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## Rondeau.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

THE sweetest far, some way, you see,  
She always did appear to be:  
The reason might be hard to show,  
Unless you, too, herself could know,  
And then perhaps you'd not ask me.

Her eyes were bright, her heart aye free,  
Her actions blent most pleasingly;  
In smile or tear she was e'er so—  
The sweetest far.

We two were playmates once, and though  
To me that now seems long ago,  
I fain would think in old-time glee  
That she still cares as tenderly.  
She reigns in youth's rare afterglow,  
The sweetest far.

## Andrew Jackson.\*

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.



ON the roll of those whose glory illumines our history is the name of one—a son of the people, a self-made man; who struggled through the obscurity of poverty to the place of highest prominence; whose name once resounded as the trumpet of battle, inspiring the people with their new-born power; whose clear conception and indomitable will outlined the policy and

\* In the annual oratorical contest at Notre Dame this year Mr. Griffin won the Breen Gold Medal with this oration, having received the highest *total* on thought and delivery. He delivered the same at the late Indiana Intercollegiate oratorical competition held in Indianapolis, in which he represented Notre Dame.

arrayed the forces of the first great people's party: the patriot, warrior, statesman, Andrew Jackson.

When the War of the Revolution broke forth, there was living in a little settlement of North Carolina the seven-year old orphan of an Irish immigrant. Before the conflict ended that boy had shouldered the musket of a Continental soldier. When Cornwallis surrendered he returned, racked in body, ruined in health, to see home plundered and every living relative destroyed. Thus was his very cradle rockéd by the tempest of the Revolution; thus was bequeathed to him the single heritage—an independent, republican spirit, born of persecution and tempered by oppression.

Thirty years later his name resounded throughout the land. His victory electrified the nation. He had stayed the tide of invasion. He had saved the "Queen of the South." Against the conquerors of Napoleon, Andrew Jackson had been called. With the eye of the general, with the genius for battle, he drew up his line of defense. And what a line was that! Of bold embattled yeomanry, impregnable to the onslaughts of the conquering host of the Iron Duke; a compact row of unerring rifles, keen eyes, stern hearts; a bulwark against the last and greatest armament to invade American soil; a battlement surmounting, guarding, preserving that fair empire of the Southwest.

In 1824, General Jackson received the popular vote for President. The House chose Mr. Adams; and for the first time in the history of the country the will of the people was subverted, and a man of the people was denied the presidency. Then began that great struggle between aristocracy and democracy. The country had reached the second stage of its development. Hitherto the contests had been between the landed aristocracy of the South and that of the merchants and pro-

fessional men of the North. The people, though possessing political power were but the units with which the leaders figured, were only the soldiers with whom the generals fought their battles; but those struggles had taught the commoners their power. They had learned that the very foundation of the state depended on their exercising their political rights. Never before did public affairs so entirely occupy their attention. The country was completely divided into two great parties; the most intense excitement prevailed; the most violent electioneering was done; the contest was the bitterest ever waged in the United States.

Jackson, the standard-bearer of the commoners met on the platform Adams, the scion of America's cultured class. The builder of the West, in whom was combined more of strength than gentleness, more of shrewdness than wisdom, more of courage than culture, stood out against a background of the most elegant society of our nation. The soldier politician whose boyhood had been passed amid the partisan warfare of the revolution, who had grown to full manhood among the camp-fires of the frontier, now struggled for political supremacy with the refined statesman who had been reared in comfort and trained in the great institutions of learning and the diplomatic cabinets of Europe. Now was the first great experiment in true democracy made, and the sceptre passed from the Virginian dynasty of aristocrats to the first great democrat—Andrew Jackson.

On his banner was written "Reform," and he took his overwhelming majorities to mean the people's warrant for that course. The nation had demanded of Adams that he take the initiative in this reform movement; but he refused, and was swept aside. Jackson heard the voice of the people calling for a change and he accepted the issue. To him this was not a mere caring for hungry politicians; it was not a system of spoils; for in the supplying of vacancies he rose above the party spirit as becomes the head of a great state. Why should we think that this simple man had a longing to rule and be surrounded by political vassals because he refused to pass over his tried and deserving friends to give office to some stranger under the hypocritical pretense of a public virtue that no man ever possessed? Jackson only released the floodgates that had long been dammed, and he opened them as the rep-

resentative of that great principle that was dominant at the time of his election. Call that the spoils system if you like, but it was the will of the people, and Andrew Jackson personified that will.

He believed the Bank was fundamentally wrong. It had never thrown off the suspicion of its legislative birth. It had failed in its one great object—to unify the currency; it had promoted the issue of promissory notes. All recognized what a powerful influence it could wield, what a potent factor it could become in the political and in the commercial world. The people feared it, and under their banner, Jackson led the fight for sound money and unhampered circulation. This victory in civil affairs was comparable to the victory of New Orleans.

In 1833 the first stage of state-rightism came to an end. Jackson was just the man to have at the helm at such a crisis. With all the intensity of his great devotion to the Union, he gave the words of Webster a mighty import; he made the work of Lincoln a possibility: for thirty years he silenced the tongue of treason. During the War of 1812 he had said that he would hang the members of the Hartford Convention. In 1832 he told John C. Calhoun to stop preaching his nullification doctrine or he would shoot him for treason. And now when the first dark cloud of secession hovered above the horizon he scattered it with a thunderbolt in its midst: "The Federal Union—It must be preserved." Jackson, a Southern democrat born and bred, told his native South that he would enforce the Federal law if it took the whole United States army to do it. Foremost he stood like a rock against the opposition, and upon that rock the billows of secession broke, only to seethe in foam around the base of the column that he preserved unharmed.

With the election of Van Buren he retired successful and triumphant. The voice of a powerful people lauded his greatness. He had honors beyond what heart could wish, success that outran ambition. No other public man ever retired with such an abiding mastery over the affections of his people. He was one of them—their characteristic representative. No other man of his time so embodied all the traits of the American character; and with true instinct conceived the American ideas and expressed them so completely and so boldly. Education would have saved him many errors, culture would have softened his

nature; but untrained, uncultured, imperfect as he was, not one of his great contemporaries had so good a right to stand as the typical American.

He was the representative of the new American spirit, born of the Second War for Independence. He had awakened the people to the realization of their own power, and as the standard-bearer of the masses he had crystallized that whole great power within his grasp. He had fashioned the political ideas of the nation in the mould of his own. His gigantic conception had outlined the policy; his mighty will arrayed the forces of a party more perfect in its organization than any before in our history; a party that had a greater influence for the increase of wealth, population and prosperity than any yet exerted. He had found a confederacy of aristocracy, he left an empire of democracy.

Andrew Jackson was a thoroughly honest man. Straightforward in action, simple and direct in thought. His faults, like his many virtues, were such that the people best understood them. His temper was violent and his quarrels were frequent, but his reconciliations were cordial and lasting. Many had superior talents and were less affected by prejudice and passion; but in all history no man had combined in such ample measure the gifts of personal and moral courage and resolute will. No suffering or disease, no danger or disaster could ever make that fearless man tremble. His magnificent spirit mounted giantlike with every blow. He rose from the obscurity of poverty; in the perpetual presence of death he overcame the wilderness and the savage; he awed the rough vanguard of American civilization and conquered the bravest veterans of the battlefields of Europe; he triumphed over all his enemies in diplomacy, the aristocracy, the Bank, the South—all by the majestic energy of his indomitable will. And to that will was joined a heart capable of the purest and most devoted love, overflowing with generous emotions, ever open to benevolence and charity. The sorrows of those about him went deep into his soul; few men in private life ever so possessed the hearts of all around them.

And now as we look back over his life we see that few have journeyed so hard a road. Few have endured the privations of his youth and the constant struggles of his manhood. We see the sickly child in the poverty-stricken settlement of the frontier; and then

the boy-soldier, now trudging in the ranks of the Continental army, now captured, maimed by a redcoat's sabre, wasted with foul disease in a prison pen; and then the young man of twenty years struggling for an education amid the rough pioneers of the new west. Then we see the warrior on the bloody field of the Horseshoe, striking a mighty blow that ends forever the power of the Southern Indians; then in his mercy stooping to save an infant on its dead mother's breast. Next we meet "Old Hickory" at Natchez pledging his whole estate to pay his troops, giving his own horse to a sick trooper and marching five hundred miles on foot at the head of his men. Now we see him in a mutiny; one arm, disabled, is bound to his side; in his free hand is a loaded musket; his eyes are blazing a terrible daring; every line of his face speaks invincible power, as he swears "By the Eternal, he will shoot down the man who dares advance." He cows a rebellious column. Next, the gaunt figure of the victor rises above the parapet at New Orleans, before him is the flying remnant of England's soldiery. We see the statesman in the stormy scenes of the presidency, now pausing to counsel a suppliant, now concentrating the whole gigantic energy of his genius to crush the Bank, because the people willed it so. We hear the patriot threaten with the thunders of war his native South for the sake of the Union he so dearly loved.

Like Jefferson at Monticello we find Jackson at the Hermitage, directing and guiding with his counsel the great party he had formed. And last, the grand old man bowed and gray, we see him enter the little chapel he had built in memory of his wife, and there profess Christianity and make his peace with God. And then we say with all his faults, with all the wrong he did, untrained, uncultured, imperfect as he was, he stands as the type of the true American, and this land of ours had been a better land for every struggling boy, for every toiling man, because Andrew Jackson lived, and fought, and conquered, and blazed the way from the obscurity of poverty to the place of highest prominence in this the greatest of the nations of the earth.

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FLOWERS are but leaves grown fragrant and many-tinted, so genius is but the bloom of the common-sense, filled with a more celestial light and sweetness.—*Spalding*.

## The Affair at the Inn.

ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04.

It was nine o'clock on the morning of July 15, 1775, when we sighted Boston Harbor from the decks of the swift sailing packet, *Witch*, which we had boarded at Norfolk almost two weeks before. Our voyage had been perilous in the extreme; for when but a few days sail from New York, a storm had come up and had carried the *Witch* far out to sea and many miles out of her course. But here we were at last despite these obstacles, and as we swept into the Harbor and came to anchor, both Phil's heart and mine thrilled with enthusiasm at the thought that soon we would be battling for our country's liberties.

"Are you ready to go ashore, sirs?" asked Captain Grey, commander of the *Witch*.

"Yes, captain," I replied, speaking for both of us.

Five minutes later we were standing on the wharf, bidding the captain, who had accompanied us ashore, a warm farewell.

As he shook my hand in parting, he said:

"I would join the Colonial army, Mr. Carver, but I fear that I would make a poor soldier. My place is on the sea. Who knows; I may get a chance to strike a blow for freedom before this war is over."

"Most assuredly," said I. "The colonies will have need of staunch vessels and brave seamen; and the *Witch* will be of great service to the cause."

"I hope so. 'Tis my intention to offer the services of myself and vessel to the Continental Congress."

"Bravo! captain," exclaimed Phil Winfield. "That is the proper spirit."

"'Tis the spirit that actuates all true Americans," spoke Captain Grey. "An unselfish devotion to their cause."

A few more words and we parted, the captain returning to his ship, and we making our way toward the central portion of the city.

"Where are our forces encamped, Rupert?" asked Phil, as we stood on Market Street, not far from Faneuil Hall, between whose walls liberty had been born not many moons past.

"Between the Mystic and Roxborough rivers," I answered, having taken pains to inquire of Captain Grey. "But before we go

thither we will enter yonder inn and have dinner. I am almost famished."

"Agreed," said Winfield. "The ocean breezes give one a ravenous appetite."

We entered the inn which was two doors from where we were standing, and taking seats at a table near the door called loudly for some one to tend to our wants.

A big, portly man with florid features, whom I took to be the landlord, answered the call and bowing awkwardly to us said:

"What will you have, young gentlemen?"

"Dinner for two," said I gruffly, "and mind you, the best you've got—and say," as he was making off, "a bottle of ale. Now look alive, for we're desperately hungry." I winked at Phil and he stifled a snicker.

"Your pardon, young gentlemen," said the host, apologetically, "I am the proprietor of this inn, and—"

"What the devil do we care," I blustered, resolved to have a little sport. "Come now, be sharp, or we'll look somewhere else for our meal."

He made off with an alacrity remarkable for one of his size, and disappeared behind a screen in the rear.

Phil leaned back in his chair and laughed till the tears came. Mine host stuck his head around the end of the screen with a scared look on his countenance.

"What now?" I cried. "D'ye think we'll make off with the silverware? Never fear, it's not worth carrying away. Look alive with our dinners!"

This sent Winfield into another fit of laughter in which I joined; and the head bobbed back into the room behind.

Soon the inn-keeper reappeared, bearing the steaming viands on a large tray, and when he had deposited the burden and set forth a bottle of ale and two decanters, we fell to with great relish. The worthy host hovered around our table supplying our every want. Between mouthfuls Phil and I kept up a conversation with him.

"Stirring times these, Mister —," Phil paused, looking at the landlord questioningly.

"Goodby, sir, Andrew Goodby. Yes indeed, sir, these are exciting times, and the end is not yet."

"I take it that you are a loyal king's man, Friend Goodby," said I.

The man smiled cunningly, but did not answer my question.

"Perhaps you are of the other party; the

patriots? Know you a certain John Hancock?"

"Indeed yes. There never lived a braver man—"

"A friend of Hancock's can be naught but a rebel," I interrupted. "That speech betrays you, landlord. Come now, confess. You are a rebel."

"What are you? What side do you favor?" asked our host, anxiously.

I laughed. "Do we look like king's men, Goodby?" I returned. "Can't you recognize a loyal patriot when you see one?"

"Then you are patriots?"

"To the core. Now, Friend Goodby, tell us of the state of affairs in Boston—"

The landlord was staring towards the door with a frightened look on his face, and breaking off my speech I turned in the same direction.

A party of five scarlet-coated troopers, all rather the worse for liquor, were noisily entering the inn.

"God save us!" ejaculated Goodby, shaking with fear. "They'll rob me of everything I possess," he moaned.

One of the redcoats, whose flushed face bore the unmistakable marks of dissipation, espied Goodby, and cried out:

"Eh, there is the pot-bellied rascal. Come here, old bag of wind. Dinner for five, and mark you, the best there is in this old shell, or I'll spit you on my sword's point."

His hand went to his side, but he found no sword there.

"Lucky for you landlord, I have not my sword," he blustered. "Be off with you, and be quick with our dinners, or—"

But Goodby was hurrying towards the kitchen; and the Britishers lurched into seats at a table opposite us, and sat glaring at Phil and myself, who returned their insolent stares.

The inn-keeper came bustling forward with his tray laden with dishes of food. One of the troopers called loudly for a bottle of ale.

"I am sorry, sir," replied Goodby. "My last bottle of ale was sold to yonder gentlemen," indicating us.

"What! those boys," said one king's man, a big, burly fellow, with black hair and a dark, lowering face, made more repulsive-looking by a deep, wide scar on the left cheek, no doubt caused by a slash from a sword. "What do they want with ale? They're too young to drink liquor. Bring that bottle of ale here, landlord, and make haste. My throat is dry."

The landlord hesitated, looking appealingly at us.

"Did you hear, fellow?" thundered the trooper, rising to his feet.

The poor publican, much affrighted, moved toward our table.

"Never mind, Mr. Goodby," said impulsive Phil. "If the gentlemen want the bottle of ale, let them come and take it."

"Be careful, Winfield," I cautioned in a low voice.

"That we will, my young bantam!" cried he of the scarred face; and rudely pushing the shivering Goodby aside, he made for our table and the coveted bottle. He reached forth a hand; his fingers closed around the neck of the bottle, and he started to lift it from the table. Now thoroughly aroused, Phil grasped the fellow's wrist with the fingers of his right hand. One sudden, sharp twist brought a howl of pain from the bully's lips, and he dropped the bottle onto the table.

"Learn to ask for things when you want them," said Phil, coolly seating himself, but keeping a watchful eye on the redcoat who stood nursing his injured wrist.

With a cry of rage, he of the scarred face struck at Winfield with his big fist. But the blow did not fall; for I rose quickly to my feet, struck up the fellow's arm with my left hand, and hit him a crack behind the ear with my right that toppled him over. He fell like a log to the floor and lay there bellowing for his comrades to come to his aid.

"Bravo! Rupert," cried Phil.

The other four troopers jumped to their feet and came at us with a rush.

"The pistols, Phil," I panted, and drawing my weapon, I presented it full at the head of one of the troopers. "Not a step further," I cried placing the table between them and myself, "or I'll shoot."

Phil came to my side; and the bold front we presented evidently awed the troopers, for they fell back with inarticulate mutterings of baffled rage.

"No shooting, gentlemen," implored the landlord. "I would ruin me."

"Out of the way, Goodby," I returned. "If these redcoats attack us, we'll fire, and you may be hit. What—"

I felt the clasp of hands around my ankles. 'Twas he of the scarred face!

Over I fell, and was locked in a desperate struggle with the big trooper. I heard a cry of triumph, and out of the corner of my eye

saw the four British ruffians launch themselves at Winfield, who I was sure would fight hard. But my opponent engaged my entire attention; and exerting all my strength I tried to gain the mastery. I believe I would have succeeded; but suddenly I received an awful kick in the head and lost consciousness. . . .

When I regained my senses, Phil and another, whose face seemed strangely familiar, were kneeling by my side bathing my temples.

"Ah," said the man, as I opened my eyes and stared questioningly into his, which seemed to have something in their depths that I had never seen in mortal man's before, "he'll soon be all right. Here, Mr. Carver, a pull at this will set you right."

I accepted the proffered flask, and quaffed a long draught of its contents. Then much restored, I arose to my feet and cast my eyes about the room.

"Where are they?" I asked Phil.

"Who—the redcoats? The last I saw of them they went flying through the door. Generals Morgan and Sullivan were too much for them."

"Where?—" I began.

"Behind yonder screen with Friend Goodby," interrupted the stranger. "We shall join them and hasten from here before our British friends return. 'Tis dangerous to enter the hornet's nest and disturb the inmates, and Boston is a hornet's nest for patriots in these times. Come, young sirs."

"But my dinner," said Phil who was unwilling to give up a good meal.

"Tut, tut, Phil," said I. "Stay here and you would not eat another meal, would he Friend ——" I looked at the stalwart stranger expectantly, eagerly, for I had an idea that he was none other than—

"Washington is my name, young sirs, George Washington of Virginia, your own state. Come, follow me," he said with that smile which I afterwards came to know so well.

And we obeyed that, the first command, as we obeyed everyone that fell from His Excellency's lips during the long years that followed after the affair at the inn before the surrender at Yorktown gave to our country her freedom.

THE mind is like a flower; the roots that nourish it being hidden. Our thoughts unfold in the upper air, not in the depths of being which lie beyond our power to penetrate.—*Spalding*.

## Varsity Verse.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

IN distant Eire one hundred years ago,  
Was born a bard who sang in numbers sweet  
As ever nightingale from its retreat  
Poured forth upon the enraptured ear below.  
His youthful heart with passions strong aglow,  
He cast unmindful at Ambition's feet;  
O'er him the cruel waves of fortune beat,  
And only raised his hopes to cast them low.

But in him faith, that treasure of his land,  
Lived to encourage him in every strife,  
And when his genius reached its prime, and fame  
Had raised to him a temple stately, grand,  
He flung aside the fleeting things of life,  
Retirement and peace and God to claim.

A. B.

## CUPID'S GAME.

I hung May flowers at her door  
For years on every May day night;  
I squandered all my little store  
To buy the flowers and ribbons bright.

I'd steal up softly, ring and run,  
And watch her from behind the fence,  
While she peered out in merry fun  
And of surprise made great pretence.

J. C. Q.

## RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

There once was a bear big and strong,  
Who with face sanctimonious and long,  
Proposed peace to all others,  
Called all bears his brothers,  
And begged them to do no more wrong.

Then he went to a little bear's cave,  
And says he: "Let me see what you have,  
Why your larder's quite big,  
You're a glutinous pig,  
So much food for your cublets to save."

So with conscience in nowise uneasy,  
He started to make his paws greasy;  
But the small bear showed fight,  
Saying "though you have might,  
I'll soon prove that I'm not so easy."

B. A.

## THE BELLES.

Hear the laughing of the girls,  
Silly girls,  
As they shake their haughty heads and naughty curls;  
How they giggle, giggle, giggle,  
Everywhere that they may go;  
O'er a bargain sale they higgle  
And amongst the crowd they wiggle  
And you wonder is it always so.  
How they smile, smile, smile,  
When you lift your glossy tile,  
And they show a row of teeth as white as pearls;  
Oh, the girls, girls, girls, girls,  
Girls, girls, girls—  
Oh, the naughty, haughty, haughty, naughty girls!

G. H. H.



## The Utility of a Classical Training.

JOSEPH H. BURKE, '04.

Among a large number of intelligent people nowadays we find the mistaken idea prevalent that students go to college only to acquire a limited knowledge of a few branches that will fit them for a certain profession. But while the knowledge got from text-books is all right as far as it goes, there is something else of far greater importance, and that is the mental training that is acquired. It is not because the collegiate student has had a smattering of Greek or Latin, or that he knows his Mathematics and English, that he outstrips his rivals in the commercial or political world; he owes his greater success not to his superiority in knowledge but to the fact that in his college days he has acquired the habit of labor. He succeeds, not because he is quicker at figures, not because he is glib of tongue, but because he has learned to labor with an end in view and has learned to concentrate his whole energies upon the accomplishment of that end.

Success is not a free gift to a bright and noble intellect, but more often it is the reward of diligent, painstaking and careful attention, sometimes of laborious and even painful application. We read in history of men who raised themselves from humble beginnings through tedious stages of promotion to the very summit of fame. Such men as Lincoln and Horace Greeley by steady application brought themselves from obscurity to the very height of popularity and power. And so on, if we inquire into the lives of great men we find this one common characteristic—they were men of application and devotion to duty. Hence we argue that it is not the knowledge got from text-books that makes great men, rather it is the habit of labor that is acquired.

This love of labor, this desire to do something and to have something to do, is often characteristic of the individual. Some men are so full of energy that they seem to be almost driven to work; their energetic disposition forces them to seek employment for their minds and muscles. But by far the greater part of mankind have not this energetic turn of mind. Most men do not seek work because they find it a pleasure, but rather because it is a necessity, and thus we find in a majority of cases the little seemingly

superfluous jobs are left undone; we find the little niceties neglected, the so-called fancy touches omitted. Trifles are passed unnoticed and only the more important matters are attended to. Yet how often do we find that it is a mere trifle that has been the making or undoing of men. The old saying is always true:

For the want of a nail the shoe was lost...

'Twas all for the want of a horseshoe nail.

This is true not only of business men but also of professional men. It is some little trifling job, some extra attention to duty or fidelity to business that brings them into notice and gives them a chance to display their talents, and from that time forward their path leads upward to fame and power. The number of men that fail through lack of knowledge is small compared with those who meet disaster through want of fidelity to duty and power of application. Hence while a certain amount of knowledge is essential for the successful pursuit of any business or profession, no one can attain to any high degree of success in his calling unless he has been trained to concentrate his energies upon the accomplishment of an enterprise that requires persevering labor; he must either be of a naturally energetic disposition, or else he must have acquired the habit of laboring patiently and perseveringly, and if a student passes through college without acquiring this habit his collegiate course will have been a failure. His education will be of no use to him unless he has the power of application, and hence we find that those students who are graduated from the classical course, as a rule, surpass their rivals in business pursuits, and especially in the professions. During their long pursuit of the study of Latin and Greek and the other branches that go to make up the curriculum of the classical course, they learn to cultivate almost every faculty of the mind, and go forth from their college well fitted to undertake the accomplishment of a difficult enterprise; for they have learned to overcome obstacles and to apply themselves steadily and energetically to uninteresting and often disagreeable tasks. Thus when a classical graduate undertakes the pursuit of any business or profession he will not be apt to shirk the more tedious labors incident to his calling, which labors, though often unattractive, are the first requisites for a successful business man.

We can not imagine that a man with a

commercial education placed in any department of business would achieve equal success with another of an equally energetic disposition who had pursued a regular classical course. The first might know all the ins and outs of a business life, while the second would have much to learn by way of experience. But after a short time the man who had had his mind developed by his classical studies would pick up every scrap of information likely to be useful to him in his business dealings, while his commercial-educated friend would hold what knowledge he had, but would not be so quick to take advantage of the opportunities offered to better himself.

In the professions the difference would be still more marked. The habit of grouping similar facts and systematizing his knowledge, which is acquired and is even necessary in the study of languages, stands the professional man in good stead and will so develop his mental faculties and cultivate his memory that the pursuit of his professional duties will be comparatively easy and successful.

The fact that time spent at college is not altogether thrown away is becoming recognized more and more every day. Business men are looking for college graduates for their employment, and it has been found from actual experience that collegiate men advance faster than others in acquiring the ready knowledge pertaining to their daily occupation. One of the greatest drawbacks that has hitherto stood in the way of the college boy is now being done away with. Often the financial question has been of the most serious annoyance to the new graduate who when he has finished his course, and as a consequence is almost bankrupt, has not been able to obtain a sufficient wage to enable him to live respectably. A few business corporations have begun to realize this fact, and so anxious are they to secure college graduates that they have determined, merely as a business proposition, to pay the new employees such a wage that they may be able to continue work without any serious embarrassment. What greater tribute could be paid to the superiority of the college man? Another fact that is proved by experience is that college men receive preference in promotion, and often overtake others who have been in the company's employment for several years.

If we study the biographies of the men who have risen above the ordinary heights of fame we will find that a large percentum of them

were men with the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and a very large percentum of them have delved somewhat deeply into the study of the languages. Milton was a thorough classical student, and this sort of learning together with a knowledge of the accompanying mythology, has done much to lend a charm and force of expression to his writings. Kant—one of the world's greatest intellects, certainly one of her deepest thinkers—was the best classical scholar in his University.

Though it does not necessarily follow that it was the classical training that developed these men, yet it seems that it must be more than a mere coincidence that classical training and after-success have so often gone hand in hand. And indeed history seems to testify to the truth of our argument, for during the time when more regard was had for the study of the ancient languages, we find that great minds were not such uncommon phenomena as they have been of late years.

The society that can boast of more great intellectual lights among its members than can all similar societies the world over is an institution that has always been noted for devotedness toward mastery of classical learning, and that society is the Catholic Church. Let the mind dwell but for a moment on the almost inexhaustible number of doctors and theologians of the Church, and ask yourself what cause has contributed to place such a large number of great intellects within the membership of a single society? There is St. Thomas, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Cyril, and a large number of others whose writings have been the delight and wonder of succeeding generations. So well known is this statement that some writers have attributed the success of the Catholic Church in establishing her power over the world to the superiority of her learning.

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### The Good Folk.

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OH pray, keep clear of the fairy ring,  
For that's where the good folk dance and sing;  
Beware of the dance of these merry sprites,  
For it's full of eerie wild delights.

For on festive nights the fairy glen  
Is filled with the good folk's dancing men  
Who carol and caper all the night  
Till dawn puts the revellers to flight.

HERMAN SELDEN.



## Prince Labradorski, Factory-Hand.

LOUIS J. CAREY, '04.

The evening of Mrs. Van Peltner's reception in honor of Prince Labradorski was at hand. The great stone mansion that generally bore a most lonely aspect now shed a flood of light from every window. The scent of rare flowers seemed to be wafted to the outside on the subdued strains of the orchestra, while carriage after carriage brought scores of men and women in evening dress.

The prince's appearance surprised everyone, for he was not the conventional newspaper type, but a broad-shouldered, clear-eyed, athletic looking fellow who would have passed as the hero of many a football battle. Nor was the reception a failure as so many remarked, for he met beauty and millions in the person of Alice Carthington, daughter of the great factory owner. However easily it may seem that American heiresses fall in love with titled nobility any observing eye could have told love existed between these two from the first moment of their acquaintance. It seemed to lack the study and conventionality that would have been in harmony with their surroundings that evening. At any rate each succeeding day found the two more deeply devoted to each other. People began to talk; newspaper men began to write until one evening Carthington called his daughter into the library for a fatherly talk. The practical old man declared that "the grafter never did a day's work in his life, and I haven't brought you up to educate the nobility of Europe. If he's in the drawing-room tell him to leave." Some say that love will find its way, but this iron-willed old head promised to set romantic love theories to the winds.

The prince not only left Carthington's but suddenly disappeared. However, he had made a deep impression on the young girl, and as the days flew by it seemed to grow deeper. Sometime afterward the daily papers contained an account of the suicide of a certain Prince Labradorski at Niagara. He had left a coat, hat and cane on the shore which led to his identity, but all efforts to find his body were useless. On that very day Alice Carthington became a woman. The startling news had changed a girlish infatuation into a sorrow more befitting an aged widow. Her voice grew cold, the color vanished from her cheeks,

and it was evident that she was fast declining.

This condition of affairs soon began to tell upon the stern spirit of her father: whenever he beheld her wan face and sorrowful eyes a mingled feeling of remorse and guilt would take possession of him. In the dead of night her sobs struck his ear like awful accusations. Near friends noticed his change of demeanor; some even went so far as to say he was unbalanced. His former sympathy toward his daughter curdled into meanness. Nor was she the sole object of his cruelty. News spread throughout his factories that there was a reduction in wages. A meeting of all the hands resulted in which threats of violence were uttered. Upon hearing this the old man issued an order to close the doors on the faces of all laborers; then he locked himself in his house refusing to see anyone.

Discontentment grew to fury; groups of laborers formed into great crowds denouncing the actions of the owner and even threatening his life. At last the infuriated rabble started in the direction of his house. Faster and faster they proceeded as irresistible as an avalanche. Police were trodden under foot, caretakers dared not raise a voice. As old Carthington beheld this awful line rushing on from his window he became his former self in an instant. Now for the first time did he realize what havoc he had wrought. His proud spirit rose within him. Would he be caught in a closet and butchered like an animal, or meet death as he had ever met men? In an instant he was downstairs on the porch. Nearer and nearer came the mob like so many demons.

At last one of their number emerged from the ranks. He motioned to halt but was unheeded. Finally his voice rang out—a miracle seemed to have been performed. Mounting a curb near by he addressed them in their native tongue. Confusion gradually gave way to order, the din of voices subsided into a quiet while he swayed the multitude by his impassioned words. Hardly had he finished when a servant grasped his arm.

"Mr. Carthington wishes to see you at once."

The laborer accompanied the messenger to the door where Carthington awaited them. Carthington was about to greet the newcomer, but suddenly restrained himself. He looked at the messenger, then to the laborer and scanned him closely. Their eyes met, and after a moment's hesitation, Carthington exclaimed: "My God! this isn't you—Labradorski!"

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—Many and conflicting are the opinions about the stage. The pulpit and press have argued the question over and over and still the battle rages and the critics wax wroth. Undoubtedly the stage has a lofty purpose, but like many other institutions it may be degraded by those on whom it depends. Are the situations and climaxes suggestive of shady interpretations? are there pretty and bold actresses? and is the music catchy? Such are the questions put by many persons young and old when the merits of a play are being discussed. They are questions to which too few theatre managers and playwrights have the sense of decency to answer in the negative. Last vacation a boy of ten or twelve told us he was "going to a play to-night." We asked him the reason for his going and he promptly and candidly replied, as no doubt thousands of others might, that it was to see "form." Most modern plays have bodies but no souls. Dazzling scenery, diaphanous costumes, bacchantic dances and smiles, interspersed with trifling dialogue, and a sprinkling of songs that, were it not for the music, would be positively ridiculous—these are the chief stock-in-trade of the stage nowadays. When will the public aspire to something higher, and insist on getting it? Only we suppose, when the individual realizes his moral obligations and responsibilities, and only then.

—An interesting discussion in regard to professionalism in college athletics has been provoked by the recent action of Brown University in declaring that the members of its athletic teams may receive compensation for their service during vacation months. Some authorities approve heartily of Brown's attitude, while others, just as competent, regard the movement as decidedly retrograde. This daring stand which Brown University has taken, would indeed be commendable were it not that many colleges take advantage of such a rule to strengthen their weak teams by obtaining the services of professional athletes. The sentiment of the Eastern colleges with which Brown is most intimately connected in athletics is varied, according to one of the most representative Eastern papers. Some regard Brown as an "athletic pirate," while at Harvard the graduates and old players, whose judgment certainly carries weight with it, say that Brown deserves to be commended for abolishing regulations "that are a farce generally and an open invitation to legal fraud." Brown's action comes as an anticlimax to the movement for absolute purity of athletics which has been at least preached if not practised throughout the college world in the last few years.

—Once more the fact has been brought to our notice that popular opinion is easily swayed; that its likes and dislikes are difficult to satisfy, that to the press is due, in a large degree, the formation of the judgment of the people. Note the change in its expression that has taken place with the death of the Ohio Senator. Since he figured prominently in national politics and was ranked high in Republican circles it was natural enough, according to the mode of action in political affairs especially, that he should have been made the butt of the opposite party's criticism. It is probably well remembered how cartoonists represented Hanna when he first entered politics. That alone may have been the means of misleading many. The Senator has died, and now the feeling arises "that he was not such a bad man after all." It is deplorable that the press should ever be the means of creating a wrong impression about any man. Many readers believe too much and too readily, their reason being that they "have seen it in the paper." It would be better if they based their opinion on the information furnished by thoughtful and conservative men.

## Lecture by Dr. Spalding.

One of the lecturers whose annual visit to Notre Dame we look forward to with most pleasurable expectancy is Dr. James Field Spalding of Boston. Each year his scholarly addresses on English men of letters have been listened to with profit and delight by the students of the senior English classes. A gentleman of deep learning and culture and an ardent lover of literature, his critiques have a peculiar grace and excellence. His reputation at Notre Dame was heightened still further by the lecture which he lately delivered in the Law room on that good and great Englishman, Sir Thomas More.

Dr. Spalding briefly described the Reformation, and said that Thomas More was undoubtedly one of the greatest men that participated in the movement. More's early life and the influences that affected it were vividly portrayed. This was followed by an account of his years at college, his legal and theological studies and his acquaintance with Erasmus, who was probably the most learned man of his time in Europe. The lecturer gave some apt impressions of More's beautiful home life, his strict adherence to the commandments of God and of the Church, and his enduring love for his wife and children. Engrossed with many serious cares, More found time to attend Mass daily and to perform numerous works of penance and charity. He was in the world but not of the world. Dr. Spalding emphasized the statement that More was the pioneer of higher education for women. The lecturer next reviewed More's literary labors, and indulged in an appreciative criticism of his best-known work, "Utopia." The well-deserved advancement of More by Henry VIII. and the latter's later ingratitude, cruelty and lustful disposition were also described. In glowing terms the lecturer eulogized the statesmanship, integrity and steadfastness of More who gave up his life for his faith in 1535. The lecture was given the closest attention which, indeed, it fully deserved.

We learn that further lectures of the series by Dr. Spalding have been cancelled. Tuesday he was notified of the death of his son in a snow-slide in Idaho. The sad news caused sincere and general regret at Notre Dame where Dr. Spalding is justly held in high esteem. We extend to himself and family the respectful sympathy of the student body.

## The Debating Team.

The final try-out for the Varsity Debating team, which is to represent Notre Dame against Oberlin College, some time during the latter part of March, was held in Washington Hall last Saturday evening before a large and enthusiastic gathering of students and friends. The debate also decided the successful contestants for the Studebaker Debating Prize. The question discussed was, Resolved, That municipal control of public utilities is undesirable. This same question will be debated by Notre Dame and Oberlin. Messrs. Maurice Griffin, Walter M. Daly, and Thomas D. Lyons upheld the affirmative side of the question; the negative side was defended by James Record, Gallitzin Farabaugh, and B. V. Kanaley. The Hon. Timothy E. Howard, the Hon. Lucius Hubbard and the Hon. George E. Clarke, acted as judges and the Dean of the Law Department, Colonel William Hoynes, as moderator. The final decision of the judges gave first place to Mr. Maurice Griffin, '04; second place to Thomas D. Lyons, '04; and third place, to Byron V. Kanaley, '04. Mr. G. A. Farabaugh was chosen alternate.

As expected, the debate was a hotly contested one, and unusual interest was centred in it by the student body because of the strong field of candidates. The preliminaries, which were begun in December, were the hardest fought in years, and the six men who were left for the finals got there only after the hardest kind of work. In the debate of Saturday night each speaker received the strictest attention—something unusual at such debates—and the standard of excellence reached by some of the young Ciceros, was agreed to by some of those present as being far ahead of any previous efforts of our debaters. The earnestness and zeal shown by the candidates for the team, both during the preliminaries and the finals, show well the marvelous growth of interest in public speaking at the University.

The gentlemen who lost out Saturday night after such a gallant fight are deserving of the highest praise. There is no humiliation in such defeat, rather is it victory. The honors that their successful team-mates may win will redound to their credit as well, for it was their efforts that helped to bring the Varsity team up to such a high standard. This is true also of those who were defeated in the preliminaries.

And now a few words about the winners. Mr. Maurice Griffin, the choice of the judges for first place, is well known to our readers. Last December he won the Breen Gold Medal for oratory against a large field. Last year he won third place on the Debating Team, and created a very good impression. He possesses a pleasing stage presence, is a strong, forceful talker, and lays down his arguments in such a sincere and earnest manner that he secures attention at the very start. He will captain the team in the coming Oberlin-Notre-Dame Debate. Mr. Thomas D. Lyons, the winner of second place, is a new man in the debating field, although an orator of ability. Last year he won the Breen Gold Medal for oratory. He has a strong, pleasing voice, splendid arguments, and an excellent flow of words which assures the attention of the spectators. Mr. B. V. Kanaley, winner of third place, is well known to SCHOLASTIC readers. Mr. Kanaley has been the leader of Notre Dame's debating team for the past two years, with victories over Oberlin and Butler colleges. During his speech last Saturday evening, the timekeeper made an unfortunate mistake and cut him short four minutes. This time was allowed to him during the rebuttal talk, but of necessity he was compelled to change the order of his rebuttal. Mr. Kanaley is a very convincing speaker, and has a most commanding stage presence. His voice is clear and ringing, and his arguments are usually concise and to the point.

The man chosen for alternate, Gallitzin A. Farabaugh, is well known in debating circles at the college. He was second man of the team that last year won such a splendid victory from Oberlin. He is just the man to fill any of the regulars' places in case of necessity.

The question discussed is not one that permits of any brilliant outbursts of oratorical effort, but rather one is forced to confine himself to dry facts. For this reason the debaters are to be all the more praised for their clever handling of such a dull question. Ten minutes were allowed each speaker for his main effort, and then five minutes for rebuttal. As is customary in such try-outs there was no attempt at team-work, and the contest was decided solely on the merits and abilities of each contestant.

To the victorious gentlemen who now are entrusted with the task of defending Notre

Dame's honor on the intellectual field, we offer congratulations, and hasten to assure them that they will receive all the support possible from the student body on the night of the contest. Then they will meet worthy rivals, ones that will test the Notre Dame team to the utmost. May success be ours.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

### Marcus Alonzo Hanna.

In the death of Senator Hanna the nation loses one of its shrewdest financiers, one of its great captains of industry, one of its broad-minded statesmen. His life had been one long series of struggles and achievements. Success had crowned his efforts; and at the end of his career he was urged to accept the highest gift in the hands of the American people.

He was born in Ohio sixty-seven years ago. He attended school in Cleveland and the Western Reserve College in Hudson, but left before his course was completed. He went into the grocery business with his father. In connection with this grocery trade a small steamer plied on Lake Erie. The young man soon realized the possibilities of the Lake carrying trade, and from this small beginning grew the greatest steel ship-building and owning company of the Great Lakes, which practically controls the transportation of coal from Ohio and Pennsylvania and the development of the iron and copper interest of the Lake Superior region.

The handling of this trade was only a step toward the assumption of the greater industries themselves. His shares in coal, iron and copper increased until he became one of the dominating factors on the market. He was a large owner in street-car systems, and was interested in a number of banking institutions.

The people of the country in general did not know of Mr. Hanna as a political leader till the campaign of 1896 when by his very successful management he secured the nomination and election of President McKinley. His rise in the world of politics had been gradual. He had been busy in state politics for thirty years; he had taken an active part in nominating conventions and national campaigns, but his own business affairs had always been uppermost; he had never been before the people for office. When McKinley ran for Congress the first time in 1870 Hanna supported him.

In '95 he decided for McKinley for president and undertook the personal management of the campaign. To his aid he brought the political experience of more than a quarter of a century—the skill, shrewdness, and thoroughness that had made him successful in his every business venture. He applied himself untiringly to his self-appointed task. His end was constantly in view. He kept in touch with responsible men in every state of the Union. With his own hand he wrote almost every letter of that campaign. He did more than any other one man to make the nomination of the Great Ohioan a certainty, and under that gallant Standard-Bearer to bring victory to the ranks of his party. Since then he has been its acknowledged leader: the stairway of its national committee. He has also held an important seat in the national senate.

But as a man is Senator Hanna most to be admired. He was kind to all. Charitable, large-hearted and noble-minded, a masterful man in many ways. He had great force of character as well as great intellectual powers. He was an honest political manipulator and a shrewd manager. He was a competent, practical business man; thorough, earnest and intense in his every effort. He made the best of all circumstances; he developed his opportunities. His success was hard earned and well deserved.

In politics he had no ambition for himself. His altruistic generous nature is seen by his friendship for our martyred President. Seldom in public life is witnessed the affection that Marcus Hanna extended to William McKinley. During thirty years he had supported him in his state. He had put forth the best efforts of his manhood's strength; he had labored incessantly to place him on that high pinnacle whereon he rests. He had been his closest counsellor and dearest friend through all his public service. He was tenderly solicitous during that awful period when the life of our President hung by a slender thread. And then, when that vigil ceased, he retired from the bier of his friend, disheartened, dispirited; his interest in politics gone. Since then he has worked harder, if possible, in public service, but it was not with his wonted vigor; his toil was now for other motives. He had labored for his friend and with him, and now that friend was gone.

Senator Hanna was a true friend of the workingman. He tried to harmonize the

interests of the laborer and the employer. He had advocated a more kindly relation between them; he had urged arbitration. He had acted in this capacity to settle many labor troubles. His own men never struck; whatever differences he had with them were settled peacefully.

His death is a severe loss to all his relatives and personal friends. The workmen of the land will feel this loss too, for he had given his best thought and much time to the settlement of the labor troubles. The entire community feels with deepest sorrow this loss of one of its greatest captains of industry; of one of the most forceful leaders in public life; of one of the representatives of that best type of politician and statesman—a man whose influence has always been a powerful factor for good in the councils of his country; and one who stood foremost and stalwart in the vanguard of his party for fidelity to constitutional principles and patriotic conservatism.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN.

### Athletic Notes.

The Brownson Hall basket-ball team meets the crack team of Michigan City in the new Gymnasium next Saturday night in what promises to be the hardest-fought game played at Notre Dame in some time. The Michigan City team is composed of stars, and thus far they have successfully defended their claim of Champions of Central Indiana against all comers. This game was arranged only after a great deal of expense and labor, so it is hoped the rooters will turn out and help Brownson win the proud title.

\*\*\*

The Varsity baseball candidates are still plugging away at their daily practice. There have been no additions to the squad during the week, but Capt. Stephan is highly pleased with the present aggregation, and says that for this early in the season the work of some of the men is of a high-class order. McInerny and O'Neill of the new men are making a very favorable impression by their manner of "scoopin' 'em up."

\*\*\*

The crack Brownson Hall team of last season has several representatives among the candidates. Kinney, McDermott, Medley,

Gray and Opfergelt, are out and doing clever work.

\*\*\*

Two weeks from to-day we meet Indiana's fleet runners and crack field men in what should be a very close and interesting contest. Reports from the State School say that Horne and his men are training hard for the contest and expect to win. Notre Dame's athletes are rounding into shape under the careful eye of Coach Holland and will, no doubt, give the Indiana men a hard fight.

\*\*\*

Eddie Hammer, Sorin's famous twirler of last season, joined the pitching staff during the week.

\*\*\*

Indiana University will send twelve men to compete on March 4.

\*\*\*

Rooters, remember the 4th of March.

\*\*\*

The ex-Minims' basket-ball team defeated the Minim Specials last Sunday afternoon by a score of 8 to 0. Only two ten-minute halves were played. The ex-Minims' team-work was too much for their opponents. McDermott's playing was the feature.

\*\*\*

Brownson and Corby will meet in the second game of the series one week from next Wednesday. The two teams are evenly matched and should put up a pretty interesting game.

\*\*\*

Those wishing to compete for the prize offered by Manager Daly to the one composing the best baseball song, had better hand in their compositions at once, as the season tickets will be out within a week.

\*\*\*

Coach Holland announces that the entries in the I. U. Meet will probably be as follows:

40-yard dash—Silver, Koehler.

Hurdles—Captain Draper, O'Connor.

220—Silver, Koehler.

440—Daly, Keefe.

880—Murphy, Gormley.

Mile—Murphy.

2 Mile—Parrish.

Shot Put—Draper.

High Jump—Scales.

Pole Vault—Pryor.

These entries have not been definitely

decided upon yet, as there are still places to be filled, also changes to be made here and there. Very promising work has been done by some of the men during the past week, and the coach, who was inclined to be rather dubious concerning our chances some weeks ago, now prophesies a close meet. We expect to see a couple of surprises turned on the visitors, especially in the runs. A couple of these events were run in record time lately.

J. P. O'REILLY.

### The Sophomore Smoker.

The Sophomores tendered a very enjoyable smoker to the Seniors on Tuesday evening. Sorin's dance hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion in Gold and Blue intermingled with American flags and large class numerals. Judging from the Sophomore and Senior spirit manifested at the Smoker one might be led to believe it merely an inter-class affair. But such was not the case; for while the Sophs tendered it as a testimonial of esteem to the Seniors, their big hearts overflowing with goodnature invited all collegiate students to participate in the evening's enjoyment. It is needless to state that all were royally entertained.

Mr. Lantry, spokesman for the Sophomore class, in a very eloquent address of welcome, greeted the Seniors and extended the hospitality of his class. Among other things he said that as his classmates would only enjoy the Seniors' company for a few more short months it was their intention to make the occasion a red-letter affair in the student life of Notre Dame, and asked all present to co-operate in making the smoker a success. Concluding he called on Mr. Kanaley to make a few remarks in behalf of the Senior class.

"Kan" responded in a few well-chosen words, and besides springing a few of his usual humorous stories also complimented the Sophomore class on their choice decorations, and said he felt confident that the good-fellowship manifested by the class of nineteen hundred and six was not only appreciated by the Seniors but also by all present.

During the evening's festivities Col. Hoynes made his appearance in the ballroom and was greeted with an avalanche of applause and cries for a speech. The genial Colonel responded in that characteristic manner which has always made him famous as an entertainer. "I thank you, gentlemen, for the kind reception accorded me this evening, but in being called upon for a speech I think I am taken at an unfair advantage, for, in the well-known words of the poet, 'I came not here to speak.' Yet I think I should say a few words, for when I look about me I see so many young men dancing—I don't know what you



call it. What's that?—oh yes! two stepping—why it makes me think of old times. I have never been opposed to dancing, in fact I was once a good dancer myself away back in the sixties. Let me see, I think Charles Dana defined dancing as hugging set to music. Of course personally I do not know how true that is (laughter and great applause). I had the pleasure of being present at a dance in one of the other halls last week, and taking that with this for a criterion I am inclined to think that these sociables tend to inspire good-fellowship during your college life, and in after years will bring back pleasant recollections of happy days spent at Notre Dame." (Applause.)

Conspicuous among the other pleasant surprises of the Smoker was a well-arranged program consisting of a piano solo by Mr. Lomelin, baritone solo by Wm. K. Gardiner, duet by Messrs. Trevino and Canedo, buck and wing dancing by Mr. Geoghegan, and excellently rendered declamations by Messrs. Griffin, Proctor and Lyons. After the entertainment and midst the strains of orchestral music—thanks to Messrs. Dukette, Carey and Steiner—fully seventy-five couples fell in line behind Bill Brooklyn and Daisy Dillon for the Grand March. The promenade in itself, even overlooking the other good things, would have been sufficient to make the affair a social success, for the many pretty and difficult figures gone through and the blushes of many of our fairer members served as a source of great enjoyment to the "older folk" seated about the hall, many of whom had never witnessed such an event before. The March broke up into a two step and dancing was indulged in till the "wink" summoned all to rest.

WILLIAM K. GARDINER, '04.

### Personals.

—Miss Gertrude Schwab of Loretto, Penn., is visiting her brother, Edward, of Corby Hall.

—Visitors' registry:—Allen Dinan, Dr. William G. Knick, South Bend; Edward Hannan, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. A. C. Schneider, Chicago, Ill.

—Seumas MacManus, whose visit to Notre Dame is pleasantly remembered, sent us a letter from Cincinnati where, we are sorry to learn, his lecturing tour has been interrupted by sickness. He generously enclosed some verses for the Easter SCHOLASTIC and sent his regards to the members of the staff. We gratefully acknowledge his kindness and thoughtfulness, and we hope his recovery will soon be complete.

—We learn that another graduate of Notre Dame and a former SCHOLASTIC contributor, Peter P. McElligott, very creditably passed the examination for the New York Bar last month.

He was a student at Notre Dame from '95 to '02 and left a splendid record for class-work and conduct. It is always a pleasure to us to chronicle the success of a Notre Dame alumnus, particularly so in such instances as the present, for we know through personal experience of his many estimable qualities. We wish him the honorable success to which he aspires, and we congratulate Col. Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department at Notre Dame, on the latest testimony to his thorough and efficient methods of instruction.

—We note with pleasure in the *Hartford Times* that at the recent convention of the Connecticut Civil Engineers which was held in Hartford, John Harte, a former student of Notre Dame, was elected a member. During the three years he spent here he was industrious and popular and was a frequent contributor to the SCHOLASTIC. After leaving Notre Dame he entered the employment of a prominent Hartford civil engineer, and while thus employed won the highest commendation for the very efficient manner in which he superintended certain important municipal improvements. In the spare time at his disposal he improved his opportunities by attending Trinity College, Hartford, and is now fully qualified to practise his profession. We cordially wish him success.

—During the week we had the pleasure of meeting Jesse W. Lantry, A. B. '97, who was visiting his brother Joe, of Corby Hall and renewing his acquaintance with the old friends of his undergraduate days at present at the University. Mr. Lantry is a very successful railroad official. Soon after his graduation he entered the service of the Santa Fé R.R. Co., and soon proved his worth and won promotion. For years past he has been superintendent of repair work of the road, and in that capacity has had much travel and experience. He has been two years in the Southern States and is now on his way to Los Angeles, California, being transferred to the western division of the system. It will be no surprise to those who knew him as a student to learn that he is a genial and unusually well-informed gentleman and very devoted to Notre Dame.

### Card of Sympathy.

Since it has pleased God to call from this world Clement Paul, the son of our respected friend and colleague, Professor Damis Paul, we, on behalf of the latter's associates at Notre Dame, tender to Professor Paul and his bereaved family our sincere sympathy.

Sherman Steele

R. J. Green

W. L. Benitz

F. F. Dukette—Committee.

## Local Items.

—Lost:—A Waterman Ideal fountain-pen. Finder, please return it to Room 97, Sorin Hall.

—Quarant' Ore, or the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for forty hours to commemorate the forty hours our Saviour's body is said to have been in the grave, was begun at Notre Dame last Sunday and closed on Wednesday. The attendance and conduct of the students in church was most edifying which justifies the belief that their observance of Lent will be no less creditable.

—CORBY NOTES.—If you can't find it in the Chicago papers look up "Cyclopedia" Fox.

Funk is saving "Cero Fruto" coupons for a furniture set. Address donations to Room 64.

Miss "Eva" Diebold takes advantage of the leap year by inviting Mr Montmorency Healy to the Corby Minstrel Show after Easter.

For Sale: One Carrigan motor cycle; good as new; used but a few times. Apply to Ethelbert McCaffrey, Admr. Carrigan of Estate.

—At the very enjoyable party given by Mrs. E. M. Brown of South Bend on the eve of the departure of her daughter, Miss Agnes Ewing Brown, for the University of Michigan where she will take up post-graduate work, the following gentlemen from Notre Dame were present: J. J. Meyers, B. Enriquez, M. F. Griffin, W. F. Daly, G. T. Stanford, F. F. Dukette, G. A. Farabaugh, F. McKeever, A. Steiner, B. Daly, F. J. Kasper, F. J. Barry, H. E. Brown, A. Stephan, T. Holland, W. Mahony, W. McInerney, B. V. Kanaley, S. Steele.

—Among the many happy appellations that might be ascribed our good-natured editor-in-chief is the "Munching Genius." It is shocking to relate that on several recent occasions the junior members of the board have unexpectedly come upon some big, juicy, delicious-looking apples stowed away in the darkest recesses of his overcoat pockets. In explaining, he even went so far as to say that his tendencies sometimes called very distinctly for the sacrifice either of an inspiration or of an apple, and that he chose both. Serious, religious introspection would be most helpful in such advanced degeneracy.

—Last Monday night Carroll Hall students were entertained for two hours by the Philopatrians. Recitations were well rendered by Messrs. Joy, Knox, McDermott and Symonds. José Gallart's piano solo was heartily applauded. Music for the evening was furnished by the Philopatrian Orchestra. At the conclusion of the program everyone went to the Corby refectory where, through the kindness of Father Morrissey, refreshments were served. Fathers French, Regan, Scheier, Professors Maurus and Powers were present and

were much pleased with the entertainment. Many thanks are due the arrangement and decorating committee for the admirable work they did. The following was the program:

Selection—"Dixie Girl".....Philopatrian Orchestra  
Recitation—"How We Licked the Teacher"—McDermott  
Violin Solo—"The Coquette".....W. A. McKearney  
Recitation—"The Enchanted Shirt".....L. Symonds  
Selection—"Tell Me the Way to Go".....Chottarway

Philopatrian Orchestra  
Recitation—"Half-Way Do'ins".....D. Knox  
Trio -Gallart, Piano; Ziebold, Violin; Knox, Mandolin  
Recitation—Our Guides.....C. H. Jay  
Duet—"Bedelia"....G. Ziebold, Violin; J. Gallart, Piano  
Piano Solo—The Philopatrian Patrol.....J. Gallart  
Selection—"Dixie Land".....Philopatrian Orchestra

—A Corby Local.—Last Tuesday night James Doubleday rolled and tossed in a light, troubled sleep. The fellow directly over him on the flat above had remained up with the intention of improving the appearance of his room. In drawing a truck across the floor the noise awakened Doubleday below. He bolted up in the bed, reached for his watch, and striking a match saw that it was but five minutes of being midnight. Getting out of bed and noiselessly stepping across the room he procured his "gun," and deliberately loaded it. He then walked to the window and slowly raised the lower frame until even with the top one, picking up his trousers he searched them diligently, but failed to find that which he sought; with an ejaculation of disgust he threw them down again and continued the search in the pockets of his coat and vest. At last he found it, and quickly drawing it out, walked again to the open window.

Without all was darkness, save for a few dim stars that were vainly trying to pierce the dense night. Doubleday had barely commented to himself on the perfect silence of the night when the heavy sounds of approaching footsteps in the corridor fell upon his ear. Doubleday waited until the walker had passed and the sound of his deliberate tread had died in the distance—for by the same deliberate tread he knew the walker to be somebody of authority, else he would step more lightly at this hour of the night. Once more he turned to the window muttering the words: "It will be the last." Then there was a flash of light, followed by very many small delicate clouds of smoke that floated fantastically out on the chill night air. Some will condemn the act as being contrary to all rules, while others will say that under the circumstances it was justifiable. For my part, I am glad to opine with those who held the latter view. To pledge oneself against the use of tobacco during Lent, then, luckily, to wake up five minutes before your pledge went into effect, load your "gun" with some mild "weed," as Doubleday did, flash a "civilized" match as he did, and "pull" the farewell puff with but ten seconds to spare, as he did, why—wouldn't you?