

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE QVASI SEMPER VICTURVS · VIVE QVASI CRAS MORITURVS

VOL. XXXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 27, 1904.

No. 21.

Ode to Washington.*

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

In poem and in song
Bards have chanted of the wrong,
The oppression, and the pride
That lustful glories hide
When desire has unchecked sway,
And Ambition rules the day;
When the weak must bear the scourge
Till beneath its stroke they faint
And the land sends up one plaint
That Jehovah hurl His thunders for an answer
to the dirge.

Then when the Lord shall send
A champion to rend
The forces of the tyrant; to strike a mighty blow
For brethren and the right
In a just and holy fight
'Gainst oppressors of the people, 'gainst the free-
man's tyrant foe,
Lips of sage and churl recall
In the banquet and the hall
Him who bore the righteous sword
In the name and at the bidding of the Lord.

Such was he who met their hosts,
And made vain their haughty boasts,
When the British tyrant's minions overran our
shores:

Trenton knew his warlike might,
Yorktown saw a joyous sight,
When he drove the troops of England, reeling
backward from their wars;
And at Valley Forge his prayer
Pierced the gloomy winter air,
Asking God to turn the Angel of His Anger
from our doors.

He was great in war and peace,

Foremost warrior, foremost sage,
Of a torn and troubled age,
Bidding now dissension cease,
Calming now destructive rage,
With unselfishness sublime,
Putting by the proffered crown;
Bearing calumny and blame,
As gold withstands the flame;—
Oh, let his deeds be handed down
To true brave men of every clime
To fire the breasts of freemen till the end of
time!

And if the state he founded,
By treachery be wounded,
Taught by evil counsels to worship alien gods,
Let his precepts, wise and right,
Guide as stars in desert night,
To save us from the sorrow of avenging Justice'
rods.

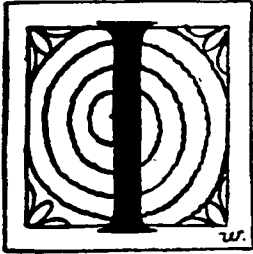
Though the nations of the earth,
E'en as wolves grown lean and old;
Meanly strive for land and gold,
And the things of paltry worth,
Let freemen ne'er forget,
That of old and even yet,
A God of Battles ruleth o'er a nation's death and
birth.

Then let his sons rejoice,
For the Lover of Country and Truth;
Let the grandsire and the youth
Acclaim his greatness with one voice!
Him, Columbia's noblest son,
Soldier and Statesman, Patriot true,
Who wrought so well for yours and you—
Revere his name—'tis valor's due;
Honor our deathless Washington.

* Read at the exercises in Washington Hall, Feb. 22.

George Washington.*

WALTER M. DALY, '04.



It is a custom as ancient as humanity to honor men whose lives have been spent in the performance of noble deeds. The pyramids of Egypt and the ruined temples of Babylon stand as mute witnesses to the lives of their builders. The Greeks bowed reverently at the mention of the defender of Thermopylæ or the wise Solon. Rome deified her heroes and worshipped them in the temples. So the custom has come down to us, and on each succeeding twenty-second of February multitudes assemble in every part of these United States, as we have here assembled, to pay not such tribute as the Romans paid, but to recall the life and deeds of him who has rightly been assigned to the highest place among the great men of our nation—the Father of our Country.

At the early age of seventeen we find him suffering hardships and privations among the hostile Indians on the western frontier. A few years later we see him on the same ground as an adviser of the proud Braddock. But that general, unheeding his wise counsel, leads the army into the very trap set by the French. Braddock is shot and the young captain is left to collect the scattering lines and lead them from the slaughter. His first campaign is a failure, but he had acquired valuable experience and proved himself a cool-headed and resourceful leader.

When war seemed the only way to settle the Great Dispute with England, Washington was chosen commander-in-chief of the Colonial forces. The selection was not made on the sole ground of personal fitness; there were other generals at that time as capable as he. But the war was to be a national effort, and the South must supply as her contribution to the army a general. And the choice was rendered easy by the availability of a Southern gentleman as capable as Washington. His intelligence, self-control, untiring energy, careful military training, courage amounting almost to hardihood—all these were no doubt

perceived by the members of the Continental Congress.

Reluctantly he accepted the honor, for he knew too well its dangers and responsibilities; but with the determination that characterized all the actions of his life he drilled the little band of tradesmen into an army—ragged and poorly equipped; and charging at the gorgeous lines of the British redcoats, led them—not without reverses—to victory after victory while all the world wondered and applauded.

The truest qualities of the man, however, were not those exhibited in leading men to victory, but those that came to light in trials and adversity. After the first campaign the enlistments began to run out, and the men, despairing of success, insisted upon returning to their homes. Those that were left were but a “destructive, expensive, disorderly mob.” Insubordination and desertion became frequent. Jealousy among the officers, a weak and powerless administration but added fuel to the discontent. Even the people became indifferent and hostile. It almost seemed that the hardships and sufferings of the past had been in vain; that the fair dream of liberty and independence was to fade before their eyes. In that dark hour one man rose above the disorder and confusion, led the faithful few to victory and relit the dying glow of hope.

Washington had been defeated at Long Island, and dogged by a powerful army, slowly retreated across New Jersey, every minute watching an opportunity to gain advantage however slight. On Christmas eve, while others were feasting and revelling around their warm hearths, Washington's opportunity came. He collected the little band of frozen, broken-spirited, despondent soldiers, to strike one bold blow. Even the swollen, ice-bound Delaware and the cold blinding storm could not check that march, which so good a judge as Frederick the Great declared was the most brilliant of the century. A thousand prisoners were taken, Howe was forced back on New York, the continental capitol was saved, the people again inspirited, lent renewed assistance,—the cause of the struggling states was saved.

During the war a common aim had held the colonies into a sort of confederation, but when this aim had been achieved, internal strife and dissension at once became manifest. Seldom have a country's affairs been in such a chaotic condition. The continental congress had adjourned six months before. The whole

* Address delivered in Washington Hall, Feb. 22.

National Guard comprised but eighty men. Not a shilling was in the treasury to pay the public debt or the soldiers, who were daily threatening rebellion. Not a piece was left of the old machinery of Government.

On one man rested the responsibility of organizing this mass into a stable government. Washington alone held the confidence of the people; he alone was powerful in a country of disorder and confusion. What heart that throbs with a desire for moral greatness, can behold without admiration the sacrifice of such a man, the renunciation of power, of honors, of personal ambition, with no reward other than his country's love?

As a statesman he possessed the same self-control and sound judgment which shone in his duties as a soldier. His simple education and lack of eloquence kept him from taking a prominent part in the discussions of the continental congress, but though his voice was seldom heard, his superiority was soon felt in the workings of the committees. "If you speak of solid information, and sound judgment," said Patrick Henry, "Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man in the congress." He always deliberated long, but his opinions were sure, and nothing could turn him from a course which he honestly believed to be right. His eight years in the Presidency are a model of honesty, wisdom, and prudence. Still there were jealous partisans who did not hesitate to criticise his foreign policy, especially during the war between France and England. There were many who believed it the moral duty of their country to give assistance to a nation that had helped them in the hour of need. Many hailed with delight a chance to harass the nation from whom they had received so many injuries. Even his cabinet voiced the popular opinion and demanded war. But Washington saw the rashness of entangling a weak nation in foreign contentions, and decided that personal sentiment must be subservient to the future of a people. He issued his proclamation that though France had helped the colonists throw off the British yoke and thereby gain their independence, this independence could be preserved only by maintaining a strict neutrality in all foreign affairs and by demanding the same treatment for our own country.

This proclamation but brought on a greater crisis—the ratification of the Jay Treaty; and never did a president stand so much alone.

With his own party silenced and even divided, with the opposition strongly organized, and the popular excitement at fever heat, Washington was left to take his course alone and unsupported. It was the severest trial of his political life. Hitherto criticisms of his policy had not been uncommon, but the signing of the Jay Treaty brought out aspersions on his private character, which were carried so far that he once declared he "would rather be in his grave than in the presidency." He was charged with usurpation of power, treason to his country and embezzlement of public funds. He was threatened with impeachment; he was threatened even with assassination.

What a trial such accusations must have been to an honest man, to a man who had given up many of the comforts of wealth that he might become one of a miserable, half-fed army, who had refused remuneration for his own services and even pledged his estate that the soldiers might be paid? But his heroic spirit rose above these petty calumnies. He met them as he met the betrayers of his country, as he met the defamers of his character, as he met the reverses of 1776 or the hardships and suffering of Valley Forge, as he met the quarrels and disobedience of his generals and the desertion of his soldiers—he met them all calmly and without flinching.

Washington's greatness was not of meteoric birth, to shine brilliantly for a time and then pass into eternal oblivion. Not only was he great in his own day, but his enduring fame has continued undiminished throughout the world. For unlike others that have won fame on the battlefield, conquest had no allurements for him. He dearly loved the quietness and simple cares of his Southern home, but would give his life rather than see his fellow-man suffer injustice. He never fought for victory's sake, he never even gloried in the victories he won; he fought for human liberty, for the independence of his people.

"First in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen." The phrase of Lee has been worn threadbare by constant iteration, but it always rings true of the high-minded, unfaltering soldier, the honorable simple gentleman, whose ability in war and modesty in peace made the Republic of America an enduring fact of history.

And to-day we especially honor that great name that stands enscrolled among the names of the heroes of the world; of him who has

set us an example of true patriotism, heroic self-sacrifice and scrupulous honesty; of him who for the love of his country spent his whole life in battling with that country's enemies. As our country had enemies then so has she enemies now. They come not in battle array and with the clank of musketry, but they come no less ominously—in party strife and corruption in politics. These are the enemies that we must meet and vanquish—enemies that threaten the very existence of our government. Such evils destroy that ideal of liberty and independence which we so highly value and for which we should be ever striving. On such a day as this, let us resolve to do our part in overcoming them, in purifying our politics and destroying all antagonism of social parties; and in these patriotic labors let us follow the path of that guiding star whose brilliancy never lessens, whose purity is supreme, the star of the peerless soldier, the enlightened statesman, the model citizen,—George Washington.

Turkey-Foot Rock.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.

On the side of the beautiful country road which winds along the bank of the Maumee, just west of the little Ohio village of the same name, lies a massive granite boulder. Its surface is curiously scratched with the likeness of a turkey's foot: it is one of the thousand remnants of the glacial age, so commonly found in northwestern Ohio; and to many who travel that road this simple rock has no attraction. But to all who are conversant with the history of the valley, it stands an enduring memorial of the last great battle of the northern Indian wars.

It rests on the slope of what is commonly known as Presque Isle Hill, a mile or more from the village of Maumee. As far east as Fort Miami stretches the flat river bottoms, once thickly wooded, but now fertile garden-land. To the north, back from the rapids of the river, rises the "heights" in the form of a crescent whose tips, five miles apart, are Presque Isle Hill and Fort Miami. In this semicircular plain in 1794 General Anthony Wayne fought the battle of Fallen Timbers, and there defeated the forces of the great nations of the Northwest Territory.

The rough vanguard of American civiliza-

tion had pushed onward into the west, forcing the aborigines farther and farther from their native hunting-ground, until the great war-chief, Tecumseh, with almost the energy of inspiration, roused his fellow-redmen to resist the flooding tide of invasion. Through north and south rang his tocsin, and everywhere the wild war-dance inflamed the savage breast. On all sides rose the painted warrior, and the "great father of the whitemen," was called upon to shield his pioneer children.

The Hero of Stony Point was given command, and starting from the settlements on the Ohio he marched to the junction of the Anglaise with the Maumee. Here a fort was built to serve as a base of supplies; then he started down the river to meet the Indian hordes that were assembled near Fort Miami, still in the possession of the British. When he came to the site of the present town of Waterville he learned that the foe was but five miles ahead. Though a thick fog obscured the view and the ground was covered with fallen trees—the result of a recent cyclone—yet he pushed rapidly forward to the attack, and almost unawares his vanguard came upon the Indians. A most desperate engagement ensued. Neither knew the strength of his foe, nor his exact position; neither fought for glory or for victory, but in self-defense. The flash of a rifle, blazing behind a tree, served to direct one's aim. The position of the foe was known only by meeting him face to face, or when through the smoke and the fog a single cry was heard and a dark figure leaped from the shelter of a trunk. Then each soldier must needs be a general, or the general a genius for battle. Onward to seeming certain death charged the troops of Mad Anthony, yet as resolutely did the Indian warriors resist.

Their great chief had entrusted the command to Turkey-Foot of the Pottawatomies; and in the heat of the battle, while the blue coats were pressing hardest upon him, he sprang upon a large rock to rally his wavering forces; and as he brandished his tomahawk on high and yelled the awful slogan of savage warfare a bullet brought him down. His body fell across the rock; and when the battle had ended, the remnants of his followers buried him where he had fallen. On the surface of the rock they carved his totem. Years afterwards, when the Indians had all been removed across the Mississippi, a wandering brave coming again to the old

battlefield would pause beside the boulder, bow in reverence to the hero-dead, and place some slight token of his affection on the grave of his former chieftain.

But now the careless wayfarer stops to smile at the rude scratches on the broad surface; and seating himself upon it rests in the shade of the overhanging willow. Little does he think that here is nature's memorial of the last brave stand made by her simple children. As he stoops to drink of the cool spring that bubbles forth at his feet, little does he feel that those crystal waters symbolize the blood poured forth upon that spot that a new land might be opened to our civilization.

Dream's End.

TELFORD PAULLIN.

The storm had passed. The angry thunder was still grumbling at being hurried away by the clouds. Far up above the trees of the great forest the sun came out and shot bright golden shafts down through all the branches. The air was still and sacred as in some vast, dim-shadowy cathedral, and in the full bird-notes there was a tremor of gladness at the passing of the storm.

At the end of the long straight road, running nave-like between columns of giant trees, there showed a patch of blue sky where the forest ended and the plain began. Half way to the blue I saw the figure of a child tramping sturdily forward. As I overtook him I called:

"Whither bound, little comrade?" He turned quickly and paused until I reached his side.

"To the beautiful city of the King where the King's soldiers live, all dressed in gold, in the King's palace. The smithy says it is quite as big as the whole valley where I live, and Gretchel, the peddler, told me that ships from all the world come into the harbor to rest their great white wings. And I read in the fairy book that the people were once very bad, so God turned them all into stone, and now only good people live there who love each other and are very happy."

As we passed out of the forest all the flower-cups in the broad meadows brimmed with sunshine as though the world had just come fresh from the hand of its Maker. And he ran on, the little dream-child, peopling the land with princes and beautiful damozels

and kind-hearted giants who did battle with fiery dragons. And I would not dispel the little one's fancies, for this was to be his last real day o' dreams.

As the afternoon shadows were lengthening we began to pass huts on the outskirts of the great city, and several mongrel dogs barked at us savagely.

We came upon a gaunt, drunken-looking scaffold where a group of soldiers were making ready to hang a thief. The poor wretch was mumbling a prayer when a bulky guardsman clutched him by the jowl and slit his tongue. My little friend looked on, very white and trembling, then turned and asked me if the wicked men were robbers.

"They—are the king's soldiers dressed all in gold," I replied. He gave a sharp little gasp, but strode on at my side as before.

Making our way down a narrow, dingy lane, we met with some loafers in a noisy brawl in front of an ale-house, and one was stretched on the ground with his scalp laid open, cursing the rest. Another kicked his dog into the middle of the lane where the child gathered him up and petted him and coaxed him to come with us; but the dog limped after his master, pausing now and then to look wistfully back at us and give a woe-begone wag of his tail. The child asked if these also were the king's soldiers.

"These," I replied, "are the good people who were not turned to stone and who love each other very much." He choked back a little sob and again started bravely forward at my side. We soon came to a turn in the road which brought us upon a hill overlooking the vast city and its harbor. The sun had just slipped down behind the sea. But there was still light enough to show the numberless squalid houses, built sometimes one upon another, and the crazy network of dark, narrow streets through which swarmed hurrying men and women, like ants when you poke their hill with a stick.

In the harbor were many great drab hulks with sails all patched and besmirched, and not nearly so white as the great snowy ones that float over our heads on the blue sea of the sky.

The child gazed sadly into the increasing dusk, a woeful, lonely little figure, brooding over the immense miserable world which he had found. He sank softly down upon the grass and sobbed bitterly. I was in the presence of a great sorrow.

Varsity Verse.

THE OWL.

AT night when all is dark and still,
 And silence reigns o'er vale and hill,
 The owl, watchman of the night,
 Goes prowling in the moon's pale light.
 But when the bell in yonder tower
 Rings out the solemn midnight hour,
 He to his home in the ruined wall,
 Flies back and gives his screeching call:
 To whit! to whoo! W. S.

SONG.

O Notre Dame, dear Notre Dame,
 These days we'll ne'er forget.
 The gleaming haze of college days,
 Will linger o'er us yet.
 These days of lore will come no more;
 But in our future years,
 These thoughts of you, so good and true,
 Will fill our eyes with tears.

O Notre Dame, dear Notre Dame,
 When we have won our race.
 We'll long to stay, just for a day,
 Held in your fond embrace.
 Those days of lore will nevermore,
 Be ours in those sad years;
 The thought of you, so sweet so true,
 Will fill our eyes with tears.

C. R. B.

A TELEPHONIC BENEFIT.

The pace to-day is far too slow
 Which rigs necessitate,
 On social errands we now can go,—
 Our autos ne'er hesitate.

Just so to "phones" men now resort
 For common information:
 No missives couched in grace exhort
 The speaker's invitation.

Though mightier than the sword, the style
 Does reverence to the "phone;"
 Our writing now we leave awhile
 To hear the sad wires moan.

Refined and clear the notes we made
 The words with care we picked;
 But now by time our speech is paid,
 Concise our terms,—we're tricked.

E. A. D.

WHICH WILL IT BE?

There were just two of them remained,
 The rest were sent away
 Though Tommy, dear,—our little babe
 Had wished them all to stay.

But ma had said that one was all
 That she'd permit around—
 For cats annoyed her very much
 With their shrill, mewling sound.

In all respects they were alike
 In temper, size and look—
 But Tit had keener eyes than Tat—
 At least so said the cook.

Now, in a case like this, pray tell
 What could a small boy do?
 Could Solomon successfully—
 Decide between the two?

Hence Tommy was indeed perplexed
 To tell which one he'd keep—
 And, as he patted them in turn
 Big tears rolled down each cheek.

But look! a mouse, in quiet runs
 Across the kitchen floor
 And with one bound Tit seizes it
 Then feasts upon the gore.

But Tommy did not like the sight
 Nor such a wicked cat—
 And thus it happened that he chose
 To give up *Tit* for *Tat*.

J. L.

A LIMERICK.

A boarding-house keeper named Nash
 Joined the navy when hard up for cash,
 And when he got orders
 To "repel all the boarders,"
 Forgetting, he hollered out "hash!" F. H.

CHANGE.

We hope and we long for the days of spring;
 We cherish as dear the gladness they bring;
 But the spring-time season would seem less bright,
 If 'twere not prefaced by winter's night.
 'Mid the struggles man has in his toiling career,
 There are glimmers of hope that lessen his fear:
 As light is brighter when darkness holds sway,
 So joys are greater on a sorrowful day. T. P. I.

Looking Backward.

B. V. KANALEY, '04.

I THINK of you in this old arm-chair,
Far from the worldly din and blare;
I think of you when strong and young,
When both in friendship dear we clung,
Before we'd known of earthly care.

I wish Life's songs were yet unsung,
That artless talk were on the tongue—
Together again our youth to share—
I think of you.

I wish we're done of rush and glare,
And the closing year's now few and spare.
We'd spend in pleasures sweet among
The scenes afar whence we have sprung,
Back threescore years from the present where
I think of you.

The Masque.

THOMAS P. IRVING, '04.

When the theatre and drama of England were but making a beginning and passing through a rude state of development, there arose at the court a dramatic entertainment known as the masque. Since the public theatre was only in a crude state it was not patronized by members of the royal family. Yet there was a desire among the nobles for some sort of dramatic performance, so they took up private amusements, and the masque was one of these. This form of entertainment existed in a rather unstable manner for about two hundred years before it began to take on any literary value. It was not until Elizabeth's reign that it began to show signs of a distinct literary form. The highest point of its development, however, was attained while James I. was on the throne. This ruler delighted in such amusements, and he was lavish in the use of his money to make them most enjoyable. This, combined with the fact that some of the best poets of the time were engaged in writing masques, tends to make this reign the high-water mark for the masque. Jonson was the greatest of these, and without him it is doubtful whether the masque would have acquired any value as a work of literature.

In the development of the masque it is

necessary to note that there are two quite distinct periods. When Jonson appeared the masque was changed and arose to a much higher level than it had attained before. It is also necessary to know that before his time the word was spelled *mask*, while he adopted the latter spelling, *masque*.

The dance gave rise to the mask, and during its entire existence dancing was of great importance. On the continent, and in England also, a favorite pastime of the court was a masquerade in which the dancers were disguised. We have a record showing that in 1348 Edward III. was entertained by such a masquerade. On some occasions the royal personages were entertained by actors, who performed a pantomime show. These visits were called "mummings" and the entertainment was called "disguising." During the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. these disguisings were in great favor. They were generally held at the end of some dramatic spectacle, such as the Morality. They served to enliven the audience, and they were a contrast to the heavy Morality. It may not be out of place to give an outline of one of these performances as yet, however, in its infancy.

First the disguisers, accompanied by torch-bearers, entered the hall. The minstrels began to play and the women danced first and then the men. After this the Morris took place. The dancers in this were persons practised in art. When they had arrived at their proper places, the musicians played the dances that had been assigned. When the Morris dance had ended, a dance followed in which men and women took part. The first dances were slow while the latter were more lively. The disguisers were persons of the court.

In this kind of show we notice dancing is the all-important feature, in fact nothing at all is said of dialogue. It was not long, however, before the dramatic began to assert itself. There arose a desire to make these attractions more elaborate, more magnificent and more entertaining. Scenery was the first thing that was required. To find this was not a difficult task. The Miracle and Morality plays were performed on pageants, and this device was made to answer the same purpose for the mask. The only difference was this, that for the production of a mask the pageant was brought into the hall. At Westminster Hall in 1501 a disguising was held, an outline of which may be of interest since it gives the first attempt at scenery and dialogue.

Three pageants were used in this performance. The first one that was brought into the hall represented a castle. From the windows of this eight ladies looked out and in each of the four towers there was a child singing "most sweetly and harmoniously." The second pageant represented a ship from which two persons, Hope and Desire, came as ambassadors and spoke to the ladies. The third pageant was a mountain. In this there were eight knights whose messengers were Hope and Desire. Displeased with the answer of the ladies to the ambassadors the knights besieged the castle and captured it. Such were the crude beginnings of the mask. The stage-setting was to develop into an artistic and elaborate affair, but it required the genius of an artist to bring it about. Furthermore, the expense connected with such an affair was large; for in the years following 1600 the average cost of producing a masque was about \$28,000. The attempts at magnificence and splendor were not altogether futile, for it has been thought that for effect the court masque sometimes equalled our modern opera. The dialogue, which at first was but a few words composed on the spur of the moment, grew to be so important that some of the best writers were engaged to write the speeches. The poet and the artist worked hand in hand thus facilitating the production of a better piece of work.

When James I. came to the throne in the beginning of the seventeenth century the masque began its career of magnificence. He, as we have said, spared no means or pains to make the masque of his time surpass that of any in the history of England. James had the wealth and the will to use it; Jonson had the literary talent, and among the artists Inigo Jones, the great architect, could furnish stage machinery that probably surpassed anything that had ever existed before in England.

The masque proper then was made up of dancing, singing and dialogue or speaking. But an important part was the group of masquers or dancers. There were generally eight, twelve or sixteen in the group. Their business was to dance, and they took no share in the two other parts of the masque. They went through two kinds of dances. The first was slow and stately and had been carefully prepared. The second was made up of galliards and corantos, and was known as "Revels." The partners for this lively dance were chosen from the audience.

The costumes of the masquers abounded in finery and were suited to the character brought before the mind. In the beginning masks were worn, but this awkward gear was later discarded.

The introduction of the masquers was meant to be an important part of the masque. Up to the moment of their appearance they were hid, and when the time of their entrance came they appeared suddenly decked in all the finery of which they were capable. With the development of the parts of the masque the manner of introducing the masquers was also improved. At first the "Presenter" introduced the masquers. Later they were introduced by means of a dialogue in which a story may be told that makes the audience acquainted with them.

In general, it may be said that the masque was serious. Its entire make-up was of a sober kind. But those favoring this amusement were wearied by "the eternal procession of gods and goddesses and allegorical personages paraded before their eyes." They sought for something to relieve the monotony of the sober masque. The relief was found in the introduction of the antimasque.

The antimasque was a sort of parody or burlesque of the idea contained in the masque itself. It might consist, for example, in placing the principal characters in a comic light. At other times it might be less complicated, being little more than a break in the monotony of the masque. In general, it was a lively, entertaining, laugh-provoking diversion. While it remained within its proper sphere it had a good effect and carried out admirably the object for which it was instituted. It not only broke the monotonous spell of the masque, but by the very fact that it presented the main characters in an opposite light, it placed them in contrast and made them more pronounced.

The diversion was, however, of such a nature that it could easily be carried to the extreme, and this meant that the masque would suffer. The intention was to make the antimasque only a secondary affair. This was the case at first when only a single antimasque was introduced. But the people had a hankering after the laughable and the ridiculous, and it was not long before they made a demand for a second antimasque. Many of the writers did introduce two of these parodies into one masque. Jonson appears to have most strongly opposed this innovation, and for a

long time he clung to the old fashion. He was of the opinion that the masque should not only be a source of pleasure but it should also teach. It may be that he thought the pleasure-giving part was becoming excessive, so he strenuously opposed its advancement. There exists a striking similarity between the growth of the masque and the antimasque. The antimasque took its origin from a dance. The dancers carried on a "dumb show," and it is seldom we find them singing or speaking.

Heretofore we have mentioned the name of Inigo Jones. It is well to know something of him, for he figured quite prominently in the production of many of the masques. He was an architect of much ability and he was skilled in the arrangement of stage-machinery, thereby contributing much to the attractiveness of the masque. It was in this capacity that he collaborated with Ben Jonson. The two, however, became estranged. The difficulty arose from the fact that Jones thought the production of scenic show should at least be equal to the poet's work. Naturally enough Jonson held the opposite view, and for years he succeeded in maintaining his point. In 1631 some masques were published, and in giving the authors Jonson appeared before Jones. Slight as this may seem yet Jones was displeased and succeeded in making his influence so far felt that from this on Jonson was never again requested to write masques for the court. It must be admitted that although we are inclined to attribute to Jonson the honor of having given to the masque its literary value, yet it must not be forgotten that Inigo Jones, as an artistic architect, had his share in making the masque an entertaining amusement.

There were several masque-writers, but as has been said Jonson was the leader. Among the others may be mentioned Fletcher, Chapman, Shirley, Carew and Campion. The last named has been looked upon as second to Jonson. We must not forget Milton's "Comus." In 1633 a Puritan wrote against the stage. It is probable that the work was a little too severe, and instead of having the desired effect it tended rather to arouse the writers. It was during this literary awakening that Milton's masque, "Comus," appeared. This work is sometimes thought to be superior to any of Jonson's. It has even been called the "purest of English poems." Lastly Shakspeare himself has made use of the masque probably with a view to please the poorer classes.

To give a more concrete idea of the masque an analysis of one may be of assistance. The one taken is entitled "Pan's Anniversary or the Shepherd's Holyday." In the beginning of the work we see "The Inventors, Inigo Jones; Ben Jonson." It shall be more instructive to give the stage directions as they are printed in the play. The scene of the work is Arcadia.

"The court being seated, the first presentation is of three nymphs strewing several sorts of flowers, followed by an old shepherd with a censer and perfumes." The three nymphs now scatter the flowers about to make the holiday more splendid. The shepherd commends them for their efforts and urges them to do still more. Here we have "Loud Music."

"The scene opens, and in it are the masquers discovered sitting about the Fountain of Light, the musicians attired like the Priests of Pan standing in the work beneath them, when entereth to the old shepherd a fencer, flourishing."

The fencer comes bringing Bœotians who wish to have some kind of contest with the Arcadians. The shepherd answers that the attempt is bold, for at this particular time "the best and bravest spirits of Arcadia are yonder sitting about the Fountain of Light." The fencer declares that the Bœotians shall be victorious. He then gives an account of the men from Bœotia. Then "the Bœotians enter for the antimasque which is danced." The shepherd now bids the masquers come forth. The nymphs here sing a hymn in honor of Pan, after which, "the Masquers descend and dance their Entry." They also sing a hymn in praise of Pan, declaring him to be the one that watches over their needs. We now have "the Main Dance." A hymn comes next and "here the Revels." "After which re-enter the fencer." A short dialogue takes place between the fencer and the shepherd; then "the Thebans enter for the Antimasque; which danced." The shepherd now dismisses the Bœotians, and after a hymn he ends the play with a short speech.

The civil war in England marks the end of the masque's usefulness. It had served its purpose and it ceased, but its influence was evident in the work done after the Restoration. When the theatres were re-opened, the king went to the theatre, for there his love for the spectacular was satisfied and he had no need for private entertainments,—the age for the masque was gone.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame, Indiana, February 27 1904.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Board of Editors.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, 1903.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02	G. A. FARABAUGH, '04
BYRON V. KANALEY, '04	THOMAS D. LYONS, '04
LOUIS J. CAREY, '04	GEO. J. MACNAMARA, '04
MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04	WALTER M. DALY, '04
STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04	THOMAS P. IRVING, '04
ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04	G. T. STANFORD, '04
JOSEPH H. BURKE, '04	L. M. FETHERSTON, '04
ERNEST A. DAVIS, '04	MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04
ERNEST E. HAMMER, '04	WM. K. GARDINER, '04
GEORGE GORMLEY, '04	JAMES R. RECORD, '05
JOSEPH P. O'REILLY, '06.	

—Suggested by the annual Lenten collection for the negro and Indian missions, Catholic attention has been focused on the "unkempt vineyard of the South." There is no missionary field crying out with more earnest prayer than does the southern part of the United States. Bishop Byrne's appeal emphasizes the existing condition and requirements to a nicety. Who will answer his call? A missionary among the negro must have in him the spirit that drew a Xavier to India, a Damien to Molokai, a Marquette to the head of the Father of Waters, and more,—he must bring to these qualities a heroic fortitude, a spirit to beg when needs be, the ability to cope with the vitiating thought of the day and to direct the negro's hand in industrial training. Unite these desirable traits in a band of workers, preferably men whose lives have been spent under Southern skies, and you have the one influence that can lead the negro from his present position to one of higher status morally and socially. As Bishop Byrne says, the work falls on the shoulders of religious communities, for there God desires all difficult missionary work to rest. May the negro's pitiable condition, the demoralization of the South and the resulting danger that threatens the nation's existing prosperity and peace, call forth from these communities many willing hands and earnest hearts!

Washington's Birthday Celebration.

The anniversary of Washington's birth was observed at Notre Dame in the usual fitting manner last Monday. The exercises in which the Faculty, students and visitors participated, were held in Washington Hall and furnished a feast of patriotism. Among those who contributed to the programme were Thomas D. Lyons and Walter M. Daly whose efforts will be found elsewhere in this issue, Francis F. Dukette, Mrs. O'Brien, an accomplished singer, who was visiting her son at Notre Dame and who very graciously and effectively gave two vocal selections, and the University orchestra. The presentation of the flag by the members of the senior class was of course the chief item. It was in keeping with a custom long established at Notre Dame. The flag thus given floats for the ensuing year from the tall staff in the University grounds, and is afterwards added to the collection of flags donated by preceding graduating classes. The significance of the presentation and of the American flag itself can best be learned from the able address of Byron V. Kanaley, the eloquent and versatile class-president, who spoke as follows:

Very Rev. President Morrissey, Rev. Fathers, members of the Faculty, ladies and gentlemen:

To think of the American flag means more to-day than it ever meant at any time before. For to-day it represents what a new nation has done in the first century of its existence. It represents not alone the struggles, the defeats, the victories of the Past, but most important for us, the flag represents what those labors of a nation's people have brought—the things the flag shall stand for in the future. For after all, the true worth of a symbol of national power is denoted by what the symbol shall represent for those that are to come, since the greatness of a nation is to a large extent measured by its perpetuity.

We may write our history in books and put that history as familiar sayings on the lips of children; we may write songs of the glorious deeds of the past—of defeats we have nobly suffered or of triumphs we have accomplished—and these songs may be sung in the homes of the people—and all this will instil patriotism. But it does not denote the true worth of our flag—no, not even if every important fact of the past has been commemorated—not even if every single

fact of the past is glorious and worthy of a righteous people. For all these deeds were accomplished, not for mere temporal expediency, but they were done so the flag should continue to represent what a boundless future might demand as regulated by the principles that gave the flag its right to be. They were done so that a nation might be perpetuated, founded on these fundamental principles and guided by them, above which that flag should stand as its symbol.

One may say: The flag meant as much in 1812 as now. In so far as love of country goes it undoubtedly did; for to denote pure patriotism the flag always has and always will mean the same; but to the man of '61 its preservation carried with it not only all that it had meant to the man of 1812, but also the weight of those things that had happened in the nation's history between the times of the men of Jackson and the men of Grant—those things that had tended to preserve our national ideals.

To each succeeding generation, therefore, the flag has meant more and more, until now we come to our own. *Because* of all the events that happen year after year in the calendar of the nation's life, because of these the flag means that much more to us.

So to-day, to think of the American flag means more than it ever meant at any time before, since not only is there the Past that it represents, but most important of all—what shall it represent in the future; what will that future be that it shall represent?

Long ago leaders of men saw that absolutism rested on ignorance and naturally that the perpetuity of free governments must rest on education. And the more nearly a government was to be really free, the more nearly it directly and quickly reflected the will of its people, so much the more was need of the education of its citizens. The man whose memory we meet to-day to commemorate saw this clearly when he said: "Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." This is one of the great motives that lies back of the growth of education in America—to train future citizens in the ways of representative free government, without which training free nations must pass away, slowly, perhaps, but history points you to the painful

importance of rightful education among men that attempt to govern themselves. And in so far as her sons are rightly educated, just that far does the hope of an United States perpetuated safely rest.

To take her part in this great work of education—this national aspect of education—Notre Dame has striven since the first days of the University. And as the years have passed she has seen and realized the added responsibilities that have come to those who know what the flag means, and she has sought to instil in the men she sends forth every year to take their places as citizens of the Republic a practical patriotism; not a sentimental love of country, but an affection that inspires the doing of things, a regard for the flag that means the best efforts toward the perpetuation of our national ideals, that means that we shall ever keep the flag *worthy* of our love, worthy and inspiring of the love of the generations to come.

And it has been a custom, as the many national emblems draped about this theatre show, for each graduating class to present to the University one of the objects that Notre Dame holds most dear and for which many of her best labors are given—the American flag. And, Father Morrissey, with you as the representative of the Faculty, we of the class of 1904 leave this banner of the Nation as a pledge that we shall put into practice in the life that lies beyond graduation the principles that Notre Dame teaches—principles that if carried out mean the perpetuation of the United States among nations as long as governments exist anywhere on earth; principles, if we live up to which, mean that we shall be good and loyal citizens of the Republic.

At the conclusion of Mr. Kanaley's remarks Very Rev. President Morrissey accepted the flag in behalf of the University. He referred to the spirit of patriotism which Notre Dame had always sought to foster, a spirit to which he hoped present students would be as loyal as were those of the past. Notre Dame would ever try to instil those cardinal principles of justice, morality, and respect for lawful authority upon which our glorious constitution is founded. He congratulated the student-body, especially those of the graduating class, on their conduct and highly creditable standard of classwork for the year. Though brief, Father Morrissey's response was very appropriate and was enthusiastically received.

The Church of the Sacred Heart.

Lent inclines us to the consideration of more serious thoughts. We have become so familiar with the ceremonies of the Church that we do not fully appreciate their deep significance. It all has become so common to us. We go to church so often that we scarcely notice the imposing features of the edifice wherein we worship; we never observe the points of interest. Perhaps when we came as new students we admired them, but now they have all become so familiar that we deem them unworthy of notice.

The Church of the Sacred Heart is one of the oldest buildings at Notre Dame. The foundation had been laid in '68 and it was consecrated twenty years later, the dedication being in 1888, the year of the Golden Anniversary of the Very Rev. Father-General Sorin. At its completion it was pronounced one of the most beautiful Catholic edifices in America. Its Gothic spire rises nearly three hundred feet—a true representation of the ancient idea of the church spire—a ray of light from heaven. In the tower is hung the chime of twenty-three bells, which was imported from France more than thirty years ago. Every hour, except in very cold weather, they sound forth the sweet strains of some well-known Catholic hymn. Lower in the tower is hung the largest bell but one in America. It was brought to Notre Dame in '67 and used for some time in the old church. It weighs seven and a half tons, and on a clear day its loud, sweet tones can be heard twenty-five miles; within it fifteen men can stand erect; the united strength of twelve is required to ring it.

But the church itself is fairest of all to see, with its exquisite frescoes; its stately arches; its beautifully designed windows; its massive organ containing 1200 pipes; and its many altars wherein rest relics of the saints and beneath which are the remains of those saintly missionaries, Fathers De Seille, Petit, Cointet; with those of the illustrious Catholic author and philosopher, Dr. Brownson. Few know that in all the world there is but one church altar more privileged than the one at Notre Dame, to which are attached all the indulgences of the Portiuncula of St. Francis. In the little Chapel of the Relics, to the east and back of the main altar, we are attracted by the wax figure of one of the

earliest martyrs, the child-saint Severa, who was murdered by her pagan father for becoming a Christian. At one time this figure was supposed to be that of Saint Agnes, but now the identification is assured. In this chapel are a section of the garment worn by Jesus, a part of the girdle and the veil worn by His Blessed Mother, relics of all the twelve apostles, and two sections of the True Cross, one of which is elevated in benediction on each Good Friday.

A skull of one of the Theban Legion, of one of the sufferers of the early persecution in France, as well as the bones of a boy-martyr who suffered during the same period, rest beneath the main altar. On the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the east transept is a crown of beaten gold. This precious ornament, so delicate in appearance, has quite a history. It was awarded the prize for exquisite workmanship at the First Paris Exposition in '67, and was the personal gift to Father Sorin of the Empress Eugenie of France. Since its arrival at Notre Dame it was stolen and only with the greatest difficulty was it recovered. It had been crushed flat by the thief, so that he might the more safely carry it away beneath his coat; and the greatest skill was required to restore it to its former elegant appearance. On the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the rear of the church, which is so beautifully set off by the lighting effect, there is another most exquisite crown. It, too, has an interesting history. It is the gift of thirty prominent Americans, and cost more than \$3000. It was originally intended for the statue on the dome of the old main building, but it was decided that it was too valuable to be kept outside, and just before the great fire it was removed from the dome to the church. This crown which is of pure gold was also stolen. Before it could be recovered the thieves had cut it into hundreds of small pieces, the easier to dispose of it. For almost a year an expert jeweler worked at the difficult task of refitting the pieces.

In the apsidal chapel, just across from the Chapel of the Relics, is an altar which is surmounted by a large crucifix of gold, with a massive ostensorium four feet in height, which was presented by the Emperor Napoleon III.

The windows of the church deserve especial attention, those in the chapels being most attractive. They were all made by nuns in France, and each represents some distin-

guished saint. The frescoes and pictures can not be too highly praised. They are the work of the talented Luigi Gregori, the Italian artist, who spent eighteen years of his life at Notre Dame. In the Chapel of the Relics is a copy of one of the most famous paintings in Rome. It is the largest ever made, and was given only with the direct permission of the Pope. These pictures and frescoes are shown to the best advantage by the electric lights that were placed during the last vacation, and which are so arranged as to be unseen themselves, while they illumine the prominent features of the pictures. The need of this improvement had long been felt, but not until Mrs. Symonds of Chicago donated \$2000 for that particular purpose was it undertaken.

Such is the Church of the Sacred Heart, a gallery of art, a treasury of relics for the faithful, a basilica of religion; for in very few places in America are the ceremonies of the Church carried out with greater completeness, propriety and impressiveness than at Notre Dame. And in such environment are we receiving our education and are we arriving at the estate of manhood. Surely such ennobling influence should bear fruit when we leave Notre Dame and enter the battle of life.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame's baseball stars of past years are rapidly forging ahead to the front ranks. "Peaches" O'Neill, our clever back-stop of two years ago, has signed with the Cincinnati National League team; Powers, catcher of famous '97 team, will be with Philadelphia again; "Heiney" Thielman goes to St. Louis; Gibson, the crack twirler of three years ago, has been re-signed by Boston, Champions of the American League; Lynch, coach last season and short-stop '02, has received several flattering offers; Fleming, left fielder, and Donohue, centre fielder '01 team, are both playing minor league ball; J. Dohan, pitcher '02, has contracts from St. Louis and Cincinnati National League teams, but has decided not to join the professional ranks. He is in business in Cincinnati and doing well.

* * *

Brownson Hall basket-ball team meets the Michigan City Champions in the big gymnasium to-night. The visitors have not been

defeated this year, although they have met some of the best teams in Central Indiana. Come out and root for Brownson.

* * *

Pryor, on whom Coach Holland was depending for points in the meet, will not be permitted to enter as he is not a Freshman in his class standing.

* * *

The Minims and ex-Minims have begun active training for their annual track games, the date of which is still a matter of disagreement. The rivalry between the two teams is intense, and a battle royal is expected when they meet. The ex-Minims are pinning all their faith in their experienced stars of last season. The Minims, however, have several little fellows of ability in their ranks and should give their rivals a hard tussle.

* * *

Judging by the number of baseballs flying around the two gymnasiums these days, the coming baseball season should be an unusually active one.

* * *

Next Friday afternoon at 2:30 p. m., the gymnasium will be turned over to the runners, jumpers and weight men of Indiana University and our own brawny athletes. It is pretty hard to get an estimate of the relative strength of the two teams, but reports seem to favor Horn's men as having a shade the better of it because of their experience. Our men are practically untried, but have had the best training under Coach Holland and have been doing fairly good work in practice. They are in splendid physical shape and prepared to do the best that is in them, but we should not hope for too much from them as the majority of them have had the benefit of but practically a month's training. Coach Holland is not quite so enthusiastic at present over our prospects as he was a week ago. At that time he had figured on preventing I. U. from gaining all the points in the pole vault, but the dropping out of Pryor has upset his calculations. However, Notre Dame's representatives are going into the meet with a determination to do their best. All they ask is the support of the rooters.

* * *

A word about the rooting. Notre Dame has the reputation throughout the West of according fair treatment to all visitors,

whether they win or lose. This sort of a reputation helps Notre Dame considerably, and it should be our proud boast that in this respect we excel all other colleges. In rooting we should be particularly careful. Applaud generously and in a gentlemanly manner. If one of the rival team should do good work, give him credit for it. Such action as this will breed a spirit of good fellowship between colleges and win us many friends. It often happens that in heat of excitement at some game or in a moment of disappointment over the defeat of our favorites, we forget ourselves, and hurl taunts of derision at the victor, hiss him, call him "names," etc. This should not be the case, and we are positive none of our rooters will act in such a manner. Root as long as you want and as loudly as you are able, but don't forget to give the visitors their share of it. Show them you are true sportsmen, and that winning or losing you know how to appreciate good work in a rival.

The baseball squad has been weeded down to twenty-nine men. They are Capt. Stephan Shaughnessy, Antoine, Ruehlbach, O'Connor, Geoghegan, Salmon, Kanaley, Sherry, Hogan, Opfergelt, Sheehan, Medley, O'Gorman, Gray, McDermott, O'Neill, Farabaugh, MacDonald, Kinney, Gerraughty, O'Connell, Alderman, Burns, McInerney, M. Shea, Rocketbook and J. Shea. The squad has had an easy time of it this week. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday being off days on account of the bi-monthly examinations.

Scales who was laid up for a couple of days with a severe cold is out again. He has nearly mastered the new form of jumping as taught him by Coach Holland, and clears the bar at a good height.

Remember Friday afternoon. Yell, and keep yelling until the last event has been run off, and then wind up by giving a good hearty cheer for the victors.

The baseball squad at present numbers only twenty-nine men, but to attempt to cut down these twenty-nine just now would require much consideration. Never have we seen such a promising squad, and if everything goes well from now on we may feel sure Notre Dame will be equal to any of the Western colleges on the diamond. The candidates themselves

should bear in mind that from this time forth their work really begins. The work that counts will be done from now on, and those who loaf any these days will lose whatever chance they may have of making the team. Captain Stephan will watch the daily practice more closely from now on, so it is to candidates' benefit to put forth their best efforts. The next cut will, in all probability, be made within the next two weeks, as the outdoor work is not more than two months off.

**

Murphy is coming up very fast, and next to his captain he is the most promising man in the squad. Manager Daly has his baseball schedule completed. It contains thirty games in all, eighteen games at Notre Dame and twelve away. The schedule is a good one, embracing several games with "big-nine" teams and the strongest teams in the neighboring states. The season opens up with the South Bend team of the Central League on April 11.

April 11—	South Bend	at Notre Dame
" 12—	South Bend	at Notre Dame
" 13—	South Bend	at Notre Dame
" 14—	South Bend	at Notre Dame
" 15—	Notre Dame	at South Bend
" 16—	Notre Dame	at South Bend
" 18—	South Bend	at Notre Dame
" 19—	South Bend	at Notre Dame
" 20—	South Bend	at Notre Dame
" 21—	South Bend	at Notre Dame
" 22—	Notre Dame	at South Bend
" 23—	Notre Dame	at South Bend

College Series.

April 29—	Wisconsin	at Notre Dame
May 2—	Illinois	at Notre Dame
" 3—	Nebraska	at Notre Dame
" 7—	Wabash	at Notre Dame
" 10—	Beloit	at Beloit
May 11—	Wisconsin	at Madison
" 12—	Minnesota	at Minneapolis
" 13—	Minnesota	at Minneapolis
" 19—	Ohio State	at Notre Dame
" 21—	Minnesota	at Notre Dame
" 23—	DePauw	at Notre Dame
" 25—	Indiana	at Notre Dame
" 26—	Purdue	at Notre Dame
" 31—	Wabash	at Crawfordsville
June 1—	DePauw	at Greencastle
" 2—	Indiana	at Bloomington
" 3—	Purdue	at Lafayette
" 4—	Illinois	at Champaign
" 7—	Beloit	at Notre Dame

Angus McDonald, the clever first baseman and captain of the famous '01 team, Champions of the West, is in business in Houston, Texas, and prospering. "Mac" was very popular when here and also one of the best all-round athletes at school, being a punter second to none in the West, as well as a star first baseman.

Bracken who is to replace Pryor in the pole vault shows form in this event, but has a tendency to slip at the take off which raises havoc with his vaults.

Toner has improved remarkably in the shot-put considering the short time he has been out.

Captain Draper's weak ankle still bothers him when running, but when handling the sixteen pound weight it does not seem to interfere any.

Silver and Koehler in the sprints, Daly and Keefe in the quarter, O'Connor in the hurdles, and Murphy in the distance runs, are all doing splendid work, and will no doubt give a good account of themselves in the coming Indiana meet.

The second basket-ball game of the Inter-Hall series was played last Saturday night between Brownson and Corby, resulting in a victory for Corby by a score of 14 to 3. Both teams played loose basket-ball at times. Brownson was weakened considerably by the absence of Captain Gray. The first half of the game was close and exciting, but towards the close the Brownsonites showed the effects of their long rest from practice, while the Corbyites threw goals at will.

The Line-Up.

Corby (14)		Brownson (3)
Herman	L G	Quinn
Winter	R G	O'Reilly
Devine	C	McDermott
Kotte	L F	Medley
Geoghegan	R F	Brennan

The game of the series between the Minims and ex-Minims' basket-ball team was played last Sunday, and resulted in the ex-Minims' favor. The two teams were pretty evenly matched and the game was the most hotly-contested that the two rivals have engaged in

for some time. Up to the last few seconds of play the score was a tie. When the ex-men forged ahead by a lucky throw, C. McDermott of the ex-men and Yrissarri of the Minims were the stars of the game. The final score was 7 to 5.

Ex-Minims		Minims
L. Symonds	R G	Yrissarri
Rempe	L G	Von Puhl
C. McDermott	C	Roberts
Brennan	R F	Connell
Coleman	L F	Holleran

Goals from field—McDermott, 2; Coleman, 1; Holleran, 2. From fouls—Roberts, 1; McDermott, 1. Officials—T. McDermott and Kuhn of Carroll Hall. JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Personals.

—Visitors' Registry:—Mrs. Edwin O. Lee, Mrs. T. F. Anderson, Beloit, Wis.; Mrs. W. N. Lichtenberger, South Bend; W. S. Hogan, Valparaiso, Ind.; J. S. McDonald, Louisville, Kentucky; Henry L. Baird, Boongrove, Ind.; Elizabeth Kasper, Mrs. Anna Strauss, Ella Strauss, Anna Strauss, Mrs. Symonds Clarke, Chicago; Harry Munsay, Trenton, New Jersey; J. W. Dawson, Charleston, West Virginia.

—Mrs. Joseph Daschbach of Pittsburg, Pa., left last Thursday for her home, accompanied by her son, Herbert, of Brownson Hall. "Herb" is a general favorite among his fellow-students who are delighted with his rapid improvement and anxiously look forward to his complete recovery. During her all-too-short stay with us Mrs. Daschbach, by her charming ways and genial disposition, made a host of friends here, and we feel that our colors will always find in her a loyal champion.

—Brother William, whose visit to Worcester we referred to in a late issue, has brought us news of some of the old Notre Dame students in the East. William P. Higgins, Law '03, is taking a post-graduate year at Harvard; Robert J. V. Sweeny, '03 Classical, is also a law student at Harvard. William J. Mac-Namara, Law '03, is in the employ of a firm of lawyers in Boston. All three are doing well and send their regards to their former fellow-students and professors at Notre Dame. We reciprocate their friendliness and wish them continued success.

Local Items.

—Found:—Fountain pen. Call at Room 56, Sorin Hall.

—For weeks past painters have been busy on the interior of Sorin Hall. Their efforts have added much to the attractive appearance of the inside.

—From the persistent and skilful experimenting with the pipes in Sorin Hall the last few days, we would predict that there awaits a great many students residing in that building a brilliant career as plumbers or steam-fitters.

—The Senior Literary Society met last Wednesday afternoon and discussed the question: Should senators be elected by direct vote? Speeches *pro* and *con* were delivered by Messrs. Meyers, Proctor, Gardiner, Furlong, Carey and Neyere.

—Some of the senior residents of the University, who for some time have been lamenting the seemingly irreparable loss of Plain Chant in the local choir-loft, were unexpectedly rejuvenated on Ash-Wednesday by the solemn strains of the Gregorian Missa Regia. More of this from time to time during the penitential season would be most desirable.

—PUZZLE—Find O'Reilly. We have found ourselves in several quandaries recently about the war in the far East and the uncertainty of numerous impending evils. We are completely at sea concerning our "sporty writer." Who can find O'Reilly? Stars of greater magnitude are still undiscovered; why should we worry about our long-lost Joe?

—Some students who have the good fortune to receive letters before Mass on Thursday mornings would do well to remember that the church is the house of prayer and not a place to loll back in a seat and read epistolary communications. If upon going to church you receive a letter just pocket it for a short half hour; otherwise the mail will be held over and distributed at a more fitting time. This habit of reading letters in church is a source of scandal for many Catholic and Protestant students.

—We noticed recently that Master Gallart, who for several months has so ably led the Minim servers at the students' Mass, was absent from his post. Upon inquiry, however, we learn that owing to the demand for his services as a singer, he has consented to resign his former position for a place among the foremost of the Minim choristers where he will aid in sustaining the reputation of the St. Edward's choir.

—The Lenten devotions opened on Wednesday evening with a generously ardent and very seasonable discourse on the Passion and Death of Our Lord by Rev. Father Fitte. He showed that the *zeitgeist* was to have little or no regard for the Redeemer of mankind, and

then, in his usually picturesque and meditative manner, appealed most strongly to the hearts of his listeners. The sermon was certainly a good precedent for the pulpit orators that are yet to come.

—The regular weekly meeting of St. Joseph Hall Debating Society was held Wednesday evening. The question: Resolved that penny postage should be adopted in the United States, was ably argued by P. M. Malloy and E. Miller for the affirmative, and J. C. McDonald and L. Donahue for the negative. The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative. The debate was followed by a short but interesting speech on the Nicaraguan Canal by D. L. Madden, a vocal solo by the talented young baritone singer J. M. Sheehan; a clever and witty declamation by Adolph Miller on 'Cowpunching,' and the closing remarks by the President, after which the society adjourned.

—Some very interesting cases have been tried in the Moot-Court during the present term, and the case argued last Saturday evening was no exception to the rule. It was the case of State of Indiana and Brown for the larceny of a mocking-bird. The prosecution was conducted by R. E. Proctor and P. J. MacDonough, and the defense was ably supported by J. I. O'Phelan and H. J. McGlew. This being a criminal case, the opportunity that was given for clever cross-examining and skilful pleading was great, and we must say that the attorneys did not fail to profit by the occasion. The trial will finish next Saturday night when Mr. O'Phelan will close for the defense and Mr. Proctor for the State, the junior council having delivered their speeches to the jury at the last session. We learn that a series of important criminal trials have been selected for Moot-Court practice during the session.

—A testimonial has been received during the past week from one of the most prominent members of the New York State Club. The letter contains his hearty endorsement of a new cosmetic recently brought to light by a fellow Sorinite. The testimonial runs in part as follows:—"In regard to Mr. Shea's newly-discovered liniment I can unhesitatingly affirm that it is the only one of its kind on the market. It certainly does all the owner claims for it and a good deal more. While it is very efficacious for toothaches, swelled heads and many such afflictions, it is much more deserving of commendation as a complexion beautifier. It is a sure cure and can not possibly fail. I hope some time in the near future to reward Mr. Shea's kindness—when I get him on the loop-the-loop at Coney Island." Mr. Gardiner generously invites all sufferers to call on him at his room in Sorin Hall and witness the effects of this magical remedy on his own face.