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No. 22.

Ode to Washington.*

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, 1902.

I.

HONOUR ye the greatest man of all our land!
A man with strength of will and mind,
Who never basely bent his hand,
But kept it pure, and with it twined
A wreath of virtues rare to bind
His country's brow, when joyfully
At his command, unfettered, free,
She broke from chains that held her fast confined.

Stern son of Duty! At her word
You left the sweet delights of peace
To feel the pain of war, and heard
The dread command, nor sought release,
As one that watches joy's surcease,
And silently resigns the past,
But looks ahead at foes enmassed—
A man that never shrank at pain's increase.

You are our hero 'mid the roar
Of cannon's thunderous breath;
Your spirit guiding thro' the war
A sturdy band
Nerved then to stand
With resolution grim before the tread of death;
And through dark curling smoke
While gun-shots woke.

A palsied world to watch the fray,
Your bright sword gleamed
Where'er blood streamed,
And dealt the blow that made the tyrant stay:
Your courage upward buoyed the faltering hope
Then hunger dire and winter's cold oppressed,
Till bloody tracks were left where feet sought rest,
And God alone the gates of faith could ope:
Not then alone you sought to cope
With foes on every side,
And heavenward applied.

Your prayer,
And there

Received the power to stand on victory's side.

II.

E'en then you were not granted rest
Beside your hearth-fire's simple cheer;
A grateful nation you had blessed,
And acclamations, wild, sincere,
Went up, imploring, far and near,
Bidding you lead the hosts again—
You, warrior, captain, citizen,
To guide the new-born state thro' deserts drear.

And then 'mid shouts and many a song,
While pennants fluttered bright and gay,
The march of honour bore you along
To where the seat of empire lay:
Your soul was touched by joy's display
And all the love that you had felt,
Your throbbing heart was fain to melt,
And you alone were grave upon that jocund day.

You sat majestic as a king
Upon his golden throne;
And no new honour there could bring
Into your heart a fuller spring
Than love had made your own:
The face that grave with years had grown
Looked out upon the struggling land,
And foes that war with iron hand
Had conquered at your dread command
No more were known;

But new and fiercer foes could rise
To choke the nation at its birth,
And you, a father, heard the cries,
And with a soothing hand and wise
Composed the Babe of earth,
And made men feel the worth
Of common amity;
And so the land of power rose
And all the honour to you flows—
To you unstintedly.

III.

In peace or war a hero great,
You needed not the accident
That honoured strife or ruler's state.

* Read in Washington Hall, February 22.

Of glory to your name has lent;
 For in your life with honour blent
 A something greater far doth show—
 Your life, a canvas, white as snow,
 Gleams thro' the rifts where Fortune's paint was
 spent.

And Fame, which often covers o'er
 The faults that else all men would see,
 Was as a glass to show the more
 In you a high simplicity;
 A life like yours could never be
 Debased by aught of greed or pride;

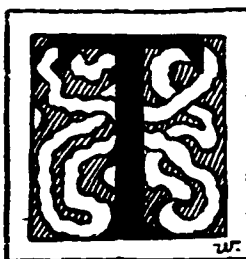
And Fame the virtues could not hide,
 That gleamed so bright in your obscurity.

O Washington, your years have made
 The simple virtues shine;
 And henceforth man will ne'er degrade
 The lowly life; for glories fade
 Before your life benign.

Oh! may we ever on this day
 As children come from far and near,
 To call you back with memory dear,
 And at your feet our tribute lay
 Of gratitude for labours done—
 Our own immortal Washington.

Washington the Patriot.*

VITUS G. JONES, 1902.



HE honour paid by the living to the dead is a practice so ancient that the memory of man runs not to the contrary. It is bestowed upon the lowly as well as the mighty. But as the silent footfalls of time creep by, the names of the countless hosts of dead are effaced from the memory of posterity. All the yesterdays of a century have been lighting thousands of our countrymen the way to dusty death, to be heard of no more. A few only have escaped the terrible doom of oblivion;—a few only, who were destined, by the very genius that God gave them, to be superior to their fellows, have been singled out by immortality. And happy are we that have inherited their sacred memories, for we are made better and nobler by such inheritances. They are heirlooms that even the tarnishing hand of time can not change, because they are planted deep in the hearts of a grateful people. And as generation after generation pass away in America, they will assemble on each succeeding twenty-second day of February, as we are assembled here to-day, to pay a tribute of grateful remembrance to their illustrious patriot and father, to him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,"—George Washington.

We come here not to praise Washington, for,

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

but rather to learn the lesson of his almost sacred life and character; to delineate the very form and figure of his mind as that of

a lost father, as an example and model for the imitation and guidance of ourselves and our successors; to keep alive that spark of patriotism which was so assiduously nursed through the wintry blasts of Valley Forge; to strengthen our love for him, because if that dies, then dies patriotism; then will our national honour be crushed beneath a heap of insults.

For who will dare to say that patriotism may sleep even in the hour of peace? Does not history tell us that in peace the enemies of patriotism are more persevering, more stealthy in advance, more delusive in attack, if not so bold? In the past have not countries, invincible in war, gone down to ruin amid the luxuries and somnolence of peace? Did not Hannibal stalk up and down through the very heart of Rome after she had proved herself the indisputable mistress of the world? And in turn was not Hannibal conquered by the luxuries of the vineyards and orange-groves of Campania? Aye, here in our own, our native land, did not Philadelphia take General Howe rather than General Howe take Philadelphia? And was not that very victory the one that gave us our independence? If these are the lessons taught us by Washington's immortal spirit, well may we commemorate his life each year that we may ever move forward to new developments of power and glory; that the love of liberty may be strengthened, for liberty can not live unless it lives in the hearts of the people. As long as these lessons are heeded, as long as his memory is revered, will his name animate every action for the public weal and ennoble every enterprise.

George Washington was born on the 22d day of February, 1732, on the banks of the

* Address delivered in Washington Hall, Feb. 22, at Senior Class Flag Presentation Exercises.

Potomac, at Bridge's Creek in Virginia. His father was a well-known planter, and a descendant of the Washingtons that had been engaged in the Revolution in England. The father died when George was but ten years of age. From that time on the boy was under the sole care of his mother, a remarkable character, for whom he always preserved as much tenderness as respect.

When he was twelve years of age he left school to enter the British navy; but at the urgent request of his uncle, Mrs. Washington refused to let him enter the service at the last moment. How providential for the liberty of America! Again he returned to school.

At sixteen he was employed as a public surveyor, and so accurate was his work that even to this day it is reliable. While thus engaged he wandered far into the wilderness where he received those first lessons in treating with the Indians that were so serviceable to him in his after career. As an explorer he led in his youth an open-air and hardy life.

At nineteen, during the war in Canada, he joined the militia of his state, and fought with honour beside Braddock. He was well educated, wealthy, endowed with a strong mind and a great ability to gather useful information.

At twenty he fell heir to Mount Vernon, and there established himself, becoming a great farmer and sportsman, beloved and esteemed by all, and already the object of the hope and confidence of his fellow citizens. Capable of rising to the level of the highest greatness, he could without a pang have remained ignorant of his own powers, and he could have found in the cultivation of his estate enough to satisfy those vast faculties which were equal to the command of armies and the foundation of a government. But when the occasion offered itself, when necessity arrived, without effort on his part or surprise on the part of others, or rather in conformity with their expectations, the wise planter shone forth a great man. He had in a very high degree the two qualities which in active life fit men for great achievements: he trusted firmly in his own thoughts, and dared resolutely to act upon them without fear of responsibility."

From his twentieth to his forty-fourth year his life was a succession of public and private acts. He served through the French and Indian war; and to him may well be attributed the success of the British arms. His

ability was recognized everywhere and by everybody. Even the haughty Braddock had to turn to young Washington for advice, but owing to Braddock's inflated idea of his own great superiority he disdained to consult any continental till his whole army was fairly massacred by a handful of French and Indians in the attack on Fort Duquesne and he himself received a fatal wound.

At that terrible defeat Washington first proved to the world that he was a man of no ordinary ability. There where death was leveling his companions on every side of him, regardless of the fact that four bullets passed through his coat, that he was a very target for the murderous rifle of the enemy, he dashed to every part of the field, and withdrew the fragment of the humbled Braddock's army. It was the presence and ability of young Washington that finally brought the war to a fitting close, and that ended the French dominions in North America forever.

In 1759, Washington was elected to the house of Burgesses in Virginia, where he served for fifteen years. He still occupied a seat in that house when the first trouble between England and the Colonies broke out. He listened to the stormy, but all-important debates in that assembly with profound interest, for the questions before the house were of serious moment to him. He saw his fellow-men divided on the great issue of the day. The Royalists went to one extreme, and cried: "Treason, treason;" the patriots went to the other, and cried: "We must fight; I repeat it, sir, we must fight. An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us."

There in that political body, which was extremely important in its day, Washington stood as a guiding star; there, as on the battlefield, all turned to him for advice. How competent he was to give it was well summed up in the words of Patrick Henry who later said, when asked who was the greatest man in congress, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Col. Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor." And what could have been more important at that critical moment than solid information and sound judgment? Nothing, nothing. And thank God, that in that dark hour of peril we had a Washington abundantly endowed with both to guide us on to freedom across those waters where no other had gone before. Then,

as was the case for the next eight years, he alone stood firm; he alone calmly looked out across the stormy ocean; he alone never lost heart. Like a mighty cruiser he furrowed his way through the troubled waters, unbaffled and unshaken, while all others were mere crafts now tossing on the summit of a wave of hope, now buried beneath a wave of despair. While others allowed momentary fits of patriotism to dethrone reason, Washington was laying plans for the success of his country. While listening to the thundering eloquence of that assembly change the cry of "God save the King" to "God save the liberties of America," Washington remembered how his forefathers had been driven from England by the vengeance of a Cromwell in 1657. He saw them seeking a haven of refuge from tyranny in the wilderness of Virginia, where they laid the foundations of a peaceful home, and for two generations had enjoyed it. They learned to love the liberty they found. It was planted deep in their very hearts, and it was inherited by their sons. And now when the tyrannical hand of England again tried to crush a Washington and his country beneath unjust burdens, the wrongs of the fathers weighed heavily on the son. His very soul burned with indignation, and he resolved then and there never to lay down his arms till the glorious cause of his country was achieved. Never! never! never! Yet in his firm resolution there was not the least trace of revenge. He was pained to know that circumstances demanded such a redress. As he himself said: "Unhappy it is to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast; and the once happy and peaceful plains of America are to be either drenched with blood, or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?"

Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the American forces. Thus he was at once launched on a grander and wider sea of action than any in which he had hitherto been engaged. And he was ready to devote his life and fortune to the cause he espoused. The Battle of Lexington had been fought before he assumed command. The British were victorious. But that victory over the eight bodies of the Americans on the streets of Lexington, was the most inglorious, the most disastrous triumph ever achieved on a battlefield. It was the first blood shed in the Revolution, a mere drop in amount, but it proved a deluge in effect,

for it rent the colonies from England forever.

"Suddenly, as if by magic, a vast army was formed. It was strong, determined, generous, courageous and panting for action, yet invisible to the superficial observer. It was not seen in camp, nor field, nor garrison. No drum was heard calling to it action, no trumpet was sounded for battle. It was like electricity: harmless when latent, but terrible when aroused."

It is not to be supposed, however, that the American army was formidable because of its strength and number, but because of its unconquerable determination. The soldiers knew that the cause they were fighting for was right; and no hardships, no power on the face of the earth could conquer them. Death may destroy them, but it would never conquer them. Thus Washington found himself in charge of zealous patriots, but soldiers without the implements of war. They were mere yeomen, hastily summoned from the plow and destitute of arms, in lieu of which they were ordered to bring with them a shovel, spade, pickax, or scythe straightened and fastened to a pole. That rustic army provoked the thoughtless sneers of scoffers, but it was capable of humbling the proud when shaped by the hand of experience. It was with this crude army that Washington dared to face, aye and finally conquered, the proudest blood in all Europe, an army that "had survived, whole and entire, the Danish depredations, the Scottish inroads, the Norman conquest, and that had stood the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada."

But no human tongue can describe the terrible sufferings endured by the American soldiers throughout the war. Many a time were those half-starved, half-naked soldiers so disheartened that they were on the point of giving up all as lost. And the enemy knowing only too well how to take advantage of the gloom that overshadowed the hopes of the Americans, offered pardon to all that would abandon the cause. Many did. But in those very darkest days of peril to the cause and to himself, Washington remained firm and undaunted. Nor was he a mere hard-hearted spectator of the misery and suffering around him. He was always cheering the faith, and inspiring and encouraging his suffering men. He lived and suffered as they did; and this made them feel that he regarded them not with the eye of a general, but with that of a patriot whose heart yearned toward them, as

a countryman suffering in one common cause. Nothing short of his example and power could have held them together. His troops were personally drawn toward him. In time of peace they were inspired by his words, while in battle still more were they inspired by his looks, so calm, so determined; for the soldier regards the demeanor more than the words of his general in the hour of peril. But while he was beset by these troubles in his army he met with defeats from the enemy, the non-support of Congress, and worst of all, the generals he trusted and favored most proved traitors. Arnold—because his inordinate pride had been wounded—offered to betray to the enemy for corruptible gold the country that Washington loved so dearly. Then again there was a Lee, that had been trusted as one of the most competent men of the Revolution, but in his heart was deceit. For three long years he fought the cause of England within the American lines, under the disguise of an American general. O shame to the honor of England that British generals would try to buy a victory that would sell the liberty-loving Americans into slavery; that they would try to buy with gold what steel could not conquer; that they would try to drive a bargain with those ready for a price to become traitors; that British generals and British gentlemen would dare to count out the thirty pieces of silver to purchase the betrayal of a cause whose shining virtues repelled their power and dimmed the glory of their arms!

During no part of the war did Washington so fully put forth the magnanimity that was his salient characteristic as in the trying scenes of his last campaign. Then was he great-souled enough to rise above the suggestions of friends, the throbbing impulses of his own courageous heart, the sneers of the cabal, the taunts of the press, and the murmur of the public. Then did he dare to continue the Fabian policy which he knew was essential to preserve his army,—to save his country. To dare is often the impulse of selfish ambition or hare-brained valor—to forbear is oftenest the test of real greatness. Washington saw that the proud spirit of England would be humbled, the conquest of America be abandoned. In three campaigns the British had won no decisive victory. At home dissatisfaction was general. Lord Chatham saw with the eye of prophecy that America could not be subdued. He saw the perfectness of Wash-

ington's campaign. He saw that Washington, though goaded on from all sides, could be induced to take no rash step lest the country he loved so tenderly would pay the penalty.

Well it is for us, for America, aye, well was it even for the Royalists, that Washington was guided by the dictates of his patriotic mind. For had he yielded to the taunts of factions, of the press; had he been swayed by personal ambition or passion for military glory, he would have lost the cause of America before the powerful hosts from England; and, like the eternal decree, "Once lost, lost forever." It was by means of this sublime caution that Washington ended the war, captured Cornwallis, gave birth to liberty.

When the curtain fell upon the last solemn act in the great drama, Washington turned with joy to Mount Vernon to live in quiet till summoned to eternal rest. He felt that by the aid of God, he had accomplished his mission; that never again would he be called to guide his country's welfare. Such, however, was not to be his destiny. Though the duties of the soldier had ended, those of the statesman were just beginning. Out of chaos a democracy was to spring up. And what hand was more capable of molding that democracy than the hand of the incorruptible leader that guided us through the quagmires of a revolution? The people, as though directed by the hand of Providence, turned to Washington as the one equal to the emergency. They were not disappointed. Guided by the unerring principles of sound morality, he laid the foundation of this great republic so firmly that the storms of a century beating up against it, have not been able to shake it.

He called the greatest intellects of the day to advise him; he did not hesitate to adopt any just principle, no matter how ancient, if essential to his purpose. He preferred the sure well trodden path of experience to uncertain novelties. He was not to be swayed from his convictions either by smooth-tongued office-seekers or the unrelenting abuses of his enemies. And happy was it for the infant America that such a strong-willed patriot guided her from the terrible slaughter of the French Revolution. Eight years Washington stood at the head of the government; and when he finally retired to private life, he left that young government strong enough to develop into a mighty nation.

Though it is a century and more since first we mourned over the grave of Washington,

he has never wholly gone from us. His deeds live on. The influences of his life are eternal. They are too far-reaching to be hid away in the tomb. They have fled from its dark portals, and like guardian angels are urging us on to noble deeds. For where is the American that has not felt a sense of pride in listening to the achievements of the Father of his Country? Who has not associated the best things in life, from a loving mother's prayer to the country's cause, with the memory of Washington? Who has ever seen a nobler figure standing in the forefront of a nation's life? Where is the leader with clearer judgment; where the patriot with more heroic endurance? Where is there another that silently bore such taunts, such insults, such abuses from the people he had pledged his life to liberate? Where is the general that ever waited so calmly for an opportunity to strike; and who ever struck so quickly, so firmly, so triumphantly? Where is he that cared not from what quarter victory came so long as the cause of his country was advanced? Where is the one that had such a lofty sense of duty that he never swerved from his task through resentment or jealousy? Where is the general that knew no meaner ambition than that of guarding the freedom of his country and retiring to his own fireside when that freedom was secured?

There may have lived greater generals than Washington; their deeds may shine forth with a more dazzling luster; there were those that made the world tremble before them, for they drenched whole continents in blood; but history fails to record the name of one more invariably judicious. As a man, George Washington proved himself the peer of all others when he refused the offered crown, and by so conquering self gave liberty to a nation at its birth; as a statesman his sound principles live in all that is great and best in our country's history; as a soldier and general he is pre-eminently the American type. To-day and forever will he be hailed as patron of the oppressed wherever they are aspiring to be free. His wisdom and benevolence are unsurpassed. His name is the most precious jewel of our history. At its mention the memories of the Revolution flash through our mind, and we see in thought the terrible price paid for the redemption of our freedom. We will preserve it among the treasures of America; we will keep it immaculate from the tarnishing breath of the cynic and the doubter.

Varsity Verse.

A REVERIE.

WHY should I grieve if ere the rosy light
Of dawn has flushed the east, my spirit free
From sin-scarred flesh should speed its quickened flight
To realms unknown, to dwell eternally.

The ceaseless, surging music of the spheres
My sense might thrall, and tune my lips to lays
Immortal; the sweet, young breath of Hope my tears
At last might dry, and Love lead me through endless
days.

And there perchance some spirit hand would rend
The veil that hides the light from my dim eyes,
And hope and dream in childlike faith might blend;
Ah! peace might come, somewhere beyond the skies.
E. E. W.

ROBERT EMMETT.

I place my wreath upon a lonely grave—
The resting-place of Erin's noblest son.
Born to power his work for right was done;
Nor did he waste the gifts that nature gave.
Around him stalked the spectre of the slave;
God's fairest Isle with tears was overrun;
And strong hearts bowed the tyrant's lash to shun,
When for a nation's love, his life he gave.
Above his dust no marble slab is seen;
No crowds of mourners wind their lonely way
To mingle tears with nature's sobbing breath;
But strong with hope, his faithful widowed Queen
Waits for the smile of Freedom's dawning day
To twine her laurel round his place of death.
J. H.

REJECTED.

"Keep this for me," she said, and tore
A blushing rose-bud from the vase,
She gave, I took, but not before
Its crimson paled beside her face.

For we, through many a long forenoon,
Had lingered by the summer sea,
And crescent with the crescent moon,
Rose love as calm and bright as she.

And once, when on an August day,
The air bedewed with silver rain,
I dared my fate. I heard her say
Sweet words, though dashed with tender pain.

To-night the north wind strong and fleet
Beats at the sash with angry hand,
Drives fiercely down the lonely street,
And whirls the snow like blinding sand.

'Tis past! the crimson leaves are white.
What flower, what love, with time can cope?
Another comes to charm her sight,
And to revoke another hope.
E. J. G.

Peter Abelard.

LEO J. HEISER, 1902.

There is much sentimentality abroad in connection with the names of Abelard and Heloise. Many that know nothing of Abelard the theologian and philosopher, sympathize with Abelard the unfortunate lover. I shall not dwell on the amatory phase of Abelard's life—Pope and others have sung of that and tried to make him out a badly used man—nor try to prove that he was not a heretic, but I shall endeavour to show that Abelard, haughty and proud of his talents, fell into a grave sin, but repented of his error and made a good end.

Peter Abelard was born in 1079 in Palais, a small village in Brittany. He had wonderful talent, and when a mere lad had become a real peripatetic, and went from place to place disputing whenever he could, on dialectics. In the course of his wanderings, Abelard arrived at Paris and heard the lectures of the famous William of Champeaux, archdeacon of Paris, one of the first philosophers of his time.

Abelard attended different schools, and after a few years opened a Scholastic Hall at Melun, where he combated the teachings of his old master, William of Champeaux. Peter was an eloquent orator, proud of his voice and figure. He wanted all to know that he had a noble origin, and that his grace and eloquence attracted to him innumerable disciples. When the chief trouble of his life began, he was in Paris, where he won great fame by his lectures.

Up to his thirty-fifth year, Abelard's affections had been purely intellectual and his life exemplary. About the year 1114, Abelard met Canon Fulbert, and through the Canon he made the acquaintance of Heloise, Fulbert's niece. She was a beautiful young woman, renowned throughout France for her learning. Abelard fell a victim to her attractions. He said of her: "Heloise was the first in letters, and not the least in beauty." From the very beginning of their acquaintance Abelard did not doubt that Heloise would respond to the feelings of a doctor so celebrated, eloquent and handsome as himself, and thought only of some way to enter into relations with Fulbert, in order to be near Heloise.

A way was found. Fulbert asked Abelard to teach his niece whenever his duties permitted. The offer was readily accepted

and Abelard went to reside in Fulbert's house. With a mixture of frankness and pedantry he tells us in one of his letters that their love was instant and overpowering: "Our books were open before us, but in those hours there was more love than philosophy, and our eyes sought each other oftener than they searched the page."

Under this new influence Abelard neglected his lectures. He wrote nothing new except verses in which he spoke of his great emotion. Many of these verses became popular, and twelve years after he wrote, "they are still sung by those who are under the spell of the same sentiment." Heloise became a willing victim to his and her own passions. When her condition compelled Heloise to leave secretly her uncle's house, she went to Brittany under the care of a sister of Abelard. There a son was born to her, and named Astrolabius.

When Fulbert discovered the state of affairs, he insisted on Abelard's marrying Heloise. This Abelard was free to do, for although he was a cleric he was not in Holy Orders. He would have married Heloise in the beginning, had not his ambition for ecclesiastical preferment restrained him. If the alleged letters of Heloise are genuine—they are considered not so—she encouraged him in this conduct, preferring "to be his mistress rather than his wife." However, as Fulbert still insisted, Abelard asked Heloise to marry him. At first Heloise refused and tried to dissuade Abelard, telling him that "even by marriage she could not pacify her uncle," and that "it would be inglorious for Abelard to unite himself to one woman when nature had made him for all. Besides there is nothing common between scholars and servant-women, between writing materials and cradles, between books and distaffs, between pens and spindels." Abelard still persisted in his suit and finally Heloise yielded. They were married in Paris, and Canon Fulbert consented that, for the sake of Abelard's reputation, the marriage should be kept secret.

Later on the foolish Canon, proud of having his niece married to the great philosopher, began to boast of the marriage. Then Heloise denied that she was married; great scandal ensued, and Abelard, in order to quiet matters, sent Heloise to the convent of Argenteuil, where she had been educated. He gave her permission to put on the habit, but not to take the veil.

When Fulbert and his kindred heard of this they imagined that Abelard had tired of Heloise and had rid himself of an encumbrance. Stung by the supposed insult, they attacked the unfortunate man and badly mutilated him. This caused a change in Abelard's life.

Shortly after his recovery from this attack Abelard, moved, as he testifies, more by shame than devotion, took the habit in the famous Benedictine Abbey of Saint Denis. About the same time Heloise took the veil at Argenteuil where she led a holy life; greatly esteemed by the Abbot of Cluny, Blessed Peter Maunicius, who said of her: "A woman truly and entirely philosophical, who had chosen the Gospel instead of logic, the Apostle instead of physics, the cloister instead of the academy."

Since Abelard became a monk through disgust and shame without a supernatural motive it is easy to understand that for several years his life knew no peace. He still had his pride of intellect, and his terrible experience did not seem to humble him. He kept from public notice as long as his great fame would allow, and then resumed his lectures when ordered by his superior, and pressed by the crowds of students that flocked to hear him.

Then began a new life full of struggles and persecutions. Wherever he sought refuge and oblivion the fame of his learning and eloquence followed him. Thus he wandered from monastery to monastery in search of peace and repose, and at last was chosen abbot by the monks of Saint Gildas de Ruys, in Brittany. Abelard had advanced much in piety, and was, consequently, very strict in matters of discipline. This some of the "easy-going" monks resented, and several times attempted his life. He finally sought refuge in the Abbey of Cluny. He was kindly received by the monks, and for two years "edified that strict community by the manifestation of every monastic virtue." He died here in 1042, and the venerable abbot sent his mortal remains to the Abbess Heloise, who interred them in her convent of the Paraclete.

Here is a portion of the letter in which Peter of Cluny informed Heloise of Abelard's truly holy death: "I do not recollect of ever having seen his equal in humility; Germanus would not appear to the accurate observer more abject or Martin poorer. . . . As we read of the great Gregory, he allowed not a moment

to pass unoccupied by prayer, or by reading, or by writing, or by dictation. . . . How devoutly, how holily, how like a Catholic he received the Viaticum, and committed his soul to Him for the present and forever, can be attested by all the religious of this monastery."

This letter is sufficient proof for the holy end of Abelard, but the reader will not be uninterested by this epitaph, sent by the Abbot of Cluny to be engraved on his tomb: "Abelard was the Socrates of France, the Plato of the West, our Aristotle; equal, if not superior, to all the logicians who have ever lived; known as the prince of learning throughout the world; of varied genius, subtle and acute, mastering all by strength of reason and artistic diction. But he triumphed the most when he became a professed monk of Cluny, and cultivated the true philosophy of Christ. Here he happily completed the days of a long life, leaving us the hope that now he is numbered among true philosophers."

A Fortunate Mistake.

HAROLD H. DAVITT, 1903.

"Then you refuse?"

"I certainly do. Neither you nor any man can tell me what I must or must not do," flashed Kitty Marshall's answer to Jack Deering.

"So this is to be the end of all our dreams," said Jack. "I lived in the hope that they would one day be realized, and now"—his voice broke. "Good-bye, Kitty. May heaven spare you the pain you have caused me."

Jack and Kitty had been betrothed since summer and this was their first quarrel. That each was right and the other wrong they were certain, and neither would give in. The cause of the quarrel was Jack forbidding Kitty to dance with a certain man of whom he had lately heard damaging reports. Kitty was obdurate and their parting was the result.

"I suppose the engagement is off," mused Jack as he was whirled along to his club. "I am—but I will think of her no more," he added savagely; "she isn't worth it."

Yet try as he would he could not keep his thoughts from her. The more he tried the harder it seemed.

The hansom stopped at the club and he went in. He dared not go home, the solitude would be unendurable. He sat down in one

of the parlours and picking up a paper tried to interest himself in the latest bit of news, but he could not, his mind was too confused. If something didn't turn up soon he would go mad. Just then he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and a voice that he recognized, told him to "cheer up," and asking if "P and Q had taken another drop." The voice and hand belonged to Bertie Haliday, a good-natured, harmless little fellow, liked by the women and tolerated by the men.

Bertie threw himself into a chair near Deering, and started to tell Jack all about the doings at the Horse Show when Jack, with a growl of impatience, got up and left. Bertie was quite crestfallen and hurt at this rudeness, for he and Deering were good friends, and he was at a loss to account for it. He started after Jack to see what could have been the matter, when he caught sight of an object lying on the floor.

"Hello! a card case." He picked out one of the cards and read "Mr. John Deering." Bertie started on a run, but Deering had gone, so he put the case in his pocket with the intention of giving it back as soon as possible. On his way home he remembered that he had not as yet paid his last "Philopena" to Kitty Marshall; and as it was not too late he stopped at the first florists, and sent up the most perfect bunch of American Beauties he could find together with his card.

The next afternoon Jack Deering was standing in his private office, and looking gloomily out on the pushing, hurrying crowds when he heard a knock at his door. At his invitation to enter a messenger came in. He handed Jack a note, saying, "Please, sir, she said there would be an answer." Jack opened the note. When he saw the handwriting he trembled so he could hardly read it. Pulling himself together he read: "I will be home at five. Will you come, dear?" Would he come? He hurriedly wrote an answer and gave it to the boy who started to go.

"Here, boy," Jack called, and threw him a dollar; "hurry now." He looked at his watch. It was only four o'clock. He need not start for three-quarters of an hour yet. He turned and looked out of the window, but this time the gloomy look had left his eyes, the world was not so bad after all, in fact, it was a perfect world.

Promptly at five Jack called at the Marshalls'. He was told "To wait in the library and Miss Kitty would be down in a moment." Jack

sat down before the fire as he had sat but yesterday. Surely the past twenty-four hours had been a horrible dream, and this was the awakening.

He heard footsteps and they appeared to hesitate. Rising to see what it meant he beheld Kitty holding out one hand to him and keeping the other over her eyes. "Oh! Jack," was all she could say, but it meant a great deal.

"Come, Kitty, and tell me all about it," said Jack, drawing a footrest near to his chair.

"Oh Jack," she repeated, "I'm so sorry I said what I did last evening, and oh! I was so glad when the roses came"—Jack gasped—"because," she continued, "because I knew then that you had forgiven me, and, Jack, I will never, never, disobey you again."

"But what roses, dear?" Jack began. "I did—" when Kitty broke in saying:

"Why, those lovely American Beauties that came up with your card." Jack felt for his card. It was gone. There had been a mistake, and a most fortunate one for him.

It was too late now to tell Kitty the truth and he must carry it out.

"I am glad you liked them, dear."

"Liked them, oh Jack, I would have died if I had not heard from you."

The next day Jack met Bertie Haliday on the street, and apologized for his rudeness of the other night. Bertie interrupted him with

"That's all right, old chap. A man must be out once and a while. By the way, before I forget it, I want to return your card. You dropped it the other night at the club."

A light dawned on Jack, and Bertie's next words explained it all:

"I wish you would ask Miss Marshall the next time you see her if she got my 'Philopena.'"

"Was it Roses?"

"Yes, that was the agreement, you know."

It was now as plain as day to Jack. When Bertie had sent up the flowers he had taken one of Jack's cards and not his own. Jack grasped the bewildered Haliday by the hand.

"By heavens! Haliday, but I am in your debt. Come up to the club, I will explain."

And to this day Mrs. Deering wonders why the precise Bertie never acknowledged the last "Philopena."

WILL is lawless and blind; but with it reason and conscience may upbuild a harmonious world.—*Spalding.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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REPORTERS.

ROBERT E. LYNCH	J. PATRICK O'REILLY
P. P. MCELLIGOTT	JOHN HARTE
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—We have made no mention in these columns of Father Morrissey's illness, owing to the fact that the newspapers have been furnishing the world daily reports, especially when the crisis was on him. But it is now with pleasure that we can announce to the students and the friends of Notre Dame that the Reverend President is on a fair way to recovery; and that we expect he will be able to leave the Infirmary by St. Joseph's Day. It was our regret that he was unable to take part in the Senior class flag presentation exercises on February 22.

—The South Bend Council of the Knights of Columbus at its last meeting elected Dr. O'Malley, Lecturer. This position has very much to do with the well-being of the society, for it places in the hands of the man holding it the social life of that council during his tenure of office. It is a matter of honour with the Knights of Columbus that the man best fitted for the office, irrespective of personal likes or dislikes, should be chosen. The election of Dr. O'Malley showed conclusively that the Knights of Columbus had not forgotten that matter of honour which is so firmly impressed on them at the time of their initiation.

Washington's Birthday.

The annual observance of Washington's Birthday began with a students' Mass in the church, after which the University Band serenaded the various departments and buildings. The principal exercises, however, took place in Washington Hall at two o'clock in the afternoon. One of the most enthusiastic and patriotic days of the year is the annual recurrence of Washington's Birthday at Notre Dame.

The afternoon programme opened with an overture, "The National Airs," played by the University orchestra, following which Mr. Vitus G. Jones gave the oration of the day. Mr. Jones' oration was a real oratorical composition, and was delivered with studied effect. He did not make use of the worn periods, so frequently used to orate on such immortal characters; instead, he touched on the important happenings in the life and work of the man, and traced the effect that contemporaneous circumstances had in the forming of his immovable will and indomitable courage. George Washington never doubted, never tired, never swerved when once his judgment had been formed on any question. Mr. Jones' oration is the opening article in this SCHOLASTIC. The audience, accompanied by the orchestra, then sang "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and later closed the exercises by the concert singing of "America."

Mr. Francis C. Schwab, the class poet, read an Ode on Washington. Mr. Schwab read this feelingly and distinctly. The thought of the Ode is most dignified and the expression very rhythmical. The Ode will be found on the first page.

Mr. John P. O'Hara, in behalf of the class of '02, presented the flag. The custom that each graduating class should present the University with a flag began with the class of '96. Draped about the balcony railings were the begrimed and torn flags of the other years with the date of presentation on each. This was an object lesson, and Mr. O'Hara alluded in well-chosen words to the great changes time so soon brings about. He spoke slowly and distinctly. The substance of his remarks will be found below.

Father French accepted the flag on the part of the University and the Faculty. His brief remarks were very eloquent. Father French voiced the sentiments of the student

body when he said how much he regretted that the Reverend President was unable to be present in person at this day's exercises, for this always proved to be the pleasantest and happiest of days for him. He spoke concerning the meaning of the observance of such customs at Notre Dame: how they were calculated to draw tighter those bonds of unity between the University and its students. He said the *Alma Mater* would be ever ready to receive back to her arms the young men going out yearly from her doors; that no matter if months and weathers dim the brightness of the annual gift, the moral support and well-wishes of the University for her children would not dim with time.

Beside, he said that such days were timely reminders of the patriotism of Catholics; that they showed unmistakably that the love for their country and its Constitution was second only to the love of God and His Church. He said that the Stars and Stripes floated from the spires of every Catholic Institution of learning in this country, and had stood next the Cross of Redemption since Columbus first planted that cross in this New World.

Father French named many of the battles in which Catholic blood had freely bled for the cause of Independence and the indissolubility of the Union. He also paid a deserved tribute to Father Cooney and Brother Leander, veterans of the Civil War, who were present at the exercises.

The following is the text of Mr. O'Hara's presentation speech:

"The story is told of a Peruvian hero who so endeared himself to his country by his valour, his self-sacrifice and the manner of his tragic death that his countrymen determined never to permit his name to be effaced from the roll of the living. Accordingly, at every general muster of the army his name is called, and an officer coming forward salutes and answers: 'Absent, but accounted for,—he is with the Immortals.'

"It is because such a sentiment as that animates American manhood that, as year follows year, the anniversary of Washington's Birthday is set apart to venerate his name and keep his memory green. That is why the nation this morning laid aside the cares and anxieties of business to meditate upon the life of her greatest chief; that is why throughout this land of ours in churches and public halls magnificent eulogies are poured forth upon

his life and work. The lesson of his great sacrifice is not forgotten; and had we the ceremony that the Peruvians have, and were the name of George Washington called, the American people with one voice would cry out: 'Though absent, he is accounted for. He is among the Immortals.'

"We see in this Peruvian custom, we see in our setting aside days for thanksgiving, rejoicing and commemoration, evidences of that universal endeavour on the part of man to crystallize his feelings and render them concrete. Man must picture to himself his sentiments. He must have a symbol for what he feels, and the symbol means just so much as he puts into it. This flag is nothing in itself. It is not a thing of matchless beauty. Those stars and stripes are merely bits of coloured cloth. But what American, standing beneath its folds and recalling the memories that surround it, does not feel his blood tingle and his whole being burn with the pride of race?

"A few years ago the members of this year's class thought only of finishing their course. It did not occur to them that solemn thoughts might come with the fulfilment of their cherished hopes. But now, when the end is nearing, there comes a tugging at their heart-strings, and they are afraid that other classes coming up will force them aside, and they will be forgotten. Their life has become so thoroughly a part of the life of the University that they want to be remembered, somehow, in the traditions of Notre Dame. As we look upon the flag of the class of '96, and on those of their successors, we are carried forward in thought to a time when that balcony will be draped with perhaps a hundred flags, which will form a chain binding the present to the time that is to come. In asking you to accept this flag, we ask you, Father French, to permit the class of 1902 to form a link in that magnificent chain."

F. F. D.

Our Victory at Georgetown.

The victorious relay team, Kirby, Herbert, Guerin and Staples, and our crack half miler "Billy Uffendall, arrived home from Washington on Monday last feeling nothing the worse after their long trip and bearing many tokens of the victories they won on Washington's Birthday from the best men the Eastern colleges could pit against them. It was the

first time an athletic team representing Notre Dame invaded the East, and certainly the showing made justifies us in saying that we have to-day as fast a bunch of athletes as any college in the country. We entered but three events, the relay, the half mile, and the fifty-yard dash, and secured two firsts and a third for a total of eleven points, certainly a remarkable showing. It was generally conceded by all present that had Kirby entered the shot put and low hurdles, we would have won the meet, as his daily work in these events is far better than the records made by the winners. The *Washington Post*, in speaking of our victory, says:

"Notre Dame's victory was one of the most popular of the evening. The team had come six hundred miles for the meet, and had been heralded as one of the strongest in the country. Its work last night showed that its praises had not been sung too high, for it made the best time of the evening, and ran always within itself in the race with the Ithacans."

The first event in which our men entered was the fifty yard (handicap) dash. Staples, after running a number of trial and semifinal heats, was finally pitted against the speedy Duffy in the finals, securing third. The next event was the Intercollegiate half mile run. Several men started in this event, but early in the race it was evident that fight for honours would be between Orten, Pennsylvania's star half miler and one of the best men in the East, and Uffendall, our own crack runner. For lap after lap the two men hung together, but on the last lap, Uffendall started a sprint which proved too strong for the Pennsylvanian, and "Billy" finished fifty yards to the good in 2:09 4-5. This set the crowd cheering wildly for Notre Dame, and when the relay runners came out for their event, the "Tall, wiry, Western athletes" were the centre of attraction.

In the relay, Notre Dame was put against Cornell's fast quartette. The race was eight laps around the track, each of the four runners of a team covering two laps. Staples for Notre Dame, and Rogers for Cornell, were the starters. It was breast and breast the first lap, but on the second lap Staples broke away from his man, and gave Herbert a lead of ten yards. This lead was farther increased by Herbert, and when Kirby took up his relay he was twenty yards to the good, and gave Guerin a still larger lead. Guerin finished

strong, almost sixty yards ahead of Cornell's last runner. Notre Dame's victory was the signal for an outburst of cheering which continued for some time. The other contestants in the relay were Georgetown, Pennsylvania, Williams and Villanova. Georgetown won from Pennsylvania, and Williams beat Villanova, but Notre Dame's time was two-fifths of a second better than any of the others.

On account of this magnificent showing of the relay team, the Faculty Board of Athletic Control have practically decided to send the same men to Philadelphia toward the end of April, to compete in the Eastern Intercollegiate to be held there. We have no doubts as to the ultimate success of our men.

The SCHOLASTIC congratulates the gentlemen of the relay team, Mr. Uffendall and Manager Crumley. Their showing against the East was certainly such as to make every loyal rooter feel proud of the Gold and Blue. To Coach Butler no small share of this praise is due. He has worked conscientiously to get the men in condition, and that he has been successful we all know.

SUMMARIES.

50-Yard Handicap (final heat)—Won by A. F. Duffy, G. U. (scratch); 2d, C. J. Seitz, G. U. (6 feet); 3d, E. D. Staples, N. D. U. (5 feet).

880-Yard Run (Intercollegiate)—Won by W. Uffendall, N. D. U.; 2d, J. A. Orten, U. of Pa.; 3d, J. T. England, Jno. Hop. U. Time, 2:09 4-5.

Relay Race (eight-elevenths of a mile), Notre Dame—Cornell—Won by Notre Dame (Staples, Herbert, Kirby, Guerin); Cornell, 2d (Rogers, Walton, Young, Ketcham). Time, 2:38 1-5.

Georgetown—Penn.—Won by Georgetown (Edmonston, Owens, Reilly, Holland); Pennsylvania, 2d (Abbott, Westney, Heim, Pulaski). Time, 2:38 3-5.

Williams—Villanova—Won by Williams (Gove, Newell, Crawford, O'Neill); Villanova, 2d (Bohan, Maher, Caine, O'Connell). Time, 2:42 3-5.

Notre Dame's time was the fastest by two-fifths of a second.

J. P. O'R.

Basket-Ball Games.

NOTRE DAME, 22; INDIANAPOLIS, 42.

The Notre Dame, basket-ball team was defeated at Indianapolis by the crack Y. M. C. A. team by the score of 42 to 22. The boys were handicapped by the polished floor and not being accustomed to play in a net. Captain Groogan was hurt early in the game and was substituted by Glynn who played a star game for Notre Dame. Indianapolis took

the lead and held it throughout the game. The score at the end of the first half was 17-35 in favor of Indianapolis.

In the second half, Notre Dame winded the Y. M. C. A. boys, and was fast climbing up on them when time was called. O'Neill did not play the second half, as he was to do all the honours for Notre Dame at Anderson the next evening. Quinlan took his place. Salmon and Glynn did some pretty work in goal throwing, especially in the second half. Doar, Medley and Quinlan, played well, and were applauded several times for their clever work.

Y. M. C. A.	THE LINE-UP.	NOTRE DAME
Fleming	F's	Groogan, Glynn
Pritchard		Salmon
Kaylor, McGaughey	C	Doar
Bates		O'Neill, Quinlan
Hester	G's	Medley

Fouls, Notre Dame (6), Indianapolis (6). Fouls thrown, Notre Dame (1), Indianapolis (5).

NOTRE DAME, 29; ANDERSON, 23.

Although defeated at Indianapolis, Notre Dame regained some of her lost laurels at Anderson. Notre Dame started out playing a very fast game and secured a good lead. The score at the end of the first half was 19 to 5. In the second half Medley was substituted by Quinlan. Again the Notre Dame men started in to throw baskets whenever they felt like doing so, and never during the game was there any great fear of their losing the game. The final score was 29 to 23 in favor of Notre Dame.

O'Neill covered himself with glory, and was the star of the game; and he clearly showed that he was as good a basket-ball player as a baseball player. Salmon, Doar, Quinlan and Glynn played all around their men, and finally succeeded in gaining the crowd that yelled so fiercely for Anderson at the start of the game

ANDERSON	THE LINE-UP	NOTRE DAME
Hawkins	C	Salmon
T. Cookson, Dorste	F's	O'Neill, Glynn
W. Cookson		Doar, Medley
Burnette	G's	Quinlan

NOTRE DAME, 22; ANDERSON, 11.

On Friday night the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium was crowded with enthusiastic rooters anxious to see the defeat of the night before wiped out with a brilliant victory. But they were doomed to disappointment: Salmon, Glynn, and Doar threw baskets from every conceivable position until we had rolled up 22 points to the Y. M. C. A.'s 11.

The gymnasium was very small, and had posts running through the centre which was a handicap during the first half. Our guards worked hard and prevented many baskets by their energetic playing. The Anderson boys all played well; the work of Hawkins and Cookson at times bordering on the sensational.

The team was treated royally while in Anderson, and all are anxious for another trip through the gas belt.

ANDERSON	LINE-UP	NOTRE DAME
T. Cookson	F's	Salmon
Dorste		Glynn
Hawkins	C	Doar
G. Cookson	G's	Medley
Burnette		O'Neill

NOTRE DAME, 15; LOGANSPOUT, 15.

Purdue, for some reason not entirely plain, cancelled the date at Logansport, and the Commercial College of that city was substituted. Our fellows were in superb physical condition, and were always anxious to play, but their opponents couldn't stand the fast pace and were continually "killing time." The score which ended in a tie, 15-15, does not show the relative merits of the teams, as our fellows outplayed them at every point, but had "hard luck" with their baskets and the officials.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL TRY OUT.

The Minims held their try outs last Thursday preparatory to meeting the ex-Minims on March 13. The little fellows show great ability in their different events, and we look for many St. Edward Hall records to fall before their prowess. No time was taken in the try outs, as they intend to spring a surprise on the Juniors. However, the different distances appeared to be covered in very good time, especially the half-mile run and the two hundred and twenty yard dash. Yet one Minim record was broken and another tied. The ex-Minims had best look to their laurels. Ed Rousseau jumped four feet three inches in the high jump, tying the record held by Rob Williams; and J. Berteling cleared six feet nine inches in the pole vault, beating the record in that event by one inch. The broad jump is another event in which a new record should be established. The team Captain Rousseau selects consists of T. M. McDermott, H. Fox, J. Berteling, D. Randall, B. Mulligan, P. Munsa, J. McBride, John Quinlan and J. Shannon.

F. B. C.

Exchanges.

The verse entitled "George Washington," in the *Niagara Index*, runs along quite smoothly, but is rather trite, as is to be expected when a subject of that nature is treated by other than a master-hand. "A Modern Tendency" is a well-written criticism of modern Free-Thought. The material of the writer's sarcasm, however, has been used so often that it ought to be given a rest. The Ex-man throws out his compliments with a sophomoric effusiveness that is truly startling. He seems to be possessed with a mission to overhaul college journalism. We have heard of "hesitating a doubt," but that must yield the palm to "disinclining a desire."

The *Manitou Messenger*, though of modest pretensions, is a very creditable magazine. The story "Hermann and Dorothea" shows ability. The author develops his characters by making them talk which is infinitely better than talking about them. The Scandinavian portions of the paper have a particular fascination for us as they bring back a time long ago when we were endeavouring to fathom the secrets of the Norsk speech. The editorial on the aristocracy of character is sound and well done.

The *M. S. U. Independent* is out in a special valentine number. It was a good notion to add a cover, but the execution ought to have been a little less crude. The literary material is plentiful and mostly of a high order. "Bashful Billy's Proposal" is new in plot and quite refreshing. There is such a quantity of verse that we might expect some of inferior quality. Then, too, most any sort of verse answers the valentine purpose, but we fear that the *Independent's* verse lacks finish and that much of it would have a difficult time justifying its existence.

We are just in receipt of the Christmas number of the *Mangalore Magazine*. It is interesting to note that college journalism is run in far-away India much as it is with us. The magazine contains an extremely interesting paper on "The History of the Diocese of Mangalore." It was a long, hard struggle for the faith which has been happily crowned with a great measure of success. J. O'H.

Personals.

—Mr. J. H. Sullivan of Valparaiso, Indiana, visited friends at the University.

—Mrs. Bassett of Elkhart, Ind., spent a few days with her son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Frank Carney, student in 1894, staid with us for several days during the week.

—Mr. D. Jennings of New London, Wis., spent a few days with his son of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Kennedy of Scottdale, Pennsylvania, was the guest of his son Edward of Carroll Hall last Sunday.

—Mr. Clyde Shirk of Goshen, Indiana, was the guest of his brother, Mr. John Shirk of Sorin Hall last Saturday.

—The Rev. Father Heany of Mendota, Ill., paid a brief visit to Mr. John V. Dubbs of Sorin Hall during the week.

—Mr. James J. Ryan of Chicago was married on February 5th to Miss Mary Catharine Ryan, also of Chicago. Mr. Ryan was a student at Notre Dame in '93. The SCHOLASTIC joins their many friends in wishing them happiness.

—Mr. P. A. Schaedler, A. M., and Mr. E. M. Kelly, M. D., spent last Saturday and Sunday with Professor Cooney. Both gentlemen are teaching at St. Stanislaus' College in Chicago. Professor Schaedler is instructor in science and languages, and Dr. Kelly holds the chair of English and History. Both Professor Schaedler and Dr. Kelly made many friends at Notre Dame during their brief stay, and we hope that their visit will soon be repeated.

—Among the old students who came to spend Washington's Birthday with us was Mr. E. Pick of West Bend, Wisconsin. He was the guest of his brother, Mr. John Pick of Sorin Hall. He was a student at Notre Dame in 1900. Mr. Pick was a member of our track team and one of Notre Dame's strongest quarter-mile men. He was one of the relay team, who captured the relay banner at Milwaukee that year. At present he is working with his father.

—Mr. W. F. Maher, who was graduated from the commercial course at Notre Dame in 1890, is one of the partners in a wholesale and retail drug firm at Fort Dodge, Iowa. The firm, Maher and Maher is composed of Mr. C. W. Maher and Mr. W. F. Maher. The latter, though but twenty-seven years of age, has the active management of the business. The firm enjoys the distinction of being rated higher by the commercial agencies than any other retail drug store in Iowa, and but one wholesale drug establishment is rated higher. Messrs. Maher and Maher are among the most progressive retail firms in the West. They are thoroughly one with the spirit of their thriving city; they believe in it, and its citizens cordially reciprocate the sentiment. A. L. K.

A Card of Sympathy.

In behalf of the students of St. Joseph's Hall, we tender our heartfelt sympathy to our friend and classmate, Joseph M. Jenkins, who, on account of his father's death, was called home last Friday to Uniontown, Kentucky.

NICHOLAS R. FURLONG
THOMAS A. TONER
JOHN WORDEN
JOHN HARTE

* * *

Since God, in His all-merciful wisdom, has seen fit to enter the home of our classmate, Mr. John Kelly, and take unto Himself his father, we his classmates tender to the members of the sorrow-stricken family our heartfelt sympathy.

HARRY H. HOOVER
PAUL F. REBILLOT
ORRIN A. WHITE

Local Items.

—The presence of Powers and Eggeman, our two star athletes, should act as an impetus to-day in making the track men show what kind of material they are made of.

—The relay team were entertained by Father Burns at Holy Cross College during their stay in Washington. They speak very highly of the courtesies shown them by Father Burns.

—The baseball squad took its first out-door practice Wednesday. Seven men are trying for outfield and twelve for infield positions. From present indications the job of selecting a final thirteen men will be a trying one.

—Groogan, the old war horse and hero of many battles, is laid up with a sprained hand, and just as "Groog" was beginning to write his name on third base. We lament with him, his sprained hand, and especially so since Captain Lynch has need of his services.

—The Intercollegiate debating contest will not be held at Indianapolis, as announced in last week's SCHOLASTIC, but at Notre Dame. The first preliminaries will take place March 12. If work counts for anything there should be some clever expositions of the question.

—On March 17 Prof. O'Connor will stage in Washington Hall Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night." There is a rumor that Mr. James O'Neill's company, which is billed for South Bend that night, will sit as critic on our amateur actors. The "Twelfth Night" is certainly a play for magnificent results, and we await the 17th.

—"The Run of John," by an eye-witness, will appear in our next issue. The chief character in the story is a young man named John, who

one day rashly attempted to prove to his friends that the 440-yard run is not what it's cracked up to be. The author goes on to show how he proved it.

—The Knights of Columbus received another addition to its ranks in the person of Albert Fortin who was initiated in Chicago last Monday. "Cap" has become a zealous apostle of this magnificent society. The Knights of Columbus certainly has a mission, and should be the organization our representative Catholic young men should belong to.

—All assignments for the Easter SCHOLASTIC are expected in by March 16 at the latest. We will need fully one hundred and sixty lines of verse for this number. So we expect contributions in verse: triolets, rondeaus and sonnets. After Easter the SCHOLASTIC will be turned over to the Rhetoric classes for two weeks. It is expected that the Rhetoricians are already working on verse and prose.

—Next Saturday the track team competes in St. Louis. Last year we won, virtually, everything in the same city, nor is there any reason why we should not repeat this work. The race of the day will be between the three "Bills" as a Chicago reporter has felicitously called them. "Billy" Uffendall, "Bill" Moloney and "Billy" Moran. Of course, we will bank our money on our own "Bill" against any "Bill."

—We are glad to announce that athletic relations with Michigan have been renewed. A football game has been scheduled to be played at Ann Arbor on Oct. 18. Since the adoption of the conference rules that opposition which has been somewhat pronounced to us has been all withdrawn. Letters have been received from Mr. Hollister of Northwestern and other football managers offering to meet Notre Dame in all Intercollegiate sports.

—The popularity of L. J. Salmon as an athlete was attested during the week by his unanimous election as captain of next year's basket-ball team. As captain of two teams, football and basket-ball, Salmon enjoys an honour not held by another Notre Dame athlete, with the exception of Powers, during a long period. The basket-ball team has had a successful season, winning many games and losing but one. We look to even a better record next year.

—The spring has come somewhat early this year and with it the annual tired feeling. "Exams" are over,—and two more months of non-worry. Migration is a result of spring, not an accident. This is true of the birds, and sometimes applies to men. Migration is one of the "Pleasures of Life." But it is not stated thus by our worthy author. The other is "rec" day. Migratory period has come, and now the four paths so vividly described by the author of the "Pleasures of Life" are

sometimes thought of; in fact, the author himself, authority as he is, knows not which path is the right one.

—During their sojourn in Washington the members making up the relay team had the pleasure of an introduction to President Roosevelt. The honour was secured by Father Burns through Senator Beveridge. President Roosevelt chatted with the relay team, showing a thorough knowledge of athletics. "I see," he said to Herbert, "that you beat the great Moloney two weeks ago in Chicago." Then he went on to discuss the value of athletics, stating that he regretted very much that he could not take in the Harvard-Yale football game last fall. The relay team later on visited the Senate and witnessed the "go as you please" between Senators Tillman and McLaurin of South Carolina. This especially impressed them with the necessity of taking a short course in the "strenuous life" before becoming a United States Senator.

—Dr. Stoeckley of South Bend has established a precedent which will greatly interest the members of the track team. He has dedicated a handsome gold medal to the athletic association to be called the "Stoeckley Athletic Medal." This will go to the man winning the largest number of points during the year, taking in every meet from the first one on February 6 to the Western Intercollegiate in June. This medal will be repeated from year to year. That there is honour in winning a medal of this kind is self-evident, for it means hard, conscientious training and good ability as an athlete during a period of five months. Freakish performances will not count for much. Consistent work is the thing that will tell. Now is the time for some other believer in athletics to follow Dr. Stoeckley's example and dedicate a medal to the baseball player with the highest batting and fielding average.

—S. Almon on his recent trip with the basket-ball team, forgot his book entitled "How to Make Friends with the Ladies," and thereby made a few enemies for himself among the gentle folk. During the game at Anderson S. Almon by mistake hit one of the players for the ball and knocked him down. Instantly from the gallery the sister of the young hero arose and told S. Almon that she hated him, and for the climax she gathered all her womanly strength and concentrated it into her left Trilby; and as she stamped it on the floor she cried out in a loud Ciceronian voice: "I hate that man. He hit my brother." The next morning he sent a bell-boy around to his friend's house with a basketful of apologies and a bucketful of tears, but they could not soften the heart of his friend. S. Almon the next evening played against the hero again, but with more care, for he did not wish to bring down upon himself

the anger of the rest of the family. He left Anderson a disappointed man.

—The basket-ball team returned home a few days ago and each one wore a smile on his face as big as a sun-flower, and all were telling Phil that they certainly enjoyed themselves ever so much at Anderson, especially on the trolley party he had given them. Instantly a SCHOLASTIC reporter appeared on the scene and had an interview with the men. Medley spoke for the crowd: "The reason of all this gladness is a trolley ride party that was given to us by Phil. I could never appreciate the 19th century, but now that I have seen that wonderful 'inter-reuben' car system at Anderson I exclaim with the rest: 'The 19th century was a wonderful century.' As the conductor was coming around for the fares our host ducked to the rear of the car and began to interest himself in the beautiful scenery through which we were just then passing. Things went lovely for a while until we turned a corner and struck a strong wind which derailed us and we had to walk back home. Phil tried to tell us that this was the first accident that they ever had, but we could not take such a thing as that. Phil cheered us up quite a bit by telling us stories and jokes. The rest of our time at Anderson was spent in playing *solitaire*, and looking up at the tall buildings."

—Itchie Jay and Miguel Longfellow went hunting last Wednesday. Itchie had the gun and ammunition, while Miguel carried the experience and tobacco, wrapped up in a handkerchief. The snow had been melting all morning and left the fields in a very sloppy condition, so that the progress of our heroes towards the abode of birds and other wild beasts was necessarily slow. In some places Miguel was obliged to carry Itchie to keep him dry. At last they succeeded after a great deal of strategy and many thrilling experiences in reaching their destination. Game was not very abundant just at that time, so they sat themselves down upon stumps of trees and rested. Of a sudden Miguel's eagle eye discovered a slight movement in the branch of a tree about ten yards in front of him. With one bound he reached Itchie's side. Seizing the gun he aimed at the movement. A cow over in the neighbouring field bellowed forth a few sad bellows and fell, shot between the eyes. Itchie about this time had treed a squirrel (so he thought), and was yelling for Miguel to bring up the artillery, when suddenly the supposed squirrel turned against Itchie and chased him through three farms, Miguel following after them as fast as he could. In this field Miguel shot at a sparrow and killed a flock of chickens, while Itchie brought down the flag staff on the school house. After dark the two "shots" returned home, cooler, wiser, and better men, leaving behind them ruin, desolation, dead cows, ambition, ammunition, and a very blue atmosphere.