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## Snowflakes.

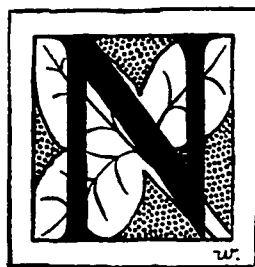
PATRICK MACDONOUGH, 1903.

A CHILD, he tries in sportive mood  
To capture flakes of snow;  
Then looking at his moistened palm,  
Says, "Wonder where they go."

Ah, well for him, he knows not yet  
The secret of the years;  
Some prize he'll toil through life to gain  
May leave him nought but tears.

## Ireland's Liberator.

NICHOLAS R. FURLONG, '04.



EVER since Patrick kindled the flame on the hill of Tara had the Catholics of Ireland beheld a gloomier period than the first quarter of a century that followed the Act of the Union. As the waning of the eighteenth century had beheld privilege after privilege taken, till Pitt with one stroke of the pen had undone Grattan's life-work and left that gifted son of Ireland to pronounce an elegy over the lost liberties whose birth he had hailed, so the dawn of the nineteenth century looked down on the most unjust legislation, and Ireland fully experienced the galling thralldom of British oppression.

"Ninety-Eight" had come and gone like a dream. The leaders of the united Irishmen were dead, outlaws, or confined in British dungeons. The lovers and asserters of liberty were forced under yoke after yoke until the remembrance of their kingly ancestors became a myth. The wisest and wittiest pens of the nation were directed against British tyranny and intoler-

ance; but the acts of parliamentary oppression were invulnerable. Pitt had promised Catholic Emancipation in consideration of the Union; but the Union once obtained, he resigned his office and laughed at the Irish people for trusting him. Grattan had been overwhelmed and made his farewell speech in Parliament: "I have offered you measures for the happiness of Ireland, but you have refused them. You propose measures for the miseries of Ireland and you will carry them. I have no more use or business in this house," and the aged patriot retired. The Catholic people were reduced by privations and penal laws to a condition of almost despairing apathy. They had no ambitions they could hope to gratify; they had no privileges as subjects; they had almost no rights as human beings. Defeated on every hand and deprived of every means of relief, the people lost heart and hope, until, as Mitchell tells us, they were tempted to doubt whether a just God reigned. The country's sorrow had touched the heart of Moore:

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only thro' she gives,  
Is when some heart indignant breaks  
To show that still she lives.

The defeat and imprisonment of Napoleon seemed to seal the gloomy fate of the unfortunate country, and Shiel scruples not to tell us that the hopes of the people of Ireland fell at Waterloo.

Yet while this political lethargy was spreading itself over the country; when the walls of the House of Parliament on College Green had ceased to re-echo with the glorious appeals of a Grattan and a Flood; when the Irish volunteers had been disarmed; when Castlereagh was advocating every conceivable act of oppression; when Ireland had forgotten she had ever been a nation, out from the hills of Kerry came one who was to dazzle the world by his genius, who was to be a factor in

the political machinery of Europe for more than a quarter of a century, who was to make George the Fourth bow to his will, who was to bring the conqueror of Napoleon to his feet,—the Liberator of his country, Daniel O'Connell.

O'Connell had listened to Curran, who stood between Norbury and the unfortunate prisoner, seeking in vain to establish the principle of eternal justice and vindicate the majesty and purity of the law. He saw his country persecuted and he resolved to battle against the injustice. He soon became a conspicuous character in Dublin. He enjoyed unusual success in his profession as a lawyer, and whether in public address, or speech to the jury he denounced all kinds of injustice. He was equally successful in the court and in the forum, and was by far the most remarkable character in Ireland at the time.

It seemed almost a hopeless case, even in the prime of his life, to resurrect the one cause for which he lived—that of Catholic Emancipation; yet like Grattan, O'Connell could not believe his country dead: "Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheeks a glow of beauty." He never underestimated the powers against which he must contend. He knew England would not willingly return the privileges she had taken by such unscrupulous means; for he knew she had listened to a Grattan while he had the armed volunteers behind him and turned a deaf ear when they were disarmed. He had heard Pitt promise Catholic Emancipation when the Union was sought, and then saw him sneer because the Irish people had trusted him. He knew if they would ever yield to justice or equal laws they must be obliged and coerced by fear of arms. Ireland must be united.

O'Connell turned to awaken the sleeping democracy. He organized the people in every city and hamlet and filled the English army with his supporters. He advocated his cause alike in the council-chamber and on the hill-side. His speeches were translated into many languages. He spread his democratic principles over the whole country. He organized a society to oppose the Wellington administration, and in 1829, when O'Connell said, "I'll stand for Clare," and determined to prove the resolutions of that organization, no idle vaunt, his first great thunderbolt struck the English House of Commons. Wellington,

Neptune-like, raised his head over the turbulent political waters to see who could be trespassing on his dominions. But he saw, not, as was his custom, those who would tremble at his command; but supported by six million people, leading a triumphal march from Clare to Dublin, was the heroic O'Connell.

He now entered the House of Parliament. As he stood before the representatives of England he was asked to take the oath against which he had battled his lifetime; but in the midst of his enemies he flung the oath aside. "Part," he said, "I believe to be false, the rest to be unjust."

O'Connell had conquered the House of Commons. Its leader, the Duke of Wellington, who a few months before could not comprehend the possibility of placing Roman Catholics in a Protestant Legislature with any kind of safety, and who had taken office expressly for defeating Catholic claims, was suddenly converted, and felt that the choice lay between Catholic Emancipation and civil war. Both he and Sir Robert Peel of necessity urged Emancipation. The bill passed both Houses of Parliament. Wellington did not scruple to urge it to prevent revolution. But now it seemed the signal of the great deluge of English prejudice was sounded, and "the fountains of the great abyss burst forth." There was heard the wild protest of the king who had vowed never to aid the Catholics. Multitudinous petitions came from presbytery and university praying that the great and noble state of England should not be handed over as a prey to the Jesuits, the Inquisitors and the Propaganda. The king refused to sign the bill; but the cry "Emancipation" came from every part of Ireland and from the soldiers whom O'Connell had placed in the English army.

Wellington, who had baffled the genius of Napoleon and withstood the onslaught of Ney on the field of Waterloo, must now surrender to a swordless leader. He took the bill in his hand and said to the king: "I would not grant it, your Majesty, any more than you, but it is forced from you and from me. You must either sign that bill or prepare for civil war and revolution in Ireland." O'Connell had conquered the king of England. George the Fourth signed the bill and the shackles fell from six millions of the Irish race.

O'Connell might have drawn the sword at Clontarf, but the past history of his country would not justify it. He might have won

fame on the battlefield, but he accomplished his purpose and gained renown as a swordless leader. We may point to our heroes—to Washington, to Lincoln, to Webster or to Clay—but when they fought, they fought supported by friends; when they spoke, they spoke to those who loved them. When O'Connell fought, he fought in the midst of enemies; when he spoke, he spoke to those who admired but hated him. Cromwell mustered the best troops in Europe and led them against whom? The most defenceless people on the globe, and his name is synonymous with cruelty; Napoleon commanded the best blood of Europe, but left fair France kneeling as a suppliant at the feet of her arch-enemy, while the bones of her sons lay mingled with the soil of every country from the plains of Moscow to the pyramids of Egypt. O'Connell took the people of Ireland when they were trodden under foot by their conquerors, when they had forgotten that they had ever been a nation, and led them on and on from the depths of slavery to the heights of freedom; and so dear has his memory become to the people of his country that liberty and independence are inseparably associated with his name. For Ireland he lived and for Ireland he died. He sought to teach his fellow countrymen that a peaceful, united Ireland alone would burst the fetters that bound her; that Ireland was not to be liberated by the sword of the soldier or the knife of the assassin, but freed by the pen of the statesman and the voice of the orator. And when the day shall come when we are no longer prone to worship those who have rushed to fame through blood and slaughter, strewing the wayside with desolation and ruin, and we gaze over the Atlantic for a hero and a model, we can not but hail him whom Phillips pronounced the greatest man the Irish race has produced,—the swordless leader, the Liberator of his country, Daniel O'Connell.

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'Twixt Love and Duty.

EDWARD F. QUIGLEY, '03.

“Harry, I have not called you here to give you a lecture, I trust you have heard enough of those during the past six or seven years at Harvard. But I wish to say that it is high time to be inquiring into your future. The best education is experience. Money has

bought for you enough of the other kind, but you will have to look for this yourself. I started without a college diploma, and every successful man learns the broader lessons of experience sooner or later. That time for you has now arrived, you must be looking out for yourself. Achieve what you do achieve by your own efforts, and the world and you will like yourself the better for it.”

John Harkley was a self-made man worth millions. He believed that the way to carve a name for oneself was by rigid toil and inborn shrewdness without classics, theory and polish; he liked to confirm his opinion by deeming himself an example of this method. At one time all he had in the world was a team of horses. But Harry's mother insisted upon a university training for her son, and at length prevailed upon her husband to leave to her the care of Harry, until he would finish college, after that the father's word should govern.

So Harry Harkley lived a life of ease at home and his pockets were not without plenty at Harvard until he completed his collegiate and professional courses. That afternoon as he sat before the club window, musing upon the departure he must take, he felt that it were best to start the practice of law at once somewhere in the West. Heretofore to him the world had not appeared to contain more sober considerations than the satisfactory culminations of study and pleasure. Now he was about to face the realities of a different life. He must tear himself away from the allurements of this society and Chicago life; but he could not bring himself to approve of leaving Beatrice Black—not to see her for perhaps a year, only a few evenings more to spend in her delightful company, from now on to be no nearer to her than by pen and ink!

True, he had endured the last three years at college, but he had not known her then as he had learned to since his home-coming. What an interest had she not artfully manifested toward him. Frequently had he asked himself, why he had never thoroughly appreciated her until after his joyous reception in June, and the discovery of all the amusements that she had planned for him during the first two weeks. Her parents were not wealthy, but she had been bred to aspire to the best culture and to move in higher society. When her love had devolved upon him, his self-esteem eagerly relegated a mere affectionate regard. He was delighted, captivated, jealous;

and now he was to leave her—for how long? He could not tell. What foreboding probabilities were there in store for him? This starting in life business, how was it going to terminate after all—what responsibilities did this battling for oneself import? He had never known what that was like, and the new venture found him like a baby untrained in the first steps of walking. Love for a girl caused him to hesitate in his cogitations and to lose heart in his recent determination prompted by duty. The future was a blank too dark for him to sacrifice her—no, he couldn't do that. He was disturbed by the voice of a street boy who, somehow, had gained entrance to the smoking room.

"News, sir, noon edition?"

He shook his head, unconcernedly.

"Last edition; all about this afternoon's races.

"Don't want any, Harkley responded curtly.

"All about the Venezuelan war—only two cents."

Harkley looked the boy straight in the face with an atrocious countenance:

"Why didn't you get away from here when I first shook my head?"

"'Cause Bobbins, yer servant, says, 'stick to a good thing,' see?" grinned the arab.

"How long have you been in the paper business?" asked Harkley, dubiously.

"'Bout two weeks."

"Well, I must confess that I admire the nerve you have acquired in a fortnight. What were you doing previous to that?"

"Stable-boy at 500 La Salle Avenue, yer honor."

"Um! And you said a moment ago, you believed in sticking to a thing?"

"'Xactly."

"Then why did you quit the other place?"

"Oh, I could put ye next tu de game, but, see here, judge, I ain't no time ter monkey. I'm an orphan, dat's square, an' I got ter be movin' me pins an' git rid o' th' papers, see? But, I'll tell ye why in a jiffy, mister: I tinded ter dooty when me mother wuz dyin', fer a fact, an' when th' thing wuz over, I pulls up me stakes an' quits—but I must be goin'."

"Here, Bobbins," called Harkley, "I'll buy what papers you haven't sold, but I want you to tell me a little more about that affair in which you sacrificed love for duty. Sit down."

The lad, with wondering eyes, succumbed into a chair, his whole aspect changing, and as

Harkley lit a cigar, he began his story, with a peculiar half-scared uncertainty:

"My fader died when I was nothin' but a chump an' dat left me ter look fer ma, fer she wuzn't in good health. So th' firs' t'ing I opens me peepers an' looks eround, an' purty soon I gets dis job wid a fine family on de avenoo, helpin' take keer o' th' hosses, an' doin' one t'ing er another eround de house, er sompin' when I wuzn't in th' stables, see? Well I liked de place bully an' gits along first rate fer a year. I didn't see much o' the folks durin' dat time except de ole man's dorter, who I put down as beaut de first time I seen her, but I soon heerd ole Havens, the butler, say dat she wuz de one dat caused all de fussin' an' work eround—she wuz allus drivin', an' paradin' in the bosse's rigs. Finally I got ter runnin' errands and helpin' eround de house when I wuzn't workin' in de barn. I us't to git Wednesday forenoons off ter go see my mother, an' one day I heerd de girl say, when she was in a huffy, that I didn't hev no sick mother but wuz workin' dat as a graft ter git off. Maybe ye didn't tink dat made me sore. I bunched up me feelers an would hev give my hat ter take a poke at her, but den I remember what Haven had tol' me, so I says nothin' but keep mum. When I tol' Havens 'bout it he says he hope'd she'd hurry up and marry as she had had her peepers on some gang fer a long time, but Havens said too he kind o' felt sorry fer de feller, fer he didn't know what he wuz gettin' fer. As I say, she looked fit ter kill an' purty an' a bird ut t'rowin' de hot air, but I reckon no one but we 'uns knew jes' what she was.

"Well, one day, some one comes runnin' up ter me an' holler's: 'Jimmie Bobbins, yer mother's dyin', hurry up, she wants ter see ye. So I starts off, when ole Havens yells dat I wuz wanted at de house. I goes up an' der wuz de girl an' I could see she wuz hot 'bout somethin', but I wuzn't t'inkin' much jes' den 'cept 'bout my poor mother. When I started ter explain she blurts out, 'Here, boy, run up ter Drews an' git dem flowers that I ordered sent up here.'

"I says, 'Miss, I jes' got word my mother's dyin' an' I must go, excuse me,' but she nearly had a fit when she heerd dat, an' she gits red in de face an' jumps up an' down, she's so riled up:

"'Confound you you little imp, says she' 'what do I care about your mother, let her die—she's been sick long enough. The very

idee,' says she. 'What are you here for? Go in an' 'tend to your duty.'

"I wuz too sceered ter say anything, so I runs after the flowers an' brings 'em back, sayin' ter myself, 'all right, Miss, I'll do my duty first.' As soon as I gits back I quits de place fer good an' runs down to th' tenement an' mother wuz dead when I reaches her. Since then I been sellin' papers, an' dats the reason I didn't stick to the other job."

Harkley had been staring stolidly out of the window while listening to the lad's story. When the latter had finished, he arose and took a bill from his pocketbook.

"Here, Bobbins, take that for the lesson I have learned."

When the boy had gone, Harkley walked over to the telephone booth musing:

"So Bobbins left his dying mother to attend to duty. Well, I can leave *her* to attend to mine. I believe I do need some experience after all.

He called up Main 207. "Hello, is Miss Beatrice—Oh, this is she. Well, Harry Harkley is talking; I shall not call to-night as I leave for the West on an early train. Good-bye."

He closed the receiver and walked off. It was the last telephone call that 500 La Salle Avenue was to receive from the Harvard graduate.

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#### Nearing Home.

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.

The night is calm and cloudless. A new-born moon fades across the horizon and a million stars are reflected in the gently-heaving deep. The stillness is broken only by our ship, ever forging onward and leaving in her wake a track of warring foam. We walk to and fro on the promenade deck. One tells of the friends we have left behind; another, of the scenes we are soon to witness in a strange land; then we talk about the various routes we shall take on our journey through Europe.

Suddenly the sound of some strange anthem reaches us. Yes, it comes from below; the steerage passengers are singing. Softly at first; then as if encouraged they burst into a vigorous chorus. The thought that they are soon to behold their native land after years of absence stirs them to song. Listen to that pathetic strain,—a blending of joy and sorrow. That tender song, "Good-Night," beloved of the German heart, rises upon the evening air.

One high, clear voice carries the melody; the others make accompaniment, while the deep bass intones the oft-repeated, yet sad refrain.

We go below and observe them. Not all are taking part in the singing. Some stand silent and reflective. How many changes have taken place since they were there before—changes in themselves and in those they left behind. How many of the latter have taken a voyage from which there is no returning! Here are faces that tell a thousand tales, that speak of sin and struggle and triumph. Yet all seem transformed under the magic influence of a simple song. What memories these strains conjure up to some among that chanting group! To one perhaps it recalls a mother's voice, a voice soft and gentle that spoke to a child. Ah, how little that child knew then of the suffering that was to be his in a foreign land. There is another from whose face the light of truth and kindness has long since departed; yet he, too, is moved, and if you were sufficiently near you might detect a tear of remorse,

The melody gradually dies away. There is a hasty dispersion and then silence. The singers have gone to their berths, lighter of heart to-night than they have been in many years, and, let us hope, nearer to God.

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#### The Reporter's Christmas Celebration.

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.

"The Quadrangle," or, as the cubs sometimes called us, "The Editor's pets," were holding a session around the stove in Jerry's room anticipating the annual Christmas Eve celebration. Jerry had just returned from a trip up town and was digging out copy on "the Christmas markets." Cap Conners, the "cop" reporter, was absent. His position often broke the fourth side of the Quadrangle and kept him from many of our reunions. So Burke, the dramatic critic, Jerry and myself, represented the irrepressible four, and were to use up the press-tickets and drown one another's health.

The old Carew clock, its polished face stealing the moonbeams, belched forth eight solemn booms from its heavy bell when the "commander-in-chief" hurried through the door waving a telegram.

"Where's Cap? quick—extra business—murder—maybe lynching—'twill make a great leader for Christmas—quick; quick—Cap won't

be back?—Well I'll—Here Tom! your imagination is as active as anyone's, take this and report two columns to-morrow."

The wires hummed loudly outside and the frigid moon dashed wildly through the brittle clouds. The coals spluttered in the blushing stove as if to mock me, while I read the message,—

MAYFIELD, KY.

"EDITOR:—Negro murderer jailed. People excited. Lynching expected. Send at once. J. P. D."

What was I, the society editor, to do in a case like this? I could report debutantes' gowns or social scandals: but what could I do in an old Kentucky village where an excited mob was going to treat a negro to a neck-tie party?

News is news, however, and the quadrangle's round must be neglected when business calls. Fortified by a heavy coat, a bottle, cigars and a revolver, I plodded along a windy road in Mayfield, a few hours later. Here and there an old negro, a stray mongrel, or a rawboned, awkward "colonel" attracted my attention; otherwise, the stillness of the night was oppressive. For a lynching everything was quiet. Accustomed to the flurry of receptions, I thought the negro's coming out party should partake of the same nature. One old man, a remnant of slavery days, pointed out the place "whar dey don gone an' tuckered dat er coon in what kill massa Jem'son up de road by Miss Lucy Ann's"—a low, unpretentious building on a small knoll among the trees.

I had little trouble in getting admittance to the jail, for a reporter is always a deity to those who glory in notoriety.

I found the negro, tattered and old, his head bowed on his hands, sobbing on the cot in his cell.

"No, sah massa, I aint done kill Massa Chawley," he said, wiping big shining tears on his ragged sleeve. "You see it was dis a ways, it war Miss Rosie, what keeps de school-house ober yander, gibbed dis ol' nigga' a dolla' fur sweepin' out an' totin' in a ceda fur de chillens. Well, by'm bye, when I war goin' ober te Massa Jim Boyle's, you know what libs on de creek up da' fur te see what kin' a turkey I mought tote home fur de dolla,' I come by Cunnel Dan Riley's house. Well, as I war passin' erlong, kinder singin' like, I thought maybe I mought say 'Merry Christmas' to he's chillens, bein' as how I toted he's wida

'roun' when she warn't big enough ter make a shader.

"When ol' Henry comes poppin' he's head fru de doa' dem dar chillens jes' grab him an' tote him right up dar ter de log-fire, an make him shout up dat 'er chimbley fur sleds, an' dolls, an' guns, an' candy, an' oranges an' a dress fur mammy, an'—an' fur Santy, not ter fergit Willie whats sick, an' I sholy did shout.

"Den Miss Ellie,—dats de Cunnel's wida— began, kinda cooin' like, ter cry, an' says: 'chillens, I'se feared Santy caint fin' we'uns no more.'

"Den, right dar in de middle of de flo', I flops up an' says: 'Miss Ellie, for why ain't dat' er gemmen goin' ter bring dem little fren's ob mine nothin'? Sho! Miss Ellie, hesh youah scarin'.

"Den, kinda creepin' like she comes up an' puts dat purty little mouf by my ol' blaik year, an whispers like de late win' in de marsh grass: 'Henry, all mah money's gone an' I caint git dem nothin'!

"Cap'n, I'se been hit in de wah I'se stood by, bareheaded, when de pa'son said, 'Dust te dust', ober de massa when de tear-drops come fallin' laik de rain on de brim of de hat in de springtime. I—I—now I'se hyar fur killin Massa Jem'son what ain't so; but none of dem dar flusterations took a holt ob mah ol' blaik heart an' flopped him down laik dat.

"The fust thing I knowed, sah; mah big blaik paw was kinda sneakin' fur mah pocket an' foh I could think what he was a doin' there, he fetched up dat er dollah an' gibbed it ter her. Yes sah! ef I'd a hat full of dem, she'd a got 'em all.

"When I war a goin' home dat night an' come by Massa Jem'son's big white house, thinks I, 'The Massa's goin' te have a great time an' maybe you all better celebrate Chris'mas too.' But I answe mahself laik, kinda sassy like, an' says. 'How kin I celebrate when I ain't got nuffin te celebrate with? An' directly, while I was a argufying with mahself, the moon jump out he's feather-bed up dar, laik ol' jack-rabbit jump out de black-berry bushes, an' de very fust thing I seed war Massa Jem'son's hen roost. So I say's te mahself kinda laughin' up mab sleeve laik, 'Henry, yer all don' miss you dolla, do yer?'

I'd done reached a big fat turkey for mahself and war stretchin' one for Miss Ellie's chillens when I hyar somefin' a-comin'. I swiggled bof dem dar turkey, and went a-backin' out the rear way, so dey couldn' see



no tracks in de snow 'ceptin' what war leadin' into de house.

"If one ob dem da gobblers hadn't got his win'pipe free Massa Chawley'd neber knowed I was ober dar baik ob de wood-pile laughin' at he's lookin' aroun' laik as if he seed somefin' what warn't dar.

"Well I knowed he couldn't fin' me dar in de shade, so I watch him take off toward whar de cry didn't come from. De fi st I knowed I seed that er lantern make a swing an' Massa Chawley done come down an' hit he's haid on dat ar corner stone dar, jes' a little ober da kinda, frum dat pecan tree by de well. An' dat's what kill him, sho as dem da things is made of iron,

"I aint had no hard feelin' 'gin de massa, and, ob cose, I goes a runnin' to him when I sees he aint a goin' te git up. Now, capin, if I done kill him wid a club, as dey all says, done you think dis nigga'd had sense enough te run when he seed Massa Chawley's boh a comin'?"

His old grey head again sought his hands and a few heavy sobs escaped between his open fingers as he kept "wonderin' ef deys got any eatables at Miss Ellies?"

Christmas morning found me back in the jail. Amateur detective that I was, I had convinced the family of the deceased that he had come to his death by accident. I had proved to them that the negro could not have been a murderer. I had led the sheriffs over the yard and, on the evidence I produced, they withdrew the charge of murder. A few dollars paid the fine for stealing turkeys and soon the negro breathed free air again.

Loaded with toys, candies and all the varieties of food the county store could bring forth, we made our way to Mrs. Reilly's home. Old Henry certainly was a favorite with the children and he never stopped telling how he stayed up all night to catch Santa Claus.

All through the day he sat at the open fire while the little ones, nestled about him, tugged at his old coat for those melodies that the negro mind alone can form. When night began to fall, and I had stepped out into the light snow, I paused at the window long enough to see the light jump over those children, and fall on the white curls of the old man.

As I wandered off with heavy steps, the wind carried snatches of his song to me, and though fruitless from the editor's point of view, I was leaving my best Christmas celebration.

Varsity Verse.

TO A COURTESAN.

(Horace, Odes I., 25.)

Bold youths will spare your courting gap,  
The little stones they used to throw,  
Nor more disturb your peaceful nap,  
For even now the door hangs low,

Which once swung back with easy sweep;  
Now less and less you'll hear the song;  
"My Lydia, love, thou'rt fast asleep  
While I am dying all night long."

The time will come when you, old girl,  
Shall weep forsaken at your door,  
On stormy nights when all's awlirl  
And Thracian winds rush madly o'er.

When ardent love and fiery lust  
That seizes mares and drives them mad,  
Around your burning heart is thrust  
'Tis then, indeed, that you'll be sad.

Our youths care not for withered age;  
They love the flowers both young and fair  
And shun the dying foliage  
Which winter makes friend Eurus bear.

W. P. O'B.

THE HOCKEY RINK.

The gentle thud again is heard  
That brings the days gone by,—  
Our memory is deeply stirred  
To see 'twixt earth and sky  
The human frame that gyrates wild,  
And hear bones that gently clink,—  
The falls are oft and far from mild,  
On Brownson hockey rink.

THE HOCKEY-RINK AGAIN.

The *falls* they are so *gorge(ous)*,  
Above them is so *blue*,—  
They remind me of Niag'ra,  
The hockey-rink and you.

B. V. K.

HA! HA!

His eyes and face of ghastly hue  
Betwixt two ribs a knife,  
A Sunday paper—still no clew  
Of how he lost his life.

But stop! the paper couldn't hide  
The deed. Its aspect spoke:  
Alas! poor man, he'd split his side  
O'er a foxy grandpa joke.

E. F. Q.

THE DEBATER.

There's a tumult wild in the room next door,  
I wonder what it means.—  
A debater telling the course to take  
In regard to "the Philippeens."

M. W.

THE SCIENCE OF POETRY.

The poet in his attic room—  
Ah! would his lot were sweeter—  
Turns out an epigram per second,  
And gets a cent-a-metre,

C. L. O'D.

## A Genius Gone Astray.

ROBERT E. HANLEY, '03.

Some men discover in themselves what others fail to find. George Bayard was one of those. True, he had won few distinctions during his six years at college, but he never had much trouble in accounting for that. He would have far outstripped his fellows were it not for a grudge a certain professor bore against him. Another member of the faculty never treated him "on the square," and so he went on until he had convinced himself and some of his friends that his genius had been denied recognition. When he had graduated in law, he and another young lawyer entered the employment of Bryce and Cooney, one of Boston's most noted law firms. A few months there, and he suffered from his old grievance. Lack of appreciation was not confined to college professors alone. What did it matter to Bayard that in the service of Bryce and Cooney work was arduous and promotion slow? He never dreamed that the reputation the firm enjoyed had anything to do with its thorough, conservative methods. At last he decided that his genius should not glow in obscurity, but should shine before the multitude. For long before, his imagination fostered the decision. He repeatedly had visions of himself swaying a jury by the sheer force of his eloquence. Often during the day, he would scribble, "George Bayard, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law," and once while engaged in this harmless pastime, he received a sharp reprimand from the senior member of the firm who told him that he must practise penmanship after office hours. This was the last straw on the camel's back. He brooded over the reprimand until evening, when he told Mr. Bryce that he intended to leave his employ.

"There is no chance for individual effort here," he explained, "and I think I'll go out West and engage in practice for myself."

"Very well," said Mr. Bryce, less reluctant than might have been expected, "I know you'll succeed—especially if you show the same untiring zeal in your own behalf that you have exhibited for us."

Bayard did not see the two interpretations that could be applied to these words, and after nodding good-bye to Gus, the office-boy, he left the office, with all the air of one

emancipated from a life of clerical drudgery.

To George, the West was a vague and shadowy land, lying somewhere on the other side of the Mississippi. He had got a good notion of its inhabitants from the comic papers. As for his success, that was a foregone conclusion. After a brief study of the map of the United States, he selected Lambert, Arizona, as the scene of his future triumphs.

A month after the interview with Mr. Bryce, the people of Lambert awoke one morning to find that their community had been invaded by "one of them Eastern law sharps." No sooner had this rumor gone the rounds than a council of war was held in Jerry Murphy's saloon.

"I'm for runnin' him out," growled a large, rough-looking man whom the bar-tender called "Big Jim."

"No, that won't do," remarked another, "that's what we did to the last one, and if we runs too many of 'em out, they'll begin to think this community ain't peaceable." After much argument, interspersed with many torrid exclamations, the council adjourned with the understanding that the actions of the new lawyer were to be closely watched.

Bayard was not slow to make the acquaintance of everyone in town, from Jerry Murphy, the saloon keeper, to Adams, the grocer. To his great disappointment, the inhabitants were far from lawless, and he soon discovered that there was little need for the services of a lawyer. With the exception of a fight between two half-breeds there had not been a disturbance in the community since his arrival. However, he was not to be balked, and determined to impress the people of Lambert that George Bayard of Boston was in their midst. He made a mortal enemy of Jerry Murphy by advocating a twelve o'clock closing of that gentleman's place of business. This was the greatest infringement on the rights of the community that had ever been heard of, much less tolerated. Murphy was indignant, and immediately summoned a meeting of his sympathizers, who in the case of a popular saloon keeper are always a force to be reckoned with.

What occurred when they "got together" need not be told, but for two days no particular action was taken. On the morning of the third day "Big Jim" burst into Bayard's office with the remark that Bayard was wanted "to prosercute Sam Drain for the murder of 'Lefty' March."



"It's this way," Jim explained: "Sam Drain is all swelled up 'cause he's had some schoolin' in the States, and last night he gets into an argument with 'Lefty' March about some rigermarole in grammar, and just 'cause 'Lefty' said Sam oughter be a schoolmarm 'stead of a cow-puncher, he up and shoots. Now we wants you—all Lambert does—to prosercute Sam, and say, Bayard, make it as strong as you can."

Bayard was delighted. Here was the opportunity of his life to show forth his legal ability and eloquence. At the appointed time he accompanied Jim to the court-house, which, by the way, was a hall recently used as a saloon. When Bayard entered, a man whom he knew as justice of the peace motioned him forward.

"You're here to make a speech agin Sam Drain," he said, "and now is the time to start. Begin without delay."

Bayard attempted to explain the irregularity of the proceeding, and intimated that the evidence should be taken first. To this the justice replied that he was not going to be dictated to by a lawyer, a statement that met with a howl of approval from the crowded court. Seeing that there was no use in protesting, Bayard began the task assigned to him. He determined to give the justice a sample of true Eastern eloquence, and for a full hour arraigned the accused. He denounced Sam Drain and the crime he had committed in unmeasured terms, but Sam sat stolidly through it all and did not seem to be affected in the least. Once or twice when Bayard looked around he thought he detected the audience smiling. This disconcerted him somewhat, but he concluded that so accustomed were his listeners to murders that they were utterly callous. He took up the thread of his speech, the greater part of which he had memorized in his undergraduate days, and continued to expatiate on the privileges of American citizenship and the duties of all citizens to preserve peace and order and to put down with a stern hand all attempts to violate the rights of persons. The full penalty of the law must be meted out to the criminal. That was the only sure means of protecting society and of preventing a repetition of the foul deed that had been committed, and which was an everlasting blot on the fair name of Arizona and particularly on the inhabitants of Lambert.

When his peroration was finished, Sam

Drain, the prisoner, stood up and started to leave the court. Bayard made a frantic dash to stop him, but just then "Big Jim" grasped Bayard by the shoulder, and said: "Young feller, you've been talkin' to a 'kangaroo court.' Sam Drain ain't never killed anything in his life 'cept bad whiskey, and that's killin' him. Bayard, if you quit the reformin' business we'll put up with you, but let me tell you, there ain't much work here for a lawyer."

After two years of unsuccessful practice in Lambert, Bayard received a letter one morning from the young lawyer that entered Bryce and Cooney's employment with himself.

"My salary has already been raised three times," the letter went on, "and I have been entrusted with several important cases which I have conducted successfully. I think I stand a good chance of being admitted to a partnership in the firm before very much longer."

Bayard read no further, but tearing the letter into bits, tossed them in the air and remarked sorrowfully: Hang the sage that first said, "Go West young man, go West."

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#### The Last Chapter.

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"I wonder shall I have time to finish it," said Brother Xavier, as he pushed in the door. The scrubbed floor and the bare, whitewashed walls were almost of the same color, and there was nothing in the room except a bed, a chair, a washstand, and a plain, wooden table. On the table stood a little old crucifix, and beside the crucifix lay a book, glossy and worn, the "Imitation of Christ." Brother Xavier was a man of rugged frame and strong faith, who had worked hard and prayed earnestly ever since he joined the struggling community forty years before. And all those years that book filled in his life the place of a friend, a friend, too, that always spoke to him of high and holy things. So he opened it once more, near the end, and giving no heed to the churlish winds outside, he began to read. He read as if communing with somebody until he reached the close of the last chapter, when the lights went out and he was left sitting in the darkness. "How like one's life," he said, as he stood up to prepare for bed. "So much to do, and at some moment darkness,—no, not darkness, just death—and God grant that I shall have my appointed task done when that moment comes."

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—We learn with pleasure that Father Elias Younan, of the Paulist Congregation, will speak before the students in Washington Hall next Saturday on "Life in India." A native of India himself, and a graduate of Calcutta University before entering on his course of studies in Belgium, he is particularly fitted to deal with the subject he has chosen. Those students whose knowledge of life "east of Suez" has been obtained from Mr. Kipling's books would do well to correct and supplement it by listening to Father Younan. He is a pleasing orator and a deep scholar, as becomes the priest, and especially one of the great missionary body to which he belongs, and his lecture is sure to be one of the most instructive ever heard at Notre Dame.

—In an address recently delivered by Sir Edward Clarke, a prominent English lawyer, the statement was made that there had been a decline in Great Britain's literary output during the last forty years. This drew the fire of the well-known litterateur, Mr. Edmund Gosse, who questioned the authority of the lawyer on "a profession for which he had not enjoyed the slightest practical training." Sir Edward Clarke, who rejoined that "the literature of England was a fair and spacious domain" open to readers as well as critics, was supported in his contention by Mr. Augustine Birrell. The latter held that "to tell an educated man that he has no right to

find fault with the books in the shops because he is not an author by profession, but a distinguished member of the Bar, is to play the Pontiff with a vengeance." The attitude taken by Mr. Gosse in the matter seems hard to account for. Unlike the Pontiff, to whom Mr. Birrell refers, the office of the literary critic is not a divinely-appointed one, neither may it be filled only by those who are authors themselves. We wonder whether Mr. Gosse thinks himself entitled to hold any opinion regarding the quality of his rolls and roast beef, or whether he takes them solely because the baker and the butcher assure him of their excellence.

—The Monroe Doctrine has been given much prominence, and an earnest discussion has arisen over its exact contents by reason of the radical and offensive action taken by the European allies to collect debts from Venezuela. Among the South American republics the Monroe Doctrine is, of course, well known, and in most cases heartily supported; but another theory of international politics along the same line has even greater popularity. Some time after President Monroe's famous message, Señor Calvo, then President of the United States of Colombia, declared that since foreign investors place their money in the country with a full knowledge of the risks involved, and, by an extremely high rate of interest, take means to make such risks profitable, they are entitled to no national reimbursement. Nothing could be more logical or reasonable; and in the light of such knowledge the action of the allied powers in Venezuela can not but be considered tyrannical and unjust. A feeling of indignation is aggravated by the well-known fact that such drastic action on the part of European governments has been taken only against weaker states. Numerous examples in current history support the contention. When the debtor nations have been capable of effective defense, the claims of creditors have been referred by their zealous governments to the doubtful and dilatory remedies of the courts. Our whole history has been a protest against this theory, that might makes right, and it behooves the United States to take a firm stand in this miserable squabble. It is passing strange that those governments should be so reluctant to submit to the peaceful arbitration of a court which was established for just such emergencies by those very powers themselves.

—On account of the numerous entertainments that have been given since last September in Washington Hall, and of the many more booked for the scholastic year, a word in regard to a misunderstanding on the part of certain students at each entertainment of late, may not be out of place. These attractions are, without exception, of a high order, and are carefully chosen by the Faculty from the list offered by a great lyceum bureau. Numerous artists of recognized ability in different lines have appeared here, and many of them have said that the sight of seven or eight hundred students, such as compose the audience in Washington Hall, always inspires them to their best efforts. And that their efforts are heartily appreciated by the students of Notre Dame is well known; but in some instances in the past, and very lately too, has not our appreciation been overdone? Have we not carried it to excess by too frequent encores of the same person in the same number, so that it has almost ceased to be an appreciation of the artist's work and become instead a matter of personal gratification, ignoring entirely the great mental and bodily fatigue to which it subjects the person encored? A reasonable amount of applause, and perhaps one encore, is surely an appreciation for which the entertainer is deeply pleased. But when the applause is continued, and the encores demanded again and again, as was done on a very recent occasion, then the conduct of the audience becomes a bore to the person on the stage, who must naturally and necessarily regard it as an exhibition of selfishness on the part of the audience. To make the matter still worse, those persons (well-meaning, no doubt) who realize the situation, attempt to stop the overdone encoring by hissing those in the audience who are so insistently applauding. They mean well, but look at the position it places the person on the stage. It is indeed not only embarrassing, but an unique thing in a modern play-house, to hear applauding and hissing going on at the same time among the audience, all of whom are delighted at the work of the one entertaining them. As a result the artist is completely bewildered, and in some cases mortified, because he or she takes from the situation a wrong meaning. So let us think the matter over, and let us do the applauding consistently and moderately—in such a moderate, and at the same time hearty manner, that any artists appearing before us may say they have been appreciated truly.

From the Slums to Manhood.

Too much is written about success. Writers on success, after endless columns of type, confidentially advise the reader that, after all, success is concerned with actions and things done,—not with words. At present several publications confine themselves almost exclusively to testimonials and life-stories by men taken by the world to be successful. The writings of such men are always beneficial in the sense that any biography may be beneficial, and in no other sense. The greatest struggles and the greatest victories are seldom written about. There are elements and circumstances that make the national character which do not necessarily make the man. The real man may be working in obscurity and never be brought before the lime-light of publicity. If he is a true man and one doing good where he is placed, he is fortunate if he never has to learn how bitter rivalry and jealousy may be and how disappointing is a victory bought at the sacrifice of character.

Man must, at the start, be honest with himself and God. That is axiomatic. But how long that state holds to-day is a relative question. Many men are occupying the public eye who are anything but examples of honesty, and many better men and more capable have been notoriously kept down because they were "too honest." Still when a certain class of periodicals push forward all the circumstances that surrounded one of their objects of hero-worship and many of his sayings, their labours have not been fruitless; for, where they thought to instil enthusiasm, they have incurred a righteous disgust. Exceptions, however, will always hold, and when a truthful and straightforward biography is written concerning a manly struggle against great odds, a large audience is assured that life-story.

Of such a sort of writing is Owen Kildare's account of the experiences he underwent from the time of his birth, when left an orphan in the slums of New York, until he came at last to real manhood. The February *Success* contains Owen Kildare's life-story written by himself. Hall Caine admitted, after having read the story, that it brought tears to his eyes and the thrill to his heart. Hall Caine has an artistic sense apparently, if he seldom uses it reasonably; but in this case it must have been something of more worth than a mere artistic sense which affected him; it was

the sympathy that any charitable man should feel for an unfortunate and perverted soul and the happiness any Christianlike man should feel when he finds that noble women still live and still work toward the betterment of men.

Owen Kildare was cast from the shabby tenement of his foster-father—a reckless 'longshoreman—when seven. On a wintry night the half-drunken 'longshoreman turned the child out into the street where he told the child he by right belonged; and with hands pushed into his pockets Owen Kildare trudged on not knowing nor caring whither. From that circumstance Owen Kildare recounts his hardships and experiences with his first apparent success when he fought his way to be called the "Newsboy Champion of Park Row." That early in life he had a stubborn determination to be feared if he could not be respected; and he grew up in that sullen temper and in those soulless surroundings, never having had love or tenderness shown him, never knowing that he could show love or tenderness.

Finally Kildare's physical strength and dog-like determination took him into the professional prize-fighter's ring where he began to make considerable money by questionable and other means. Following this he became associated with one of the lowest and most lawless of New York's places of crime. When municipal reform somewhat cleaned the Bowery of its wickedness, Kildare, with a number of his fellows, found himself with nothing to do. These then became curbstome loafers and drunkards, and busied themselves principally by insulting various kinds of pedestrians.

On a certain afternoon a frail young lady, a teacher in a public school in that district, attempted to get past while the walk was obstructed by the more or less intoxicated body of men—Owen Kildare's comrades. A partner named McCarthy addressed an insulting remark to the young woman and blocked her way. The girl merely stopped and looked into the eyes of the brawlers in a manner which seemed to Kildare to say,—“And are you men!”

Something had affected Owen Kildare as he had never been affected before. He almost mechanically struck McCarthy to the walk and conducted the defenseless girl along her journey in safety.

The way to her home was not far, but the way Owen Kildare took from that day was a longer and a much harder path for him to follow. The young lady thanked him for his

kindness; she affected interest in him; she taught him to read and write—something he, a man of thirty, could not do—and after nearly eight years of noble struggle on his part, this same young lady honored him with her love.

How all these revelations came about reads as only sacrifice which is beautiful and unselfish in itself can read—for such truth is beauty. And when Owen Kildare had persevered and had left his low companions far in the past and was about to realize a material happiness for his reward, the young woman who had awakened his soul and taught him to be a Christian died. She left Owen Kildare a legacy, however, and to-day he has written stories based on the conditions existing on the East Side of New York City which promise to fill an important place in the world of letters.

The account of the success of such a character and how it was brought about furnishes a life-story that is worth while. When Owen Kildare says that he knows there is work for him in the field he has chosen, we wish him success and feel that he deserves it—if for no other reason than to prove that “one of God's sweetest daughters has not lived and died in vain.”

F. F. D.

#### The Saturday Concert.

The Mendelssohn Quartette Company gave an interesting programme in Washington Hall last Saturday morning. The male quartette was strengthened by Helen Faye, soprano, and Marguerite Smith, child impersonator. Taken as a whole, this concert was as entertaining and pleasurable as any attraction we have had on this year's course. The music was selected with judgment and sung with good taste; and the impersonations given by Marguerite Smith varied the programme very acceptably. “On the Sea” (Buck) was the quartette's first number and showed that its members were well-trained and talented singers. The encores were especially calculated to please a mixed audience, and their generosity in giving them was commendable.

The first tenor, A. M. Applegate, has a voice well suited for quartette work, it is not harsh or too prominent. The second tenor, William C. Smith, pleased as much or more by his manner than his voice. He sang for a solo “The Arab's Ride” (Lennox) and responded to an encore.

The baritone and bass singers have excellent voices,—especially Mr. Alkire, the bass singer. His "Song of the Sword" (Clough-Leiter) was perhaps the most enjoyable solo on the programme.

Helen Faye's solos were musical. She has a trained voice, but no person can be soloist and accompanist at the same time with very satisfactory results. Her encore "Mighty Lak a Rose" (Nevin) was, without doubt, her most pleasing attempt.

The impersonations, however, by Marguerite Smith gave as much pleasure as anything on the programme. She gave James Whitcomb Riley's Child's Verses with rare understanding and ability, and what was the more praiseworthy, she did not overdo them. The poet himself is said to have complimented her highly on her interpretation of his Child's Verses.

The Mendelssohn Quartette Co. gave a highly satisfactory entertainment, and Notre Dame might well wish them to visit the University again.

F. F. D.

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#### The Debating Contests.

The long series of debates on the Philippine question for the purpose of picking three men to represent Notre Dame in the inter-collegiate debate with Oberlin at the latter place some time in April, have at last come down to the semi-finals. More interest has been taken here in debating this year than ever before. There were forty-eight men entered when the first preliminary started, nearly a month ago, and after the successive trials these twelve men are left: First semi-final, Monday night, Feb. 16—first affirmative, Farabaugh; second, Hanley; third, Kanaley; first negative, Bolger; second, Green; third, Burke. Second semi-final, Tuesday night, Feb. 17—first affirmative, Barry; second, O'Grady; third, Carrico; first negative, Daly; second, Griffin; third, Myers. From these twelve, six will be picked who will contest for the three places on the team in the final which will be held in Washington Hall.

The style of debate this year has been entirely changed. We have adopted the style used at Oberlin, which seems to be in general use among the big colleges of the country. Instead of six set speeches and one rebuttal for each side, the debate will be more of an extemporaneous affair, more in the nature of

a real debate, since every man on both sides will have both a speech and a rebuttal. This method will be used in the semi-finals. The order of debate will be: first affirmative followed by first negative, each ten minutes; second affirmative followed by second negative, each ten minutes; third affirmative followed by third negative, each ten minutes. Then rebuttals in the following order: each man rebutting five minutes; second negative, second affirmative; third negative, third affirmative; first negative and first affirmative who will close the rebuttal and the debate.

This method will compel each man to know thoroughly every phase of the question, and to be prepared to rebut successfully any telling point brought forward by his predecessor. It is preferable, if possible, and if it is expedient, to rebut the argument or arguments of the speaker just preceding you, as this gives not only the impression of extempore speaking, but also of thorough preparation on the question. Of course a man should never lose sight of the fact that he should attack the strongest arguments whether they be presented by the speaker just preceding him, or by the one furthest away. Strength of argument should be the prime consideration in picking out what to refute. Then try to present your rebuttal in the most pleasing and effecting way.

This method of debate will put every man in the contest to a severe test, a test that will involve his ability to think on his feet, his acuteness of reasoning and his generalship.

B. V. K.

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#### Among the Magazines.

—The February number of the *Cosmopolitan* is more than usually interesting and instructive. Another article on Leo Tolstoy makes its appearance. Contemporary estimates of noted men necessarily are incomplete and somewhat untrustworthy. In order to fix with certainty the exact niche in Fame's gallery to which an extraordinary man may be entitled, the perspective of years is needed. In spite of this truism Mr. Elbert Hubbard in his miniature interpretation of the great Russian appears to have struck a true note. Tolstoy, despite the rank flavor and evil influence of some of his work, has done much for art. He has written with fidelity and truth along monumental lines. His brochure on art will rank as a classic, and certainly the famous dictum,

"Art for Humanity's Sake" must replace that more selfish saying "Art for Art's Sake." The writer finds a cause of Tolstoy's harsh views on womenkind and the home-life in the strange inconsistencies and contrasts of his own household. This is often the case. Even the greatest intellects are powerfully influenced by the characters and conduct of those with whom their daily existence is carried on.

A clergyman, writing on the ministry as a profession, decries present competition among the sects, and presages a time of co-operation and business principles. He makes an earnest plea for the bringing down to date of the doctrines of Jesus Christ. The deterioration of Protestantism he accounts for by the dearth of alert, practical, business men in its pulpits and the section and division in its cults. As a remedy for these disorders and a filler of pews he proposes a Church Trust. To a man with an anywise deep or serious consciousness of the meaning of Christ's mission on earth the tragic frivolity of such religion is shockingly manifest.

A short story by Octave Thanet presents a powerful though sombre picture of the awful effects upon the self-constituted judges themselves of the brutal if justifiable taking of human life.

—In the *Rosary Magazine* for this month the beliefs of the ancient Egyptians and Greeks on immortality form the subject-matter of a very interesting paper. The extent and beauty of the Egyptian conception is known to few. Those who have visited the majestic ruins in that mysterious land can not but be impressed by the striking evidences of the ancient belief there afforded. The Grecian idea is more popularly known. The writer cites passages in the deathless verse of Homer which express the prehistoric faith in the existence of a hereafter. The paper is well written and timely. It is a wonderful fact that science, which some sophists would use to overthrow religion, is daily bringing to light fresh testimony to its primeval and eternally fructifying germ.

—An article on "The Literary Loss of the Bible" in the *Century* for this month calls attention to an important fact in literature. The Bible as a former of style, a storehouse of literary treasure, is fast falling into desuetude. The immense influences exerted so powerfully on the elder English writers and orators is waning. The writer finds that English in its best exponents is changing

from a large, vague, majestic language to a speech more scientific and precise, even metaphysical. There is little doubt that the tendency in latter-day classicism is to obliterate the vague and gigantic, substituting in their place words subtly suggestive and succinct—a type of expression far removed from the Oriental wealth of the Hebraic imagination. The cause of this transition of Biblical influence on literary style is placed in the home itself. Few families preserve the good old custom of reading a chapter from Holy Writ each day. Hence the childish imagination has ceased to be aroused by its noble metaphors and majestic phraseology, and neglect and even dense ignorance have resulted in the man. R. J. S.

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#### Athletic Notes.

Training tables were started the early part of this week for both track and baseball men. Captain Stephan, Hogan, Higgins, Shaughnessy, O'Connor, Gage, Antoine, and Coach Lynch have been assigned to the baseball table; Captain Kirby, Draper, Daly, Guerin, Davy, Doyle, Davitt, Koehler Zeigler, Doran and Kasper to the track table.

\* \* \*

More track candidates will receive places on the training table when their work shows steady improvement.

\* \* \*

The baseball men still keep grinding away. The squad as it now stands is a good one, and there promises to be some very lively contests for positions on the team. The more rivalry the better the team.

\* \* \*

Unusual interest centres in the coming track meet between the Minims and the ex-Minims. The youngsters have been training faithfully for the event which is scheduled to take place next Thursday, and as the rivalry is intense, the contest promises to be very spirited. From present indications, however, the ex-Minims seem to have everything in their favor, as they have the weight and experience, while their stars, Rousseau, Berteling and Randell, are practically invincible. The Minims are sure to make a hard struggle. Kelly and Quinlan have broken records in the shot put and pole vault, so if a few "dark" horses turn up, the ex-Minims will have to look to their laurels.



Every Hall in the University, Sorin excepted, is now represented by a basket-ball team. In Carroll Hall, M. J. Kenefick is Manager, and A. Winter, Captain; Corby, C. J. Mulcrone, Manager; L. Wagner, Captain; Brownson, J. P. O'Reilly, Manager, and B. Medley, Captain. It's a shame that Sorin displays such utter indifference, as she possesses material capable of wresting the championship from any of the Halls. For the sake of arousing a little more interest in the game, the SCHOLASTIC purposes that the Managers of the different teams get together and arrange a series of games for the purpose of securing money to purchase a few glass cases to put the track team banners in. These trophies represent what Notre Dame has done in the past on the track and field, and it's a shame they can not be displayed somewhere where our friends and visitors may see what we are doing. If these cases are obtained the banners can be hung up on the walls of the gymnasium, instead of being placed away in some obscure corner.

\* \* \*

Brownson took two more games during the past week, Carroll being the first victim and Corby the second. The Carrollites put up a splendid fight, and in the first half more than held their own; but in the second half the Brownsonites woke up to the task in hand and soon had the Carrollites going. The final score was, Brownson, 13; Carroll, 6. Gray, Trentman, O'Connor and McDermott, played good ball for Brownson, while Pryor, Lawton A. Winter and Usera excelled for Carroll.

The Corby team made a strong fight for their appearance, but the Brownsonites were in excellent form, and completely puzzled their opponents by their quickness and accuracy. Padden, Medley, and O'Connor were Brownson's stars; Herman, Ruehlbach, Wagner, and Kasper for Corby. The feature of the game was Brownson's team work. Score: Brownson, 17; Corby, 5.

LINE-UP:

FIRST GAME.

Brownson (13)		Carroll (6)
Gray, Trentman	F's	A. and P. Winter
Medley	C	Pryor
O'Connor, McDermott,		
Geoghegan	G's	Lawton, Usera, Summers

SECOND GAME.

Brownson		Corby
Gray, Padden	F's	Herman, Wagner
Medley	C	Kasper, Kotte
O'Connor, O'Reilly		Boos
McDermott, Trentman	F's	Ruehlbach, Fank
		Woodchucker, Busby
		J. P. O'R.

Personals.

—Herbert Glaspie, who was a student here in 1900, is at present a bookkeeper in the Union Bank, St. Paul, Minn.

—Mr. John P. Curry, LL. M., '02, whose contributions, grave and gay, so often delighted the readers of the SCHOLASTIC during the time he spent here as a student, is at present in the employ of an old established law firm in Wall Street, New York. We wish him every success in the region of bulls and bears.

—Mr. Joseph Yeager and Mr. Wm. Gerdes, students of the University from 1893-'95, have recently gained newspaper fame by their remarkably successful operations on the turf.

—We acknowledge with thanks a letter from an old and consistent friend of Notre Dame, Mr. P. T. Barry of Chicago, calling our attention to articles in the *American Catholic Researches* for October, which contain references that may be of interest to readers of the SCHOLASTIC. The publication referred to is edited by Mr. Martin Griffin of Philadelphia, a gentleman who is doing heroic work in the field of Catholic-American historical research. The following are the references:

The Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., son of Daniel Corby, the pioneer Irish Catholic, first of Detroit, and subsequently of the parish of the Assumption, was sent by his father to be educated at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, where he soon became, so to speak, the adopted son of the pious founder of this educational monument to the honor of the Mother of our Redeemer, the Very Reverend Edward Sorin. Under his tutelage, he became and was ordained a priest of the Order of the Holy Cross, and the intimate partaker of the joys and sorrows of the venerable founder of this great institution of learning.

When subsequently, in the order of Divine Providence, Father Sorin was fated to look upon the blackened walls of the University, which he had reared in the wilds of the State of Indiana, his life's work, he was prostrated with grief and despair. The institution had been destroyed by fire, but his adopted son stood by his side, who, inspired by faith in the patronage of "Notre Dame du Lac," consoled his mentor with the promise that a new Notre Dame would succeed, which would eclipse in grandeur that of its predecessor. Father Sorin submitted the control of affairs to Father Corby.

Under his direction the present University was built and completed. While it is unrivalled in magnitude, it is second to none in the United States as a Catholic centre of literature; while its financial solidity outranks all other institutions of its kind in this country. Father Sorin reached the highest honors in the Order of the Holy Cross; his adopted son, Father Corby, shared these honors, and was, moreover, distinguished by the special decoration of the Holy See.

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On page 1372 you report the death of Rev. John B. Gildea. Several years ago in Baltimore I found in an old junk shop an oil portrait of this priest. I had it verified by Mr. John B. Piet, who knew him well. I bought it and presented it to the Historical Department of Notre Dame University. It may be well to have it known that it is there. [Martin I. J. Griffin, in Book Six of Collections Relating to Cardinal Gibbons by John T. Reilly.]

## Card of Sympathy.

The students of Carroll Hall wish to express their heartfelt sympathy to their hall-mate, Mr. F. Strauss, Jr., over the loss of his father who was recently called to his reward. May his soul rest in peace.

M. J. Kenefick  
D. Morrisson  
F. Pryor  
E. Rousseau.

Mass was offered up in the Church of the Sacred Heart last Saturday morning for the soul of the deceased.

## Local Items.

—If the finder of a gold ring, which was lost in the gymnasium a week or two ago, will return it to Room 94, Sorin Hall, he will be rewarded.

—The advanced class in shorthand will start speed dictation practice this week. The class is held at 5:30 and is open to those who have completed the exercises of the Manual and wish to review the grammalogues, phraseography and business contractions. Those wishing to enter the class should apply at the Students' Office.

—Monday, Feb. 2, was Candlemas Day, and in accordance with the custom of the Church the usual observances were held at Notre Dame. After the blessing of the candles Father Fitte gave an interesting discourse on the significance of the ceremony. He said the candles lighted on the altars of the Catholic Church, were symbolic of the faith which should animate the hearts of all Catholics. High Mass was celebrated by Father Fitte who was assisted by Fathers Gallagher and Oswald. The services were brought to a close by a procession around the church. The feast of St. Blase was observed on Tuesday.

—The St. Joseph Society numbers among its members several promising orators, a result largely brought about by the regular weekly debates which take place in St. Joseph's Hall. Last Wednesday evening, Messrs. W. Pierce and M. J. Maloy for the affirmative, debated against J. Sherry and P. O'Donnell. The question under discussion was: Resolved, that the United States should annex Cuba. The speeches delivered showed that the contestants had read widely on the subject and had given their efforts much preparation. The judges of the debate decided in favor of the negative. Afterward, recitations were given by C. W. Casey, T. Welch, R. E. Proctor, and F. X. Joerger, which helped to make the evening pass very pleasantly.

—The other evening the librarian sat at

his desk, his eyes fixed on the armoured figure before him, while his thoughts chased each other back to the days when knights were bold and coal was selling for \$4.50 per ton. Without, the elements were warring against each other, and every now and then a few chunks of cold atmosphere would break into the library and play around the features of our hero. He was in a meditative mood, however, and though the library was deserted, the raging storm had no terrors for him. Back he went over the battlefields of Europe, criticising here, admiring there, Napoleon, Wellington, Alexander, and finally he reaches Rome and the Cæsars. He is about to enter into an engagement with the Germans on the Rhine, when lo and behold! the library door opens and presents to his view "Cincinnati," "Boston" and a stranger, doing the Gaston-Alphonsus act.

"You first, my dear Cincinnati," says "Boston," swinging his left arm three or four times around the stranger's neck.

"Never, my dear Bostonbeanibus; I'll follow you," answers "Cincinnati."

Here the stranger suggested that they enter, and immediately the friends were begging permission of each other to "swat the guy." During all this rompus the librarian was buried beneath several tons of paper in the wastebasket. When he first beheld our friends gesticulating and bowing so fiercely, he thought he saw whole hordes of wild barbarians swooping down on him, and his mind instantly conceived the Napoleonic idea of retreating to the wastebasket. Here he was discovered by the friends who had settled their debate by entering together. After he had been brought back to life and told to mind his own affairs, the trio proceeded on a tour of inspection. The stranger evidently was well acquainted with his surroundings, as he stopped every now and then to explain something to the friends. When they came to the armoured figure, "Boston" whispered to "Cincinnati."

"Hi there! pike the tin Willie." The stranger touched it with great reverence.

"This," said he, pointing his index finger at the figure, "was worn by one of the gallant soldiers of the fifteenth century. The poor fel-lo-ooow no—longer—exists. He is—dead," and with a shriek the kind-hearted stranger fell back into Cincinnati's arms. Boston seized a bottle of ink and poured it down the stranger's neck, while his friend relieved him of his watch and other valuables.

"Say," said Boston, "I don't believe that armour was ever used, do you?"

"Naw," answered the Ohioan in a tone of contempt, "'twas only a cigar dummy. I've seen lots of 'em. The next instant the supper bell rang and the two friends dashed down the stairs three at a time, leaving the poor librarian alone with the stranger.