

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS

VOL. XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 23, 1907.

No. 20.

Ode to Washington.*

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07

I.

A HUNDRED years have rolled into decay
Since thou beneath the glorious Stars and Stripes
Didst wake the echoes of a nation's heart,
And sound its iron voice across the sea—
A call for justice and for liberty.

II.

When winter's stiffening blast had chilled the hearts
Of this new people 'neath the western sky,
They sank oppressed
Upon their country's breast,
Dying before the wrongs had been redressed.
Out from Virginia's fields thou cam'st alone,
A king to be—this nation for thy throne.
Kindled by thee
The blaze of liberty
Hurled its contagious fire o'er the earth,
Warming the icéd blood in every heart.
Men moved and glowed and felt a new re-birth,
And rose to stand for liberty and right
Against the world and the oppressor's might.

III.

A hundred years have gone, yet from the past
Thy glory blows
Fresh as the rose,
And to a mighty nation fragrance throws.
Thy spirit still dost live arrayed in light,
Crowned with the whitening beams of noble truth,
And as the burning star in sombre night
Beacons us on through duty's narrow way,
Unto a fairer, more refulgent day.

IV.

Over the frozen fields in naked night,
Across the icy, star-lit Delaware
Thy spirit still is moving. Everywhere
The passion of thy life—white truth—
Still beams,
And streams
Its glorious light across the land.
From snow-capped peak it flames into the vale
O Washington, race founder, hail! all hail!

V.

Not all might climb that rocky, furrowed way
Up the rough mountain unto fame's abode,
Stung by reproach in their most glorious day
Millions have sunk heart-stricken on the road.
But thou unmindful of the taunts of men,
The gold and purple of the earth laid by,
Didst toil on, up the peakless mount of fame,
Clothing thyself with purple of the sky.

VI.

Thou didst not soar along the silvered clouds
As some enchanted bird at which we gaze
And marvel at its beauty through our days;
But as the toiler, firm, behind the plow,
Burned by the blistering fierceness of the sun
That thou mightst cool the nation's fevered brow.
Oh, Washington, world profit, thou hast won
No empty fame,
No idle name;
Greater than dawn or flaming mid-day sun,
Surpassing e'en the fairness of the star,
Thy light burns through the darkness of our night
And lives and moves where the immortals are.

* Read at the Washington Birthday Exercises.

"Leatherstocking and American Romanticism."

RAYMOND A. RATH, '08.



POETRY and Romanticism, these are the two words that continue to defy concise definition. They mean the eternity of the imagination and the endlessness of fancy, and they demand endless comment. They are satiated by being developed, and in their development become too unwieldy for the concise and plain-spoken tables of science. The Muse and the Blue Flower are not of this world, are not matter-of-fact things, but the world is rather wafted in the odors of the one, and enlivened by the breath of the other. They are in substance one, and in those halcyon days of epic poetry were united without distinction. Poetry and Romanticism are the salt and water in the oceans of the Iliad and Æneid, and they are the warmth and weather of the Beowulf and the Liebenlungenlied. In those broad, sympathetic, non-partisan poetic wholes of primeval life, the epics, romanticism appears as the buoyancy and captivating constituents. It is as yet unbaptized and unnamed, but it is there in profusion as the prototype of itself and the instigation of its own future realms. The *Goetterfunken* (divine spark) has long since developed into most charming variations. The breath had its germs and the mystic odor had its radio-active kaleotechnic qualities. Like Enoch and Eliah, these twin infinities of literature, live and wander with their whereabouts unknown, but with their presence multiplied year by year. They are not wholly here nor there, nor in this book nor in that.

Scanning the surface of the romantic world we behold peaks and ranges of its mystic blue mountains. Don Quixote, for instance, stands in relief at the acme of Romanticism as an exponent of its creative powers and allowances and as an index to its meaning. This he is because he stood face to face with it and gave sway to his most lawful lawlessness in order to destroy

its "systemless system." To the northward stands that romantic colossus of Rhodes, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. But we must pass over the sea to our subject, to Leatherstocking, who is perhaps less ethereal in name, deed and deportment than much that has gone before him, but who, nevertheless, is as truly and genuinely according to romance as any crew cast ashore by the tidal waves of the Middle Ages, or any gold sifted by Scott.

Cooper, Irving and Hawthorne were no storms or seismic disturbances in the literary world, but they may be called the sunshine and April of our American Romanticism. When our fathers had shaken off "the winter of our discontent" and changed this land into the glorious summer of unstinted independence, it was rife time for American Romanticism to draw a constitution of its own also. It was done and, Leatherstocking is Thomas Jefferson and George Washington at once. Irving was too humorous to be more than a "Signer," and Hawthorne too melancholy and restricted to present to us the unlimited charm of ideal Romanticism. None of his characters stand so immortally alone as does Fenimore Cooper's "Leatherstocking." The Romanticism expressed in "Leatherstocking" is not of the most powerful, not of the ideal, nor even most delightful kind, but it approaches the purest kind closer than any other American character, because he is a creation unhampered by so many social laws and limitations forever evident in romantic works, even as Hawthorne's, and usually destructive of those ideal liberties which Romanticism is allowed to take. Leatherstocking is delightfully according to "unschooled desire," and we may say according to the untrammelled precipitancy and freedom of fancy. Nor do historical facts cumbrously infringe upon him as they do on the characters of Scott.

Cooper had many qualities of a poet, such as a keen eye and picturesque sympathy for nature. Unconsciously these qualities were strengthened by the wholesome environments of a fresh and primeval nature, a new world that was as yet very young, and wherein he beheld that rare and romantic figure, the melancholy Indian. Such impressions, added to the accumulative force

derived from European Romanticism, rendered his mind eminently fit to accomplish a renaissance. Leatherstocking is the successful result, and beside him stands the red-man, immortalized, poetized, idolized. Leatherstocking stands unrivalled in the American Romance of the forest, but he is not noble and exalting, he is merely interesting; forest romance has its purest ring and splendid uniqueness in this character. Those who have attempted to imitate Cooper—and there were not a few—have always failed to charm us like his magic atmosphere charms. He embodies, as it were, the mediæval substance of Romanticism with the shell and accidentals annihilated and replaced. Leatherstocking's sympathies are versatile and manifold; he speaks like the heart of the Indian to-day, to-morrow he is simply a royal subject, and again he is in a world alone, free—nature and I. His career of love was not ephemeral, but four-score and ten years in duration, and the object of his love was Dame Nature. His belated regard for Mable Dunham is a trait that only makes him more romantic and emphasizes his human individuality; it reminds us that he is not merely a type for adventure as the types of old.

Balzac has said that he who revolts is the Romanticist. Leatherstocking is forever at war and shaking his head in doubt and unbelief, and, as it were, emphasizing his own singular logic. He could weep over a "clearin'" or a felled tree. Civilization and settlement, in his estimation, were things that disturbed tranquil nature and "made gamé scarce." He is a wanderer and searcher, not dissatisfied, but given to a species of "to be or not to be" as to the expediency of all surrounding progress and destruction of scenery. His romantic ideal was undisturbed nature wherein all things and every life should take their gradual course, except indeed such life as his gun was pointed at. But according to all Romanticism he was not to enjoy his ideal, but only to enjoy its sweet hope.

He did not fail, however, in winning the hearts of his fellowmen, both the red and the white man. In this he was altogether unlike his olden prototypes, who were in no case individuals, but rather merely ravishing cynosures. He was so

simple and genial and homespun as almost to be unromantic in his brotherly love. It was a love whose probability and naturalness point out plainly how transformed the quondam romantic hero type had become, and how individuality had progressed and replaced it. But we should fail in our search if we would detect sentimentality in his philanthropy. He is not related to "The Gardener's Daughter," and though he is a man of blood and warfare, he displays not the language of a Rizpah at any time.

Leatherstocking is much less weird, less unearthly and less marvellous, than his prototype of those other days; but still he remains improbable, charming and dwells in an atmosphere enchanted by his own presence, hallowing the American forest and scenery forever more. Recognition of him escapes us, yet we feel and detect his hidden Americanism. He is romantically picturesque in his reaction, in his enterprises, in his dealings, and in his subjectivity. He possessed a trinity of natures embodying those of the red and pale face, and one distinctly his own, which is only defined by his entire career including his death. His life is like a dream dreamt in a semi-conscious state, and his death is of the rarest kind, being a mere withering away, and as deathless as is possible to conceive. To Leatherstocking of American Romanticism may be applied the words of the poet, when he says: "Take him for all and all, you shall not look upon his like again."

A Reverie.

IN wintry twilight hours
Beside the hearth-fire's glow,
When tiny frozen flowers
Against the windows blow,

I often sit and hearken
To each bright blazing tongue
Whose spectral shadows darken
The paths whereon they're flung.

It lips its virgin history
Into my patient ear,
And seeks to clear the mystery
Of its existence here.

So, too, that God-like creature
Whom mortals style the mind,
Becomes a world-wide teacher
Ere prestige it can find. F. J. W.

King Winter.

I COME from far, and with my magic wand
I decorate the withered leaf and flower;
With crystal jewels I mantle o'er the pond—
A very king am I in sway and power.

I shake my robes and from their countless folds
The snowflakes fall. A myriad gems of white
O'erlay the semi-sphere my sceptre holds.
I, Winter, am a very king in might.

G. J. F.

No Grudge Whatever.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08.

"Mornin', Silas," said Hugh Jones as he stopped his sleigh for a short talk with his nearest neighbor, "how do you like the weather?"

"Great!" responded Silas Brown. "Its the healthiest kind of weather. And the sleighin's mighty fine too."

"Say, Silas," continued Farmer Jones, "I hear that you got took in bad day before yesterday. The boys down to the store say that you took a bob load of apples to town and a gang of fellers boarded you and took 'em all away from you, and you had to turn 'round and go back home without goin' further. I told 'em it must be that you gave the apples away, for you always were extra kind-hearted."

"Now, Hugh," replied Silas, "don't make it any worse than it is, for the Lord knows it's bad enough. You see, day before yesterday I hitched up Jack and Billy—them two colts of mine—to take a bob load of northern spies to town. Well, just as you say, as I was goin' past the Fourth Street station, which is a regular hang-out for a crowd of loafers of all ages, about forty of them boarded my bob for a ride. Among them were two little fellers that looked cold and hungry. I reached under the straw and blankets and pulled out two fine apples and says to them. 'Here, sonnie, have an apple.' Well before you could wink, more than fifty hands were drivin' down beneath the straw and every hand that come up was liftin' apples."

"Sure we'll have an apple," they shouted,

and they stuffed their pockets and hollered to some more boys, 'Come and have an apple on Uncle Josh!'"

"I yelled to them to stop and that the perlice were a-comin', but that didn't do any good. When I could get the horses stopped I clum back over the load and tried to keep 'em off, but a lot of the biggest of 'em rolled me in a snowbank and some more unhitched my horses from the bob; and all the time more boys kept comin' and more apples kept goin.' I don't think a boy in town kept away from the picnic; no, sir, I don't. Well, at last some perlice *did* come up and the crowd scattered, leavin' me with about half the apples I started with. And all that happened right in the middle of the city with all the people lookin' on and laughin' as though they were at a circus."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Farmer Jones. "Ha! ha! ha! Well, that's one on you, I guess, Silas. That's the best joke I've heard since the time Harvey Leach, that was near-sighted, mistook old Jim Bludso's bull for a milch cow. But you don't hold any grudge agen them boys, do you, Sile? You know that's only boys' fun."

"Oh, no, no! I don't hold any grudge agen 'em at all. That'd be un-Christian; but I doubt pretty much if they have the same kindly sentiments toward me."

"Why, how's that, Silas? You didn't say there was a sequel to your story."

"Well, as you say, it was only their fun, and so I thought I might do a little somethin' towards helpin' along the innocent sport. With this idea in mind I stopped at several stores in town and made some purchases. On the way back home I got my plan workin' clear in my head, and couldn't help chucklin' to think of it. Well, the next mornin' early—that was yesterday mornin'—I loaded up my bob agen with the finest apples in the cellar. Then I rigged up a copper wire all 'round the bob on the edge of the top board making it rather loose and just fine for a feller to grab hold of. I drove to town then, prepared to give lots of hilarity to any young fellers who were spoilin' for it. I turned into Fourth Street, goin' at a good clip, and it wasn't a minute till the gang sighted me, and knew me too. They came down on me

like a cloud of locusts with the intention of eatin' up my apple crop. I whipped up somewhat, not hopin' to escape bein' boarded, but just to sorter make things a little bit more excitin'. Well sir, no less than thirty of them fellers jumped onto the bob, all holdin' fast to the wire. Before they could grab an apple I dropped the lines and got busy with the little machine down in the straw in front of me. I helped them to liberal doses of electricity, as generous as they had helped themselves to apples the day before. Well, you never saw a gang of fellers so utterly surprised, so taken back, as' it were. The current was too strong for them to let loose, so they jumped around and hollered and cussed, till the air was black. I kept the crank of the old machine goin' just as though I'd been turnin' a grindstone.

"Help yourselves to apples, boys!" says I; don't be any more bashful than you were yesterday."

But they only kept on hollerin' and tellin' me what they'd do when they got loose. The people on the street were wonderin' what kind of a picnic we were havin', but we were going too fast for any interference. I kept the fun up for three blocks and a half; then I stopped the machine and they all dropped off as if they were powerful weary.

"Won't you ride back to town with me boys?" I says, when I had turned the team 'round. Some of 'em tried to fire chunks of ice and snowballs at me, but they could no more use their hands than the man in the moon. I drove back slowly, stoppin' now and then to watch 'em tryin' to pull the kinks out of themselves. Oh no! I don't hold any grudge agen 'em at all; but I suppose when I go to town after this I'll have to take some other way than Fourth Street.

Trifles.

ONE tiny flake on a stormy day—
Only a bit of white,
But haply thou hast a part to play
In a vision of pure delight.

One little soul in a city's swarm—
Only a smiling face;
But thou dost a loving part perform
In the running of life's race. E. C.

Good Night.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

GOOD night, the shadows fall beneath the hall,
The moth-grey ashes choke the living coals,
And o'er your eyelids heavy sleep unfolds.
Good night, dear friend, good night.

Good night, the morn shall find us far apart,
The mid-day sun shall shine upon our ways,
In toil and heat, oh cherish these fond days,
Good night, dear friend, good night.

Good night, until white day, the harvester,
Shall gather us into the golden west,
Until our lingering spirits are at rest,
Good night, dear friend, good night.

Hyperbole.

FRANK DERRICK.

Cy Ford's reputation was at stake. This may not seem a serious matter until you understand that Cy was the best story-teller and drawer of the long-bow for miles around the little town in which he lived.

It came about thus: One evening sauntering, as was his custom, into the corner grocery at which he held forth, Cy encountered a rival in the person of a lean, hairy, dark-skinned sailor. The bystanders addressed him as captain. When Cy entered the captain was just completing a marvelous "yarn," at which the listeners stared so astonished that the entrance of that lesser light, Cy Ford, passed unheeded.

The sailor kept on talking. The subject was fogs. He discoursed eloquently upon their nature, thickness and impenetrability. Finally, presuming that his hearers had, most probably, never seen a real fog he said: "Why, once we ran into a fog off New Zealand that was so thick we were forced to cut through it with shovels to get to land at all."

At that Cy began to sit up and take notice. After the sailor had finished he remarked, feeling that his reputation must be saved:

"Pretty thick, wasn't it?"

To which the sailor, comprehending that he had a rival, answered:

"Yes, you don't have that kind on land."

This in a scornful and supercilious tone. The crowd waited for Cy to redeem himself.

"Oh yes," answered he, "we do have them sometimes, but not often. I remember"—

Here the bystanders settled down on their soap boxes in expectation.

"I remember back in '72 along about the middle of April, I got up one morning about five o'clock and noticed quite a thick fog. In an hour or two it settled down over the ground so I couldn't see the earth at all.

"Well," I says, 'here's my chance to have a real nice protection for my vines later on,' so I went out and cut that fog out in a square just the shape of the field, rolled it up and put it in a corner. It saved my cucumbers from a hard frost a month later."

The bystanders gazed at Cy admiringly. The coolness with which he had accepted what seemed defeat and had turned it into a victory astonished even them, accustomed though they were to hearing his marvelous tales. The sailor was silent for a few moments, then went out and has never been seen since. The silence was broken by one of the audience:

"Well, Cy," he began, "and what became of that fog? Have you got it yet?"

"No," replied Cy, "and worse luck. The blamed thing caught fire one day when the kids were fooling around it with matches and burnt up!"

This is the true and authentic account of how Cy Ford lost and won his reputation in a single evening. I know it is true because Cy told me himself.

To turn the young into orchards filled with wholesome, but also with poisonous fruits, without careful directions as to which they should choose and which avoid, would be criminal; yet this is what we do when we open to them the world of letters without forming in them the discernment and dispositions which will enable them to take the good and leave the evil. Reading is a means, not an end; and for the most it is little better than idleness or the company of the vicious.—*Spalding.*

Varsity Verse.

THOUGH winter's icy blast may blind,
 Within, the hearth-fire gives good cheer,
 And there all pleasure you may find
 Until the leaden skies shall clear.
 Let not the chilling hand of fear
 Lay frozen fingers on your mind,
 Though winter's icy blast may blind,
 Within, the hearth-fire gives good cheer.

Though times be dark, 'tis but designed
 To make our pleasures seem more dear,
 And though Care's gnawing teeth may grind,
 No evil shall your fortunes sear.
 Though winter's icy blast may blind
 Within, the hearth-fire gives good cheer.

H. L.

HER IDEAL.

Young Raymond is a handsome boy,
 You'd know him by his smile;
 Just notice when he looks at you,
 It reaches 'bout a mile.

His nose is quite a nobby one,
 And fits his face real well,
 Like stockyards fit Chicago;
 It even has the smell.

His hands are just the dearest things,
 So baby-like in size,
 Almost too small in summer time,
 To keep away the flies.

His feet would do quite well for this,
 For they are big I say;
 But awkwardness prevents their use,
 They're always in the way.

His ears are geometrical,
 Just of the latest style;
 Exactly marking off the arc
 Of one big homely smile.

W. J. H.

FLIRTATION.

There once was a wise young Green Islander,
 Who said, "Watch how easily I land her."
 He caught the girl's eye,
 And that is just why
 The people all called him an eye-lander.

W. J. H.

J. B.

There was once a young fellow named Will,
 Who could never sit down or stand still;
 He opened a till,
 Tried his pockets to fill,
 But the till would not keep still until—!

There was also an officer Joe
 Who was known as a "snoopy old crow."
 He stepped o'er the sill
 As Will opened the till,
 And Joe to perdition did go.

W. H. M.

The Hippolytus of Euripides.

WILLIAM P. CORCORAN.

It was in the year 431 B. C. that Euripides first dealt with the motive of tragic or baffled love, which he afterwards made peculiarly his own. The Hippolytus is the first of those wonderful women-studies by which Euripides dazzled and aggrieved his contemporaries. He has been called a woman-hater, and justly so, because some of his plays, the Hippolytus among them, are based on questions of marriage-breaking, in which, as Gilbert Murray has said, the heroine acted to Hippolytus as Potiphar's wife to Joseph. Certainly the poet has shown us women, women as in the case of Phædra, who betrayed an innocent man's life away. This is why Aristophanes makes the women of Athens conspire for revenge against him.

The plot of this play turns on the criminal love of Phædra for her stepson, Hippolytus, the Joseph of classical mythology. In this play the scorned and passionate woman seeks the ruin of the chaste young man, but in this instance she also commits suicide. The father, Theseus, is induced to believe his son's guilt. The innocent hero is borne to death by his own steeds, who are frightened by sea monsters sent against them by Neptune. His death thus effected by the malice of Aphrodite and the blind accomplice of the sea-god, the chaste goddess, Artemus, appears, *ex machinâ*, to do poetic justice to the innocent victim.

In reading the Hippolytus the first peculiarity that we notice is the mechanical opening or prologue. There is no action in this. Hence critics have found it flat and unnecessary. But if given a chance Euripides could have justified it. His theory was, as Prof. Harry says, that the spectator ought to know more about the circumstances than the characters in the drama. As there were no play bills at that time, it was well to let the audience know what Saga, the play, was to treat; and still more necessary was this prologue, if Euripides intended to choose little-known legends or unusual versions of those that were well known. Besides this function, the prologue suggested better advantages.

With Euripides it took the place of an explanatory first act. In the Hippolytus Euripides used the prologue to state the exact situation in which he means to pick up his characters. From the lips of Aphrodite we learn the aforesaid plot of Hippolytus. We might compare this prologue, which is distinctly characteristic of Euripides, to the exordium of the orators. In the prologue to the Hippolytus we are not told all. Indeed the element of surprise is not revealed. The death of Hippolytus is as sudden to the spectator as it is to that youth himself. We may say then that Euripides follows the same rule for the development of the drama as Lessing laid down in his "Dramaturgie" (Art. 48). "I am far from sharing the view of most of those who have written on the drama, that the development must be concealed from the audience."

The prologue of this play makes clear the entire plot; when that has been spoken by Aphrodite, the youth Hippolytus, the main character in the play, appears on the stage, accompanied by a merry troop of admirers. The picture of this chaste and noble youth standing on the verge of destruction, yet not knowing that his life has been lied away on account of a woman's unrequited passion, is indeed inspiring. This youth, pure in body and soul, is the grandest character that Euripides has portrayed. For a pagan author, the character is a beautiful conception. There are few characters in modern drama that can compare with that of Hippolytus. Excelling in all manly exercises, he is a lover of the chase, and consequently he adores and worships the goddess of the chase, Diana.

He ever hears the voice of his own virgin queen;
He hears what others hear not, and sees her though
unseen;

He holds his virgin purpose in freedom unbeguiled,
To age and death advancing, in innocence a child.

And so he shuns the snares of love and wedlock. He knows that his stepmother has been smitten with love for him, and yet he will not yield; and why? Because the desire to love and to be loved, in any sense whatsoever, is entirely strange to him. He will have nothing to do with Aphrodite, as he says, "I salute her from afar." But even more, how nobly Hippolytus rejects the vile

propositions of the nurse who has come to him in an endeavor to have him return the love of Phædra.

Phædra, her love unrequited, determines to commit suicide, but not till her thirst for revenge has been quenched by the death of her stepson. What subtlety and delicacy of argument is shown from line 900 to 1100. Hippolytus returns to find his father standing over the dead body of Phædra and reading the tablet which contains the accusation against him. He does not know the content of the tablet, but he can guess why Phædra died. He appears unnatural in his manner, and it seems for the moment that he is guilty. Shortly after when Hippolytus has to defend himself against the vile slanders of his father, and has sworn not to tell the one thing that will save him, he appears guilty.

Hippolytus at first almost breaks down under the terrible accusation, but he speedily gains control of himself. He knows he is innocent, and believes his father's anger, when he curses his son, is only a half-meant anger, but the reputation of Hippolytus is at stake. And with this feeling he begins that excellent speech (line 983 to 1035) which would do justice to any orator. He asks: "What motive could I have had for the deed? None, for I would rather be the first and best at all the games of Hellas, but second in the state. Dost see yon sun, this earth? These do not contain, for all thou dost deny it, chastity surpassing mine." Still more do we see and wonder at the noble character of this youth when he says:

"To reverence God I count the highest knowledge, and to adopt as friends not those who attempt injustice, but such as would blush to propose to their companions aught disgraceful or pleasure them by shameful services. To mock at friends is not my way, father, but I am still the same behind their backs as to their face. The very crime thou thinkest to catch me in is just the one I am untainted with, for to this day have I kept me pure from women, so pure my virgin soul." But Theseus, blinded by anger, pauses not to think that he could find out where the guilt lay if Hippolytus only had a witness, or if Phædra were still

(Concluded on page 337.)

Roosevelt Hall.

JAMES CORBETT.

In the fair city of Newport on the 5th of July, 1891, the society leaders of American aristocracy assembled in Mrs. Potter Parker's residence to make final arrangements for the mothers' congress that was to be held on the afternoon of the morrow in Theodore Roosevelt Hall. The ladies were anxious to make the event unique, so the following clause was inserted in the program. Each mother unattended by maids must wheel from her residence to the hall one of her babies dressed in plain white silk. The next day between the hours of 11 a. m. and 1 p. m. magnificent baby carriages emerged from the different mansions and were pushed by graceful women along the asphalt pavements to that massive structure of masonry wherein the correct rearing of those babes was to be carefully discussed. Theodore Roosevelt Hall is surrounded by a high brick wall with only a wicket entrance in the front, and within this enclosure is a small park. The city marshal, Mr. Forke, took up his post at the entrance to this park on the eventful afternoon of July the 6th and permitted those only to enter who had fulfilled all the required conditions for admission to the congress. Outside, the day was very pleasant; so it was proposed and adopted to leave the little infants remain in their carriages to enjoy the delightful shade of the park while their mothers sat in the hot assembly hall discussing abstruse problems concerning them.

After the bell rang for all to go inside the hall, each of the fifty mothers in her turn had to tell the officer how to take care of "her darling." All this time the colored porter held open the wide iron entrance at the top of the staircase and when the last rustle of silk had swept across the doorway and the porter had closed the entrance with a bang and a half-stifled exclamation, Officer Forke began worrying about the dryness of his throat. He could not leave the babies alone, likewise he could not remain for two more

long hours without wetting his throat. Across the avenue he saw a barefoot boy rolling a hoop and he called him over.

"Here, boy, will you mind those kids until I ring up my alarm?"

The boy happily consented, and while the policeman went around the corner little "Chimmie" Brady hopped from carriage to carriage gazing into each baby's face, pulling this baby's nose, nearly upsetting another, making horrid contortions of his dirty face and performing all sorts of capers to the great delight of his baby audience. The boy's eyes were sharp and he soon noticed that all the babes were dressed alike, this suggested to him the putting every baby into a different carriage. Five minutes after the boy got the suggestion the deed was done.

When Officer Forke returned he gave the boy a nickel and told him to "skidoo." At five o'clock the wide iron door at the top of the stairway was again opened by the grinning negro and silks and satins rustled down the marble stairs and over the grass to where "the dear darlings" lay in state. Each mother to show her maternal love kissed her baby. Why that indignant tone in the conversation? Ah! within all had not been harmony, for one of the members had very imprudently and unjustly said: "Our best American mothers should become better acquainted with their children." Two little blue eyes were much disappointed when all the carriages had left the place without any of the mothers noticing the change that had been made. The next morning at 11 a. m., just after each of these fifty matrons had arisen and taken her coffee, faithful Annie appeared, and strange were some of the stories that the noble nurse had to tell in some mansions of Newport on that morning of July the 7th. Clothes wouldn't fit: the thin baby had become fat and the fat baby had become thin. The girl was now a boy and the boy had become a girl. But the maid was dismissed with, "Don't you think I know my own child?" and when the maid was forced to go back laughed at to the nursery, the mother of Young American aristocracy returned to the newspaper account of the latest divorce scandal with some remark about the wild fantasies of her maid's brain.

Jimmie Brady had a conscience. Every morning he studied the face of Officer Forke to see if the joke had yet been found out, but when a week rolled by and everybody else seemed ignorant of what had been done, the boy got qualms of conscience. It didn't take him long to make up his mind what to do. He went beneath the sidewalk in the front of his house and pulled out of his "slip" or hiding-place a handful of pennies and nickels. Wistfully he counted them, just ninety-five cents, and soon he was speeding along the street to the editor's office of the *Newport American*. This bareheaded and barefooted dirty-faced youth rushed into Mr. Hearst's sanctum threw the money down on a table and said he wanted an ad. put in the paper. Late that evening all Newport was startled by the cries, "Extra! extra! No mother has her own child."

Indignation was rife, and little Jimmie Brady had to fly to Mendota from avenging society. Another caucus of society leaders was held, and it was decided to have all the mothers and nurses get together on the morrow, July 14, in Roosevelt Hall to undo "the diabolical work of that monstrously depraved boy." Minister Talmage was to act as a second Solomon. He stood in the front of the stage before an ordinary looking table, ten feet above which was a bulb of fifty incandescent lights. On this table each baby in turn was placed and held by the minister until a decision was made as to whom the child belonged. As each babe was held beneath the great glare of lights, silks and satins would rustle as opera glasses in every part of the hall were raised aloft, but to the nurses was left the work of identification. When the nurses disagreed Talmage settled the controversy by giving the baby to the clothes that fitted it best. After some compromises everything was amicably settled, and all returned to their homes—but this time the nurses had the babies.

"WHEN we recall all the things for which men have fought, tortured and murdered one another, a pessimistic mood comes over us and we are tempted to doubt whether life itself be worth fighting for."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

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

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

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

Notre Dame, Indiana, February 23, 1907.

Board of Editors.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07	LOUIS M. KELLEY, '07
WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07	WM. E. CUNNINGHAM, '07
WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07	FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08
ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08	WILLIAM LENNARTZ, '08
PATRICK M. MALLOY, '07	VARNUM A. PARRISH, '09
LEO J. COONTZ, '07	PAUL R. MARTIN '09
ROBERT A. KASPER, '07	IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, '09

—And so Feb. 22 comes around again and finds us celebrating. The birthday of our first and greatest hero brings forth sentiments of loyalty, love and patriotism. So much has been said and written about the immortal Washington that we find ourselves pausing to think of something new. Originality in an appreciation of a man like him is a task. For out of the big corner he occupies in history, there beams on all men the same impressions: impressions of himself, of his greatness, of his calm and yet dignified severity, of his love and strength. And so we find ourselves merely appreciating the things in him that all others have.

It is a mark of the bigness of some men that for all time they outline themselves against history, and challenge inspection. To be sifted down through a century and three-quarters is a test for any man. And yet his name has stood that test, while each year only adds lustre to the qualities discovered by his first admirers. He stands among our heroes a colossal monument. Time and history playing its scorching rays on the monument tarnish it not, but rather add. But to us he seems

more than a monument, more than a great pyramid, whose only claim to notice is its massiveness; more than a silent sphynx standing out solitary and alone. If history is a desert wherein we find few *real* ideals, few *real* heroes, he seems to be an oasis in that desert; and often will the searcher in quest of an ideal pause at this oasis to drink of its clear waters and rest beneath its shading palms and there gather strength to pursue the journey. For there are few ideals, and history, at best, is but a reproachful witness to the fact.

The Making of a Newspaper.

Mr. Little did not probably overstate a fact when in his lecture, Thursday, the 14th inst., he expressed his opinion to the effect that there are few things concerning which the general public is more curious, and about which it knows less, than the inside of a metropolitan newspaper. That he guessed quite accurately the prevalence of a "curiosity" was proved strikingly evident from the intentness with which his words were followed; and it is the smallest praise to offer Mr. Little to say of his ability as an instructor that none of his hearers on Thursday afternoon can ever belong to that general public that knows not concerning the genesis, growth and influence of a great Daily.

Mr. Little's address is typical of the newspaper man. He succeeds well in presenting the facts of the case and does not bother with non-essentials. He is seldom allured into the idle excursus, which is merely entertaining. His aim was to give information in an attractive manner, and he succeeded—perfectly, were his articulation somewhat more distinct. We may form some idea of the scope of Mr. Little's theme when we remember that the Declaration of Independence, adopted by Congress at Philadelphia, July 4, was not published in the chief paper of the town until the 13th; and did not appear in a Boston paper until the 22d of July. Mr. Little's lecture on "The Making of a Newspaper" suggested the lines of journalistic development, and illustrated, with comparative fulness, the progress achieved.

Final Debates.

The final tryout for the Varsity team, that will debate University of Iowa on March 14, was held last Saturday evening in Washington Hall. The contest was spirited and more hotly contested than were either of the preliminaries; and several of the speakers who were given low rankings in the semi-finals, came to the front. The first team will be made up of Messrs. W. Donahue, W. Bolger and T. Burke.

The question, "Resolved: That, the cities of the United States should seek the solution of the street-railway problem in private ownership," was chosen by Iowa state for the coming debate, and Notre Dame, having choice of sides, took the affirmative. Of the eight debaters to qualify for the finals, Donahue and Burke were the only two arguing on the Municipal Ownership platform.

Mr. Donahue's speech was of surpassing excellence and his rebuttal was, if anything, still better. Most of the affirmative men seemed to fear him more than they did Mr. Burke, and to that end spent a great part of their time trying to refute his arguments, but Donahue had the parting shot and used his advantage to the king's taste. Mr. Bolger's line of argument was entirely changed from the phase of the question he had taken up in the trial debates. Bolger lacks Donahue's oratorical delivery, but his wide knowledge of the question and his convincing presentation of facts did much toward disconcerting both negative speakers. The third member of the team, Mr. Burke, showed remarkable improvement over his former Municipal Ownership speeches. With his colleague he had an up-hill fight against six affirmative men, and that he won a place against strong odds is in itself great praise of his ability. Burke is the only new man on the team, the two others having debated Iowa State University last year and Oberlin and DePauw in 1905, all of which debates were Notre Dame victories.

* *

INTER-HALL DEBATE AND ORATORY.

The next Inter-Hall Debates shall be held on April 5th and 6th. The question of Municipal Ownership shall again be debated,

but the teams shall exchange sides. Brownson and Corby shall uphold the negative, and Holy Cross and St. Joseph the affirmative. The same rules in regard to length of speeches, main and rebuttal, shall prevail as in the last debates, and the same limitations put upon the question. Following is the schedule:

Holy Cross vs. Corby, April 5th.

St. Joseph vs. Brownson, April 6th.

The two winners of these debates shall then hold one final debate for the Inter-Hall championship and the Inter-Hall banner.

April 22d has been the date selected for the Inter-Hall Oratorical Contest. Each Hall shall be represented by one orator, and he shall be chosen by preliminary contests in the different Halls. The final contest shall be held in Washington Hall, and the winner thereof be donated a solid gold medal, the gift of the University.

All preparatory and freshman students are eligible. Those desiring to contest should get to work immediately on their orations, and they should submit their manuscripts to their English Professors for correction. Remember that the orations shall be judged both upon composition and upon delivery. This is a chance for oratorical aspirants to get a little experience, and pave the way for the signal opportunity of representing the University, and perhaps the state of Indiana in oratory on some future occasion.

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame defeated the Michigan Agriculture College in a dual track meet last Saturday by a score of 71 to 42.

The work of Smithson stands out and above the outcome of the meet as it was little less than wonderful. Although the record will not stand, Smithson broke the world's record in the 40-yard low hurdles, running them in five flat, but as he was timed by only three men, and all local, the record will not be allowed. Not content with this, he equalled the world's record in the 40-yard high hurdles and came within a fifth of a second of the record in the 40-yard dash. Smithson proved beyond a doubt that he is one of the fastest indoor men in the country, and as his "rep" was made on an outdoor

track there can be no doubt that he will be a contender in Western athletics this season. Too much can not be said of the magnificent showing made by Smithson, and although he stands alone in his class there were others of the team worthy of mention.

Scales proved to be the highest individual point winner of the meet, running Smithson a close second in both hurdles and winning the high and the broad jump, making a total of sixteen. Cripe won one of the prettiest races of the day when he led the entire field in the 440-yard dash which he ran in 56 3-5 seconds.

Keefe, who was supposed to be out of condition, won the half-mile in 2.09 3-5 and could have done it in five easily, as he was never in danger and won all the way. An accident marred the half-mile run which spoiled the race when Graham and Bignell collided under the stand, both men taking a fall which put them out of the running. Bignell was supposed to be the star man for the "Aggies," and has a mark close to two minutes in the half.

Boyle and Gilbert had a hard fight in the pole vault, the former finally winning the event at nine feet eight.

White was the star point-winner for the Farmers, winning both the mile and two-mile, the time in the mile being a most creditable performance.

The most exciting race of the day was the relay, each man running two laps. The first two men who ran for the "Aggies" won their laps, and when Cripe took up the third race he started six yards beyond his man. Little by little he gained on the flying Farmer until but two yards separated them, and when Keefe took up the last turn for Notre Dame he started about two yards behind. The first lap was won by Pearsell, and when they started on the last round the grand stand rose up like one man and wildly cheered for Keefe. For a time it looked as though the visitors had won, but inch by inch came Keefe until they turned into the stretch running side by side in the last ten yards. Keefe pulled away and won one of the greatest relay races ever seen at Notre Dame.

Coach Draper's men all showed up well and give promise of developing into a team that will win the state meet this year. The work of Keach and Schmidt look good for the future. Keach won his heat in the 220-yard dash in the same time that the event was won in, but in the final Keach drew the inside track, and as he can not take the turns there he lost out. Schmidt's work in the relay marks him as a comer, this was his first appearance. Graham won second in both his races and looks good for at least a point in each race in the state meet.

Draper is going to send four men to the First Regular Meet in Chicago the first of next month, and if they continue in the form that they are in now they will undoubtedly carry away a good share of points. The dopesters are picking Smithson to repeat his work of last Saturday in the regular meet, and if he does he will annex a world's record to his belt. After the meet in Chicago comes Indiana, and it is hoped that the Varsity will atone for the numerous defeats in track which they have suffered by the down-state school. Summary:

40-yard dash—Smithson, N. D., 1st; Vaughan, M. A. C., 2d; Pearsell, M. A. C., 3d. Time, 43-5 seconds.

40-yard low hurdles—Smithson, N. D., 1st; Scales, N. D., 2d; Small, M. A. C., 3d. Time, 5 seconds.

40-yard high hurdles—Smithson, N. D., 1st; Scales, N. D., 2d; Small, M. A. C., 3d. Time, 5 2-5 seconds.

2-mile run—Waite, M. A. C., 1st; Graham, N. D., 2d; Carr, M. A. C., 3d. Time, 11 seconds.

880-yard dash—Keefe, N. D., 1st; Oviatt, M. A. C., 2d; Bignell, M. A. C., 3d. Time, 2.09 3-5 seconds.

High jump—Scales, N. D., 1st; Allen, M. A. C., 2d; McDonough, N. D., 3d. Height, 5 ft. 5½ inches.

Shot put—Woods, N. D., 1st; Burrough, M. A. C., 2d; Berve, N. D., 3d. Distance, 37 ft. 1¼ inches.

220-yard dash—Vaughan, M. A. C., 1st; Griffin, M. A. C., 2d; Keach, N. D., 3d. Time, 24 3-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Boyle, N. D., 1st; Gilbert, M. A. C., 2d; Gongwer, M. A. C., 3d. Height, 9 ft. 8 inches.

One-mile run—Waite, M. A. C., 1st; Graham, N. D., 2d; Carr, M. A. C., 3d. Time, 4.55 2-5.

440-yard dash—Cripe, N. D., 1st; Keefe, N. D., 2d; Oviatt, M. A. C., 3d. Time, 56 3-5.

Broad jump—Scale, N. D., 1st; Boyle, N. D., 2d; Small, M. A. C., 3d. Distance, 19 ft. 3½ inches.

Relay race won by Notre Dame. Schmidt, Keach, Cripe and Keefe.

*
**

PENN. CLUB, 26; MISHAWAKA, A. C. A., 24.

For the second time, the champion A. C. A. of Mishawaka went down to defeat before the strong Pennsylvania Five by score of 26-24. The game was the fastest ever seen on that floor. A. C. A. started with a rush, and scored seven points in the first two minutes of play. The Pennsylvanians then had their inning, the score at end of first half being 14-12.

In the second half Hogan's team was on the offensive. Its team work was superb. Time and again Mishawaka attempted to break it up, but to no avail. A. C. A. also played fast ball, its team work at times being phenomenal.

As usual Werder played a strong game, being all over the floor. Zimmerman shone for Mishawaka. The team work of both teams was the bright feature.

Penn. Club (26)		Wishawaka (24)
Heyl	L. F.	Zimmerman
Hogan	R. F.	Neusbarum
Werder	C.	Shirely
Kennedy	L. G.	Harris
Escher	R. G.	Seymour

Field goals—Heyl (6); Hogan (2); Werder (3); Shirely (4); Zimmerman (3); Neusbarum. Free throws—Werder (4); Zimmerman (8). Referee—Fraunheim. Time of halves—20 minutes. R. L. B.

(Continued from page 332.)

alive. "Had I a witness to attest my purity and were I pitted against her still alive, facts would show thee on enquiry who the culprit was."

The father's only argument is the letter found on the dead body of Phædra; he will not listen to other arguments. Hippolytus, untried and condemned without any evidence, is banished from his father's roof. The youth appeals to the gods but in vain. "Stay me, ye gods! rob me of name and honour, from home and city cast me forth, a wandering exile o'er the earth! nor land nor sea receive my bones when I am dead, if I be such a miscreant."

Twice it seems he will give way under his father's accusation—and it would be right for him to do so. The oath was forced from him by a trick and he rejected it. As he says: "My tongue hath sworn; there is no hand upon my heart." Nevertheless he keeps silence, as his tongue had promised, appeals to the gods for justice, and goes forth convicted, goes forth to death, a youthful martyr, because he would not soil his soul or body with impurity. Whose heart is not stirred by the sight of that noble, innocent youth a martyr to chastity? Certainly the hearts of the spectators who saw Hippolytus played in ancient times must have been touched with pity.

Not only does Hippolytus die a martyr's death, but even his great friend among the goddesses, Diana, she whom he adored and worshiped during the purest years of his life, has deserted him. And yet notwithstanding that all have turned against him, he accepts his fate. He is a hero in his rejection of Aphrodite and his clearing the virgin Artemus. It would be absurd to talk of his "impiety."

Yet to one thing I never will give credence,
That this thy son has done a deed of baseness,
Nor should the whole of womankind go hang
And score the pines of Ida with their letters,
Because I know—I know—that he is noble.

The effect that the example of Hippolytus produced—mythical in origin though the character be—must have been wonderful. His virtue could only have inspired others with virtue. The ancient world must certainly have been benefited by it. And yet this noble character has been conceived and given life in the mind of a pagan author.

It is hard to realize the effect that the presentation of this character would have, were it produced on the modern stage. Although Euripides was first and last a poet of realism, still in this he can not be compared with modern naturalists. True, he chooses the commonplace, but he does not, like Zola, give his hearers stories elaborated with suggestive details, with every detail that will only bring out the vileness and baseness of it. He rather chooses, as in the case of Hippolytus, an every-day reality of life, the unrequited passion of a woman, and touches it here and there, appealing to the sympathies of our nature until we know not whether it be the ideal. In the character of Hippolytus he is ever bringing home to us how deeply the ideal penetrates the common life.

Our Euripides, the human,
With his droppings of warm tears
And his touching of things common
Till they rose to touch the spheres.

How many modern dramas take the commonplace, and instead of raising it to the ideal, lower it to the grade of a suggestive and immoral drama. The presentation of a character like Hippolytus would benefit the stage and also the people. What they want is the commonplace exalted, not lowered, in their imagination. In a modern drama Hippolytus would have yielded to the love of his stepmother, and the dramatist would have gone on to justify the impious deed. Only recently we had had a notorious example of this in the case of "Salome," a degrading and immoral opera played in New York, and then condemned as a scandalous production.

We are informed that near the great sanctuary of Hippolytus at Troezen there was a stadium named after him, and above this a temple of Aphrodite with monuments of Phædra and Hippolytus, which were looked upon as tombs in spite of the fact, as Professor Harry says, that the worship of the gods excludes the existence of a grave. Not only is the virtue and chastity of Hippolytus thus honored, but the ancient pagans, according to the myth, gave him divine honors. Maidens before their marriage clipped the locks which adorned their free heads, and weeping laid them on his shrine, a tribute to his purity of soul and body.

For girls unwed, before their marriage day,
Shall offer their shorn tresses at thy shrine,
And dower thee through long ages with rich tears;
And many a maid shall raise the tuneful hymn
In praise of thee, and ne'er shall Phædra's love
Perish in silence and be left unsung.

Notes from the Colleges.

By way of explaining the fact that "The Catholic school (Notre Dame) has a record of seventeen consecutive victories in debate," prominent place is given in a recent issue of *The Daily Iowan* to the following curious ratiocination: "They (Notre Dame) have a system of training there which makes experts out of their men; one professor (?) gives five hours daily to the team, and all other work is laid aside when preparation for the debate begins." The first clause of this statement is not debatable; the second two are—to put it mildly—false respectively. Gentlemen of *The Daily Iowan*, don't admit into your pages such irresponsible "write-ups."

* *

Harvey Blair, a former track star of the Hammond, Indiana High School, has joined the Wabash School, and great things are expected of him in the sprints.

* *

Down at Indiana they have an annual student scrap day. At some of the Western schools they scrap every day; but at Notre Dame they never scrap.

* *

Two hundred and forty-six candidates for the cinder path have reported to the Harvard coaches this year.

* *

Harrison Rice, 17 years old, a member of the High School of Worcester, Mass., died recently of lockjaw, as a result of injuries received a month ago in a basket-ball game.

* *

It is rumored that if Michigan decides to withdraw from the conference, their schedule for next fall will include Pennsylvania, Vanderbilt, Case, Ohio State and possibly Nebraska and Notre Dame.—*Purdue Exponent*.

* *

The Honor System prevails at Yale. There surely ought to be some way for students to pull through the examinations, and this Honor System appeals to us as the long looked for means.

The Social Whirl.

E. PERCIVAL SNOB.

An appraisalment of some of his recent lyrics by an anonymous writer reached the Sorin laureate early in the week. By way of parenthesis, we are now in a position to state that the nameless one has turned out to be a civil engineer. The wicked critic, among other irreverent epithets, employed the word "cobble"—a species of imagery which, according to a subtle law in poetics, should indicate the quarters whence the vile appreciation proceeded. Naturally the metaphoric reading appealed first, and some say, mightily, to the poet, and brought into being the bardic utterance which, as an open letter, we append. The reader need not be advertised that in idiomatic prose the *heroic* couplet would read, "Shoemaker, stick to your last."

Dermean Artifice, thou energizes on foul oxen rind!
Beside thy digitless cold foot thy person stoutly bind.

* *

It seems quite contagious this clipping of the pates of the elder Sorinites. Whatever the occasion may be it still is not the greatest sign in the world of the greatest amount of cranial matter, though the several persons guilty have done their best to lay the gray stuff bare. February and blasting winds and meltable snow is not, to say the least, the most desirable or sensible time to expose one's skull. And so most of us are inclined to think that all the gray stuffing has been laid bare, and we have seen about as much as there is. "Wanted a phrenologist!" seems to be placarded on nearly every accumulation of bumbs supported by a neck, and few have any doubts but that it would drive the heady man into brown studies deciphering what the many upheavals mean. For myself,—and it takes little observation to note it—I can see the temporary insanity hill abnormally developed. But perhaps it's a Lenten penance, in which case it is mostly too extreme, as one should hardly run the penitential season to the limit, and we sometimes can sacrifice too much in an attempt to kill the pride-bug.

It would cover a multitude of sins and, incidentally, throw a soggy blanket on many others, if some one would speak to McAleenan of Corby. For a long time I've been trying to place the youngster, and numerous inquiries have failed to give me the knowledge concerning what part of the Main Building this particular bit owns. If he can't substantiate a claim to it plus the Dome I've been sadly mistaken, for without doubt the boy's skull box is terribly extended. But I'm not a physicist and want to know "How can a vacuum expand?"

* * *

Your pardon, Roan, I meant to mention it before, but wanted to get things authentic. You see authenticity is the price of publication (in my business). It's a sort of license and is very much higher than the nearby burg's thousand dollar one. But to the point: What's all this talk concerning flaring headlines, etc.? The whole Varsity is agog, and I confess I am a bit itchy myself. Evidently the "Yellow" man had a modest conception of our champions. But that's that sort of journalism. Now the sensible thing to do is live up to that rep., and show the townies you're there. I know one man who got caught in a trap like that; it happened in football season. Of course, he was there to meet the occasion, and bought a sweater with 1906 spread across the breast. Imitate him and no one will blame you; Darwin says we all are anyway.

For particulars about this original case ask the man with a big blue sweater with a great 1906 on it. It's the only one in the place. You know the rest about two men, one of whom was a star lineman. Still, Adam should have provided that no two men should have the same name especially when both were athletes. I hear Manager Draper has some Varsity suits to give away; but the worst part about it is that there are several formalities to be gone through before you get one—darn requirements and red tape! And another word, let us hear from you, boy, when you break into that league. We're interested in your case; it's muchly amusing. In the meantime take this advice as that of some one interested in you.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

The following is a statement of facts in the case of Illinois and Indiana Transportation Company vs. Michigan City, South Bend & Cincinnati Railroad Company, pending trial in the Moot-Court.

The Illinois and Indiana Transportation Company owns and operates several steamers that regularly ply between Chicago, Illinois and Michigan, Indiana. They carry both freight and passengers. The Michigan City, South Bend & Cincinnati Railroad Company has a line extending from Michigan City in a southeasterly direction to the Ohio River, said line terminating at Cincinnati. It has been customary for the plaintiff company as far as practicable to ship its freight over this line, and it has sought to turn its passenger traffic in the same direction.

The railroad company needed money in May last and applied for a loan to the plaintiff—the transportation company. On the 25th of that month the loan was made, the amount being \$25,000. It was loaned on this agreement to wit: "that the said sum of twenty-five thousand (\$25,000) dollars, now loaned by the Illinois and Indiana Transportation Company to the Michigan City, South Bend and Cincinnati Railroad Company, shall be paid within six months from date, in transportation of freight and passengers or in cash." In short, it was to be paid either in service at the usual cost of transportation or in money, although presumably it might be paid partly in the one and partly in the other. On the 12th of August, however, the defendant company failed, being unable to pay its debts, and the road passed into the hands of a receiver. The person appointed to the position by the court is Jonah Whaleback of South Bend. He took at once a pronounced stand in respect to the agreement between the two companies. He declined to carry freight or passengers for the plaintiff company in accordance with its terms. On the expiration of the six months for which the loan was made payment was demanded, but he refused to pay, and said he would not be governed by or recognize in any way the agreement made in connection with the loan.

In view of these facts the plaintiff company files its bill, acting through its solicitors, and prays, that specific performance of said agreement be decreed and that the defendant be required on its part to give effect to and carry out the same.

*
* *

China has no lawyers; Japan, about one lawyer to 26,000 inhabitants; Russia, one lawyer to 31,000; Germany, one lawyer to 9000; France, one lawyer to 4500; England and Wales, one lawyer to 1200; this country, one lawyer to 700.

*
* *

P. J. O'Keeffe announces the association as special partners for the general practice of Law of George M. Bagby and Arthur A. O'Brien, under the style of O'Keeffe, Bagby and O'Brien, with Offices at 1110-1111-1112 Ashland Block, Chicago.

Personals.

—Mr. J. Clement Hesse (student '98) has become a benedick. Cards announcing the marriage of Miss Aetna Louise Person to Mr. Hesse were received by friends at the University last week. Good luck and God's blessing on Mr. and Mrs. Hesse!

—Recently the SCHOLASTIC announced that Mr. William A. Walsh had formed a partnership with another clever lawyer in the town of Yonkers. It appears that Mr. Walsh has now formed another partnership, for we have received cards announcing the marriage of Miss Harriette Ann Walsh and Mr. William A. Walsh. The new firm begin under happy auspices, and we wish them all sorts of good luck.

—Mr. Robert Pinkerton, '69, chief of the famous force of detectives visited the University recently. He spent the day with Bro. Urban to whom Mr. Pinkerton since his schooldays has been a close friend. While at Notre Dame the famous chief was noted for ability which later made him an international name.

Mr. Pinkerton has always been a loyal student, and in his later years has been conspicuous for his enthusiasm to his *Alma Mater*. It goes without saying that he was a very welcome visitor, and his call was marked with much pleasure on the part of many old friends. The University awaits another visit from this distinguished alumnus. With him were Mr. Cavanaugh and Mr. Walter.

Local Items.

—On Easter Monday evening the Senior Hop, the society event of the season, will take place. The '07 men are making great preparations, and it is expected to be a great success. Invitations have been extended to the members of the Faculty, the post-graduates, the senior law men and the junior collegiate class.

—The SCHOLASTIC went to press too early to give a detailed account of the exercises held in Washington Hall in honor of The Nation's Father. Around the campus though, comments are heard which say they were the best held in years. Mr. O'Connell's presentation of the flag provoked much praise.

—The members of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society assembled for their regular meeting Thursday evening, Feb. 14. Mr. Victor Washburn was admitted as a member of the organization, and the name of Mr. Daniel C. Clune was presented for consideration. A motion was made by Mr. Claude Sack and seconded by Mr. Denis Morrison that a committee be appointed to confer with Father Cavanaugh on matters of vital importance to the society. This was further amended by Mr. Graham. The program for the evening, a very interesting one, was well rendered. "A Smack at School" was given by Mr. W. H. Rice which caused a hearty laugh at James O'Leary's expense. Mr. Knuzer recited "Christmas Treasures" which was followed by Mr. J. Coggeshall's comical description of a country fair. Mr. Morrison described the historic Fort Madison, Iowa. "Maud Muller," which never fails to touch the hearts of an audience, was well rendered by Mr. Egge-man. Mr. F. Condon inspired the society to higher thoughts in his declamation, "The Ladder of St. Augustine." Mr. Duncan gave a descriptive picture of Starved Rock, famous in Indian tradition, and Mr. A. Howard compared Notre Dame and the Benedictine College of St. Bede near La Salle, Illinois. The main feature of the evening was the talk on poetry by Mr. L. Coontz, an old Brownson student, who is not only a lover of poetry, but has himself composed some very creditable verse. Bro. Alphonsus closed the program with a short talk in which he urged the society to acquire a taste for good poetry. He recited two beautiful poems by Eugene Field, the poet of the children. A program was announced for the next Thursday evening, the greater part of which will be given to a debate on Labor and Capital. As the hour was growing late the meeting adjourned.