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Home-Hunger.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

WHERE the clover bends on the fields of brown
Under the tramp of the homeless winds,
Where the misty net of the hills drops down
And in dripping cerements the gaunt tree binds;
There where a silence unbroken flows—
For the cry is hushed of the waves, fog-gray,—
And the acre of sorrow a white cross shows,
The steps of my being would turn to-day.

Away from the spectre of plenty here,
That's bought with a soul-price, with carking strife,
Where power looms great by the rod of fear,
Where the hand, gold-palmed, drives the car of life;
There with the fog in the druid tree
Or stars piled high in the evening's dome—
How would the heart of me gladly be
Where my fathers starved on the hills of home.

Dr. Douglas Hyde.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

DR. DOUGLAS HYDE who will lecture at Notre Dame this evening is the leader of the Irish Movement and the president of the organization which is its strongest stay, the Gaelic League. The renowned Irishman has come to this country to explain to our people the work and aim of the Movement that has been so much talked of and too little appreciated, with the hope of securing material support for the association of which he is president and, above all, the sympathy and respect of Americans for the great Gaelic Movement. Whether he shall

succeed or not in his purpose is no longer matter for conjecture, if such it ever was. His lectures in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago have brought out thousands of enthusiastic supporters and won to his standard thousands more, while the treasury of the Gaelic League has been grandly increased. His reception at Harvard and the other universities was an ovation. Throughout the country he has been received with demonstrations of almost national regard.

Born in the County Sligo in 1860, Douglas Hyde is the youngest son of a Protestant clergyman, a descendant of the Castle Hyde family of Cork. As a student at Trinity College, Dublin, he had a career of exceptional note; his brilliant, versatile yet stable talents won him at his graduation in 1884 first honors in modern literature, German, French, Italian and Celtic. In 1887 he was made A. B., LL. B., and LL. D. The years immediately following Douglas Hyde's university course gave the decisive turn to his mind and determined the character of his life work. Irish to the core always and with a great longing backward for the life of the glorious Irish past, he made his post-graduate travel through the western Irish counties. He entered the hamlets and the cottages, he met the man in the field and the woman at the churn; in the mist of the Donegal hills and the smoke of the turf fires of Sligo he stayed, gathering bits of Irish songs and stories and legends; studying the people—endearing himself to them the while—he saw how the real Irish life of the present is indissolubly connected with the great Irish life of the past. Then came upon him the inspiration, and out of it grew the mission to which he has given his life, to bring Ireland, all Ireland, back

to an Irish ideal; to create, in the now familiar words, an Irish Ireland.

The foundation of the Gaelic League was the first great step in the direction of his ideal. National life and individuality were smothered when the Irish speech was stilled on Irish lips and the foreign English legally substituted for it in the field and street, in the theatre, in church and schoolroom. And now that the force of arms has shown futile against the oppressor, and agitation in parliament has accomplished so little, Irish patriots have taken the last weapon left them, the language of the Gael, through which they hope to revive the spirit that died when Gaelic was forgotten. For England's persecution of Ireland has been as cunning, almost, as cruel. For round centuries Ireland had been the intellectual mistress of the West; in the little isle of the western sea learning was in as great esteem as it was in disrepute on the continent. The European knight was a boor; in Ireland a gentleman was a scholar, learning was part of his inheritance. The penal laws reached this side of national character by narrowing an Irishman's choice in life down to becoming English in speech as well as in sentiment, or to utter suppression in religion, education and everything else. The measure had the desired effect,—it stopped the output and even the making of Irish literature.

The people, however, kept the language as they kept the faith, though both were tabooed. The boy and the girl at school were beaten according to the number of Irish words they had let slip from their hearts over unwary lips, and adults similarly were fined for speaking in the only tongue they knew. Then, in addition to the legal ban on the language, those twin cormorants, famine and emigration, more than all adverse legislation weakened the spirit of the people with the inevitable result of withering decline to the fine old Gaelic. "If we consider," writes Mr. Joseph Dunn in a recent article in the *Catholic University Bulletin*, "that in the beginning of the 19th century there was probably not a man, woman or child of Irish race in Ireland who could not speak or understand Irish and that this number to-day has dwindled to about 700,000 or, roughly speaking, one-sixth of the entire population, it will perhaps

not be too much to say that probably no parallel could be found for such a wholesale, rapid and almost complete blotting out of a language within the limits of a half century."

Various attempts have been made to revive the language, but they have been, for the most part, weak and ineffectual because they moved in the limited circuit of their single purpose; not till the Gaelic League organized in Dublin in 1893 with larger aims backed by larger endeavors, did the dying voice of the Gaelic gather power. The resuscitation of the language was only one, though the chief, object of the Gaelic League. How far Dr. Hyde and his associates have succeeded in this work it would be hard briefly to state; sufficient to say that where the Gaelic language was but shortly ago despised and trodden out, it is come again to be regarded as a token of culture and progress; and from the point of view of the lawyer, the candidate for the priesthood, the tradesman and all professional men and even governmental clerks, to know and to be able to speak Gaelic is a mark of distinct advantage. Through the work of Douglas Hyde's society the Gaelic is rapidly coming to its own again.

Closely allied with the language revival in Ireland is the industrial revival which is effective answer to scoffers who say that the Gaelic Movement—the name that embraces all these forms of renewed activity—is a work of visionaries and dreamers and as such a mere castle in the clouds. Though the Movement itself has no shorter aim than the preservation of Ireland's identity as a nation, it is, however, with the revival of the language that Dr. Hyde is chiefly connected. Such, at any rate, is the judgment one forms as he runs his eye over the lengthy list of works got out by him in this connection; but such a judgment is far short of the true estimate of this man's work. He is the foremost Irish Irishman of his day, "the brains and heart" of the Gaelic Movement, said Judge Keogh of New York, and the reticent Mr. Yeats has declared that this age of Ireland will be known in history as the era of Douglas Hyde, as an earlier period bears the name of Thomas Davis.

Douglas Hyde's literary work comprises

translations from the Irish, compilations of folklore, songs and stories, several original works, among them his monumental *Literary History of Ireland*, and eight or ten plays in Irish. Of his dramas "The Twisting of the Rope" appears to be the most popular. The story of it is that Hanrahan, the vagabond poet from Connacht, came in one night upon a happy dancing party in Munster. Captivated by the pretty face of the daughter of the house, with his blandishments and his flattery he was near beguiling her away from her enraged but helpless true-lover. He would have done so, doubtless, because they could not drive him away for fear of his terrible curses, when a happy thought struck one of the women to ask him to twist for them a hay rope. This in his insolent way he finally condescends to do, and while twisting the rope backs out of the house. Those within bar the door, and the laugh is on Connacht. Such is the simple plot, and like Mr. Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire," it is rather a dramatic situation than a play, yet with all the color of Celtic life, its vivacity, grace and humor. Mr. Stephen Gwynn was present at the first performance of "The Twisting of the Rope;" he has this to say of the audience and the play:

"I never was in an audience so amusing to be among; there was magnetism in the air. In the *entr' acts*, a man up in the gallery with a fine voice sang song after song in Irish, the gallery joining in the chorus and an attentive house applauding at the end. One began to realize what the Gaelic League was doing, and one felt a good deal out in the cold because he had to rely on the translation. . . . I could not understand a word, but I could hear the soft rhythm and the rich profusion of sonorous rhymes. Irish, whatever else it may be, is a good tongue to write verse in." After giving a synopsis of the play he says: "This is the outline of it, and it is not a big thing. But it is a real thing. It is Irish and it is literature."

Douglas Hyde himself acts in these plays; he took the leading part in "The Twisting of the Rope" and also in "The Marriage" where he impersonated the blind poet Raftery. Lady Gregory says of his acting in the latter drama: "It will be hard to forget the blind poet, as he was represented on the stage by the living poet, so full of

kindly humor, of humorous malice, of dignity under his poor clothing, or the wistful, ghostly sigh with which he went out of the door at the end—"It is a dead man was in it." Is not this a pausing spectacle? Tyrtæus might sing the Greeks into victory, but only an Irish heart and the heart of an Irish poet would whisper the words of a ghost in one of his own plays at a country fair in Galway. Surely some motive other than mere personal distinction must inspire his effort. Indeed, nothing less than that elemental love of country that has made Ireland a sarcophagus of patriots burns in the heart of Douglas Hyde.

It is in considering Douglas Hyde as a poet that one sees how intensely Irish he is. He has an associate in the Gaelic Movement, and a very valuable one he is too, Mr. William Butler Yeats. Both men dream, as is natural with men who write poems; but Mr. Yeats dreams in English, Dr. Hyde in Irish, and the children of their dreams are, in the case of the one, those haunting, wind-wild songs that are new to, and (some of them) forever a part of, English literature; and, in the case of the other, strong, tender lines that will be forever foreign in their English dress because they are of the breath and spirit of the Gael. Douglas Hyde is an Irish poet in the real sense of the word; he has written in Irish for the Irish people. The finest talent, perhaps, that the Gaelic Movement boasts—Lady Gregory—has done Dr. Hyde's contemporaries the service, and himself the inevitable literary injustice of translating his poems and a number of his plays into English. Beautiful and fine and nobly natural her English is, but, as is to be expected, it must often seem not one with the thought. Translation, Lady Gregory concedes, is poor work, but truly says of the following, "Even in my bare prose translation, this poem will, I think, be found to have as distinct a quality as that of Villon or Heine:

There are three fine devils eating my heart—
They left me, my grief! without a thing:
Sickness wrought, and Love wrought,
And an empty pocket, my ruin and my woe.
Poverty left me without a shirt,
Barefooted, barelegged, without any covering;
Sickness left me with my head weak
And my body miserable, an ugly thing.

Love left me like a coal upon the floor,
 Like a half-burned sod, that is never put out,
 Worse than the cough, worse than the fever itself,
 Worse than any curse at all under the sun,
 Worse than the great poverty
 Is the devil that is called "Love" by the people
 And if I were in my young youth again,
 I would not take, or give, or ask for a kiss!

The spirit of discontent, of loneliness and melancholy holds a quivering note through some of Douglas Hyde's best poetry. There may be whimsy, there certainly is feeling in these characteristic lines:

It's my grief that I am not an old crow;
 I would sit for awhile up on the old branch,
 I could satisfy my hunger, and I not as I am,
 With a grain of oats or a white potato.

It's my grief that I am of the race of the poets;
 It would be better for me to be a high rock,
 Or a stone or a tree or an herb or a flower,
 Or anything at all, but the thing that I am.

Man and nature are at one in the following rare prison-house of a mood:

Cold, sharp lamentation
 In the cold bitter winds
 Ever blowing across the sky;
 Oh, there was loneliness with me!

The loud sounding of the waves
 Beating against the shore,
 Their vast, rough, heavy outcry,
 Oh, there was loneliness with me!

The light sea-gulls in the air,
 Crying sharply through the harbors,
 The cries and screams of the birds
 With my own heart! Oh! that was loneliness.

The voice of the winds and the tide,
 And the long battle of the mighty war;
 The sea, the earth, the skies, the blowing of the
 winds,
 Oh! there was loneliness in all of them together.

What could be finer, for observation of sound, than these few lines:

There is no sound about but of the birds going
 over my head—
 The lapwing striking the air with long-drawn,
 weak blows,
 And the plover, that comes like a bullet, cutting
 the night with its whistle;
 And I hear the wild geese higher again with their
 rough screech.

The following line is distinctly Irish, yet in its combined simplicity and vastness of expression it suggests Dante—

It is dark the night is; I do not see one star
 at all.

Again, what simplicity "stands and

waits" on the following stanzas from one of his love songs:

Will you be as hard,
 Colleen, as you are quiet?
 Will you be without pity
 On me for ever?

Listen to me, Noireen,
 Listen, aroon;
 Put healing on me
 From your quiet mouth.

I am in the little road
 That is dark and narrow,
 The little road that has led
 Thousands to sleep.

The innate poetry of stuff like the following, translation seems to emphasize; the poet is speaking of a battlefield:

They are stretched on the side of the mountain
 Very low, one with another.....

It's many a good soldier, joyful and pleasant,
 That has had his laughing mouth closed there.

There is many a young breast with a hole through it;
 The little black hole that is death to a man....

The young man that was proud and beautiful yesterday,
 When the woman he loved left a kiss on his mouth.

We might wonder that a strong man should so often strike the note that jangles of pessimism did we not remember the stern adversities that have befallen the Irish people; her sons who have drunk deep of her sorrow must give outward sign of what is in their soul. "Not careless and light-hearted alone is the Gaelic nature," Douglas Hyde has written; there is also beneath the loudest mirth a melancholy spirit; and if they let on to be without heed of anything but sport and revelry, there is nothing in it but letting on." And Lady Gregory, whose classic work, "Poets and Dreamers," has been of great help to me in preparing this sketch, says: "There is grief and trouble, as I have shown, in many of his own songs, which the people have taken to their hearts so quickly; but there is also a touch of hope, of glad belief that, in spite of heavy days of change, all things are working for good at the last." In this connection I might say that Douglas Hyde's pen-name *An Craoibhin Acibhinn*—"The delightful little branch"—was given to him by his own fond people whose hearths he visited in Gaelic-speaking Ireland, and he has appropriately called the book of his poems *Ubhla de'n Craoibh*—"Apples from the Branch."

The more one reads Lady Gregory's translations the harder he finds it to agree with her that translation is sorry work, yet we must believe it is true. "Even if it gives," as she says, "a glimpse of the heart of a poem, too much is lost in losing the outward likeness. Here are the last lines of the lament of a felon's brother:

Now that you are stretched in the cold grave
 May God set you free:
 It's vexed and sorrowful and pitiful are my thoughts;
 It's sorrowful I am to-day!

"I look at them and read them; and wonder why, when I first read them, their sound had hung about me for days like a sobbing wind; but when I look at them in their own form, the sob is in them still."

In the face of all that has been said disparagingly of translation one might seem to have cut the ground from under one's feet should he desire to give an appreciation of what Douglas Hyde has done in this line. But it is not so. One must be guided by the man's purpose to arrive at a true estimate of what the man has done. Dr. Hyde's object, I take it, has not been to make English literature of what is Irish, but simply to admit lovers of Ireland and the Irish to an appreciation—does it matter how arrived at?—of her literature which they might never have if it were not Englished for their convenience.

A short specimen of his work is the following which renders faithfully the beautiful Irish rhythm; it will be noted that the rhyme for the third line is found within the fourth line, usually at the close of the second foot:

She casts a spell—oh! casts a spell,
 Which haunts me more than I can tell,
 Dearer, because she makes me ill,
 Than who would will to make me well.

Hard my case—oh! hard my case.
 How have I lived so long a space?
 She does not trust me any more,
 But I adore her silent face.

How far the following lovely line is Irish, the writer can not say,—it might have been done by Swinburne in English:

Limbs that linger like a song.

It may be remarked that Douglas Hyde, while his own love poems are chastely severe and of a somewhat scholarly coldness, has

given with rare facility, in his translations, the warmth of what passionate song there is to his race.

If this study of Douglas Hyde has run out to a tedious length, the reason of the tediousness is to be found solely in the writer, the reason of the length in the many-sided genius of Dr. Hyde himself. Scholar, poet, folklorist, organizer, translator, dramatist, orator and leader, it is hard to do him justice in brief space. Indeed, the writer has made no attempt to speak of him as a propagandist and leader, leaving his work along these lines to challenge the eloquence of the historian. As an orator and a man, Dr. Douglas Hyde will reveal himself to us at Notre Dame before another issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

The Gift of the Lamb.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.

He gazed in rapture at the wonderful star. How different was this star from all the others; how much brighter it shone, and how near the earth it appeared. To the child it seemed so near that if he were under it he could reach it from the housetop.

He liked to look at the stars. To his childish heart there was nothing more beautiful than their twinkling. In the evening he would sit and watch them until his eyes wearied would close in sleep. In the morning at the first break of day he would slip out of his little bed to get a last glimpse of the stars before the sun came up to drive them away. The morning and evening stars were his particular friends. He had no brother or sister, so he called the evening star his brother and the morning star his little sister.

He liked so well to look at the stars that he often asked to accompany his father to the hills at night to watch the sheep. What were the stars? He did not know. Sometimes he thought they might be little pieces that had fallen from the sun or moon since some of them were very bright while others were less so. Again he thought they were the candles which the little angels held in their hands. His mother had often talked to him about the angels. But if these

were the candles, why could he not see the angels too? Oh, if he could only see an angel!

He listened eagerly to his father and the other shepherds discoursing about this strange and beautiful star. He understood that they had never seen this star before. It had suddenly appeared suspended in the sky, not far above the earth. While they look and wonder, a light more brilliant than the sun, "the brightness of God," suddenly bursts upon them from above. Amidst its splendor the sound of sweet voices in song unknown to earth is heard. Fearful of something, they know not what, the shepherds fall prostrate upon the earth. The child sees his father and the other shepherds begin to fear. He clings to his father's hand, but he is not afraid. His young and innocent nature understands not the meaning of fear. He only gazes in ecstatic wonder.

The outlines of a figure enveloped in a glowing light begin to appear. Soon a form of dazzling brightness comes into view, speaking to the shepherds something the child can not understand, and pointing towards the star. "Suddenly, there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will.'" They soar upward and soon become lost again in the brilliant glare. The light in the sky begins to fade and soon disappears, but the star is there still shining.

The shepherds, eager to know the meaning of all they had seen and heard, hasten to the spot above which the star appears to hang. They are brought to a cave in the hillside. They enter in. By the dim light of a lantern they distinguish a man of more than mature years and a woman upon whose cheeks the blush of maidenhood still lingers. Peering closer they behold a newly born Babe lying in a manger. To the eyes of the shepherds this Babe appears like any other new-born babe; but to the child more is revealed. About the Infant's head he perceives a halo of light. He approaches the manger and places beside it a little pet lamb that he has brought with him. He looks up into the Mother's face who smiles benignly upon him. That Mother's smile, that Infant's face, will the child ever forget them? And the shepherds, "seeing, understood the word

that had been spoken to them concerning the Child, and returned glorifying and praising God."

Jerusalem is all astir. A malefactor, a perverter of the people, is being led out to be crucified. From every quarter of the city the people flock to the scene of execution. Slowly the procession wends its way beneath the fierce heat of a Syrian sun. From the neck of the Condemned is suspended a whitened board upon which is printed the offence for which He is to die. On His shoulders, with His arms fastened to the projecting ends, He carries a cross. Thrice on the way He falls beneath His instrument of torture. Still He is mercilessly dragged forward by the Roman soldiery. The surging crowd at His back, goaded on by the malicious imprecations of the Jewish priests, are eager for His blood. A few in the rear, unable to get nearer because of the furious mob, are faithful followers. A larger number mingled with the crowd follow with doubting hearts. Among the latter is a young man, apparently about thirty-five years of age. He is determined to see the end. He had been present in the temple where He, who was now being led to execution, had announced His doctrine, and the light of faith within him burned with only a flickering flame.

Calvary is reached and the Victim of Jewish hatred is nailed to His cross. For three hours He must endure His bitter torments before death relieves Him. Slowly the pallor of death overspreads His face and at the same time darkness, although at midday, creeps over the earth. The young man has drawn near to the cross. His eyes are riveted upon the Sufferer's face. Suddenly a halo of light encircles His head and vanishes as His spirit departs. Then is recalled to the mind of the young man a night at Bethlehem many years ago. Again he beholds the star, and the angels, and the Child in the manger. Then he remembers his gift to the Child. How like a lamb He whom he had just seen die had been to the slaughter. And he believed.

THE mind expands when the heart is warm.—A. E. B.

An Ideal Type of American Patriot.

CORNELIUS J. HAGERTY, '06.

My purpose is to set before you an ideal type of American patriot. We all have a country; we all have duties to it, and if it is worthy of our love, we are all obliged to love it. But who will say that America is not worthy of his love? Her Constitution is one of the grandest conceptions of the human intellect, and then, she is so completely our own. America belongs to each of her citizens as much as to any other. There is, then, no American in whose heart the fire of patriotic love should not burn brightly. But if we are to acquire this great virtue, we must acquire it by using the means the educator gives the student, in the way the Christian is taught the virtues of Christ, by studying, admiring and loving our great patriots.

Throughout all time there has been no virtue so generally known and appreciated as patriotism. If there were any great, noble men among the pagans patriotism brought them forth. It was love of country that inspired Homer, Socrates and Virgil; it was zeal for his country's welfare that called forth the burning eloquence of Demosthenes; it was love of country that made Rome the conqueror of the world. Wherever and whenever patriotism flourished men were victorious, were uplifted in mind and admirable in morals; in the company of ignorance, corruption and immorality, patriotism can not be discovered.

Before Christ came, when ideas of God and religion were vague and indefinite, country was the only real god and patriotism the only real religion, the men who were worth anything lived for their country and rejoiced to die for it. The fruit of this love was the formation of some of the greatest characters the world has known. Patriotism has done likewise in our own era. There ought, then, to be something genuine about it, and there is. Christ told man that his whole duty is comprised in loving God and loving his fellowmen. Patriotism is embraced in this second command. For what is it to love our country except to love our fellowmen? Patriotism does not consist in loving

the soil or the lakes and rivers or the mountains and valleys. These indeed, may become dear, but only from their associations with our joys and sorrows and with those we have known and loved. A man first realizes his dependence upon his countrymen, then he feels he has a duty toward them, and by the upright fulfilment of this duty is generated that love of country which is called patriotism. In practising this virtue we are accomplishing in one of its most important phases that second command of Christ that we should love our fellowmen as ourselves. The result of living up to this precept, like that attached to living up to all the rest of the law of Christ, is to make us happier and better men.

To-night, I desire to place before you an American who loved his country with an ardent, intelligent love, and devoted his life to its service. I wish to show in what a lofty, sublime manner Daniel Webster loved our land, and I hope that, as a result, we, in our weak fashion, may imitate him.

He inherited a disposition to patriotism from his Puritan father; as a child he loved to hear stories of the Revolution; as a boy he read our history and memorized our Constitution; as a man he spent most of his life in the study and consideration of our history, our laws and our government. He felt early he had a duty to America; he embraced it and never faltered in the performance of it throughout his life. Men are so made that they can not help loving an individual or a cause that they know much about and that their life is freely spent in serving. It was not a mere freak of Webster's heart that he so loved his country that, when he expressed himself, his countrymen memorized his words, but the natural outgrowth of his knowledge of his country and of the upright performance of his duty to it.

Besides this Webster has not received full justice at the hands of his countrymen. They look upon him as their greatest lawyer and orator, as a great statesman and debater, but by many the title patriot is denied him. Nevertheless, what Webster strove hardest to become and the particular in which he most earnestly wished his name to be without blemish was this very one of loyalty and fidelity to his country. On

an occasion toward the close of his life he rebuked Calhoun for inconsistency of conduct; and the latter in replying insinuated that, if he had time, he could show that Webster's own motives were not always the purest. Webster answered: "If time had allowed! Sir, time does allow, time must allow.... If I have done anything unpatriotic, anything, which as far as love to country goes, will not bear comparison with his or any man's conduct, let it now be stated.... Let him state his facts. I am here to answer. I am here this day to answer.... Errors of opinion may doubtless be found on many subjects; but as conduct flows from the feelings which animate the heart, I know that no act of my life has had its origin in a want of ardent love of country."

Webster first captivated the minds and won the hearts of Americans as an orator on purely patriotic occasions. His most famous speeches of this kind were delivered at Plymouth, Bunker Hill and on the death of Adams and Jefferson. His success in dealing with the thoughts and feelings proper to such occasions is one of the strongest indications of his great love of country.

When a people's heart is touched to its core by the recollection of those who have toiled and sacrificed themselves and, perhaps, laid down their lives for their country's sake and to make their children's lot happier than their own, when memory and the imagination bring back the scenes of their labors, thoughts and emotions arise which struggle for some kind of expression. But in the minds of ordinary men these are vague and indefinite, and seeking for life which they can not attain unless some one of more elevated mind, animated by exalted patriotism, bring them into real existence by the expression of what he himself thinks and feels.

We instinctively recognize the truths that "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" and "As a man thinketh in his heart so he is." Even now when we recall the vast multitude assembled at Bunker Hill, composed largely of veterans of the Revolution, of wives who gave up their husbands to their country never to see them again, of men and women who lost their fathers during the war; when we listen to the solemn sentences of Webster

as they roll along in their majestic grandeur, inspired by the most ardent and reverential love; when we know that that great audience was lifted into a supernatural world and set athrill with ecstatic feelings of joy and sorrow and love for those who lie buried beneath them, for those around who have inherited the same lot as they and for the posterity that is dependent on them, we cannot doubt that Webster was an American whom America should honor and whom America should set up before her citizens for their admiration and imitation.

At the close of the Revolution the men of this land were so chastened by the struggle they had gone through that they seemed to see with unobstructed vision what was for the good of America as a whole and for the happiness of each part. It was during this period that the idea of the Union was conceived and the Constitution framed and ratified. From then until after the war of 1812 we were unable to give any attention to our own internal improvement on account of the wars of the great nations of Europe and our own war with England. When our country did turn its gaze in upon itself it found a great storm brewing. Rival interests had sprung up in the various sections of the country. The different portions became jealous of one another. Men of the keenest and subtlest minds were to be found who took a mean view of the Constitution and Union, and set forth doctrines whose logical outcome meant the dissolution of the United States. Never before or since have the clouds of darkness and doubt hung so thick over the land. No one seemed to understand the glory of our united country or the perfection of the Constitution.

We needed then a man of the most powerful intellect, capable of understanding and appreciating the government the fathers had established and possessed of a heart great enough and warm enough to devote his life to explaining it to his countrymen. That man came in the person of Daniel Webster. So mighty was his mind and so great and loyal his heart that we must needs lift up our hearts and make an act of thanksgiving that he was given to our country.

During this period the destiny of the

nation hung on the action and deliberation of Congress. Each of the rival sections had there its most intelligent representative. John Calhoun and his disciple, Robert Hayne, were there from the South. Thomas Benton was the representative of the West, and Daniel Webster the champion of the North. The crisis soon came. Calhoun advocated the tariff law, but, the industries of the South changing, attempted to have it repealed. He failed, and then conceived and set forth, through his disciple, Hayne, the doctrine of Nullification. This held that each state had the right to decide for itself whether or not the laws of Congress were constitutional, and, if in its judgment they were not, it had the power to nullify them.

Webster replied to this speech on the following day. Before entering the senate one of his fellow-senators said to him: "It is high time the people of the United States understood what the Constitution means." Webster answered: "Then, with the help of God, they shall know this day before the sun goes down what I consider it to be." After justifying himself and the North against Hayne's attacks he showed beyond the possibility of man to doubt it that if Nullification were constitutional the Union was "a rope of sand," that the framers of the Constitution had established the judiciary department for the express purpose of interpreting the Constitution and deciding on the validity of the laws of Congress. The inevitable conclusion was that the unity of this government is absolute.

The effect of the speech can not be measured. It came like the bursting forth of the sun in all its splendor from a sky that had been overcast for years with ever-multiplying clouds. The people of all the states sat at Webster's feet like children to listen, and when he finished the speech was printed and they memorized it. Boys declaimed portions of it at school, and it was the subject of men's conversation and meditation.

Two years later Calhoun set forth in germ the doctrine of secession. Webster answered this in his great speech "The Constitution not a Compact between Sovereign States." Calhoun maintained that the Constitution was a compact to which the several states as sovereigns had acceded, and implied that

they could secede from it whenever they thought they had a just reason. Webster showed with logic; that it is glorious to consider, the united and undivided nature of our government. Of the effect of his speeches, Henry Cabot Lodge writes beautifully:

"He preached the gospel of nationality throughout the length and breadth of the land, . . . For fifty years with reiteration ever more frequent. . . he poured this message into the ears of a listening people. His words passed into text-books and became the first declamations of schoolboys. They sank into the hearts of the people and became unconsciously a part of their daily life and thoughts." The storm that was brewing did come, in the form of the Civil War, but not until the North had been prepared for united action by Daniel Webster.

He uttered a deep truth at Bunker Hill when he said "Mind is the great lever of all things." Action of whatever sort has its source in thought. Whenever in history we find a people united in elevated, noble action, we may generally trace the origin of it to the thoughts of one man. There is that in all men to which great thought appeals, but all men do not do original thinking. It is a subject of wonder and admiration to us how the North arose almost to a man to prevent the destruction of the Union. Is it possible that each one reasoning on the matter himself, arrived independently at the conclusion that the South had no right to secede? I believe that the love and wisdom and power with which Daniel Webster appealed to his countrymen, and which so captivated them, was one of the chief factors in rousing the North to the preservation of the Union.

The dearest and most beautiful thing about services of any kind is the motive from which they spring and the spirit in which they are performed. There are those who have served their country as though it were their only joy and the source of all their happiness. Among these Webster is pre-eminent. Who can read his great speeches without feeling that an attack upon the Union was resented with even more indignation and earnestness than an attack upon himself? In him that deepest trait in human

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—Last week H. H. Rogers stubbornly refused to cast Standard Oil upon the troubled waters of investigation. This week the desired revelations have been made by one who is as well informed and infinitely more obliging than the facetious Mr. Rogers. It must have been a shock to the pseudo-president of the oil trust when his determined opponent refused to be "shooed," by the artistic badinage and ingenious hectoring which had been relied upon to shake the confidence and shatter the convictions of this strange young man who has driven the money-changers from the temples of trade and partly stilled the tumult of the "street" by driving into enforced exile so many of its "master rogues." Standard Oil has long been a bad odor to the common people, but under the light of the recent investigation it bids fair to become a public nuisance.

—Speaking of "young men from Missouri" reminds us that the governor of that state has not been idle of late. In a Boston address a few days ago he ventured to declare that "business and political morality

are gaining headway in the United States." Is this true? We hope so. Then why should he be praised? Certainly not so much for telling the truth as for doing one's duty. It does seem a strange thing that here in "the land of the free and the home of the brave" it should be a praiseworthy matter when one does his duty. Let us, however, consider the corruption in high-places and the conscienceless depravity in low, and then wonder if we dare. But why should the optimistic utterances of Governor Folk be deemed his duty? Ah! here is the rub; for the efficacy of faith in human institutions is not as evident as it is in the realm of religion. But evidence is not the ultimate criterion of truth; the proof of the pudding is in the eating. It is right thought that sows the seed and reaps a harvest of needful action. To start souls in the right direction, toward honest achievement and human helpfulness, is the duty of the men at the head of our great republic. This the governor of Missouri has endeavored to do, thus he has fulfilled the letter of the law, that is why we praise him.

—Not long ago a professional newspaper writer was engaged to investigate the work in progress on the Panama Canal. The published report caused the United States Senate to take the matter in hand. When called before the senate committee, Poultney Bigelow, for such was the name of the newspaper man refused to testify, insinuating in his attempt to excuse silence that President Roosevelt had sealed his lips. It is scarcely a week since that happened. Now comes Chairman Shonts of the Isthmian Canal Commission charging Bigelow with a superficial examination and a deliberate misunderstanding of conditions as they really exist. Clearly the matter resolves itself into the relative credibility of two men, one a man of public affairs, a man with a good, clean record behind him; the other a paid space filler with the taint of yellow journalism in his methods. Which shall we believe? The whole transaction looks dubious. It is an investigation that seems to be no investigation at all, but rather a systematic fault-finding, a dangerous approach to blackmail.

—Last Thursday a man died in New York. There is nothing so very singular in that bald fact, for life and death are necessary concomitants to the growth of a city. The man who died was General Wheeler, a circumstance that materially alters the complexion of the case. "Fighting Joe" died as he had lived, brave and fearless to the bitter end. Perhaps it is not kind nor is it grateful, though it be the way of the world, to remember and moralize on whatever there was of the unique in his personality, while forgetting whatever was good and generous and lovable in his character and conduct toward his fellow-men. It seems to be the unfortunate lot of most men to be remembered after death only by the foolish things they did in their youth and the characteristic actions of which they were guilty in their manhood.

The event which stands forth most prominently in the life of this man was the fact that he had been the only one of the Confederate Captains who returned to fight under the folds of the banner which they had sought to destroy. He alone of all the forces that had laid down their arms at Appomattox had held himself ready to respond to the call of the country to which he had once proven traitor. There is certainly a lesson to be learned from the life of this man; and that is the happy faculty of adapting oneself to conditions. In that necessary virtue, we would say to every young man, "Copy him!"

The Romanoffs.

The Romanoff dynasty, now so prominently before the world, has a unique history. Brought into existence in the early part of the seventeenth century it has ruled Russia until the present time. In the midst of the wars caused by the scramble for the throne left vacant by Feodor's death and Godunoff's villainy, Michael Romanoff was chosen Tsar. Poland and Sweden had both engaged in the struggle. Had Sigismund of Poland been less covetous and allowed his son, Ladislaus, to become Tsar as the Russians wished, Europe might have had a different history. As it happened, however, Russia was driven

to desperation by Sigismund's policy. All parties united elected Michael and drove both Poland and Sweden out. When Michael, a youth of sixteen, became Tsar he signed away many of the rights exercised by his predecessors and also the title of autocrat. These powers his father, Philarate, who became Patriarch of the Orthodox faith, succeeded in winning back. Alexis did not sign any document, and Peter the Great enforced his wants by the bayonet.

The Romanoff rulers have been neither great warriors, statesmen, legislators, nor organizers. The best that can be said of them is that they have not been strong men. Peter the Great moulded their empire and policy. The dynasty has also been very short-lived. Catharine II., who held by right of marriage and was herself a Teuton, excepted only one ruler, lived to the sixtieth year. In only three cases since Peter the Great did the crown descend directly from father to son. The average rule of the Romanoffs is sixteen years.

Paul M. Pearson's Lecture.

"To dream the old dreams" over is a luxury divine which Mr. Paul M. Pearson vouchsafed his audience in Washington Hall last Wednesday afternoon. Whether or not his geographical location decided Mr. Pearson's choice of subject we will never know; suffice it to say that there were few to whom the songs of the "Hoosier Poet" did not appeal. Under the naturalness and charm of Riley's child-rhymes we all turned gladly back to the almost forgotten pages in the hymnal of our youth, back to the fancies and follies which loom so alluring before us in the wisdom of after-years. Skilfully Mr. Pearson led us on through the humor, the pathos, the tears, the tenderness, and sunshiny optimism of the happy-hearted "feller that they call Riley." The extract from Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," with which the afternoon's program was closed, also received a very careful and clever interpretation at the hands of the entertainer. Mr. Pearson's lecture can truly be set down as one of the pleasantest selections among the lyceum attractions at Notre Dame this year.

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nature, the feeling of religious duty, was profoundly developed and wholly concentrated on the Union. On almost all the important occasions of his life he declared he was doing what he thought was his duty, and if he hadn't told us this, who could read his words with an intellect and heart without knowing it?

But, "He that persevereth unto the end he shall wear a crown." It is said that Webster's great speech of the seventh of March, 1850, was delivered in absolute contradiction to all his earlier opinions for the purpose of obtaining the presidency. In the minds of these it deprived him of the title of disinterested patriot. Nevertheless, the accusation is absurd. In this speech Webster favored neither North nor South, but rebuked both, pointing out to each its duty. These parts of the country were on the verge of war; and what reward could any sane man expect for delivering such a speech but abuse from both sides? and this Webster got, especially from the North. Is it not going a little too far to attribute such dullness of vision to Daniel Webster who, on so many occasions, manifested almost prophetic foresight? The speech itself is his justification. When his opponents get within "beat of drum" of overturning his own defense of his conduct, then it will be time to come to his rescue. I do not say that Webster's policy on this occasion was the wise one or the right one, but I do say that it was absolutely consistent with the rest of his life and opinions, and no man can disprove this. If the North expected Webster to be quiet when he thought the Union needed him to speak, even if it were against the North, the North, like Hayne, was "dealing with a man of whose temper and character it had yet much to learn."

It is in this very 7th of March speech that I have found the argument that appeals most to me as showing Webster's unfaltering love of his country. We might expect to hear something pathetic from that venerable senator of sixty-eight at an hour when the dissolution of the Union, from the sight of which he had prayed to be delivered, seemed at hand. I can quote only a few fragments from a beautiful, touching passage at the close of this speech, but here, however briefly,

we must let Webster speak for himself:

"I hear with pain and anguish and distress, the word secession.... Peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great republic to separate!... What am I to be? An American no longer? Where is the flag of the republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower?... Why, sir, our ancestors—our fathers, and our grandfathers—would reproach us; and our children and our grandchildren would cry out, shame upon us!... Sir, I am ashamed to pursue this line of remark. I dislike it; I have an utter disgust for it. I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, war, pestilence and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession. To break up! to break up this great government! to dismember this great country!... No, sir! No, sir! There will be, no secession. Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of secession."

How like the wailing of mad old Lear over the body of his dead Cordelia is this lament of the aged senator over the tottering Union? The Union he had lived for, the Union he had loved, was apparently doomed. Look upon him in this scene, the last important one of his life, and tell me, oh tell me, was Webster not a lover and the Union not his bride?

The sadness of his mind during the speech was a thousandfold embittered after it by being looked upon by his countrymen as a traitor, by having his friends leave him. All this was too much, even for the iron frame of Webster; it hastened on his death. His work was done; the chalice of his sufferings and sorrow was full, and well might we say to him in those last hours what Kent said to the dying Lear: "Break, heart, I pr'ythee, break."

The Union has been preserved, and we ought to honor and love those who preserved it. But the inheritance is ours, "ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit." And in Webster's day "Our fathers from behind admonish us with their anxious, paternal voices, and posterity calls out to us" too "from the bosom of the future," to be mindful of our trust. Let us keep the glorious example of Webster before us, and be resolved to understand our duty to our country, to love our country, and so "fulfil all justice."

LAW DEPARTMENT.

CULVER V. GROVER.

(Notre Dame Moot Court.)

This case was tried in the December term of the Moot Court with Judge Hoynes presiding. The plaintiff was represented by T. B. Cosgrove and R. P. Hurst; while for the defendant C. C. Golden and Ernest Morris were counsel.

Charles Culver and George Grover, plaintiff and defendant respectively in this action, reside in South Bend. The Waldorf House, a large and expensively furnished hotel, is situated in the same place. During the year 1904 and the first three months of 1905, its business fell off materially, and a considerable indebtedness had to be incurred. In view of the situation and the death of the owner, which took place in 1904, it was determined to sell the property, and in order to dispose of it promptly it was offered at auction. Advertisements announcing the sale and soliciting customers were published in the newspapers of several leading cities. Moreover, printed circulars couched in the same language were sent to many through the mails. Following is a copy, to wit:

"GREAT AUCTION SALE.

"The Waldorf House of South Bend, Ind., one of the largest and most elaborately furnished hotels in the state, will be sold at public auction to the highest responsible bidder on the 1st day of June, 1905. In connection with the hotel and for sale with it are six acres of ground and a large stable for horses, carriages and automobiles. The whole will be sold without reserve. The buildings are new and constructed of brick, iron and stone. The hotel has 275 rooms, is heated by steam, has the electric light system, and contains all modern improvements. It is to be sold to close the estate of the late Frederick M. Waldorf. Those wishing to make further inquiries may call on or write to James C. Williams or Charles Culver, of South Bend, Indiana. Full particulars will be given on application in person or by letter."

The auction sale took place June 1st, as advertised, and the entire property was bid in by George Grover for \$50,000. He

received the abstract of title, brought down to that date and examined it, discovering no flaw. Ten days later a warranty deed of the property was tendered to him. He declined to take it, stating that he had just received an imperative call to Chicago, and could not give attention to the matter until his return. He returned June 16th, and the property was again offered to him, it being stated in making the renewed tender that the deal would have to be closed at once. In answer he said bluntly. "I refuse to take it. I need my money for other purposes and am not going to sink it in your old hotel. At best, hotel-keeping would be a dubious enterprise for me, and I'm not going to embark in it!" He was reminded of his contract of purchase and informed that he would be held to strict accountability under its terms. At the same time he was handed a copy of the paper writing given by him to the auctioneer after the property had been struck down to him. It is couched in the words and figures following, to wit:

"SOUTH BEND, IND., June 1st, 1905.

"I, the subscriber, do hereby acknowledge myself to be the purchaser of the property commonly known and described as the Waldorf House, with furniture and all appurtenances thereto belonging, together with the stable thereto attached, and the six acres of ground upon which said buildings stand, which said ground is more particularly described as to wit: Walker's Addition to the West half (W. ½) of North-west quarter (N. W. ¼) of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼) of section seven (7), Township fourteen (14) North Range fifteen (15), East of the Third (3d) P. M., in the City of South Bend, County of St. Joseph and State of Indiana, the same having been sold to me at auction for \$50,000 this first day of June, A. D. 1905, in the said city of South Bend. And for further description of said Waldorf House property I refer to the advertisement and circular hereto attached; and I do hereby bind myself, my heirs, representatives and assigns to comply with the terms and conditions of the sale of said property and its purchase by me, as formally agreed and stated herein.

"Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of Joseph D. Oliver and Martin G. Miller.

"GEORGE GROVER."

Across the face of this instrument was written: "Sold this 1st day of June, 1905, to the vendee herein named—Wm. Webster, Auctioneer and Agent for both parties.

The only answer Grover made at the time was: "I made a mistake in undertaking to buy it, and I decline to go any further. Do what you like with it. As for me, I certainly shall not take or pay for it."

Under these circumstances, it was again advertised for sale and disposed of at auction on the 27th of June, Alfred W. Mason being the purchaser. At this sale, however, it brought only \$35,000. There were almost as many persons present as at the first sale, but that was the highest bid received.

This action is brought by Charles Culver to recover the difference between the \$50,000 for which it was purchased by Grover and the \$35,000 for which it was sold to Mason. Culver contends that \$15,000 is a fair measure of damages, or, as he states it, "The difference between what Grover promised and what Mason paid me."

Grover made no objection to the validity of the title or the soundness and legal efficacy of the instrument of conveyance.

Charles Culver represented the estate of Frederick M. Waldorf, deceased, in the sale of the property. He acted for and on behalf of Mrs. Margaret Waldorf, the widow, to whom the estate was devised by will. She was somewhat reluctant to part with it on account of its associations and cherished memories, but yielded consent on being informed that it had to be sold to close up the estate of her deceased husband.

The court stated that the case is based upon that of *Grafton vs. Cummings*, 99 U. S. 100-112. It is consequently to be regarded as within the statute of frauds. This requires a writing signed by the party to be charged, or his authorized agent, as fundamentally essential to the maintenance of the plaintiff's claim.

There is no such writing in this case. Culver represented no responsible principal. He had no power or authority from any legal source to sell it. He could not himself give a valid title, and Grover is not liable on the showing here made.

It has been thought advisable, now that we are well advanced on the work for the second semester, to remind the law-students, but more especially the members of the Senior class, to put in a little work on their theses.

* * *

Owing to the illness of one of the Senior Counsel in the trial set for the Moot Court to-night a postponement of that case has been rendered necessary. However, another case has been substituted so that the regular proceedings will open as usual at 4:30 o'clock this afternoon.

Electrical Engineering Society.

For the first time in the history of Notre Dame the students of the E. E. courses have organized into an "Electrical Society of Notre Dame." Prof. Jerome Greene called a meeting last Wednesday evening in Science Hall and introduced his plan which is in general; that such a society properly installed and conducted makes it easy for the student to acquire knowledge of his work, and is more thorough. Lectures are to be given by Prof. Greene, and outside men will also be asked to speak before the students on all subjects pertaining to the engineering department.

Professor Greene requests that all students belonging to the Electrical Engineering Course assemble in Science Hall next Wednesday evening at 7:30. A committee has been appointed to draw up by-laws and put the organization on a good solid foundation. A committee has been appointed for the purpose of promoting and advertising the society, and a committee has also been appointed to look after the society men in the organization.

The following officers were elected: Professor Jerome Greene, Director and Honorary President; Aloysius J. Dwan, President; Chas. Rush, Secretary; Samuel P. O'Gorman, Treasurer; Clarence J. Sheehan, Sergeant-at-Arms. Entertainment Committee, C. Rush, J. C. Quinn, C. H. Brennek; Committee on By-laws, N. Silver, S. O'Gorman, J. E. Capiro, Committee on Promotion and Advertising, A. J. Dwan, John J. Scales, S. Trevino.

Athletic Notes.

Forty-five men reported to Capt. McNerny last Monday for the first day of baseball practice. Before the practice opened it looked as if our material would be very ordinary, but after the first four days of practice prospects have improved wonderfully and we can almost feel certain at this early date that our team this year will be much better than last year's team. The material according to Captain McNerny is very promising, and for so early in the year is showing exceptional form.

O'Gorman, Tobin, Perce and Keffe are working hard in the box, while Sheehan, Cooke, and McCarthy of last year's team with Malloy, Murray and Eggeman, all men of ability, are working hard behind the bat. So Capt. McNerny will have little trouble in finding good backstops this year.

Waldorf, one of the best pitchers Notre Dame ever had, may not play this year, his class work requires so much time that he has practically decided to give up the game, although later he may be persuaded to come out.

As the first "weeding" will come on Monday, batting practice will in all probability then begin. We have lacked "hitters" for the past few years, and "hitters" are the men that win the games, so Captain McNerny has decided that more attention will be given to batting than to anything else and more than ever before.

Two and possibly three "weedings" will be made before the team is picked, which will be some time in April.

South Bend may come out here to train again this year, and if arrangements are made that they do, games will be played between the "Leaguers" and the Varsity as has been done each year.

For a time, Grant, captain and manager of the South Bend team, was under consideration for baseball coach, but terms satisfactory to both could not be arranged. At present several prominent baseball men are under consideration, Harry Arndt who was here last year appearing to be the man most likely to fill the bill.

* *

It is time for the various halls to start

the basket-ball season. Corby and Brownson have had good teams for the past three years and the game should not be let die out this year.

* *

Although the track men are late in reporting, it is a settled question that we are to have a track team this year the same as in the past. For a time it was rumored that we had decided to give up track athletics for a year until we were placed on a more substantial footing in athletics, but it has been decided that such a move would be unwise, and the men will be asked to report in the near future.

A coach has not been decided upon for the track team, but Captain Draper had been most favorably spoken of, and it is likely he will be chosen to handle the men.

Keffe has been out with the ball team, but his ability on the track is well known, and this year more than ever before "things" are looked for from Jim.

Scales has proven that he is a good man in the hurdles and dashes, the high hurdles being his best event.

Pryor is now a full-fledged freshman, and as he has done ten feet in practice in the pole vault he will undoubtedly make a good man.

O'Connell was compelled to give up track work last year on account of poor health, but may come out again this year. He is a good man in the middle distance events and in the dashes.

Beacom and Donovan are still our strong men, and we can rely upon them to carry away some of the heavy events in our indoor meets.

"Bill" Donovan showed promise last year of developing into a good middle-distance man, and with O'Shea they should make good records this year. R. L. B.

 Personals.

—The Publishing Committee of the Class of 1906 since November last has been trying to get into communication with the Alumni of the University. They have received a number of letters from "old boys" which they feel will be interesting to a wider circle of readers than the mere committee itself. It has, therefore, been decided to print from

time to time in the SCHOLASTIC such letters, or extracts from letters as may possess more than usual interest. The following excerpt from a letter written us by Mr. Otto A. Rothert, B. S., '92, of Louisville, Ky., seems especially appropriate to start with.

"A few months ago I returned from a twelve months' tour through Mexico and the West. I was surprised at the number of Notre Dame boys I happened to 'run onto.' I met them not only in every state, but even in Old Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands and Alaska. They seem to be scattered all over the world. In fact, I dare say the sun never sets on the Notre Dame boys.

"I am glad to see that at last you (or we) have taken up the Year Book, and I hope it will be a success."

—During the week we had the pleasure of meeting the Reverend W. J. O'Connor of Manchester, Mass., who has been paying a visit to his old friends and his *Alma Mater*. Father O'Connor is an early alumnus of Notre, Dame having taken his collegiate degree with the class of 1883. After a post-graduate course of a year during which he taught classes in the University he went to Quebec where he completed a course in theology, after which he was ordained and entered upon his work in his present diocese. To all who knew him it will doubtless be a pleasure to learn that he is hale and hearty and as genial and kindly as he must have been in his student days.

Card of Sympathy.

Whereas, God in His infinite goodness and wisdom has seen fit to call to Himself the sister of our hall-mate and friend, John G. Brogan; and

Whereas, we feel heartily sorry for the great loss he has sustained, therefore, be it

Resolved that we, the undersigned, on behalf of his companions and friends in Corby Hall, tender him and all the members of the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy, and also that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

J. P. Murphy

J. J. Scales

J. C. Quinn

W. A. Curtis—Committee.

Local Items.

—The Junior class received permission to go to a play in South-Bend Tuesday evening. Each had a splendid time.

—It seems odd after looking at a calendar to glance out of a window and see students playing catch with their coats off.

—The end cushion on the billiard table in Sorin Hall reading-room has been replaced. It was torn off during the holidays. New balls will be bought soon, finishing the equipment of the table.

—The M. W. M. Club, which was organized a few months ago, held its first after-holiday meeting last Saturday night. A few new members were welcomed, and the club now gives promise of being one of the most successful in the University.

—It hardly seems possible, so strange a condition exists, but it is true nevertheless that perhaps the most robust of the stalwarts of 1905 is "on his uppers." He had been in that awful predicament for some time; and his evident pain and distress struck pity into the hearts of all beholders. It is rumored that by a liberal application of cocaine and the skilful use of the scalpel the necessary trimming of the troublesome hoof was accomplished, and now the hero limps perceptibly, and wears a happy smile.

—'Conan the sleuth' was walking along the corridor of the second flat. Hearing sounds which were not unfamiliar to his trained ear, he stopped to listen. The room was 52, and from all appearances it was no different from the rest. But there was the noise—what was that? Wasn't that the whirr of the roulette wheel? Didn't a voice say: "I'm playing \$15.00 on 23." Gathering his cloak about him, and pinning his star on his manly breast, he burst through the door. Consternation reigned in the camp of the enemy.

J. Francis Whistler, owner of the roulette, was standing in the middle of the room with a water pail over his head evidently trying to conceal his identity. In one hand was an enormous roll of bills, a small squirt gun was clasped tightly in the other.

Tadis Le Mont, the unsuspecting prey, sat near a table, completely prostrated. His features are best described as resembling those of Antonio's when he realized that all was lost. Before him on the table was a \$2.00 bill.

Sir Thomas Whistler's accomplice, whose business it was to encourage Le Mont, sat near the table. He showed fight when taken, but soon became docile. Conan the sleuth, placed all under arrest and confiscated the wheel, which (will be continued.)