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Remembrance.

JOHN F. SHEA, '06.

O SWEET Elinore, in the days long ago
I sat by your side, and the sun sinking low
Seemed to linger and give you its tender caresses,
And mingle its glow with the gold of your tresses.

O sweet Elinore, your eyes are still bright
They shine through the years like the stars in the
night;
Still I drink of the pleasures that gladdened my
youth,
And still your blue eyes are my fountain of truth.

Oh! sweet are the dreams of the dear long ago,
They furnish the color in life's after-glow;
Still bright and unfading are the faces of yore,
And brightest and dearest, my sweet Elinore.

The Leader and the Lost Cause.

JOSEPH J. BOYLE, '08.

HIDDEN behind a century of
obscurity there rests an un-
marked tomb, a grave named
only by its namelessness as the
last resting-place of Ireland's
greatest hero. Its crumbling
form tells of blasted hopes and a ruined
cause, yet it is to-day the most sacred altar
of Irish patriotism and devotion. In far-
famed Dublin stands this voiceless slab,
proclaiming by its eternal silence the wrongs
of a vanquished race and the fate of the
fearless youth who made her cause his
own and asked in death only that his
name might be forgotten till his country's
should be remembered; here waiting, wait-
ing, these hundred years, slumbers in grateful
oblivion the dust of Robert Emmet.

A figure unique in the annals of history is this young Irish leader. Not only did he live for Ireland and die in the cause of her freedom, but so closely were his interests bound up with hers that he wished death not to part them: while his country was in chains, he too should be unhonored. And it is owing to the intensity of this unbroken, deathless love of country in Emmet that he stands forth to all ages as the ideal type of loyal patriotism.

The roll of afflictions suffered by the Irish people in their heroic, persevering struggle for freedom well merits the sympathy of Americans, who long ago struggled, though only for a moment, in the clutch of that same oppressor, then by one supreme effort tore asunder her chains forever. Private quartering of troops—that very abuse against which our fathers rose in protest—had long rendered Ireland a field of carnage even before Cromwell's outlaws desecrated her soil. It was Cromwell who first understood this unconquerable people, and planned, if not to subdue their spirit, to efface them from the earth. He spared neither the helpless nor the powerful. When a city surrendered, every human being within its walls was put to the sword and every habitation razed to the ground. The end of this awful campaign found Ireland a wilderness. Seven-eighths of the people had perished. A miserable remnant alone escaped to bear to the ends of the earth the story of a nation's martyrdom. There lay the fair plains and fertile valleys untrodden by a human foot. One might travel miles and miles amid the ashes of pillaged cities and among the ruins of homes and towns without meeting a single survivor. Cromwell had "made the land a solitude. He made it a desert, and he called it peace."

The nations of the world who had drawn back in horror from the vision of Cromwell's atrocities, felt sure that the very sight of this tragedy would move the young Queen Ann to tears. Alas, how woefully they erred! England's plan was a plan of extermination; no other motive had actuated her for centuries; the work must still go on. Far from atoning for Cromwell's cruelties a new measure was tried. Parliament would accomplish by legislation what fire and sword had failed to do. The Penal Laws—that lingering, torturing code of unparalleled oppression—was the balm applied to Ireland's galling sores. In open violation of the most solemn treaty, Ireland was robbed of every right and privilege, deprived of property, schools, and religion, her commerce prohibited and every factory closed. Not a device that craft and cruelty could invent, that malice and bigotry could conceive, but was hurled upon those defenceless victims, until the ghastly form of an expiring nation stood bare before the world without a representative in parliament, without a voice in the government, without a vote in the lowest board that sat to transact the meanest local business. There she must remain until plague and famine should efface her name forever from the roll-call of the nations of the earth.

So for five hundred years had Ireland languished in cruelty and oppression. No star had yet appeared to cheer her fainting hopes or revive her drooping spirits. The bravest hearts who had spent themselves for her freedom shrank back in discouragement and despair. Men feared to act lest their unsuccessful efforts might bring on a persecution more terrible than the one of "ninety-eight." Thus cowed down to the lowest servility that human misery knows, they bore in silence their unrelenting wrongs.

Amid such scenes was Emmet's boyhood passed. Born in Dublin in 1778, he was cradled in the tempests of our American Revolution. His infant ears welcomed the cry that came from across the ocean,—the hoarse fierce cry of a mighty people, struggling to free themselves from that same British oppression. With Emmet's earliest thoughts grew an unconquerable resolve to do for Ireland what Washington was then doing for us. Each breeze that swept the Wicklow

hills brought new reports of ancient wrongs committed against his country. The gloomy night of Cromwell's reign had not been cleared away; the bones of murdered tenants still strewed the mountain heather; the blood of desecrated virgins still cried to heaven for vengeance, and grandsires spoke in horror of those hundred thousand souls—youths, maidens, and men—who were driven on board a vessel and transported to the pestilential wilds of Barbadoes to end their lives in slavery beneath the lash of a native savage.

How long should Ireland be doomed to such degradation? Would England's hatred never be assuaged? Must this galling bondage prove an eternal heritage and those wrongs continue unavenged? Was there not a power in all the land that could stay the tottering nation? One man came forth to champion her cause. The youthful Emmet turned from the harrowing scene of Ireland's misery with just and holy indignation. In his bosom burned great love of country, and his spirit glowed with divine enthusiasm. But ever before his eyes loomed that haunting nightmare of the tortured past. His mind was a storehouse of Ireland's every wrong. His love of country was quickened a thousandfold by the sight of her, crushed and starving at his very feet, and from the depths of that heroic soul came forth a vow to the nation's God that Ireland should be free.

Long centuries had proven the futility of single-handed rebellion, but Emmet was the first Irish leader who realized this fact, and the only one who had the hardihood of his convictions. Soon a steamer bound for the continent bore the anxious liberator across the Channel to the feet of the mighty Napoleon. There the world's greatest conqueror, upon whose sword the blood of millions gleamed, was confronted by the dauntless Emmet; a youth pleading for the idol of his heart—his country's freedom. The hardened warrior listened, marvelled, then yielded to the burning eloquence of the Irish boy. The outcome of this interview was a promise on the part of the French to aid Ireland in effecting national emancipation. Emmet returned home and set on foot a campaign that is to-day unique in the annals of war. The hope of freedom aroused

his slumbering countrymen, and the flame of revolution spread like the echoes of Lexington. Nights and days alike Emmet spent in arming, organizing and encouraging the people to rise the moment a French fleet should gladden the harbor of Dublin Bay. The country woke from shore to shore; and only when the entire island stood at attention did Emmet feel his work in the least measure accomplished. The sullen gloom was parted, independence was within reach of outstretched arms. The ideal of patriots, the dream of youths, the prayer of the aged was about to be realized. Never before had freedom smiled upon more grateful hearts. A single blow would strike from the Irish wrist the chains five hundred years of slavery had forged.

But the dawn was not so near; within the lines of the revolutionary forces the enemy was at work. Ireland, too, had her Arnold—a traitor was in her midst. Long before the plans which the Irish leader had so carefully laid, could yield results, the thunders of England's rage broke forth upon the youthful patriot. Then came the supreme test of Emmet's love of country. Hopes for her freedom were swept away in a moment like a hamlet in the path of a hurricane; ruin, desolation and death awaited him in his native land; but down by the foaming beach there was escape. With fluttering sails a ship rode at anchor, inviting him to life, to a future, to fame and power in a distant land, but no; Emmet turned a steady eye to the mournful fate before him with those immortal words that shall ever remain the test of disinterested patriotism: "Life when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection, is not life for me."

The cause was lost; its leader had fallen, and the flame of Irish freedom was extinguished forever. Charged with high treason, Emmet received his death sentence with the utmost composure. The youthful countenance revealed a broken heart; but with courage undaunted, a voice calm and clear, he began, in the shadow of the scaffold, that death appeal which makes him the most memorable of Ireland's martyrs. He looked upon the surging sea of faces that had vowed themselves to follow him to liberty or to death. His conscience re-

proached him not, yet in those upturned faces he saw for the first time the price of a nation's slavery. His life would soon be ended, but his country would still be in chains,—that country he had loved with all the fervor of youth's first love. For that country, the idol of his soul, he was about to sacrifice his life; his last word and his last thought were for Ireland:

"I am going to my cold and silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. I have parted with all that is dear to me in life for my country's cause. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; let me rest in obscurity and peace; let my memory be left in oblivion and my tomb remain uninscribed. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

In obscurity Emmet rests within the sound of Dublin Bay—by those very waters over which he looked for Ireland's deliverance. But one hundred years have passed since that decisive hour, and no man has carved his tomb. Yet as Time's effacing hand brushes aside all hates and prejudices of party strife, he stands forth in the eyes of the world as Ireland's greatest hero. He needs no monument of bronze or stone, for in the heart of every true man who prizes patriotism, loyalty and devotion, his name is indelibly written.

A Little Hero.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '09.

It was a cold wintry evening in February, and the chilling winds swept down the long deserted street, piling the snow into huge drifts. The last store had long since been closed, and not a person was visible except a ragged little urchin, Ted by name, standing in a sheltered spot by the side of a huge building, with his hands thrust deep down into his pockets and a far-away look in his wistful blue eyes. Across the street could be seen a large and magnificent mansion, all aglow with light, and presenting a picture of warmth and comfort to the lad who had never before even known their joys.

As he gazed, a tear rolled down his sunken cheek, and a little hand, blue and shivering with the cold, was raised to brush it away.

Suddenly the sounds of a carriage could be heard coming rapidly down a nearby avenue. Stopping at the mansion, a lady alighted and went into the house. In a few moments she returned again, and the carriage drove on through the gathering darkness, the lady not noticing the loss of her purse, which had slipped from her belt and fallen upon the sidewalk. The quick eyes of the youth saw the half-concealed object lying in the snow, and immediately making a dash for the prize, found to his joy that it was filled with a large number of gold pieces and a few bills of various values. Now at last his dreams of the future were realized, and he would no longer have to suffer from the cold and hunger which had made him so often even despair of life. The beautiful skates which had been so long the object of his dreams and longings, when not troubled by phantoms of hunger and cold, could now be his, and new clothes could take the place of those ragged ones which now covered his back. His mother's grave, the only spot upon earth where he found comfort and peace, the only spot where he could go unmolested to pour forth his prayers to Heaven, could now be marked by a tombstone to distinguish it from the others about. Ted felt even happy at this thought and began rapidly counting the money.

A small card dropped from the purse, and by dint of much spelling—for he had had but little education—he was at last able to make out the name and address of the owner. Suddenly the thought of his dead mother lying there in the cold ground brought back to him the memory of her kind and gentle ways and of the privation and hunger she had so often nobly suffered for his sake; of her last dying wish that he be an honest youth no matter into what straits he should be thrown. No; he would not disobey his mother, no matter what happened. He would seek out the house and return the money, though it cost him his life. Most likely, at any rate, the lady would reward him with one of the shining gold pieces which seemed such a fortune to him who had never before

had any more than a few cents at a time.

With this resolution he started upon his mission trembling violently from the effects of the cold wind which made him stagger in his path and sometimes even fall. But laboring on, becoming colder and colder, he finally began to moan and cry out in his sufferings. At last, however, a large house loomed up before him, and he saw with delight that it had the same address as the one marked upon the card. Going boldly up to the door he rang the bell and was admitted into a beautiful parlor after having made known the object of his visit. When the lady of the house appeared he returned her the purse, and although she could not have helped observing the pale features and the sunken cheeks of the boy, she received it as a matter of course, and swept out of the room, ordering the servant to send the little vagabond about his business.

Ted soon found himself in the cold street again, his brain afire with the anger burning within him at the ingratitude of the haughty lady. Falling down upon his knees in the snow, his little face turned towards heaven, and his hands clasped in entreaty, he prayed to God to take him to his dear old mother whom he knew would protect and love him. There he knelt filled with the loving memories of his deceased mother, not endeavoring in the least to shake off the desire to sleep which was rapidly coming over him. Now the very snow, which before seemed so cold and disagreeable, invites him to rest his weary limbs upon its downy bosom, and he in his joy even forgives the lady for her cruelty. He heeds its invitation, and there in the cold street, little Ted with the snow as a spotless shroud, goes to his mother who has been waiting for him during so many years. His prayer has been answered, and he has received his reward.

In the morning his body is found, and buried in a pauper's grave. Little do the people know what a dreadful struggle had occurred within the soul of the little uncared for outcast the night before, and what a victory had been won, what a tragedy had been enacted, and what a heroic part played by the poor little motherless waif of the street.

Varsity Verse.

IN FASHION.

HIS head was like a cannon,
That was loaded full of lead,
And his neighbors when they met him,
Paused to ask what ailed his head.

His pains were never satisfied
To stay in one abode,
But when he thought them settled
They began to take the road.

He felt them in his shoulder
When he started off to bed,
But by the early morning
They had travelled to his head.

Then down they went along his spine;
His joints all seemed to crack,
And send some queer electric shocks
A scampering up his back.

He couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep,
He couldn't work or play,
But sat in his great rocking chair
Complaining all the day.

The doctor came with knowing smile,
And puckered up his lip,
"Be easy man you're with the crowd,
A victim of La Grippe."

E. P. B.

LIMERICKS.

A coon in his hands had a razor
Which he showed to his wife just to daze her;
And daze her he did—
On the sidewalk she slid
And the coon in his hands had to raise her.

J. F. S.

The man on pa's engine quit firing,
As a steeple jack now he is hiring
When pa asked him why,
He said in reply,
"To higher things, friend, I'm aspiring."

A. McF.

There was an old woman named Stoker
Who ruled her poor man with a poker.
When once he was hit
He smiled just a bit,
And called his dear wife a good joker.

A. McF.

I met a young lady in Boston
Who read poems written by Austin,
"Do you like them?" said I,
She made the reply,
"I find them so very exhaustin'."

The people who live in Mayence
Spend most of their lives in their tents
Whenever asked why
They always reply
We find our enjoyment intense.

J. F. S.

An Amateur Sherlock Holmes.

ALEXANDER W. MCFARLAND, '06.

When I attended the New York College of Law I had the fortune, or misfortune, to room with Charlie Spong, one of the most pleasant and agreeable men I have ever known. Like all of us Charlie had his faults, and perhaps his most noticeable one was his too great admiration for Sherlock Holmes. He spent much time in reading Doyle's delightful stories of this famous character, and often put much more time in working out similar plots; and I must confess he had no small ability in that line. By constant practice he became quite proficient in the art of observation, and he had a disagreeable way of surprising one by telling of things which were supposedly known only to oneself. Among our classmates Charlie gained the sobriquet of "S. H." Spong or "Sherlock." I often spoke to Charlie about carrying things to extremes, and vehemently protested when he wished to use me as a subject for experiments, or when he aroused me at night by his threshing around in the bedroom as he worked out "Sherlock Holmes'" problems.

I believe Charlie spent more time on this kind of work than he did on his law books. If this observation work has not served Charlie in his professional life, it certainly benefited him as a mental training, and one time served him in a more substantial form which I shall endeavor to narrate.

It was one evening, late in March, when Charlie came home in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. Throwing a dollar on the table he said angrily:

"That piece of bogus tin nearly got me in the lock-up as a counterfeiter. Some fellow passed it off on me, and when I tried to deposit it at the First National I was informed that it was no good. They questioned me closely about it, and only my past dealings there saved me from greater annoyance and trouble."

Charlie then told me what he had found out about these spurious coins and their circulators. A gang of counterfeiters were making these dollars somewhere on the

Jersey side of the river, probably, as the police believed, on the river-front at Hoboken. The Federal officers did not wish to arrest anyone until they had located the plant and seized the plates which produced very good impressions on the coins. Hence the efforts thus far to apprehend the criminals were restricted to tracking the "pushers" in hopes that the plant would be located by their movements.

Nothing more was said of the matter that evening, and I retired to bed early. It must be related that Charlie and I slept together and that from a window in our room the Hoboken shore was plainly visible. I was aroused about eleven o'clock that night by Charlie crawling out of bed. He began moving around the room and then doing something at the window. I called to him to come to bed and stop his foolishness. I supposed he had some problem on hand and I was not in a humor to put up with his eccentricities at that hour of the night.

"I have an idea," said Charlie suddenly.

"Be careful or you'll get brain trouble," I sulkily replied. Charlie, nothing daunted, went on to explain, and despite my previous prejudices I soon became interested in his theory.

"I forgot to pull the blind all the way down when I came to bed, and a peculiar bright blue light shone in my eyes and prevented me sleeping. So I got out to fix the blind. The strangeness of the light interested me, and I am going to find out what it is, just for fun. Come here and look at it," was his abrupt prelude.

I stepped to the window and saw a light which appeared much like an electric arc lamp on the Jersey side. As I looked, it suddenly dimmed and then changed to a reddish yellow.

"That's probably some boat on the river," said I, anxious to be in bed.

"Too high up on the shore," said Charlie. "Where's your telescope?"

I got it for him and he began to examine the light by means of the glass; but he was not satisfied. Procuring a piece of cardboard he punched a pin-hole in it and then placed it in the window-frame. Next he rigged up a stand for the telescope, found the light through the pin-hole and then put a similar cardboard at the eye-piece

of the glass. This he informed me would enable him to find the place in the morning. We went back to bed and after some talking on Charlie's part we fell asleep. As soon as it was daylight Charlie was up and squinting through his telescope.

"I say, have you moved this thing?" He asked me.

"No. Why?"

"All I can see here is an old heap of rubbish."

I looked through the apparatus with the same result, and then severely lectured Charlie for tearing around at night over the mere matter of a rubbish pile.

"To-morrow is Sunday and I am going over to see that place. Notice the place well so we shall know it."

"You certainly are going to a lot of trouble over some light you see on a dump pile. What's the object of all this?"

"Why, I believe that light comes from the melting-pot of that gang of counterfeiters; and as there's a reward out, I am going to investigate."

"Well, you have been foolish at times, but I think this is the climax."

Next day my curiosity got the better of me and I went along with Charlie. We got a boat and rowed up to the place which Charlie had so firmly located in his mind. We did not land or make any close examination as that might have aroused the suspicions of Charlie's counterfeiters. The place was an old dump-pile of considerable size on the river bank about ten feet above high-water mark. It was composed mostly of old cans, scraps of metal, straw and rotting rags. Evidently, it had not been used as a dump for some time, as all the dust and dirt had been washed away by the rains.

"Notice how those cans and iron are placed on that one side, regular and overlapping. There's a door there, and those things are nailed on to hide the door. Look at these footprints near the door," said Charlie who seemed to be getting quite a number of things out of this hasty examination.

When we landed Charlie called on the Federal officers and told them of the pile and of his belief that it was the counterfeiter's den. Charlie arranged to guide them

to the place when the gang was at work. I was to telephone to the officers when the light could be seen and Charlie would be on hand as guide.

The raid was made on Tuesday night at my signal, and the counterfeiters were so completely surprised that three were captured without a struggle. A fine set of plates were found, also an improvised electric furnace which was the source of our strange light.

Charlie received five hundred dollars as his share in the capture. I asked him to explain his method of deduction in this case, but he merely said: "Curiosity and guess work." I never dared decry his "Sherlock-Holmes" habit after that.

Prometheus Bound—A Prophecy?

JEAN LECROQ, '06.

One of the earliest plays of Æschylus and one of the most interesting is "Prometheus Bound." This masterpiece of the first great Greek dramatist is replete in simplicity and beauty. The whole plot might be expressed in this short sentence: Prometheus is nailed to a rock and refuses under this torture to obey the will of Jove. This poem, such as it is, has been the object of many lively discussions among modern critics, because of old traditions handed down from generation to generation, which are embodied in it. What were those traditions?

Dr. Rossignol writes in one of his essays on criticism: "Several passages of 'Prometheus Bound' have filled with stupor some men of intellect by reminding them of Christ, who suffered for the redemption of man." Such interpretation given to the tragedy seems groundless. We have but to read a few parts of the play to perceive the striking contrast existing between the "deep pride and concentrated rage of Prometheus and the goodness, kindness and patience of the Redeemer."

Some writers on this subject have adduced Adam after his fall as the "Bound Satan." Others hold that the Olympian god whom Prometheus opposed in heaven is Satan himself, the enemy of the human race. This last supposition is rather remarkable.

Prometheus is represented by the poet as knowing all things, past, present and future, for he says in the dialogue with "Strength:"

... All too clearly I foresee

The things that come, and nought of pain shall be,
By me unlooked for.

He clearly foresees everything, and this power he must have possessed in heaven as well as on the rock on which he was bound. Moreover, he calls himself a god, doubtless superior to Kronos who does not even know his future fall predicted all through the poem. Are we not informed by the Scripture that Satan did not know that Christ was the Son of God and would put an end to his domination over the earth? Prometheus speaks these terrible words before the Chorus:

I knew all.

Yea, wittingly, wittingly.

I sinned, nor will deny it.

I will quote presently another passage which will give us a better idea of the matter in question, and the passage is this: "These schemes (these are the words of Prometheus) of Zeus no one opposed except myself. But I dared: I ransomed mortals from being utterly destroyed and going to Hades," that is to hell. These words are indeed striking. Our Redeemer Himself said something like that before His death.

In the character of Io, M. Rossignol sees Eve after her sin, he says: "Io bears all the characteristics of the unfortunate Eve. Like her prototype she is under a curse; miserable, a wanderer, followed by the heavenly wrath from country to country; the earth is bathed by her tears and re-echoes to her groans."

Io seems to represent humanity itself cursed for its sin, but having the promise of redemption. What did she expect from Prometheus? When she is conversing with the suffering god, she suddenly addresses him this mysterious question: "O thou that didst confer such a benefit on mankind, wretched Prometheus, tell me for what offence thou art undergoing such a terrible penance?" "I have just ceased lamenting my own pang," answers Prometheus. (A few lines previously he had told her that he was nailed for having bestowed fire on mortals.) Io is not satisfied, she adds: "Say who it was that bound thee fast in

this cleft?" Prometheus replies: "The decree of Zeus, but the hand of Hephæstos. "And for what offence art thou paying the penalty?"—"Thus much alone is all that I can clearly explain to thee."

This last answer would make us believe that Christ is here symbolized.

Leaving aside this interpretation, I will mention briefly another one more probable. Prometheus is thought to figure mankind suffering in submission to the divine will. He is happily compared to Job. After long and painful endurance he is restored to happiness; humanity suffers and is restored in his person. So is it with Job.

"Prometheus Bound" has deeply interested many excellent writers and has left a lasting influence. The spectacle of a God suffering for man has nothing approaching to it in sublimity in Pagan literature, and I would easily believe that this Æschylus had a notion, however vague it might be, of the old traditions which foretold the coming of a Redeemer who would crush the power of the evil one.

His Poet.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.

TAKE down that tattered volume,
I've read from it for years;
It's browned from frequent thumbings,
It's stained with many tears.

I read it in my childhood,
Stretched on the parlor floor,
And my boyish fancy reveled
In the stories that it bore.

And when I came to manhood
And worked behind the plough,
I sang these songs of harvesting,—
They're in my memory now.

But I am growing old, boy,
My eyes are getting blind,
And you must gather up the sheaves
My memory left behind.

Take down that tattered volume,
Companion of my years,
It's browned from frequent thumbings,
It's stained with many tears.

Monks as Firemen.

FRANCIS X. ZERHUSEN, '06.

It is not infrequent even in our day of general enlightenment that the Middle Ages are still called the ages of mental darkness. Although history, or so-called writings concerning those centuries, have been proven false, and many stories about them shown as gross calumnies, nevertheless, small minds, and even some that are bright and intelligent enough to know better, still cling with a dreadful tenacity to their bigoted ideas. Of course the common point of attack is the Catholic Church and her faithful sons, the monks.

It would be waste of time if one were to consider in detail every phase of the monk's life. Enough has been written and said in its defence, and very well is it now known what the monk has accomplished. Ancient literature was saved by him, and many a poor religious passed day and night in his narrow cell transcribing book after book in order to bequeath to us a priceless legacy. Other religious tilled the soil, and the stroke of the monk's ax clearing the forest could be heard from early dawn until darkening dusk.

Cities grew up around the monasteries and flourished, yet more than all this did the monk do. Many are not aware that the monk labored as a protector in time of danger, and that his watchful eyes were never turned from the cities which he fancied God had put into his care. This protection was especially felt in the case of fire.

We read of four religious orders, the Franciscans, Capuchins, Augustinians and Carmelites, who made it a rule of their life to help in the case of fire. This work they performed without receiving any remuneration except the praises of the people, which to these simple men were a source of humiliation rather than a reward. At the first alarm the Parisians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries could see the monks, those "Heroes of the Cowl," as Richelieu called them, rushing along the streets giving aid where help was most needed.

Paris, however, was not the only city which witnessed the heroic and philanthropic deeds of the monks. In Normandy

also we have examples of them. The people of that country wishing to express their haste in any matter, say they will have to be quick in order to arrive before the Capuchins. Perhaps many a man has used the same expression or something similar to it but is ignorant of its origin. By that expression the simple peasants of Normandy wished to honor the holy enthusiasm of the poor religious who had a watchful eye for the welfare of his afflicted neighbor.

In Rouen the story is told how the monks erected in their convent garden a mound to serve as a sort of watch tower. On this mound was built a small house just large enough to serve as a cell for one monk. The person who occupied this building was put under strict obligation to keep a close watch over all parts of the little town. As soon as he spied the least sign of fire he rang the monastery bell. This sound brought all the monks together, and then followed groups of forty or fifty, carrying the necessary apparatus, who rushed silently ahead in a close column to the place of disaster.

To-day the work which these simple religious performed in ages past is done by city or volunteer fire departments. How many persons, however, think of the poor monks who paved the way for this most beneficial of our city protections?

Hypaticon.

TWAS snowing hard as we went to go,
For the sun was shining hot,
Not a cloud appeared in the Heavens below
The fields!—'twas a blessed lot.

The birds they sang with gladsome pipes,
I had no pipe to hit,
"Alas," quoth I, "where are the snipes
That stole my tobacco bit?"

The sun shone on and the moon came out—
To gather a bucket of suds,
Hibernian Neptune, that one-eyed scout,
Sang ditties to the buds.

That blessed night I'll ne'er forget,
'Twas the happiest of my days;
Methinks I see my dear goat yet
Upon the milky ways.

My coachman came a week too soon
Eight was the hour I made
He chauffeured in right plumb at noon
For the snow the dust had laid.

H. MAC.

One of Many.

LEO J. COONTZ, '07.

It was late evening. In Emmons Bros. jewelry store, the clock, I believe, had just struck nine when a stranger stepped in at the front door and casually asked if it were not too late he would be pleased to look at some diamonds.

Mr. Emmons' jovial countenance beamed pleasantly, as he went to the vault and selected a tray of the rarest gems; for the stranger was handsomely dressed, and he remembered once of selling a very costly stone to a well-dressed stranger. The stranger's hands were gloved as it was bitterly cold.

To examine the diamonds he slipped off his right glove and held it in his left hand. Examining the first paper of diamonds he pushed it aside unconsciously, and reached for another. In the paper were six stones, one of which he selected later, asking that it be set in a band which he produced, saying that he would call for it in the morning. It was then that Mr. Emmons noticed only four diamonds in the paper, and speaking to the gentleman asked him if he had not put six in it when he placed it before him. "I believe you did," he said, "perhaps it rolled out and is lying under the edge of one of the papers." But after looking carefully no diamond was found. M. Emmons stepped back, then forward, and asked the gentleman to help him look for it. While looking the police came in response to the alarm, and noting the facts took the man prisoner. He was taken to the station and searched carefully, but no trace of the gem, which was valued at \$200, could be found, so he was liberated. Three weeks later a young woman of excellent parentage wore a valuable stone.

The thief, who was to be her husband soon, was also of excellent parentage. He was a kleptomaniac and having at some time lost half of his forefinger had had a wooden half made which appeared extremely natural. It was hollow inside with a small hole underneath. The covering for this hole was kept in place by a very delicate spring. This covering would give at the slightest pressure admitting—well, especially diamonds.

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—Virtue is undoubtedly its own reward. The same is true of heroism. But while virtue still continues to maintain its self-reliant attitude, heroism has been charitably taken in hand and had more mundane inducements attached. It was certainly a spirit of practical prodigality that led the "Laird of Skibo" to establish the "Carnegie Hero Fund Commission." The wisdom of the donor has received a most striking confirmation in the latest award of the commission to Captain Mark Casto and his crew of six for their rescue of every soul aboard the stranded liner, Cherokee, which was being slowly pounded to pieces on the rocks outside Atlantic City, New Jersey. According to news reports the heroic seven have many needs to the satisfaction of which the \$9500 in prize money may be beneficially applied. It is one of the ironies of fate that high life is productive of few heroic hearts. And on the other hand, though they don't always deserve to be poor, the fact remains that the deserving are most often poor, which may be only a verification of the belief that poverty is a blessing.

Dr. Hyde's Lecture.

As in criticising poetry, so in judging of a lecture one is apt to give the personal or the historical estimate, either of which is usually at variance with the true estimate. This or that lecture may mean much or little *to me* and I form my judgment accordingly. Or, this or that lecturer is or will be a historical figure and I am likely to judge what he says by what he is. It is this latter error one is apt to fall into in estimating the lecture given here last Saturday evening by Dr. Douglas Hyde. The man is such a big count in the history of Ireland that one can hardly refrain from ascribing similar importance to his utterances. His discourse was no doubt one of the most interesting ever heard by a Notre Dame audience, and yet it was not a lecture at all, as it was expected to be.

Dr. Hyde had for his subject Irish Folklore. He first explained that by folklore was meant, not only the prose stories and sagas of the people, but their song and poetry as well. The folklore of Ireland, he said, was divided into three classes, and these classes, he further pointed out, strikingly demonstrate the shortening of the imaginative power with the development of the race. He did not speak of the first division, the stories that deal with the mystic, primeval relations between gods and men, but started at once on an account of the fancies and beliefs that are, to a greater or less extent, still in popular acceptance. For a delightful hour and a half the Gaelic poet and scholar like a wizard led us through the enchanted wood peopled by creatures of the Irish imagination; we heard with him the hammer of the fairy shoemaker, and shivered at the long, shrill wail of the banshee in the moonlit hedge.

The scholar and philologist was seen in the comparison made between the folklore of Ireland and that of the Greeks and the American Indians. Dr. Hyde talked as a man who is in possession of all the facts is entitled to talk. Unconventional, even familiar in manner, with a good voice and an eye that can command the largest gathering, Dr. Hyde is a speaker interestingly powerful and powerfully interesting. Not

academic—which now is too often a euphemism of anæmic—was the man or his discourse, but both a great deal more. When Dr. Hyde had finished, not one who had heard him but was glad to have had the opportunity, and realized that such experiences come but once or twice, if at all, in the run of a long college course.

Tuesday's Entertainment.

For two hours Tuesday morning the student body was entertained by the Seigel-Reed and Meyer Company. The program furnished by this talented trio was most pleasing, and each number was followed by hearty applause. Especially clever was Mr. Meyer whose humorous characterizations delighted everyone; his "Chicken Patti" and farcical reproduction of Grand Opera especially meriting the repeated salvos of the delighted audience.

Miss Reed is a most accomplished speaker, and she rendered several amusing selections very cleverly.

Seldom, if ever, have we heard such playing as Mr. Seigel's. He assuredly understands the mandolin and is worthy of being called the "world's premier mandolinist." He was repeatedly encored, so pleased were his listeners. All in all, the trio was a decided success, and we wish to have the pleasure of hearing them again.

Lorado Taft Lecture.

"The music in my heart I bore long after it was heard no more," says Wordsworth of the simple Highland lass, and so might each one of us say of Lorado Taft without fear of offending in the comparison, for there was much of the lilt of a song in his talk, much of the unconscious melody which melts and lingers in the heart. Last Tuesday night's lecture was unique because of the novelty of the theme and the exceptional personality of the man. To see the finished work of an artist is an opportunity open to all; but to see an artist at work is a rare treat. Invariably when one goes to hear a craftsman talk, he goes prepared to listen to shop. This is true of artists in even

a more eminent degree, since their love for their art is so much the greater. Such was the case the other night, we are loath to confess, though glad to acknowledge our disappointment. And for this disappointment we were grateful to Mr. Taft; grateful as we sat and admired his masterly manipulation of the plastic clay; grateful as we laughed at his refined witticisms; grateful as we roused ourselves to sober thought under the spell of his magnetic earnestness.

There was a certain indefinable something, a sort of subtle sympathy, about the artist which established a tie between the audience and the speaker to bind them for the time being to him in singleness of purpose—the love of his art. It was this taking of his auditors into his confidence that lent so much charm to the instructions which Mr. Taft had to give. We dare say it is safe to assume that not a person left Washington Hall last Tuesday night but carried with him, besides a clearer notion of the sculptor's field, a living love for what is true and beautiful and good in art, and a few cheering thoughts to make his life the happier.

The John Barrett Prizes, 1906.

Three prizes—a first prize of \$100, a second prize of \$75, and a third prize of \$50,—have been offered by the Hon. John Barrett, United States Minister to Columbia, for the best papers on any one of the subjects named below. In offering these prizes, Mr. Barrett's special aim is "to promote the study of the history, peoples, politics, resources and possibilities of our Sister Republics," and to develop throughout the United States "a wider interest in our political and commercial relation with Latin-America, and to foster a more general study of Latin-American history, institutions, political, social and educational possibilities, especially as they affect the growth of closer ties of international comity and confidence.

The prizes are offered subject to the following rules of competition:

(1) The competition is open to any student, man or woman, registered during the academic year 1905-6 in any American college, university, or technical school. Undergraduate, professional and graduate students are alike eligible.

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

(3) Papers, accompanied by the full name and address of the writer and statement of the class and college, university, or technical school to which the writer belongs, must be mailed or delivered to an express company not later than September 1, 1906, addressed to the President of Columbia University, New York, N. Y., marked "For the John Barrett Prize."

(4) The prizes will be awarded by a Committee of Judges chosen for the purpose, and the results will be announced through the public press as soon after October 1, 1906, as practicable.

(5) The paper awarded the first prize will be transmitted by the undersigned to the Director of the Bureau of American Republics, who will cause it to be published and circulated as one of the publications of that Bureau.

(6) All papers submitted in competition, other than the one to which the first prize is awarded, will be destroyed as soon as the prizes have been awarded, unless, at the time of sending, a competitor asks for the return of the manuscript and furnishes a fully stamped and properly addressed envelope.

(7) Papers must be submitted in typewritten form. Any one of the following subjects may be chosen:

I Political and Economic.

(a) The Monroe Doctrine and its influence on the political and economic development of Latin-America.

(b) The influence of the Panama Canal on the commercial and political development of Latin-America.

(c) Present conditions and future possibilities of the trade of the United States with South America.

(d) The present material and economic progress of South America.

(e) The practicability and utility of the proposed Pan-American Railway.

II Historical.

(a) The influences and conditions that worked for the independence and establishment of the South American Republics.

(b) The influences and conditions that worked for the independence and establishment of the Central American Republics and Mexico.

(c) The character and achievements of Bolivar as shown in the struggle for the independence of Northern South America.

(d) The character and achievements of San Martin as shown in the struggle for the independence of Southern South America.

(e) The conditions surrounding and circumstances influencing the overthrow of the Empire and establishment of the Republic in Brazil.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER,

President of Columbia University;

ALBERT SHAW,

Editor of the Review of Reviews;

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY,

President of the New York City College.

That prizes of the above nature always call forth a great number of competitors from all parts of our country is an estab-

lished fact. To treat the subject suggested by Mr. Barrett in an original and scholarly manner requires prolonged application and strict attention. It behooves those, therefore, who have any intention of entering this contest to begin their work at once. One hundred dollars, it is true, is not a very enticing offer for the amount of work that will have to be done by the successful competitors, but let it be remembered that the financial gain is the least part of the student's reward. It is no small honor to have one's work recognized by the distinguished Bureau of American Republics and printed as one of its standard publications.

The above offer no doubt will prove a vigorous stimulus to all students of American colleges and universities and more especially to those students following special courses in History and Economics.

Book Reviews.

THE SKETCH BOOK, edited by George Rice Carpenter of Columbia University, assisted by Brander Matthews and Armour Caldwell of the same Institution.

In the introduction Professor Matthews gives a short biography of Irving, a few remarks on his style and his influence over later American writers. All in all, it contains a wealth of information, and, added to the pointed notes of Professor Caldwell, forms an admirable whole. The volume is specially designed for High School students and is an improvement on others of its kind.

SELECT POEMS OF ROBERT BROWNING, edited by Percival Chubb, Ethical Culture Schools, New York City.

Not the easiest of nineteenth century poets to edit is Browning, and above all is it hard to prepare a book of selections from his poems for use in the class-room. Hence it speaks high for the work in hand to say it almost measures up to requirements. The points of the introduction are especially well taken, and the explanatory notes are conducive to real, intelligent appreciation. We must, however, take exception to the application of one of Prof. Chubb's theories in one particular case. His inspiring note on the selection "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister" is as follows: "Refer the Latin difficulties to

the Latin students; for the rest, imagine yourself to be a surly, sour, jealous old monk." The first sentence is inane, the second preposterous, and the "poem" which provoked the note is prefaced doggerel. The mission of such verse and such a note would make the edition cheap at forty-five cents.

—We have received the following books from Longmans, Green and Co.—"Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration and Washington's Farewell Address;" "Pilgrim's Progress."

These additions to Longmans' English Classics reach the same high standard of their former classical publications. "The Lays of Ancient Rome" is edited by Prof. Fline of Chicago University. In the introduction he gives a brief critical biography of Macaulay and valuable suggestions to teachers. The volume has abundant explanatory notes with the author's preface to the individual poems.

The Pilgrim's Progress, edited by Professor Baldwin, contains a brief criticism of the author and his work. The book is furnished with many critical notes, a list of subjects for essays, references for future reading and a glossary of old English words.

Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration and Washington's Farewell Address is edited by Professor Scott of Michigan. The introduction comprises a brief biography of Webster, a note on his oratory, and a short life of Washington. A general note giving references on Webster's biography, quotations from the classics and from English writers, biblical allusions, etc., will be of interest. In this edition is also contained Webster's Oration; The Completion of Bunker Hill Monument; and The Character of Washington. The three volumes are strongly bound in cloth and will prove serviceable for classroom work.

—"One Afternoon and Other Stories" is the title of a delightful volume from the pen of the esteemed writer Marion Ames Taggart. Although some of the stories have appeared before in magazines, we are sure that the reader's enjoyment will not be lessened by their reperusal. The stories are admirably told, "true to nature and in tone thoroughly healthy." Of the collection, "Elizabeth" and "The Passing of Pippa" are worthy of special mention.

Personals.

—Mr. Louis C. Wurzer (Law '96), Detroit, Mich., sends the following encouraging and interesting note to the Year Book Publishing Committee:

"I desire to compliment the Class of 1906 for its enterprise and pluck in undertaking a work which should have been undertaken by others years ago. That the Year Book will be valuable especially to the Alumni, if properly gotten up, is beyond question. I have many times wondered what has become of this or that classmate or fellow-student, how he is getting on and where he can be found. This book will satisfy a long-felt want."

—In a recent letter Thomas D. Lyons (Litt B. '04) informs us that he has recently taken up the study of law at the University of South Dakota. It will be remembered that "Tom" returned last year to assume the editorship of the SCHOLASTIC, but owing to the illness of his father was forced after four months to leave school. Mr. Lyons in his years at Notre Dame attained a high place in the esteem of the faculty and student body, both for his scholarly accomplishments and sterling manliness. Therefore, we gladly take the present opportunity of wishing him the highest success in his new field.

—It is a pleasure for us to receive from time to time tidings of some new success achieved by an alumnus of Notre Dame. The latest news of this sort which we have to chronicle relates to Mr. John R. Voigt (B. S. '05). Mr. Voigt was the leader of the law debating team of Louisville University which lately met and vanquished the forensic representatives of Indiana University. The SCHOLASTIC desires to express the unanimity of his friends at the University in wishing Mr. Voigt a perfect fulfilment of the present promise.

—The Rev. Brother G. T. Frisby of the Irish Christian Brothers, St Mary's Dublin, was a recent guest of the University. Brother Frisby has been in the States several months on a mission for his Order. A prominent member of the finest teaching body in Ireland, he naturally found much to interest him during his visit.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

SHIPPING AND ADMIRALTY PROCEDURE.

A ship, viewed from a technical point of view, is any vessel navigated by means of sails; viewed from a legal standpoint, it includes not only all navigable structures propelled by means of sails, but also all vessels propelled by steam.

The power to regulate commerce with the States and foreign nations rests in Congress. This power is complete in itself, and has no other limit than that which is prescribed by the courts. Where congress does not act, the States must act on local and appropriate matters, though when such statutes conflict with Congressional regulations the latter supersede the former.

Every vessel of the United States is required to have with her from the officers of her home port a register or enrollment. A registry is granted after the owner takes an oath, subscribed before the proper officer, as to the name of the vessel, her burden, etc. A bond must also be given to show that the certificate of registry is to be used solely for the vessel to which it was granted.

Upon sale or alteration of the vessel a new register must be obtained under the penalty of forfeiture of the ship's national character and the privileges attached to it.

To employ the vessel in trade between one state and the interior of another, or to traverse the waters washing the boundaries of the United States, a license is granted. And when a vessel is licensed for any particular pursuit of trade she can not indulge in any other.

A vessel is personal property, and is governed by the laws regulating personal property in respect to mere questions of ownership and incumbrances. Where a shipbuilder agrees to construct a vessel for the purchaser, no property is vested in the party for whom it is constructed until it is finished or delivered, though it be agreed that payment shall be made to the builder during progress of the work.

Whenever a licensed vessel is transferred to any person who is not at the time of transfer a citizen of the United States, it works a forfeiture. Nor can a licensed vessel be sold in a foreign port, unless previous to

the sale the license had been surrendered.

When the owner of a vessel undertakes the carriage of goods, there is an implied warranty on his part that the ship is seaworthy in all respects. If the goods are injured by reason of any defect in the vessel, the owner is liable to the shipper.

The general rule as to delivery of goods is that they must be delivered at the wharf to some person authorized to receive them, or due previous notice must have been given to the consignee of the time and place of the delivery.

When a cargo is once shipped the shipper can not intervene and demand the goods at any intermediate point without paying the full freight, even though circumstances may occur which may greatly diminish the value of the goods.

Vessels are liable for the safe carriage of all goods accepted to be transported or conveyed to some other port. Anyone who offers, is entitled to passage on board a vessel engaged in the carriage of passengers. This right, however, is subject to such reasonable regulations as the owners may prescribe. Passage may be refused persons who decline to obey the ship regulations.

The general method of admiralty procedure conforms to the civil law rather than to the common law. For this reason, chiefly, it has been supposed that this branch of jurisprudence in England was, like that of the ecclesiastical courts, originally imported from the continental countries settled by the Latins. The admiralty jurisprudence, it is generally conceded, was introduced into England during the reign of King Edward III.

Article III. of the Constitution confers upon the United States Courts jurisdiction over all cases of admiralty or maritime jurisdiction. Several subsequent acts have been passed that have given the admiralty courts jurisdiction over the high seas, which begin at low water-mark, and also waters within the body of a country having any tidal movement however slight.

The Act of 1845, purporting to extend admiralty jurisdiction to certain cases arising on the lakes and navigable waters which connect the lakes, was declared con-

stitutional, as a regulation of the district court's powers; though if it had been regarded as conferring new jurisdiction it would have been unconstitutional. The reason for this is that since the United States courts have been given jurisdiction in all admiralty and maritime cases by the Constitution itself, the legislature could neither lawfully diminish nor increase such jurisdiction.

To bring a case of tort to an admiralty court it is necessary that the wrong occurred on the water. And it is now a well-settled fact that matters arising upon voyages between ports of the same state are within the Federal admiralty jurisdiction.

All ships or vessels are *prima facie* subject to the jurisdiction of the admiralty, with the exception of ships of war owned by a friendly foreign nation and vessels belonging to and engaged in service for municipalities.

The term "tort," when used in this particular branch of jurisprudence, is not confined to wrongs committed by direct force, but includes wrongs suffered in consequence of the negligence of others. The tort to be maritime must be done by some person in charge of a vessel in their representative capacity as servants or agents of the owners.

After much conflict of opinion the supreme court has held that in the absence of State or national legislation, no action for negligence resulting in death may be brought into admiralty by the persons entitled to sue, where the act of negligence occurred on the high seas.

Wherever a maritime lien exists, admiralty will enforce it by process *in rem*; that is, by seizure of the thing upon which the lien exists. The admiralty court is the only court that can do this. The process by which actions *in rem* are begun, commands a seizure of the *res*.

No process can issue without security for the costs entered, while to secure the release of the thing seized, a stipulation for the value of the thing arrested is necessary, which, once given, represents the *res*, and forever discharge the lien sought to be enforced.

A *monition* to appear and answer, containing a clause in the nature of a warrant of arrest, or of attachment against non-

residents, is the appropriate method of beginning an action *in personam*. The rules of the Supreme Court permit a joinder of the two actions, and a proceeding *in rem* may be changed to one *in personam* by amendment.

Obviously, all questions of jurisdiction may be raised at a hearing and considered on appeal. The law also permits the United States courts to issue "writs of prohibition" for the purpose of preventing lower courts from assuming a jurisdiction with which they are not legally vested.

L. J. KEACH, LAW, '08.

Athletic Notes.

The second week of baseball practice shows considerable improvement over the first week's work, and the prospects are brightening daily. Harry Arndt of the St. Louis National League team has been engaged as coach. Mr. Arndt coached the team last year, and his baseball ability is too well known to comment upon it here. Aided by Captain McNerny this man should undoubtedly turn out a winning baseball team. The past week has been devoted to batting practice entirely. "Hitters" is the cry of every baseball team, and if practice can make them Notre Dame will have them this year. Coach Arndt was one of the best batters on the St. Louis team, and from his instructions the men of the Varsity can not help but profit; and once we have a team of "hitters" our success is assured.

*
* *

Sheehan is the latest addition to the pitching staff. Last year Sheehan was a back-stop, but due to his great amount of speed and excellent control it has been deemed advisable to try him out in the box. His work the past week, while still early in the season, shows plenty of promise, and he looks like a "good thing" for the "slab." O'Gorman and Tobin are doing good work at the "strong-arm job." Keeffe and Heyl are also showing up well.

*
* *

The South Bend Central League team will train here again this year. The men are to report to Manager Grant in South Bend

April 1st, and will come at once to Notre Dame. For the past three years the leaguers have put in their spring practice here as our Gym. is one of the best in the country, if not the best, for baseball practice.

Games will be scheduled between the Varsity and the "Greens," and from six to nine games played for early practice. These games afford great benefit to both teams, especially the Varsity, as it puts them in competition with the "real ball-tossers" while the "Greens" are sure of good hard games from us to prepare them for their long hard season in the Central League.

* *

Murray appears to be the man whom the "rooters" will pick to tear the cover off the ball. On the "nose" is the only place he hits them, and hitting is little trouble for him.

* *

"Fat" Munson has the record at the present writing for the best "mixer" on the squad. The pitchers all look alike to him, fast ones, slow ones, high, low, wide, or close—it's all the same, he can hit anything a man throws.

* *

Due to the delay in holding the football banquet this year a captain was not elected as is the custom immediately after the season closed. The faculty board has under consideration many changes to be inaugurated in our athletic season, and the banquet and election were held off until final action had been made upon them; but due to the fact that the faculty has been unable to settle upon the amendments asked for, it was deemed advisable to hold the election last Thursday night.

Manager McGlew notified all those entitled to a vote to assemble in the Main Building immediately after supper. The thirteen men who were entitled to vote, two by proxy, assembled as notified. McAvoy and Bracken were the two candidates for the honor. The votes were very equally divided and resulted in Bracken being elected by the close majority of 7 to 6. As is customary, the defeated candidate was elected alternate captain.

Next Monday night the banquet will be held in South Bend and a theatre party given the team.

R. L. B.

Local Items.

—The Western Club were at a play in South Bend last Monday evening. They had a very enjoyable evening.

—It had been years since the soothing syllables of a nursery lullaby had greeted his auditory organs. He was old, but not old in experience; he was wise, but not wise to the ways of the fun-loving; and thus he lay down on the upper berth, placed his hands under his head, and with a sunny smile suffusing his countenance gave way to the olden dreams of childhood. Suddenly an earthquake came. The stranger to inexperience sojourned for awhile in the upper regions, then with a graceful parabola he ungracefully settled upon the hard floor, which greeted him so unconventionally that he in his haste to reply to so unceremonious a reception, expressed himself deeply with the loquacious rejoinder—"Well!"

—Among the many pleasant experiences that owe their origin to the "Year Book of '06," none will be more productive of tangible and lasting satisfaction than the organization of the collegiate years. Wednesday evening saw the disjointed members in the various courses of the class of '08, together for the first time in the University club-room. The meeting was attended with most satisfactory results. The spirit shown throughout the evening was in every way commendable. Had Mr. Taft been present at this meeting it is seriously to be doubted that he would continue to display a skull of such enormous proportions as resting only on Sophomore shoulders.

The officers elected were: President, D. J. Callicrate; Vice-President, J. J. Quinlan; Secretary, Robert Saley; Treasurer, F. T. Monahan; Class Poet, J. J. Boyle; Class Historian, W. P. Lennartz.

—The Electrical Engineering Association of Notre Dame held their second meeting last Wednesday night in Science Hall. A. J. Dwan, who was elected President at the preceding meeting, resigned his position after making a short speech, stating in a few well chosen words that none but a senior class man should hold the chair. His resignation was accepted, and Charles Rush was elected president; Mr. Pino was then elected secretary. The Constitution was presented for approval. Mr. Dwan read articles on the evolution of electric lighting, and Mr. Rush read on advancement of the electrical industry during the past year. The next meeting will be held on Wednesday, Feb. 7, when Prof. Jerome Greene will lecture on some of the latest scientific phenomena. Invitations to attend will be extended to the Faculty, and to the senior civil engineers.