Ode to Washington.*

HENRY M. KEMPER, '05.

WHEN the all-foreseeing God had pinned the star
Of Bethlehem to heaven's purple robe
And angel voices caroled loud and far
The hymn of Christ's nativity, this globe
Terrestrial circling in a gulf of gloom
With new-born courage rolled its massive weight
Through an unclouded space. E'en so the great
On earth in darksome days like stars oft loom
Before our tottering steps to vindicate
The Providence that rules beyond the tomb.

'Twas thus when in the West the progeny
Of heartless Albion threw off her yoke
With unleached war-hounds, when Columbia's sky
Was overcast with clouds of battle smoke.
That in the rifted welkin there appeared
A brilliant pilot-star, a guidance true,
By which the maelstrom of our youth was cleared;
And now that star is fixed within the blue,
Bespangled firmament and guides our bark.
Secure as steersmen on a tranquil sea,
Through every tempest of distress or dark
Despair, retaining what of liberty,
Of cordial brotherhood and union
We owe to our immortal Washington.

Our country, now a mighty oak full grown
Defying woodman's axe, unless decay
From inward sap its strength, was then a lone
Down-trodden acorn fostered night and day
With jealous gardener's care by Washington.
Oh, much he suffered that this plant might thrive
And prove the most productive tree upon
Our paradisal sphere! Behold him strive
Against the ice-bound Delaware! behold
Him sob a plaintive prayer at Valley Forge!
And see him wrench the Yorktown sword from George!
Then from chaotic turmoil see him mould
A strong, fraternal people in one bond—
Sweet truths we entertain in memory fond.

Not his a work of blood, nor selfish claims,
Nor laurels like to those of Bonaparte!
'Gainst Mammon's wiles, whose yellow dross inflames
Ignoble minds, he fortified his heart.
Unchanged by rank he gladly would have thrust
Aside all dignities though richly earned
And given in grateful countrymen whose trust
In him was boundless as the sea. He burned
With patriot's love and ever first was sworn
To Duty's cause; but through dense shot and shell
Unscathed, unseen—like Priam—he was borne,
Reserved to be his country's Gabriel.

Were we to idolize our sons as did
Primeval Rome; forthwith a shrine we'd raise
As costly decked as Solomon's, and bid
Six Vestal virgins keep the fire ablaze.
But ne'er hath pagan creed begot
So pure a child. His memory in our heart
Survives to make our task his counterpart.
Until life's slender thread be cut,
Until the latest sands of Time be run,
We'll love and imitate our Washington.

* Read at the Exercises in Washington Hall, February 22, 1905.
Washington the Patriot.*

WILLIAM D. JAMIESON, '05.

The story of Washington's life is familiar to every American schoolboy; for it is inseparably linked with the nation's history. His early years were spent among the Indians from whom he gained information that was of incalculable value in the campaign under Braddock. This proud general disdained to accept any advice, and only escaped total annihilation from the Indians by the prompt action of Washington. We next find the young American as a commissioned officer in the English army valiantly fighting the battles that forever drove the French from Canada. The English government was his government, and all her foes were his; for he believed that she was in the right. But what a change came over that obedient subject when he realized her colonial policy was wrong. The ardent English soldier became the bold revolutionist that dared to think and do the right. He could not stand idly by and see his countrymen crushed under English tyranny and oppression. With a disinterestedness that was heroic he threw aside an officer's commission with all its possibilities of advancement, and boldly took up the cause of the Colonies.

Was ever the banner of freedom raised under more inauspicious circumstances? On the one hand thirteen petty little states, rent by internal factions, without even the vestige of an army for protection; on the other, the powerful English nation whose veterans had humbled Europe! But the magic word 'liberty,' that has raised armies the world over, raised an army here. It was a small, ill-fed and poorly equipped band; but with Washington as leader it became the force that was to overwhelm the proudest English troops. The capabilities of the continental army were understood only by Washington, and when he heard how they fought at Bunker Hill, he exclaimed: "The liberties of the country are safe." Yet what a terrible struggle was before him; what dark, gloomy days—days of doubt and days of anguish—when rations were low, when there were neither clothes nor fire, and when the enemy was pressing. During these hours of suffering the sacrifice and devotion of this great soul rose to the heights of the sublime. He urged Congress to send money for the troops; he served without pay. In his patriotic zeal he pledged every cent of his estates to pay the soldiers, and never once, not even when his men were deserting by the hundreds, did he breathe of surrender.

Things often repeated are apt to become trite and commonplace, and we become, little by little, unappreciative of their true value. This truth applies to the deeds and character of Washington. We have heard so much about his life that we do not grasp the real importance of the man, of what he has done for us. But the words of Frederick the Great are not to be despised: "Washington's campaign in the Jerseys," said he, "is the most brilliant of the century." We all know how he crossed the Delaware on Christmas night when the river was gorged with ice, and surprised the Hessians; how he kept the starving army together during that terrible winter at Valley Forge; how by the Fabian policy of delay he triumphed gloriously over Cornwallis at Yorktown. Think of it—that handful of men triumphed over the great English nation! And why? Was it because they had money, because they had a strong government, because they had adequate equipment? No; for they had none of these. This handful of men triumphed simply because of Washington. Any other than a man of Washington's steadfastness of purpose, nobility of character, and heroic self-sacrifice, would have failed totally. It was his glowing patriotism that piloted the colonies to victory and made us a nation.

But if patriotism is necessary in time of war, it is also necessary in time of peace. True, during peace there is no roaring of cannon and waving of flags, no blaring of trumpets to spur men on; but the true patriot performs great deeds even in the absence of these spectacular incentives. Washington, patriotic as a general, was even more so as President. His supreme common sense and moderation kept the nation together.

* Address delivered in Washington Hall, Feb. 22.
when all Europe was prophesying its speedy downfall. He tried to reconcile the jarring factions, and in the face of the bitterest opposition pursued the policy best adapted to the needs of the country. If ever a man was called upon to display greatness of soul, he did it then. France had asked us for aid, but Washington saw that such assistance would be utterly ruinous for the infant Republic, and refused. Instantly he was subjected to the most virulent criticism. His private character was attacked; he was accused of seeking the supreme power, and even of embezzling the public funds. This great man that had done so much for the country was threatened with impeachment, yea, with assassination. It was at this trying time, when the tongues of men were rife with slander, that the memorable words were wrung from his heart: "I would rather be in my grave than in the Presidency." But during all this strife he displayed no bitterness, and kept a single eye toward the best interests of the people that had lately shown such ingratitude. He had suffered much, his peace of mind was wrecked, but he had done a patriot's work,—he had preserved the nation.

What a noble figure this venerable man presents in his farewell to the nation in which he pleads with her to cherish that liberty that had cost so much; that liberty for which he had given the best years of his life; that liberty which was "interwoven with every ligament of his heart." Like Cincinnatus he gave up the highest gift in the power of the people and returned to his farm, there to await the end. His well-earned rest was not to last long. Worn out in mind and body in the arduous service of his country he expired after a short illness of three days. If in life he had enemies, in death he lacked no friends. A great man was stricken; a sorrowing nation realized her loss, and constant friend and former foe gathered round his bier to pay a last tribute to the man that had sacrificed so much for country.

Washington is gone, but what a priceless heritage he has left us! The enjoyment of this great broad land, with its vast prairies and rivers and lakes, with its snow-capped peaks that pierce the sky, with its stupendous wealth and unlimited resources, with all its splendid possibilities for the good of man, where peasant and plutocrat may hold the highest office in the state, where man may worship God as he sees fit, was made possible for us by the grand, the noble, the lofty, the inspiring example of George Washington. In these evil times of civic and national corruption the politicians of the day would do well to hold him up as their model. His name will prove an everlasting guiding star for all seekers of true political freedom, and with Winthrop I repeat: "The Republic may perish; the wide arch of the Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone after stone its columns and its Capitol may molder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere beat, as long as human tongues shall anywhere plead for a sure, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory and those tongues shall proclaim the fame of George Washington."

An Infantile Comedy.

ROBERT BRACKEN.

SCENE—Seated in a room; "Grandma" Lord; "Grandma" Vancouver; Young Miss Crawford, and Mrs. Lord Jr., with a chubby boy in her arms.

Grandma Lord: "Why, you can see, Mary, that the boy is a perfect picture of his father. When James was his size you could not have told the difference between them, and to think James has a boy of his own, yshy it seems—"

"Picture of his father," interrupted Grandma Vancouver.

"Why, look at his eyes, look at that nose, and then can you say he is a Lord? No; my dear, that boy is his mother, a true Vancouver, if there ever was one. Nellie looked exactly like him. To think Nellie now has—"

"A Vancouver!" exclaimed Mrs. Lord.

"Now, really, Mary that is foolish. Goodness knows that boy is going to have a hard enough time to straighten out that nose; and those green eyes are bad enough, but really you can not say he is a Vancouver. Why—"

"Oh, I think he is too sweet for anything;" this from young Miss Crawford,
who was repaid with two pitying glances from the respective grandmas.

"As I was saying, Mary," continued Mrs. Lord, "you notice that bump on the child's head? Well, James had that. He has it now. All my boys have them, just the same as their father, and his father before him. No, if you are going to call him one or the other, it must be a Lord. Now look—"

"A Lord!" burst forth Mrs. Vancouver, "a Lord! Why, Cora, you must be losing your mind in your old age. Why that boy is no more a Lord than I am. Look at that dimple in his chin. I suppose he gets that from his father? Look at the bloom in his cheek. I expect that came from his father also? Look at those hands; his father's, I suppose. Look at him, and if you can find anything to make him a Lord, then you can see much more than I," Having said all this without taking breath, Mrs. Vancouver settled back in her chair and looked at Mrs. Lord with that I-feel-sorry-for-you air, and awaited her reply.

Miss Crawford: "Why, really, don't you know, he is so sweet, Mrs. Vancouver, you were foolish to let your daughter marry my son if that is the way you feel about it, ""(Can not help that")—the words caught in her throat—"can not help that," she repeated, "No, I expect that is right. Insult me. Say everything you wish. Think of something else to hurl at me. Heap it on; anything you can think of. I rather expected more from you, Mrs. Vancouver, I really did. I remember the time when you and I could not go a day without seeing each other. Well, it is over now, I assure you. I will never cause you any more trouble. You will not be taxed to think of anything again to insult me. No; do not try to explain"—as Mrs. Vancouver attempted to speak; "you have said enough. When I go teach the boy to hate me; teach him to call me 'grandmother,' or not call me at all. I was not"—

Just then Papa Lord bounded into the room, and rushing straight for the baby, picked him up and said: "Hello, Do-Do! You're getting fat and good-looking. I swear you look like a big stuffed toad."

The Minuet at "Mt. Vernon."

BY TH. E. DEECY.

FAIR pageant mirroring that older time
Whose memory outlives the rushing years,
When stately dames and powdered cavaliers
Deemed lack of courtesy a flagrant crime,
When dainty maids and matrons, in their prime
Swept low obeisance to their, proud compers,
And gentle speech fell soft on grateful ears
Like dulcet melody of vespur chime,—

Sedately ceremonious moves the dance.
To cadenced harmonies full grave and slow,
The while that youth and beauty, joined, enhance
The poetry of motion's rhythmic flow.
A pest on modern life's fierce rush and fret! Give me the grace that marked the minuet.
VARSITY VERSE.

THE QUEST.
The fair moon wanders through the sky,
All pale and wan;
Through still, starred space a lonely way,
Seeks she the dawn?

J. H. G.

LIMERICKS.
I.
A toper once said in disdain—
"I'm a soldier and care not for pain."
But one day came a fight,
Then he howled in his fright,—
'Twas an excellent case of sham-pain.

J. F. S.

II.
"Now why," questioned young Johnnie Lenter,
"Is the nose always found in the center
Of each human face?
Why found in that place?"
Said his pa, "cause the nose is the scenter."

H. M. K.

III.
There once was a fellow named Nero,
Who was cracked-up to be quite a hero.
He burned ancient Rome,
Watched the fun from a dome,—
But not when the weather was zero.

J. J. F.

SONG OF THE OVER SOUL.
Forsooth alway, and why alack
Since circles are not square;
There's many a man whose head hath a crack.
There are maidens with rats in their hair.
Wherefore anon, piecemeal amain
Doth the wheel of time;
The blitnderbuss falls with a rattle of chain,
And the pudding is decked with lime.

C. L. O'D.

LIMERICK.
A maiden, who couldn't eat beauf,
In a restaurant called for un cauf.
As she finished her meal,
She heard a chick squeal
And was 'sure she ate more than un cauf.

W. J. O'D.

LIMERICK.
There once was a boy in Duluth
Who developed a boil on his tooth.
"By gum!" said the youth,
"For this boil on my tooth
I will chew gum to soothe it forsooth."

C. L. O'D.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ERNEST E. HAMMER, '04.

It seems strange how soon after a man's death he is laid aside, scarcely thought of, almost entirely forgotten. This seems to be especially true of an author who has been popular in his own day. But why should a writer of standard merit, a good man, a poet, essayist and critic, such as Matthew Arnold, be neglected?

If it is true that every student of literature should choose as a model of style an author whose words are an exact reproduction of his thoughts, and that all intelligent readers should select as a guide one whose judgments and opinions are known to be the expression of unbiased thought and research, why is it that Matthew Arnold is not better known to students and more before the eyes of the reading public? Surely a better model of style could not be chosen than he whose chief aim in writing was lucidity and that measured fitness of word to thought which gained for him the title of "classical."

In his essays, Arnold treated all kinds of subjects, religious, historical, political, and critical. His poetry presents to us all the aspects and problems of life in clear, concise, rhythmically exact and charmyly attractive verse. Arnold is not an author to make much of an impression at first reading. To appreciate him rightly the average man has to school his intellect up to its highest capability. But having once cultivated a liking for his writings, no one has ever been found who wished to break away from their association, or considered as lost the time he spent in their company.

Matthew Arnold lived in an age when all poetry was influenced more or less by formal, unbeauteous puritanism, continental revolution, railroad expansion and the "Oxford Movement." Yet, surrounded as he was by these disturbing forces, his poems and essays were unaffected by the Zeitgeist. Born in 1822, the year the world lost Keats and Shelley, he was fortunate, insomuch that he was therefore at college with Newman and the other leading spirits in the Oxford Movement. Arnold's first work of much merit was a poem on "Cromwell," with
which he won the Newdigate Prize in 1843. In 1849 he published "The Stayed Reveller and Other Poems," under his initial A. The work was so good in thought and yet so very different in form from all poetry of the day, that curiosity for the owner's name furnished the chief literary topic for the speculation of bookmen and the conversation of the upper classes. Most of the critics, taking their cue from popular sentiment, received the new writer with more than ordinary favor, and sent forth the verdict—"the author is evidently a scholar, a lover of Greek form and a disciple of Wordsworth's love for nature." How correct was their judgment can be seen in a hasty glance over a few of Arnold's poems; for in them we find him expressing, with the thorough naturalness of Wordsworth, his thoughts on the various phases of life in the gnomic style of his great model, Theognis.

In 1851 Arnold married the daughter of Justice Weightman and was appointed lay inspector of schools by the British and Foreign School Society, representing the non-conformists. This may seem strange when we consider that in his essays he severely rated the Dissenters, or "blockhead Puritans," as he termed them. But when we understand that the middle class, composed chiefly of non-conformists, controlled the vote of Parliament, we begin to see things in their true light. The ruling body, although bigoted and ignorant in their fight against Catholic education, must be praised for the perfection of their public-school system. They were most exacting in their selection of officers and teachers. Arnold was the most fitting man to be inspector of schools, for an author who recalled a popular work from press on account of a few slight mistakes or incongruities would never permit dishonesty to be practised by his subordinates. How well Arnold justified the confidence of his supporters is shown by the fact that he did not give up the laborious duties of his office until two or three years before his death.

His poems were so highly appreciated as models of nicety of expression and scholarly precision that in 1857 he was elected to the chair of poetry at Oxford. It was for his professorial lectures that his chief critical essays were primarily written; but they had received such a widespread reputation from his admiring students that at the earnest request of his friends he gathered them together and published them in 1865 under the title of "Essays in Criticism." It is needless to speak of their reception. Everybody knows the broadening and elevating effect they had on the writing of reviews and criticisms throughout the entire range of English literature. The critics began to complain most savagely when the volume first made its appearance, but very soon even the youngest and most flippant began to read, to admire, to quote from the essays; and Matthew Arnold's fame was established. All recognized him as the critics' critic; the best that England had ever produced.

In the nineteenth century three Englishmen especially possessed that rare gift of sending forth through generations to come phrases which immediately become proverbs. We have it—from Frederic Harrison that "Arnold's were more numerous than Disraeli's, more simple and apt than Carlyle's." Arnold, though practically of no religious belief, kept himself under fealty to the Anglican Church—principally because he had been brought up within its walls. He considered a religion good only insomuch as it was poetical. Catholicism being oldest and most poetical was necessarily the best religion, while all other sects were good only insomuch as they agreed with the Church of Rome. The Anglicans approach nearest to Catholics in the principles of their religion and their religious ceremony. After a few centuries of separation all religions will become one—an improved Catholicism. Arnold was very much grieved to see certain classes of society falling away from Christianity, and he set his mind on the consideration of what is permanent, spiritual and ennobling in religion with the view of presenting a purified and rational form of faith that would command the acclaim of the callous and skeptical. Ten years after he had introduced the subject in the magazines, he presented his conclusions in a volume entitled "Literature and Dogma." The work is noted chiefly on account of its style of argumentation, for it has very little merit as a treatise on religion.
Although Arnold is recognized as England's greatest critic and can not claim rank among her best poets, nevertheless, it was in his poetry that he reached his summit of excellence, and by it will he be longest remembered. In it we come nearest to the real man, for we do not find the professional critic or the salaried professor. Here lie exposed the inmost secrets of a magnificent thinker. It has been said that Arnold had the classical spirit. Many a reader hearing this criticism took it to mean that his style was stiff and formal his thoughts archaic and uninteresting. Perhaps this is one reason that grand and inspiring poems, as "Empedocles on Etna" and "Sohrab and Rustum" are not more popular. Whatever the cause, it is too bad that the critics did not have enough foresight or knowledge of human nature to use the term "Miltonic" instead of that less fortunate word "classical."

Arnold is conceded to be the most learned poet in our language with the possible exception of Milton. Therefore, being most highly educated and taking a great liking for the Greek writers, it was only natural, that his poems were affected by their influence. After his graduation from Oxford he continued his reading of Hellenic poetry, and his love of gnomic style increased with its study. But his thoughts are as truly modern, in a universal way, as Milton's or Dryden's; for they are of a type that are always of the present, the kind that will never die. His motto seems to have been "lucidity of thought and urbanity of form," for he never loses sight of either quality. His critical faculty dominated his poetical effusions to such an extent that he wrote less that would not be missed if lost than any other English poet.

He had very little passion and a small amount of dramatic sense. He wrote with the steady ease of a scholar, but was too much of a student to be greatly moved by passion. Yet he did not believe a poet should have such a quality, for, as he most beautifully writes in his "Resignation,"

The poet to whose mighty heart
Heaven doth a quicker pulse impart,
Subdues that energy to scan,
Not his own course but that of man.

He possessed a moderate sense of rhythm and color, but had no sure ear for melody and music. It was because Arnold discovered this want in himself that he cut off his greatest long poem from publication. Still when we consider along with his other good qualities the high philosophic strain in which he wrote, we can easily overlook this slight fault. In richness of fancy, in fertility of imagination, in depicting the interesting events of passing life, Arnold can claim no high place among our poets; but for his knowledge of the human race as a whole, for the universality of his thoughts, for the lucidity of his ideas, and the exact fitness of word to thought, he has no superiors and few equals.

The Landlord.

GEORGE J. MCFADDEN, '06.

It was growing dusk on a gloomy winter afternoon as I stopped at a little farmhouse. I had a long drive to make across the country, and wished to get a place to stop for the night. I knocked at the door, and a tall thin man with sunken, sun-burnt cheeks and a long, sandy mustache, responded to my summons.

"I am on my road to Seaton," I said, "and as darkness has overtaken me I thought I would see if I could stay all night with you."

"Wife, there's a fellow here wants to stay over night with us. I guess we can keep him, can't we?" he called back over his shoulder.

"O I suppose so, if he wants to put up with what we have," I heard a voice reply.

I went in. There was a table in the room with a red oilcloth cover upon it. The board floor was white and clean. In front of the cheery heating stove, a large shepherd dog was lying.

"Well, I'll go out and take care of your team," the man said. "How many ears of corn do you feed them?"

"About eight," I answered. "I'll go out and help you."

"No, you are cold, just stay where you are." His wife came in from an adjoining room, and I introduced myself to her. After
a short time the man came in, and soon we had supper. Then he gave me the county newspaper, and said that perhaps I would like to read it, and he himself sat by the stove in silence for a long time. At length he asked:

“You are in town a good deal, are you?”

I answered that I had been.

“Do you know how much a man gets for work in the factories?” he queried.

“About a dollar and a half a day,” I answered.

“And how much is house rent?” he continued.

“O I don’t know exactly. I should think one could rent a house for about ten or fifteen dollars a month.”

“Then a fellow could save a little. I wish my debts were paid and I had money enough to get to town,” he said, as if speaking to himself.

“We could move into town yet this winter, and get some nice little house,” said his wife, as her eyes brightened.

“I don’t believe I’ll have money, wife. You know it was in the mortgage that I was to pay old Jake Stuart his rent by the first of December and I mortgaged my team and everything I have. Markets are poor now, so I asked Jake if he would wait, for a while, and he said no. Well, I sold nearly all my corn to-day, and it doesn’t make the rent by two hundred dollars.”

“Then a fellow could save a little. I wish my debts were paid and I had money enough to get to town,” he said, as if speaking to himself.

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“Well, I don’t believe that he will foreclose the mortgage,” said his wife encouragingly.

Just then a rap came to the door and an old man was admitted. He had a long grey beard, wore a yellow duck jacket and carried a huge cane in his hand.

“Who’s this fellow?” he asked, bluntly, pointing at me with his cane.

The man explained.

“Yes,” he grunted, “anybody can get a meal off you. Well, I ain’t got no time for nothin’. I just came over to-night to collect my rent.”

“Well, Jake, I’m sorry,” the man said, “but I haven’t got it all. I sold all the crops and it don’t make the rent.”

“Hui,” growled the old man as he took a chair. “The corn needed plowin’ the fourth of July, but you went to Seaton to hear Bryan. I reckon he couldn’t have spoke if you hadn’t been thar.”

“Yes, Jake,” said the man slowly, “I did lose the fourth, but you know it was the only day all year that I didn’t work late and early.”

“You went to preachin’ blamed nigh every Sunday—drivin’ your team and tirin’ ’em out.”

“Well, Jake, I’ll pay you eight hundred. That is all I have, and I think when a man gets the whole crop and all his tenant’s work he ought to be satisfied.”

“Well, I want what’s mine. The mortgage calls for the horses and implements. Come to Seaton to-morrow, and we will fix it up with Judge Maddock, I can’t afford to lose a penny.”

“But, Jake, what do you expect a man to live on? I worked hard. Another year I might have made it all right. I’m sure I always tried to do my best by you. I helped you last summer when you were sick and—”

“Yes, you hurt yourself working for me, didn’t you?” snarled the old man. “I’ll give you ten dollars a month to work for me through the winter if you want to work. If you don’t, I don’t care if you starve. Be sure and come to Seaton to-morrow afternoon, so we can fix it up about the mortgage.”

As the old landlord rose to go he stepped on the dog, and then hit it with his cane. The dog howled and ran and huddled under his master’s chair. After the old man went out all was silent. Both the man and his wife seemed buried in thought. I too was in a dejected mood. This I thought has ever been the fate of the worker—to sow that others might reap—to produce wealth that others may enjoy it. But then I mused, as I heard the wind whistling outside, perhaps the worker is just as happy, and perhaps he does as much good in the world as the rich, the greedy, the powerful.

The fame of O’Connell shall live forever on the earth as a lover of God and his people. Adversaries, political and religious, he had many; and like a tower of strength, which stood full square to all the winds that blew, this Hercules of justice and of liberty stood up against them.—Rev. T. Burke.
“Van Bibber” in Debt.

STANISLAUS J. GORKA, ’07.

After Van Bibber had made the resolution to economize he scrupulously noted down, every night, what he had spent during the day. He faithfully persevered in this work for two whole months. At the end of this time when he drew up his account he found that it amounted to exactly five hundred dollars.

“Well, it might have been worse,” soliloquized the young club-man.

He was right. These were extraordinary months for him: there had been no special parties, no excursions and no races.

“Yet, this extravagant living of mine will inevitably result in misery. There is no choice, I must economize. This will be my motto for the next five months.”

The following morning he made up his mind to go up town—of course he must walk. Before starting, however, he had considerable difficulty in deciding how much pocket money he should take along. At this moment it dawned upon him that “the whole source of his enormous account lay in the fact that frugality was impossible with him as long as his pockets were full of money. Two dollars, as he thought, would give him an excellent opportunity to practise thriftiness.

“I must economize,” he said to himself as he slid the silver pieces into his trouser pocket. Then leaving the club he directed his steps toward the busy part of the city. He had walked nearly two miles when he met one of the club-men who was an intimate friend of his.

“Hello, Van Bibber,” cried out the other, “I was just looking for you, and I thought I would have to go to the club to see you.”

After a warm hand shake and a brief confidential talk, his friend whispered into Van Bibber’s ear: “I’ve lately had some hard luck, Van, but you can help me out by lending me five dollars.”

“I have only two,” answered Van Bibber somewhat abashed.

“Well, that must do for the present,” said the other, greatly surprised at finding his friend with so little change. “If you can possibly get along without these, give them to me. You will owe me the rest,” he added with a smile.

Evidently the man must have been in great and urgent need of the money, for as soon as he received it he hurried off not even thanking Van Bibber for his kindness.

Our hero found himself in a very perplexed mood. “Had two dollars,” he began to calculate, “lent two, and owe three.” All his reckonings failed. He had never had any liking for mathematics, and he thought it best to postpone this to a more favorable hour. But he could not rest. The case troubled him exceedingly; for he had never before owed money to anyone. Finally he resolved to clear this on the spot. He would seek out his friend and pay him before returning home. But where was he going to procure the money? At last he thought of a place and accordingly made his way to it. Moses Cohen would readily lend any sum to Van Bibber. The young club-man was rather reluctant to borrow any money from a Jew, but he reasoned that the case was urgent and the place was near at hand, so this was sufficient justification for his present line of conduct.

Cohen received Van Bibber very courteously. He needed no explanations, because he knew how it felt to be in such straits. He only wondered that Van Bibber wanted such a small sum. The club-man decidedly told him that three dollars were all he wanted. When the Jew handed him the sum required, Van Bibber felt somewhat relieved. He signed his name to a note, agreeing thereby to pay the interest on the three dollars for five years at twenty per cent.

“Now,” said the son of Abraham, “these three dollars will pay the whole interest on the sum you have borrowed. If you give me the money you will owe merely the borrowed sum.”

Van Bibber thought it was a very good idea to get rid of all the trouble that the interest would cause him, so he gave the three dollars to the Jew, and walked out. He had another puzzle to solve in a more favorable hour.

To the cause of the American Revolution Catholics of every race and tongue rallied at once.—John Gilmorry Shea.
The editor has struck the right chord. Too often the college man makes style synonymous with elegance or ornamentation, whereas that much-abused term is in reality significant of a mode or habit of expression. Moreover, rhetorical precepts are not arbitrary laws; they are established principles by which we may be guided if we elect to follow them. It is in the school of experience that the rules of clearness, of strength and of simplicity first receive practical expression. There the writer learns to condense and vivify his work. If in addition he learns to get rid of the specious detail and useless elaboration that so often characterize his work at college, he has improved instead of ruined his style.

— "Will not writing for a newspaper ruin one's style?" is the question recently asked of the editor of the *Evening Post*, one of New York's greatest dailies. The author of the query is a college senior. The reply of the editor is a kindly and rational one: "We sympathize thoroughly with the amateur's dread of that day when writing under pressure for sordid dollars shall vitiate his taste, shall make him so careless in choice of words and structure of sentences that he can no longer rank with Stevenson and Pater. We admire his lofty ideals, and we regret that we can not forever dwell in such a paradise of preciousness as college journalism was when we still had a style to be spoiled. Yet there are certain fallacies into which undergraduates are sometimes led. They are likely to be deceived by the traditional exchange of courtesies between their professor of rhetoric and the busy editor; both of whom have been betrayed into extreme utterances."

And again: "To the doubting senior who will trust his pretty style to our rude mercies we extend a hearty welcome. He will discover that there are many things never dreamt of in the philosophy of the theorists who at college corrected his themes in red ink; and if learning these lessons spoils one's style, his worst fears may be realized."

— Within the last two months the Senate of the United States has been the recipient of many severe criticisms. In cartoon and in editorial comment it has been berated for refusing to ratify what the President approved. But after all, that political body was not organized to nod its assent to whatever the chief executive might desire. The duty of its members is to deliberate and judge whether or not his washes are in accordance with the best interests of the nation. That they can not please all is undeniable; that they are subject to error must be admitted; and that their rulings are not entirely free from a desire of personal gain is certain. It is generally known that several of these learned men are intimately connected with mighty trusts and oppressive combinations. And since they are so linked with corporations one can not expect that they will fight against monopolism; for in so doing they would be opposing their own financial welfare, and this is the dearest and nearest thing to the heart of most men.

A senate is a necessity to a republic; but when it ceases to heed the wants of the people there is need of a reform. The time for a change is almost at hand; for what use to a nation is a senate composed of members, the majority of whom seek their own personal good. There is but one practical method of eradicating this corruption, but one that will satisfy the common people: the election of senators by the direct vote of the people.
Washington's Birthday Celebration.

Last Wednesday afternoon the students of the University assembled in Washington Hall to do honor to the memory of the "Father of his Country." The exercises were most fitting and impressive. The program in its entirety was one of the best ever rendered at the University on such an occasion as the present one. The laudatory efforts of Messrs. Kemper and Jamieson are published elsewhere in this issue. In addition to the ode and oration the chief event of the afternoon was the presentation of the flag. It is an annual custom at Notre Dame for the senior class to present, on the twenty-second of February, a flag which is flown on the tall flag-staff during the remainder of the semester, after which it is carefully preserved along with the similar gifts of previous classes. The following is the presentation speech made by Louis J. Salmon, president of the class of 1905:

VERY REV. PRESIDENT MORRISSEY, REV. FATHERS, members of the Faculty, ladies and gentlemen:

While there are men there will be heroes, and heroes will be honored as long as the effect of their efforts in furthering human happiness is felt. "The good" that men do "is oft interred with their bones," is not true of heroes. This is clearly evident in the case of our heroes who conceived the "Declaration of Independence" which Washington established with his military genius. For it is to the wisdom and heroic efforts of our forefathers, with Washington at their head, that we are indebted for the signal, blessings we enjoy. And it is in memory of these men that we have assembled here to-day.

We are proud of the extent, wealth, fertility and boundless resources of our country; we are proud of our large and progressive cities with their millions of people; we are proud of our twentieth-century advancement; we are proud of our individual liberties. Why then should we not be proud of those men who made all this possible? We are proud of them, and we revere their memory; but I am afraid that, except on occasions like this, we are prone to forget all they suffered that they might give these blessings to us. We forget that these blessings need a pure and healthy stimulus or they will pass away. We must not be content with having them; we must think of how these blessings are to be perpetuated lest they die, and with them the memory of our great heroes.

If their memory is dear to us, why do we shut our eyes to the utter disregard for law as evidenced in the many strikes, lynchings, corporated frauds, political and official corruption, that we see about us, which foretell a speedy internal dismemberment, and finally a loss of all that we have now. We can build fortresses, strengthen our army and navy against a foreign foe; but will this save us from ourselves; will this save us from internal corruption, the rock upon which all other republics have broken?

Our individual liberties depend upon the standard of our intelligence. For, as the people rise in their scale of intelligence, patriotism and virtue, they learn the true nature of government, why it is necessary and how it ought to be administered. Under such conditions the power necessary to protect society against anarchy becomes less and the liberty of the individuals greater. If, on the other hand, the people sink into ignorance and corruption, the power necessary to protect society must necessarily become greater, and with this increase of power in the government individual liberties grow less.

If we wish, then, the name of Washington to live; if we wish our children to enjoy the blessings that we enjoy, the minds and souls of the masses must be improved. The standard of our intelligence must keep pace with our physical advancement. For if through the want of honesty and virtue of our educated citizens, if through their indifference to the condition of the laboring people, the masses are allowed to sink into ignorance and debasement, this country will become a hot-bed of anarchy, and an iron despotism will be necessary to hold it together. This internal corruption must be prevented; but how?

The American youth must realize the necessity of honesty, the necessity of religion, the necessity of love of country. They must not limit their aim to a material existence,
basing all their calculations on this life alone, forgetting, in the race for wealth and position, their God and the ulterior life for which they were created. They must not look upon the natural resources and prosperity of our country as an excuse for dishonesty and craft; they must have an honest love for their country. They must seek self-satisfaction, not in the accumulation of wealth but in the perpetuation of those blessings and principles that our heroes have given to us.

Therefore, let their education be not an over-development in one line, but let science, art, philosophy, religion, love of country all be combined in the culture of our American youth. This is the only safeguard against anarchy or something worse; the only bond by which so great a people, made up of so many incongruous elements, can be held together.

It is true that we have solved the political and social problems better than any other people, but we must remember that, "They that stand high have many blasts to shake them, and if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces." We must not rely on our present solution to hold under the conditions that are inevitable if the masses are allowed to sink into ignorance and corruption. We must improve the conditions of to-day, and not rely upon our ability to solve the problems that may arise in the future.

The American youth must realize the necessity of honesty, religion and love of country. But to-day men are honest only in so far as it is the best policy. Love of country beats in every heart; but religion is necessary to keep this love honest and free from selfish motives. But where, outside of our Catholic schools and universities, and those schools governed directly by some other religious sect, do you find any attention given to religion? In our grade schools, preparatory schools and large state universities, where the majority of our people are being educated, religion is unheard of. Is material aggrandizement, then, so important that the religious education of our American children should be confined to a few hours on Sunday?

In view of those conditions we should be proud of Notre Dame, the first of our Catholic schools. We should be proud to be students of Notre Dame where we are taught the love not of a part of wisdom but of the whole. For many years the priests and teachers of Notre Dame have seen the necessity of combining religion and love of country with science, art and philosophy, in order that their students might become loyal and honest citizens. Their aim is not to make us rich and successful bankers, merchants, doctors, engineers, or lawyers, but to make us noble and enlightened men. They urge us to seek first the kingdom of God; to put aside greed, sensuality, injustice and deceit that bar us from loving our neighbor. Here we learn to live for God and our country.

To-day—after an old custom established with the intention of instilling into the hearts of the students an honest love for our national banner and all that it represents—we, the senior class, present to you, students, this flag that will float over you during the coming year, a daily reminder to you of your duty to the republic. We give this flag as an expression of that worldwide brotherhood we hope for. With you, Father Morrissey, as representative of the Faculty, we leave this flag as a token of our love for Notre Dame; for being so good a mother to us in giving us that training which will best serve us when we are thrown against that far-flung battle-line of worldly temptation. We give it with the prayer of hope that she may, in the future as she has in the past, instil into the hearts of her students the worth of truth and an undying love for our flag. This glorious ensign, the patriot's hope, the joy, the pride of each American heart—may it never be stained with shame, but always float in unsullied glory over you!

Very Rev. President Morrissey, in the name of the Faculty and in behalf of the University, accepted the donation of the flag. Responding to Mr. Salmon's speech he touched upon that great, vital principle which has ever characterized Catholic schools in general, but above all Notre Dame, that of uniting religion and patriotism: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." This sentiment, he declared, has ever proved our guiding star in educational matters. He expressed the fullest confidence
that the class of 1905, and, in fact, every student of Notre Dame, would always live up to the teachings of their Alma Mater in that regard. Father Morrissey's earnest remarks found firm lodgment and full appreciation in the hearts of his auditors.

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The following telegram was sent to Chicago University immediately after the exercises in Washington Hall, Wednesday afternoon:

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ACTING PRESIDENT,

Chicago University, Chicago.

The President, Faculty and students of the University of Notre Dame, in mass meeting assembled, tender their sympathy to President Harper in his present illness; and pray that he may be long spared to the University of Chicago, of which he is the honored head.

A. A. MURRISSEY.

In answer to the above, Rev. President Morrissey received the following:

The President, University of Notre Dame:

University of Chicago extend hearty appreciation and thanks to Notre Dame University for their sympathetic message, which will be transmitted at an early date to our honored president.

H. P. JUDSON.

The foregoing correspondence is still another instance of the friendly relations existing between the governing and student bodies of the Universities of Chicago and of Notre Dame; but above all it typifies the high regard entertained for President Harper by those at Notre Dame.

Some Points on the Pronunciation of Latin.

Of late so many strange and utterly unscientific remarks about the pronunciation of Latin, are making their round through the press, that it seems advisable to offer a few suggestions on this subject. To the modern classic scholar, believing as he does only in the old Roman method, it is a source of pleasure to notice the attempts that are being made at last to bring some order and uniformity into the pronunciation of Latin, which, under the growing influences of the phonetics of modern languages, has become so diversified that it is almost impossible for a man of one nationality to understand the Latin read or spoken by a person of another tongue. The skill with which some editors pretend to handle linguistic problems is amusing, to say the least. The pronunciation of Latin is indeed in a lamentable state of confusion. The need of uniformity is felt more and more every day. This is acknowledged even by those who are not directly interested in the question. As for church use, some are satisfied to retain the various methods they learned in school; others advocate the adoption of the modern Roman or Italian pronunciation, in the hope that this would bring about a uniform system for all the clergy throughout the world. This is, at any rate, a concession on their part that some step must be taken to lead us out of the embarrassing condition into which we have drifted.

Regarding the question of the advisability of adopting the Italian pronunciation for church use, we wish to say merely that the Italian language is no more the direct descendant of the classic Latin than are Spanish, Portuguese, French, or any of the other Romance languages. Like all these languages, Italian originated, not in the literary Latin (lingua urbana), but in a popular dialect, known as the lingua vulgaris. This dialect, altogether different in its phonetic tendencies from the lingua urbana, manifested itself at the dawn of Roman literature; but during the Golden Age of the Augustan period it was kept underground. Only when the literature was on its decline did the unwritten dialect gain strength. It gradually burst forth from its confinement, and was carried by the illiterate soldier into the various countries to which Roman conquest extended. With the rapid spread of the lingua vulgaris, the pronunciation of the lingua urbana, which continued to live only in the schools, quickly changed, evolving step by step from the hard Roman method down to the Italian, noted for its softness. In this evolution of phonetic transformation we can approximately trace to their beginning all the pronunciations of Latin now in use, except that of some English-speaking people.

This much is clear, viz., that the Church has always made conscious efforts to preserve intact the form of the Latin of the Augustan period, in as far as this was possible. In doing this she had to guard against the tendencies of the lingua vulgaris.
Why then should there be so much opposition to the pronunciation that was in use in the days when the purest Latin was spoken in the streets of Rome? What appears to us somewhat impertinent is the ridicule which some try to bring upon the old Roman method. In the name of common sense, we ask, why all this? Is it because of sheer prejudice for that old Roman pronunciation, or is it because of crass ignorance as regards the claims of that old method? In either case we would advise the gentlemen not to be so loud in their denunciations of that old pronunciation, lest, perhaps, they might be taken seriously and their ignorance on this particular point exposed by those that are in a better position to judge. Let them study the claims which the old method has—a method which now is universally recognized by scholars and is insisted upon in State Universities and in the High Schools.

In his “Decennial Report” (1889–1899), Th. Fitz-Hugh, former professor in charge of the School of Latin in the University of Texas, said a few years ago: “I have insisted, both in the University and in the classrooms of the Affiliated Schools, upon the only rational and scientific theory and practice of Latin pronunciation, the so-called Roman method.” It is gratifying to us at Notre Dame that none of our students, coming to us from the High Schools, need to change their pronunciation.

As we are not willing to argue the question with those that are unreasonably opposed to the old method until they are in a position to do it in a scholarly manner, we suggest the following approved sources to their kind consideration:

Corssen W., Ueber Aussprache, Vokalismus und Betonung der Lateinischen Sprache; 2te Aufl., Leipzig; Teubner, 1868–70.


For an excellent summary of the testimony of the grammarians we refer to Father Scheier’s pamphlet on the Roman Pronunciation of Latin.

Lindsay W. M., The Latin Language; Oxford, 1894.

Schuchardt H., Der Vokalismus des Vulgärlateins; Leipzig; Teubner, 1866–68.

Seelmann E., Die Aussprache des Latein nach physiologisch-historischen Grundsätzen; Heilbronn, 1885.

Now we do not intend to raise a contention against the existing pronunciations of Latin in actual church use. We are far from it. We only stand for a due consideration of the claims we have in favor of the old Roman method. From the linguistic point of view, we fully agree with the Editor of the Fortnightly Review (Feb. 15., 1905) in saying that “we can not chime in with the praises of the modern Italian method, and support its adoption in preference to the ancient Roman method of the Augustan period. To reject our present promiscuous methods and accept the Italian were to change one error for another. Uniformity, it is true, would result from the general acceptance of the Italian pronunciation of Latin; but it would be uniformity upon an erroneous basis and gained by a compromise. On the other hand, the use throughout the world of the ancient Roman method would not only have the desired effect of facilitating our familiar oral intercourse with one another, but also bring us into line with the purposes of the classical scholars of the age... If the Catholic clergy... were to adopt the Italian method, they would set themselves at variance with the entire secular movement now going on in favor of the ancient pronunciation. This movement, supported as it is by eminent classical scholars in Europe and in this country, is, to all appearances, unlikely to fail... If change we must, let us at once change for the best, and those who now so enthusiastically advocate the introduction of the Italian pronunciation should remember, that they are placing themselves and the Catholic laity in an awkward position by opposing a movement which must in the end prevail.”

M. O.

Athletic Notes.

In a track meet held between the Minim second teams last Thursday afternoon, the one led by Captain Heebe won a close victory from Captain Roberts’ men. The stars of the meet were Kesselhuth and Cotter. On the same afternoon an exciting game of indoor baseball was held between
the two first teams captained by Messrs. Reisner and Woods. Captain Reisner's men were ahead until the last inning when Woods' team by a great batting rally succeeded in winning out by one run. On the winning side Woods and McDermott excelled; while for the losers, Captain Reisner, Ryan and Heeb, played fine ball. The final score was 13 to 12.

Call me safe or call me out! Say something!

Baseball and track practice was discontinued during Friday and Saturday in order to allow the candidates to give their undivided attention to examinations.

What would Jinks of Mushroom fame say if he could have seen that slide? He might say that, "It was pretty good at that."

The baseball schedule was to have been published, but owing to one or two contracts still pending it was held over until next week's issue.

Hill, who spiked himself in the high jump about two weeks ago, is able to take light exercise on the track.

The event of the week in baseball circles has been the appearance of Mr. Whitehead, the famous Louisville player, among the candidates.

Mr. Whitehead says that the big gymnasium provides the best training place in the United States for a ball player who wishes to get himself in condition for the spring season. Whitehead is an all-around ball player and a good one at that. He is a fine batsman and an excellent fielder but is rather slow on the bases and when excited is apt to make a mistake.

O'Gorman is showing up in fine form and has developed a slow ball that is hard to beat. Some of our best batters have fallen down before it, among them a professional named Whitehead who fanned the air thrice the other day in his vain efforts to connect with the sphere.

Personals.

—Rev. Miles Whalen, D. D., of Port Huron, Michigan, spent several days with his friends at Notre Dame.

—Mr. Herbert Dierssen of Carroll Hall entertained at the University last week his sister Emma and his cousin Emily Dierssen, both of whom came from Chicago to pay a short visit to Notre Dame and to St. Mary's of which they are alumni.

—Dr. E. H. Jacobs and his wife, who were married in Chicago during the week, stopped off at the University last Thursday, while on their honey-moon trip. The happy bride is a sister of Mr. T. J. Quinlan, who was graduated in law from the University last June.

—Mr. F. W. Shulte of Mitchell, Iowa, (student from '95-'97) delighted his friends by paying a visit to the University last Tuesday. At the present time he is highly esteemed in the position as manager of the G. W. Hyde Company in his home town. Mr. Shulte was a member of the celebrated crew which won the splendid jubilee medals offered to the University oarsmen in 1895. The personnel of the winning sextet being as follows:

Edward E. Brennen, No. 1.
Charles D. McPhee, No. 2.
Hunter M. Bennett, No. 3.
John F. Mullen, No. 4.
Fred W. Shulte, No. 5.
George N. Johnson, No. 6.
Wm. J. Moxley, Capt. and Coxswain.

—James P. Feehan, who attended the University from 1901 until 1904, is now Professor of Phonography and Typewriting in the United States General Service and Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. "Jim" is best remembered as the commander and drill-master of the Sorin Cadets during the three years he spent at the University; and the qualities displayed by him in that position warrant a prediction of a most successful professional career.

—Visitors' Registry:—Miss Alice G. Susan, Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Nellie Vernon, New York City; Mr. Oscar F. McKee, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Charles Peapples, Chicago; Mr. John Logan, South Bend, Ind.; Miss Emma Dierssen, Miss Emily Dierssen, Chicago.
Card of Sympathy.

Whereas, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the mother of our fellow-student and hallmate, Harold Wrape, be it

Resolved; That we, the undersigned, in behalf of his fellow-students and companions tender him our most heartfelt sympathy in this his sad hour of bereavement.

Kenneth Casparis
Charles King
Alfred Dent
Arthur Ryan
Edward Thompson—Committee.

Local Items.

—Who sent the telegram, "Sud?"
—The lock is locked and the door is open.
—Found—An eagle fountain-pen. Owner, please call at office of Prefect of Discipline in Main Building.
—Anyone finding a baseball coat roaming about ownerless can oblige by making the same known to "Bud" Sheehan.
—Last Wednesday afternoon was celebrated the tenth anniversary of the erection of the tall steel flag-staff, which stands just inside the entrance to the University grounds. This staff is the personal gift of Mr. Samuel T. Murdoch (C. E. '96).
—A committee has been appointed to investigate the cause of the noise which occurred in the Main Building about eleven o'clock last Tuesday night. Those who heard the terrible rumbling claim that it sounded like a vigorous young man falling down the stairway.
—There has been a noticeable invasion of the library by the members of the senior class. A cursory examination of the encyclopaedias reveals the fact of the books being much thumbed about the article on "dancing." We know not what this may presage. Can some one enlighten us?
—At the last regular meeting of the Ohio State Club, the following officers for the second session of the school year were elected: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. T. J. Crumley; Honorary President, Prof. J. F. Edwards; President, Byrne M. Daly; Vice-President, Frank X. Zink; Recording Secretary, Alexander McFarland; Corresponding Secretary, Clement Devine; Treasurer, Albert Kotte; Sergeant-at-Arms, Kenneth Casparis. After the election the question of broadening the constitution, so as to admit former students who reside in Ohio, arose and met with the general approval of the club. A committee was appointed to take the matter in hand and make a report later.

—It is the same every Washington's Birthday. Go down to the end of the corridor in Corby Hall, and you will see two flags waving above Brother Leander's door. This mute but eloquent tribute from an old soldier has a far-reaching effect in teaching the love of country. May the old patriot live to see a good many Washington's Birthdays, and hang the flags above his door.

—Since their début of three weeks ago, the Sorin Hall choir have received many summary recognitions of their worth; the most numerous being in the form of varied invitations to dinners at the owner's country villa. The invitations are so heartfelt and withal so spontaneous that the singer-meister and his subordinates have experienced considerable difficulty in putting aside the kind solicitations. There is one "bid," however, which has hitherto proved a stumbling-block to the popular youths. This invitation, coming, as it does, from Mr. Pindle, the genial janitor of the second flat of Sorin Hall, has proved doubly hard to resist. The members of the choir have decided to call a special meeting to consider the advisability of accepting the favor offered rather than that they should wound the tender sensibilities of their benevolent patron.

—A delightful programme was rendered in St. Joseph's Hall reading-room last Wednesday evening. All the students of the hall were there; and in addition Rev. Father Malloy and Brother Florian graced the occasion by their presence. Orations by Messrs. Malloy, Cunningham, O'Flynn and Collier, were listened to attentively, and they gave a good treatment of their subject, "The Labor Question." The mandolin and violin duet, given by Messrs. Y. Parrish and J. Dempsey, was given with great skill. The piano solo rendered by Mr. Perce was given an encore that proved the thorough appreciation of his playing. The "Clog" dance given by Mr. Sullivan, who is a natural-born comedian, assures us of his brilliant future as a clever entertainer. As a grand finish to the excellent programme rendered, the song by Bro. Florian was enjoyed by all. The entire success of the evening was due solely to the efforts of Bro. Florian, who, after the programme had been rendered, gave a smoker to the boys.