Not Length, But Depth.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF FATHER JAMES J. TRAHEY, C. S. C.

Not length, but depth is life's dimension true—
The life that counts for aught in God's clear sight;
One year lived all for Him outmeasures quite
A decade fretted with the world's ado.
The soul in love divine steeped through and through
Will swift attain its fair predestined height
And perfect growth, in lagging Time's despite,—
Such graces rich from ardent zeal accrue.

No "death untimely" came to him we mourn,
Albeit brief had been his manhood's reign;
No tardy blade was he, too soon upturned—
Full ripened for the sickle was the grain.
Made perfect in short space, to Heaven's ken
His years outnumbered e'en three score and ten.

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.
Father Trahey.

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT NOTRE DAME.

On Thursday last, Solemn High Mass was sung for the repose of the soul of Dr. James Trahey, who died recently at Austin, Texas. The report of his death was a severe shock to Father Trahey's many friends, and all Notre Dame sympathizes deeply with the sorrow-stricken relatives.

The Reverend President celebrated the Mass, assisted by Fathers Schumacher and Nieuwland as deacon and subdeacon. The relatives present were: Mr. D. V. Trahey, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Spaeth, and Mrs. J. H. Kleese. The eulogy which follows was given by Father Schumacher.

A month ago this day Father Trahey was called to rest after a short but fruitful service of his Master. The King and Lord of the universe bid His ambassador and representative come home and live from thence on in the heavenly court. His passing was quiet and sudden as his life was brief and brilliant. He held the promise of useful days, but his winter soon set in. Notre Dame was his home and his mother. Here he learned the way of knowledge, and here the higher and the spiritual life was deeply seated in his soul. From this University he went to that of Washington where he continued his faithful work receiving the coveted honor of a Doctor's degree for real merit. The great desire of his life was accomplished when, on December 19, 1903, Cardinal Gibbons placed his hands upon him and sent him forth a priest of God. He returned to Notre Dame ready, no, not ready, but eager to work.

The absolute devotion of his short career as a priest and instructor is known to many of the students here present, and known only to be gratefully remembered. He moved about among us a silent revelation of God, lighting the way of Christian living by an ideal life—the outgrowth of a noble and loving heart. He spoke with an earnestness in the pulpit that was born of a deeply convinced spirit; courage and hopefulness lived in his words as peace and consolation followed his ministrations in the tribunal of penance. In the class-room a kindliness of disposition won respect and love while he conveyed solid information.

He worked hard and well. He saw that much was to be done, and he felt impelled by a limitless zeal to attempt more than the frail instrument that encompasses a willing mind can bear. No enterprise for good, no deed that would advance the cause of his Community, whose welfare represented God's will in his sight, appealed to him in vain, and he stretched forth his hand to grasp more than it could contain. Not content with faithful work during the school year, he held to close labor during the summer months in writing a book. He wrote the book, but he tore its contents from his very soul, and it stands the last sad memorial of his generous, sacrificing spirit. Though weak he plodded on, till he was forced to leave Notre Dame and seek health in the South. There he dwelt on hopeful, till a month ago this day, when, at midnight, a silent figure stole along the corridor of the college building, rapped gently at the door of a fellow-priest who answered the call with the last rites of the Church, and in a few minutes Father Trahey was no more.

He is gone, but he speaks weighty words to us on the meaning and value of life. It is perhaps a matter of surprise to us that one so gifted should pass away so young. He answers: We are here to do what little we can in the time given us. We know not how much we will be able to do and we know not how much time will be allowed us. Let us not misconceive our place or worth. The world is large, and God's plans are much vaster than we can conceive, and are carried out by means that at times are hidden from us. We are on earth, we work and hope and strive, yet our passing is of real concern to no one but ourselves. Things have gone on before we were created, and they will continue to go on after we cease to be. No matter how glorious a man's past, no matter how dazzling his present, no matter what unlimited beauty and power the future may seem to possess for him, he passes away and the world goes on.
The great question for the individual, then, is to know his work and do it, ever remembering his end. The closer we are to God, the more firmly we grasp the idea that God is all, the more we shall be able to accomplish in a short time. "All men are seeking after God," says St. Paul, "if haply they may find Him." This has been the quest of all peoples at all times, and each soul, knowingly or unknowingly, is groping after that one Being who alone can satisfy it. And when the weary spirit of man stands face to face with a clear view of its God who is above us all, in us all, and through us all, a view born of Christian teaching and a reflecting soul, it is hard to moderate the service it renders Him. Then are loud in its ears the divine words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole mind, with thy whole heart, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Then also is heard the declaration: "He that loseth his life for Me shall find it." Blind to difficulty and forgetful of the weakness of the human body, the soul rushes on, until finally it lays a wreck on the altar of sacrifice.

The departed one heard the call of the Master; and with so absolute a self-surrender did he follow the voice that nature gave way under the strain and he awoke in the morn of God's eternal sunshine.

This is the true standard of life—to judge all things as they come to us in His sight from whom they come and to whom they must return. The one we mourn to-day is another witness added to that long line of souls who prove the practical nature of this principle, and I trust this will be a comforting legacy to those that grieve for him as one they have lost for a short time only. As a fellow-student with Father Trahey within these very walls and as a fellow-priest, I ask that those among the students who knew him and profited by his influence, and all others here present, keep him in prayerful thought this day and succeeding days that the City of God, about which he spoke so often in life, may soon be for him an unending reality.

"That learning is best which best helps us to learn more and higher things."

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08.

"Duda,—Mrs. Jerome had heard the children in the street call her that."

"Yes'm."

"Duda, did you steal that money?" And Mrs. Jerome caught the little bedraggled girl by the arm, and again asked:

"Did you steal that money?"

"Yes'm."

"What did you do with it?"

"Bought ice-cream and combs."

"Aren't you sorry; don't you know that it is wrong to steal, and that the policeman will put you in jail if you don't stop stealing?"

"Yes'm—I don't know." As to being sorry she did not look it.

"Well, don't you care? You wouldn't like to be put in jail, would you?"

"I wouldn't care."

"You wouldn't care," repeated Mrs. Jerome, for she could not believe she had heard aright, and looking at the child in astonishment, she asked: "Duda, what would your mother say if I told her what you had done?"

"She wouldn't say anything. She'd lick me and put me to bed."

"Have you had your supper?" asked the woman.

"No."

"Come in here," and she led the little child into the house. Her hair was disheveled and her face dirty. Her little gingham dress was torn and spotted and her legs and feet were bare and dirty. She was noticeable too, but not like other little girls whose beauty and innocence demanded attention everywhere. Yet, as she looked at one out of the corners of her piercing blue eyes, there was something in them that appeared out of keeping with the rest of her makeup. There was something kind and almost lovable. Mrs. Jerome led the child to the table and gave her something to eat, and while she ate her supper, the woman asked her about her family.

"Where is your father?" asked Mrs. Jerome.

"I don't know—away."
"Doesn't he ever write to you, or come home?"
"No. I guess not. I don't know."
Prompted by an impulse Mrs. Jerome said:
"Duda come here and let me kiss you."
"I won't."
"Why?"
"Nobody ever kisses me."
"Doesn't your mother?"
"No."
"Never?"
"No."
"Nor your father?"
"No."
"Let me, won't you?"
"No. I don't want to be kissed."
"Duda, don't you love anybody?" asked the woman.
"What's that?"
"Don't you know what I mean?" Mrs. Jerome stared at the child unable to understand that anyone could live without love.
"No."
"Don't you like anyone awfully well, so well that you like them better than anyone else?"
"No."
"Why, Duda, you surely like your mother better than you do anyone else?"
"I don't."
"Nor your father?" asked the woman.
"I don't like nobody."
"Duda, you mustn't talk like that. Doesn't anyone love you? thinking to draw her out some way.
"What?"
"Doesn't anyone love you? That is, isn't there anyone who says nice things to you, and loves you?" She could not help using the word, and again added; "anyone that—loves you?"
"Jim. Joiner gave me his bat—that was nice," the child added.
"Is he the only one that is nice to you?"
"No."
"Duda, don't you know any nice little girls?"
"No."
"Well, why don't you get acquainted with some and go and play with them?" For Mrs. Jerome thought that perhaps the child spent her time with boys instead of the children of her own sex.

"I did once. I went over to play with Mary Joiner, and her mother sent me home. She said I was a thief, and was tough, and nobody liked me, and my father was tough and got drunk, and my mother was too, and she took in washin', and she didn't want me around any more, and if I didn't go she'd tell her boy—that's Jim—and he'd hurt me if I didn't go. Out by the barn I met Jim, and I told him—that's when he gave me the bat."
"Do you like Jim?"
"Yes, kinda—Jim never hits me."
"Do the other little boys hit you?"
"Sometimes, when I want to play ball with them. But,—as an afterthought she added—"Jim don't."

As they sat there talking a woman passed the house with a large basket on her arm. Her clothes were old and torn and her face had long ago lost all traces of womanhood, only cruel hard lines remained and eyes that looked but never saw.
"There—she goes," said the child.
"There— who goes," asked Mrs. Jerome.
"Her."
"Who is Her," and then it occurred to the woman that it was the child's mother that had passed, and she said:
"Is that your mother?"
"Yes'm."
"Where is she coming from now?"
"Washin', some place, I guess."
As the woman watched the child seated on a little stool at her feet, she was reminded of a young tiger; the fierce little eyes rolled and twitched and her hands were never still.
"I'm goin'," and the child arose from her seat.
"Where are you going? Can't you stay until Mr.—"
"No," interrupted the girl, "I'm goin' home. Her and me goes down the track and gets coal every night now."
"Down the track," said the woman; "where do you get coal down the tracks?"
"Find it or steal it off the cars."
"Steal it," repeated Mrs. Jerome, "Duda, don't you remember what I said about stealing? Don't you know that it is wrong and wicked and—"
"Who said 'twas?"
"Why, I did."
"How'd you know. Nobody else ever said so," and she was gone.

It was a week before she came again and when she appeared at Mrs. Jerome's house she had a large cut over her right eye and it was terribly swollen and blue. But as she came into the house, in reply to Mrs. Jerome's "come in," she did not appear to be aware of her disfigurement, but was the same cool, collected, shrewd little creature as before.

"Why, Duda, what is the matter with your eye?" asked the woman as she looked at the badly cut forehead.

"It's hurt."
"How did you hurt it?"
"Got hit."
"Who hit you? Tell me about it."

"A boy; 'cause I was stealing coal off his father's car. And he said I was a thief; and then his father came, and—" she stopped and looked at Mrs. Jerome.

"And then," the woman said, for she saw at once that something strange had happened to the child.

"And then," the child repeated, and again stopped.

"And then, what?" softly inquired the woman.

"And then," she hesitated, "and then he said he was—sorry for me, and it was too bad, and he—kissed me." She hung her little head ashamed that some one had been good to her, and that some one had kissed her.

Mrs. Jerome drew the child up in the big chair beside her and held her in her arms. She talked to her about love and good people, about God and many other things, all new and strange to the child "whose father was tough and got drunk, and whose mother took in washin'." The woman finally asked:

"How is Jim?"

"Jim—I love 'im. He's good to me. He never hits me. But Jim's mad at me now."

"What is Jim mad at you for?"

"'Cause I killed his sister's cat. Mean thing, it scratched me, and I killed it, and Jim said I was mean and he hated me."


"I said I didn't care if he did hate me, I loved him anyway. And I do, better than anybody else." The child arose and added: "I got to go now. She told me to hurry back, 'cause I got to take Mrs. Perkin's washin' home to her, and if I ain't there on time—she'd lick me."

"You'll come again, won't you?" and the woman walked out on the lawn with the child getting her promise to return soon.

When a week had passed and no Duda, Mrs. Jerome grew uneasy about the child, but on Tuesday of the second week Duda made her appearance, informing Mrs. Jerome in reply to her question as to where she had been, that, "She'd been workin'."

"What have you been doing?"

"Been pickin' berries out in the country. I made sixty-nine cents, and I'm goin' to buy some ribbons like Maim Schultz's got in her hair. I've got the money right here," and she thrust her little brown hand deep into the folds of her dress and proudly drew forth the sixty-nine cents.

"Here it is," and she held it toward the woman.

"I don't want it. You keep it, but be careful you do not lose it."

"That's what I told Her; I'd lost it, 'cause she wanted it, and I said 'twas lost. You keep it for me, so I can get the ribbons," and then almost in the same breath, she added:

"I saw Jim, and he ain't mad no more. He said he was sorry too, but he didn't say I was a thief, or it was too bad; he just said he didn't mean it, and he was sorry. Jim didn't kiss me, and I wish he would."

And she looked up into Mrs. Jerome's face with her little tiger eyes softened into a tenderness new to them.

Almost fiercely, the woman caught the child in her arms and kissed her times without number, holding her close to her breast, the tears falling down her face.

"Duda."

"Yes'm."

"Would you like to come and live with me all the time?"

"Yes'm."

Mrs. Jerome put the child down, and said:

"All right, my dear; you go home now and to-night I will come and see your mother and make arrangements for you to
come and work for me," and Mrs. Jerome pictured in her mind how she would get the little girl into her home, by inducing the child's mother to allow the girl to come and work for her.

While Duda waited on the back porch of her mother's old tumble-down shanty, she wondered how it would be to live over in "that house where they had white things on the table and flowers and things," and long after her mother had gone to sleep, the child waited for the woman who was going to take her over there, for, she reasoned, "she said she'd come." As Mrs. Jerome did not come that night Duda hurried over the next morning early to "that house," and when she drew near, the place looked dark and lonely and was more quiet than usual. As she came up the long walk, she saw a big important-looking man with a little satchel in his hand talking to a white-faced woman, and she heard him say: "It looks bad, but she may pull through all right. I'll be back in an hour."

Duda walked around the large lawn until she came to the flower-bed where the night before she and Mrs. Jerome had picked the beautiful white flowers. After carefully selecting a large bouquet she went timidly up to the big door.

"Please may I give these to Mrs. Jerome?" she said to the questioning look of the white-faced woman, who had answered her knock.

The woman held out her hand to take the flowers, but the child drew back and put the flowers behind her, and the woman understanding said: "Mrs. Jerome is very ill and I will give her the flowers for you. To-morrow you come again and maybe you can see her."

When darkness came that night something new and strange worked on the child; she could not sleep, and the morning light found her huddled into one corner of the room wherein she slept, still dressed in her street clothes, and her little face gave signs of having spent a troubled and sleepless night. The minute she could get away from her she hurried across the city to Mrs. Jerome's. In the yard she stopped and gathered another bunch of flowers and hastened to the door. The same white-faced woman answered her, and it appeared to the child that the woman had been weeping, for her eyes were red and swollen. In reply to her question, "How's she?" the woman said sadly:

"She is dead!"

The little girl hastened away from the house, carrying the flowers tightly grasped in her hand. Now and then she would look back over her shoulder, as though she feared something. On the corner she met Jim going for his father's paper.

"Jim," she said, "Mrs. Jerome's dead."

"Who's Mrs. Jerome?" asked the boy.

"She loved me—she said she did. And she's dead. Jim, do you love me?"

"Sure."

"Why don't you ever kiss me, then? She did; so did the man. Why don't you?"

"I don't know. I don't kiss girls. But I love you all right."

"Jim?"

"What."

"Won't Mrs. Jerome come back any more when she's dead?"

"No. They'll take her away in a big black box and dig a terrible big hole in the ground and put her in it,—like they did to Uncle Ned—and cover her up with dirt, and then if she's good, she'll go to heaven."

"She'll go there all right; she's good. She kissed me, and she's good."

When the last carriage was leaving the graveyard the occupants saw a little barefoot girl emerge from behind a tombstone across the driveway from the place where Mrs. Jerome had been laid to rest. She came to the grave and looked hard at the newly piled dirt, and then lying down on the ground the child, for the first time in her life, cried as though her little heart would break, and for reasons other than a "lickin'."

That night they found her walking around the large lawn behind the Jerome home, in her hand was tightly clasped a large bunch of flowers, which, the man who found her, said that she had stolen from Mrs. Jerome's flower garden. Her offences were numerous, and the next day they took her away to a reform school—"the thief whom no one loved, whom no one ever kissed, whose father was tough and got drunk, and whose mother took in washin'"
THE MODERN BROOK.

I come from haunts of dukes and kings
I make a sudden rally,
And lo! behold my boom floats down
The Mississippi Valley.

Through thirty states I hurry on,
I tear down well-built fences;
I've won near all the delegates
Ere half the field commences.

At last by Alton's grave I flow,
Close by the Hudson River;
For he has run and he is done,
But I shall run forever.

I chatter 'bout the tariff laws
In bitter sharps and trebles;
At Teddy's regulation bill
Hurl democratic pebbles.

With many a speech the trusts I fret,
The railroads shake and tremble;
While William Randolph tries in vain
His envy to dissemble.

I chatter, chatter, as I go
I've lost the silver fever,
For issues come and issues go
But I shall run—forever! W. J. D.

OUR ALLO.

Oh, our Állo's gone away,
Left us just a week to-day,
And we'll never see our darling
More;
'Twas at eve she flew her kite,
Jumped the fence and ducked from sight,
She never had the nerve to die before.
Oh, we got some creosote
And we stuffed it down her throat,
And we put tobacco clippings in her ears;
And we rubbed some iodine
With molasses on her spine,
And fed her cones and hectagons and spheres.
She drank H²SO₄
And we rolled her on the floor.
But all we got from her was bitter sighs;
In her nose we put morphine,
Washed her teeth with Paris green,
And from her tears we brushed away her eyes.

We poured coal oil through her hat,
Tried to chase away her rat,
And make her pompadour come off the perch;
But our kindness was no use,
For without the least excuse
She cut away, and left us in the lurch.
And I often wonder why
That child had the face to die,
With a bill of fifty dollars to be paid;
But she knew she had us bushed,
She'd get well if she was pushed,
And we all forgot to push the little maid.

Othello.

CORNELIUS P. HAGERTY, A. B.

So much has been written about all the plays of Shakespeare by men of genius and high talent who have devoted years to the study of the great poet— that it seems almost presumptuous on the part of a college student to attempt to elucidate any point in Shakespeare. Still it must be gratifying to educators, and in particular to admirers of this poet, to know that the young men read Shakespeare with interest, sympathy, and love, that they feel that to become acquainted with his plays, to appreciate the lofty, moral and intellectual characters; to learn the lesson everywhere taught, that “the wages of sin is death,” is one of the greatest educational forces that can be brought to bear upon the mind and character of any man.

Of all the plays there is none, perhaps, that is so passionately interesting as Othello. In no other are the emotions stirred so deeply; pity and love for Desdemona; hate for Iago, and a blending of sympathy and anger for Othello. The first time the play is read the narrative is pursued with breathless interest as the noble love of Desdemona and Othello appears; the heroism of Desdemona in marrying Othello in spite of circumstances that would terrify an ordinary woman—the brave, silent admiration and love of Othello; the love of both coming to a climax at their first meeting in Cyprus. Then comes the poison of jealousy so gradually and artfully instilled by the human counterpart of the keenest devil in hell. As Othello becomes more and more entangled in the meshes of Iago's plot, we wonder if something must not happen to make known the truth; but nothing happens. The plot of Iago works out with preternatural cruelty, and Desdemona is killed by her husband.

After the deed is done, one can not but ask: is this a correct view of life? If there is sin on the part of Othello and Desdemona, is not the punishment too severe? is not the evil power in the world represented by Iago given too much power, over virtue? Does man, according to Shakespeare, receive
sufficient grace to triumph over his spiritual enemies? These questions crowd into the mind, and whatever answer we make to them, this much seems true, that when Shakespeare grew older and had passed through the stormy, passionate stage of life he took a serener and more merciful view. If he had written Othello ten years later he would have found a way of making known to the Moor the fidelity of Desdemona and the superhuman treachery of Iago. The play seems almost fatalistic. Othello feels it when he says: "Who can control his fate?" Yet, because of the deep emotions it awakens, the beauty of character it brings forth, we would hesitate to have it end otherwise. Still, if there were a wise, kind providence looking after Othello and Desdemona, would not mercy have been shown them for the great love they bore each other?

My object in this essay is to prove that neither Othello, Desdemona, nor Cassio was guilty of a sin grave enough to deserve the terrible calamity with which the play ends, and, consequently, that, from a Christian standpoint, the sins which Othello finally commits in slaying his wife and himself are the outcome of his being tried beyond his strength. To do this, we must first examine the character of Iago, for it would be impossible to understand the other characters of the play without first understanding this all-pervading spirit of wickedness.

Iago is the devil incarnate. In all literature, a more subtle, cunning, intellectual villain can not be found. A representative of the basest and most unscrupulous of the Italian race—a race noted for its shrewd villains as well as for its great saints— Iago has a wonderful mind, surpassing the minds of all the other characters in its keenness, far-sightedness and activity. His mind has been poisoned, and, like the mind of the devil, delights only in wickedness and in the destruction of others. It does not plot so much because it hopes to profit thereby as to satisfy its own morbid craving to make others miserable and unhappy like itself. His is a great mind perverted by an evil, unscrupulous life. He seems almost to have been born with a genius for villainy; he is not contented except when engaged in ruining somebody that is happier and better than himself. As the play advances and his malicious, passionless, intellectual hypocrisy gains more and more control over Othello, we feel that nowhere on earth could be found a more clearly drawn picture of the arch-devil of hell than Iago. When Othello and Desdemona meet after the storm at sea and greet each other with so much love, Iago stands behind and says:

O you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the page that make this music,
As honest as I am.

The most distressing fact is that Iago is so cunning that Othello and Desdemona trust him absolutely, call him "honest" and Iago is able therefore

To make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness.

Finally, Iago, like the devil, is a scoffer at virtue. He has no respect for women. He is not passionate, but cold, intellectual and foul. Iago has no motive for his base plot; he says to Roderigo that Othello refused to give him the lieutenantcy, even when besought by three noble Venetians; but this, judging from Othello's treatment of Iago, is a barefaced lie. When alone the only motive he can give is:

It is thought abroad that in my home
He's done me wrong: I know not if it be true,
But I for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety.

It is his own discontent at seeing others happy that prompts him to it all. Poor Roderigo, whom Iago deceives and robs, all the while holding out vain hopes to him, pronounces his most appropriate title when, in the very act of serving Iago, he is slain by him: "O damned Iago! O inhuman dog."

Desdemona is one of the most heroic as well as one of the most perfect of all of Shakespeare's characters. The quality that reveals most of her soul's beauty is her love for Othello. He was a Moor, dark of complexion and such a one as would be repulsive to the generality of women; but Desdemona saw "Othello's visage in his mind," she recognized the beauty of his brave, manly soul, and, in spite of the opposition of her father, married him. She is always so affectionate, so generous toward
him, so unwilling to suspect him even when he accuses her, strikes her and kills her that our admiration is aroused to the highest pitch, and our love and sympathy deepen as each succeeding line reveals how whole-souled her love is and how freely she has cast off all other hopes in the world except the hope of living happily with one she esteems so much. Her purity is absolute; she seems to be unaware of the existence of anything contrary to it; her innocence, too, of the wickedness of men makes her unable to suspect Iago and to defend herself properly to Othello.

Why, then, since Desdemona is so innocent and good should she be killed? Shakespeare in all his plays seems to believe that vice is punished and virtue rewarded. All that can be said against her is that she seems to have been a little ungentle toward her father in leaving him without his knowledge; but her character proves that she was the image of gentleness, and that such conduct would have been inconsistent with her character. Therefore, she must have known well her father’s attitude toward her marriage and believed that to have made it known to him would have been fatal. Also, she tells what at first seem to be two little lies; once when Othello asks for the handkerchief which she has lost, and she says that it is not lost; but she is not certain she has lost it and, perhaps, intends later to make a thorough search for it. Again, when she awakens just before her death and Emilia asks: “O who hath done this deed?” she answers: “Nobody; I myself.” This might be looked on in a metaphorical sense; but even if it were not, it can be nothing more than an imperfection prompted by her love for Othello and her pity for him when he finds his mistake and faces the sarcasm of the Venetians who opposed their marriage.

Therefore, Desdemona can not be guilty of the sin that brings destruction. If Shakespeare follows his usual custom, either Cassio or Othello must be guilty. The only thing, however, that could be urged against Cassio is the lack of will-power he showed in accepting Iago’s invitation to drink, since he knew the effect wine had upon him. But he refused steadily until Iago insinuated cuttingly that if he did not drink he would seem to bear little love toward Othello. This stung Cassio because he loved Othello dearly, and he drank with disastrous results. But this sin could not be sufficient to merit the wholesale destruction that followed. It was only, as Desdemona says, “Not almost a fault to incur a private check.”

If there is sin, then, Othello must be guilty, else too much power is given to the evil one, whom Iago represents, and Shakespeare’s moral code is false as far as this play is concerned. What are Othello’s faults and what his virtues? He is brave, honest magnanimous; even Iago must admit he “is of a constant, loving, noble nature;” Cassio says, after his death, “he was great of heart;” but his greatest virtue, like that of Desdemona, was his love. He says of himself:

But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumspection and confine
For the sea’s worth.

He is ravished with love at their meeting in Cyprus after the voyage; it is his love that makes him the prey of Iago. It is only a soul that loves passionately that could be stirred to such depths by what he believed to be the defection of his beloved. The thought that Desdemona is false makes him, strong soldier that he is, fall into a swoon. Just before he kills himself he tells the two Venetians that in their report they “must speak of one who loved not wisely but too well.”

But his faults? Was he guilty of the charge made against him by Iago? Iago can only say it is a rumor, a suspicion; and who would sooner believe it a certainty than Iago? Emilia seems to exonerate him entirely when she says to Iago after her animated attack on slanderers:

O fie upon them! some such squire he was
That turned your wit the seam side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

But aside from this, Othello is so self-controlled and honorable that it is almost contradictory to imagine him guilty of such a crime. If Shakespeare wished him to be thought guilty he should have modified his character or made the accusation and proof plain.

(Continued on page 60.)
from giving its liberal and hearty support, we can not hope to achieve great results. We mean to be plain and fair. We want you on our staff. We need your work and your good will. If you have neither, try to cultivate some. Submit your work and help us make our college paper a success.

—Bryan's government ownership policy, like all his theories, has called forth a great deal of editorial criticism throughout the country. Ever since his Madison Square Garden Speech, Republican newspapers have daily devoted columns of their editorial sheet to what, in most instances, appears to us to be a rabid personal arraignment of the Democratic leader and his ideas.

It is amazing, to say the least, to find the vast majority of these editorials on government ownerships to be absolutely nothing but a host of broad and general statements, spiced with a bit of clever sarcasm and unsupported by a single basic argument. For instance, we find Mr. Bryan's plan of railroad ownership scoffed at as impossible, as dangerously socialistic, as another Bryan "heresy," and as calculated to plunge the nation into serious financial difficulties.

Now these statements involve capital charges. If the centralization of our railway system in the government will mean any or all of these evils its adoption or advocacy would be suicidal; but on the other hand, what we, as voters, would like to know, and what every man who is capable of intelligently using that franchise wants to be certain of is, how will government ownership work against the interest of the nation, and why will it not remedy those abuses so universally acknowledged as among us? If Bryan's plan is impossible, we would like to know why; if it borders on socialism, we would like to know just what are its socialistic tendencies. If it is a political "Heresy," we want to know in just what way it violates the settled precedents of sound economics.

One need not be in sympathy with Bryanistic ideas on government ownership to become a little wearied of this continual tirade of unsupported criticism on this his new policy. Mr. Bryan has—clearly stated
the working principles as well as the theoretical side of his new doctrine. He has outlined his plan fully and in detail. And in all his utterances on the subject, we believe there is a fairly reasonable line of argument. It is sufficient at least to demand some consideration, and surely cannot not be met with or overcome by a mere array of statements and personal criticism. Argument, should, we believe, be met with argument. Hostile, empty assertions detract nothing from the soundness of the government ownership idea, but only increase its chances of becoming generally accepted as sound economic doctrine. The vast majority of those editorial are calculated not to lessen Mr. Bryan's popularity as an economist but rather to incite a respect for him, not only as a man of principle but as a statesman of ability.

Mr. Bryan's sincerity is unassailable. His policies must remain so too, until his political enemies drop their personal arraignment of him and their derisive criticism of his politics and tell us why government ownership of railroads is a poor thing, why it is a political heresy, and how it is going to run us into difficulties that are ruinous. If it will do all this we want to know the how? and the why?

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Athletic Notes.

Coach Barry and Captain Bracken are bringing the men around, and the teams that are practising on Cartier Field these days do not look much like the men who were running signals a week ago. The plays are running smoothly and everything is developing rapidly—speed, endurance and head work.

Manager Draper has been unable to secure pads for all the jerseys, and the first scrimmage, which was to have been held Thursday, was rather a tame affair. Coach Barry instructed the men to go into the scrimmage easy, as part of the men were without any kind of pads whatever, and although the plays were executed slowly the Varsity offense shows development. Dwan ran the team at quarter and generalized the Varsity in grand style. Besides using good head-work, he made several long runs around end. Captain Bracken circled end for a couple of thirty-yard dashes,
and Callicrate did likewise on the other side. Miller displayed the first genuine resemblance to the renowned Salmon as a line-bucker and came up to expectations.

For the second team O'Flynn, Hutzel and Keeffe gained considerable ground and showed that they will be valuable men to replace the regulars.

Ex-Captain Beacom and Sam Dolan appear to have the tackle positions cinched. Mr. Clarence Sheehan of Grand Ridge, Illinois, will be the man in the middle.

For the guard positions there are several good men—Eggeman, Doyle, Donovan, Henning and Mertes, are all doing well, and the men who get the positions can be counted on for stonewalls.

Bervy, Munson, Burdick and Keach are playing ends. Bervy and Munson appear to have it on the other pair a trifle, and will very likely be given the first chance Saturday.

Harry Hague put up a good game at tackle against ex-Capt. Beacom Thursday.

The regular backfield looks like: Dwan, quarter-back; Captain Bracken, left-half; Callicrate, right half, and Miller, full-back. But it is easy enough to dope out the positions on paper. The first game will give a better line on the men, and then the dopesters will have something to work on.

The men who will likely get in Saturday's game against Franklin College are as follows:

Left-end—Bervy, Burdick.
Left-tackle, Beacom, Hague.
Left-guard, Doyle or Donovan.
Centre, Sheehan, Mertes.
Right-guard, Eggeman, Henning.
Right-tackle, Dolan.
Right-end, Munson, Keach.
Quarter-back, Dwan, Binz.
Left half-back, Bracken (Capt.), Keeffe.
Right half-back, Callicrate, Hutzel.
Full-back, Miller, O'Flynn. A. O'C.

Othello became jealous. Yes, but would not any other man similarly circumstanced have become jealous too? He was naturally free from jealousy and slow in allowing it to enter his mind, but under the circumstances he could not have done otherwise. He was a man of action; his resolution had not, like Hamlet's, been "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." He was not cunning enough to outwit Iago, whose intellect was, perhaps, the keenest of any character in Shakespeare. He thought Iago was honest, and who that reads the play can blame him, knowing that Othello did not possess that insight and penetration into human nature which comes only from a life of observation and thought, but was "of a free and open nature, that thinks men honest that but seem to be so?"

If we can excuse this want of insight we must excuse everything else, because Iago played on him with such skill that Othello was no longer master of himself. Iago's reasoning was invincible, and Iago was "honest." All that was left for Othello was to act as he did: to avenge his outraged love. Still there is a little comparison which might be made here if one dared—perhaps, the nobility of the characters will justify it.

If Othello were as perfect a Christian as he should have been he might have followed the example of St. Joseph, who, when he found Mary with child, "was minded to put her away privately." Othello did have this course in view when he said:

If I do prove her haggard
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.

But Iago's medicine worked too well; the barbaric nature which long intercourse with Christendom and rigorous self-discipline had almost obliterated, appeared as a result of the terrible strain to which he was subjected and compelled him to the course he took. Therefore, if Othello is guilty of jealousy, his sin is not of the deliberate kind, such as Macbeth's; if he does wrong he does so unconsciously and with the best intention. Does such a sin deserve so terrible a punishment? Is Othello guilty of serious sin at all? Note his remorse, when conscious of his deed:
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench!
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.
O cursed, cursed slave! whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemone! dead, Desdemone! dead! O! O!

Sorrow of his kind could spring only from
the deepest love, and shall not Othello be
forgiven because "he has loved much?"
His anger on finding out his deed does not
break loose on Iago, as we would at first
think natural; when he attacks Iago "every
puny whisper gets his sword," but his
anger breaks loose on himself, "Like the
base Indian," he says he "threw a pearl
away richer than all his tribe," and when
he attacks himself, no one gets his sword,
he makes close-joiner work of it, and with
one blow! If "love is the fulfilling of the
law," then Othello is not guilty.

If Shakespeare wishes to teach his accus­
tomed lesson in this play that the "wages
of sin is death," he appears to me to
be too severe; the punishment is out of
proportion to the sin. A feeling of
depression and discouragement comes over
the reader as, step by step, the power for
evil gains control over the noble characters
of the play, and instead of Providence
guiding the fortunes of the characters,
merciless fate seems to be in control.

Considering the circumstances in which
Othello was placed, considering the preter­
natural cunning of Iago, considering the
kind of man Othello was of necessity as
a result of temperament, education and
profession, who could expect him to pene­
trate so subtle a scheme as Iago's? He
does not appear to have received sufficient
grace to triumph over the temptation to
which he was subjected, and we can not
blame him for the course he took. If this
is so it is difficult, in strict justice, to see
on what grounds Shakespeare had a right
to bring about the destruction of Othello
and Desdemona.

The play works out with invulnerable
logic and admirable precision. Everything
follows as a natural consequence, but I can
not help feeling that "there is something
rotten in Denmark." The author of the
play seems to have been at enmity with the
world, to have doubted the ability of man to cope with the spiritual powers
that seek his soul's destruction, and that
gentle mercy which Christians expect and
which the poet exhibits so beautifully in
his later plays, is not to be found here.
We believe that "love is the fulfilling of the
law," that "Charity covereth a multi­
tude of sins," that "many sins shall be
forgiven if we love much," that our Lord's
command is that "we love one another
as He has loved us;" the fate of Othello
and Desdemona seems to indicate that the
poet did not realize all this fully. The
tragedy leaves behind it a depressing effect.

But it is possible that Shakespeare meant
to teach us by this play that "we have
not here a lasting city, but hope for one
above." The beauty of the union between
the souls of Othello and Desdemona may
have been too pure and holy for this earth,
and could expect consummation only in
Heaven. Perhaps, but Othello kills Desde­
mona and himself; he had no right to
commit either of these acts; they are not
Christian, and if not, we must believe that
the poet did not wish the reader to turn his
thoughts toward Heaven to see Desdemona
and Othello reunited there. There is some­
thing disproportionate about it all; Othello
seems to have been tried beyond his strength.
The whole blame must be laid on Iago,
but, according to the Christian mind, the
devil has no power to try a soul too much;
he is limited in his power. Othello's apparent
weakness in not killing Iago is really a
sign of strength; he knows that the loss
suffered is irreparable; that though Iago
could be tortured for eternity he could not
make amends for the wrong done, and how
like mockery it seems when Ludovico says:

For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his.

We look forward, indeed, to the meeting
"at compt," when Desdemona shall know
why Othello killed her and be consoled by
his subsequent repentance; but we are not
so sure that Othello will go to Heaven.
He is a murderer and a suicide. Is there
not something wrong? Would not, in real
life, his great love cry out to God for mercy,
and would not God have stayed the power of Iago and have at least let Othello know the enormity of his sin in killing Desdemona? Would not some terrible judgment have fallen upon Iago when he so worked on his victim as to make him fall in a swoon, and would not lightning from heaven have struck him when he knelt in hypocrisy beside Othello and solemnly swore to avenge "the wronged Othello?" If Othello's conscience had once reproached him, or if he had been brought face to face with his deed before he committed it, as Macbeth was, if he had mentioned once, before the deed, Iago's name to Emilia, he would have been unpardonable. If he had faint ed in Desdemona's presence instead of in Iago's she might have suspected what was the matter, but nothing of this kind happened. The characters are caught in the merciless wheel of fate and are destroyed apparently in spite of themselves.

It may be objected, though, that Shakespeare shows life as it is; that it is not his business to tell who the good suffer, but only to say that they do suffer. I answer that it is his custom to teach that "the wages of sin is death," but the reward of virtue, life and happiness. It must, then—if my point is conceded—be admitted that Shakespeare departs from his usual custom in this play. Moreover, Christians believe that God does not try any man beyond his strength, that if in real life men seem to suffer misfortune, it is so either because they have sinned or because the misfortune is a blessing in disguise. This is not so in Othello. The characters who suffer most are, humanly speaking, innocent and perfect. Their death is not a blessing in disguise, because Othello sins in killing Desdemona and himself. Of course, we may say that the murder of Othello should be attributed to an over-wrought mind and a disordered nervous system; also, that he can not be blamed, but must be admired for his suicide, because his feelings ran so high after the discovery of Desdemona's innocence that any other course would have been a moral impossibility.

But no matter whether the fate of Desdemona and Othello can be justified or not, I suppose we must pardon Othello; it is an easy thing to do, for, as Coleridge remarks: "Othello had no life but in Desdemona. The belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence, wrought a civil war in his heart. She is his counterpart; and, like him, is almost sanctified in our eyes by her absolute unsuspiciousness, and her holy entireness of love. As the curtain drops, which do we pity most? Certainly to imagine heaven peopled by such characters as Othello and Desdemona will help us to gain an idea of what heaven truly is.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

The following is the statement of facts in the case of Timberman vs. Carpenter now pending trial in the Moot Court.

Statement of Facts.

Thomas Timberman and Clarence Carpenter reside in South Bend, St. Joseph County, Indiana. The former is engaged in the lumber business, while the latter is a contractor and builder. Early in October of last year, Timberman received from Chicago some 30 carloads of lumber. It was piled according to direction in his yard. On the 23d of that month, Carpenter communicated with him by telephone, inquiring how much would be the cost of a carload of Georgia pine, such as builders commonly use for flooring. "It will be about $950" was the answer. "Come over and see what I have. You will find here the greatest assortment of lumber in South Bend, and can undoubtedly suit yourself," added the speaker, Mr. Timberman. Soon afterward Carpenter appeared at the yard, was cordially welcomed, told to look around at his leisure and given the freedom of the yard in searching for what he wanted. Finally he returned to the business office of the yard and informed Mr. Timberman that he had found just the kind of flooring he needed on a car standing on an old side-track at the southeast corner of the yard. Timberman could not call it distinctly to mind, and so stated to Carpenter. The latter rejoined: "Well, if you will come with me we can now go there together and look at it." "Very well," said Timberman, "let us go." On arriving at the car Carpenter said: "Mr. Timberman, I like your lumber and
your way of doing business, but you are
surely asking too much for this car-load.
It seems to me that it does not contain
over 17,000 or 18,000 feet, and I think
$800 would amply pay you." In answer
Timberman said: "Well, it's yours at that
price." Carpenter paused for a moment,
and then answered briefly, saying: "You
would better get the inspector's bill and call
on my brother Richard. He will represent
me in the affair and make payment." This
was done precisely as directed by Mr.
Timberman, but Richard refused to pay for
the lumber or even to receive it. Timberman
then tendered the lumber to Carpenter
personally, who likewise refused to pay for
or take it away, and hence this suit.

** SCHWAB AND O'NEILL. **

It always gives us pleasure to note the
successes achieved by graduates. So it is
we are glad to have the opportunity to
announce the formation of a co-partnership
between Mr. Edward H. Schwab and Mr.
William O'Neill. The new law firm has
established itself in Mishawaka, and occupies
handsome offices in Mishawaka Trust and
Savings Co. building. Both young men
are graduates of the Law department. Mr.
Schwab received his Master's Degree in '06.
For the past year he has been lecturing in
the Law department, and his students
have found in him a clever and thorough
instructor. It is the hope of all Law-
students that Mr. Schwab will continue
his lectures.

Mr. William P. O'Neill is another member
of the '06 class and was recently elected
city attorney of Mishawaka. It is indeed
gratifying to see two classmates enter into
a partnership and establish themselves so
near the University. With this combination
we are sure the new firm will be a crowning
success and shed further glory on
Alma Mater, and the SCHOLASTIC desires to be
among the very first of the firm's many
well-wishers.

John B. Shea (Ph. B. '06) has entered
Harvard Law department, as also has T. A.
Lalley (Ph. B. '06). Both men will swell the
Notre Dame contingent at the big Eastern
School, and their friends at home expect
them to keep up the record.

Personals.

—The many friends at the University of
Albert Kotte (C. E. '06) will be glad to hear
of his success since leaving school. He is
with the Queen Crescent Route at Oakdale,
Tenn., and making rapid strides to the
front. Another engineer of '06 of whom we
are hearing complimentary reports, is
Harry Roberts who is also in the engineer-
ing department of the Crescent line. Harry
was one of the best men in his class and
the winner of the Ellsworth C. Hughes
medal. He has a host of friends at Notre
Dame who wish him their best.

Local Items.

—Root.
—Some Indian summer.
—The twenty-six are still out.
—If you have lungs prepare to use them
now.
—Have you subscribed for the SCHOLASTIC?
Your politics should make no difference, as
we belong to no party or machine.
—It is none too early for the editors of
"The Dome" to begin to get busy. The '07
edition must not fall below the standard set.
—Lost.—A small pearl-set crescent scarf
pin. Finder, please return same to V. A.
Hundley, Brownson Hall, and receive
reward.
—Students should take the St. Mary's car
to town these days; the Hill Street line is
being repaired and so cars run only to
South Bend Avenue.
—The Post Office department wishes that
every one would have his mail sent to his
respective hall. Much inconvenience and
bother to student and postman are incident
to failure in this matter.
—Sorin. is to have a piano. Gallart's
appearance made the fact come home
strong, while the stealing of Scales from
the Corbyites neared things to a climax,
all of which caused the Sorinites to mass
Wednesday evening and settle the matter.
—On Wednesday evening Mr. Farabaugh
visited the Corbyites and gave them a
spirited talk on debating and debating
teams. It was good sense that was given
the men, and we hope to see proportionate
results. Corby should be as prominent in
debate as she is in athletics.
—Eighty of last year's Browsonites have
returned again to the University, which
number is almost 55 per cent of the entire
number that were present the last term.
Everyone of the senior halls has a representation of former Brownsonites, who, no doubt, will prove prominent in every field of endeavor. At least this is the hope of the Brownson Hall faculty.

—Last Saturday evening the Ohio Club reorganized and the following officers were elected: R. E. Anderson, President; F. Zink, Vice-President; F. X. Cull, Financial Secretary; W. Carroll, Recording Secretary; R. F. Ohmer, Treasurer; H. A. Burdick, Sergeant-at-Arms; Professor J. F. Edwards, Hon. President; Rev. Father Cavanaugh, and Director; Reverend Father Crumley, Spiritual Adviser. From the present outlook the success of the club seems more than assured.

—Students would do well to note the hours assigned their respective halls, and arrange to procure stationery, etc., at the proper times.

For Brownson, Sorin, Corby, St. Joseph and Holy Cross Halls:
9:30 to 10:00 a.m., Thursdays excepted
9:00 to 9:30 a.m., Thursdays only
3:00 to 3:30 p.m., Monday, Tues., Sat.

For Carroll Hall:
4:00 to 4:30 p.m., Monday, Tues., Sat.
8:30 to 9:30 a.m., Thursdays.

—Hereafter only preparatory students and freshmen will be eligible to enter the inter-hall debating contests. As these students are well represented in St. Joseph's, Holy Cross, Corby and Brownson Halls, it is to be expected that these halls will each have a team. Each hall will debate the other three, thus making nine debates in all. The hall that wins three debates will be entitled to the inter-hall championship banner. When this series of debates is ended, the twelve debaters who composed the different hall teams will contest for places on the freshman team, which will debate a similar team of some other college. Mr. Farabaugh will have the general supervision of inter-hall debating; and his generous co-operation may be counted on by all the participants.

—Athletics in Brownson Hall have an exceptionally bright outlook for the season 1906-'7. Although no athletic manager has as yet been appointed, Geary, Bonnan O'Leary and Eggeman were nominated at a mass meeting in the Brownson gym by the students, and their names sent to the Athletic Board. In football, Brownson shows up exceedingly well, about twenty-five men have reported to Capt. Burdick, among whom are some old and experienced men. Brownson will fight hard to retain the championship she won in football and baseball last year. Two games have already been scheduled, one for Sunday, Oct. 7, with the McInerny team of South Bend, and one for the following Sunday with St. Patrick's Club, also of South Bend. Both promise to be hard-fought games.

—On Thursday evening the Brownson Literary and Debating Society reorganized for the coming year. Before the members met in the Columbian Room, Professor Farabaugh made a short address in the study-hall explaining the benefits of debating and also the necessary steps required to gain admission into the society. The following officers were elected for four months: President, F. W. Eggeman; Vice-President, D. McDonald; Secretary, J. J. Condon; Treasurer, J. O'Leary; Reporter, C. Rowland; Chaplain, F. Madden; and Sergeant-at-Arms, H. A. Burdick. Owing to the fact that a number of the old members have entered Sorin and Corby Halls, there were only seventeen members present. However, from all appearances, there is good material among the new students in Brownson Hall, and it is hoped that the society will uphold the reputation made last year, and that the handsome new banner which adorns Brownson study-hall will hang in the same place next year.

—At that time he came down from his brethren to a place which men were wont to call Sorin. And he saw there the big chief from the Dacotahs, and all his men who had worried long but now rejoiced. For he had come a long way even from that country which in those days was called Europe. And now that he was returned to them they were glad; for he had much to say unto his children. And so they squatted down on the grass near Sorin and listened with many an ear to the great things he had to say. And looking at each other with open eyes they wondered much. For he had said there was a London, and a Paris, and a Latin Quarter (but being a proper man he refrained from going near). And he told them all this and more, that country which in those days was called Europe. And now that he was returned to them they were glad; for he had much to say unto his children. And so they squatted down on the grass near Sorin and listened with many an ear to the great things he had to say. And looking at each other with open eyes they wondered much. For he had said there was a London, and a Paris, and a Latin Quarter (but being a proper man he refrained from going near). And he told them all this and more, that they might hear and know. For they had never seen these things except in pictures. And they were much amazed.

But when they asked him if it were true that one other, a Sorinite, had braved the perils and hardships of a summer tour, he whom they called Conan the Adventurer opened his mouth and spake unto them thusly:

"Believe me, my children, that which I say unto you is truth. That I have travelled afar through all that country and not a sight did I see of the Fox. And if any man tell you that others have gone too let him be another." So spake the wisest of Seniors, and rising they all went into prayer for they were pious men and feared the de-merit.