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In the Afterglow.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, '97.

SOFTLY the snow creeps away from the land
Like a dream from a sleeper's mind.
The cold and gloom of the winter day
Are lingering far behind.

Springtime comes like a merry song
In the glow of an April day;
Meadows all bloom and the blossoms blow
Where the robin warbles his lay.

Trouble and care make it winter now,—
Life is a gloomy day;
But the spring will come in the aftertime
When trouble has passed away.

Cook's Tourists and Some Others.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK (LAW), '99.

THE birds of passage whose cote is in the United States, and who flutter for a little way in Paris, and then are on the wing again, are divided into two classes: Cook's Tourists, and a few that are not Cook's Tourists. The first, swaddled in coupon-tickets and weighed down with time-tables and guide-books, rush feverishly about in the train of a well-uniformed but astonishingly ill-informed courier, the value of whose services is alluringly set forth in black-faced type in the publications of Thomas Cook and Sons. Very seldom do the subjects of this dynasty take the bit in their own teeth, but when they do, the imposing look on the hardened faces of the paid leaders changes to a remorseful stare, and the con-

ductor, now conducted, brings up the rear of his former slaves shamefacedly and in deep disgust.

This procedure, however, is contrary to the well-established policy of the company. All the precedents are opposed to it, and when an adventurous schoolma'am of mature years, gifted with that wonderful sweep of vision which has made of her a type—when she tries to lead the guide from his worn path and into strange highways and byways, there is usually a parting of the roads. The guide has seen many sights much in the same manner as did Daudet's Bompard, and he is averse to any public exposure of his shortcomings; more especially when the investigating committee of one conducts its deliberations in a shrill treble and with absolutely no regard for time, place, nor the sensitive feelings of the culprit. It is permissible for a man to call the guide aside, to scorn equivocation and excuse, and to state plainly and forcibly that the guide is a conscienceless liar. The accused will calmly plead guilty to the indictment, harbor no ill-will toward the complaining witness, and will cheerfully go back to his duties. But when the prosecution is a public one the guide will fight. He will battle for his opinions, for his statistics, and for his facts, with a zeal, which, if transferred to a laudable calling, would make of him a first-class lawyer. His reasons for the faith that is in him are, in the main, superficial; but when he expresses them with the full power of his Gallic lungs, and emphasizes them with vivid gestures, these reasons stop all inquiry.

When, by means of his elocutionary force, he has succeeded in intimidating his party he leaps in an instant to the throne of Jove. His word then is law, his arguments irrefragable, his power of veto, absolute. He fearlessly weaves into his epitome of historical events

some threads of uncertain tradition or of pure invention; then he mixes it all so thoroughly that the result is a mass of history, fiction, biography, legend and autobiography which is difficult to swallow and impossible to digest.

The "information" furnished by Cook's people may be more reliable than that you get from those couriers that are not attached to a tourist agency. These free-lances have not the prestige of a central office. They live by their wits, and their only credentials are their never-failing good-nature and their dauntless imagination. Their tales are to the tales within the ken of Cook's employes what the dainty gossip of a pretty woman is to a proper and verbose sermon. Perhaps you learn more from the men whose caps read "Cook's Tours," but the shabbily-dressed, sharp-eyed pilots of the Place de l'Opera furnish a vastly superior kind of entertainment. And the American visitor to Paris is likely to ask himself the question made famous by a distinguished statesman of his own land: "What are we here for?"

For an answer, Cook's Tourists consult Cook's printed matter. They are in Paris to see everything between pages 57 and 82. If it is nominated in the bond that the party will spend five days in a personally-conducted tour of the city and environs, the party will work harder than any of its members ever worked in his own country. After the heated labor of the day the garrulous traveler will sit up into the night to compile for the half-envious stay-at-homes a minute account of all he or she has seen that day. The recipient of these narratives must take that division of them relating to the history of France with one or more pinches of salt. Most of it was manufactured under circumstances of urgent necessity by guides whose most valuable asset is their vivid, resourceful imaginations. Boil down the statistics, and multiply the rest of the information by seven, and you have a fairly representative emotional letter written on the spot. Small wonder is it that the experiences of the three-week tourist are "viewed with alarm." He may "point with pride" to the list of places he has seen, but his friends dislike small emotions warmed over.

The guide (to his credit be it said) endeavors to make these impressions, from which come the emotions, lasting. He carries his charges from the Catacombs to the Sewers, and from Sewers to the Morgue. The basest Philistine can pick up a few emotions in such surround-

ings. If he or she can not, the tomb of Heloise and Abelard, in old Père la Chaise, is always at his service. According to the best obtainable authority on the subject, and excluding the testimony of the guides, these two historical personages were in real life no better than they should have been, and for the purposes of the tradition they should have been no better than they were. Yet the impressionable girl will have an attack of *schwärmerci* over their graves with an earnestness equalled only by the foolishness of the performance.

But if one class of American visitors do their best to swing the pendulum of Time back an age or two, there is another class whose life in Paris is essentially one of to-day. You will find this class at the Grand Hotel, the Continental, and occasionally at the Embassy. The truest representative is a glorified Mr. Pipp. He is from the United States, and while not quite so assertive as he is in English novels, he has no hesitancy in admitting the fact. He has made it the law for European merchants and hotelmen that the burden of proof rests on every visiting American to show that he is not a millionaire. Until such proof is made the tourist from the States unattached to Cook's Company is treated with almost idolatrous solicitude. He pays for it. His tips are larger than those of any other traveler, and his money is in sight nearly all the time he is in Paris. He is of to-day and of America's to-day. Politics and business are the backbone of his conversation. If something outside of these fields appeals to him he is slow to tell his neighbors about it, but the imprint of it stays with him.

His impressions of the city are a jumble of the churches, the chamber of deputies, the hotels, the theatres and the Boulevards. Perhaps he has been too busy making money to get below the surface in the fine things in life, but his appreciation of them, if not technically flawless, is perfectly sincere. He enjoys Paris. The Louvre is more to him than it is to his hypocritical and hypercritical neighbor. He sees what he likes. His training has given him good eyes and a clear head, and he sees things not like a mirror, but like a camera. Afterward the mind-pictures he brings away with him are priceless. Paris is Lethe to him, and when in other days the memory of it brightens him at his work, it gives him, for an instant at least, a glimpse of the beauty and fulness of living and of life; and such beauty and fulness belong to Paris.

The Future of the United States.

STEPHEN J. BRUCKER, '99.

Ever since the beginning of history, nations have striven to outdo one another. This race for supremacy is not less marked among nations than it is among individuals, and it is not less just. We see in every-day life one man more fortunate than another, how one becomes wealthy while another remains poor, how one appears to be happy while another is miserable. This condition of affairs depends not on luck or chance but on the man himself. The man that would carve his name on the rock of time must not brood over the misfortunes of the past nor dream of the good things the future has in store for him. He must take the world as he finds it. He must make use of the present. As Marvel philosophically remarks: "The Present is a great word. He that can take hold of it and grapple with it and fill it with his purpose is doing a man's work; no one can do more, but thousands are doing less."

It is with nations as with individuals. The United States has always made use of the opportunities that have presented themselves. If she had not done this, she would still be a narrow strip of territory along the Atlantic coast; and we should be paying tribute to European potentates. Who among us would still like to see the territory west of the Alleghany Mountains ruled by France and Spain? We think, then, that the policy of the United States in the past has been proper. That policy has forged the links in the chain of events that have given to the United States a place among the great nations of the earth.

When the Spanish-American war was taking place on West Indian islands and in East Indian waters, another link was forged in the chain of events making up the history of America. After the treaty of peace was signed by the Commissioners and ratified by the Senate, a new epoch in our history was completed. What that epoch will bring forth is sealed from us. It is, perhaps, the greatest period in our history, in that it divides the past from the future.

The policy of the United States that has heretofore been followed was the advice of the early statesmen proclaimed in Washington's "Farewell Address to the American People." The Father of our Country said:

"Beware of entangling alliances." This principle was embodied in the Monroe Doctrine which has guided us in our foreign relations from the beginning of our government to the present day. This was the only policy our country could consistently adopt when she was in her infancy.

While our policy in the past has been to stay at home, in the future it appears to be to branch out, and to show the rest of mankind that our country is no longer a child in swaddling clothes. We have already taken one step towards the goal of national expansion by annexing Puerto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines. The dividing-line in our history is not unlike that in the life of every young man that is ambitious to go out and enter the lists against other men. The past history of our country has been her childhood; the future is the period of her strong, vigorous manhood and prosperity. Some may say that by entering on a policy of expansion, we disregard the advice of Washington. What of it? His counsel was appreciated when it was given, for everyone saw the wisdom of it. It was good and useful; but does it apply to our present condition? When the United States was a little child, the Father told her to remain at home; and like an obedient child, she kept aloof from "entangling alliances." Does it follow from this advice that she must remain isolated when she has grown great and strong? Must a person stay at home all his life because his father tells him to do so when he is a youngster?

In entering on the policy of expansion, very little is said against annexing Hawaii and Puerto Rico. The Philippines appear to be the mark that a great many people take a shot at. They go so far as to assert that the acquisition of the Philippines is unconstitutional, in that Congress can not acquire and hold new territory. If this be true, then the whole past history of our country is unconstitutional; then Congress could not acquire title to the lands west of the Alleghany Mountains ceded to it by the original States; then the Louisiana purchase and the treaty for Florida could not have been made; then the power to levy war and conclude peace is a mere shadow. In establishing the Philippines as a colony of the United States some knotty problems, no doubt, present themselves for our untying. The most important one of these is the question of race and citizenship. But the commercial benefits that would accrue to us in annex-

ing the Philippines must not be overlooked.

The inhabitants of these islands belong, chiefly, to the Malay race. The Malays are found in great numbers everywhere in the Orient, from Japan to Australia and from Hawaii to South Africa. This is a very large portion of the earth's surface, yet Malays were found in all the islands of the Pacific by European explorers. When Magellan and Sir Francis Drake sailed around the globe, they were astonished at the expert seamanship and the extensive commerce of this race. Their ships and galleys could be seen everywhere in the Pacific. They did not, like the dwellers on Mediterranean shores, create imaginary beings that would lure them to destruction if they ventured beyond the pale of their known world. They did not believe that the seas where they had not penetrated were exterior darkness. There is, on the contrary, very convincing proof that the people of the islands in the Pacific touched the shores of America long before that continent was believed by Europeans to exist.

In annexing the Philippines, it is asserted that we are making barbarians citizens of the United States. What of it? Is that any worse than to extend the privilege of citizenship to negroes? With thirty-three years of freedom, the negroes in the United States are, to-day, no further advanced than they were before the Civil War; and those that have been sent back to Africa have actually become barbarians. But we can not compare the negroes in the United States with the Malays, because the former have had the benefits of our civilization, while the latter have not. We must, then, compare the Malays with the negroes in Africa, since both have had equal opportunities from time immemorial. Which of these two races has of itself done anything to merit the praise of the civilized world? The negroes in Africa are savages, while the Malays rank as a semi-civilized race. If the Malays had three hundred years of our influence with thirty-three years of absolute freedom and equality, they would be honored citizens and not what the negroes of our country are to-day.

The prosperity of a nation is measured by its commercial activity. The country that has an extensive commerce is honored at home and respected abroad. It is like the man that does a large mercantile business in a small town; and, like the merchant, a nation must have markets. For fifteen years, markets have been sought for, and now the eyes of the civilized world are turned toward the Orient as the

great field of the progress of the future. During the century that is closing, the fight for liberty was the important problem, and it has been solved on the Atlantic seaboard. Commercial supremacy is the problem of the century that is dawning, and it must be solved on the shores of the Pacific.

The Pacific Ocean will be the great highway of commerce in the future. All the countries of Europe as well as the United States are in search of markets where they can dispose of their goods. But the markets on the Atlantic seaboard are already developed to their utmost capacity. We, in this country, must, therefore, turn our faces toward the setting sun, as the nations of Europe have already looked toward the rising sun, for places to dispose of our goods. China, Japan and the islands in the Pacific are yet undeveloped countries in the light of modern civilization. They are the countries that will furnish the rich markets of the future. The western shore of the Pacific has, to-day, far superior commercial advantages than the western shore of the Atlantic had a century ago. European nations have, for the past fifteen years, known this fact; and they have vied with one another for supremacy in the Orient. They have not, however, gained any material results. The United States again took advantage of the opportunity, as she so often did in the past, by annexing the Philippines. By this timely act, the commerce of our country will be increased beyond our own feeble estimation, for these islands admit of unlimited development. Besides, the strategic position of the Philippines gives to the United States the key to the Orient. Possessing and controlling these islands puts our country in a position to dictate the policy of nations in the East.

The Pacific will be the great theatre in which the drama of nations will be acted during the next century. The actors in the play will be made up of the great financiers and statesmen of the world. Conspicuous among them must be our own legislators and diplomats. The Asiatic seaboard will be the stage with the Flowery Kingdom as the scenery. The Philippines are on one end of that stage and Japan on the other. If our country holds the most important position on the stage, with Japan as her friend, she must direct the play; and if she conducts it in consonance with the great principles laid down in the Constitution, she will stand as unimpeached in honor as in power.

Hearts.

JOSEPH F. DUANE, '99.

The wheels crackled harshly on the hard earth and each hoof-beat rang out clearly in the sharp morning air. He, nestled in his coat collar, was deeply intent on the morning paper. She grasped the reins more firmly, and turning around smiled sadly at two children, who stood in their night-gowns at the window.

The bare, wire-propped trees rose weird and cheerless before her. A few worm-eaten leaves scurried across the road and startled the horse. But he soon fell into his former jog, and she gradually relaxed the reins, and, tucking the robe in closer, left the animal to himself. The man never raised his eyes from the paper until the shrill cry of a factory whistle warned him of the time.

"I'll be late, if we don't hurry," he murmured, and the latter part of the sentence was muffled in the newspaper.

She roused herself to the present, and urged the horse to a faster gait. She noticed a milk-wagon in an alley and wondered if she had left out tickets. At the next corner an old lady bowed amiably to her. She smiled in return, and, nudging her companion, said:

"John, Mrs. Wilson spoke to us." He raised his hat, and saw that corn was somewhat steadier. She pressed her lips tighter and flapped the reins on the horse's back.

At the station platform she stopped the horse and waited for a sign from him. He climbed out, noting that May wheat was on a firmer basis, and then jammed the paper into his pocket.

"John," she began apologetically, "I wish you would let me have some money. The children need a few things."

"Sorry," he answered, "but I haven't enough with me. Will bring—to-night—"—but his words were lost amid the groaning of the tracks and the sizzling of air breaks. He leaned over, kissed her and hurried to his car. As he entered the smoker, one of a number of men in a double seat called out to him:

"Hey! Hardy, come over and fill out the game. Usual nickel a heart."

He moved toward them; and looking out the window he saw the little trap disappear around a corner. He stopped hesitatingly; his face flushed—and he got only four hearts on the first deal.

A Better One.

JOHN E. MCINTYRE.

"I can tell you a better one than that," said old Pete to his camp-fellows as they sat round the log fire. "It happened in these Rockies, too."

"When I had been in the Rockies about a week I was caught in a snow-storm while stalking antelope, and having sense enough not to wander far I went back into the forest I had just left until the storm should pass. It was in the afternoon, and as it was growing dark I decided that I had better climb a tree and get out of the way of the natives. I got into a limb of a small fir tree, but felt very uncomfortable in my cramped position, and seeing near me a very high stump that looked to be three or four feet in diameter, I thought it a good place to sit and be as safe as in the tree. I crawled out on a branch and swung myself off; but the limb was strong, and bent but slightly under my weight. I hung directly over the stump, my feet within a foot of it, and knew that I could keep my balance should I drop to it. I let go and found myself at the bottom of a cylindrical wall twelve feet high, my rifle on the outside, and a lot of squealing, squirming bear cubs at my feet.

"My flesh began to creep as I realized my position, and the cubs added to this feeling as they rubbed their noses on my legs and scratched me with their claws.

"I heard a scrambling noise on the outside, and knew that the mother bear had returned. I whipped out my skinning knife, and prepared for a fight. I saw her black form above me, as she turned round and began descending backward as I expected. I took my knife in my right hand and gripped her stubby tail with my left. I jabbed my knife into her. She started up, taking me with her, until about half way, when she stopped, feeling sure she was in the right place. But five inches of cold steel told her it was a mistake, and she scrambled to the top, jumped off and scampered into the wood leaving me hang by my elbows at the top. I pulled myself up and slid to the ground, picked up my rifle and climbed a neighboring tree whence I could cover the stump should the bear return. But she didn't come back; and when morning came, I found my way back to camp none the worse of my experience."

Varsity Verse.

THE MOODS OF A DAY.

SILVERED gleam and shadow,
Songs of a summer day;
The wild-rose nods in dreaming,
And death seems far away.

Whitening waves in the afterglow;
Moon-paths on the sea;
Out from night-gloomed waters,
The past comes back to me.

Shattered dreams of youth-time
Steal through a fading light;
Out in the long, grey shadow
Death waits and the gloom of night.
T. B. R.

AN APPEAL TO NATURE.

Oh! Nature, lift the veil that hides your face,
That I your beauty may forever trace.
Confide in me your secrets. Oh! set free
The clouded mysteries of life for me.
Impart the sacred truths of the Divine;
Obscure all vice, and let the goodness shine.
P. McE.

THEN AND NOW.

When first he loved, he'd quickly come
At her slightest nod or beck;
Though when he'd plead on his knees for love
She would give him but a check.

They're married now, and he is rich,
But still he minds each nod and beck.
When she's in need she comes to him,
And *he* gives *her* a check.

WHEN WE HAVE STEW.

When we have stew I note the eye
Of each pale youth, and wonder why
Such frantic rush is never made
As at the beefsteak old and frayed,
But no, he lets it pass him by.

And I perforce must sit and sigh,
Although that stew I'd like to try,
But of their taunts I'm much afraid
When we have stew.

I hope a note is made on high
The many times when hungry I
Before my meal for blessing prayed
And rose with hunger unallayed.
Some time I think that I will die
When we have stew.

THE DAFFODIL.

The daffodil
In fullest bloom,
Though by the rill,
The daffodil
So fair, may fill
My heart with gloom,
The daffodil
In fullest bloom.
F. B. C.

Life for Love.

LOUIS C. M. REED, 1900.

A little white coffin stands in the middle of the room, and sadness fills the house. The glimmer of a candle illumines, here and there, the cheerless walls, and touches the baby's still features, and suffuses the golden hair. Around the shaded windows linger the sun's rays, as if to pierce the gloom within and drive away the sadness. A woman, weeping, bends to kiss the pallid lips, and her bosom heaves and her heart is very heavy.

A rap at the door, and a man, looking tired from travel, is admitted. Silently, hesitatingly, he enters the room. The woman flushes slightly, but remains standing by the casket with her eyes cast down. He comes nearer, and looks upon the calm face, and his hand trembles, and tears speak out his heart's sorrow. The stillness is unbroken.

Then slowly the man raises his head and looks searchingly, imploringly, into the woman's face. Instinctively she turns toward him, and her eyes reflect an awakening tenderness and love.

Over the white coffin, two hearts go out to reunite.

B. Love sacrificed for love! A little life shorn of its fulness to weld hearts estranged.

Troublesome Times for the Family.

ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN, 1900.

One day while strolling along the edge of a small wood, I espied my little friend, the thrush. He was perched on a twig of a tree that had fallen near a thicket of blackberry bushes. He had been so silent that I nearly passed without noticing him. On my approach he flew slowly up to one of the lower branches of an elm near by and remained there for some time without giving the slightest whistle. Presently, as if becoming uneasy at my presence, he began to pipe in short, plaintive notes, and at each note he would bob his head and look down sideways. Then he flew to another tree not far away, and perched on one of its lowest branches; here he whistled as coaxingly as before, and tried to lead me on, but I only

stood and watched him. Soon he stopped whistling and began to fly about from place to place quite at his ease. After preening his feathers for a short time, he left the wood and flew over the adjoining field to a small cluster of trees. He soon returned and flew to the same bough of the elm which he had perched on before, and I noticed that he carried a worm in his bill. He appeared to catch sight of me immediately, and once more he hesitated, and became uneasy. He flew from one tree to another pausing for a little while at each as if to examine the place all around. Each time he flew to a branch a little lower, and finally alighted on the ground. Here again he paused for a moment, then stooping very low and gliding along the ground, he hopped quickly toward a small shrub.

Around this shrub some dead leaves of the year before had gathered and lay in a brown heap where the wind had blown them. Beside this heap of leaves the bird stopped, and as I looked closely, I saw a little thrush that had just fallen from the nest. I should not have noticed the little adventurer if it had not moved; but as soon as the old bird drew near, it hopped forward with its mouth wide open, spread its quivering wings, and uttered a faint whistle as it gobbled up the worm. The old thrush immediately left the place and again flew across the field to the same cluster of trees.

When he was gone I started toward the shrub near which the little one was concealed, but had gone scarcely half way when the old bird returned. The other parent bird also appeared, but whence I could not tell; it did not come, but rather appeared suddenly and in great alarm. Their sole object was to lead me back from the hiding-place of the little one. They came quite close behind me and then flew back again from tree to tree whistling the same notes I had heard before, but now instead of the low, uneasy tone, there was a wild note of alarm in their whistling. Sometimes one of them would hop along the ground and pretend to approach its young. Then it would fly up to the branch of a tree a little farther back, and so try to draw me in that direction.

I continued forward, however, and passed the shrub where the little bird lay hidden. When I had gone some distance beyond, one of the old birds circled around to the front where he whistled in the most coaxing manner in his efforts to lead me further onward. This

time, yielding to his enticements I followed, and the rogue was not satisfied until he had led me far into the maze of trees. Then he stopped his coaxing, and quietly made his way back to the youngster's hiding-place, but he was cunning enough to take a circuitous route on his return journey.

No Cause for Alarm.

L. M. C. R.

"Frank, just step to the phone and tell my wife that I shall not be home for dinner this evening," said Robert Wagnell to one of his clerks.

The young man with yellow hair jumped from a high stool where he had been working at the books, and went to the telephone room in the rear of the office.

A few moments later Mr. Wagnell had occasion to pass the telephone room. The door was ajar, and to his surprise he overheard the following bit of conversation going on over the wire:

"Got a cold, eh? Well, you had better take good care of your dainty self, and don't let anything affect that sweet, silvery little voice of yours. *Au revoir*, my dear!"

The young man with the yellow hair hung up the receiver, walked over to his desk, remounted the high stool again and went to work at the books as before.

Mr. Wagnell was regarding him surprisedly, wonderingly, furiously! What audacity! what familiarity! he thought. The very idea of that yellow-haired young simpleton talking to his wife in that fashion. He fairly boiled to think of it.

"Well, sir, what did she say?" he ventured at last in tones severe.

The young man looked up perplexedly.

"Your residence 'phone, sir, is in use just now."

"Hm! Took you uncommonly long to find that out, sir," said Mr. Wagnell still suspicious.

"Oh! I was simply teasing the Central girl a few moments," replied the young man with the yellow hair, blushing.

Mr. Wagnell walked over to his desk without saying another word; and he felt somewhat uneasy a few moments later when he looked up and noticed the broad smile that lingered on the face of the clerk as he poured over the pages of the ledger.

Cromwell in Ireland.

JOHN J. HENNESSY. 1901.

Oliver Cromwell was born in Huntingdon April 25, 1599, a day which ought ever to be held memorable in the annals of England, Scotland and Ireland. When he attained the age of manhood he became head of a party in England that claimed entire independence in matters civil and religious. His friends considered him a man of uncommon talent and intriguing genius both political and military; by his intrigues and ambition he had Charles I. executed. Soon after this event he prepared to sail for Ireland. He said that the country was in disorder, and that he himself was in justice bound to reduce it to order.

In August, 1649, he landed in Dublin with 12,000 soldiers. "We come," he announced, "to ask an account of the innocent blood that hath been shed, and to endeavor to bring to an account all who by appearing in arms shall justify the same." Cromwell knew from history the inflexibility of the Irish race in matters of religion; yet he had in his army nearly all religious fanatics who saw before them a rich prospect of plunder.

From Dublin Cromwell first marched to Drogheda, and at once set to work to capture it. This town was defended by 3000 men under Ashton and Hall. The defence was vigorous, but Colonel Hall, who was at the head of the Irish, was killed, and the besieged threw down their arms on hearing the promise of quarter. Cromwell entered the town, and when he had complete possession of it, he issued his orders which forbade his soldiers to leave a man, woman or child alive. This inhuman massacre in cold blood lasted five days. After this victory Cromwell wrote to Parliament:

"We refused them quarter. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty escaped. Those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. I wish all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone." The Marquis of Ormond, in his letter to the king, and Lord Byron, says on this subject: "On this occasion Cromwell exceeded himself and anything he had ever heard of in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity. The cruelties exercised there for five days after the town was taken would make as many several pictures of inhumanity

as are to be found in the Books of the Martyrs, or in the Relation of Amboyna."

Cromwell then marched southward. Strange it may seem that he forbade his soldiers, under penalty of death, to plunder any peasant on their march, and he likewise ordered that they should pay in cash for all provisions received from farmers. He did this to gain some little favor until he had a firm hold on the country, until he had destroyed the Irish army. His name will not soon be forgotten in the south where, up to the present day, the direst imprecation that can be cast at anyone is: "The curse of Cromwell be upon you!"

In the beginning of October he, at the head of 9000 men, besieged Wexford. He gained this town by the treachery of some traitors. The perfidy and cruelty here used were exactly the same as at Drogheda. Commissioners on the part of the citizens made a treaty with him, whereby the persons and property of the garrison and inhabitants were to be secured. When, however, the soldiers had lain down their arms, Cromwell had no hesitation as to the violation of the treaty, and the 4000 inhabitants were butchered in cold blood. Writing about this, Dr. Lingard says: "No distinction was made between the defenceless inhabitants and the soldier; nor could the shrieks of 300 females gathered around the great cross, preserve them from the sword of these ruthless barbarians."

All the south except Limerick and Waterford was then under his control, and in one more sweep he determined to rid Ireland of Irishmen. "To hell or Connaught" was the cry raised. On or before a certain day all were ordered to go to Connaught or suffer death. There were no wagons to carry the old or sick. They were leaving the fertile lands behind them and going to a place which, according to one of Cromwell's men who wrote to him on the subject, "did not contain water enough to drown a man, trees enough to hang a man, or earth enough to bury a man." Several thousand families of Irish soldiers and officers were shipped to the West Indies to be sold as slaves, and many more slaughtered. Hear what Hollinshead says:

"In some parts of Munster, great companies of Irishmen, with their wives and children, were forced into castles and other houses, which were then set on fire, and if any of them attempted to escape from the flames they were shot or stabbed by the soldiers who guarded them. It was a diversion to these

human monsters to take up infants on the point of their spears, and whirl them about in their agony, apologizing for their cruelty by saying that if they were suffered to live to grow up they would become popish rebels. Many of the women were found hanging on trees, with their children at their breasts, strangled with their mother's hair." The bitter memory of these events have remained, though the good which was hoped would spring from them passed away within a generation.

Cromwell then proceeded to divide Ireland among his followers. He brought companies of his soldiers into the different countries and then disbanded them. He reserved for his own demesne the whole County Tipperary. Of the land which he confiscated 5,000,000 acres belonged to Catholics. All this was done, according to his own statement, to make the country Christian and English. "I wish," said he, "to see the British Commonwealth as much honored by other nations as the Roman republic once was." Yet he brought this commonwealth to the lowest degree of barbarity and infamy. He stained the annals of England with crimes of blacker dye than have stained any other nation on the earth. One of the chief causes of Ireland's submission was the death of Owen Roe O'Neill who was poisoned, and the treachery of Lord Inchiquin who surrendered all the strong posts of Munster to the English commander without resistance.

Cromwell did not leave Ireland till he saw the edict fulfilled to the letter, which caused every Romish priest, every private Catholic, every person that entertained a Romish priest, every person that knew where a Romish priest was sheltered "to be hanged until half dead, then have the head cut off, the bowels pulled out and burned, the body cut in quarters, thrown under the gallows and the head fixed on a pole on some public place." Of the strict execution of this barbarous edict we are certain; and, to use the words of a contemporary writer and eye-witness, "Neither the Israelites were more cruelly persecuted by Pharaoh, nor the innocent infants by Herod, nor the Christians by Nero or any other of the pagan tyrants, than were the Roman Catholics of Ireland by Cromwell."

Writing of Cromwell, O'Connell says: "I now come to the master demon, he who steeped his hands in the blood of his sovereign, and came to Ireland reeking from that crime in order, by horrible cruelties committed on the Irish, to acquire popularity in England. And

he did acquire it, until it was sufficient to confer upon him regal power; and to enable him to place his hand upon that throne which he had not the moral courage to occupy. The truth is, that a fiend so black with crime, so stained with blood, was never yet exhibited in any country to compare with Cromwell and his gang of sanguinary biblical enthusiasts in Ireland." We read in Montgomery's History of England: "If there is any truth in Napoleon's maxim, that 'the tools belong to him that can use them,' then Cromwell had a god-given right to rule, for he had the ability, and he employed it, all things considered, in the side of order and justice." But what was his reply to the just demands of the Irish people? "To hell or Connaught!" Such men as Carlyle and Macaulay would make us believe that Cromwell was a saint, but let us see what other people say of him:

"He was a coward," says Hollis. "He was a tyrant," says Sydney. "He was a bold, cunning and ambitious man, unjust, violent and void of virtue," is Brandenburg's testimony. "A subtle, refined hypocrite," Bossuet's; "A dexterous villain and a bloody usurper," says Voltaire. "Cromwell was an illustrious villain; he regarded only the relation which crime or virtue had for his elevation," says Roynal. "A fortunate fool," writes Cardinal Mazzarin.

After nine months of slaughter in Ireland Cromwell returned to England and left command of his army in Ireland to his son Ireton, who was his duplicate in cruelty at least. Strange, indeed, it may seem that at the end of the Cromwellian administration, a man bearing arms in defence of Ireland should be found, yet there was to be found 20,000 such men under arms. The twelve years of warfare with the English Puritans left Ireland just as unconquered as the fifteen years' war under Elizabeth.

And so she shall ever be. Despite years of oppression and tyrannous misrule, despite attempts at extirpation of its people and religious persecutions, Ireland still stands, one in people and religion. True, she is the Niobe of Nations, and her head bows low under the weight of many sorrows; but in the loyalty and love of her sons, who have made their influence felt throughout the world, she finds consolation. And let us hope that long before the twilight of another age, her tears will have been dried, her sorrows ended, and Ireland given the freedom that so long she has sought and which so long ago should have been hers.

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} Reporters.

—The concert by the Salisbury Orchestra was enjoyable from one point of view, and from another it was not. As far as the individual playing of the members, it was a very creditable performance; as an orchestral concert, it left much to be desired. In the first place, a company of ten musicians with only one first violin is weak; in the next place, a company of this size is too small to tamper with such pieces as "William Tell" and "Faust." If such attempts were made by purely amateur orchestras making no pretence of more than ordinary ability, it would be easily overlooked. A professional troupe, however, should be able to perform these pieces well, or else leave them off their programme. The rendition of the easier and minor pieces, such as "Stars and Stripes Forever" and "Georgia Camp-Meeting" was very good. Perhaps the most pleasing part of the programme was the singing of Miss Wood. Her selections were of the ordinary class of music, but her voice is clear, well-trained and pleasing.

—The SCHOLASTIC would like to see the members of the band a little more prompt in attending rehearsals. It is very discouraging for the few members that do attend, and also for our director, to find only half of the men

in the band room when the hour for practice comes. The miserable part of it is that the ones that need the most practice are the very ones to stay away. This routine must be changed; after having a magnificent band of from twenty-five to thirty-three members during the past eight or ten years, we can not be contented now with a band of only twelve or fourteen men. The remedy lies with the students. It is their duty to support the band and to be present at rehearsals. The director is working hard, and will have an excellent band if he has the men to work with. It must not be expected, however, that he will run around through the various departments, take each man by the arm, and lead him to the band room for practice. Nor is it to be expected that he will allow anyone to be an honorary member of the band and practice just whenever it pleases him. Wake up, you men of musical talent, and get ready to give us some good concerts this spring.

—The examinations will take place next Friday and Saturday. This is the time for students to secure a handicap and get ready for a good finish. In these cool days, there is naught in the bare trees, the brown and frozen campus, nor anything in the favorite haunts about the lake and the neighboring country, that is in any way inviting. There is little to take our attention from our books. But the sunny days of May will be upon us when we are getting ready for the last examination, and the long evenings in June will tempt us to stroll down the avenue or lounge about the campus forgetful of the next day's task. Then, too, we will be in the midst of our baseball season, and the "rooters" will need time to sing of the victories of our team. All this will be upon us almost before we realize it, and then it will be a very difficult matter to confine oneself to one's room, and make up for lost time, while your more fortunate,—perhaps wiser—neighbors are enjoying the best fruits that the season has in store. An average of ninety per cent. or more will be a very valuable treasure about that time, and it will help you through the finals nicely. The Seniors may condescend to hand in their names as they wish them printed on their diplomas; and the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen will have leisure to congratulate one another on having run another quarter in the great relay race of college life.

An Answer and Cross-Complaint.

In the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC I noticed an article entitled "Some Notions about Genius" contributed by Mr. John Westmorland.

Mr. Westmorland does not make his position very clear. His thesis, however, seems to be that, starting with the seventeenth century, or thereabout, and tracing backwards, every age has produced great geniuses; while, on the contrary, our own age has completely lacked really great men.

He admits, at the beginning of his paper, that he can not define genius, or even name the men that in the history of the world have shown themselves to be geniuses. But, notwithstanding this admission, he lays down the proposition that "we can not but be struck by the fact that the older the world grows and the further we advance toward our higher civilization the fewer become the really great men, the scarcer, the geniuses." Mr. Westmorland, I fear, is not a logician. He himself knocks out the foundation upon which he should rest his proposition. But let us neglect a definition of genius, and take his proposition as it comes to us.

The sort of geniuses that Mr. Westmorland speaks of are Dante and Shakspeare; and because we have no Dante nor Shakspeare in the world to-day, he draws the conclusion that the age is decadent, not only when compared with the epoch in which Dante or Shakspeare lived, but when compared with all the other ages of the past. Mr. Westmorland seems to forget that there has been but one Dante in the world, and that if our present lack of a Dante proves the decadence of this age, a similar lack proves equally the inferiority of nearly every other age in the history of the world. He insists that it is our age, alone that is decadent.

There have been in the history of the world but very few geniuses comparable with Dante. They can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Mr. Westmorland should not think that in every age but our own such geniuses appeared in each generation. His misapprehension in this regard is a common one. Mr. Herbert Spencer says of it: "The illusion that great men and great events came oftener in early times than now, is partly due to historical perspective. As in a range of equidistant columns, the farthest off look closest, so the

conspicuous objects of the past seem more thickly clustered the more remote they are." Mr. Westmorland should look out for this "historical perspective."

The world has existed for a long time, but it has produced but very few geniuses of the Dante type. It doubtless will have to exist as long again before it produces as many more. Such geniuses do not belong to any particular age, nor is any particular age to be given credit for them. They are the transcendent geniuses that all the world, in all its history, has produced. It matters little one way or the other whether such men happened to live a century sooner or a century later. They all have lived in the past simply because the past stretches over a space of thousands of years, while the present, or, say modern times, stretches over a space of but a few years. One might as well marvel that there are fewer men living to-day than have lived in all times past, as to marvel that there are fewer geniuses to-day than there have been in all the ages gone by.

Mr. Westmorland says that "it can not be that geniuses drop haphazard into the world." I disagree with him. A genius like Dante does drop haphazard into the world. No conditions of any age can claim to have produced him.

To make a rational comparison between the great men of our age and those of other ages, the few transcendent geniuses should be left out of the question. This is necessary to avoid confusion. A rational comparison of modern times with later periods completely disproves Mr. Westmorland's thesis.

Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Thackeray, Poe—not to mention dozens of others—are modern men in English Literature. Men like Raphael and Tasso, Rossini and Verdi, are modern Italians. Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert; Goethe, Schiller and Koerner are modern Germans. Among the French, Molière and Victor Hugo, Bossuet, Napoleon and Talleyrand have not long been dead. Calderon is a modern Spaniard. Fulton and Morse worked and invented after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and Mr. Edison is still living.

Mr. Westmorland should spend a few days making a list of modern geniuses, and when the list is about one-fourth completed, he should stop and think over it for a while, and then, write another article on geniuses for the SCHOLASTIC.

Tobacco.

ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN.

The tobacco-grower must begin work early in the spring. His first care is to select a spot that is rich and somewhat protected from the frost. Such a place is commonly found on the southern side of a wooded hill, where the autumn leaves have lain long and rotted. A small space is cleared for a bed, and logs are burned and rolled over the ground while they are covered with red coals to kill the seeds of weeds that may be scattered about. After this the soil is thoroughly pulverized:

"Multum adeo, rastris glebas qui frangit inertes
Vim in easque trahit crates, juvat arva."

In this bed the tobacco seeds are to be planted, and the small plants are to remain until they are removed to the field. The seeds, which are not much larger than the head of a pin, are mixed with sand or mold, and carefully scattered over the ground so that there is an even distribution of the seeds. The ground is then rolled lightly and covered with a loose-woven fabric that protects the sprouting seeds from the frost. This fabric is stretched between stakes, a few inches above the ground.

The field is meanwhile plowed and laid off in rows, three or four feet apart; other rows cross these so as to form squares. When the plants in the bed grow to the height of four or five inches, they are ready to be removed to the field. This is a critical time in the growing of tobacco, as the weather must be exactly suitable for removing the plants. Immediately after a moderate rain is the best time for such work. Planting may begin about the first of May, but sometimes it is almost July before a "season" comes. A plant is placed at each crossing of the rows.

For about a month after a "set" is made, care must be taken to prevent other vegetation from springing up between the tobacco plants and robbing them of nourishment; they must also be kept free from worms. The growth of other vegetation is prevented by plowing between the rows, and then digging up with the hoe the weeds that escaped the plow. It is necessary to pick the worms off by hand. Turkeys are sometimes used for the purpose, but they injure the plants by picking holes in the leaves.

When about twelve leaves appear on the plant, the top is broken off, leaving eight or

ten leaves on the stalk; then, as the plant grows it spreads out instead of growing upward, so that in a good year the leaves of one row of plants overlap those of the next, and a person could hardly walk between the rows. If the weather has been favorable up to the "topping" time, more leaves are left on the plant; but if the weather has been very dry, only a few leaves are left. Shortly after the plant is "topped," suckers appear at the bases of the leaves, and these must be pulled off as soon as possible.

In Kentucky, where much tobacco is produced, it is cut and gathered into barns about the first of September. The cutter, with a large, sharp knife, first slits the stalks from the tops downward and about half their length. The wood of the stalk, resembles soft pine. The plants are then cut off near the bottom and placed on sticks by means of the slits, and left in the field until the leaves wilt; then they are brought into barns and hung up, each end of the sticks on which the plants hang resting on beams.

Tobacco barns are constructed with many windows that can be readily opened and shut. They are opened on days when the air is very moist so that the tobacco may absorb the moisture, when it can be handled without injury. Tobacco is greatly affected by the condition of the air, and if there is but little moisture in it, the leaves become brittle and fall to pieces at the slightest touch. For this reason tobacco barns must be closed tightly in dry, windy weather.

When tobacco is put into the barns, its color is a greenish yellow; from this it changes to a brighter yellow, and then becomes darker. As soon as this change of color takes place, and when the weather will permit, the leaves are stripped from the stalks and tied into small bundles called "hands," each containing about twelve or fifteen leaves. At this time is formed the division into "leaf, lugs, and trash." The leaf is made up of the long, perfect leaves, the lugs of the shorter, and the trash of broken, worm-eaten leaves.

Tobacco is brought to this point in its production by the farmer himself. It is then sold to one that separates each division into classes, presses it into hogsheads, and ships it to the warehouses where it is sold at auction to the manufacturers, who prepare it for use. Sometimes it is bought to be again sorted, and thirty-five or forty classes are formed before it comes into the hands of the manufacturer.

Exchanges.

The new editorial board has taken charge of the *Beloit Round Table*. The best wish that we can make the new editors is that they will be as successful as their predecessors, and that under their direction the *Round Table* will continue the same bright, interesting paper that it has been during the past semester.

**

In the *St. Vincent Journal* for February, a student of philosophy, in a well-written paper, cries "wolfe" at the approach of the late day empirical psychology. It seems to me that it is about time for even our college student philosophers to stop disturbing us with these false alarms.

The writer in the *Journal* should not lose any rest over empirical psychology, nor should he have any fear that its advent is going to hurt his religion, or even overthrow the wisdom of St. Thomas. For, to paraphrase a learned Catholic writer who was speaking of evolution, there is nothing in empirical psychology that will break any church windows.

**

The *Mountaineer*, from Mt. St. Mary's College is a paper in which we have become very much interested. It is well edited, and its contributed articles, as a rule, are fresh in thought and forcible in style. The paper, as a whole, is characterized by literary finish. In the last issue there is an article on the Scholastic theory of the concept which is one of the briefest and clearest explanations of that theory we have ever seen. "The Sign of the Cross," a bit of fiction in the same number, is not up to the standard. The little incident of the countersign is a very good central idea for a short story, but its force is lost because the reader is not skilfully led up to it. In other words, the story is not well constructed, and the construction is everything in a short story. To point out just one defect in construction, the author should have stopped with Ken's narrow escape from death. That is the whole point of the story, and to bring out that one incident is the sole purpose of writing the story. It spoils the effect of this climax to tack on the paragraph that informs us that years after, the actors in this scene used to talk it over and thank God that it turned out as it did. One is not at all interested in what they talked about years after.

Obituary.

REV. JAMES B. FALLEY, JR.

On Thursday last at Jasper, Indiana, Rev. James B. Falley, Jr., known in the Order of St. Benedict as Father Augustine, died of pneumonia. His sudden and unexpected death caused great surprise and sorrow among his many friends. He was a student at Notre Dame University in the early seventies, and was ordained to the priesthood in September, 1878. After ordination he was engaged for awhile in teaching; in October, 1890, he took charge of the parish at Jasper. He was a gentleman of fine talent, a scholar of deep learning, and a highly respected member of the Order to which he belonged. To his aged parents, his bereaved brothers and sister, we give assurance of a prayerful remembrance.

OTIS P. CARNEY.

Not for many years has such a cloud of sorrow hung over our College as was caused by the death of Otis Carney on last Sunday morning. Ten days before he had gone to the Infirmary on account of a cold, which no one expected to result seriously; but as time wore on pneumonia developed, and the case grew critical. In spite of the most careful nursing and the heroic efforts of our devoted house-physician, Dr. Berteling, the disease progressed, and last Saturday evening it was plain that the end was near. Father French administered the last sacraments, for which Otis prepared in the most edifying manner, and at two o'clock Sunday morning he passed away in peace.

Otis Peter Mary Carney was born on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception sixteen years ago, and it is a beautiful coincidence that he who first saw the light on Our Lady's great festival and was consecrated to her by pious parents on the day of his baptism, received Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum on the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, a few hours before his death. Reared amid the sweet influences of an ideal home he grew into boyhood with the unsullied heart of a child. He served as altar boy at Holy Angels' Church, Chicago, and during his years at Notre Dame was admitted to the same privilege. His singularly noble nature made him a favorite with both professors and companions, and we may say in literal truth that never was the death of a student more sincerely mourned.

It was an added grief that the extreme rigor of the weather last Sunday prevented any outward expression of the sorrow which all felt when the beloved remains were taken away to the train. But Otis was not forgotten that cold Sunday, and many and fervent were the prayers breathed for the repose of his soul.

His death leaves a large gap in the lives of his friends—and they were all who knew him—but he will always live in their memory and affection. So strongly did he draw all towards him, that it is appalling to think what a blow his death must be to his parents and his immediate family. Their strong Catholic faith, however, has enabled them to support their sorrow with exemplary fortitude.

The funeral was held at Holy Angels' Church, Chicago, last Tuesday, a large number of sympathetic friends and several of the reverend clergy assisting. Father French preached the funeral sermon and read the prayers at the cemetery. Tenderly the body was laid in its grave, and relatives and friends turned away to mourn, to pray and to remember.

Local Items.

—Examinations should now begin to receive some of your attention. Beware of the 24th and 25th of February.

—Let us have more candidates for the baseball team. More men and faster work in training will give us a Varsity nine that can not be beaten.

—Do not take a resolution for Lent, as the actor takes the marriage tie, only to break it. But take it as a miser would his gold, and you will not be apt to forsake it.

—John H. Shillington, the Notre Dame student that lost his life in Havana harbor, and the battleship *Maine* were remembered at the University last Wednesday, when our flag floated at half mast.

—The students of Carroll Hall presented a beautiful floral tribute to their deceased companion, Mr. Otis Carney. Moreover, they have in preparation a very nice memorial which will be forwarded to his bereaved parents, as a testimonial of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-students.

—We the underscribed trio of Sorin Hall emphatically pronounce that the removal of the Parisian oil-painting from the apartments of James G. Taylor, B. A., Litt. B., was not only an unparalleled outrage, but an injustice unprecedented in the history of Sorin Hall. Signed (Boldly)—Edward J. Yockey, Shamus O'Brien, No. 2, Coach Baaaaaab.

—Mike McCormack was very unpleasantly surprised the other day when, on opening his desk, in the Law department, a tiny little mole was innocently rambling therein. He was really scared blue, and several students near by immediately offered assistance, but Mike, with an unruffled southern calm settling on his pale features, declared it was rather a mouldy joke.

—"It is never too late to mend," said Disken as he ran the last thread artistically woven over a fair-sized aperture in that famous green sock; but just then the prefect knocked upon his door, and demanded that he give good reasons for not attending evening prayer. Whereupon the troubled Disken scratched his head significantly, and said: "It may be too late to mend."

—S. J. Sullivan gave a concert in the Commercial room with his new graphophone. Sylvester has some very sprightly numbers. He captivated the house with "Georgia Camp Meeting," "A New Rube in New York," and "She was Bred in Old Kentucky." The concluding number was O'Shaughnessy's, "When First I saw me Peggy Dear." On the whole, the entertainment was interesting.

—He's only a boy whose name rimes with reed,
Whose brain might he placed in a caraway seed,
Whose only excuse for being on earth
Is the fact that of quacks there still is a dearth.
If some one could buy him for what he is worth
And sell him for what he thinks he is worth,
What a profit there'd be. He might lounge in his chair
And live ever after a millionaire.
One day the child's head began to swell,
And very sorry I am to tell,
On a Wednesday night he removed his skull,
And the exclamation he heard was "null."

—Among the many valentines received by Sorin Hallers, the following are worthy of mention.

NAME.....	TITLE OF VALENTINE
Pulskamp.....	Child of the Fadderland
Ahern.....	Forsaken (jilted) Lover
Murphy—	The man that never buys a "plug"
Shag.....	The Long-Haired Poet
A. Therton.....	Hiram at the Circus
Egg-man.....	Baby Elephant
Joe Haley.....	Ballad Girl
Louie Nash.....	A Candy Doll
Teddy.....	An Organ Grinder
Dupe.....	A—a—a—Statesman
Lilly.....	A Pony Rider
Weadock.....	A Quack

—After the track men had finished their practice last Thursday afternoon some of the Carrollites tried to see what they could accomplish at running. Clyne did about the best; he ran the 220-yard dash in 29 seconds and the 440-yard dash in 1:09½ minutes. Land ran the mile race in—well, we will not publish the time, as the students who did not see him run will not believe that he made such good time. Althoff did well in the hurdles, going over them in elephant fashion. The time of the

last two events was so fast that the time-keeper, A. Coquillard, thought it best to remain silent about the matter. Those that wish to know more about the events can find out by applying to the time-keeper.

—Friedman and Groogan, who say they are men because they are fortunate enough to grow beards, made a bet about five weeks ago. The bet was this: The one that got shaved first was to "set up." Both were anxious to win this bet, so the race continued so long that their faces were getting undistinguishable. Groogan accused Friedman of clipping his bristles with scissors, but the latter indignantly denied the charge. Last Thursday, just as the sun was getting low, Friedman could no longer stand the "jostling," as he called it, so he started for the barber shop. Just as he was entering the door he met Groogan with his face smooth and shiny. Friedman came out of the shop ten minutes later with his face somewhat changed too. Now the boys all wonder why "Tom" has such a charming smile on his countenance.

—Musings of one Shag:

I wish all the world were at my feet,
As long as I could get lots to eat.
I wish no one else had ever been born,
Then mine would be the only horn.
I wish I were not half so fat,
So soft, so thick, and all of that.
I really think, if 'twere not for this,
Some lady me might deign to kiss.
I wish I lived in Hector's time,
So I could be a god divine,
And then when "Klondyke" wrote me up,
I'd turn him into a saucy pup.
I wish I were a millionaire,
And didn't have this muddy hair,
I'd make my bulk look debonair,
And run away with Virginia Fair.
Although a little bit on the shelf,
I am very well satisfied with myself.

—A new musical organization has been formed through the zealous efforts of the celebrated Robert S. Funk, now of Sorin Hall and sometimes of La Crosse. Useless to mention his degrees and the different universities from which he has been honorably discharged in default of those institutions being able to teach him. Please do not misconstrue the meaning of the last sentence. As the result of much labor he has at last lassoed four unusually apt musicians, and sends them through a large part of their purgatory each afternoon, while the great Funk, filling his ears with batten, goes through the usual motions of time-beating in a highly creditable manner. They have already mastered "La Rottin" by Geogheganus and the "Apostrophe to the Peanut" by Keglér. One public performance has already been given, and the encores were so numerous and vociferous in tone that the worthy Funk was obliged to offer an apology for the short time that he had the musical prodigies under his direction, and that if they would be allowed to leave unharmed, many

new and pleasing airs might be expected at the next concert. At least a dozen eggs went to their eternal rest in Jamie's horn, while the reputable Funk has been spotted.

—If our athletes do not run away with the laurels next March, likewise run away with their opponents, the medals, and a few records besides, it will be no fault of trainer Engledrum. He is an expert, keeps his men hard at work and in good condition. He has picked out some men at the University that never dreamed of becoming athletes, and made very good men of them. Last Thursday he brought his team out in the gymnasium for a few trial heats. There was a fair crowd in the gallery waiting to see the men when they appeared. Not long after the contests started storm after storm of applause told how well the athletes were doing in their respective events. Connors started the programme with a mile run. Two pace makers, Butler and Duperier, were ready to pilot him around the track. Butler went six rounds at a good lively clip, and then Duperier took his turn at it. At the twelfth lap the spectators went wild to see Connors start in at a faster rate of speed and set the pace for Duperier. Mr. Donahoe then took the pace for the last lap, bringing Connors around for the mile in 4:57. Engledrum and O'Shaughnessy then paced Corcoran for the half-mile which he ran to the queen's taste in 2:10. Barry and O'Brien made the 220-yard dash in 0:26. Hayes, paced by Engledrum, walked the 440 in 1:57. Glynn is the man that everyone is watching just now. He is doing the high jump and pole vault in excellent style. Taking pattern after Captain Powers, he will surprise somebody when our meet takes place. Work up, Mr. Glynn, you will make a good athlete such as Notre Dame wishes to see on her team.

—Through the earnest solicitation of some of our friends, who would like to let their mothers, sisters, and somebody else's sister know their doings at Notre Dame we insert the following column. A prize has been offered to the man that can raise the finest moustache by St. Patrick's day. Sullivan says he has a "cinch," but so far premiums have been given to "Cincinnati Pete," Winters, J. P. Hayes, Van Hee and Kehoe. Farley wishes to know whether we will accept his hair instead of a moustache—we leave this to the student body. Of course we do not wish to discriminate against John's trellised locks, for when on St. Patrick's day, he wears the gown Bro. William is making, we know he will be "the warmest baby in the bunch." Crunican would like to announce that he has changed his mind, and will not get married until April 1, 1990. Sheubert and Sylvester spend so much time in gazing into the eyes of the picture of a beautiful young maiden before them that we are solicitous of their future. Pete's present on his last birthday, Feb. 14, was a laundry bill he forgot to

pay. Kenny declares his jokes are as stale as ever, and that he had a law suit with Adam on the grounds of plagiarism. Have patience, gentlemen, he shall revivify them, for he has sent home for "Puck." Ahern is endeavoring to rival Chauncey Depew with his Donegals—it is not Ahern's fault that his beard is growing—all was the result of a wager; he bet a new woman that he was more of a man than she—of course, he lost. Now he says women shouldn't receive universal suffrage.

SOCIETY NOTES.

LAW DEPARTMENT.—In the Court of the Justice of the Peace, Roll and G. DuComb sued Thomas M. Hoban to recover damages for breach of contract. Messrs. E. Yockey and S. Brucker represented the plaintiff, and Messrs. Blackman and Hoban acted for the defendant. A jury trial was waived, and after listening to the able presentation of the case, Justice Weadock rendered judgment for the full amount of damages claimed. The defendant will appeal. In the University Moot-Court—Sampson *vs.* Davis—an action for libel was tried. The plaintiff's attorneys are Messrs. Brucker and Corcoran, the defendant's, Messrs. Murphy and Guilfoyle. This case will be finished to-day.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—Professor Carmody's Debating Society has been formed into the oratorical society, which is merely a continuation of the same class, but pursuing a different line of work. The biographical orations have all been given out, and it will not be long before the meetings will be resonant with Ciceronian eloquence. Let me add here that the debating club was in every way the nearest approach to a club worthy of the name that the University has yet produced. Evidence testifying to this can be had from any member. If the oratorical branch proves as instructing and interesting as the debating, there will be no lash needed to spur the members to their duty.

—"Honest Abe" went out skylarking the other day; he met the sun and got a bunch of his whiskers; he took a cross-section of the rainbow with its primary colors and various shades and tints; then he took a slice off the newly white-washed floor of Heaven. Arriving home late that evening from his airy journey in the darkness of the night, when the evil spirits roam about, he threw all these colors and many others into a machine, and when the crank was turned, shirts, collars and ties came out of such peculiar and variegated colors that Joseph's coat would turn yellow with envy, and a spectrum would be nonplussed. The shirts, collars and ties were too gaudy for the inhabitants of South Bend, so he brought them to where civilization had a question mark behind its name. Dalton saw the array, and, his enthusiasm being aroused, he bought a collar of diverse colors—a fierce, violent

affair, which bears a family resemblance to the tie, collar and shirt, Sylvester bought. McIntyre and McKeever, becoming poetic, set their eyes upon twin ties which looked like a chameleon in motion. We can not praise too much the talent displayed by these gentlemen in their selections. The green, yellow, olive, violet, orange, lemon, black, white, blue and red are united with such excellent taste that these ties of friendship are masterpieces of beauty. Whenever the sun strikes them 'tis hard to tell what one beholds. Some of our learned gentlemen seeing the whitewash blue from the ceiling of heaven, bought a pound of it—now their jean blue ties bear evidence of their industry. McCollum, Moran, Hayes, and numerous others, stole a few strands of the sun's beard—now their ties look like the sun seen through a smoked glass from the pedestal of satan.

—The students of Sorin Hall will observe Lent in a very commendable way. They will deny themselves many little pleasures, and some will even go so far as to wear sack-cloth under their sweaters. John Jacob Astor Dowd will remove the springs from his bed and will sleep with his head on a bag of cinders, and Teddy Gilbert informs us that he will eat nothing but hard-tack and oats until Easter Sunday. Baldy Dwyer will arise every morning at 3 o'clock, and whip the top of his head with a wet towel until the bell rings for breakfast; he will then hop all the way over to the refectory on one leg and come back on the other. Grady has adopted even a more rigid form of penance. On sunshiny mornings he will put on a heavy fur hat, and chase his shadow around his room until he corners it, and having cornered it, he will try to pick it up without swearing. On rainy days he will eat but one meal a day: said meal to consist of a fried peanut and one tablespoonful of cistern water. Fitzpatrick has given up the pleasure of writing to his sweetheart, and will write to Gibson's instead. Atherton promises to be absent from classes more regularly, and "Jamie" swears he will not go beyond the front gate during the penitential season. Nash will spend three hours each day trying to pick up a needle with a pair of boxing gloves on. The Genius will go about beating his breast with a tack-hammer, and every time his clock strikes he will pull out one of his whiskers by the roots. For instance, when the clock strikes one, he will eradicate one whisker, when the clock strikes two, two whiskers and so on. He asks to be dispensed from this operation, however, in case the alarm goes off. Medley will lock his door and climb in and out of his transom during Lent, and Eggeman has given away his bed and will sleep on the window-sill o' nights. With such acts of self-punishment and denial as these the Lenten season will no doubt pass off with good results.