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The Messenger.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

SHEER from the Fathèr's face
To the Virgin full of grace
I came:
A blush—no man she knew—
Made lily cheek the hue
Of flame.

I spoke the word I learned,—
Still cheeks like roses burned,
Chaste-red:
She answered, whisper-loud,
"His handmaid see," and bowed
Her head.

Back to the Father's face,
Gloried, through thrilling space
I sped;
But ere she spoke, the Word
Her soul's far call had heard,
And fled.

FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION,
March 25, 1905.

The Power of the Papacy.

JAMES J. CORBETT.



HERE is not and there never was an institution so well deserving our careful attention as the Catholic Church. Without it civilization would now lie buried beneath the moldering ruins of ancient Greece and Rome, and the belated traveler would still be seeking the place where once the mighty Cæsars held sway.

The Papacy is the keystone of that colossal arch whose summit pierces the heavens and whose foundation is set deeper

than the foundation of time. Though every page of history bears its name in connection with some noble achievement for the benefit of the human race, yet every page has its own story to tell—how the sacred portals of the Papacy were rudely burst open; how all that it held sacred was profaned; its Popes dragged through cities and cast into foul prisons to languish and die; and how its very existence was menaced from every quarter.

Against the Papacy the enemies of the Church have ever directed their fiercest assaults. From its very beginning it has been tested, and though it has had moments of trial, it has always passed through these into the clear light of victory and peace. Founded by Christ, it had to pass through the long and bloody years of paganism; years in which the Popes and their flocks were forced to live like hunted beasts in lonely forest caves. Throughout these years of terror there sat in the chair of Peter men of dauntless courage and fearless bravery; men whose sole ambition was to serve their God; each receiving as an only inheritance the torn but sacred robe of authority, purpled with the blood of many martyred predecessors. Pilgrims and strangers upon this earth with eyes fixed heavenward, they kept burning that light which centuries after was to be "the life of memory, the witness of ages, the interpreter of the past, and the torch of Truth." Attacked and assaulted in its infancy by the violence of paganism, wounded later by the weapons of heretics, the Papacy had yet to pass through the pangs of simony and debauchery, and finally to witness the great work of ages destroyed and trampled in the dust.

To the Catholic mind, the success of the Papacy in these trials is manifestly due to

the guiding hand of Christ and the unswerving fidelity of the Popes. Those without the pale of the Church, however, see only diplomacy in this long line of unbroken victories, while the enemies of the Papacy charge it with a spirit of servility to imperialism, and with bending basely before the violent storms of ages. The records of the past refute these charges, for they declare that the Papacy had purple moments, moments, when deserted by royalty and all worldly influence, it was left alone to fight the battles of Church and State; times, indeed, when, were it not for its integrity and divinity, it must have succumbed to the storms that assailed it, and long since have been washed upon the shores of time with the wrecks of all merely human institutions.

The Papacy began its existence at a time when Rome was at the zenith of her power. Like the sapling and the old oak, these two powers side by side kept their separate existence. The one silent and weak dared not show itself above the gruesome interior of the catacombs; the other strong and powerful sent forth its conquerors to the ends of the known world. Who would think that the time was fast approaching when their positions in point of power and glory would be reversed?

Rome had consumed hundreds of years in the process of civilization, and at the end of the fourth century she stood out predominant, great with the greatness of all ages, haughty and proud in her unprecedented prosperity. Time and time again, the goddess of war had smiled upon Rome's tried legions. In every quarter of the world, the eagle had perched in triumph. Reeking with the wealth of vanquished nations, her indomitable warriors in times of peace lived in lustful repose and self-indulgence, secure, as they thought, in the prestige of their great name. But lo! along the northern horizon a cloud was seen to gather and hang threatening for a time only; and then with the ruin of a falling world, it rushed upon Rome, leaving naught in its path but destruction and desolation. Mighty Rome was to meet the supreme test of her flaunted valor.

Attila marshalling a host of one hundred and fifty thousand—"a chaos and conflict of barbarians of every name and race,"—at the city's very gate, stood panting, eager to

begin the work of slaughter and carnage. Rome, her fields wasted under the hoofs of her enemies' horses; her rivers polluted with the bodies of the slain; her forum wrecked; her mighty ones, yea, her mightiest, hidden away in fear, lay at the mercy of this savage horde. But was all hope lost? No, out from the very hiding-place of the covering Valentinian, with scanty and trembling retinue, comes an old man bowed with cares and troubles. No prancing steed bears him forward, no inspiring trumpet quickens his pace; animated only by a divine impulse and stirred by a deeper call than the voice of earthly glory, Leo and his handful of Christian followers go forth to meet the mightiest foe that ever threatened Rome. Out to the very gates they go, to that blood-thirsty horde. Slowly the little band draws near, and with head erect and cross in his uplifted hand, Leo, the Vicar of Christ, in his Master's name commands the "Scourge of God" to turn from that sacred city. And behold, he whom human arms have never stayed; he whose boast is that at his step the earth trembles and the stars fall from heaven, that under his horses' hoofs the grass withers away to grow no more, now meets in the mild eyes of this white-haired old man his first and utter defeat, and turns from the walls of Rome balked and vanquished by the occupant of Peter's chair.

Had the Papacy failed in this mission all civilization must have perished; for it was by her sacred teachings that the barbarous peoples were curbed and trained and molded into Christian nations. Of the haughty Gallo, blood-thirsty and revengeful, it made the mild saint; of the cruel and vicious Attila it made a just and generous ruler, and changes the pagan Clovis into the Christian king of a Christian people. Attracted by the flaxen-haired youth, it sent teachers to the far-off Angles, while at the same time, directed by the spirit of God, it sent missionaries into every land to scatter broadcast the seeds of peace and Christianity.

In our own day we are often confronted with the charge that would stigmatize the Papacy as a vassal of mighty kings and princes; but again the annals of history show that in every age the sole ambition of

the Papacy was to uplift man, to save him from the mighty hand of oppression, and to teach him that there is something more to live for than this passing life.

In the eleventh century, the Church in Germany was in a flourishing condition. The greed of earthly possessions, however, soon led to unlawful deeds, even on the part of Christian kings and princes; and as Church and State were then closely united, the corrupt influence of the one soon made its way into the holy sanctuary of the other. To such a pass had matters come that upon the election of Hildebrand to the papal throne, the clergy, who should have been his strongest allies, were disloyal to him and a disgrace to the Church. Over paganism the Papacy won an easy victory, but the infidelity of her own children forced a blush to her cheek and pressed deeper, and for a longer time, the thorn of anguish into her side.

The abuses arising from investitures was the ruling evil of the age. It was the practice of kings and princes at their pleasure to fill ecclesiastical sees with men morally unfit for their sacred office. Inasmuch as ecclesiastical law had become lax, the clergy went even so far as to live with impunity in a state far beneath that demanded by their sacred obligations. Such a condition of affairs did Gregory—that Julius Cæsar of the Papacy—look upon from his august throne. To abolish lay investiture and clerical marriage was his task. Opposition came from all sides. As one man rose the multitude of soulless bishops and priests whose vices he sought to correct. Henry IV. of Germany stood at the head of these rebels, and against Henry were hurled the thunderbolts of excommunication and interdict. Gregory had undertaken a work of untold danger, and soon found himself a helpless victim in the hands of his worst enemies.

On a Christmas night, that holiest of nights, when the throne of God is shaken with the great diapason of angelic song; on that night when peace is declared anew to all men of good-will, Gregory, the Vicar of Christ, was torn away from the sacrificial table, and with the purple blood of the newborn Saviour still fresh upon his lips, was cruelly beaten and cast into a dungeon.

Rescued and placed again on his throne, he began anew his crusade against vice. Henry, the most dangerous of the papal enemies, soon felt the ban of excommunication weighing heavily on his spirit; but not until he perceived his subjects falling away and shunning him as one plague-stricken did he relinquish his hold on the Papacy.

Henry had fought against the Papacy and had lost; and now we witness a sight never to be repeated in the annals of history. Dejected and deserted, save by a few servants, Henry crosses the snow-capped Alps, and after days of penance, throws himself upon the mercy of the Pope. There at Canosa, in the biting cold of winter, did he atone for his disloyalty. The proud prince of this world was again humbled by an old, worn-out, emaciated man wielding the sceptre of Peter. Again that freedom of ecclesiastical ministry, which had been lost when the choice of bishops and abbots was left to the will of secular princes, was restored. Bishoprics were no longer sold by unscrupulous princes; the way to dignity was no longer bought by bribes; the crosier and the ring, sacred emblems of the episcopal jurisdiction, were to be safely guarded by the Papacy crowned with the laurels of this new victory.

Once freed from the evils that had long impeded its progress, the Papacy prepared for that great conflict which was soon to be fought between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, between the wise and the prudent, the ignorant and the foolish. Like a brilliant and ever-glowing light, the Papacy was destined to shine during those dark ages, when learning was looked upon as slavish; when the sword, a hundredfold mightier than the pen, was continually raised in oppression; when the passions of unprincipled nobles arose on all sides against intellectual pursuits. Through her wise teachings, the Papacy at all times sought and preserved that which was just, pure, and high. Self-denial, sincerity, and integrity of morals—the qualities before which the free-minded races of Europe have ever been content to bow in submission—were alone to be found in the Papal courts. Science, literature, and art were preserved to us through the sagacious foresight of the Popes.

During these years of religious and philosophical revolt, were sown the seeds of many heresies, and not until centuries afterwards were these seeds of dissension to be entirely extirpated. Luther, with all the arrogance of his nature, and with an indomitable hatred for the sovereigns of the Roman See, was yet to shoot his poison-tipped arrow at the very heart of the Papacy. Long before him, as we have seen, had other heretics attempted to dethrone the Pope, and, Luther-like, they were destined to sink beneath the weight of the Papal anathema. Corruption may eat its way into the sanctuary of the Church; it can never prevail against the Papacy. By disclosing her corruption to impassioned children, Luther robbed the Church of millions of souls. He himself, after trampling in the dust the vows which bound him to religion and the Church, showed the world his utter disregard of self-respect, chastity, and character. Cut off from the living trunk he soon withered and passed away, leaving behind him a sect destined to be rent asunder by the very seeds of discord which he himself had sown.

Across the continent to England soon spread the infection of Luther's disloyalty and infidelity. There, too, undisciplined monarchs and unworthy bishops sought to throw off the papal yoke. Henry VIII., wearing the glorious badge of "Defender of the Faith," after living with his lawful wife for over twenty years, sought to have the tie which bound him to her annulled that he might marry the latest object of his passions, Anne Boleyn. To those whom he knew had the power of loosing and binding did Henry go; but in vain. For sixteen hundred years the Catholic Church stood for all that was sacred and just in respect to the marriage vow; and though asked by the mightiest king on earth to alter her steadfast course, she said "No," unmindful of the consequences. Clement VII., crowned with the pristine purity and integrity of his predecessors, stood alone against the greatest power on earth. The marriage tie must be preserved; and rather than lower marriage to the level of a merely legal contract, the Papacy was willing to lose not only all those souls under the dominion of Henry and his immediate suc-

cessors, but also the souls of every nation England was destined to colonize. England, America, Australia, and India were signed away with a stroke of the pen; but truth, purity, and justice were preserved intact; and there was only one more dent in that divine armor which human weapons can not penetrate.

This, needless to say, was not the last purple moment the Papacy was to know. The sad story of Pius Ninth's captivity is too near our own times to call for more than mere mention here. The freedom of Rome is denied the Papacy that has been Rome's salvation in times of war and her glory in reigns of peace. Napoleon opened the attack; it is the lot of our own day to see the outcome of his aggressiveness.

To-day we see the Papacy dragged by the impious legislation of an atheistic government before the searching gaze of a none too sympathetic public. France, casting aside her old-time fidelity and religious fervor, has parted from the mother who rescued her from paganism. That once fair daughter of a fairer mother has torn herself away from the breasts which for over fifteen centuries have nourished her with science, literature and religion.

It is the same old story. The enemy of old, under a new and more dangerous disguise, appears in the very heart of the Catholic world. Let him estrange the faithful from the Papacy; let him deprive them of the fatherly care of the Popes; let him do this, and not only France, but the entire world, will speedily see the downfall of the Catholic Church. But why talk of the impossible? On the throne of the Papacy, Christ placed Peter, and to him and his successors He promised protection even till the consummation of the world.

Like a great lighthouse set in mid-ocean, the Papacy has withstood the storms of ages. The tempests raised by the royal Cæsars were followed by the storms caused by the inroads of the barbarians. Swelled to mountain size by the dissensions of the Middle Ages, the waters rushed, tumbling on, destroying everything that dared oppose them; onward they rush victorious until they strike that rock, the Church, whereon is grounded firm the beacon of the Papacy. With furious strength, again and again,

they hurl themselves against it only to be repulsed each time anew, till finally, their great roar dying away in soft music, their curled crests fall into a shower of harmless, sparkling foam which settles and glides back into the immeasurable ocean of the past, while the Papacy, from its height serene, casts its long light of peace and good-will out over the tranquil sea.

The Passing of the Shadow.

EDWARD J. KENNY, '07.

It was Christmas week. Michigan Avenue was alive with holiday folk. Some were sauntering along the well-cleared walks; others glided to and fro in sleighs over the glistening snow. Their happy faces were fanned to a pink glow by the freshening breeze from the lake; and the merry jingling of the bells sounded most rhythmical on the crisp morning air. Wreaths of holly were hanging in the windows of the cheerful looking homes which line the thoroughfare. Everything seemed to indicate that people were unusually happy.

Old Judge Bartlett was apparently unconscious of any extraordinary merriment. He was sitting in the library of his comfortable home. The smoke curled upward in great puffs from the choice Havana cigar. Sixty years had had little effect on his thick wavy hair, except that its color had faded into a noble silvery grey. His face bore that look of determination which is characteristic of men in his station. As his large eloquent eyes gazed pensively into the flames of the fireplace, his countenance gradually darkened and became fixed and sullen. Rising suddenly from his arm-chair, he walked toward his desk and gave the bell an urgent ring. "Tell Jennie to come here at once," he said to the servant, who had shown herself in the doorway.

Presently, a very lovely young lady of about twenty-two years entered. Her heavy black hair was piled high on her head. She was pale—exceptionally so that morning, perhaps due to expectation. Her dark eyes and red lips formed a marked contrast to her white skin. Her blue morning gown added much to her gracefulness. To behold

her in this attire, one might well pronounce her the most charming girl to be seen in a day's journey. She was the Judge's only child, and, I have been told—but that is another story.

"Do you wish to speak to me, father?" she questioned in a pleasing tone.

"Yes," he said gruffly though not unkindly, "it is about that young upstart of yours—Doctor Jennings. From now on, I forbid you to have anything more to do with him. I gave him his orders last evening when he asked for your hand in marriage."

Her feelings were injured. As she stood in the centre of the room, her cheeks flushed a deep crimson; and her defiant attitude gave her the appearance of an enraged queen.

"And you have refused him!" she exclaimed. "I suppose you would have me marry that detestable old Chadwick."

"That is my only wish," replied the Judge. "You know the lawyer has been very generous in helping me out of many difficulties, and it is but proper to return his kindness."

"Then if I can't marry the Doctor, I will never marry. I positively refuse to speak to Chadwick again," she responded, with an imperative stamp of her little foot upon the carpet. "How can I love the man I hate?"

"Hush!" shouted the Judge. "How dare you speak so uncharitably of our best friend! You know, girl, that I have always loved you with a father's love; and were it not for your good I would not request it. Why, that fop of a Doctor can't make his own salt, let alone support a wife. Now, Jennie," he continued in a calmer voice, "Mr. Chadwick is going to call this afternoon on my invitation, so treat him kindly."

This was more than she could bear. Her eyes looked daggers at the old man, and he turned away from their steadfast gaze. Burning with anger, she swept out of the room; and with a deafening bang of the door, closed herself in her own apartments. She threw herself upon the bed and wept long and bitterly. When the storm had abated, she began to meditate: If her father was so strongly determined to separate her from the man she loved, then she just as firmly decided that it would not be so. She loved the Doctor, and why should

any one interfere? It was such an insignificant matter, too, that brought about the objection. Some professional dispute had taken place, at some time or other, between the doctor's father and hers. Consequently, the Judge despised any Jennings that ever existed. Jennie was just the contrary, despite any parental differences.

"How can I avoid meeting him this afternoon?" she said half aloud, when the thought of the unwelcome visitor came to her. Shall I stay here and refuse to see him? No, I can not do that."

After she had given the matter thorough consideration, she finally contrived a plan and resolved to carry it out. She dressed herself for the street; and on leaving the house, said to the maid: "If anyone should ask for me tell them I have gone to the matinee."

It was the thirtieth of December, the day which brought the awful disaster upon the Iroquois Theatre. Judge Bartlett soon learned that his daughter had gone to witness some play. When the shocking news of the fire reached his ears, he was seized with great consternation lest his girl had entered the ill-fated house. His fears were confirmed when she failed to return home. For hours he searched the charnel houses, Finally, as he was gazing upon one unrecognizable figure, he exclaimed:

"This is my poor girl. This is the ring I gave her only a short time ago. O God!" he cried, "it is all my fault." With these words, he staggered and fell to the floor in a deep swoon.

On the morning following that horrible catastrophe, Dr. Jennings sat alone in his office. He was gazing wistfully upon a photograph which he had taken from the drawer. Hot tears were streaming down his cheeks. He had just read in the paper, among the list of the victims, the name—"Miss Jennie Bartlett." It was her picture he held, and he truly loved her. He could hardly realize that it was true. The girl that he had held in his arms just two days ago was now dead. He arose and walked to the window. The sky was cold and grey and a slight mist was falling. It seemed that nature herself was grieving with the sorrow-stricken city. The street below was crowded with pedestrians and vehicles, passing here and there; but Dr. Jennings

saw none of these. His tear-stained eyes looked blankly out into space; he only wished that he, too, were dead.

"Chicago has no charm for me now," he sobbed; "I must go some place where I might forget it all." Time rolled away, but reminiscences of Jennie were with him by day, and even haunted his dreams. His associates soon noticed a remarkable change. His absence from the club caused much comment, and his professional duties were totally neglected. His haggard face indicated most plainly that he was laboring under some great mental strain. But at last came the long-desired opportunity. Through the influence of a friend, he succeeded in securing an appointment on the medical staff of the General Hospital in Buffalo. As the train which bore him to his new field of labor rolled out from the station, he bade farewell to Chicago forever—as he thought.

It was a beautiful sunny morning in the early spring. Everything around the General Hospital in Buffalo seemed to be most glad-some. The extensive lawns surrounding the building were already green, and the birds twittered and fluttered about in the half-grown foliage of the stately maples. The walls and the floors of the large, airy wards were immaculately clean, and prim-looking nurses fitted about like angels of mercy among the snow-white cots. This was physicians' day. Dr. Jennings had already assumed his new duties, and was on his usual round among his patients. He administered to the wants of some, and spoke words of consolation to others. His face bore a more cheerful expression. The new surroundings and strange faces had evidently removed his thoughts from that sad bereavement. As he leaned over the cot of one suffering creature he was startled by the sound of a voice behind him. He turned to meet the gaze of a young nurse. He grew very pale. "Is it her ghost or am I deceived?" he gasped. No; it was Jennie. For a moment great perplexity arose; but somehow or other and without a word, she was in the loving embrace of the Doctor.

All thought of the patients departed for a time. Their stories were exchanged. The Doctor's face brightened with a smile when

he heard that she had decided to attend the matinee to avoid meeting Chadwick. As she was about to enter the theatre something told her not to do so. Fearing her father's wrath she resolved to go some place where she might be her own mistress. She had come to Buffalo and fortunately was admitted to study for a nurse.

"How can I ever forgive you for not writing to me," said the Doctor.

"Oh!" she responded, "you told me once that if we were ever separated, you could never love another; and I was putting you to the test."

The answer sufficed, for his heart was too light to question its verity.

The Taint of Suspicion.

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.

Lost:—A satchel containing two thousand dollars in government bonds and one thousand dollars cash. Finder, please return to James Brown, 108 Winchester Avenue, and receive a reward of three thousand dollars.

This advertisement appeared in the daily *Record-Herald* for two weeks. The reward was raised to five, and later to six thousand dollars; but no trace of the missing valise was to be found. Brown's friends advised him to put the case in the hands of the police; but his lawyer said "No," and Brown decided to act accordingly. No one, except possibly his legal adviser, seemed to know why he still offered such a large reward, and though his friends questioned him continually they could get no information from him. Such mystery hung around the case that the police finally took hold of it. The great diamond robbery upon which they were working just then drew most of their attention, however, and they allowed this case to run until some future time.

One morning the police captain called at Brown's office, and learned that on the 3d day of April, Brown left his office with the valise, intending to deposit the contents in his vault, and boarded a "Northwestern" elevated train. He was almost positive that he had left the valise in the train, for he missed it shortly after he had gotten off. The satchel was of red leather, with

"J. Brown" printed in black letters on one side. He had private reasons for offering such a large reward, and he did not care to reveal them.

Brown was called to Europe on business a week later, and remained away two months. The police hunted high and low for the valise, but it was not found. The case was about to be given up, when one day the grip was discovered in the hollow of a tree. The finder at once recognized it as Brown's from the description he had read in the newspaper advertisements, and immediately handed it over to the police.

Brown arrived in New York two days later, and was at once arrested. He offered bail of fifty thousand dollars, but was refused. His trial came off a month later and lasted some weeks. He was asked to explain his whereabouts the night of the diamond robbery, and though he offered a strong alibi, he was sentenced to the "Bridewell" for twenty years. A few days later his wife entered a bill for divorce. Her charge was on statutory grounds. She testified that on the third day of April, while riding in an elevated train, she noticed a valise lying on the seat, and immediately recognized it as the property of her husband. She took it home with her, and upon opening it found a marriage license containing the names of J. Brown and Miss Alice Betts, and also the money and bonds, both of which she produced in court as evidence.

When her husband arrived home that evening she acted as though nothing had happened. That night he went to his club, and she took the empty valise and dropped it in the alley, hoping that some one would find it and her husband would think the contents had been stolen. The diamond robbers must have found it and put their booty therein and hid all in the hollow of the tree, intending to get it at some later time. She did not say anything to her husband as she found out that he and Miss Betts had not been married. Her chain of evidence was so strong that Brown was declared innocent of the robbery and pardoned.

The divorce was never granted, for they were reconciled by their friends; but some curious persons still wonder what Brown had in the valise.

The Fall of Michael.

JAMES D. JORDAN, '07.

Coal was first mined in the anthracite region about 1830. Several breakers were built in the vicinity of Scranton and Carbondale, and accordingly a railroad was constructed connecting these two towns with the outside world. Part of the railroad was known as the "Gravity Road," for the cars were pulled over the plain by an engine and then run down by means of gravity. Most of the miners then were either born in Ireland or were of Irish descent. They brought with them from their native soil all sorts of superstitious ideas and traditions. Consequently, the borough of Archbald was an Irish town in almost every respect.

Michael Gallagher, who worked in a tinshop in the outskirts of the town, usually walked home along the Gravity tracks. He was "a temperance man, but not a bigoted one." He was accustomed to stop into a hotel on his way home "to satisfy his thirst," as he said. One night he stayed in the hotel a little too long and came out scarcely able to walk without swaying from side to side. He found the Gravity track, however, and started for home. Nothing unusual happened until he came to about the middle of the plain. Here he imagined that somebody tripped him and he fell headlong to the ground. As soon as he recovered his feet he looked around and saw no one. When he came into the town he met Mrs. O'Rourke who saluted him very cordially with:

"Good evening, Mike. 'Tis is a fine evening."

"Yes," said Mike excitedly, "but the fairies are out to-night; I just met the devil down the street."

"Indeed," exclaimed Mrs. O'Rourke; "and what did he look like?"

"Devil a bit of me knows," said Mike, "for he got away so quick that he was gone before he came, and I didn't get a look at him."

An expression of fear came over Mrs. O'Rourke's face as she queried:

"He got away before he came? How could he do that, Mike?"

"Well," responded Mike, "he stuck his foot in front 'o me and tripped me, and when I looked around to see who it was he was gone."

"Why, and what did you do then, did you run?"

"Run," said Mike—"run! Sure if I'd run he would see that I was afeered of him and he'd trip me again; then I'd roll all the way down the plain."

Mike had the same story for everybody he met. Every time he told it he would play a little more on his imagination. His thirst led him into the hotel every night with the same result, and he had the same experience on the plain. When he came into the town some one always noticed his bruises and would ask the cause; and he always had the same tale for them—that he was tripped by some mysterious being. This story was circulated throughout the whole town; but every time it was told some exciting incident was added to it, so that if Mike had heard the story again he would not have recognized it as his own experience.

The demon usually tripped Mike about eleven o'clock, the hour that evil spirits are supposed to be most in evidence. Of course the people believed his story as firmly as that St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland. They thought that the evil spirits bothered Mike to warn him of his condition, though it must be said it did not seem to have any effect on the latter. He came over the same path every night partially intoxicated. These stories so frightened the people of the town that they did not venture to walk on the Gravity track after nightfall.

Things went on in much the same fashion until at last several men in the town determined to find out who was playing the trick, or what demon persisted in being in Mike's way. They went to meet him about the time that he was accustomed to return home. They came up with him on the Gravity plain and followed him along the track, cautiously looking out for some superhuman spirit, capable of throwing a man to the ground and vanishing before it could be seen. They tried to keep up their courage by whistling and hoping that Mike's friend would not show his usual outward signs of hospitality that night; but it made them shudder to think that the spirit's infatuation

for Mike was so great that it might extend to them. They knew that it would be useless to try to contend with a superhuman being.

Suddenly Mike fell to the ground, and when he arose he asked whether any of the men had seen anything remarkable, for he said that this was his experience every night. They were horrified to think that the demon could trip him and vanish without at least appearing to the others. Some of the men were anxious to leave the place immediately, but others determined to investigate.

They had different theories concerning the manner in which the escape was made. Some held that the spirit escaped through the air. Others said that there was an underground passage by means of which it made its way to some habitation in the nether regions. However, they all agreed that the spirit had power to become visible or invisible as it wished, and none of them attributed it to imagination. One of the men had a lantern with which he inspected the ground to see whether the spirit had left any mark before it escaped. He found there a hollow, probably two or three inches deep between two ties. When Mike stepped into this he stumbled and of course fell, and in his intoxicated state did not know the reason. Some of the more sensible accepted this solution, but the majority of the people of Archbald are still firmly convinced that Mike was troubled by some spirit from the other world. At any rate, it must go down in the annals of history in contradistinction to the Bible narrative as an instance of Michael being conquered by the evil spirits.

In the Valley of the St. Joe.

JOSEPH T. LANTRY, '06.

When Port Dearborn, Vincennes, and Port Detroit were the principal posts on the Northwestern frontier, a cluster of homes in the St. Joe valley formed the village of Bertrand. Situated as it was between Port Detroit and Port Dearborn, the village served as a terminal of the stage line from the former. Small boats which made weekly trips to the fort at the swampy mouth of the Chicago, formed the other link con-

necting the two pioneer outposts. Such was Bertrand in the early days.

The year died gradually in the balmy Indian summer. The medicine-man of the Pottawatomies told of a bitter winter to follow. On a late October day, before the first blast of winter, the priest in the hamlet received a sick call from Pokagon, the Indian village. In his absence his two little pupils, Jean Marteau and Ruth Packard, enjoyed a half holiday. Jean, a lad of eight, lived with his parents at the "Red Mill" some two miles south of Bertrand. Ruth's uncle was the village harness-maker. Together the two went daily to the simple home of the pastor where they were given the rudiments of an education.

All afternoon had they played at the river's bank. So wrapt up in play had they been that the twilight stole on them unobserved. In fact, night was fast coming on when Jean thought of leaving. The Indian trail along the river's bank to the "Red Mill" was somewhat unsafe after dusk. The two hurried up to the top of the river's bank together, for Ruth lived near the church which she must pass in order to strike the Indian trail. At the entrance to the churchyard they paused. Slowly Jean walked on, backward, reluctant to go. A faint "good-night" came to the waiting Ruth as the shadowy boyish figure lost itself in the distance. The little maiden felt strangely happy that night. Slowly walking home, rustling the dead leaves in her path, she thought of many things—such as only form in a maiden's mind.

A full moon lights up the valley of the St. Joe. Scattered through a broadened part of the valley a few black shadowy houses stand. Close to the river's bank are the ruined walls of a church surrounded by a churchyard. Most of the fallen tombstones are covered with a dead, rank growth of vegetation. The naked ivy on the crumbling church wall is rustled by the bleak winter's wind. A distant howl of a farmer's dog breaks the uncanny silence of the night.

In one corner of the churchyard, under the gaunt arms of an oak, may be seen two sunken mounds. A fallen slab near them bears the simple inscription:

JEAN MARTEAU AND BELOVED WIFE RUTH.

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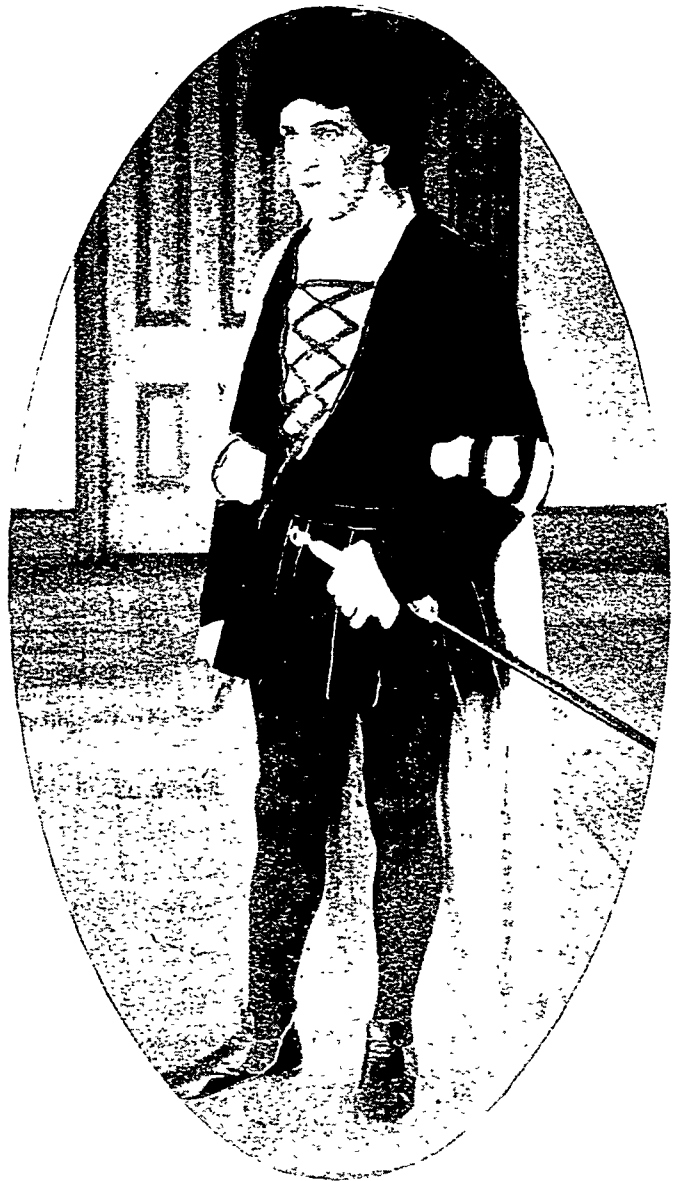
Notre Dame, Indiana, March 25, 1905.

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—On Sunday, March 19, the feast of St. Joseph was observed with fitting pomp and ceremony. The students assisted at Solemn High Mass, which was celebrated by the Rev. Father Crumley, while the Rev. Vice-President, Father French, and the Rev. Father Regan officiated respectively as deacon and subdeacon. A brilliant and instructive sermon was delivered by Father Schumacher. His talk was very effective. He spoke especially of the virtues and the holy life of that humble and unpretentious artisan, who had so lived that he was deemed worthy by the Most High to be the foster-father of the Redeemer of all mankind. Impressive and pious talks, such as this one was, are very entertaining as well as highly beneficial. To add to the attractiveness of the beautiful and edifying services, the shrine of that noble saint, depicting his happy death in the company of the Blessed Virgin and our Saviour, was ablaze with a myriad of candles, shedding their soft rays on those three that have been so sweetly portrayed by the brush of Luigi Gregori. The altar of St. Joseph was also very gracefully decorated with many flowers, prominent among which was the white lily, the flower through which God manifested His will to Joseph. At the close of the Mass the congregation joined in chanting the *Te Deum*.

—The news of the recent death of Jules Verne once more brings that author before the public. He has been a prolific writer, whose books are filled with excitement and adventure. Not many years ago he was regarded by millions of people, French and English, as one of the most entertaining writers of his time. His popularity, however, was short-lived; he never strove to win a lasting place in French literature. That he never did so, he said, is the great regret of his life. The plots of



WILLIAM D. JAMIESON—*Mercurio*.

his novels are singular inasmuch as they are, in many instances, hinged on some unheard-of scientific contrivances, such as the cigar-shaped submarine boat in his "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea."

The novelty and mystery which surrounded his mental inventions, only added to their interest. His stories, however inartistic they might have been, served as a refreshing recreation from the old and oft-repeated love tales. They captivated the

senses of all who read them. Translations of his works were greatly in demand; and the children read them with eager interest. But despite this strong admiration in which his works were held, we find that he is now hardly read.

St. Patrick's Day Celebration.

For years past it has been the established custom to celebrate with added pomp and in an unusual manner on March 17. This last St. Patrick's Day differed very little from its predecessors. On Friday morning the student body assembled in the Church of the Sacred Heart, where a Solemn High Mass was celebrated. The sermon delivered by Father Trahy was a most eloquent tribute to the Irish Patron-Saint, and, if such a thing were possible, fired his auditors with increased devotion to St. Patrick.

The chief feature of the day was the annual dramatic presentation by the senior elocutionary students. In seeking to conform to custom Professor Frederic Karr essayed a difficult task in selecting scenes from 'Romeo and Juliet,' and at the same time



BERNARD F. FAHY—*Romeo*.



eliminating Juliet. Shakspeare has so inseparably linked his hero and heroine in this masterpiece, that many predicted the flat failure of this novel attempt. The outcome justified the wisdom and foresight of Professor Karr; for, though in itself the production was not quite up to the standard set in previous years, yet, all things being considered, it proved a most enjoyable entertainment.

The leading part was assumed by Bernard S. Fahy, and his characterization of the love-sick Romeo is deserving of the highest praise. Mr. Fahy has appeared at Notre Dame in former plays and has always acquitted himself most creditably. His voice, though it has not that clear, far-reaching quality, is yet possessed of a pleasing melody of tone, and his personal appearance stands him in good part, for he is graceful and free in action and gesticulation.

The mantle of Mercutio, the blunt and hale good fellow and the admirable friend, fitted William D. Jamieson with exactitude, and he did not have to deviate from his natural manner to personate with fidelity a character which is ordinarily difficult of portrayal. Mr. Jamieson is perhaps the most experienced member of the cast, and from the way in which he handled himself in the celebrated Queen Mab speech, and again in his duel with Tybalt, we would say that he has profited by his experiences.

Clarence J. Kennedy essayed to play Benvolio, and he succeeded in doing it. The conservative and even-tempered Veronese gentleman received excellent treatment at the hands of Mr. Kennedy, and for that he deserves the warmest congratulations.

In the scenes selected, Tybalt, who is ordinarily a character of consequence, did not figure much, but at that Howard C. Broadman made the most of the opportunity offered him.

The Friar Lawrence of Charles E. Rush was a noteworthy feature of the performance. In appearance, voice and general air the part well became Mr. Rush, who showed himself worthy of the plaudits he received.

James S. Brady and Walter L. Joyce in the respective parts of Peter and the nurse, come in for their share of praise, the work of Mr. Joyce being especially meritorious.

But just as there are two sides to every

story, so were there two sides to this story and to this celebration, for comedy was introduced in the form of a three-act farce entitled "The Balloon." Here there were better chances for natural acting than the Romeo production afforded, inasmuch as the characters and scenes were all taken from modern life.

In this instance Louis E. Wagner was given the leading part; the mishaps of Dr. Glynn forming the central point around which all the incidental happenings to the other characters are built. Whether the part of the young doctor was created for Mr. Wagner, or he for the part, no one ventures to say; but, at any rate, his acting on St. Patrick's Day was equal to anything ever before done in that line at Notre Dame.

Mr. Jamieson, who appeared in the sketch in the rôle of Captain Cameron, the balloonist, accomplished with credit to himself the most difficult task of carrying off two important characters in the same afternoon, and in the farce repeated his success of the tragedy.

Perhaps the most popular performer of the company was Aloysius J. Dwan as Mr. Aubrey Fitz John. His naturalness and ease, coupled with his well-rounded voice and pleasing appearance caught the fancy of the audience, and they testified their appreciation time and time again with tumultuous applause.

Bernard S. Fahy played the part of Dr. Boyton with confidence and skill.

Howard C. Broadman reappeared in the rôle of David, the doctor's boy and made good use of his talents.

The female characters generally prove a stumbling-block to our embryo histrions. In this case, however, the "eternal feminine" was successfully solved by a quartet of worthy young men. Walter L. Joyce was perhaps the best of the four, though Walter J. Francioli as Grace Wentworth, Ralph C. Madden as Miss Vere, and Herbert P. Dowling as Mrs. Theresa Fitz John, were all very good.

All who contributed their services—Prof. Ackerman in the scene painting; Brother Cyprian and his assistants in the stage management, and Professor Petersen with the orchestra, deserve the greatest praise for the manner in which they helped to make

March 17, 1905, one of the green-letter-days of a most auspicious year.

The following is in substance the cast of characters and the musical numbers of the program:

SCENES TAKEN FROM SHAKSPERE'S

ROMEO AND JULIET

Cast of Characters

Romeo.....Bernard F. Fahy
 Mercutio.....William D. Jamieson
 Benvolio.....Clarence J. Kennedy
 Tybalt.....Howard C. Broadman
 Friar Lawrence.....Charles E. Rush
 Peter.....James S. Brady
 Nurse.....Walter L. Joyce

"THE BALLOON."

A new and original farcical comedy in three acts by
 J. H. Darnly and G. Manville Fenn

Cast of Characters

Dr. Glynn.....Louis E. Wagner
 Captain Cameron.....William D. Jamieson
 Mr. Aubrey Fitz John.....Joseph A. Dwan
 Dr. Boyton.....Bernard F. Fahy
 David, Doctor's Boy.....Howard C. Broadman
 Grace Wentworth.....Walter J. Francioli
 Miss Vere.....Ralph C. Madden
 Mrs. Rippendale.....Walter L. Joyce
 Mrs. Theresa Fitz John.....Herbert P. Dowling

Act I.—Consulting Room in Dr. Glynn's House, Dover.
 Act II.—Same; A few minutes later
 Act III.—Same; The next day

MUSICAL PROGRAM

By the University Orchestra.

Overture—"Echoes from Ireland".....Schlepergrell
 "Piff Paff Pouf".....Schwartz
 Overture—"Diamonds".....Lavallee
 "Bridal Rose".....Lavallee

Book Review.

ELEMENTS OF DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL
 CALCULUS. By William A. Granville.

ELEMENTS OF ANALYTIC GEOMETRY. By
 Smith and Gale.

These two volumes are the first of a series of mathematical text-books, which are to be published by Ginn & Co., under the general editorship of Percy F. Smith, professor of mathematics at Yale University. The aim of the authors has been to prepare texts that would conform to modern ideas, and they have succeeded. In both books, the elements of the respective subjects are presented accurately and fully. The treatment is unusually clear and methodical. Both texts must meet the needs of the majority of students and teachers, for while their

scope is more extensive than that of the usual text for beginners, the matter is so arranged that the teacher may readily cut it down to meet the requirements of his classes.

The calculus is based on the method of limits. All the subjects usually given in a more extended first course are treated, and with sufficient rigor; while the first part of the book is devoted exclusively to presenting the notions of differentiation, those teachers who are accustomed to take up integration immediately after the first principles of differentiation have been established, may readily do so. The examples and exercises are carefully graded, and not only illustrate the general principles of the calculus, but also give the student an idea of the uses to which the calculus may be put.

In the analytic Geometry the questions discussed are also treated with all the rigor required in a first course. Each successive step of the proofs is carefully noted and emphasized. Many solutions of problems have been embodied in the text, and the examples given for solution by the student are well calculated to test his ability. The method employed is purely analytic.

The publishers must be congratulated on the physical appearance of both books.

Athletic Notes.

Our first track meet of the season is to be held this afternoon here at Notre Dame. We should win, and judging from our list of entries we will have a fairly well-balanced team in the meet. Wabash has as many, if not more, men entered, but we expect to win; and from the work done by the members of the team during the past week, we will have another pennant to hang in our new trophy room.

ENTRIES FOR WABASH-NOTRE DAME MEET.

40-yard dash—Wabash: Sparks, Spaulding, Andrus, Miller; Notre Dame: Draper, Guthrie, Donovan, O'Connell, Kasper.

440-yard dash—Wabash: Diddle, Thornell; Notre Dame: Keefe, Kasper, O'Connell.

Two-mile run—Wabash: Reed, McKinney; Notre Dame: Murray, Paupa, Powers.

Shot Put—Wabash: Spaulding, Sparks;

Notre Dame: Draper, Guthrie, Sheehan.

Broad jump—Wabash: Pierce, Spaulding, Sparks; Notre Dame: Guthrie, Bracken, Evans.

220-yard dash—Wabash: Spaulding, Sparks; Notre Dame: Donovan, Lally, O'Connell, Kasper.

40-yard high hurdles—Wabash: Andrus, Miller; Notre Dame: Draper, O'Connor, Evans, Scales.

40-yard low hurdles—Wabash: Spaulding, Andrus; Notre Dame: Draper, O'Connor, Evans, Scales, Bracken.

880-yard run—Wabash: Thornell, Shank, Reed; Notre Dame: Keefe, O'Shea.

One-mile run—Wabash: Reed, McKinney; Notre Dame: Paupa, Welch, Powers.

Pole vault—Wabash: Wilber, Piper; Notre Dame: Guthrie, Bracken.

High jump—Wabash: Pierce, Thornell; Notre Dame: Scales, O'Connor, Draper.

Relay race—Wabash: Sparks, Thornell, Diddle, Spaulding, Shank, Davies; Notre Dame: Lally, Donovan, Kasper, Keefe, O'Shea, O'Connell.

* * *

NOTRE DAME UNIV: BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

South Bend Central League Series.

- April 12—South Bend at Notre Dame
- “ 13—South Bend at Notre Dame
- “ 14—South Bend at Notre Dame
- “ 15—South Bend at Notre Dame
- “ 17—South Bend at Notre Dame
- “ 18—South Bend at Notre Dame
- “ 19—Notre Dame at South Bend
- “ 20—South Bend at Notre Dame
- “ 21—South Bend at Notre Dame
- “ 23—South Bend at Notre Dame
- “ 25—Notre Dame at South Bend

College Series.

- “ 22—Kalamazoo at Notre Dame
- “ 29—Ohio State Univ. at Notre Dame.
- May 1—Notre Dame at Madison, Wis.
- “ 2—Notre Dame at Beloit, Wis.
- “ 3—Notre Dame Watertown, Wis.
- “ 4—Notre Dame at Evanston, Ill.
- “ 5—Notre Dame at Kankakee, Ill.
- May 9—Albion College at Notre Dame.
- “ 12—Purdue at Notre Dame
- “ 16—Denison at Notre Dame
- “ 18—Wisconsin at Notre Dame
- “ 20—Wabash at Notre Dame
- “ 24—Northwestern at Notre Dame

“ 27—Ohio Wesleyan at Notre Dame

“ 29—Notre Dame at Delaware, Ohio

“ 30—Notre Dame at Columbus, Ohio

“ 31—Notre Dame at Crawfordsville, Ind.

June 1—Notre Dame at Bloomington, Ind.

“ 2—Notre Dame at Lafayette, Ind.

“ 6—Open at Notre Dame

“ 9—Beloit at Notre Dame

NOTE:—South Bend begins training at Notre Dame on April 6 and remains until April 26. June 6, game pending with Knox College, Indiana University or Nebraska Indians.

* * *

Last Thursday night Manager McGlew and Captain O'Connor called a meeting in the gymnasium for the purpose of organizing a “prep” baseball team, to be composed entirely of men now doing preparatory work. Each man must have a certain amount of credits, enough to make him eligible in any high school; in fact, a high school standing is necessary. The object of organizing a team is to give to the young baseball players the advantage of learning the game while in the “prep” department, so that when they enter the collegiate department and go out for the Varsity they will not have to start at the very bottom, but will have mastered the fine points of the game and be ready to go in fast company immediately. Our future Varsity teams will thereby be improved in all departments, as teams are to be organized in not only baseball, but also in football and track. The object then is to keep good men at Notre Dame, give them something to work for, when ineligible to play on a Varsity team. The men will be coached by Captain O'Connor; and the team picked by him. They will play all the high school and “prep” teams in the state. Their schedule being made up in much the same manner as that of the Varsity. Monograms will be given the men making the team, and it will belong to them the same as the N. D. which is granted to Varsity men.

Captain O'Connor wishes the men to report in the “Gym” Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. Remember that everyone in the school who is not a collegiate student and has a standing equal to a high school student is eligible for the team. Everyone should come out and help make the team

a success. Under McGlew and O'Connor the success of the organization is assured; and now it is up to the men to make the team a good one and one that we can be proud of. There is no reason why the team should not be one of the best in the country as we have more good baseball players here than in any school in the West.

Tom Kenny will have charge of the men, he being subject to Captain O'Connor's direction. It is unnecessary to say anything about Kenny, for his ability as a baseball player is well known, and we can expect to have a team of which we can fitly boast. Once more we beg everyone with the proper requirements to come out and make the success of the team a certainty.

* *

Team-work in baseball is just as essential as it is in football. The infield especially must work together as one man. Of course a man who can drive the ball over the fence every time he comes to bat, is a ball player; and the man who can stop everything that comes near him is the same. But to win games, a team must be all the word means: every man working as a unit, every man understanding just what comes next; signals must be learned and used; speed must be developed, and the team which has outfielders who can pull down drives that look like hits, is the team that wins. Team-work in batting is just as essential as it is in fielding. Captain O'Connor is doing all in his power to impress the fine points of the game upon the men, and we may be sure if they follow his instructions we will have another winning baseball team.

* *

Last Saturday night Draper and Keefe competed in the M. A. C. games held in St. Louis. Draper was scratch man in the forty-five yard dash and the forty-five yard low hurdles, finishing third in the dash, and being unplaced in the hurdles. He labored under a severe disadvantage, as some men had ten and twelve feet of a lead on him. It was a handicap meet, and there are no excuses whatever to be made; the simple fact being, scratch men seldom, if ever, win, and Draper did what they all do. In the shot put he won second place, putting it with his handicap 47 feet 5 inches, Rose,

the world beater, taking first and Banks of Indiana University third.

Keefe finished third in the thousand yard invitation, and ran an exceptionally good race, all three men finished inside of fifteen feet, and Keefe's first appearance in such fast company as he ran against in St. Louis shows him to be a man of promise. The six hundred-yard handicap came directly after the thousand yard, and although Keefe ran in this race also he finished unplaced, as the strain of the longer run had taken all the "steam" out of him. Nevertheless, he ran a good race, and was by no means "flagged." Draper and Keefe will be our "sure things" in the coming meet with Wabash, and we may expect to see them carry away the largest number of points and clinch the meet for Notre Dame.

* *

The Varsity baseball squad took advantage of the longed-for spring weather, and in the past week has practised every day out doors. O'Connor can now get a line on the men and for the first time can see just who are the ball players. Games of five or six innings are played each day, and the men are taught to work just as they will when the college season opens. The much-talked-of team work is being perfected, and the practise games are spirited and interesting. Captain Wagner's division is holding O'Connor's tossers to low scores, and yesterday beat them out by the score of 2 to 1.

In less than two weeks another cut will be made in the squad, and only the very best players will remain to fight for the last chance of making the team. It is a certainty now, that when the last cut is made and the team chosen we will have an aggregation that will compare favorably with the one of last year.

* *

The diamond on Cartier Field has been skinned and cut away back behind short-stop making the infield much faster. A steam roller will be used on the field, and we hope to have a diamond here this year that will be equal to any in the West. The schedule promises many close and interesting games, and we may be sure of being treated to many first-class contests at Notre Dame.

Local Items.

—Last week in a special meeting assembled for that purpose the Senior Class decided to have an Easter ball this year. Although in numbers the present seniors are vastly inferior to their immediate predecessors, yet we may look to them to show fully as much enterprise and spirit in making the second annual Easter ball an outstanding social success and a memorial for future emulation.

—At a meeting of the Boat-Club held last Monday evening the following are elected captains of the various crews: Enrique A. Canedo and J. J. O'Connor, captains of Senior crews; Charles E. Rush and Louis E. Wagner, captains of Junior crews; Frank J. Collier and Robert E. Scott, captains of Sophomore crews. The captains of Freshmen crews have not yet been chosen. Navigation opened to-day. The prospects for evenly matched crews and some interesting races are very good.

—The first league game of the "Big Four" had to be called in the fourth inning on account of rain. What we saw of it rose to all expectations. "Little Eckie" was touched for eighteen hits, and Captain Lantry got off with fifteen. The score at the end of the fourth inning was twenty to twenty-one in favor of either of the contestants, the best vocalists getting the decision in case of a dispute. The reputation of the league is now secure, as they have proven by the first game that it is to be a "losing game," and from now on rest assured losing games could be found any and all the said attractions offered.

—An interesting track meet took place in the Minim "gym" last Sunday afternoon between teams captained by Milius and Connolly. Quite an audience was present, and the little fellows gave an excellent exhibition of track work. Milius and Connolly were the stars of the meet and the largest point-winners for their respective sides. Following is the summary of the events:

40-yard dash—1st, Connolly; 2d, McGinnis; 3d, Wilce.
40-yard hurdles—1st, McGinnis; 2d, Wilce; 3d, Hilton.
220-yard dash—1st, Connolly; 2d, Milius; 3d, Gering.
440-yard dash—1st, Carroll; 2d, Cartier; 3d, Hilton.
880-yd. dash—1st, Connolly; 2d, Milius; 3d, McGinnis.
High jump—1st, Milius; 2d, Comstock; 3d, Connolly.
Broad jump—1st, Milius; 2d, Wilce; 3d, Connolly.
Shot put—1st, Hilton; 2d, Reasnor; 3d, Cartier.

Relay race—won by Carroll, Hilton, McGinnis and Milius.

Score—side captained by Milius—45; by Connolly—32.

—The St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society held a meeting last Wednesday evening after two weeks adjournment. The meeting was interesting, and all the participants in the program were well prepared. The program opened with the debate:

"Resolved, That Municipal Ownership should be adopted," was contested with great spirit. Messrs. J. J. Cunningham and Schmidt argued the affirmative in a clever manner, while the negative was ably upheld by Messrs. Robinson and Mangan. The decision of the house was in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Malloy gave an impromptu speech on the "The Duties of the Members." Mr. Frank Collier carried the applause of the house with wonderful bursts of eloquence in his oration, "Loyalty of a Society Member." After the usual business had been transacted the society adjourned.

—On Sunday evening, March 19, under the supervision of the St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society, there took place in St. Joseph's Hall the annual entertainment in honor of their saintly patron. The ability and talent of the students of this hall is proverbial, and those who were fortunate enough to be present in the assembly-room on that evening were far from being disappointed. The short program opened with a most creditable address by Edward F. O'Flynn. Mr. O'Flynn set forth in a praiseworthy manner the end to which he and his fellow-members were striving and the spirit which animated them in maintaining such a society. Next in order came William F. Robinson with a sympathetic rendition of Colonel Ingersoll's address delivered before a Soldier's Reunion. Mr. Robinson's delivery of this masterpiece would justly make the famous author envious had he been there to witness it. There were no savage breasts in need of soothing that night, nevertheless a violin and mandolin duet furnished the necessary diversion, and Messrs. Dempsey and Parrish fully earned the plaudits which their contribution called forth. An oration by Varnum A. Parrish was next in order, and fittingly and well did he devote his time to the recounting of the great things accomplished under such adverse conditions by Notre Dame's illustrious and holy founder, Father Edward Sorin. Mr. Parrish is to be complimented on his choice of subject and his treatment of it. Pathos found a place on the program in Patrick M. Malloy's recitation of the "Death of Benedict Arnold." Mr. Malloy's elocutionary powers were certainly well adapted to the selection in hand, and he made good use of them. The entertainment closed with a very graceful extemporaneous talk by Rev. President Morrissey, whose efforts were set off and enlivened by a few humorous little anecdotes interestingly narrated by Father Arthur Barry O'Neill. And now, although the last St. Joseph's night entertainment has become a matter of past history, looking back at it we can not but declare that it has fully equalled past achievements and has set a high mark for future efforts.