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The Vineyard.

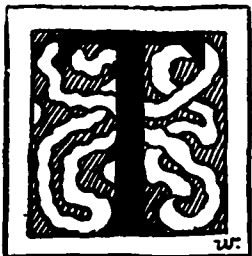
EARLE E. WHALEY, '03.

ON yonder hill 'twixt groves of fir and pine
A vineyard is, and tiny tendrils run
Where touched with fleeting shadows or with sun,
The green-clad leaves and fragrant creepers twine;
The Autumn hue has made its sparkling wine,
And ere the silence of the night is done
From nature's loom has mystic lace been spun
About the clustered purple of the vine.

So life, for man is but a vineyard great,
When pledged to walk together side by side
Along the path of fate art thou and I;
And when the grapes are trod we shall await
Our meed, and hope that He will not us chide,
Though bitter failure in our cups may lie.

The Silent Battle.*

FRANCIS O'SHAUGHNESSY, '00.



HE song of battles is the history of the world. Men hearken not to silent deeds of valour, but their souls are charmed by the blazing fires of combat and the whistle of bursting shells. The pain and toil of the world awaken little sympathy, for suffering is the common lot of all. There must be strife that solves great issues if the unwilling attention would be held, and this is found only in war. The shifting boundaries of nations are marked out by the dripping sword. The growth of governments and their changing forms leave dead men in their paths, and slaves win freedom only by the blood of slaughtered parents. Time wrecks the temples that are built by

hands, but it can not blot out battles; for Troy, Marathon, and Actium, Tours, Hastings and Orleans are radiant as the stars in the solar plane. They live because they mark decisive periods in the world's development.

In the war of the Revolution, when the Colonies threw off the yoke of England and won their independence, they blazed a path for generations coming afterwards to follow. Like all great changes in the affairs of nations, it was requited at the cost of human life. The battles of the founders of this nation did not equal in extent the slaughter of European fields, but one fight of that bitter war will challenge history for a braver scene. This battle was not Bunker Hill, for that was fought with guns; not Saratoga, for charging men and horses swept those plains of enemies; not Yorktown, for might met might and the stronger army won; but a combat where no foes were met with pointed steel, no hissing bullets rent the air with stings of death. The soldiers fought more bitter adversaries. They fought against the biting storms of winter when their feet were bare upon the frozen ground; they fought against the hunger that felled them at their sentry posts; they fought against the shame that would have marked them cowards had they yielded, but they won the fight; and the victory that turned the Revolution was the silent battle in the winter snows at Valley Forge.

The Colonists but little dreamed of the task they had undertaken when they took up arms and dared a mighty nation to war. The volleys from the English guns at Lexington and Concord were carried on the echo to the ears of an infuriated people who had been provoked by insulting taunts, by oppressive taxation and by governmental restraint. For years their attitude toward England had been sullen and threatening, and it needed but a quickening cause to start a war. Bunker Hill was a holocaust, but it aroused at once the fierce

* Oration delivered in Oratorical Contest, May, 1900.

instinct of combat in America, and taught the volunteers that trained soldiers were only mortal men; for twice the crimson line fell back in rout before the fire of the trenches.

Men that hitherto toiled contentedly in the fields and in the workshops became drunk with the mad intoxication of the strife. The English troops in Boston found themselves hemmed in by the gathering forces. Congress was given power to raise an army; Washington of Virginia was placed in command, and Boston was invested by sixteen thousand men. Untrained, undisciplined and unequipped they were, but their presence appalled the English general, and without the offer of battle he marched out, leaving the city to the triumphant Continental army. For England this was only the beginning. They were a proud people, and the love of territory was ingrained deeply in their nature. A stubborn king sat upon the throne, and the hostile ministry guided the affairs of state. They would save the empire and put down the insurrection cost what it may.

The task of battle for the Colonists seemed an easy one, and an invasion of Canada was undertaken, but it failed ingloriously. The victorious army from Boston was routed in dismay at Long Island, and fled through New York City as Howe made his triumphant entry. With these defeats the Continental soldiers began to realize that war was an earnest thing, and their hearts grew faint. The authority of Congress was but a shadow. Washington's forces were a mob of men untaught in discipline; and provincial jealousy defeated every effort to make the army a unit of fighting strength. The terms of enlistment were of short duration, and when they ended the men departed for their homes.

With desertions from the army and the active opposition of the Tories, the undertaking of the war was one of extreme peril. Appeals for volunteers were unheeded by men that seemed at first so bold, and the ill-constructed Revolution was tottering of its own weakness. But if the ardor of the fighting men abated with reverses, that of the leaders became more intense, and they forced the struggle with desperate energy, staking their lives and their fortunes on the outcome.

The army, shrunken to a few thousand men, was standing out against the greatest military power in Europe. Cornwallis drove the Continentals like hunted wolves through the Jerseys, and the battle of Trenton was their only saving stand. Three years of fighting had

made men careless of the outcome; they were sick of war, and in the face of an enemy of overwhelming numbers and at a time when the whole fabric of the Revolution hung upon the issue, entire regiments came forward and demanded instant dismissal. Brandywine was fought, and the beaten army took refuge in retreat. Not the faintest gleam of hope lighted this darkest period of the struggle, when the troops took up their winter quarters at Valley Forge.

The Continental currency had depreciated until it was almost worthless. The troops were unpaid, and there was no source from which money could be obtained. The credit of the Colonies was gone, and bankruptcy hung threateningly over the war-seared land. In the army councils men in posts of honour and authority, blinded to the principles of patriotism, were conspiring to make the army an instrument to promote their ambitious designs. In Philadelphia, the capital of the Colonies, the English troops were quartered, while out in the snow of the Schuylkill Hills the ragged army of Washington was encamped. Log huts of rude construction sheltered the eight thousand men. These soldiers that had sworn to fight to death against the enemy were now to meet the test of courage that marked the hero from the coward. They had no blankets, and at night they sat in groups around a blazing log fire, while the freezing winds swept down the valley. For days they had no bread to eat. Some had no shoes and their footprints stained the snow with blood.

Men froze to death in the Continental army, while twenty miles away the English troops were warmly housed. Men starved to death in the camp at Valley Forge, while the English soldiers made merry with their drinking songs. If the Revolution was a tragedy, here was the scene that gave to it the tensest passion. Two thousand names upon the muster-roll were blotted out by death, for cold and hunger sent them to the graves of paupers. Three thousand cowards slunk away and begged for shelter at the British camp. But those that stayed and chose a beggar's death to perfidy have left this land of freedom as their heritage.

In that night of grim despair, when dying camp fires threw a shimmering light upon the scene and the cries of hungry men lent anguish to the howling wind, a solitary figure, with drooping head, knelt in the forest sanctuary and prayed to God for strength

and succor for his suffering men. Borne down by grief at the broken faith of his countrymen and for the cause that was all but lost, he fought the sullen battle of Valley Forge, and won a victory that made Yorktown possible.

The soldiers in those snow-bound huts did not see the friendly arms of France reaching out to succor them. They did not know that troops were gathering in a foreign land to come and help them in their fight for freedom. They had no vision of a fleet of warships sailing with the east wind to engage the British squadrons. They only saw what weary eyes would see in such condition: they saw gaunt hunger and they felt its gnawing pain; they saw their comrades' black and frozen limbs, and they heard the groans as the sufferers grovelled on their beds of straw. Men might endure such misery if they know that peace and comfort will reward the sacrifice; but England had no pity for her rebel subjects, and her giant strength was bent to crush them. The pictures fancy painted had no cheering colours. They woke from haunting dreams of gibbets waiting for victims, and they knew that conquered rebels met such fate. Their wasted bodies were subdued, but they did not yield, because their steadfast hearts held mastery, and they fought the battle through.

There is grandeur in a field of combat where men fight face to face, where bands are screaming out their battle songs and wild confusion blasts the air. The meanest coward is a soldier when noise and shouts and cannon's roar reverberate like thunder shocks, for human blood is changed to streams of fire by the mad turmoil. But no splendid music nerved the men at Valley Forge. The battle din that filled their ears was the surging throbs of bleeding hearts. The death they looked upon was not adorned with martial glory, and with half-mast flags, but a sullen death that sent them to a nameless grave.

Raise monuments at Bunker Hill and tell the world that Warren and his men have carved their names in the Temple of Immortals. Point out the plains at Saratoga where charging Colonists beat down an army of invaders, and sent them back in shame to face their brutal king. Commemorate the victory that made a captive of the proud Cornwallis, and brought a tyrant nation to its knees to sue for peace. But turn to Valley Forge and bow your head in reverence, for the bravest battle of that cruel war was fought in silence there.

Varsity Verse.

INITIATION.

I MET a wondrous word last week,—
The strongest, strangest, wierdest word
That ever man to man can speak,
The wildest knell of doom e'er heard,
The harbinger of woe assured;
A word that no sane man will seek,—
Initiation.

Through all that week it stayed with me,
Although a most unwelcome guest;
My troubled thoughts I could not free,
And even in my midnight rest
This haunting spectre o'er me pressed,
Until my nightmare came to be
Initiation.

Now my initiation's o'er;
And now I know that word commands
Such blessings as but seldom pour
From any save the Almighty's hands;—
I know Initiation stands
As the sole key to that blest door—
Fraternity.

H. E. B.

TRIOLETS.

She.

As I looked in his deep eyes of blue,
These eyes seemed to say, "I love thee,"
For he shook as a ship struck at sea,
As I looked in his deep eyes of blue.
Alas! my dear youth, I'm not free,
My heart's with another than you;—
Yet, as I looked in his deep eyes of blue,
These eyes seemed to say, "I love thee."

He.

When I gazed on her hot flushing face,
Her eyes spoke the language of love,
And she seemed as a being above,
When I gazed at her hot flushing face.
Yet my heart rising sought hard to shove
My thoughts to another,—I'm base!
To look on her hot flushing face,
As her eyes spoke the language of love.

J. J. S.

A COLLEGE CHARACTER.

He breaks upon our social talks;
We meet him on our Thursday walks
As we stroll over hill and plain,
And mark you well the old refrain
He sings, as near he slowly stalks,
"Got the makings?"

He slips around at dead of night;
He's with us on the morrow bright.
We always find him on the green,
Aye, up and down the land he's seen,
And asks with hesitation slight,
"Got the makings?"

Of anger not the slightest trace
Should mark our bearing or our face,
For most of us have one time learned,
Who cigarettes have ever burned,
To ask with careless, easy grace,
"Got the makings?"

E. E. W.

A Side-Light at Brown's.

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.

Baldwin had seen better days—there was no question about it. His manner, his appearance, his carriage, his speech betrayed him. He had drifted into town one day and stayed. No one there knew where he had come from, nor does anyone to-day. It is a matter of current history around Brown's big gambling rooms, where Baldwin is the most familiar figure, that he is a college man, and was once high up in that narrow circle, good society.

They tell yet how Baldwin formed the men that risk their money at Brown's into a flying wedge, and, with himself at the head, routed with serious damage a gang of drunken miners who tried on a certain occasion to "break up housekeepin'" at Brown's. This had happened when he first came; and it is even said that when the wedge started he gave a long wild yell unknown and unheard of to most of the crowd; but Brown, the proprietor, was 'seen to smile intelligently, and a half-reminiscent look crossed his face.

Still, Baldwin is not so old. Maybe thirty, maybe thirty-five, probably the latter. His age is hard to guess. Anyway, his manner of telling stories is charming, and "Smiler" Connors says that more than once he has seen Brown himself, his face relaxing, to actually look with a sort of half-pity at Baldwin's tall, well-built, handsome figure; for Brown has a mysterious past, and for all anyone knows he may have been on the calling-list of society sometime, somewhere. It does not pay in one of the new towns of the West to ask a man too many questions concerning his growth and advancement.

The daily train leaves many wanderers, and Brown's takes them as they come—with their money commonly,—and no questions asked. In the strenuous life of chips and cash men do not care whether you were born to ten hours' labour a day or to automobiles and cotillions. The all-in-all are stacks of whites and blues and reds.

Every night brings a great crowd to the tables. Some have a past, some a present, some have a future. Baldwin belonged to the first two classes, and he may land in the last one yet if fortune and the roulette wheel clash.

One night when Baldwin first came, drunk, (he has since learned that drink interferes with

good hands), he gave himself away by talking too much, unconsciously, for he checked himself, since Baldwin had a little self-respect left from the general smash-up. The crowd had stopped playing, the tables were silent for a moment; for it was unusual in Brown's for a new man to tell of the past, or what might have been. It was not so far back to the East, you know, and sheriffs travel fast.

Some of the old-timers smiled; for many such a pilgrim had entered the place, forgotten the East, home, everything; had stayed to play, and had ended on the little hill yonder, while the folk East wondered and waited.

One May night something had happened to Baldwin. It was noticed by Brown when Baldwin bought an unusual stack. The players noticed it when he sat down. The crowd noticed it when he played, and they wondered. Perhaps the Eastern sheriff was "next" at last, perhaps a preacher had touched him, perhaps he had learned that something had happened to the folk back home.

Fast and reckless were his "breaks" and luck stayed by him. His stacks grew, and the higher they went the more moody he became. Presently, Baldwin arose from the table, cashed his pile, and walked to the door, thence out into the dark street. Brown, carelessly fingering a stack of reds piled on the counter, looked at the floor awhile; then he said:

"Baldwin acts to-night as he did the first night he drifted here. I guess something has happened." It had. The usual memory of a lass.

When the gambler reached his lodging, he flung himself into a chair. The cause of it all he drew from his pocket and read by a shaded light. It was nothing, scarcely; one would think, to cause Baldwin to be disturbed: a crumpled newspaper clipping cut from a Western paper.

"SOCIETY SCANDAL RECENTLY BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN NEW YORK.—SORROW AND DISGRACE IN THE HOME OF THE RICH."

"Robert A. Livingstone, Jr., son of the well-known banker and financier, who suddenly left this city about two months ago, and whose sudden absence was explained by his father, who said his son had decided to take a trip abroad, has been found by recent information and developments to have stolen a large sum of money from a private safe in the family residence on Milburn Avenue the night before leaving, and to have fled to parts unknown.

"Young Livingstone, it was well known, had been leading a very fast life, but the latest

escapade came as a shock to the people of this city. The affair leaked out through a reporter who overheard a conversation between the financier and a confidential friend. True to the family pride of the Livingstones, the father had decided to keep the affair a secret, and suffer the loss of the money rather than tarnish the family reputation.

"Since the scandal has been aired through the newspapers, the banker's health has failed rapidly and fears are entertained for his condition. His only comfort in his affliction is his daughter, Miss Marjorie Livingstone, who is well known as the former reigning belle of society, and a great favourite at the social gatherings of this city.

"This is the second affair within a few years that has brought great grief to the aged banker. It may be remembered by those in touch with society in this city, that about fifteen years ago, there was a John G. Baldwin here, one of the leaders of the social set of his day. Baldwin was the son of Thomas G. Baldwin, the retired merchant of the old wholesale tea and coffee house of Baldwin and Company, and, as rumour had it, he was engaged to Mr. Livingstone's daughter. At least he paid her marked attention, and it is told yet by the men who were in the social swim that John G. Baldwin and Marjorie Livingstone made the most dashing couple in the society of the time.

"Baldwin also led a fast life and had many escapades. After an unusually wild affair—even for him—at the Century Club, he suddenly and completely disappeared. The search his father made was unavailing, and to this day his whereabouts are a mystery...."

The clipping fell to the floor and lay there with the head-lines staring up. Baldwin looked at it for some time, crossed and recrossed his legs, and nervously fingered a white chip. The gambler was not accustomed to nervous motions. If he had been, Brown's would have lost him long ago.

The next thing that Baldwin did was to walk over to a small trunk that stood on end behind the bed and unlock it. The key would not turn at first, but presently the lock opened, and rummaging through a little drawer he pulled out a picture of a girl and a dance programme. He smiled a little when he thought of what would happen if Brown and his regulars should see him now.

Baldwin sat again in the chair and looked at the photograph and card. He smiled again

and thought a long time, and then gradually he began to wonder what had happened since to the girl,—had she changed, had she forgotten? It was like playing an old chord you thought lost, these memories. Then Baldwin tried to forget; but there they were, the picture and the programme.... "Did she remember that night of Christmas week when they led the cotillion at Ogdens'; that night when society watched them and commented and admired; the night when in the conservatory, the music of the orchestra came to them, and the low hum of conversation and the sound of dancing, and he told her the old story of love and such things? Did she remember?—No! she had forgotten—must have forgotten. Let's see—five—ten—fourteen years. He had held many a good hand in that time."

Then the downfall; that wild night in the big rooms at the Century, and the morning with just enough honour left to see the girl and beg her to break the promise; then the leaving for the West, anywhere, to forget it all, and give her a chance to forget and learn to love again. Was it so long ago? Yes, the item says, there it is:—"It is told yet by the men who were in the social swim that John G. Baldwin and Marjorie Livingstone made the most dashing couple in the society of the time." "In the society of the time"—I wonder if it has changed much. Doubtless now, young Jack Warner, to whom I used to tell the story of my football days, is doing the honours, and little Jack's chum, Bret Rockwell, and—I guess I've forgotten most of the younglings that would be likely to be receiving the favours now."

Baldwin's face grew a bit sad, or maybe it was only the shaded light, but the gamester's expression and all that goes with it, passed away, and the clean-cut features looked as I think they must have looked before the downfall came—the expression that comes from thinking on past and pleasant things. The old memories, the old life, everything—the thought of the girl—could no longer be denied; what had been nigh forgotten for years burst forth because of a few printed words in a crumpled clipping from a Western newspaper.

The "Limited Mail" broke down one night about a mile below the town. It was an axle, I think, or a hot journal, or something. A passenger who was bored by the delay walked up to the town, and, like all strangers, naturally drifted into Brown's. He wandered around

the big room, in and out between the tables, and stood for a while by the roulette-wheel. His attention was attracted by a group standing around one of the centre tables where the play was high. He stopped and looked over the shoulders of the crowd. Presently one of the players who had played furiously for a time under the influence of liquor and the warm room, arose from the table "busted."

The stranger was evidently undecided, but he seated himself in the vacant chair and called for chips. There were four at the table when the play began. Across from the stranger sat Baldwin, and he casually looked up to see who the new-comer might be that had come to win or be plucked, for play was high this night at Brown's. Something in the face struck him, he looked again and started. Then came the words of the newspaper clipping. Yes, it had been a good many years since he had seen this stranger sitting across from him. The stranger had been a child then, but there were the features of the banker and financier, Robert Livingstone, Sr. There were the same eyes, the same pleasing curves about the lips, the same wavy brown hair of the girl. What on earth had brought him to Brown's? What had led these two together whose lives were so nearly alike, each playing for the other's money in a Western mining city?

The play went on and the stakes were high. The farther it progressed the more eager the stranger became, and evidently he had forgotten the train and the broken axle, or hot journal, or whatever it was: Baldwin was troubled and nervous. When he looked at the stranger, he could not help thinking of things that had little to do with Brown's.

The game ran on smoothly with once in a while the stakes a little higher. Presently, when the stranger had felt his way and knew his ground, the chips began to take a greater value. Reds were selling for a dollar, then two. At three, one of the players dropped, at four, another, and now Baldwin and the stranger were against each other with reds selling at—an unusual price for Brown's. The train, the broken axle, everything, was forgotten.

The crowd increased, and even Brown called a man to the "bank," and went down behind Baldwin's chair, for Brown liked Baldwin and did not desire to see him cleaned out by a stranger. To cut the story short, Baldwin caught a four-flush. The stranger caught Jacks and opened. Baldwin stayed, drew, and filled his flush, the stranger got another Jack and a pair

of deuces, and then began the famous pot that Brown tells about to inquiring new-comers and once in a while to a group of the regulars when business is dull and it is between pay-days at the mines. How Baldwin drew and filled his flush and the stranger sat there with his full house; how the other tables were deserted and the game was played to a starvation finish. And Brown usually leans back in his chair when he tells this story, and puffs vigorously at his cigar, as he recalls the good old days when Baldwin was a regular. And he always becomes quiet and thoughtful when he finishes. One day, after telling the story of "Baldwin's pot" to a traveller from the East who had drifted in, the regulars were somewhat surprised to hear Brown, who was unusually quiet that night, say half aloud: "I wonder if I'll drop out some day like Baldwin."

Baldwin sat there grim and silent—the nervousness had left him—and hung tenaciously to his flush. Neither looked at the other, but shoved forward his raise and measured the other's pile. Brown would have given a good deal to know what cards lay beneath the stranger's out-stretched hand, for perhaps it was a bluff, and if so, it was just a case of who carried it through successfully, who was the gamer, and the regulars knew that Baldwin would be there at the finish. It looked as though the stranger would too.

The raises see-sawed back and forth. Finally the stranger shoved in his pile, whites, blues, reds, all of them, with a nervous movement, as if even everything went with his pile to be won or lost at the show-down, and Baldwin called. The crowd hung over the table; Brown held his breath, and his eyes searched the face of the stranger. The stranger turned up his hand one by one—three Jacks and a pair of deuces. Baldwin never looked till the last card lay face upward, then he took one sweeping glance at the heaps of chips, the cards, the white face of the stranger opposite; Brown saw him hesitate just a moment, something flashed across his mind, perhaps it was the words of the clipping; he laid down his hand and said: "A flush"—and Brown himself cashed his pile.

What happened no one knows. Anyway, a light burned all night in Baldwin's room, and the stranger was there, and the dance programme was on the table, and the picture of a girl in evening dress. Baldwin asked a great many questions about things in the East, and

the stranger looked a long time at the picture. The landlady below thought they never would stop talking. The stranger looked so long at the picture that the strain or something caused his eyes to water a bit. Baldwin talked a long time about some banker, and a girl, and money, and other things. Then he paced the room, and called the stranger "Bob," and seemed to be asking him to do something that came hard to the stranger. Then they looked at the picture, and Baldwin again paced the floor and talked even more earnestly. The stranger sat with his head bowed between his hands, and now and then, as Baldwin's words struck him, his face grew sad, and his frame shook convulsively. Baldwin's eyes too were suspiciously misty. They shook hands and agreed to something; and they both went to sleep in Baldwin's bed....

Brown went down to the station the next day when the train for the East was about due. As the train pulled in he shook hands with James G. Baldwin with a rather unseemly heartiness, that is for Brown, and his voice shook just a little bit. As the train pulled out and left the station and the mining town and Brown's behind, and the alkali dust rose in clouds around the car, two persons, James G. Baldwin and Robert A. Livingstone, Jr., stood on the end platform, and Baldwin waved his hat at a single lonely figure standing before the station; and on Brown's face was a reminiscent look—a look of the East—home—and other things. Perhaps, as I said before, Brown too had had a past.

When the figure had faded away to nothing, and the train was running Eastward over the prairies, Baldwin said, half-aloud, half to his companion: "A fine fellow—Brown. Sorry you couldn't know him better—the little place on the hill gets him—it will get the most of them—and of some—the folk East will wonder. It's like going back after vacation. One fatted calf will have to do us both. I guess we both started out on four-flushes, only mine held good fourteen years." And Baldwin looked out across the plains to where the sun was just going down behind the low hills, and the last rays striking through the car window lighted up young Livingstone's face. When Baldwin turned from the scene he started as he saw the features in the mellow light and the same wavy brown hair of the picture. He turned again and watched the hills for a time. Then he said, "Bob, they have pretty sunsets in the West."

John Howard.

VITUS G. JONES, 1902.

Perhaps no man has ever taken greater precautions to destroy everything that related to his own biography than John Howard, the philanthropist. When he first felt himself growing old, he destroyed every letter and paper that referred to himself, and he exacted a solemn promise from his clergyman that his funeral sermon would contain no biographical details respecting him. He even went so far as to write his own epitaph, and have it cut upon a tombstone, leaving just space enough for the insertion of the name of the place and time of his death. The epitaph consisted merely of these words: "Christ Is My Hope."

John Howard was born at Cardington, England, in 1726. His father was an upholsterer and carpet dealer in London, in which occupation he acquired a large fortune. The father had grown so miserly in his old age, however, that he let his houses go to ruin; so much so that it cost his son several hundred pounds to make them again comfortable. This avarice, however, did not prevent him from sending his son to one of the best private schools in England, where the boy remained for several years; but being young and naturally dull, he did not learn a great deal. At that time it was the custom for the sons of tradesmen to be apprenticed in some business for seven years. Accordingly young Howard was taken from his private school and apprenticed in a wholesale grocery house in London to which his father had paid seven hundred pounds premium. Owing to this large sum young Howard was treated more as a junior member of the firm than an apprentice.

In 1749, Howard's father died and left twelve thousand pounds to his daughter and the remainder of his fortune to his son, who was then twenty-three years of age. As his apprenticeship had not yet expired, he bought the remainder of his time and made a tour of Europe. Two years later he had a long, serious illness from which he recovered only by the tender nursing of a lady fifty-two years old. On his recovery he felt so much indebted to her that he offered her his hand which she accepted after in vain pointing out the inequality of their age and fortune.

After two years of extreme happiness, Mrs.

Howard died. Shortly after the funeral news reached England of the terrible earthquake at Lisbon. The sorrow caused by his wife's death forced Howard to set out for Lisbon to assist the unfortunate citizens of that town. It was during the seven years' war that he started for Lisbon. He was not destined to reach that port, however, for the vessel on which he took passage was overpowered by a French privateer, and all on board were taken prisoners to France. The hardships Howard underwent in this imprisonment was the cause of his after-life being spent in rectifying the crimes of his country by revolutionizing its prison laws. For forty hours he had nothing to eat or drink, and during the six following days he was occasionally given a piece of meat. His bed was broken straw on the floor of a damp cell. After two months he was allowed to return to England on the condition that in return one of the French officers that had been captured should be set free. If the exchange could not be effected Howard was to return again to France as a prisoner. Fortunately, the exchange took place. Howard's pitiful story about the barbarous treatment English prisoners received in France effected the release of many more of his countrymen who were dying by hundreds in France.

Soon after he returned to his country home at Cardington and married a lady more suitable in age than his former wife. Here his benevolence found full scope in bettering the condition of his tenants and advancing their moral and intellectual welfare. This part of his life afterward became an example to the rest of the landlords in England. He was not publicly heard of again, however, until 1773 when he was appointed high sheriff. As soon as he had assumed the responsibilities of his office he began to examine the condition of the prisons and their inmates. He was horrified by the number of vices that confronted him on every hand. The jailer received no salary, and accordingly each prisoner was forced to pay him five pounds before being set free. If this sum could not be paid by the prisoners, no matter whether guilty or not, he was retained until he could raise the money.

Howard frequently found persons that had been in jail four or five years, though no charge had been proved against them, simply because they could not pay the five pounds. Men and women were confined in the same rooms for months where the lowest kinds of debaucheries took place. Innocent, respect-

able people were forced to associate with the most despicable class in all England. The prisoners frequently had to sleep on broken up, rotten straw on the floor of a damp, slimy cell fifteen or twenty feet under ground. The amount of food was not sufficient, and frequently moldy and half decayed. Jail fever raged in many places, and there was no one to take care of the sick, nor was there a hospital to send them to. Hundreds of the unfortunate inmates died every year. Many of the prisons were the ruins of old castles and convents, and to prevent the prisoners from escaping they were chained to the wall in the daytime and to the floor at night where they had to remain in one position. This with many vices of the lowest description came under Howard's own observation, and they so moved his sense of justice that he determined to abolish them once and forever. He believed that prisons were places that should be detested, but even the lives of criminals should not be shortened and their health destroyed by being confined in damp, foul prisons.

To get an exact knowledge of these crimes he visited every prison in England, and almost every one in Germany, France, Holland, Italy, Spain, Portugal and Austria. Everywhere he freed unfortunate prisoners by paying their fine. He was more than usually pained, however, to find the torture chamber in the continental prisons. After he returned home from his first trip on the continent, he again visited the prisons of England. Then he published a book of his observations, titled "The State of the Prisons in England and Wales, with Preliminary Observations, and an Account of some Foreign Prisons." This book contained over five hundred pages. He not only defrayed the expenses of it, but also sent a copy of it gratuitously to every jailer and man of authority in England.

The book had the desired effect. He saw after a year or so that Parliament and the public were intent on reforming the prison laws. Accordingly he set out with a new determination to complete this reform. He again travelled all over the continent to gather new information. He was met on every hand with the heartiest co-operation and was honoured by all, even the jailers whose crimes he had exposed, for his zeal and good works. He publicly received the thanks of Parliament. This only served, however, to make him renew his efforts with redoubled energy. Again he made a visit to every prison in England and

then as usual crossed over to the continent to examine the prisons there. He went fearlessly into the foulest cells, not even avoiding the prisoners that were stricken with jail fever, although a person was almost sure to catch it if once exposed to it. On his return from Europe, he published as usual an account of his observations. The last paragraph in this book shows very plainly that he had a strong presentation that this would not only be the last of his publications, but also that his next trip would prove fatal to him.

It was his intention now to travel through Turkey, Russia and even into the far East to see if he could not discover the cause of the great plague that frequently swept through Europe with such appalling effect. His friends tried to persuade him to give up this trip, but his invariable answer was: "If I live to return from this journey, I promise you I will spend the evening of my life at home among my neighbours. But if it pleases God to take me hence, His will be done. Cairo is as near heaven as Cardington."

Before leaving home this time, he examined the conditions of his tenants, took extra care to see all his debts were paid, and he made his will, leaving all his property, with the exception of a few small legacies, to his son.

In 1789, when Howard was sixty-two years old, he left England for the last time. He travelled through Germany on his way to Russia, where he died January 20, 1790, from a fever he caught while tending a patient. Thus ended the life of one of the greatest philanthropists England ever had.

John Howard was thought by most people to be a very successful and model man. He had a large fortune, and most of his mature days were spent in the service of his country. Yet with all his greatness he failed miserably in the rearing of his only child. The father and the son had entirely different natures. Mr. Howard was a sober, dignified man. All the joys and comforts of youth had flown from him. He no longer thought of the ways and dispositions of undeveloped minds. His one thought was to gain happiness by self-denial; and he was forever feeling and studying the unseen realities of another world. He believed man's life here on earth should be spent entirely in preparation for the hereafter; while the son had not yet thought of the serious side of life. He was young, lively and eager for enjoyment, and he felt that he had the means to gratify his desires. These two

opposite natures kept leading father and son farther and farther apart all the time. Mr. Howard was respected and feared, but he had never gained his son's confidence and love. It is true he always acted for what he thought was best, but this was little comfort to him in after-life, for the feeling that he should have known better was ever present in his mind. The boy spent a number of years in a private school, but later he went to Cambridge where his wild life first began. In his father's absence he brought home a crowd of young students and they indulged in every kind of debauchery. The father was travelling in Europe when the news reached him that his son had been leading a disgraceful life, and that already the first symptoms of insanity were noticed. The father returned home at once, but when he arrived the son had to be placed in an asylum where he remained till he died in his thirty-fifth year.

A Good Creed.

"Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. *Post-mortem* kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way."

Perhaps.

She said when Fortune blandly smiled on me,—

"I shall love you dearly, friend, for aye!"

When years had come, I naught but dark could see,

Yet in her eyes I found love did not die. F. F. D.

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The Board of Editors.

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REPORTERS.

ROBERT E. LYNCH	J. PATRICK O'REILLY
P. P. MCELLIGOTT	JOHN HARTE
J. DOHAN.	

—Those entering the oratorical contest should have their orations finished by May 1st, when they are to be handed to Mr. O'Connor. About May 14 a weeding out process will take place. The contest itself will be held in the latter part of May.

—The semi-finals in selecting our collegiate debating team will be held in the law room on next Tuesday and Wednesday nights. The men picked in the semi-finals will debate later on in Washington Hall, and the first, second and third man chosen there will represent us at the Indianapolis University debate.

—Easter Sunday marked the passing of Lent. Solemn High Mass was sung by Father Regan with Father Ready and Father Houlihan as ministers. The sermon was preached by Father French. In it he stated that "Christ's resurrection is a prototype of what is in store for us." And then he proceeded to show that "faith and hope are the two great forces that have inspired men to sacrifice the best in life for humanity. Without hope life would be meaningless: we should have nothing to live for and nothing to expect when we should

die; we should go down into our silent graves to become a part of the sod that covered us." Sermons of this kind tell us how to live and teach us how to die. The singing and the music were very beautiful, especially the congregational singing at Vespers.

—But a short time ago nine young men entered the Order of the Holy Cross. Three of them, Brothers Paulinus, Daniel and Gilbert, severed the last ties that bound them to things material; the other six entered the novitiate to go on probation for two years. Of this six Edward Walsh of Notre Dame, James McManus of Ireland and Michael Fitzpatrick were clothed with the cassock of seminarians; the other three Michael Durkin, Michael McManus of Penn., and Edward Meyer of England received the habit of the Brothers of the Holy Cross. Mr. Walsh is a post-graduate in the Law Department of the University, and was the best-equipped man in his class.

—Professor James, President of Northwestern University, in a lecture, delivered some time ago, called attention to the fact that every schoolman should take an active part in the politics of his ward, county and state. He held educators are influenced by fewer personal motives than any other class of men; he contended that their aim should be to place men of integrity and ability in all public offices of honour and trust. Then, should the people call upon them to become candidates for any office they should sacrifice private interests for the benefit of the community.

In selecting by acclamation, last Wednesday, Mr. F. E. Hering of the Department of English at the University, as its nominee for Congress, the Democratic press and politicians have taken a step in the right direction. Mr. Hering is first a schoolman; but he is a believer in Mr. James' theory. Time and again has he demonstrated that he can support the political beliefs he holds when these are before the people. During the last Presidential campaign he stumped the thirteenth district, making forty-six speeches in all. Later on he was over the same territory as a lecturer on social, political and literary topics. In his selection his party have chosen a standard-bearer well equipped to make the hardest fight put up by them in years.



As You Like It.

Last year when the Philopatrians staged "The Prince and the Pauper," we marvelled that ones of their years could give so clever a rendition of this difficult play. And this year when we understood that the same society, composed of boys under seventeen years of age, was to stage "As You Like It" on Easter Monday we feared that the youthful actors had undertaken too difficult a task. But the Philopatrians rose to the occasion, and proved themselves more than equal to their burden. They surpassed in acting anything that has heretofore been put upon the Washington Hall stage by the same society. They held the attention of the audience from practically the rise of the curtain, or more exactly, the scene where B. M. Taylor as Orlando proved himself a veritable hero in his wrestling match with the Duke's wrestler, until the fall of the curtain in the fifth act. Not even when the

long speeches of Rosalind, Orlando and the melancholy Jaques were being read did the attention of the house flag.

In commenting upon the acting of those young histrionic stars it is well to call attention to the men that trained them, Mr. John

Lane O'Connor and Bro. Cyprian. Through their efforts young boys, most of whom had never been on a public stage, were enabled to perform in a manner remarkable indeed.

Commenting specifically upon the work of any three or four actors is no criterion that the other men did not do excellent work. All in the caste could not be given difficult parts; thus F. P. Kasper as Amiens, L. R. Van Sant as William and as Le Beau, J. R. Record as Oliver, and F. Pryor as Denis and again as Jaques De Bois, proved that they were capable of handling more difficult parts.

A. J. Burger as Rosalind was one of the favourite characters. His appear-



TOUCHSTONE

ance, manner, acting was full of grace and ease, enabling him to give a clever rendition of this character rôle in which many able actresses have failed. In his successful reading of his lines he was ably seconded by P. A. Weisse, who as Celia received many favourable comments.

Bryant Taylor as Orlando was the hero on the stage. His voice was clear and full and filled every corner of Washington Hall, a feat difficult indeed for a boy. In the wrestling scene with F. T. Foley as Charles, the Duke's wrestler, both actors appeared for a minute to forget that they were on the stage, but fortunately Orlando won. All through the play Bryant showed by his acting that he was in harmony with the spirit of the play.

C. P. Mooney, as Audrey, a country lass, and L. F. Fleming in the rôle of Touchstone, Court Fool, did some of the best character acting seen on the stage that day. Touchstone furnished the laughter until Audrey appeared, and then, this happy combination brought down the house—Touchstone with his wit; Audrey with her rustic simplicity.

It is difficult indeed for boys to assume the dignity and character of men of mature years, yet A. J. Dwan as Adam, and T. P. O'Sullivan as Corin succeeded admirably in interpreting these parts.

If we are to place an estimate on our young actors by the amount of applause they evoked, we must comment favourably on K. E. Kasparis as Silvius, the sighing lover, and A. C. Bosworth as Phebe, who brought down the house at each renewal of love and protestation.

W. P. Hall, as the melancholy Jaques, seemed to catch the fever of that unhappy misogynistic being in his railings against humanity. Thus in the rendering of his lines he was very successful.

The acting of the two dukes. M. J. Kenefick as Duke Frederick, and J. B. Cogan as the Banished Duke, his brother, was creditable indeed.

The orchestra was very good. Professor Roche never seemed to have better control of his men, for the players at times surpassed themselves.

In passing it is well to give credit to W. Willard for the artistic drawing on the first page of the programme he adopted from Knight's Shakspeare; to F. H. McGlew, to whose skill the success of the wrestling match in the first act was due, and to the men behind the scenes.

Exchanges.

We have read so many complimentary words said of *The Chimes* in the various magazines on our exchange that our good word will but tend to surfeit the feast of compliments. The last number now at hand is the March *Chimes*, and the most of our contemporaries have read that, so we shall not go into detail, but instead shall eagerly await the current number.

McMaster University Monthly invariably contains good reading, but in the March issue there is a story that is considerably above the standard set even by our best exchanges. "Gabrielle" as a story is good in plot and most correctly told. There is true sentiment in this effort, true characterization and true description; while short stories are frequently good with but one of these merits. To the old heart-broken man the *Forget-me-not* that grew on the grave marked by "two pieces of unplanned lath fastened together by a single nail" was *Forget-hér-not*. And why not?—For it grew on Gabrielle's grave.

The Columbia Literary Monthly is at its best in the April issue. In the "Leading Factors and Forces Affecting the Life of Elizabeth's England," the author shows a great deal of erudition; but when he prints, in connection with the start of the *Renaissance* in Rome, that "the Pope's acolytes walked through the crowds clinking their plates, crying 'Buy! buy!' and sins were blotted out as soon as the money 'clinked in the box,'" we ask him where he gets his historical information. Is it the imagination of the writer that adds,— "Verily that sainted keeper of the heavenly portals must have winked knowingly at Pope Leo when he applied for admission, if indeed he ever chanced that way?" "Her Holiday Humour" is a sketch most pleasing for its conversation and characterization.

Note is made on the editorial page that the era of the Bachelor of Arts is at hand. Where he used to be accounted somewhat of an over-educated nonentity in medical schools, his absence there is now lamented. The present conditions in the medical departments at Columbia and Johns Hopkins are such as to endanger the high reputations these Universities would hold; and a cry comes from the ranks for the degraded man. F. F. D.

Chapel Thoughts.

"Chapel Thoughts" the latest publication from St. Mary's Academy fills a place long void in musical seminaries; it contains sacred compositions selected from the original work of those in the harmony classes at the Academy. And not only is the originality and quality of the new selections to be complimented, but the manner in which they are presented is most pleasing. The embossed cover, containing a perfect reproduction of the romanesque chapel and tinted sketches of some of the most characteristic local scenes, succeed in putting a beautiful setting to the promising exercises contained within the covers.

The harmony of the pieces is tuneful as well as correct, and they range from the stately *religioso*, as found in the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo*, to the *moderato* but more moving hymns to the Blessed Virgin. The contents are all far above the experimental stage in composition, and while no one selection should be given signal compliment unless all should receive a like commendation, we shall mention no names, if the hymn "The Heart of Mary" and Miss Lantry's *Tantum Ergo* do deserve especial praise.

There has been a conspicuous need for such a publication as is this souvenir edition of "Chapel Thoughts," and our sister academy is to be congratulated on this successful attempt. We have grown to expect most everything possible in a literary way from the workers at St. Mary's, and now we find they can write music as well. In this they go a step further than R. L. Stevenson could, for he was forced to acknowledge: "To my ear a *fourth* is delicious, and consecutive *fifths* the music of the spheres. As for hidden *fifths*, those who pretend to dislike them I can never acquit of affectation."

F. F. D.

Personals.

—Mrs. Johnston of Minnesota visited her son in St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. Kasper spent Easter with their sons here at the University.

—Mrs. J. Dean of Chicago spent Sunday with her son in St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Featherstone of Chicago spent Easter with his brother of Brownson Hall.

—Miss Clara Goerg of Michigan City called on her brother of Brownson Hall Tuesday.

—Mr. Peil from Racine, Wis., visited his brother E. Peil of St. Joseph's Hall.

—Mr. Arthur Jennings of Rush Medical spent Sunday with his brothers in the University.

—Mrs. Schaus of Chicago visited her son of Carroll Hall during the first of the week.

—Mr. T. Connolly of Chicago spent Sunday with his son Cassius of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. Van Sant, of Peoria, Ill., visited their son of Carroll Hall during Easter.

—Mr. Murphy of Evanston spent Sunday with his brother, Mr. Murphy, of Sorin Hall.

Mr. D. T. Keeley of West Bend, Wisconsin, spent Monday with his nephew John Pick of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. McCullough of Davenport, Iowa, spent several days last week with his son Albert of Sorin Hall.

—The Faculty and students sympathize with Professor Ewing in his illness and trust that he will soon be able to be around.

—Mr. Percy Wynn, a former student from New Jersey, has visited his friends at the University again after two years' absence.

—Mrs. Houser of Indianapolis and her daughter, Mrs. Hess of Plymouth, Ind., visited Master Houser of St. Edward's Hall during Eastertide.

—Mr. George Stoffel of Dayton, Ohio, spent several days this week with his grandson Albert Krug, and his many other friends at the University.

—Rev. W. A. Moloney, Vice-President of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, was at Notre Dame last Monday. His numerous friends were rejoiced to see him and sorry that his visit was so short.

—Mr. Dennis Hogan, student '63-'73 and graduate in the class of '73, accompanied by Mr. A. J. Fetherstone likewise of Chicago were the guests of Father Fitte and Colonel Hoynes at the University during the past week.

—James O'Neill and wife and James Jr., together with other members of the *Monte Cristo* theatrical company, were present at the students' production of *Twelfth Night*. Mr. O'Neill spoke well of the young men's efforts.

—Count Charles Bozenta Chlapouski paid us a visit on Wednesday last. The Count was stopping in South Bend with his distinguished wife, Madame Modjeska, who found it impossible to see the University owing to the late arrival of her train.

—The following is clipped from the *Chicago Live Stock World*:—"Among the noted men here are Señor Gonzalez and T. A. Prieto of Chihuahua, Mexico. The former was educated [at Notre Dame] in Indiana and says an English education is now essential to a successful business career in Mexico." A. L. K.

Resolutions of Respect.

The following resolutions of respect were adopted by St. Paul's Branch No. 408 Catholic Knights of America of South Bend, Indiana.

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to call away from the scene of his earthly labours our honoured and beloved pastor, brother and friend, Reverend Nicholas J. Stoffel; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the death of our beloved pastor and brother brings to us the sad realization of the loss of one honoured and loved by all with whom he was associated.

RESOLVED, While we bow in humble submission to the will of an all-wise God, we stop to pay our last tribute to our beloved pastor and brother, and therefore

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the Minutes of our Branch; a copy be sent to the daily papers, to the C. K. of A. journal, and to THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

WM. A. DETLING,
JOSEPH HISS,
A. P. PERLEY,—Committee.

**

WHEREAS, Father Stoffel after a life of untiring devotion to God and man was summoned before his Maker, and

WHEREAS, The students of Greek of Notre Dame, who knew his worth as a teacher and his warm-hearted sympathy as a friend, deeply deplore his death,

BE IT RESOLVED, That we hereby publicly express our esteem for his worth and our appreciation of his devotion, and sympathize with the Faculty because of the death of so learned a member, and with his devoted parishioners for the loss of so zealous a pastor; and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. For the Greek classes of '02 and '03.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB,
ROBERT E. LYNCH,
GEORGE W. BURKITT, JR.

**

WHEREAS, God in His infinite goodness and mercy has seen fit to take unto Himself our beloved hall-mate, William J. Peyton, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we, the students of Brownson Hall, deeply sympathize with his sisters and relatives in their sad bereavement, and that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

R. J. EMERSON,
H. J. MCGLEW,
G. GORMLEY,
B. FERNANDEZ,
J. P. O'REILLY.

Local Items.

—Boat crews will meet to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

—FOUND a silk umbrella. Loser please call at Senior refectory.

—The students received Holy Communion in a body on the First Friday of the month.

—Lost a silk umbrella in Washington Hall. Finder please return it to Prof Paradis.

—During the week the three thousand teachers holding their convention at South Bend visited the University. They came from every section of the state. The convention will end Saturday night.

—John F. Alt of St. Joseph's Hall has designed a beautiful Notre Dame Souvenir Card for Commencement. He will be remembered by many of the students for the unique Easter silver cards he engraved.

—The Inter-Hall teams this year are very evenly matched, and no doubt if a regular league was formed, the fight for the championship would be the hottest we ever had. Get together, managers, and push this matter along. It all rests in your hands.

—Easter came and with it "Bill" Dinnen's Easter box. "Bill" had been expecting the box, and with it a large supply of coloured eggs, but he was not prepared for the animal show that held one corner of the box. Good work, "Bill"!

—The musical programme at Monday's entertainment was as follows:

Overture—"Elves".....*Mohr*
March—"Sweetheart".....*Pryor*
Selection—"The Knickerbockers".....*DeKoven*
Gavotte—"First Love".....*Beyer*
Two Step—"American Cadet".....*Hall*

—The men selected to represent Brownson Hall on the diamond this season are: Salmon, 1st base; Padden, 2d; W. Gerraughty, s. s.; Flynn, 3d; Medley and T. Gerraughty, catchers; McDermott, l. f.; Sullivan, c. f.; Hunter, r. f.; Opfergelt and O'Reilly, pitchers; Fack, sub-fielder. Goshen High School will cross bats with Brownson this afternoon on Cartier Field.

—April First:—Fansler got down in time for prayers.

Emerson did not go duck hunting.

Señor John learned a new word.

"King" Dodo refused to bite.

Joe Cullinan won a game of handball.

John McAuley did not have an argument.

Beekum was lonesome and got a "jumping jack" from home.

—Brother Cyprian gave his actors a "feed" last Sunday. The excellence of his band was much in evidence. The programme by the Philopatrian Orchestra:

Overture....."Golden Bell."
March....."Devolto."
Waltz....."Myrtle Leaves."
Quadrille....."La Reine Du Bal."
Mexican Waltz. Zig-Zag Polka.

—The Athletic Association will send to the Philadelphia meet in the latter part of April all the men that have a chance of winning. The successful men will be chosen in the final try-outs on April 19; so that there is room for everybody to try for a place. We should have many men working for the quarter-mile

dash, for who knows what may happen before the successful men will be finally picked.

—A Company of Zouaves, thirty in number, has been organized in St. Joseph's Hall, by Mr. John F. Alt, who has had much experience as Captain of different Zouave and military companies. As a drill-master he has achieved fame in Indiana, winning the gold medal at Plymouth two years ago. The Zouave evolutions are much more rapid than the regular United States military drill; and the uniform is so picturesque that it attracts attention at every exhibition. Captain Alt expects to have his company in good order by the first of May.

—The "White Stocking" series of games will begin on April 19. We should win the first game, for we will catch the visitors immediately after they have finished a long Western trip. By the kind of ball we put up against these men we will be able to tell what will be the standing of our baseball team in Western college athletics. Immediately after this series of games Captain Lynch will be able to select his team. Dan O'Connor, who, was proving a very fast man on first base, is out of the game for a month at least with a torn hand. Those that know seem to think that all the positions on the team with the exception of first base and left field are practically filled. O'Neill behind the bat with Shaughnessy and Anton fighting for sub-catcher, Dohan, Hogan and Higgins on the pitching staff, Ruehlbach or Stephan on first, Gage on second, Groogan or Hemp on third, Lynch at short, Fisher right field, Farley centre, and Farabaugh, Hanley and Dempsey fighting for left.

—The entertainment given by St. Joseph's Literary Society on the 19th of March in St. Joseph's Hall in honor of their Patron Saint, surpassed everything that has ever been given on a like occasion. Bro. Florian, as usual, had the hall beautifully decorated. The members of the Faculty, Fathers French, Cavanaugh, Crumley, and Ready, by their presence lent an additional charm to the evening; and it is safe to say that the entertainment owed a part of its success to the musicians who composed the orchestra.

The programme was opened by Mr. T. A. Toner, whose address of welcome was very well done. The recitations given by Messrs. Reardon, Cameron, and Peil showed good elocutionary ability. Lyons' Sarsfield stood forth in all the manly vigor of one of the most honourable characters in history; and E. J. Kenny's singing deserves praise, for his rich tenor voice helped admirably to enliven the evening.

At the close of the exercises Father French highly commended those who furnished the entertainment, and paid a tribute to the local talent and to the kindness of the gentlemen of the Orchestra.

—This is a third letter received from George Bohner who went to the Philippines last July.

BUTUAN, MINDANAO,

Jan. 23, 1902.

I just received about a dozen letters of yours this morning dating all the way from August 6 to Nov. 20, so I do not wonder at your desire to hear from me. I have written regularly twice a month to you, sometimes more. How many of these letters have you received or will receive is a doubtful question as we have no mail system at all over here. The Educational Dept. takes charge of all my mail, and forwards it to my station whenever a boat comes my way, which is very seldom,—not oftener than once a month. You have no idea how happy or disappointed I am according as to whether there is mail for me from home or not when a boat arrives. I am to leave Butuan within a week to take charge in a larger town, in fact, the largest one on the Island. This change is owing to the fact that I have mastered the Spanish language so well. I do not know whether to feel happy or not over my good fortune and promotion, for such it really is. I have become so well acquainted and like the place and the people very much, and they are really sorry to have me go. We have become friendly and they find much pleasure in the visits they pay me, so they say. I will be permanently located in Cantilan two hundred and sixty miles from here and over a hundred from any white people. It is the only large town in Mindanao on the Pacific coast. Its inhabitants are friendly to the Americans, and it has never been found necessary to have soldiers there. The total population is given as between 18,000 and 20,000. I will be able to tell more about the place after getting an opportunity of personal inspection; but if it is as good as Butuan I will be very well satisfied. You speak of coming over here if there are any good business opportunities. Well, I do not know how the climate, surroundings, etc., would suit you, but I believe, as does everyone with whom I have had a chance to speak, that the chances for making money are great. Hemp buyers are making one hundred per cent on their money, and commercial business of every description is doing well; but what will pay best is raising hemp, sugar, coffee, cocoa, etc. I do not like to feel responsible for your coming if you should conclude to do so, for there are many hardships to be met with, but there is also a great deal that will compensate you for enduring them. You and I could be together, and that would mean a great deal. For myself I like this country, and hope to be able to make it my future home. It is a perfect paradise when the weather is fine, and not bad during the rainy season. Within the next few years it will equal Honolulu, and if there is a paradise on earth that is it.

Jan. 23. I was interrupted by a delegation of the leading citizens who came to inform me that they had sent a runner to the nearest telegraph station to wire the governor that they would like to have me remain here. The telegraph station is over a hundred miles away and they are afraid a boat will come for me before they can receive an answer.

One more visit to the United States to see all the folks and to see what civilization is like, and I shall be glad to get back here. I really don't know how I can tell myself what the attraction and charms of the place are, for there are none of the conveniences and comforts here that can be had at home, but there is a sense of freedom, of plenty of room to move about in, a latent sense of danger that adds just the necessary spice to make life in the Philippines interesting and worth the living. I have eaten dinner with some Filipino grantees, when we would sit on the floor; there would be a little table in the centre of the group on which would be a big plate of rice and another with chicken. All would reach over to the table and take a handful of the rice and a piece of chicken, roll the rice into a ball and toss it into the mouth. Then I have also eaten at places where we were served in as fine style as you would care to have. Have eaten a thirty course dinner

that could not be equalled in the United States. Have to get my own dinner at times and gone without it at others. Have travelled three days and two nights in a "Barolla," one of the little boats you saw at the Pan-American; have been shipwrecked, and have stumbled into an "Inserrecto" camp with nothing but my revolver. Took dinner with them and had a good time. Saw a boaconstrictor and took to the woods in fast time. The big snakes, by the way, that you see in circuses, etc., are like little grass or black snakes compared to the boa in this country.

My vacation will come soon, and instead of going to Japan as I intended I will go into the interior of this island with a party of natives who are going to buy hemp. I shall go where no white man has ever been before, and no doubt will be a great curiosity.

I have not been sick a day since being on the island; was weighed on a hemp scale the other day, and weighed 176 pounds. Teach school five hours a day and an hour at night, but there are so many "fiestas" that I have plenty of time to myself.

Altogether I think that my coming over here was a wise course and one that I will never regret, for I have been thrown wholly on my own resources with no one to answer to except myself, and so far have not deviated a particle from the plan mapped out before I left the States. I have won the friendship of the people, and have two letters from the whole town to the governor and the Gen.-Supt. of education petitioning them to let me stay in this town. They are something that I shall always prize, as they are the first testimonials I have ever earned. I also received a fine letter from Supt. Atkinson, personally thanking me for some suggestions I made, so you see I have so far at least succeeded in making myself appreciated, and feel very much encouraged.

Well, I hope that this letter will reach you if the other ones do not. I should like to be able to see you all, but the next best thing is to hear from you.

List of Excellence.

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