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An Ode to Washington.*

ROBERT E. HANLEY, '03.

LET loyal lips with praise and song
Honor Columbia's chiefest son,
Let exaltation great and strong
Resound for him, our Washington!
His greatness and undying fame
Need not our voices' weak acclaim;
Yet honest hearts must e'er reveal
The love and gratefulness they feel.

Not sweet to him the battle's roar,
No lustful conqueror was he,
His soul loved gentle ways far more
Than laurel crown of victory;
Yet when the voice of Duty spoke
His fearless spirit quick awoke;
At his beloved country's call
Pledged were his sword, his life, his all.

When bullets hissed and swords athirst
Drank deeply of the patriots' blood,
When crimson torrents round him burst
His surgent heart o'ertopped the flood;
Others might writhe 'neath tyrants' rod
He, true to native land and God,
Fronted the foe by field and strand
Loyal to Duty's high command.

When victory o'er his standard ranged,
When dark disaster was his meed,
His sturdy soul, serene, unchanged,
Thought only of his country's need.
The heights of joy he ne'er did know,
The deeps of ruth he ne'er did show,
Still unperturbed by good or ill
He wrought his destiny to fulfil;

Till after years of awesome war
Waged for men's liberty and right,
He forced the foe from field and scaur
And stood with Freedom on the height.

A kingly crown he could have worn,
Yet dared the tempting prize to scorn;
Vain was Ambition's call that day,
He chose to walk an humbler way.

Scarce had he sought the cherished farm
With quiet home and simple life,
Remote from moil and war's alarm,
And far from civic stress and strife,
When from his country came the call
To serve her in the council-hall.
Not his to pause;—a hero, sage,
He sacrificed the peace of age.

His was the firm and steady hand
That welded into one strong state
The scattered forces of the land,
And made Columbia truly great;
Discordant elements were hushed,
Disintegration's minions crushed,
And even-handed Justice walked
Where othertime fierce Passion stalked.

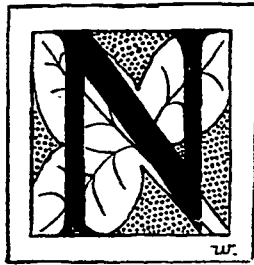
Sire, be we faithful sons of thee,
With aspiration high and pure!
May all the fruits of liberty
So dearly bought, fore'er endure!
Ne'er may we stoop to lust and gold—
These wrought decay in nations old—
But mindful of thy better way,
Eternalize thy glorious day.

Man's monuments in every land
And graven names on marble hoar
Will fade like figures on the sand
When envious ocean sweeps them o'er.
Thy name lives in the hearts of men,
And grateful sons with tongue and pen,
Remembering battles fought and won,
Still honor thee, great Washington!

* Read at the Flag Presentation Exercises in Washington Hall, February 23.

Washington—Soldier and Citizen.*

FRANCIS H. MCKEEVER, '03.



NATIONS are like men. Both trace ancestry with pride, celebrate anniversaries, succeed or fail, achieve fame or lose renown; in some, old age ripens into wisdom, while others pass the evening of their life in dotage. The value of the past as a public and a private instructor has always been admitted; we observe to-day the birthday of an honored sire; we trace our country's growth; we seek the secret of her greatness that we may exercise the knowledge that this day's observance imparts, to retain unsullied the priceless heritage to which we, as American citizens, have fallen heir.

What mystic power has welded the thirteen scattered colonies, that fringed the Atlantic coast less than two centuries ago, into the foremost nation of the world? Other states have labored with as tireless energy, have had ample natural resources whereon to build a mighty power, and yet have failed to gain the prominence that is ours. With religious and civil liberty, under a republican form of government, our progress has astonished the world. Under this system, good citizenship is the nation's strength, good soldiery, her defence; without either, stability is impossible; in both capacities, a single man may have to act; in each, George Washington stands as a model, the purest type of what an American citizen should be.

Washington's early life had particularly fitted him for the duties of a soldier. Inured to hardy frontier life, he had not grown effeminate through ease and luxury, but was accustomed to hardships. Experience with the Indians had taught him the value of justice in dealing with a foe, and contact with the various tribes had perfected his natural gift as a strategist. He had seen service with the flower of the English army in the French and Indian war; he was a master of military tactics, and he had learned discipline—one of the things most necessary for a commander to know—at the hands of a haughty teacher.

Personally, he was tall and strong and had a commanding presence. His utter fearless-

ness excited the admiration of the enemy and the genuine love of his followers. With Braddock, his courage and presence of mind saved that proud array from total annihilation; at Monmouth he rushed into the midst of the fight, and turned defeat into victory by his complete disregard of danger; there was no battlefield that did not witness his intrepidity. When the tide of war surged against him, and gloom settled over even the bravest hearts, he never doubted the outcome, and his cheering words and earnest manner inspired the faltering ones with new confidence. Though goaded to revenge by the deeds of the English soldiery and the atrocities of their Indian allies, though oppression and recent wrongs weighed heavily upon his heart, every victory evidenced his magnanimity, and even the Hessians, "the hated mercenaries of war," were treated with the greatest moderation.

Warriors of other lands have received the world's plaudits, but they were backed by a stable government, a united people, and could command supplies. At the head of thirteen independent sovereignties, bound together in an imperfect confederation, with no national power able to enforce contributions to obtain munitions, he has earned a name that is not eclipsed by comparison with the greatest generals of ancient or modern times. When he took command of the American forces, he found a motley array of troops, undisciplined, armed with a variety of weapons, and without ammunition sufficient for a week's campaign. With a resolution that was characteristic, he set to work to drill this band to meet the best soldiery of the Old World. The undertaking was great. His attempt was derided throughout Europe; an ordinary man would have despaired at once; only a genius could carry the herculean task to completion. The first excitement occasioned by the Battle of Lexington had abated, terms of enlistment were expiring, and many whose business had been ruined by their absence from home were tired of military life and ready to lay down their arms. In this dark hour he impressed the men with the great question at stake, induced them to enlist for a second and longer period, drilled them into an organized body, secured the needed supplies and relit the dying fires of patriotism.

In an age noted for leaders, Frederick the Great has called the campaign in the Jerseys, "the most brilliant on the pages of military history." When there were scarcely provisions

* Delivered in Washington Hall at the Flag Presentation Exercises, Monday, Feb. 23.

enough to keep body and soul together, when men were dying for lack of clothing to protect them from that rigorous winter at Valley Forge, and when British emissaries were offering gold and honors to those that would desert, patriotism burned with a steady glow in the ranks of the emaciated continentals, and their blood-stained tracks in that winter's snow marked an unparalleled devotion to a leader and to a cause. The crossing of the Delaware at night in a blinding sleet when the river was gorged with ice, the victory at Trenton and the success at Princeton, blows that followed in quick succession, and at a time when national hopes had sunk to the greatest depression, are too well known to need more than a mention to flash the events of that stirring time before our minds. During this campaign, he was pitted against the best generals in the British army; he had borne the taunts and murmurs of a heart-sick people who were wearied with war; he had persevered in his Fabian policy notwithstanding their adverse criticism; but the time had come when a bold stroke was necessary to stay their waning confidence. As on other occasions, he was not found wanting in the hour of supreme need; new hopes were infused, and those Yule-tide victories mark the turning-point of the Revolution with a sacred halo.

The real secret of Washington's endearment is perhaps that he was pre-eminently a lover of peace, and that his military career was not one of conquest but one of defence. Unlike almost all other men who were successful in war, he was not intoxicated with his victories, and was never blinded to the fact that the welfare of the nation was the cause in which he labored. His mission on the battlefield accomplished, he desired to lay aside the implements of war and return to the simple plantation life. Personal wishes, however, yielded to his deep sense of duty and his keen comprehension of the country's needs, and he entered with spirit into the work of saving the broken fragments of states that had survived the shock of battle.

Resistance to a common foe had united the colonies during hostilities, but at their termination dissatisfaction was at once manifest. In the midst of class strife, attempts to destroy allegiance among the states, and the discontent of an unpaid army who desired to make Washington king, the people turned instinctively to the great commander for relief. Democracy as an institution was a stranger.

France had failed in her attempt to embrace it; Europe watched the difficulty, and predicted disaster for the colonies; the dearly-purchased fruits of war were threatened by the blasting ravages of civil disorders; but with a foresight years ahead of his time, he saw that the needs of the people would not be subserved with any but a republican form of government. He recognized the necessity of union for internal harmony and for resistance to encroachments by foreign powers. The evils that were prevalent under the Articles of Confederation were cited as proof that such an adjustment of state affairs was impossible, but his confidence in its ultimate success was unshaken, and his decided stand, more than anything else, made a central government possible.

Patrick Henry voiced the universal sentiment when he said, in speaking of the public men of the day: "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, then George Washington is undoubtedly the greatest man on the floor." His careful discrimination was wonderful, and although he was slow in deciding, when once determined on a course of action nothing would cause him to deviate from the path of duty as he saw it. In imagination he may have been surpassed; but in the selection of practical measures when the men from the various colonies presented conflicting arguments and held different theories of government, his opinion was the expression of the highest wisdom and justice, and all parties interested submitted their claims to him with perfect confidence. When in the wrong he was quick to acknowledge his error, and this endeared him to all.

The Constitution, which contains the best of the measures proposed and has avoided extremes in all things, owes its perfect poise and balance to the direction of Washington. In forming his Cabinet he selected members of opposite political views, thus carrying into the working principles of the government the same self-restraint that had characterized him as a soldier and a statesman.

It is remarkable that many of his actions seemed fashioned to meet all the vicissitudes that have followed. When public sympathy was aroused by France's appeal for aid, the people were eager to show their appreciation of that country's recent assistance against England, but he checked a policy that would have been the height of folly. He saw that entanglements with European powers must

be avoided, and President Monroe but acted on this plan when he framed his famous document. We pride ourselves on the introduction of the civil service system, yet Washington's administrations were conspicuous for the selection and retention of the fittest men for office. The evils of slavery did not escape him, and he set a precedent when his will gave freedom to the negroes of his estate, which, if followed, would not have plunged the United States into civil strife, and called forth Lincoln's proclamation some sixty years later.

To-day over seventy million people, impressed with their sacred obligations as citizens of this great commonwealth, and imbued with his noble sentiments, pay tribute to the prince of patriots. "The first in war and the first in peace, he is still first in the hearts of his countrymen." Time has not dimmed the lustre of his fair name, and justice still rules the action of the American people. The star of his genius, which led our forefathers through the gloom of the Revolution, still shines forth to guide the ship of state in her onward course, and the same loyal spirit that animated the ragged and foot-sore patriots of 1776 now quickens and stimulates the pulse of our national life. As long as his virtues are imitated, while his lofty principles live, this country's future is secure, and years will but increase the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington.

Meagher's Undoing.

J. L. CARRICO, '03.

Just outside the limits of St. Clair is a boarding-school. The Christmas holidays had just ended a week before and studies were being fairly resumed. Among the students was a spirited youth of seventeen named Guy Meagher. Guy's home was far away, though he had some relatives in St. Clair. He had spent the holidays with them, and so pleasantly that he was not over glad when it was school time again. Before he left, his cousin, Maud Browning, told him she intended to give an informal ball on the evening of the fifteenth, her brother's birthday, and that she would be more than pleased to have him attend if possible. Guy assured her that if he did not it would not be from any fault of his.

It was the fourteenth, and Guy felt that he

could not afford to miss the ball, because he desired heartily to see again some and especially one of his newly-made "acquaintances." But how was he to do it? It would be useless to ask permission, and maybe worse than useless, for it might prevent his going without permission. He thought of several plans, but most of them were either risky or impossible. He could get out of the dormitory by way of the fire-escape, but not before half-past nine or ten o'clock. He thought of the infirmary—"that's the place, not so much danger of getting caught, and I can be off in good time." He remembered too that Tom Barber, one of his "chums" was in the infirmary, and perhaps Tom also would like to go.

On the morning of the fifteenth Guy was taken—rather suddenly of course—with a severe cold, headache, pains in the chest, and such a complication of other complaints as would surely have entitled him to a lay-off the rest of his life had he asked for it.

"Yes," said the disciplinarian, "perhaps you ought to have gone to the infirmary before now; it may prove something serious."

"It won't be very serious if you don't catch me," thought the invalid as he closed the door,

"Hallo! Tom, how are you making it?" he asked in a gay tone as he entered the infirmary and found that his friend was its only occupant.

"I'm getting along pretty well, but what are you looking for?"

"I'm sick."

"You look it; have you ordered your coffin?"

"No wonder you're here, you are always unsympathetic when I'm sick."

"I beg pardon," said Tom, "but what's the matter then?"

"Nothing. Say, Tom, do you want to go to a dance?"

"Should say I do, and I think I will next vacation."

"I mean now."

"Funny time for a dance!"

"Oh! you blockhead, I mean to-night."

"Why don't you say what you mean, I don't know whether I do or not. Where's it going to be?"

"Down town."

"That's what you came to the infirmary for, is it? I don't know yet, I'll see."

Guy told him his plan, but Tom, though a lover of entertainments, did not think

the present prospects were worth the risk.

"I guess you want to get us both a free ride home, but I don't believe I want mine yet."

"Neither do I, but can't miss that ball."

Here the door opened and the infirmarian entered with some medicine for Tom. Guy assumed his sickly face and repeated a portion of the story he had manufactured for the disciplinarian.

"Well, get in bed over there, and I'll see what I can do for you directly."

"If you're not sick you will be," Tom said laughingly, when the infirmarian had gone.

"Watch your chance, Tom, and help me out; I'm not going to swallow any medicine till I have to."

After a few moments the doctor returned with a large capsule which he gave Guy together with a glass of water.

"Say, Doc," said Tom from the other side of the room, "when'll I be able to get out of here?"

"Doc" turned a second to answer, and while he was doing so Guy's capsule went under the pillow. When "Doc" looked around again his patient was drinking the water.

"Doc," I believe that thing hung in my throat."

"That won't hurt you. Here's another dose or two" said "Doc" laying a half handful of loaded capsules on the table near by. "If I'm not in just at the right times, take one every three hours till you get well."

"That's business, Tom," observed Guy when they were alone again. "If everything else will only work as smooth as the medicine."

Things did go smoothly the rest of the day. A portion of Guy's plan was to get his best clothes down to the road during supper time for he knew that if he were caught leaving he would have less difficulty in explaining matters than he would if he were dressed up. He got his cap, coat, overcoat, collar, cuffs, and so forth, put them in his clothes-sack, carried them down the road some distance from the college and put them over behind the hedge.

At about a quarter to eight Guy resolved to be off. "According to Shakspeare, all is well that ends well, and if Father Grady will stay out of here till I get back, I'll be all right. If 'Doc' comes in and asks where I am—well, tell him any tale you can think of, and I'll swear to it in the morning."

When Guy got outside he went with caution at first, but as there was no sign of interfer-

ence, he boldly took the avenue that led down some three hundred yards to the highway. He was nearly to the road, and thought himself safe for the present at least, when suddenly there appeared in the gateway just ahead of him a bicycle lantern. Guy recognized the blue light. "That confounded prefect." But it was too late to run, and he had to trust to his wits. He resolved to try somnambulism.

Not a word was spoken as they passed, and Guy thought he was going to get off unchallenged. But after a second he heard Mr. Parker alight from his wheel. "Who is that?" asked the prefect.

Guy thought it best not to reply the first time so he kept on in silence. The prefect came walking back toward him, and repeated his question.

"It's me," answered Guy as though he considered it a queer question. Mr. Parker recognized the voice.

"What are you doing out here?"

"I'm looking for my rhetoric," was the answer spoken in the high-pitched, senseless tone of a dreamer.

"What in the world is your rhetoric doing down here?"

"That's what I want to know. Tom Barber said he saw it here in the class room."

The prefect thought Guy was intoxicated. He took him by the shoulder, asking at the same time in a harsh voice: "What's the matter with you anyhow?"

Guy gave a leap and a shriek that sounded like the climax of a nightmare, and then seemed to shiver with fright. "What's the matter—I never hit you—I never hit you."

It struck Parker's mind for the first time that the fellow might be walking in his sleep. Guy soon observed that he had gained his point. When he had gotten wide awake and grasped the situation, he told Mr. Parker that he remembered having gone to bed in the infirmary and having taken "Doc's" capsules. He said that it was not the first time that he had walked in his sleep. He had executed his part with so much art that his captor never thought of the possibility of a trick. When they got up to the college Parker went about his business without giving the incident any more thought, except as an example of what may happen. Guy went back to the infirmary, awoke Tom and with many a hearty laugh told him in detail what had taken place.

"But my blamed clothes are down there on

the road and I can't go after them till to-morrow night, because if I got caught bringing them in, the whole thing would be given away." He remained in the infirmary the next day, and during supper he went for his clothes. But they were not to be found; he knew where he had left them, but no clothes were there. "I hope whoever got them needs them worse than I do," he said to himself in an ill-humored way.

Father Grady while passing in the afternoon had chanced to spy the red stripes of the clothes-sack through the hedge, and as a consequence the clothes were in his possession. He knew to whom they belonged, and guessed the purpose for which they had been left there, but he supposed they were to be used that night instead of the one preceding. So he thought he would keep the secret, and catch the "gentleman" in the act. It is needless to say that the poor, over-worked man merely lost half a night's sleep.

Parker had told a number of the boys about his finding a fellow down in the lower end of the yard walking in his sleep, but he had not mentioned it to the disciplinarian. Guy had recovered his health by the third day and Tom also.

When all were in the study-hall that evening Father Grady came in with the clothes-sack under his arm. A public exposure, he thought, would serve not only for the confusion of the culprit, but as an example for the rest of the boys. He took Mr. Parker's place upon the stand and told how he had found the treasure, and concluded by saying that whoever would claim them might have them. He opened the sack and took out the cap which everybody recognized at once as Guy's. Each piece thereafter as it was drawn out elicited a laugh, and Guy laughed a little too, but the second prefect seemed more confused than tickled. He had already realized how completely he had been duped by the somnambulist the night before the last, and he knew that everybody in the school must know it.

"Who claims them?" asked Father Grady when he had emptied the sack.

Each student looked at his neighbor and there was absolute silence for a few moments. At length Guy raised his hand and said:

"I believe they look like mine, Father."
 "I believe so myself," said Father Grady.
 "Come and get them, I will tell you the rest of the story to-morrow." That engagement Guy kept.

Varsity Verse.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

CAM and press my head,
 Jean;

My een feel like lead,

Jean.

I wish I were dead,

Jean,

Since the death o' my cheil:

Now the world seems drear,

Jean;

I aye miss my dear,

Jean.

I lang tue be freer,

Jean,

I feel death's icy seal.

When the cauld winds blaw,

Jean,

And fast fa's the snaw,

Jean,

I think o' him sae braw;

Jean,

An' I wonder does he feel.

God guide the wains and you,

Jean;

For you've aye been true,

Jean.

Will baith pray for you,

Jean,

And before the Mighty kneel.

Now dry that tearfu' ee,

Jean;

My soul langs to be free,

Jean.

We'll baith think o' thee,

Jean,

Our death will no be real.

My bairn I'll see soon,

Jean.

We'll a' meet aboon,

Jean,

And a' our sorrows droun,

Jean,

In the Land o' the Leal.

W. D. J.

AMENDED.

How far that little candle throws its beams!
 Too far, alas, when roused from troubled dreams,
 The all-wise prefect whispers soft, "Ahem,
 Fifty demerits for candle after ten."
 And now, O tallow, from ancient station hurled,
 Burn on, a naughty deed in a good world.

T. D. L.

AS DAYLIGHT FADES.

When the tired bird seeks its nest
 And all nature's lulled to rest
 I must roam
 Thro' the valley, o'er the hill,
 And of beauty take my fill—
 Then go home.

A. J. D.

The Metamorphosis of Stoner.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

Mr. Cornelius Stoner was something of an enigma to his friends. Whether taking a hand at whist, or occupying his seat at the Board of Trade, or contributing to charity, or dining at Frauchard's, the Delmonico of San Francisco, he was what they, for want of a better word, called "queer." Some said he looked strange because the nerves of one eye were partly paralyzed, and this affection caused the tremors of some of the facial muscles. At anyrate, although he had no intimate friend, he was well liked generally, and was known to be very wealthy. Indeed, he was deemed an especially prudent business man, since he made frequent trips to New York and Chicago to look after deals that other men would have trusted to agents.

So when Miss Elsie Van Duser acquainted her father of the fact that Mr. Stoner had propounded the vital question, the head of the firm of Van Duser, Barrett and Barrett, advised her to lose no time in "clinching the bargain." Old Van Duser might have thought about it a second time before deciding had it not been for the fact that Stoner was rated so high by Bradstreet,—and the much more important fact that his own firm was very close to the wall. Elsie understood this perfectly, otherwise young Phil Burton, who had recently returned with his college degree, might have had a chance to speak. But her father was hard-pressed, and Stoner's strong financial standing would tide him over the present crisis; as for Phil she hadn't seen him in two years, and there was nothing objectionable about Mr. Stoner after all.

A weary smile broke over Van Duser's countenance, and he looked positively hopeful as he read the wedding invitations. Then he fell to musing on the cause of his financial embarrassment. He drew a newspaper clipping from his pocket and read for the fiftieth time: "Gigantic Highway Robbery, Stage held up on Las Paya Road. Five hundred thousand dollars on its way from the Mexican government to a prominent San Francisco firm, secured by bandits."

Then the clipping described the scene of the robbery, a rough mountain road, over which travelled daily the Las Paya stage, making connections between two railways. It

told how the Mexican soldiers who were guarding the treasure had been put to rout, how the driver had been wounded, and the stage coach looted. There was no coherent description of the men who had done the thing, but all agreed that one figure had been especially prominent: a tall, one-eyed, fierce-visaged man, who seemed to be every place at once, a man who would inspire terror from behind steel bars. The driver confided to the detectives who visited him in the hospital that this man had held up the stage alone, and that he believed him to be "Lone-eyed Billy," so called from his lack of one eye and the fact that he always worked single-handed. The driver said further that this name had been a fearsome one in Arizona, but "Billy" had not appeared there in so long a time that he was believed to be dead. The Mexican soldiers told of an army of bandits, but of course that was necessary to justify their flight. Van Duser had some very hard suspicions concerning Diaz's government, and he resolved that when the next money was sent to him, United States cavalrymen would guard that stage. But he smiled as he reread the wedding invitations and thought of the saying about things that end well. He smiled again when he read that evening that Mr. Cornelius Stoner had bought out the Atlantic Steel works for \$375,000 cash. A son-in-law who could make such investments was worth having.

Phil Burton met Elsie that night at the Naval Officers' ball. He had not seen the wedding invitations, and consequently paid little attention to the tall, pale young man whom he saw so frequently with the young lady. He observed, however, that in spite of his pallor, the young fellow was of athletic build and a good dancer. His thoughts, however, were soon entirely taken up by Elsie. There had been a kind of tacit understanding between them before he left for college, and as Phil gazed on her increased loveliness, he decided to renew that understanding at the earliest favorable moment. It was then that he discovered to his amazement and anger that "the bride had consented.—the gallant came late." As is always the case, the fact that the prize seemed unattainable only made his desire stronger; moreover, since he came of fighting stock, he would not accept the state of affairs as by any means final. The wedding was distant six weeks, a long time for an active young man in love.

As Elsie became more intimate with Stoner she liked him less, and soon dislike grew to strong antipathy. At last she confided to Phil, with a flood of tears, that "she just hated Stoner, he had such an air of ownership, and were it not that he had poor papa in his clutches on account of money, she would throw him over to-morrow." Then Phil listened to the story of the robbery, and in desperation determined to recover the stolen treasure. But Elsie smiled sadly, said she had been foolish, and begged him not to repeat her silly words. Phil nevertheless assured her that the morrow would see him in Las Paya, and that he would be back with the money before the date set for the wedding. He said further that the wedding invitations would take on a slightly different appearance when he returned.

That very night Miss Van Duser received a note from Mr. Cornelius Stoner stating that he was unexpectedly called away on business, that he would be gone a very few days, and though he would not write there was no occasion for worry.

Next morning Phil took the train for Las Paya. He had not the faintest idea of what he would do when he arrived there, and was vainly trying to map out some course of action, when he was pleasantly surprised to see his friend Lieu. Jack Morris of the United States cavalry, sitting across the aisle.

"Hullo, Jack!" he called out. "Whither go you, and why so blue? Cheer up!"

"Oh!" answered the lieutenant, "yes, cheer up. That's easy. Here I've got to leave 'Frisco while everything is in full blast to go up to that hole of heat and sand and rocks, Las Paya. Have to take five or six troopers and guard a stage-coach, all because two or three old women down in San Francisco are afraid that a fictitious robber will carry off their gold. Yes, it's old Van Duser's firm; they are getting some currency from the Mexican government, and they think the greasers that are sent along as a guard won't fight to the last ditch. I'll look pretty with a bullet-hole in my head won't I? I'm no target for these bandits. It makes me sick. I wouldn't care if there were to be any glory in it, but there's no hope of the robbers attacking a squad of cavalymen. It's sinful to waste a week of life up there."

"I thought you said a fictitious robber," retorted Phil.

"Oh, hang him! If you had to go up to that hole in the mountains—"

"Just where I'm going," answered Phil, and he told the lieutenant his whole story.

"Well, if you want to interview the worthy highwayman, I hope you'll have the chance," said the disgruntled officer. "If he knew how badly you've got it, he'd return the money to the old man and let you have the girl. Well, if he shows his head we'll get him."

Lieutenant Morris was evidently not familiar with Billy's record in Arizona, or he would have spoken more seriously. But naturally he reckoned the enemy's strength by his numbers, which was a mistake.

Burton had nothing better to do, so he joined the lieutenant's guard. The utmost caution had been used in transporting the currency. No one, not even the lieutenant, knew what day it was to be sent. He and his men were to guard the stage seven days in the hope of capturing the robber; and on any of these days the money might be sent. At last the seventh day came. The lieutenant ordered a strict watch to be kept, since it was the last trip. But no bandit appeared, and they had struck the level grade that leads down to Las Paya. The government built the grade at an enormous cost per mile. Perhaps that is why it is but four miles long. It was almost sunset. The cool of evening was overcoming the parching blaze of afternoon. Burton, listening to the hair-raising stories of the stage-driver, forgot that the following day he would have to go back to San Francisco and own himself beaten.

Suddenly a gray boulder by the roadside leapt into life; a pistol-shot rang out, a horse fell dead; and Lieutenant Morris and cavalymen with their hands held high were looking into the long barrel of a seven-shooter. Then a strange thing happened. The outlaw darted a glance at Burton, hesitated for the shortest instant,—and was lost. The heavy leaden butt of the driver's whip crashed down viciously on the arm that held the pistol, and "Lone eyed Billy," the terror of three states, lay prostrate with a broken arm in the dusty mountain road. They handcuffed him, broken arm and all, and jerked him to his feet. Burton looked at him curiously, then stared, and stared again.

"The hell!" he broke out—Mr. Cornelius Stoner! But what about the other eye?"

"Glass," replied the bandit blandly as if he were saying something exceptionally good.

"Stoner!" said a Mexican gentleman, who was among the passengers. "But no. This man is Señor Helvido, one of our treasury officials, but he has had his beard shaved off. Send him back to Mexico; my countrymen will imprison him for many years."

The stage driver broke out into loud guffaws: "When the citizens of Arizona have acquitted 'Billy' here of murder and highway robbery and resisting the officers of the law we'll turn him over to the government of Mexico for decent burial. Hey, Bill?" he said to the outlaw.

That gentleman laughed coldly, but made no reply.

"Oh, I see," said Lieutenant Morris; "this is why Mr. Cornelius Stoner had to make so

many business trips. Of course, as an official of the Mexican treasury, matters of state compelled him to travel. As either, he was a smooth proposition; but you see him in his true professional capacity right now; and he was a light of that profession."

The courts gave Cornelius Stoner, alias Helvido, alias "Lone-eyed Billy" short shrift; and the rope was not shorter than is customary.

Old man Van Duser decided, when Elsie and Phil made the necessary explanations, that the wedding need not be postponed, and the legislature voted a medal to the stage driver, who afterward pawned it for full value, and has no intention of redeeming it.

A Fable from the French.

MATTHEW J. WALSH, '03.

A Spanish ambassador to England, though very learned, had some peculiar ideas in regard to the importance of signs. He claimed that they added a great deal to a language, and that in every university there should be a professor of signs. One day while in the presence of King James, this diplomat was bemoaning the neglect of his favorite science, and the utter lack of professors for so important a branch of knowledge. The king smiled and said:

"I have such a professor as you speak of, a very able man too. He is employed about six hundred miles from here at Aberdeen, the most northern of my states."

"It is highly important," answered the ambassador, "that I should see him. I shall leave to-morrow."

He was in earnest, and bright and early the next day, started on his journey. The king, not wishing to be caught in a lie, sent a messenger in all haste to the University of Aberdeen. He instructed the professors to receive the strange visitor most kindly, but to get rid of him as quickly and in as polite a manner as possible.

The arrival of the ambassador at the University was the occasion of a great display, but he gave them to understand that all he cared for was to meet the professor of signs. They told him the professor was taking a trip through the country displaying his art, and that they had no idea when he would return.

"If that is the case," said the ambassador, "I shall wait for him, even if it delays me for a whole year."

The professor then adopted another plan: there lived in the town a one-eyed butcher named Geordi, who was very witty and capable of acting any part. They decided to pass him off as the professor of signs. He consented, and was given the proper instruc-

tions as to how he should conduct himself.

There was no limit to the ambassador's joy when he learned that the professor of signs had returned. An audience was arranged and after Geordi had been fitted out in a doctoral robe and a long wig, the Spanish stranger was introduced into the room.

The ambassador drew close to Geordi and raised one finger; at this gesture Geordi raised two fingers. The ambassador then raised three fingers, and Geordi replied by clenching his fist and shaking it menacingly at the visitor. The stranger then drew an orange from his pocket and held it up to view; in turn Geordi drew from his pocket a large pancake.

The ambassador seemed highly pleased at the way things were going and with a smiling face, he bowed himself out of the room.

The professors curious to know how their one-eyed friend had played his part, asked the Spaniard the result of the interview.

"Ah!" he answered, "he is a most wonderful man. He is worth all the treasures of India. At first I showed him one finger, meaning that there is but one God; he held up two fingers, one to represent the Father, and the other the Son. I lifted three fingers, signifying the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. He thereupon held up a closed fist as if to show that all three persons were united in one. Then I produced an orange, which indicated the bounty of God who has wonderfully provided for us, not only things necessary but also those luxuries which help to make life pleasant. Thereupon this wonder of a man took out a piece of bread, as if to say that it was the essential of life and that it was worth more than all vain luxuries."

The professors were delighted at the happy outcome of the affair, and after taking leave of their visitor went in search of Geordi. They found him in a very irritated mood.

"Your ambassador is very insulting," he said. "At first he held up one finger as if to reproach me for having but one eye. I held up two fingers to let him know that my one eye was as good as his two. He then held up three fingers to say that together we had but three eyes. Angered at this insult I put my fist under his nose, and the consideration I had for you, gentlemen, was all that kept me from giving further expression to my feelings. He did not stop at this, but took an orange from his pocket, as if to say, 'Your miserable cold country could never produce the like of that.' In my turn I showed him a good big pancake, to let him know just how much I cared for his delicacies. I was about to stretch him out on the floor when he bowed very gracefully and took his leave. It was about time, for I was beginning to get excited. I have but one regret, and that is that he got away before I had a chance to shake him up a little in payment for his offensive gestures."

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—His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has already seen the days of Peter as head of the Catholic Church, having celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary on Feb. 20. In the long line of Pontiffs that have succeeded Saint Peter only Pius IX. and the present Pope have lived to celebrate their silver jubilee as Bishop of Rome. The year 1903 marks Leo's silver jubilee as Pope, his golden jubilee as Cardinal and his diamond jubilee as Bishop,—a unique occurrence in the history of the Papacy. His pontificate has been one of great progress for the Church and for civilization. In him art, science, and literature have found a liberal patron, labor a zealous champion, and above all has he been a power for peace. His jubilee has been made the occasion for great rejoicing throughout the christian world, and on next Tuesday, Notre Dame will join in a fitting manner with the many millions of faithful subjects who offer their homage and heartfelt congratulations to the venerable guardian of faith and morals.

—The youthful mind sees in Washington a great general; less frequently a prudent and far-seeing statesman; but both of these he undoubtedly was, and in each capacity he is an interesting study. Long before Washington was a general he was a schoolboy, and as such he is deserving of notice. He was much less fortunate than the average boy of

to-day, for he left school at fifteen; yet few as his schooldays were he used them conscientiously and made them yield the best possible results. While still a youth we find him making his own living as a civil engineer. The knowledge of mathematics he had acquired at school was soon put to practical use in surveying land, and the experience gained at this employment in the Ohio woods was in turn used to advantage when at the age of nineteen he was sent as an envoy to the French on the frontier. From envoy to soldier was the next step, and thus gradually but unconsciously was he paving the way for the mighty achievements of his later years. He was constantly improving his education, making his knowledge and experience serve as stepping-stones to higher things; and at every stage of his career he possessed the priceless faculty of turning what he knew to the best account. Every American boy and man will accordingly find the life of Washington an inspiring and useful study.

—That Thackeray slapped his leg and exclaimed, "That is a stroke of genius," when he mourned the passing away of Colonel Newcome, has now become a tradition. To-day the practical author holds the sceptre. He writes to order. If his book does not end just as his publisher thinks it should end, why the poor author must swallow his inspiration and his pride, and forthwith blue pencil the dénouement to suit the business instincts of his publisher. Manuscripts are refused because they are too well written, while poorly hung dummies of fiction and biography are tried on the public with the public's evident approval and the publisher's monetary satisfaction. The composer of one of the most pleasing, and perhaps the greatest, of the lighter grand operas died from starvation; and now the royalties from but one of the commercial and mercenary musical comedies amount to a small fortune in one season. If the manager thinks the "book" is too literary for the Bowery some current slang is inserted; and if the music is guilty of any pretentious flight the latter is replaced by a coon song. Mechanical and realistic paraphernalia now form the substance of what used to be legitimate comic opera. Words and music only serve mechanical effects and bow to the pleasure of the man at the box office. Persons are not satisfied to see balloons and automobiles

where they belong—they crowd a theatre night after night to see some comedian go up or come down in a balloon or encircle the stage in a nickel-plated automobile. The unfortunate author can not follow cherished inspirations and revel in the truthfulness of his own fiction like Thackeray, but, if he pats himself at all, he must go down into the pit to take that exercise.

--Whether the novelist should serve an apprenticeship after the manner of his fellow artist with the brush has lately provoked discussion. Those in favor of a school for novelists hold, and not without good reason, that if the painter can be taught by a master so also can the novelist. The master could inform the pupil "why one word gives tone and another color, and if he were to the writer's manner born and the stuff had 'meat' he would see a few interlineations turn his word jumbles into writing." In support of this theory advocates cite the case of Guy de Maupassant who wrote under the direction of Gustave Flaubert. The latter exercised his pupil after this fashion: "You see that cab-horse across the street? There is just one word in the French language to describe his attitude. Find it." Maupassant thus worked for years, writing and rewriting and having his manuscript torn up until at length he became an accomplished craftsman and was permitted to appear in print. This method adopted by Maupassant would prove highly beneficial to most writers and readers. It would lessen the number of worthless books, to say nothing of the egregious blunders from which it would save young, budding authors.

—Some of our farsighted weeklies have come to the conclusion that ideas are not worth much after all,—that the plodder who puts an idea into practice is the person wanted. Probably it is true that where one man can ring the bell, a thousand men can hit the target. Still we should be thankful to think so many manage to hit the target—unfortunately all can not be bell-ringers. The atmosphere is charged with ideas, and if it were not for the talk of the thousand, perhaps one man out of that number would never be led to do what the thousand can not do. Germs of all sorts and conditions abound in the air, but fortunately they do not affect everyone in

the same way. The Chinese and Arabians and Egyptians talked about the world being round—Columbus talked about its being round also. And it is true that had they journeyed over here Columbus would have been spared the worry and danger. Yet, the ideas affected Columbus differently. Agitation is not always to be deplored, for the right idea has a very commendable habit of striking the right person.

—Without doubt the excessively abstruse dealings out of justice are fast forming one of the fine arts. The codes and amendments and ever-increasing technicalities in our administration of justice, make the modern lawyer more a master of generalship and evasion than an advocate of justice. The instinct to enshroud in mystery and difficulty their own labors and achievements has been brought forward to excuse the lawyers. It is said that the passion for nicety and technicality, for hair-splitting and word-twisting, is responsible for most of our imperfect justice. Peter the Great's famous remark has recently been requoted: "I have only two lawyers in my whole empire, and I shall hang one of them as soon as I get home."

Dr. Bowling at Notre Dame.

On Tuesday afternoon the collegiate Greek classes assembled in Washington Hall to listen to an informal talk by Dr. Bowling professor of Greek and Sanskrit in the Catholic University at Washington. Dr. Bowling was introduced by Father Oswald whose guest he is and at whose solicitation he kindly consented to address the students.

The lecturer said he did not intend to speak on the beauties of the Greek language as he presumed these were sufficiently known to his audience. He went on to trace the development in the study of languages, distinguishing clearly the scientific from the practical methods of study. Then followed a sketch of the linguistic sciences, indicating and developing the great problems which had to be solved, and showing the great strides which had been made in the study of phonetics, etymology, comparative literature and the linguistic sciences in general.

The lecture was most interesting and instructive, and those who attended it thank Dr. Bowling for his kindness.

Washington's Birthday.

Last Monday the annual observance of this significant festival was enthusiastically kept at Notre Dame. In the morning the entire student body attended Mass, after which the University band serenaded the Main Building and played a selection of national airs. The principal exercises of the day were held in the afternoon in Washington Hall where the students, members of the faculty, and visitors assembled. The programme opened with "National Airs," an overture which Professor Petersen and the University Orchestra very ably rendered. This was followed by "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," which was sung by the audience. Other items on the programme were the "Star-Spangled Banner," sung by the audience; "Ode to Washington" read by Mr. Robert E. Hanley; "Echoes of the Metropolis" by the University Orchestra; "Washington—Statesman and Soldier;" an address by Mr. Francis H. McKeever; "Presentation of Flag" by Mr. Harry Crumley; and finally "America" by the audience. The contributions by Messrs. Hanley and McKeever will be found in the opening pages of the SCHOLASTIC.

The presentation of the flag was the item with which the members of the senior class were more directly concerned. It has been the custom for each graduating class to present a flag to the University on the anniversary of Washington's birth. This flag floats above the University grounds during the ensuing year, and is afterwards added to the collection of flags which were given by preceding graduating classes and which have served a like purpose. Mr. Crumley, who was the spokesman of the senior class at Monday's exercises, said:

The class of 1903 has been looking forward to this holiday as to an occasion for giving public testimony of loyalty to Notre Dame and of gratitude to you, Reverend Fathers and gentlemen of the Faculty. Our reasons for this demonstration are many. During the past four years you have labored with untiring zeal to fit us for the duties we shall be expected to fulfil when we leave the University. The personal interest you have taken in each one of us has made our work far more congenial than it would otherwise have been. You have spared no effort to help us to become true Christians and true

citizens. The hours we have spent under your direction were happy indeed, and the years we have lived at Notre Dame will always be pleasantly remembered. In token of gratitude we desire to present this flag.

The flag symbolizes loyalty, constancy, courage, true manhood. When we have gone from Notre Dame we will like it to be thought by those that stay behind that the class of 1903 is displaying these qualities in the daily walks of life. We want to leave this flag as a pledge that the things you expect us to do are the things we are doing. When we look at the old class flags up there we feel that the men who gave them are the kind of men who will never do anything unworthy of the high citizenship the American flag stands for, and when our flag takes its place among the rest, we hope it will give you confidence in us also; we hope it will assure you that we, too, are as loyal, as constant, as courageous, and as upright as it is in us to be.

In the name of the class of 1903, I present to you, Father French, this emblem of our nation, that

Flag of the free heart's hope and home
By angel hands to valor given,
Whose stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all whose hues were born in heaven.

Accept it with our best wishes, and besides the lessons of patriotism which it will teach as it flutters on yonder flagstaff throughout the coming year, may it also serve to remind those we leave behind of the goodwill and gratitude of the men of this year's class to the members of the Faculty and to Notre Dame.

Father French accepted the flag, and in the course of his remarks paid a glowing tribute to the heroes of the Revolution. He exhorted his hearers to be worthy heirs of a noble race, to put themselves forward in public so as to serve their country and serve it honestly. "Enter the political arena and disseminate the principles of justice and righteousness. Be party to no false doctrine. Let your lives be an embodiment of the principles for which you stand. You may not do much individually, but you are essential to the whole nation. An apparently unimportant life gets its significance not by its dimensions but by the stamp of approval which God puts upon it. Everyone should take a part in the upbuilding of his fellowmen, and if those present should shirk this sacred obligation, to-day's ceremony was a mockery. Bear in mind the words of President Roosevelt: 'Each one of you is impoverished

by every vile or low action committed by an American as well as by every example of selfishness, weakness or folly given by the entire people. We are belittled when any one of our number fails in his duty towards the state, just as the memory of each triumph of the nation is an incentive to every American to lead a nobler and better life.' In conclusion, he urged his hearers to strive earnestly and fearlessly for what is noble, and to conduct themselves as true American freemen and worthy sons of Notre Dame.

Athletic Notes.

South Bend High School track team and Carroll Hall meet to-day in the Gymnasium. The Carroll youngsters have only been practising for a few days, and as the South Benders are in perfect trim for the contest, they should find no trouble in winning.

* *

One of the most exciting and closely-contested games of basket-ball played this season was the one between Corby and Carroll last Saturday evening. It was a poor exhibition, however, neither team displaying much knowledge of the game. Corby showed lack of practice to a woeful extent, while the Carrollites were disposed to be a little too rough at times. They were far superior to the Corbyites, however, and should have won by a much larger score.

The final score was 2 to 1, Corby's lone point being made on a free throw from foul. As usual A. Winter was the star for Carroll, and in fact did the best all-around playing of the evening. Jasper Lawton and Pryor also played well for Carroll. Herman, Wagner and Kasper, excelled for Corby.

CARROLL (2)
W. Winter
Lawton
Pryor
Usera
A. Winter

L G
R G
C
R F
L F

CORBY (1)
Woody
Kasper
Boos
Wagner
Herman

* *

Brownson now claims the Inter-hall championship in basket-ball, having defeated all comers. As none of the other Hall teams care to contest Brownson's claim, it leaves three teams, the Annex, Carroll and Corby to fight it out for second honors.

* *

The great enthusiasm manifested by the students the past week over track athletics

is very encouraging, and shows that spirit is still very much alive among us, and all that it needed was a little stirring up to revive it. Rousing mass meetings were held in Sorin, Corby and Brownson last Saturday and Monday evenings, at which it was decided to co-operate in an endeavor to bring out Varsity material, and for this purpose an Inter-Hall meet was planned to take place some time within the coming month.

From present outlook, and according to the plans of those having it in charge, the meet promises to be the biggest and most successful Inter-Hall contest ever pulled off at the University. That each Hall has entered into the contest fully determined to do its best, can be easily proved by going down to gymnasium any afternoon and beholding the large number of candidates out from each Hall. There are over sixty men contesting for places on the teams, a very remarkable showing and one we hope which will continue. Captain Hoover is very much elated over the prospects, and says that as a result of all this enthusiasm, he expects the Varsity will be greatly benefited, materially and otherwise. The only danger now is that this enthusiasm will be allowed to die out after the Inter-Hall meet. Why not keep it alive by holding another meet in the spring, say May 30? This will serve to keep alive the interest that has been aroused.

* *

St. Joseph's Hall, despite its scarcity of material as compared with the other Halls, has decided to enter the Inter-Hall meet. This certainly shows the right spirit. O'Phelan was elected manager, and almost every man in the Hall responded to the call for candidates.

The following men were elected Managers and Captains of the different Hall teams at the mass meetings:—Sorin, W. Daly, Manager; L. J. Salmon, Captain; Brownson—W. Draper, Manager, F. P. Davey, Captain; Corby—C. J. Mulcrone, Manager; F. J. Lonergan, Captain.

* *

Captain Hoover has perfected a system of training for his men which seems to be a very good one. In addition to the relay system, he has decided to hold try-outs once every week. Judging from the earnestness with which the candidates are now working, these new methods must be very popular. Sweeny, Silver, Cahill, Welsh, Doyle, and Kasper are new men who have improved wonderfully under this method, and we may expect a great

deal from a few of the above-mentioned if they improve as well in the next few months as they have during the short time they have been out. Sweeny, a member of Carroll Hall's team of last year, is showing great form in the half mile. Cahill, also an ex-Carrollite, and Silver, North Division's star, are very speedy in the sprints, and Welsh, Doyle and Kasper, all new men in track work, have made rapid progress during the past few weeks. The three last-named men are likely candidates for the distance runs—undoubtedly our weakest point.

The students of St. Edward's Hall are at present very much interested in hand-ball. That they are becoming skilled in this good old game was evident last Thursday when amid great excitement they defeated the ex-Minim champions. Masters Henry Donohue and Reginald Beers struggled hard to win for Carroll Hall. Their age and experience, however, counted for nought against the skill and science of Masters Frank Breenan and Victor Tillets of St. Edward's.

The track meet between the Minims and the ex-Minims, which was postponed on account of sore arms will be held on Sunday, March 1. The Carroll Hall students are anxious for the day; for they see a good chance of regaining the prestige they lost last November when Randle's "picked stars" were defeated in football. J. P. O'REILLY.

College Clippings.

The college presidents are demanding of the committee on rules for next year's football some legislation against mass-plays. The mass-plays are accountable for the majority of the accidents of the game, and are not as interesting as the more open work.

Dartmouth College published in 1800 the first college paper.

The *Wolverine*, from the University of Michigan, makes sport of the sensational newspaper in most laughable style in a special number entitled, "Ann Arbor American Edition." Lead type and variegated ink are used to print the "fast" phrases that tell of imaginary plots and crimes. Special articles are contributed by Ella Squeeler Willtalk and Professor Biceps. In the editorials is a farcical tirade against the brutal game of football.

Book Review.

THE TALISMAN. By Anna T. Sadlier. Benziger Brothers.

As a story for juvenile readers this little volume is both instructive and delightful. The authoress has drawn her material from the early history of the New England States, or more exactly, of Connecticut. The choice of events has been very select. The hero's connection with the charter oak, his saving Hartford from the cruel onslaught of the Piquods, his capture, his sojourn among these Indians and lastly his escape, are chapters full of excitement from beginning to end. The story received its name from a cornelian reliquary worn by the hero, which is his safeguard against all misfortunes.

THE PILKINGTON HEIR. By the same.

This volume is tastefully brought out, and the numerous illustrations of the text add to its attractiveness. Many of the chapters, in fact nearly all, are full of interest and charm. The plot is very cleverly developed and the action at times is good and forcible. There is, however, lack of the power of individualizing the characters—a defect not uncommon to most writers of the day. The story is somewhat, though not entirely, free from the didactic and moral tone which is indulged in by so many of our Catholic novelists, and which only wearies the mind of the young reader. The style of the writer, the tasteful make-up of the book and lastly the clever treatment of the plot make the volume interesting and attractive.

From the Newspapers.

Mr. T. E. Howard, referred to in the following article which we take from the South Bend Sunday News of Feb. 22, was a former professor in Notre Dame University and is a Lætare Medalist:

Indianapolis, Feb. 21.—The recent statement of John R. Commons, a noted political economist and secretary of the tax department of the National Civic Federation, that the tax law of Indiana was nearer perfection than that of any other state in the country, is a tribute to the indefatigable work of Timothy E. Howard, of South Bend, author of the tax law enacted in 1891, which is practically the present law, and ex-judge of the supreme court.

This law was drafted in a room in the Lorette Hotel, then known as the Roosevelt House, in Ohio

Street, just east of Pennsylvania Street. Howard was a state senator at the time. In a letter to Jefferson H. Claypool, a member of the House in the general assembly of 1891, Howard says:

"It was all done by gaslight during those three weeks in my room, first on the right hand as you enter the old Roosevelt House."

Mr. Claypool says it is to be regretted that Howard's authorship of the present tax law has ever been lost sight of. Claypool tells of Howard's work in this way:

"It was evident to all that radical tax legislation was needed. A sub-committee of the finance committee of the senate and a sub-committee of the ways and means committee of the House, were made a joint committee to devise a new tax law. Some of the members did not have a clearly defined idea of how to proceed. Howard seemed to take the leadership naturally, and he was appointed by this joint committee to draft a tax measure.

WORKED HARD AT IT.

"He worked at it three weeks until midnight every night. He had little in the way of suggestions from other members, for we felt that he was doing the work acceptably. At the end of three weeks he presented his measure. He said to me: 'What do you think of it?' I said it would raise the taxes without a doubt, for while it did not increase the tax rate, it did increase the valuation enormously. I thought it so radical that the people would almost rebel against it. I suggested that a tax of \$1000 be placed on every saloon, as a substitute revenue measure.

"But the committee seemed to think that the bill was along right lines, and it was decided to introduce it. Representative Oppenheim introduced it in its original form, except for one provision: that was that all railroad taxes should be paid into the state treasury and used for the extinguishment of the state debt.

"I don't remember who drafted this section, but I think it was added at the suggestion of a committee from the Commercial Club. This section, however, was stricken out in the senate on motion of Senator Howard, who saw that its retention would defeat the bill. Nearly every county in the state objected to a part of its taxes being taken for such a purpose. Then, too, the constitutionality of the provision was attacked.

"Both branches of the legislature that session were overwhelmingly democratic. They favored some such measure, and though the matter was much debated, its passage was never in doubt after the elimination of the railroad tax feature."

JUDGE HOWARD'S ESTIMATE.

Mr. Howard says of the measure: "The essential principle of the law is that all property shall be assessed at its true cash value, which means the usual selling price at the place where the property is at the time of assessment. If the article has no market value it shall be assessed at its actual value.

"Previous to 1891 property was assessed at a 'fair' value. The word 'fair' proved to be a term without definite meaning. Townships vied with one another to diminish their property valuation so as to reduce their relative proportion of county and state taxes. Counties did the same, and every assessor seemed to differ from every other assessor as to what was the fair valuation of any species of property.

"One result was that in some instances property was

valued at five per cent of its real value, and in other instances of ninety per cent or more. There was a constant effort to raise the rate of taxation in order to maintain a sufficient public revenue. The state debt had grown to \$88,000,000, and was rapidly increasing. Members of the legislature had not the disposition to increase the state levy. Resort was therefore had to further loans until large sums were borrowed to pay interest on borrowed money, thereby compounding the interest of the state debt."

Regarding the action of the legislature of 1891 Mr. Howard says:

"To the legislature it seemed an idle thing to fix 50 per cent, or 80 per cent, or any other per cent of the real value of property as the taxable value. If the real value must first be ascertained why not let that stand as the taxable value? The assessor would thus be burdened with one less calculation. The legislature was not long in coming to the conclusion that the rational basis of valuation was the true market or cash value."

In view of the attention drawn to Marconi's achievements and of Father Baart's connection with Notre Dame, the following may be of interest:

"KONIGRAPH."

The Rev. Dr. P. A. Baart, rector of St. Mary's Catholic Church, Marshall, Michigan, who received the degree of LL. D. from Notre Dame two years ago, suggests that the word to signify the messages sent by Marconi, through wireless telegraphy, should be "Konigraph."

This word, he says, will give credit to Marconi as the originator of the system, and at the same time fully express by two Greek words the method of transmission.

"Konigraph" can be considered the two syllables of the name Marconi (the "K" and the "C" being interchangeable), and thus sufficiently expresses the name of the inventor, while in Greek it is derived from the verb "Konio," which means firstly, to strew or cover with atoms or particles of dust (or ether), and secondarily, to make great haste or speed. This definition covers precisely the method of transmission in the Marconi system, for in it the jumping of the current from one electrode to the other electrode gives pulsations which the ether takes up and carries to the other side of the Atlantic with great speed, and which pulsations or moving particles then strike on and cover the receiving apparatus. Thus, the same root or syllables show the name of the inventor and the method of transmission.

The second part of "Konigraph" is derived from the Greek word "Graphein," which means to grave, to scratch, to write.

The true and full meaning of "Konigraph," therefore, is to write by transmitting with great speed particles (of ether; which is the invention of Marconi).

It will be noticed further that "Konigraph" is derived from two words of the same language, thus avoiding the barbarism of coining a word from two languages. The word is also easily written and when pronounced is euphonious. With Marconi's acceptance of Father Baart's suggestion, Konigraph and Konigram are the proper words to use.

Personals.

—Mr. Herman Laffitte of Superior, Wis., was a welcome visitor at the College during the week.

—Mr. Lorenzo Hubbell (Commercial 1900) of Ganado, Arizona, is trading at Kearn's Cañon, Arizona.

—Mr. G. Rebholz, student '88-'92, has a responsible position on the Columbus division of the Hocking Valley Railroad.

—We are pleased to state that Mr. J. F. Murphy, Law '98, has recently been elected secretary of the Rock Island County Bar Association.

—Mr. John W. Miller, C. E. '97, is now City Engineer of Sandusky, Ohio. He called at the College recently, and all his old friends were glad to see him.

—Mr. Jesse W. Lantry, '97, of Chatsworth, Illinois, called to see his brother Joseph of Brownson Hall. Mr. Lantry is now engaged in the lumbering business at Anamoose, Col.

—The Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette* mentions that Mr. Charles M. Neizer, one of the younger members of the Allen County Bar, made his maiden speech at the Jefferson Club's banquet, and that his effort was a most eloquent and creditable one. Mr. Neizer was a student of Notre Dame from '96 to '98. We are glad to learn of his success.

—In the list of those successful at the recent examination for the Illinois Bar appear the names of Timothy Crimmins and Albert C. Fortin, both of whom graduated last year in the law department of Notre Dame. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates them and takes pleasure in recording their success which is a further evidence of the efficient work done by the Notre Dame Law Faculty.

—The Fort Wayne *Daily News* (Feb. 17) says: "To-day, Attorney John Eggeman, son of President Peter Eggeman of the Board of Public Works of Fort Wayne, was admitted to partnership in the law office of Attorney J. B. Harper, one of the leading practitioners of the Allen County Bar. Mr. Eggeman will enter upon his new relationship March 1. The firm will be known as Harper and Eggeman and will have offices in the Bank Block on Main St., just east of the Court-house.

Mr. Eggeman is a prominent college man; Notre Dame is his *Alma Mater*, and he was graduated there from the law department in 1900. He was the leading football player of the college for several years and an all-round athlete; he took a post-graduate law course for several terms and was manager of athletics."

The news of "Big John's" success is most welcome to all his friends at Notre Dame where his prowess as athlete and his many excellent qualities are well remembered.

Local Items.

—The members of the senior class gave a smoker in Sorin Hall reading-room last Sunday night.

—Owing to the serious illness of his mother, Professor Ackerman was suddenly called home Wednesday. The professor shares the sympathy of the students.

—Messrs. Hering and Murphy are to be congratulated on their success in the ice business. At present they have stored 7500 tons and they hope to increase the quantity to 15,000 before the end of the season.

—Extensive repairs are in progress in the Main Building. Professor Rusca with a corps of assistants is renovating the parlor and finishing the fresco work in the main corridors. Next week he will begin work in Corby Hall chapel.

—The gleefulness of the Glee Club goes merrily on. The member from Brooklyn, he of the tenor voice, announces three new solos to be inflicted by himself in the near future. A suggestion has been offered that the celebrated tenor be given a farewell benefit before the season opens.

—A special meeting of the senior class was held in the Sorin Hall reading-room on Saturday evening, February 21. In the absence of President Crumley, Mr. Neeson, Vice-President, took the chair. The report of the class-pin committee was read and accepted. Three artistic designs for the pin of the 1903 class were shown, and a selection was made. The class will have a private entertainment on March 17 which is to be a unique affair. The chairman has arranged with several of the officers for an original programme. The class adjourned after the longest session of the year.

—Wednesday evening, February 18, a mass meeting of the Sorin Hall students was addressed by Manager Daly of the athletic association and Captain Hoover of the track team. Mr. Daly said that the purpose of the meeting was to urge those present to organize a track team to represent Sorin Hall at an Inter-Hall track meet to be held about March 12, at which a banner is to be presented to the hall-team winning the most points. Mr. Hoover explained that if Sorin Hall would do her share in making the Inter-Hall meet a success it would assist him materially in making selections for the increase of the Varsity squad. After a few remarks from Captain Salmon of the football team and Captain Stephan of the baseball team, the meeting was adjourned until the following Monday evening. Mr. Higgins was chosen chairman of the meeting. Mr. Salmon was elected captain of the Sorin Hall team and Mr. W. Daly manager, both elections being unanimous.