal fire. When Charles Peters, lawyer and clubman, read the notice he, like the coroner, did not realize that Alice Merrill had died of a broken heart.

## How They Kept the Bridge.

—  
JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY, '02.  
—

And as they tread the ruined Isle,  
Where rest at length the lord and slave,  
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile  
Could conquer hearts so brave.

With much enthusiasm we read of the glorious deeds of men who, as is recorded in song or story, performed prodigies of valour. We can not but be elevated when we read the accounts of Homer's legendary heroes, or of that brave man whose deed forms the subject of one of Macaulay's lays, that noble warrior that "kept the bridge." However prehistoric or fabulous Horatius may have been, deeds as noble as his have been done in historic times, even in comparatively modern times; deeds which can never be tinged with fiction. Two of these chivalrous and daring deeds, one of them similar to that performed by Horatius at the bridge, happened during the Jacobite period in Ireland.

In 1690 William of Orange was driven from within the walls of Limerick by women wielding stockings filled with stones. After this repulse he despaired of ever taking that famous city, and he uttered that memorable sentence: "If I had this handful of men who defend the place against you, and that you were all within it, I would take it in spite of you."

He retreated as quickly as possible from Limerick, and sailed for England leaving his command to Count de Solmes and de Ginckle who took the army into camp.

Early in January of the following year, St. Ruth arrived in Ireland to take command of the army; and although he was the son of James II. and a skilled general, yet the idea of a stranger taking the destinies of the country into his own hands was not very well liked by the natives, who saw their own deserving leaders, such as Tyrconnell and Sarsfield, put in subordinate positions.

Not until June did Ginckle leave his encampment in Mullingar and march towards Athlone. Now this town is cut in twain by the Shannon, and that section of it on the Leinster side was called English town, and that on the Connaught side was known as Irish town. The Governor, Colonel Fitzgerald, had but four hundred garrisoned fighters under him, so he decided to destroy the

English town and protect as long as possible the Irish town, as had been successfully done before him by Colonel Grace. But St. Ruth would not hear of such a course. He sent the Colonel a squadron of cavalry with orders to defend both sections of the town asking him only to hold out till he himself with the Irish army should arrive from Limerick. St. Ruth did not however seem to be in a hurry, and for some mysterious reason arrived in Athlone several days late, just in time to undo what Irish valour had done: to lose the town by what has been called "a strange mixture of pride and folly."

Ginckle, on his part, determined to make the most of the advantage gained by St. Ruth's delay. He pushed on hurriedly towards Athlone, and was retarded for half a day by Colonel Fitzgerald and his band of four hundred who sallied forth in hopes of delaying the enemy till the coming of St. Ruth.

The walls of the town are reached and Ginckle plants his artillery, "such as had never been seen in Ireland." The enemy had not to wait very long before a breach was effected, and then came the assault. General Mackay with four thousand picked men headed by three hundred grenadiers mounted the breach. In the attempt to repulse them, Colonel Fitzgerald lost two hundred of his four hundred, whilst the remainder were borne toward the town by overwhelming numbers. The Colonel now saw that it was useless to attempt to defend or retain that section of the town any longer, so he gave orders for the destruction of the bridge that connected the two sections across the Shannon.

Inch by inch the decimated defenders are forced back toward the bridge. Soon, however, it dawned on the Williamites that they must gain the bridge, and to win or maintain it became now the hinge on which every energy turned. Above the clang of arms Mackay heard the noise of pick and bar and but too readily saw that the Irish were destroying the bridge, and his voice rang out: "They are destroying the bridge! On, on, save the bridge!" Fitzgerald rallied and encouraged his few followers at the entrance of the bridge, for he plainly saw that

Their van will be upon him  
Before the bridge goes down;  
And if they once may win the bridge,  
What hope to save the town?

That bridge was safe whilst one of that band could wield a pike or raise a musket. The



narrowness of the entrance of the bridge favoured them; the great number of the enemy now only impeded its own project. The stormers sought to clear the bridge by throwing themselves upon the defenders and freely giving ten for one; but it was of no avail. The enemies are furious and the defenders fast falling. Again and again Mackay cries out: "On, on, the bridge, the bridge!"

But meanwhile pick and crowbar  
Have manfully been plied,  
And now the bridge hangs tottering  
Above the boiling tide.

"Back! back! for your lives," comes the cry from the Irish side of the river. The defenders rushed along the tottering bridge and some of them crossed in safety, but the last group turned around once more to keep back the enemy, and now they stood hemmed in by William's horde and the "lordly Shannon." It was a moment of great anguish for the beholders from the Connaught side of that defenceless group. Mackay's men pressed toward them. A moment more and they were cut down, but that little band drew back a pace from the brink of the broken bridge, and as with a defiant look they cast their arms to the face of the enemy, they plunged all abreast into the Shannon. The enemy sent after them a volley of musket balls, which seemed to riddle the very river, yet amidst many a shout of glee, a hundred welcoming hands pulled most of that heroic band out of the water on the Connaught shore. The work was done. The bridge was rendered impassable. The Irish town was saved, and "this was a fitting inauguration to a siege, which for heroic daring and unbending fortitude has few examples in the history of warfare." But the bridge has yet to be kept ere Athlone is saved and lost.

The town was now bombarded, and within a few days it had the appearance of a charcoal pit. The enemy had spent upon it about fifty tons of gunpowder, twelve thousand cannon ball and six hundred bombs, besides innumerable tons of rock hurled from their mortars. The Irish guns were buried in the ruins.

Under this disadvantage the Irish never lost courage; but what was their consternation when on the morning of January the 28th they beheld the enemy, under cover of their whole artillery, throwing beams across the broken arches and planking them. There was not much time for deliberation. The planking had been nearly completed, and the grenadiers

were advanced along this new causeway. Everything seemed in their favour. Battery upon battery had been trained, from every possible angle, on that narrow spot. But the Williamites had misjudged the indomitable intrepidity of the defenders; and although it was certain death to appear on that bridge, yet it must go down, and that within a very short time, if Athlone would be saved.

The Irish army under St. Ruth was by this time in Athlone, and from one of the regiments under General Maxwell stepped forth a stalwart and determined looking soldier. He was Sergeant Custume of the dragoons. He faced his comrades and said in a clear ringing voice: "Are there ten men among you who will die with me for Ireland?"

"Aye! Aye!" came the hearty response from a hundred lusty throats.

"Then," said Custume, "we will save Athlone! The bridge must go down!"

In a flash ten comrades were by his side, and seizing axes and crowbars, they jumped their trenches and dashed forward toward the all but completed bridge. For a moment all was silence. The Irish and the Williamite army held their breath in astonishment, and watched that noble eleven going hurriedly to the place of sacrifice, where they "with a strength and courage beyond what men are thought capable of," began to tear away the planks and beams. Ere their noble task is ended a discharge of small and large guns swept the bridge, and the life's blood of brave Custume and his comrades mingled in the onward course of the river.

Must the work be left undone? Is Athlone to be lost? No! There are others in that regiment that are ready to die for Ireland; and no sooner were the eleven laid low, than eleven more filled their places. Another deadly discharge from the enemy. Nine fall. Two escape. But the work is done. The bridge is once more rendered impassable. By the most heroic self-immolation Athlone is saved, only to be lost again through the folly of the vainglorious St. Ruth.

If we go back about seven hundred years another deed, similar in its heroic fortitude, shall loom up before us and is made more vivid by the words of the poet:

Remember our wounded companions who stood

In the days of distress by our side;

When the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,

They stirred not, but conquered and died.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 1, 1902.

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.

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## REPORTERS

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—Athletes are usually a good-natured set of fellows. With fine digestion and the ability to sleep well they are easily imposed upon. Things that another with bad digestion and insomnia would take exception to they allow to pass without comment. Thus has it come to pass that while exercising in the arena of the big gymnasium they are forced to dodge in and out between and around spectators who by no manner of means have a right to be there. The gallery is the proper place for visitors or observers, and the sooner we discover this fact the better.

—Mr. Hamilton Mabie is expected to lecture at the University next week. All of us that have done work in the critical line are familiar with Mr. Mabie's work both on account of his standing as a critic and the brilliancy of his style. Ranking with men of Mr. Wm. Dean Howell's ability he has given to the American public "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," and other works of much merit. His last contribution to American literature was an elaborate study on Shakspeare. As editor of the *Outlook*, Mr. Mabie holds an

important position in the literary world. Here he can pass on our young writers as they present the children of their genius to him. That he has fulfilled this duty equitably is evidenced by his success. So we may look to him for a lecture of that order delivered some time ago by his brilliant friend and associate, Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

—It is well to have a variety of athletic games at a university. They tend to the development of the physical man, making a better instrument through which the intellect should act. They absorb that great amount of surplus energy which is ever characteristic of a college man. If the athletic games furnish a large variety so much the better, for then the individual can choose from among them one that is suited for his temperament.

Thus with the adoption of mid-winter water polo we add another sport of a nature different from those we have heretofore enjoyed. The game is a wholesome one, and was only made possible with the building of the natatorium. It should prove an interesting sport; and if present indications act as a criterion it will prove a popular one.

—The University Law Department has been especially fortunate in the number of successful men it has turned out. They hold prominent places at the bar or on the bench of the many states of the Union. Whether this striving and succeeding is developed in the atmosphere of the class-room, or the method, aim and thoroughness of the work, the successful ones alone can say. But yet the few of us that have been initiated into the mysteries of the Law, can vouch for the method by which the rules of this great subject have been riveted into our memories, clinched on the inside and there to remain. A letter received a short time ago from Paul J. Ragan, Law '00, describing his experience before the Ohio State Bar, seems to prove this otherwise rash statement. We print a few quotations:

I was somewhat unfortunate in the matter of preparation as I had not opened a book from the time I left your classes until about five weeks ago, when I wrote you for credentials. In consequence my review was very summary, and I was in nowhere near as good shape as I was when I left the University. However, I managed to get through very creditably, and I attribute my success principally to the work I did in your Moot-Court. The practical work I had on cases there

helped me very much in working out the hypothetical cases submitted to us at the examination.

I feel quite proud of my passing because of the fact that one of our city-judges who went down with me made a miserable failure. There were one hundred and fifty-seven in the class, and of this number ninety-six were successful. Of the ninety-six lucky ones, however, about sixty percent had tried to pass two or three times before and failed.

Mr. Ragan discovered; as many before him, that though he let an entire year pass before taking the bar examination, the law had been so thoroughly impressed upon him that there it remained.

Work and harmony between student and professor are the two essentials for success in school life—and if these are wanting in the law, or any other course, the perfection sought is weak indeed.

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#### Wireless Telegraphy and Its Outlook.

Much has been written of late concerning wireless telegraphy. Marconi's recent success in his trans-Atlantic experiments has invited much consideration in the scientific world. Like all other novelties, wireless telegraphy when first introduced was the subject of much conjecture.

Nearly every scientific paper in the country had something to say in its favour or against it. Yet such conjectures were not strange when we consider the great possibility of fabrications. But it remained for the experimenters of this juvenile system to prove it something more than a scientific fantasy, or the product of a feverish-minded scientist.

The notion of wireless telegraphy was prior to the time of Marconi, yet it remained for him to perfect it. The theory of wireless telegraphy was many times before demonstrated by other scientists, especially by James Bowdman Lindsay, the celebrated Scotch scientist, who not only demonstrated the theory of wireless telegraphy, but also that of electric light.

There is a popular query as to the safety and reliability of wireless telegraphy as regards commercial and other transactions of a private character, owing to the possibility of messages intercepting one another. But Marconi has clearly demonstrated the impossibility of this, in the fact that no three instruments are attuned alike; and only the two which are used in transmitting and receiving the message are thus attuned. Of course, if by

chance there should be another instrument attuned like the other two between which the message is passing, the person at this instrument might accidentally hear something about himself that would surprise him greatly and make him desire to be a disinterested party. I believe that the idea so prevalent as to the possibility of messages intercepting one another will in due time, as experiments are oftener performed, demonstrate the impossibility of such a thing.

In all sciences there are certain conditions which are favourable or unfavourable to experiment. Wireless telegraphy is no exception to the rule. There are certain geological conditions which encourage the working of wireless telegraphy apparatus. True, it is possible to transmit a message at any given distance provided there be no presence of iron deposit. A long distance may also be easily overcome by increasing the power at the transmitting station. Again the curvature of the earth does not affect in any degree the transmission of messages. The great difficulty lies in the favorable or unfavorable condition of the ground.

Thus far the most notable experiments of Marconi's have been performed with crude instruments. Nevertheless, they serve as good examples of the mechanism of his system, and its possibilities at the hand of this ingenious scientist with perfected instruments at his command.

Much interest is now manifest as to the outcome of Marconi's experiment in a balloon from which a message is to be sent from Cornwall, England, to the French shore of Newfoundland. This, of course, like all others of Marconi's experiments, will only tend to emphasize more emphatically the wonderful working of his system and the desirability of its adoption.

But I believe that the adoption of wireless telegraphy will not only be of immediate concern but of unmeasurable value to the world at large. I believe that it will necessitate the gradual abolition of the cable system so long in vogue. It will make it possible for those, who heretofore, owing to the exorbitant prices demanded by cable companies, were unable to communicate to their kinsfolk beyond the sea to do so at a minimized price. In fine, I believe that the advantages to accrue from the adoption of wireless telegraphy will be manifold, and that its benefits will not only be shared by this generation but by generations yet to come.

C. M. CHURCH.

## Exchanges.

In "The Angelus," from *William and Mary College Monthly*, we have a poem which exhibits more than ordinary ability. Besides being good verse, it is a vigorous response to Mr. Edwin Markham's "Man with the Hoe." The verses entitled "Vitæ Lampada," though technically excellent, are difficult of understanding. They lack concreteness, and appear to have some mystical meaning hidden back of them which the author did not wish to divulge. We can not see why the author of "Uncle Joe's Cou'tship" spells "many" "meny." The word is pronounced as if it were spelled "meny" whether a negro or a white man uses it. The author does not spell "none" "nun," nor "come" "kum," but there is as much reason for spelling these phonetically as for the other. "Alfred Tennyson—An Appreciation" is a good piece of limpid prose. As a criticism of Tennyson, however, it strikes us as platitudinous. Change a few words and it will fit any good poet almost equally well.

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*The Amherst Literary Monthly* for January has some very good things. We note a remarkable smoothness of versification and general technical skill among the versifiers. The material treated, however, is what might not inaptly be called trite. This does not apply to the stanzas labeled "Trials that Jar." "Eddication" shows good work combined with a saving sense of humour. We notice that the author escapes the ordinary pitfalls in the way of those essaying Irish dialect. Many in this field make their work more mirth-provoking than they think. We have it on good authority, and observation will bear it out, that an Irishman never says "indade" for "indeed" nor "belave" for "believe." He does not mistake "ee" and "ie" sounds. His trouble comes in articulating the "ea" and "ei" sounds. He says "lave" for "leave" and "recate" for "receipt." "D" and "t" are made in some words into "dh" and "th." An Irishman trills his r's because that is the correct thing in his native Gaelic. This is about the whole count against the Gael. There is of course that indescribable thing called the brogue. It consists, however, not in a peculiarity of pronunciation of particular sounds, but in an intonation or accent used with every sound. Because attempts are often

made to reproduce the brogue on paper one finds that Irish dialect commonly looks as if the author had filled a shot-gun with commas and blazed away at his manuscript.

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"New Year's Eve," in the *Fordham Monthly* treats an old thing in a new and pleasurable manner. The prose is not up to the usual standard. Dr. Maurice Francis Egan says somewhere that there is enough sorrow in the world without putting it into literature, and when a judicious author introduces the pathetic young person into his narrative, he generally has the good sense to kill him off while he is young. The author of "A Wrong Righted" ought to have read Dr. Egan. "The Modern Newspaper" contains some thoughts of merit excellently put.

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Among the best of the magazines which come to our table is the *Queen's University Journal*. It is one of the brightest and most readable of college papers, but we wonder that where there is so much ability shown in prose there should be no verse. The stories are good, dealing for the most part with college life. "His First Christmas Holidays" is of special interest, the tale being one of Freshman life at the University. There is that movement in the story which holds the reader and enlivens the narrative; it brings back to us our own freshman year. The editorial page of the magazine is stronger than is usually found among college magazines. Of no less interest to us are the sketches of the new university buildings; there is a harmony as well as a simplicity of architecture throughout which is most commendable. The matter of the magazine is very much superior to its form. Its appearance is rather unprepossessing.

## Books and Magazines

SCHOOL ILIAD. Books I-VI. By Thomas D. Seymour. Ginn and Company. Boston, 1901.

The new edition of the School Iliad shows the mending hand on almost every page. The introduction, the commentary, the vocabulary, have been carefully revised. The English headings, dividing the text as it were into short chapters, are the most pleasing among the new features. Several pictures from photographs help the student to get a more lively representation of the narrative, because the

eye can behold the places where the events occurred. A most important addition is the map of the Troad. In a future edition we may hope to see still further illustrations of the work that is actually being done in those places so dear to every student of Homer.

CATHOLIC YOUTH. Benzigers. Cincinnati. 1901.

It is well that there should be a great number of manuals of prayers and devotions; for although Catholic doctrine and faith are unchangeable, the manner in which they may be presented is as varied as the characters of individuals. "Catholic Youth" will please many a youth.

"Short Visits to the Blessed Sacrament," published by the same firm and compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance, will help the pious reader to spend a few spare moments with profit before the Blessed Sacrament.

—The Pilot Publishing Co. of Boston are publishing the second edition of Catherine E. Conway's new book, "Lalor's Maples." Miss Conway has written a clever and interesting story in this book; and, like all her books, Lalor's Maples can be highly recommended to the reader of popular novels. There are many fine touches in the novel, especially in the characterization of Mildred Lalor, whose genuine devotion to her parents we can not but admire. The whole tenor of the novel is natural, and can not but please the most finical reader of novels.

—We welcome with pleasure the *Medical Record* among our weekly exchanges for the New Year. The *Record* is devoted to the interests of professional men in medicine and surgery, but the clear and interesting manner in which the subject-matter is put can not fail to interest the general reader as well.

—In the *Saturday Evening Post* for January 18, Senator Beveridge began his series of interesting and analytic papers on the political condition of the far East, exposing the clever game of diplomacy through which Russia got possession of Manchouria.

—A very noteworthy contribution, entitled "On the Progress of Public Health Organizations in the United States," by Stephen Smith, M. D., LL. D., is the initial article of the current number. We note also seven full pages of "Editorials" on various live topics. The one headed "Ionization and Some Recent Views Thereon" is especially interesting. The "Society Reports" also contain their usual share of interesting information.

#### Personals.

—Professor Greene enjoyed a visit from his brother last Wednesday.

—Mrs. Hart of Muncie, Ind., accompanied her son on his return to Notre Dame.

—Mr. W. W. Johnston, an old student, entered his son at the University during the week.

—Mr. Eugene P. North (student '01) is entered as a freshman at Rush Medical College.

—Mrs. Strauss of Chicago, accompanied by Miss Buckley, visited her son Fred of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Cecil H. Pulford (student '96-'99) is filling a position with the *Sunday Morning Courier-Journal* of Toledo, Ohio.

—Another old student has joined the ranks of the Benedicts. Mr. Charles E. Scheubert of Chicago was married on January 23, to Miss Clara E. Bartels.

—Dr. A. E. Weed of North Branch, Michigan, was the guest of Clem Mitchell of Sorin Hall last Thursday. Dr. Weed is on his way to Chicago, where he intends to do some special work on the eye, ear, nose and throat.

—Mr. Grover C. Davis (student '96-'01) of Denver, Colorado, is attending Worcester (Mass.) College. We hear that he is trying for the track-team. Grover did excellent work in the half-mile for our reserves last year.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Joyce of Ashland, Wisconsin, who are on their way to Buffalo, stopped off to visit their daughter Miss Allie Joyce. Mr. and Mrs. Joyce were the guests of Mr. Will A. Shea of Sorin Hall last week.

—Norwood R. Gibson, who was our crack pitcher from 1897 to 1900, is becoming famous in the baseball world. Manager Tibeau of the Kansas City team, of which "Gibbie" was a member last season, said: "He is a youth of rare ability as a pitcher, and I believe he has a great future before him."

—Mr. Raymond C. Langan (A. B. '93) of Clinton, Iowa, is making a reputation as an attorney. Though only twenty-eight years of age, he was admitted to practice before the U. S. Supreme Court recently. He is considered one of the brightest lawyers in the State, and is the youngest man ever admitted to practice before that court. A few weeks ago, Mr. Langan won one of the most important cases ever tried before the Supreme Court.

—Another man that has won the applause of the fans and is the most popular player on the Philadelphia team is "Mike" Powers (A. B. '99). "Mike" has the reputation of being able to coach a young or wild pitcher with better results than any other coach perhaps in the American League. During the winters "Mike" is making a course of medicine in a Louisville Medical School, his intention being to hang up his shingle in that city. A. L. K.

## A Card of Sympathy.

How feeble are these few words to carry any source of consolation to hearts bereaved of a kind and loving father. However, let us attempt to alleviate the pain which naturally arises from such a loss by expressing to Messrs. Louis and Arthur Best our cordial sympathy. We condole with them in this their hour of affliction, and assure them that we realize the loss they have sustained; but are certain that more and truer sympathy can be derived from the thought of that just One whose will it has been to carry him from our midst than these few words of human consolation:

ROBERT KASPER  
VINCENT CORBETT  
JAMES OLIVER  
GEORGE MOXLEY  
JOSEPH DOHAN.

## Local Items.

—A reflection.—CAP.: "I came floating from her door-step under toe."

—Lost—A gold elocution medal. Finder, please return it to L. Harte, Carroll Hall.

—The Mozart Symphony Troupe will give a concert in Washington Hall on February 8.

—Seven, fourteen, twenty-one; ha! ha! ha! P. G. Taylor, water, hydraulic; ha! ha! so funny!

—The SCHOLASTIC extends its sincere sympathy to Louis and Arthur Best who were suddenly called home on account of the death of their father.

—Casey: "His father never did a day's work."

Harte: "I, faith, what does he do for a living?"

Casey: "He is a night watchman."

—Brownson Hall basket-ball team will play the South Bend Athletics in the Commercial Club rooms Saturday night. Brownson Hall won its last game from the Athletic Club rather handily, and should have no difficulty in repeating the trick Saturday night.

—It should be borne in mind that the track and field of the large gymnasium and the training rooms are not for visitors or spectators. If anyone wants to use either training room or track why not don a suit? if not, why not use the gallery? This should be enforced.

—The moustache fever appears to have struck the Law Department. Embryos are much in evidence. Ambition! A wit has

defined a moustache as "a sign of mourning for a lack of brains in the head." But the fallacy of this witticism is evident to anyone that has had experience with the Law Department.

—In the case before the Moot-Court last Thursday, Watson vs. Martin, Kinney was for the plaintiff and Collins for the defendant. The case was around a horse trade, and the arguments *pro* and *con* were very elaborate. The jury decided in favour of the defendant. Mr. Kinney in behalf of the plaintiff moved for a new trial.

—The first practice preliminary to organizing water polo team was taken at the natatorium, Thursday. The intention is to play first inter-hall games. After that when a team is selected to play the Armour School Reserves, and the Chicago Athletic Reserves. A sport of this kind should prove an attractive one during the winter. All those desiring to try for the Brownson Hall team should leave their names with W. Thompson Brownson Hall.

—The strength test record was broken during the week by W. N. Langknecht. His record is 1086.3 kilos. Langknecht is but 17 years old and weighs 133 pounds. Mr. Weiss, Director of gymnastics, states that though this figure does not approach that of Allis of Minnesota, yet it would put Langknecht on any of the Eastern weight teams. It is about time the big fellows would begin training to see if we could not raise this record a few hundred kilos.

—What romances the vacation has begotten; what tragedies! There is one young zealous student in Sorin Hall that looks at his sprouting lip, his embryo side whiskers, and regrets the fact that he stood under the mistletoe, looked at the moon streaming through the window, and then promised that to prove his fervour he would let his whiskerets grow as long as those the Austrian emperor boasted of. The offer was taken—nor was this hirsute adornment to be tampered with until permission was gracefully given. Puzzle: Find this Sorin Haller.

—A competitive debate for the purpose of selecting men to represent the Law Department in its debate with the Illinois College of Law in Chicago on March 15, will be held in the law room next Saturday night. The subject is, "Resolved: That, for the general welfare of the people consolidation in production is better than competition." We shall have the negative side. This subject, as any one can perceive, is an evenly balanced one. The debate is open to the entire Law Department, and should be a thorough one; for the honour of qualifying for the team is certainly worthy of one's best efforts.

—The Law Department Debating Society held its first meeting last Saturday night for

this session. Colonel Hoynes was in the chair. The matter of debating gave way to the more important duty of electing officers: Colonel Hoynes was elected President; John P. Curry, 1st Vice President; Philip O'Neill, 2d Vice-President; Geo. Kelly, Recording Secretary; Ed Quigley, Corresponding Secretary; Joseph Sullivan, Treasurer; F. Burke and P. McElligott, Critics; John Shirk, Sergeant-at-Arms. The office of Sergeant-at-Arms was closely contested. Three candidates, Wm. Cameron, F. Meyers and J. Shirk were nominated, but Mr. Shirk finally won out.

—The Brownson Hall basket-ball team defeated the Carroll Hall team in an interesting game in the Brownson gym last Saturday evening. The final score was 21 to 7. For Brownson the best individual work was done by Capt. Groogan, Sammon and Glenn, while Kotte and Sweeney excelled for the Carrollites. The Graphophone concert, which was given immediately after the game, was greatly enjoyed by the spectators, although there were a few that could not appreciate it. These "wise gents" will do well to act decently the next time they attend any such entertainment in the Brownson gym. To Mr. Guerra for kindly allowing the use of his Graphophone, the Brownson Hall athletic association returns many thanks.

—In the course of a valuable contribution to *The New Century*, the well-known author and educator, Dr. A. J. Faust, pays a passing tribute to the Congregation of the Holy Cross, "whose American beginnings make the University of Notre Dame and its growth one of the fascinating chapters in our nineteenth-century history. The story of its rise under its founder, the saintly Father Edward Sorin, C.S.C., reads like a romance, while its growth—a marvel even in the Great West—is the living witness in our day of what faith and devotion may do, tempered by the highest culture. With its schools and its presses, its periodicals and its publications, Notre Dame University appears to us in the East a very miracle of modern Catholic enterprise." The effect of such appreciative words is always to make one resolve to deserve them more fully.

—After giving the track candidates a final try out last Thursday, Coach Butler selected the team that will represent Notre Dame at the First Regiment meet February 6. They are: Staples for the two hundred and twenty-yard dash and quarter mile; Herbert for the hurdles and quarter; Hoover, the hurdles; Kirby, the shot put and quarter; Gearin, the quarter; Sullivan and Richon, high jump and pole vault; Steele and Uffendall in the half mile, and Shea in the mile. The Thursday try outs were all that could be expected. The relay was run better than three minutes, forty-four seconds, and the mile but a few seconds on the other side of five minutes. Shea has

proven his ability as a mile walker, nor is there any reason why he should not become a strong mile runner.

The First Regiment meet is to be a handicap one. This fact may count against the Varsity or in its favour. All depends upon the official handicapper. If condition counts for much, there is no reason why we should not clean up many points. Everyone making up the team is in the pink of physical condition as a result of the coach's constant care.

—Another poet has been discovered in Brownson Hall whose genius threatens to overshadow our famous bard of long ago—John Svendsen. Svendsen's Ode to the moon is still remembered by the older students. By some strange coincidence this new poem also refers to the moon. The manner in which the poet was discovered is strange. One cold night last week one of our scribes and a few of his friends saw a man kneeling down in the middle of the campus with arms outstretched. Hastening towards the spot they were dumfounded to hear the following beautiful soul-stirring poem recited with much fervour by our friend, Wum Bay Lee:

(Eyes uplifted. Voice trembling with emotion. Fingers clutching at shadows, and wind whistling variations.)

Oh! lovely moon (1), where is thy light?  
Behind yon clouds? you're (2) out of sight.  
For three long dreary nights I've sought  
For you; but all in vain. Now naught  
Can e'er make me again be caught

(3) Within the meshes of your bright,  
Alluring rays. No more at night

(4) I'll roam, and roaming thusly  
Dream (5) fantastic dreams.

(The second spasm was recited with downcast eyes and tear-stained face. T'uther Bay Lee beat time for him. It was an inspiring sight.)

(6) Still in my mind there fondly cling,  
Sweet memories that oft will bring

(7) Me back to days of long ago  
When I loved you (weeps)

(8) Oh, so—so—so.

(Faints. Man in the moon peeps out from behind a cloud and grins. T'uther Bay Lee disappears with the funds.)

NOTES:—(1) "Where is thy light?" The poet probably wanted to light his cigarette or pipe. Critics disagree on this, however, some thinking he meant this, others that. The probability is he meant what he said.

(2) "Out of sight." Two meanings. The poet intended that it should mean "perfly beautiful."

(3) "Within the meshes," etc. An old familiar expression used by section hands on a hot day in summer, and by gents returning from the club at 2 a. m.

(4) "I'll roam." A better phrase than "Ill skive." Roam contains the idea of skiving and also of "pushing" lines.

(5) "Fantastic Dreams." Dreams brought on by smoking a corncob pipe and somebody else's tobacco—Featherstone's, for instance.

(6) "Cling." From Clingo, etc, means to cling. Thus the "dog fearlessly clings to the bone."

(7) "Me back." This phrase is obscure. One critic says that he must have had a weak back. Clate thinks the phrase is incomplete; that it was formerly "Bring me back home." It depends altogether on how you look at it.

(8) "Oh, so, so, so." A humorous phrase put in to complete the sentence. Further information concerning the poem can be had for a small sum at any hour from Senor John Watts de Mattermityre.

—This is the second letter received from George Bohner, Law '01, who is teaching in the Philippines.

BUTUAN, MINDANAO,

Oct. 30, 1901.

My letter written Sept. 16 is still with me as there has been no boat in here to take the mail. This is the 30th of October; over a month and a half have passed and not even a word from the outside world! I am and have been located in this town "Butuan" for the last three weeks. It is like all the others, only a little larger. You would think you were in Venice if you happened to drop in here suddenly. We are in the midst of the rainy season and go about in boats. The river has overrun its banks, and the water is about three feet deep all over town. I have four servants in the house, two whom I pay and two who work for their board. The four are equal to one very lazy man in the States. I still do most of my cooking, as the natives haven't got the American way of doing things. I can cook some first-class dishes that I learned from some of the miners before leaving Surigao. To do the cooking is not half so hard as it is to get hold of something to cook. Chicken and rice are about all a man can get. Milk, sugar, coffee, tea and other luxuries are unheard of. Since I left home I haven't been in a bed,—that is, my bed usually has been the floor, a coil of rope and things of that kind. The luxuries and little comforts that a person has at home are not to be found here. You sleep with a revolver in your hand, and when on the street wear it in a conspicuous place so as to let them know you are armed. Most of the natives are friendly toward the "Americano," but many are left who would not hesitate to bolo you if the opportunity was offered. I hold full sway in this town, all by myself, and feel as safe as I would at home, although the nearest U. S. troops are fully eighty miles from here, and the nearest white man at least twenty. My school is getting along in fine shape. In the boys' school I have about two hundred, and a great many more girls in the girls' school. I have seven or eight native teachers who teach everything but English. They are learning the language very well, but their pronunciation is something frightful. "H" they call "hatchet" and "L" they call "hell." You would be surprised to see me talk to the natives. They speak a mixture of Spanish and Visayan, and the hands are as useful as the mouth. This is but a part of life here. It is exciting and hard enough, but I like it. The hunting is fine. The other day I shot an alligator that measured about twenty feet. Monkeys and parrots are a nuisance, and deer of a small kind are very numerous. In this town there is absolutely nothing in the way of business. I think that, on the whole, the best place is back in the States for a man who wants a

business life. I do not mean that there are no opportunities here, but the life that a man has to put up with is too hard. Manila is all right, and the chances of making money are better than they are in the States in a great many ways.

(Continued several days later.)

The hemp business of the whole northern part of the island is controlled by the Rosalis Atega family, the most influential family on the island. There is all kinds of money in it for them, as they have as tight a hold on the output as the Standard Oil Co. in the States. Old Canota Rosalis and I are "Muy Amigo;" that is great friends, and he is talking about taking me into the firm. He has offered me his daughter in marriage; this I have a hard time declining without hurting his feelings. If I get into the hemp business I will be a wealthy man in a few years. They buy the hemp for about \$3 a hundred, and sell it at the wharf for from \$9 to \$14. An outsider can not buy a piece of it at any price from the natives. I will keep you informed on the way things go, and maybe there will be a chance for an investment. Money amongst the natives here counts for nothing at all. If they are not friendly toward you, you can not get anything at any price. I can buy more for a tin can or empty bottle than I could for a dollar in money. I got three chickens and a dozen eggs the other day for a couple of pickle bottles. If a person could live on chickens, rice and fish it wouldn't cost much, but flour, coffee, sugar and things of that sort are worth a small fortune. I have to send to Manila for them, and it takes about a month to get a letter there. The natives in the town wear clothes; that is, a pair of pants, a shirt outside, a belt to carry their sword or bolo, and a piece of cloth wrapped around their heads.

The people I am among never were cannibals, but are "head hunters," and feared by the neighbouring tribes. If you could see a "bolo dance" you would see something fine. They begin when hardly able to walk to practise swinging the "bolo," and are the finest swordsmen in the world. They are having lots of fun teaching me to handle the bloody thing properly. A kid about ten can disarm me in no time. When it comes to shooting however they open their eyes and yell "Mucho Venó." I can shoot like a cowboy now. We are about six miles up the river from the sea, and one of the natives just came paddling down to the house to tell me that a boat was entering the mouth of the river. I hope it will prove to be one from Manila as I hope to get some letters and would like to get something to read, something to eat and to see a white man. I shall have to close now for a time at least and put on my "glad rags," and go down to the dock and watch her come in. It would tickle you to death to see me paddle down in my barrota. About half the town will be there, and when I come they all take off their hats and make way for me so that I can get down to the "Presidented" boat. "Buenos tardes," "Senior Marslero," will be yelled at me from all sides. It is fun in a way, but it would sound better to hear somebody swear at you in good plain English. Well, "adios," for a time.

P. S. The boat has finally come in, and I will just add a few words in haste as I will go down to Oaborbaran for a few days with a military detail who are looking up some natives. I expect to have a very enjoyable trip. Was disappointed in not finding any mail on the boat, so will have to wait for the next one.