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Ben Bulhen's Door.*

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.

THE little white door in Ben Bulhen's side
Is ajar to the midnight moon,
And the faery troopers lightly ride
Through the fragrant night star-strewn.

Their voices sound at the noon of night
And scent the ringing air;
The dews fresh-shaken from cloudy height
Are a shine in their waving hair.

O mother, hold warm thy new-born child
From this happy, airy throng;
O new-married bride heed not the wild,
Sweet notes of their midnight song:

"Away, bright babe, from thy cradle sleep
And swing in the cowslip's bell,
Away, and dance on the spray of the deep
And dream in the murmuring shell.

"Away, away, new-married bride
From the troubled tumult of mortal life
To the little white door in Ben Bulhen's side
Where enters no shadow of strife.

"Away, away, from this heavy gloom,
And drink the dews from the lily's cup
And suck gold honey from the clover bloom,
Till stars are gone and the dawn is up."

Mary Queen of Scots.†

BERNARD S. FAHY, '05.



EVER did a sovereign commence life and regality under more inauspicious circumstances than did the child Mary on December the 8th, 1542; for as the bells acclaimed her birth they tolled the knell of her royal father, James V., who, when a messenger from Linlithgow palace announced that a daughter had been born

to him, sank upon his pillow and uttered that ominous prophecy: "With a lass came Scotland's power, with a lass it goes;" and so without bequeathing her his blessing he died. But little did he realize the awful truth of his statement and far less did he foresee the terrible fate that was in store for that innocent, new-born babe.

The whole history of Mary's life is but an unceasing repetition of insults and misfortunes. Born in a time when the whole world was shaking under the great struggle for religious toleration, when Scotland was suffering not only from internal disorders, but when Henry VIII. of England was exerting every effort to annex it to his own possessions, she was at once in imminent danger and must fly for protection to the Dauphin of France to whom she had already been betrothed. Scarcely was she six years old, but a child in her mother's arms—ah, how tenderly did she cling to those arms that August day when the royal French galley was awaiting her at the base of Dunbarton Cliff to convey her to safety and to France! Historians tell us that after receiving the maternal blessing and parting kiss, aye, and the last kiss of the only parent she had ever known, she wept silently and clung to her mother's hand; but suddenly she seemed to realize what was expected of her; she turned and superbly down the narrow and steep descent she passed with her royal retinue. The boat cast off, but the little Mary stood at the stern and waved farewell to her mother until the clouds of the west shut off from vision the rugged cliffs of Scotland.

The gay and festive life of the court of

* According to Celtic folk-lore the gate of faeryland, whither the good people transport young brides and new-born children.

† Oration delivered in Washington Hall Dec. 14, 1904.

Henry II. was as the sun's rays for this little bud. Here she blossomed forth into a beautiful flower, the fragrance of which filled the whole land; for all France knew and loved "The bonny princess of Scotland." Her beauty, the beauty of Mary Queen of Scots, was then in its youthful splendor, time was bountiful, and the cares of state had not begun to dig deep furrows in her brow. But surpassing, and indeed supporting, this beauty was the purity of Mary's soul and heart; kindness was ever hers, and in all matters was she charitable; for she was confirmed in the truths of the Catholic religion, which she practised with the deepest love and devotion.

Mary was still a mere girl when she married Francis the Dauphin, a girl in age; but her love was not that of a fickle girl; it was the tender passion of a maiden who knew her mind, and it was the outgrowth of constant companionship. Indeed this was the one happy event of her whole life. Never was she so happy as now. No, not even in the days when she was surrounded by the pageants and other festivities of the glittering court of Valois. Ah, but this could not last! The bright day of her happiness was near a close; the sun was sinking in the west for a winter's evening. Death came in its most awful form; it was beyond the power of her attentive hand and consoling words to stay the dark angel, and he touched the lips of Francis and sealed them forever. Scarcely had the silent tomb been sealed over the body of her royal husband before she received word from Scotland that her mother's soul had also passed into eternity. Her sun had set; alone she stood in the dismal night.

With this sudden reverse of fortune Mary became another person; sorrow replaced happiness, and the widow's veil the filmy dress of the ball-room. Her thoughts turned to the affairs of state she must now assume. France she must leave to go to Scotland. France, fair France, where she had been protected and cherished as a child, honored as a queen and almost adored as a woman, she must leave for Scotland rent by factions; for dark and dreary Scotland whence she had flown ten years before for her own safety.

The day came, the day that marked the

beginning of all her future woes. The many friends with whom she had spent the happiest days that were destined to be hers had assembled on the water's edge; she passed among them onto the bridge, and with tears in her eyes and anguish in every line of her face she pressed her hands on her heart and parted forever from them in silence expressive of anguish too great for utterance. And as the galley drew away, leaning both her arms on the gallery of the vessel, Mary turned her eyes on the shore she was leaving, and with a longing, lingering look cried in a voice choked with emotion: "Adieu, fair France! Beloved France, adieu!"

Ill suited to rule so stern and rough a race as the Scots was the delicately French cultured Mary. Her shoulders were scarcely strong enough to bear the burdens of that tumultuous state, so she looked for assistance in the person of her uncle, Earl Murray; and he, cunning villain that he was, received her confidence only to betray it, and helped her only so far as it fostered his ambition. One moment he was in her royal presence poisoning her mind with the vile slander of her friends, the next, he was in the ante-room surrounded by his band of murderers plotting her destruction.

The marriage to Darnley was but another link in the chain of her misfortunes. On this "young fool and proud tyrant" she lavished her deepest love; for him she created new honors, to him she gave her whole will to be guided and ruled as he best liked. When he was not dissatisfied she was pleased, and when he smiled her joy was complete. Yet he added abuse and disrespect to injury. Ah, we marvel at the ingratitude of that man! The murder of Riccio, the one honest and trustworthy man of all Scotland, followed by that of Darnley, which she mourned in true-lover's fashion, was the last stone in the foundation of her regal power.

It would be tedious to enumerate the plots and intrigues that were now perpetrated against Mary. She was constantly attacked by pretentious lords who wished not only to overthrow her throne, but to defile her character and take away her liberty. Hence it was not long before she was forced to resign her crown and flee for safety to her

cousin Elizabeth in England. Many friends advised her against such a move; but poor Mary, deceived on all sides and by those in whom she had always put the deepest trust, how could she know? So she set out for England. Ah, the wicked smile that must have come over the face of "Good Queen Bess" as she saw her innocent prey walk blindly into the trap!

Mary was no sooner in England than the jealous Elizabeth had seized her and cast her into prison, and twenty years that prison life lasted. Twenty years an innocent woman was shut up in prison without the light of God's glorious sun, twenty years of weary, struggling days; but Mary, with the patience of a queen and the fortitude of a martyr, endured all.

Her many appeals to James were heard with a deaf ear; he moved not a muscle in her behalf. Oh, unnatural son, to let so pure and tender a mother suffer such outrages—the mother who had watched over his infant cradle and who had guided his first childish patterings.

At last, however, the day came, aye, the happy day. Elizabeth had signed the death warrant, and the Earl of Shrewsbury came to read it. Mary received him in befitting state as he bid her prepare to die the following morning, and she listened without change of countenance, and then bade him welcome. The day, she said, which she had long desired had at last arrived; she had languished in prison near twenty years, useless to others and a burden to herself, nor could she conceive a termination to such a life more happy or more honorable than to shed her blood for her religion. That last evening of her wretched life, as the hammers of the busy carpenters erecting the scaffold rang in her ears, she spent in prayer and communion with God.

At the first break of day her household assembled around her. Mary read her will, distributed her last presents among them and then bade them all farewell. She then retired to her oratory. Oh, how her soul longed for the last comforts of her religion, that she might hear the consoling voice of a Catholic priest! But no, that wish which had ever been uppermost in her mind had repeatedly been denied her. Without, the constantly increasing crowd was shouting

and yelling in nervous impatience, as if expectant of some rare sport. At the appointed hour the sheriff came. Mary lingered a moment on her knees, and then taking the crucifix in one hand and a prayer-book in the other, she descended the staircase that led to the great hall. Here she was met by Melville, the steward of her household. This old and faithful servant, who had seen the terrors of her twenty years of imprisonment, threw himself at her feet, and wringing his hands wept like a little child; but Mary, ever tender, consoled him: "Good Melville, cease to lament, thou hast rather cause to joy than to mourn; for thou shalt see the end of Mary Stuart's troubles. Know that this world is but vanity, subject to more sorrow than an ocean of tears can bewail. May God forgive them that have long thirsted for my blood as the hart doth for the brooks of water. But I pray thee, report that I die a woman true to my religion, to Scotland and to France." She then passed down the long corridor, and as she stepped forth onto the scaffold, which was erected on the gallery, the vile mob of her enemies filled the air with their shouts and insults. Oh, picture Mary standing there in the innocence of her pure womanhood; Mary Queen of Scots, who had ever been the most gracious and tender of her sex, surrounded by this jeering, mocking mass of humanity! No, she did not burst into a violent passion of tears; but with that pitying smile of forgiveness which had characterized her whole life, she raised her eyes to heaven as if to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Immediately Dr. Fletcher, the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, stepped before her and began to exhort her to give up her faith and turn to his. We dislike to believe that a man, a nobleman of the highest rank, could so persistently insult a dying woman; but time and again Mary besought him to cease, saying that she was determined to die in the faith in which she had always lived. And so she knelt and prayed for Christ's afflicted Church, for her son James and for Queen Elizabeth; and then in conclusion, holding up the crucifix, she exclaimed: "As Thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive

me into the arms of Thy mercy and forgive me my sins." The two ladies who had followed her then uncovered her neck and tied the black handkerchief over her eyes, and as she laid her head upon the block with all self-composure and confidence in the just God she was going to meet, she uttered her last prayer: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." An awful silence fell over the crowd. Was this what they had come to see? No; their imagination had pictured a pale and haggard woman being dragged to the scaffold weeping and pleading for mercy. Ah, they knew not Mary Queen of Scots! Yet they were only human, and as Mary knelt there with a smile of innocence on her face awaiting the blow that would send her into eternity, the women around fainted and the hard-hearted villains, who had but a moment before been jeering her, turned their heads from the sickening sight. Aye, the grimy headsman, who had time and again done his work with an oath upon his lips, was deeply affected. His hand trembled as aloft he swung the death dealing ax; down it came, but his nervous state made a true aim impossible, and Mary's skull was crushed beneath the wavering blow. Again the ax descended. Oh, the very steel seemed to revolt against such an unholy act! And then with renewed effort the headsman struck a third blow, and the fairest head that ever wore a crown rolled blood-stained in the dust. Thus died Mary Queen of Scots.

Thus was written on the pages of history in letters of blood the name of one who died for religious principles. What is it that we admire above all else in man? It is that Godlike power which enables him to undergo hardships, to suffer tortures and death itself rather than to forfeit his religion. Then we must bow down in silent admiration before Mary; for little was there left in this cold world which she did not suffer. Basely deceived by those she thought her truest friends, her own son her enemy, robbed of her throne, shut up in prison for twenty years, and finally on the very scaffold mocked and insulted by one of Elizabeth's noblemen.

She did not suffer throughout her life and die a martyr's death for naught. No, as

she reminded her judges at Fotheringay, "the theatre of the world is wider than the realm of England." This appeal over the judgment of her persecutors to that of the whole world has been heard. For in regions unknown and uninhabited when she spoke, in this great western country, then but a wild forest tramped by the bare feet of the copper-colored savages; in the ice-bound fields of the distant north, whither man's inquiring mind had never led him; in the sun-kissed gardens of the tropical south, where nature was forever in blossom, the history of Mary's life has been heard with the deepest interest. And so long as it is man's nature to love the beautiful, to respect the pure, and to admire and pity the heroism and fortitude of the oppressed, so long will Mary Queen of Scots occupy the most prominent position in the annals of her sex.

A Teacher of the Ancient Languages.

GEORGE J. MCFADDEN, '06.

It was the second semester. John Balmos walked up the corridor with a group of other boys and stopped before a door with a placard on it: "Latin—Professor Donnelly."

"Come," came a voice from within.

John entered. Professor Donnelly, a man with a large, thin face and straight black hair was sitting at a desk. On two sides of the room were large, well-filled book-shelves which reached the ceiling. From the two east windows one could get an extended view. The afternoon was cloudy and gray. The trees on the snow-covered campus were swaying in the wind. A few people could be seen hurrying along Clinton Street; while far beyond, the houses and trees and spires were lost in the blue of smoke and sky.

"I'm Balmos, John Balmos, sir," said the boy.

"All right, Balmos, take a seat," said the professor as he swung in his chair facing John. "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Professor Donnelly, I came to apologize—you know I'm the one you 'called down' to-day in Virgil."

"Yes, Balmos, I remember," said the professor as he leaned back in his chair and put his hand behind his head. "You gave a

very smooth translation of the lines you read and then you could not give any constructions. How can you translate without knowing them? It looks suspicious, I tell you, Balmos."

"I suppose you know it anyhow, but I didn't translate it myself," said John, "I borrowed a 'pony' from Jo—that is, I mean I stumbled across one, and I read my lesson with it. Really, professor, I can't read ten lines of Virgil and get the right meaning out of it, to save my life. I'd like to drop Latin. I don't care whether I ever graduate from the liberal arts or not. I'd take some studies that would do me some good and take up medicine after a year or two."

"But, Mr. Balmos, you're mistaken. Latin is of the greatest importance in the study of medicine. Now, your trouble is that you know scarcely any grammar. The best thing for you, therefore, is to study your grammar—get a foundation. And if you only translate ten lines a day it is better for you than the way you are doing. This 'pony' work is ruinous to one's mental powers."

"But I'm too far behind. I don't—"

"You are far behind certainly," interrupted the professor. "But you are not the only one who was ever behind. Why, Balmos, I've had students in my Virgil class that couldn't tell the first conjugation from the third, and they came out all right by application. Now, here is "Collar and Daniel's 1st Book in Latin." Take it, study the declensions and conjugations. Start at the very first of it, and master it as you go, and if you will come down to my room some night I'll give you some help."

"I'll try," said John, doubtfully. "Do you mean for me to come down here?"

"No, I'm not here of evenings. Come to my room, thirteen-fifty-six, College Street."

"All right, I'm ever so much obliged to you, professor," and John put his book under his arm and walked out. At the north door of the building he stopped, rolled a cigarette, then walked toward the bulletin-board at the corner of the campus, read a few notices and went to his room.

"Hello!" drawled out his room-mate, a tall white fellow with a pipe in his mouth. "Got a new book, eh?"

"Yes," said John, taking off his long overcoat. "I went in and had a talk with

Professor Donnelly to-day. He gave me this book and a little advice."

"Well, I'd talk with him—I don't think. Why, I wouldn't give that fellow a pleasant look," said the other, gaping.

"Oh, I don't believe he'd be a bad sort of a man after you got to know him a little," said John, as he sat down and began to mumble to himself half aloud: "*mensa, mensae, mensae.*"

John went to Professor Donnelly's room two or three times a week and got help in his Latin. He was beginning to understand it. For the first time in his life he was finding out the supreme pleasure there is in trying to master something. He did not go to the theatres that came to town; he was never seen at the class parties. "I wasted enough time when I was going to the high school. I'm going to work some now," was always John's excuse. Many nights when his room-mate came home from a show, or a dance, or a smoker he would find John delving in his books, or eating an apple. Professor Donnelly persuaded John to quit smoking, and he started the apple-eating habit to fill up the void. The students who heard of the professor's friendship for John wondered. To them the professor seemed cold, cynical, distant.

"I believe John Balmos is trying to work a stand in with Prof. Donnelly so that he won't flunk him," said Henry Smith, a short round-headed Freshman, to some of the boys one day as they were going to class.

"No," replied another boy, "I don't think John is that sort of a fellow. A person can't help but like John, and I guess the professor has just taken a fancy to him."

Long, monotonous winter days had passed. Cold weather, rainy weather, sleety weather had followed in succession. The warm white days of springtime, when students sometimes forget their classes and wander up the river valley, had not yet come; no baseball game gave an excuse to any student to "cut" class. So every day found all the students at their places in the lecture rooms. Faithfully they worked these stormy days—worked with the hope of passing good spring examinations.

The Easter vacation was drawing near, and the students and professors looked forward to a little rest.

"Where are you going to spend the spring holidays?" asked Professor Greer, a short, pompous man, with piercing eyes, of Professor Donnelly one day, as they went out of the college building together.

"Why, young Balmos asked me to spend the vacation with him, and I believe I shall."

"Much unlike you, isn't it? But I'm sure you will have a good time. Mr. Balmos impresses me as a pleasant young man, but he is weak in history—very weak—still I expect that you will have an excellent time."

"O yes, I've been around the college here so long that I thought a little trip somewhere would do me good. John says we shall go duck-hunting and driving, and feast in a proper manner on Easter—"

"I would not care so much for hunting or driving, but I could enjoy a good dinner," put in Professor Greer, "for I am somewhat of an epicurean—yes, sir, somewhat of an epicurean."

Professor Donnelly smiled, and bidding his historically inclined friend "good" day he walked down Clinton Street.

The weather during the Easter holidays was all that could be wished for. Already nearly all the snow had melted away and the days were becoming warm and sunshiny. Professor Donnelly made himself quite at home at the Balmos residence in Sunbeam. He talked of the markets to old Mr. Balmos, a grain merchant; he talked of John and the university to Mrs. Balmos, and talked of books and plays to Miss Ethel.

John and Ethel were the only children, but while John was spoiled by indulgence, Ethel seemed to profit by the superior advantages of an only girl. Everyone in the village liked her. She was about twenty-four years old, large and well-proportioned, with black hair and large, dark, serious eyes. She was an ideal entertainer, and the professor did not realize how fast the time was passing until it was Sunday evening. He and John and Ethel were sitting around the fireplace in the great parlor.

"What time does the train leave, 'Thel?" asked John.

"Ten-fifteen, I believe," answered Ethel.

"Well, if you folks don't care, I believe I'll go somewhere—church probably," said John.

"Why, John, how very impolite of you to leave your company."

"Well, you don't care, do you, professor?" said John.

"No, I guess we can excuse you," said the professor, "but it looks suspicious."

"That's what you told me once before, Prof.," and John, laughing, left the room.

"John and I will get back to the university about morning," said the professor. "It does not seem that we have been here so long. I have been having a most enjoyable time."

"I'm glad you can say that, Mr. Donnelly," said Ethel. "I'm sure we have enjoyed your company very much, and we are grateful to you for the interest you have taken in John. You have made a different boy of him."

"I'm happy if I helped him," said the professor dryly.

"One must certainly feel contented doing work such as you do," continued Ethel. "It would seem as if one were doing something worth while every day."

"But you do something worth while every day," he responded.

"Oh yes, perhaps, but we live out here in the village, and one's influence is very little felt. Day in and day out it's the same old humdrum. Sometimes I long for some one to talk to—some one who would understand things, like"—Miss Balmos hesitated—

"Yes, I think I understand you. Your tastes and ideals are different from those with whom you daily associate. Isn't that it?"

"Well, I can't say my ideals are so much different, but sometimes I get—get—"

"Lonesome," suggested the professor. He saw that he was getting into deep water, and he said hurriedly: "Can't you sing something?"

"I can try," said Ethel as she went to the piano with a glowing face. She had just started to sing when John came running in:

"Say, 'Thel, the train goes at nine-fifteen."

"Oh, does it? I thought—"

"Oh, I believe you wanted us to miss the train," interrupted John. "Say, Mr. Donnelly, I think we had better get ready."

They left, and soon appeared in the sitting room with their overcoats and suit cases. They were taking leave of Mr. and Mrs. Balmos, and Ethel went out to bid them good-bye.

"Mr. Donnelly," she said, as she shook hands with him, "can't you come again with John sometime? We all would be pleased to have you. Do try." Then she kissed John. The professor stood there with hungry eyes.

"Now, John, be sure and write—soon too," she insisted.

"O I may drop you a line after a week or so," said John carelessly.

"Why, John, how could you be so indifferent to such a privilege?" said the professor buttoning his overcoat.

"It's a privilege you too may have, Mr. Donnelly," Ethel said as she looked at the professor with a smiling reproach.

"Thank you," answered the professor as they went out.

When they were gone Ethel went into the parlor, lowered the lights, and sat alone in a great chair in front of the blazing fireplace. She rested her head on her hand. The fire blazed and crackled, and filled the room with lights and shadows. At last the blaze died down and left a great bed of red embers. Ethel did not move till the chimes from the village church rang out eleven. Then she rose slowly, took the lamp and left the room.

A few nights afterward Professor Donnelly was alone in his room. His lamp gave a mellow light which fell on the great gilt-edged volumes on the table. He was preparing a lecture for his advanced class in Latin literature, and was reading in his Bible a cross reference that was given in the notes of a Latin poem on Virginia. He read:

She is the fairest among ten thousand
And altogether lovely.

He read the simple lines again and again. Then he sat musing—thinking fleetly, dreamy thoughts. Unconsciously he wrote on the margin of the page: "E—E—Ethel Balmos."

A knock came at the door. The professor closed the Bible quickly, picked up another book, and called: "Come in."

It was John. After they had talked a while, the professor proposed:

"John, how would it strike you that we make another visit down to your place in about two weeks?"

"O I don't believe I could go," said John, thoughtfully.

"Well, do you think it would be all right with your folks if I should go down alone?" asked the professor, half smiling.

"Sure!" said John, approvingly.

That night as John walked home he said to himself: "I see where I've got a cinch on passing my Virgil now."

Varsity Verse.

AURORA MORNING LIGHT.

HIGH in the Eastern sky
Morn's silver streamers fly,
Driving off night and her shadowy train;
Upwards the gleaming bars
Shoot through the paling stars
Flooding with glory night's sable domain.

Hail, Fairy Messenger!
Day's early Harbinger!
Bidding all nature awake and be gay;
Creature of glory born!
Fair art thou, lovely morn;
Life comes with thee, joyful herald of day.

Wave then thy streamers far
Over each crag and scar,
Bathe in thy splendor each meadow and lea;
Touch with thy mellow light
Forest and mountain height
While sylvan Choristers carol to thee.

P. F. R.

LIMERICK.

There was a young man, Willie Stead,
Who brought a bombshell into bed.
His toe struck the fuse,
And so ended his snooze,
And the latest report's "Willie Stead."

T. A. L.

A SONG OF BYGONES.

Friend of the "auld lang syne,"
Thy memory follows me:
The eyes that tender shine
With the deep blue of the sea;
The lips that shame the rose;
The dimpled cheek and chin;
All that my dreams disclose
Remain as they once had been.
Deep in this heart of mine
I feel what I can not see,
Friend of the "auld lang syne,"
That my mem'ry follows thee.

R. F. S.

THE SPIRIT OF 1776.

Deacon Elder came to town
A-riding in a wagon
He stuck a bottle in his coat
And later got a jag on.
At eve the Deacon homeward turned
To greet his wife Amandy
Who took the spirit out of him
With a broom-stick lying handy.

J. F. S.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

I bring a note of truest love,
Imbedded in my heart,
From one whose tongue might fail to speak
The thoughts that I impart.

T. A. L.

A Vital Problem.

EDWARD J. KENNY, '07.

What great nation is there that has not had some vital problem to solve! None have attained greatness without having passed through adversity. In our own glorious republic, from 1861 to 1865, we were convulsed by a difficulty that could not be surmounted save by a call to arms. Brother vied with brother on the field of battle. The shriek of shell and the roar of musketry rent the air. Men fell, dead and dying, like wheat before the reaper. The thirsty soil drank up their willing blood. Many, many homes were made desolate by the loss of some loved one, yet rejoiced, because their lives had been sacrificed that the yoke of servitude should yield to the mighty arm of freedom.

To-day, we are again confronted by a question, consequent upon the outcome of that momentous conflict which almost divided the nation; a question that should most persistently occupy the attention of every justice-loving statesman, every public-spirited citizen, every generous and loyal American; a controversy which involves the destiny of ten million souls—the negro question. Never perhaps, since the abolition of slavery has this matter aroused more general interest than at present. The act of President Roosevelt in admitting Booker Washington to his table has given the difficulty a significance it never possessed before. Here the lines of caste, which are a disgrace to our civilization, a reproach to our profession as Christians, a menace to our striving after peace, are wiped out—and God grant it may be forever—by the simple fact that a colored man dines at the White House.

But the end is not yet. The prejudice of generations is not to be obliterated in a day. Time alone—time that teaches us all to forget wrongs, to forego petty spites, to deal kindly with our fellowman no matter how abject he be, will gradually wear down the barriers which have been built up round slavery. Time, did I say? Yes, time will accomplish this, if the proper influences are brought to the fore. Centuries have passed

and the relations of the Jews with the rest of mankind are altered very little. Christianity, I believe, is the force that by degrees will remove the contempt entertained for the negro. One has to live in the South to understand to what lengths this feeling is carried. Railroad companies provide separate cars and separate waiting rooms for the unfortunate Ethiopian. These, let it be borne in mind, are ever of an inferior kind. Hotel-keepers, as a matter of policy, refuse to shelter him; and even the more respectable bar-room keepers will not give him the wherewithal to quench his thirst. The churches, the houses of that God who has no respect of persons, admit both races under certain restrictions. The black-skinned mortal is permitted to be present at all the services; he may raise his suppliant voice to the Creator and implore forgiveness for himself and his more favored brethren, but he must do this in a particular part of the sacred edifice. He is banished, as it were, to some nook or corner in the rear. He is made to feel at every turn that though the Omnipotent brought him into being, He made him a little less than the white man.

But the benign influence of Christianity will gradually blot out every trace of caste. It brought about the abolition of slavery. No country that has received the gospel of peace holds to the chains of bondage. The spirit of Christ has affected us so much. The example of God taking the form of a slave, living for thirty years subject to men, engaging in manual labor, which, prior to that time was thought to be degrading—this example has turned the minds of men to view things in a different light. No more is toil in the open fields a disgrace.

We have here a beginning. We are gladdened at the progress toward that state of unity which is hinted at in the motto of the United States, "*E. pluribus unum*—One out of the many." Would to God we were so closely bound together in the spirit as we are in the temporal interests that are common to us; then might Oliver Wendell Holmes truly sing:

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always through shadow and sun;
Thou hast united us,—who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us, the many in one!

But it is folly to thus supplicate the Most High while we put obstacles in the way of that much-to-be-desired union. The precept of loving our neighbor as ourselves stands in the way. The North and the South are welded together, but the hearts of the two races have never gone out to one another.

Perhaps we do love the colored man after a fashion, but we never can consent to live with him, or in close harmony with him. This is certainly very natural. His habits, tastes, dispositions and traditions, are altogether unlike ours. It is a mistake to imagine that the chief objection lies in color or in any other physical difference. The negro was once a slave; and until we are able to forget this untoward circumstance, will we continue to look upon him as being an unfit companion for us. In the meantime, let him by all means be educated. But let the education he receives be such as will uplift him. Let it be Christian first. Teach him to lead a virtuous life. To this end, universities are not essential. With the doctrine of Christ in his heart he may save his soul more surely in a lowly condition than in positions of honor. When all is told, my friends, the man that lives virtuously till the end attains the object of his creation, and unconsciously works untold good in raising the minds of his fellow-beings to higher levels. The mysterious small voice of his example re-echoes a thousand times the voice of John Milton:

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb;
Higher than the spheric chime;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

The negro is greatly misrepresented. He is accused of cowardice. Those who fought at his side during the Civil War flatly deny this. He has been found faithful in every conflict from the Boston Commons to San Juan Hill. He is not like the Hessian hireling peddling his heartless service for pay, nor the cowardly conscript, forced to the front by bayonets in the rear; but he rushes eagerly to the battle line with his country's battle cry exultant on his lips.

It is almost universally admitted that he is mentally incapable of far-reaching enterprises. Let them who are so credulous to believe this read the life of Toussaint

L'Ouverture. This distinguished negro was reared as a slave, without a liberal education, without opportunities. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, he made his way to the front. For a time he ruled the whole of San Domingo. His way was vigorous and upright. Historians agree in crediting him with a romantic and imaginative temperament and with exceptional talent for organization and administration.

The negro is a stranger. He was dragged into the country without any wish of his. He is of a lower intellectual order than ourselves. But let us not forget that he is still our brother—and brother differs from brother in gifts of nature. He claims, and rightly, too, a kinship with Adam; he became spiritually allied to us at the foot of the cross; he looks up to his God and ours while he says, "Our Father who art in heaven;" his body will moulder into the dust as will ours, and no man can say: "This clod is of the black, that of the white man." He hopes, and with sound reason, to inherit in common with us the kingdom of God. In the presence of the awe-inspiring thought of eternity, racial difficulties dwindle into insignificance. Had we all the spirit that breathes in Bryant's Thanatopsis, the negro question would soon be satisfactorily settled. For pride it is that keeps us aloof and makes us so cold. Words like these ought to make us humble:

Yet a few days and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; not yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth that nourished thee shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon.

It is God's great book that we behold when we cast our eyes over the world. All the centuries are like its pages, all the years are like its lines, the various epochs are its letters, placed by the hand of God, who alone is acquainted with His own eternal conceptions, and understands the *whole* of His work.—Mgr. de Ségur.

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—Many marked improvements take place in and around Notre Dame throughout the year, which are scarcely noticed on account of the gradual way in which they are brought about. The Mechanical Drawing department moved into the spacious quarters set apart for it at the commencement of last semester. Since that time final touches in the way of details have been given, until now the University has a well-equipped draughting-room which compares favorably with any in the country.

The new Commercial room on the ground floor of the Main Building is another step in the right direction. This room, used exclusively for the theoretical as well as the practical work of the Business Course, brings the student into every detail of actual commercial life. The regular routine office work adds new interest to an otherwise dry subject-matter.

Parallel to this advance, although no less marked, is that which has taken place in the college library. Partly through neglect, which evidently has been carried on for years, and partly on account of the gigantic task of keeping a constantly growing library in working condition, this department has become more or less a chaotic mass of knowledge. This year, however, decided efforts seem to have been made to remedy this. The gallery has undergone a complete renovation—magazines, periodicals, all having been arranged systematically. Some cataloguing of bound

magazines, fiction, history, romance and poetry has been done. Undoubtedly many other minor details of improvement have been made with which the writer is unfamiliar.

These changes are but few of the many examples of the genuine spirit of progress that has always marked the history of Notre Dame.

—Arc idiots a menace to the country? A statement of a member of the board of health in New York city might lead one to believe that these unfortunate beings were the greatest evil with which we have to contend. "Idiot children should be drowned. We would then have more time and energy to spend on children in whom there are possibilities of success." This is the startling and inhuman advice given by the health physician. Almost equally remarkable is the fact that other doctors agree with him in advocating this disposition of that class of people. Such barbarity is contrary to the times as well as to the customs of a civilized nation. In the early days of pagan Greece or Rome the action would be commended by a majority of the people, for they sought only to strengthen the nation physically; but to put into practice this unchristian system would, far from tending toward our advancement, be a step downward and backward.

Undoubtedly there is not so much hope for this group as there is for the imbeciles and the weak-minded; these latter may by consistent training be taught so that they will become proficient in some form of manual work. Still the inability of idiots to achieve success is no reason why they should be deprived of life; for even these have a part to play on this vast stage. A more human and feasible method of doing away with these unfortunates would be to formulate laws which would regulate marriages and divorces.

—Joan of Arc has passed the second stage of canonization, and is now to be regarded as a saint. It is strange what a reversion of feeling comes over a nation with the passing of years. Nearly five centuries ago, this poor, ignorant peasant girl set out to obey the "spirit voices" which bade her take up arms, drive out

the British invader, and crown her king. Nearly five centuries ago this simple virgin cast aside her innate modesty to take command of a great army, and led them victoriously from town to town for thirteen months. Nearly five centuries ago this heroic maiden of eighteen in humble fortitude endured persecutions at the brutal hands of her English captors, persecutions that would have broken the spirit and subdued the flesh of the stoutest soldier of France; and at the end of her captivity came death—a glorious death, a martyr's death.

Now after the lapse of so many decades we find a Paris professor removed by the Government for publicly attacking her character; and a socialist member of the chamber of deputies forced into a duel for a similar aspersion; but still more remarkable than these instances of national retribution is Mark Twain's recent panegyric on the "Maid of Orleans." His attitude is one of respectful admiration for "a very good, very brave, very strong, very simple, very sweet girl, and a great genius unaccounted for, apparently, by any rationalistic explanation of her efflorescence in an unsympathetic time and a sodden environment." Her personality "is one to be reverently studied, loved and marvelled at, but not to be wholly understood and accounted for by even the most searching analysis. In the world's history she stands alone—quite alone."

Again, he considers another feature of her life: "There have been many uninspired prophets, but she was the only one who ever ventured the daring detail of naming, along with a foretold event, the event's precise nature, the special time limit within which it would occur, and the place—and scored fulfilment. When we consider her origin, her early circumstances, her sex, and that she did all the things upon which her renown rests while she was still a young girl, Joan of Arc is easily and by far the most extraordinary person the human race has ever produced."

Coming as this does at the time of the canonization of the saintly maiden, the testimony of such a distinguished man of letters as Samuel L. Clemens, marks the decline of that blind bigotry which has so long militated against impartial accuracy in historical events.

The John Barrett Prizes.

The following communication from Columbia University was recently received by Very Rev. President Morrissey. We hope that its publication will stimulate among the student body an interest in such competitions. The document is as follows:

Three prizes—a first prize of \$100, a second prize of \$75 and a third prize of \$50—have been established by the Hon. John Barrett, United States Minister to Panama, to be awarded to the authors of the best papers on "The Relations of the United States with the Latin-American Republics." Mr. Barrett states the object of the prizes to be "to do something to develop throughout the United States a wider interest in our political and commercial relations with Latin-America and to foster a more general study of Latin-American history, institutions, political, social and educational conditions, material and industrial resources, and commercial possibilities—especially as they affect the growth of closer ties of international comity and confidence." The prizes are offered subject to the following rules of competition:

(1) The competition is open to any student, man or woman, now registered in a regular undergraduate course in any college or university of recognized standing in the United States.

(2) Papers submitted by competitors must not exceed 10,000 words in length.

(3) Papers accompanied by the full name and address of the writer, and statement of the class and college to which the writer belongs, must be mailed or delivered to an express company not later than Wednesday, May 10, 1905, addressed to the President of Columbia University, New York, N. Y., marked "For the John Barrett Prize."

(4) The prizes will be awarded under the direction of the undersigned Committee and the results announced through the public press as soon after June 1, 1905, as practicable.

(5) Papers submitted will be destroyed as soon as the prizes have been awarded, unless, at the time of sending, a competitor asks for the return of the manuscript and furnishes a fully stamped and properly addressed envelope.

(6) Papers should, when practicable, be submitted in typewritten form.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

President of Columbia University

ALBERT SHAW

Editor of the Review of Reviews

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY

President of the New York City College

JANUARY 25, 1905.

Book Review.

SOME REACTIONS OF ACETYLENE. By J. A. Nieuwland. C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind. 1904.

This dissertation was presented to the Faculty of the Catholic University as a thesis for the Doctorate of Philosophy. The author has handled his subject with the greatest care, going into much detail, and yet, at the same time, has covered quite a large field. While doing so he has far from exhausted his subject of research, but has opened up many interesting questions which only further experimenting will decide.

The thesis is divided into three parts, each being introduced by a short review of the work done by other investigators along somewhat similar lines. And while the author has found by actual experiment that most of the conclusions are correct, yet there are some which he shows to be untenable. After these brief résumés he enters on his field proper, and develops by much careful and painstaking work the thesis undertaken.

He first considers the reactions of acetylene with hydrogen in presence of various compounds, such, for instance, as nitro-sulphonic acid and chlor-sulphonic acid. In the second part he investigates the reactions of acetylene with chlorine both as an element and in combination, giving special attention to the acid chlorides. The third part or appendix contains simply some few reactions of acetylene with one or two of the fluorides, and is intended to show that there is much work still to be done in this direction, and that it is being pushed by the author. If his future work is as successful as the present thesis he will have made valuable contributions to chemical science. The present work is a necessity in the hands of any experimenter along the lines the author has developed.

 Reveries of a Sorinite.

Yes, it was late, quite late, when I entered the hall. As I turned the key in my door the clock in the tower struck one. I was tired; I had tramped all the way from town, so I sank on the bed just as I came

in. I thought of how queer everything had seemed that night on the road back. The moon was wrapped in a halo of silver grey, and everything was steeped in a flood of liquid purple, like the film of dark wine. It was a strange, a weird night. Whisperings, soft and subdued, came over the hedges and through the trees. The graveyard—I shall never forget the graveyard. I have no qualms in passing a graveyard after dark, but how strange it was that night. Here the whisperings trebled, the tombstones appeared almost phosphorescent, and the wind fairly moaned through the dark cedars. Uncanny chills ran up and down my spine, and I felt a creeping sensation in my hair.

I heaved a sigh of relief as I passed the main entrance. Yet what a spectacle was here! What a sensation of unutterable loneliness came over me as I beheld the deserted grounds. In the soft gray light of the moon, how sombre, how grand, how desolate it all seemed! The great dome was lost in a purple haze; cold and tenantless were the halls like a long-forgotten, a phantom city.

I arose and passed down the dim corridors. All the doors flew open. Men, young and old, came streaming through the doorways, and filled the corridors. Some were laughing; some were crying; some were dancing; some were tottering; but all kept moving from the hall. I saw doctors, lawyers, priests, professors, business men, engineers, actors, soldiers, athletes, musicians, editors, rich and poor, young and old, sad and gay—all jostling and talking as they moved toward the door. And I asked one, who was singing merrily, what all this meant, and he sang over and over this little refrain:

"O we are the shades of all Sorinites
That once lived here before;
As trudging along life's devious way
In dreams we come once more."

Ah! I thought, these are the former inmates; but where are the friends I used to know? Why are they not here? Just then the crowd became less, and I saw near the end of the procession "the old familiar faces." What a happy set they were, singing and laughing as they marched. Once more I heard the throats of the mighty orate; again could be heard the declaimers of "The Last Leaf in the Spring," "That Old Sweetheart of Mine," and "Gunga Din." But even "the old familiar faces" kept moving on, and I was left standing alone in the long dim corridor. Then in the distance I saw the class of "'05" standing in the doorways, eager, impatient for the start, and I said I would rather be one of that immortal band of thirteen than of any that has gone before. W. D. J.

Athletic Notes.

It is our disagreeable duty to have to mention in this department the actions of a few students whose conduct in the gallery of the gym has made them odious in the eyes of the rest. We refer to those minus quantities who make it a practice of loudly commenting on the work of our athletes. It should be the duty of the gentlemen present to frown down these spasmodic brayers, for it is their conduct that discourages many from coming out for the teams. If such comments are further indulged in the only resource left to the management will be to close the gym to spectators and make all practice secret.

* *

Corby and Brownson met for the second time in basket-ball last Wednesday evening, and again Corby won an easy victory. Corby scored the first basket and held the lead to the end. Jones and Brown excelled for Brownson, while Hermann, W. Winter and Holliday figured prominently in the general excellence that marked Corby's playing. The final score was, Corby, 34; Brownson, 9.

Corby		Brownson
Herman-A. Winter	L G	Jones
Brennan	R G	Donovan
Pryor	C	Quinn
Holliday-C. Winter	R F	Brown
W. Winter	L F	Coontz
Time of halves, 15 and twenty minutes.		

* *

Under the leadership of Captain Quigley the Sorinites are training faithfully for the coming Inter-Hall Meet. So far, the following have reported to Capt. Quigley and notified him of their intention to compete—Dwan, Kasper, Beacom, Healy, Church, Sinnott, Bach, Donovan, Harris, Wadden, Kotte, Coontz, Bracken and O'Neil. Silver will probably aid Quigley in coaching the men.

* *

The two first teams of the Minims held a track meet last Thursday under the direction and management of Prof. Reno who also acted as official starter. Captain Roe's team won out, but nevertheless the contest was a spirited one. The features of the meet were

the running of Cavanaugh in the 880 yards and the fine all-around work of Kesselhuth. Following are the summaries:

40-yard dash—Roe, 1st; Yrissari, 2d; time, 5 4-5.

40 yards (special)—Cotter, 1st; Kesselhuth, 2d; time, 6 1-5.

220-yard dash—Yrissari, 1st; Roe, 2d; time, 30 4-5.

Shot put—Tello, 1st; distance, 13 feet 2 in.; Hill, 2d; distance, 12 feet 9 inches.

880 yards—Cavanaugh, 1st; Mahoney, 2d; time, 2:54.

Broad jump—Parker, 1st; distance, 13 feet 2 inches; Roe, 2d; distance, 12 feet 9 inches.

440 yards—Cavanaugh, 1st; Cotter, 2d; time, 1:03.

Mr. Sheehan acted as announcer, while Rennaker was timekeeper.

* *

At a mass meeting of the students of Corby Hall, held last Saturday night, Frank Pryor was elected captain and William Emerson manager of the track team for '05. Mr. McGlew manager of athletics, and Mr. Draper captain of the Varsity track team. Both spoke on the necessity of inter-hall competition, so that suitable material could be obtained for the Varsity.

* *

The students of St. Joseph's Hall held a meeting Wednesday evening for the purpose of organizing an athletic association. P. M. Malloy acted as temporary chairman. After hearing the different views on the matter expressed by several of the students, the following officers were elected: V. A. Parrish, President; W. C. Schmidt, Secretary and J. Dempsey Treasurer. At this meeting a captain for the Track-team was also elected. The choice fell on V. A. Parrish and he was elected by a unanimous vote. Another meeting will be held in the near future, and St. Joe will endeavor to put out a team for the coming inter-hall track meet—a team that will be a credit to the Hall.

* *

It is traditional at Harvard and every other college of athletic reputation that the simple rules of training laid down for the different teams should be observed with absolute fidelity. The members of the Freshmen basket-ball team recently indulged

in the forbidden pleasures of a beer night, and on the next day were overwhelmingly defeated by a prep. school. Following is a well-merited rebuke that appeared soon after in the *Harvard Crimson*:

Last Tuesday night certain members of a Harvard class team broke training at a beer night. The following day the team was defeated in one of its regularly scheduled games with a preparatory school by one of the most overwhelming scores made in a game of its kind in recent years. The few points scored by the Harvard team were made by substitutes who had replaced the men who had broken their trust.

If there are men in the university who do not realize that membership on a team which, as either a class or a university organization, bears the name of Harvard, carries with it the responsibility of doing their best to uphold the honor of the university, then it is time that this ordinarily self-evident principle should be given more prominence. Men who break training are not only violating a trust reposed in them by the university and their class, but are also doing a gross injustice to the other members of the team.

There can be no mitigating circumstance connected with such an offense, and the quicker the men concerned are dropped from all participation in the sport, the better it will be for the class, the university and the interests of athletics in general.

* *

Thomas E. Holland left Notre Dame on the first of the month to assume his duties as coach and trainer at Northwestern University. During the two years which he spent here acting in a similar capacity he made a host of friends who regret his departure. His work as coach of our track-teams and trainer of the baseball and football teams was very satisfactory. That he produced no track-team of championship calibre was due entirely to the fact that unusually small squads reported for work. Those that did place themselves in his care profited by his training and coaching. Among these we might mention our captain, William Draper, who is now one of the foremost athletes in the West. We have no doubt that he will "make good" at Evanston, and we wish him every success in his new position.

* *

The Inter-hall meet will be held February 14, at 2:30 p. m. The members of the different halls should attend and show their hall spirit by supporting the teams with their presence and voices. In order to pay expenses an admission fee of ten cents will be charged.

Personals.

—

—We take pleasure in announcing that Mr. Eustace Cullinane (A. B. '95) has recently been married and is now engaged in a prosperous business in San Francisco, Cal.

—The many friends among the Faculty and students will be pleased to learn of the welfare of Mr. Frank Breslin (student '90-'93). At present he is employed in the Electrical Department of the New York Subway Co., and at the same time is taking an evening course at the New York Electrical School.

—Mr. Thomas J. Dundon (B. S. '72) is settled in Ishpeming, Mich., and one of the leading attorneys of Marquette County. Since his graduation, Mr. Dundon has ever shown the deepest interest in the welfare of Notre Dame and has indeed been one of her most loyal sons. His old friends wish him continued success.

—At a recent meeting of the Minneapolis Board of Education, Mr. Fred B. Chute (LL. B., '92) was elected a member of that body. This early recognition of Mr. Chute's abilities speaks volumes in his favor. We congratulate the people of Minneapolis upon their selection, as we have the greatest confidence that he will make a brilliant success.

—Early in the week the Reverend Father Fitte made a short trip to Chicago where he met his distinguished cousin, M. Emile Julliene, of Paris, who is on his way to assume the governorship of the Island of Tahiti. The appointment to this lucrative position comes as a fitting reward to one of the oldest and most esteemed members of the French Chamber of Deputies, M. Julliene having served in this body for fifteen years.

—The news of the success of old students is always the cause of much pleasure to the faculty and boys. Among the latest that have gained advancement in the business world is Mr. Charles N. Girsch '98, who has accepted the position of bookkeeper with one of the largest coal companies in Illinois, and in the future will have his residence in Springfield, Ill. The position is a most responsible one: but remembering the splendid

work of Mr. Girsch at Notre Dame we have every reason to believe that he will creditably do all that is expected of him.

—No higher praise can be bestowed on a University than the success of its graduates in the world. And foremost among those who thus speak so highly for Notre Dame is Mr. C. T. Hagerty (C. E. '90), now Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy of New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts. He writes in regard to the SCHOLASTIC: "It keeps me in touch with *Alma Mater*. It has been a most welcome visitor ever since I came to New Mexico fourteen years ago."

Visitor's registry:—J. G. Stokes, Pittsburg, Pa.; Edward E. Steiner, Monroe, Michigan; W. T. Young, Jonesboro, Indiana; Robert I. McElroy, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Terence Gofény, Philadelphia, Pa.; Francis La Point, Montreal, Canada; Harry Murray, Alton, Ill.; Robert Blaylock, Hazleton, Pa.; Miss Genevieve Stynel, Chicago; Simon O'Donnell, Pittsburg, Pa.; John Sexton, T. A. Quinlan, Jr., P. J. Kasper, Chicago; Mrs. A. A. Hilton, Chicago; Fred Seidel, Harry M. Brown, Elkhart, Ind.; Dr. E. R. Bailey, South Bend, Ind.; Miss Laura Lelova, Miss Coral Barrett, Pittsburg; J. H. Mulligan, Patterson, N. J.

—Notre Dame is decidedly well represented in Fort Wayne, Ind., both in commercial and professional ranks:—Robert Fox, of the class of 1900, is the senior member of the largest furniture house in Fort Wayne, Fox, Hite and Co.; Mr. Harry T. Hogan (LL. B. '04), who was a popular Varsity pitcher, is now settled in Fort Wayne and is one of that city's foremost young lawyers; Mr. Joseph M. Haly, who took his law degree in '99, has started an independent office and is a conspicuous figure among the various courts of that city; Mr. Charles Reuss (student '94-'98) has a responsible position in the managerial department of the Centliore Brewing Co.; William F. Dinnen (LL. B. '02) is another Notre Dame graduate who is laying the foundation for a successful career as a member of the Fort Wayne Bar.

Cards of Sympathy.

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to call from earth the mother of our comrade and hall-mate, John P. O'Shea, be it

Resolved, that on behalf of his friends in St. Joseph's Hall, we extend our sincere sympathy in this his sad hour of bereavement.

P. M. Malloy

James V. Cunningham

John W. Sheehan

William F. Robinson

Edward O'Flynn.—*Committee.*

In behalf of the Junior class, we, the

undersigned, express our sincere sympathy for our fellow-classman, John P. O'Shea, in the loss he has sustained in the recent death of his mother.

Wm. P. Feeley

J. F. Cushing

H. P. Fisher

J. A. Dubbs—*Committee.*

* * *

Whereas, it has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself both the mother and sister of our fellow-student and companion, John Hanigan of Brownson Hall, be it,

Resolved, that we, the undersigned on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heartfelt sympathy, and also that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

John J. Scales

John C. Quinn

Robert E. Scott.

* * *

—The account of the death of Rev. J. K. Ocenask, '90-'92, will be read with sorrow by his numerous friends at Notre Dame. At the time of his death, Father Ocenask was pastor of the Bohemian Church of Our Lady of Lourdes in Chicago. During his student days at Notre Dame Father Ocenask made many friends among the faculty and boys by his kindness of spirit and generous manners. These join the SCHOLASTIC in expressing their deep sympathy to his relatives and parishioners.

Local Items.

—Some of the locals and personals of this issue were held over from last week.

—Found—A gold watch and chain. The owner may have the same upon identification. Apply to room 100.

—Some very handsome sets of souvenir post cards are on exhibition in the Students' Office. There are twenty-one prints in all. Many of them represent some of the numerous beautiful scenes of the university grounds.

—Jiu jitsu is becoming very popular lately in Sorin Hall. Alley Go On and Harrie Megglue are the chief exponents of this gentle art, and will meet all comers. Thomas A. Knocker and other light weights preferred.

—Last Saturday evening the members of the Ohio State Club, through the kindness and generosity of Prof. J. F. Edwards, the honorary president of the club, were treated to a most delightful sleigh-ride. The evening was an ideal one, and those that partook

of the enjoyment are grateful to him that made the ride possible.

—That the preliminaries for the debate are near is very evident to the inmates of Sorin Hall. The screeching soprano and the thundering bass may be heard from early dawn till the clock in the tower strikes thirteen. The college spirit of the Sorinites alone prevents them from making a murderous attack on these assassins of the English language.

—Apart from track work, basket-ball is the most popular sport among the Minims. Two teams have been chosen, and practice games are in order every evening. A. Hilton and J. Kavanaugh have been elected to captain the teams. The smile that never comes off is expected to lead the latter's team to victory. Captain Hilton's skill, on the other hand, may turn the tide which leads the half-miler on to fortune.

—In preparing for the Inter-Hall Meet, which is to come off in the near future, St. Joe has formed an athletic association which is to direct the athletics of the Hall in all branches. The officers of said association, as elected, are: President, Varnum Parrish; Secretary, William Schmidt; Treasurer, John Dempsey. Mr. Parrish was also elected to captain the track team. A basket-ball captain was also elected, and Mr. Henry L. Papin was selected to lead St. Joe in this capacity.

—The St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society held their regular meeting last Wednesday evening. The regular program was dispensed with, and only matters of business came before the society, the most important of which was the decision reached by the house that the society give an entertainment on St. Joseph's night, March 19th. The President, members of the Committee on Arrangements and other members of the house addressed the assembly. At 9:30 the meeting adjourned.

—The second regular meeting of the Philopatrians for 1905 was held last Wednesday evening. The program, which was greatly enjoyed, consisted of recitations by M. O'Connor, F. Schwartz, R. Wilson, H. Hilton, H. Symonds and L. Symonds; piano selections by T. Butler and W. Stout, and a violin solo by Mr. Minotti. The debate: "Resolved, That those in the preparatory course should be eligible to Varsity teams," was decided in favor of the affirmative, Messrs. Hyle and Adams. Two new members, H. Dierson and W. Stout, were admitted to the society. After a program had been arranged for next week, the meeting adjourned.

—That the baseball fever has struck Brownson Hall was clearly demonstrated by the crowd of students assembled in the Brownson smoking room last night. A

meeting was called by R. E. Scott, who stated, that if Brownson wished to have a successful team, a manager and captain should be elected immediately. This suggestion received the general approval of the students, and resulted in the nomination of Don Rabb and Wm. P. Calahan for manager, A. J. Cooke and Wm. J. McGinnis for captain. A count of the ballots resulted in Rabb receiving 38 and Calahan 26 votes for manager; Cooke 22 and McGinnis 42 votes for captain. The winners were loudly cheered and called upon to speak. Mr. McGinnis responded with a brief address, thanking the students for the honor conferred on him. Mr. Rabb likewise expressed his thanks, and when speech failed him he began to sing. He possesses a very fine high soprano, and made an instantaneous hit by singing "Dreamy Eyes." The students made a very wise selection, and with the progressive manager and captain which they now have, there is no reason why Brownson Hall should not have a winning team.

—From the darkling frown upon their brow and their low-muttered talk one might know there was something important being discussed by that motley band which had congregated in the law room on the night of Jan. 31, 1905. The members of the cult having assembled on that memorable evening and every intruder, as they thought, banished, proceeded to the business on hand. The whole affair was marked by a strange admixture of secrecy and mysticism. Awful and fearsome were the oaths they swore, these trusty erstwhile lawyers* of 1905. Eftsoons they swore that they should straightway proceed without delay to raise upon their upper lip an article, to wit, a mustache; or to persevere in the said task until they should then and there determine whether they possessed the requisite capability, skill, industry, application, zeal, vim, vigor and earnestness to cultivate the aforesaid article. From some may be expected an abundant crop of the hirsutish growth, but still others will be compelled to re-echo the touching wail voiced by the late Will Shakspeare at the age of twenty, "Alas, poor lip! many a wart is richer." At any rate, perseverance is the test of pluck, and the members of the Senior Law Class have never been found wanting, though, to tell the truth, they have never been weighed in the balance. The pact was made in all sincerity and will not be broken, as the members of the club vowed before they disbanded with many solemn objurgations.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The above is a true account of an actual event as witnessed by our irrepressible staff-correspondent who was compelled to remain secreted in the jury box for fear of bodily harm.