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THE EXPONENT

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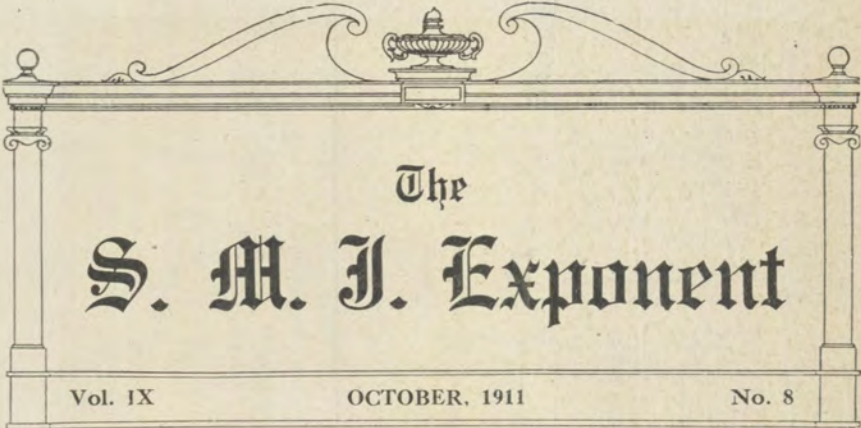
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Vol. IX

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No. 8

Socialism

EUGENE GERLACH, '12.



IN reviewing the pages of history we read of periods of revolutions and of wars, of times of uprisings, and of inquietude; of contentions for power and for fame. We see recorded therein the lives of great and noble men, and contrasted with these are the miserable lives of tyrants and oppressors. We read of the years when terror ruled, when friends proved to be enemies, of the times when absolutism governed all: and with a sigh of pity for those who suffered, and of hatred towards those who persecuted, we close the pages. But do are thoughts cease here? No; we thank God that He has placed us in such an age as the present, in a country so beautiful, and under a government so just. We thank Him that he has spared us the horror of bloody wars, that He has not compelled us to live during years of cruelty and oppressions. Indeed, we thank Him, and rightly and justly so.

But pause a moment. Look to the distant horizon! Do you not behold a dark and heavy cloud, slowly and steadily gathering? Do you not see it float haughtily upon the clear and peaceful sky? Ah! even now it shuts from us the rays of our beautiful sun, the rays of prosperity. On it comes, and yet towards us it approaches! Shall we wait? Shall we allow it to come above us, then suddenly burst with all its fury, and rain down upon us the terrors of war, revolution, of slavery? Ah! my friends, you ask what is this cloud so ominous, this spectre so terrible? Must I tell you? Nay; for truly you know it is this enemy of civilization, this despiser of authority, this cry of the weak and fear of the strong; you know

it is this ever-growing power which has overthrown France and undermined Portugal—this modern, extreme socialism.

Socialism to-day threatens us, scoffs at us, and even taunts us, saying that in a few years it will reign while we will serve. This extreme form of Socialism endangers the great work of the Catholic Church, the work upon which centuries of labor and toil have been spent, the grand and noble work which we now call Christian civilization. Socialism wars with us, it opposes us; it would pull us from our lofty degree of culture and learning and cast us into the mire of sensuality and pleasure.

It is necessary that we now stop and seriously consider the gravity of modern socialism. Do not the ever-increasing ranks of its followers bid us fear? Shall we remain idle and arise when it is too late? Shall we awaken when we are bound and chained and no longer able to resist such a power? We cannot remain mere spectators. We must join in the battle. Let us enroll ourselves in the ranks of good Christian men, and with them gather together under the true and holy standard of our Mother, the Church. Let us follow her counsels and decisions, and thus warring under the supervision of so heavenly a leader assured success awaits us.

"This word Socialism seems to be one of those convenient words which means different things to different persons." To the masses and the oppressed, to the poor and to the lowly it is a symbol of sweet music and calm repose in the future, visions of joy and happiness; but on the other hand, to the prosperous and to the successful it is a word which embodies fear and apprehension. The Honorable Doctor Mooney, of England, expresses the meaning of Socialism in the following: "It comprises collective ownership of the means of production, and the distribution of produce on the basis either of merit or of need." Yet this is only one phase of socialism.

The socialism of which I wish to speak is that extreme socialism of power and might which dares to enforce its rules and beliefs by war, by revolution, and by other unlawful and uncivil means. I wish to oppose that socialism which Carl Max expressed when he said: "We socialists content ourselves at present with laying the foundation of revolution, and shall deserve well when we shall have excited hatred and contempt for all existing institutions. We wage war against the prevailing ideas about religion, country, state, and patriotism." Should not this form of socialism be opposed? Or shall we remain inactive "whilst bloody treason flourishes over us?"

Now, that we know the ideas and plans that extreme Socialism embraces, let us ask ourselves what is really the cause of this eruption, the cause of this social upheaval? Is it not that as time evolved, man acquired greater knowledge, his mind broadened and his intelligence increased, and consequently, this expansion of mental development affected not only the rich and learned, but also the poor and ignorant? Is it not just and lawful that the oppressed laborers assert and demand their legitimate rights? Can we

deny that the greed for money has blinded capitalists and employer towards the welfare of the employee? Has not pecuniary desire created this great pestilence of to-day? Has not the gluttonous capitalist given birth to the oppressed laborer?

These are all vital questions, my friends, that can be answered satisfactorily, and their evils remedied by social reform, and not by Socialism. These urgent and pressing evils demand immediate attention. The miserable dwellings of so many people, both in town and country, the cruel advantage taken of the weak, unorganized laborer, uncertainty of employment, poverty-stricken old age which bids every laborer abhor it—are not all these evils of our present form of sociology? A solution for this is an absolute necessity. And what now presents itself as the remedy? Socialism which claims to be a universal panacea for these evils that beset the social world.

How does the Socialist swell his ranks with the laborers? Does he not make use of polished words and future dreams? Does he not entice them into his infernal net by all kinds of printed matter which foretells the brilliant future of their organization? And the laborer weak and unprepared, thus spurred on by deceitful orators and unlawful literature easily falls and is swallowed into the tide of Socialism. He is persuaded to rise up against capital and declare himself no longer the "slave of toil and labor," but a free "American citizen."

What is the result of such literature and such oratory? Is not this present extreme Socialism one of the many products of this social agitation? Is not this revolt against God-given authority another result? And further, does not this cry of Marx openly defy all law and order: "Working men of all countries unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have the world to gain."

Would the Socialists effect a remedy for all these evils of society? Would they be able to heal the gaping wound of oppressed men? So, indeed, do they pledge themselves, but would they succeed? I fear not, for the remedy which they advance is their method of collective ownership and personal equality. The former would collect all land, in fact everything, and turn it over to the state for equal distribution among the people, while the latter would put every man on the same equal footing, would make the capitalist and the laborer equal in the social sense. Yes; Socialism "this defender of the weak and friend of the wage-earner," this same organization would seize the gods of one man, his wealth, his home, his fields, his property—everything that he has justly and truly earned and acquired through honest endeavor and patient labor—all would be confiscated and made public property; or rather they would be distributed among the less worthy and the undeserving. These ill-gotten goods would be stolen from one man in order to be presented to another. Behold the justice of Socialism!

And now concerning personal equality. Can this ever be realized that every man will be on a par in the social world, that there will be no classes and no masses, that each type of man will be equal? Most emphatically, no! God has created all men equal in as much as He has endowed each of us with intelligence and free will, but further than that we must be left to ourselves or to personal energy. We might have been born among the rich or among the poor; no particular law has compelled God to place our soul in this body or in that, but we may by our own energies and ambitions rise to a higher state in life, or on the contrary, we may fall among the low and degraded. All this is left with us and controlled by our own free will. Therefore, the fallacy of these two principles of socialism is evident and clearly understood.

What is another barrier which opposes socialism, another obstacle which commands it to halt? Is it not religion? Aye; this sacred rite between Creator and creature, this touch of the infinite with the finite, this intercourse of God with man, Socialists would abolish. With the atheists they say that there is no God, that hell is only the conception of a frenzied mind, and that heaven shall be really present on earth. They unite with the modern materialists and declare that nothing exists outside of matter, that the soul, the spiritual, the supernatural are all foolish imaginations of distorted minds.

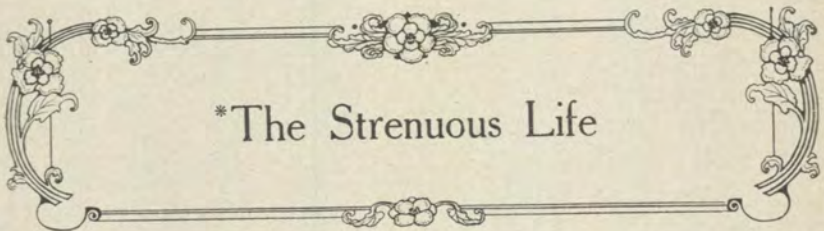
I fear that if Marx or Engells or Box or Ferri, or any of those Socialists of the nineteenth century could rise up from their graves, they would most gladly retract many of their false statements.

Socialists deny that religion can agree with any science, and claiming socialism to be a science they conclude that religion in all forms must be abandoned. The Catholic Church especially do they oppose, for upon our Holy Mother falls the duty to refute their heresies and to guard us, her children, lest we be led astray by their false principles. She is the champion of the entire world, and where all others fail she alone remains steadfast and constant. So likewise in this case she will cease when she has driven socialism from the earth and when she has restored peace and tranquility to the people of the nations.

These sensual fiends would abolish the sacred bond between man and wife; they would reverse the course of the social world and turn us back to those days of luxury and licentiousness, to those years of decay and demoralization, to those centuries when empires and kingdoms fell because the waves of impurity lashed against the weak foundations of society. Will you protest? Or will you allow this fiendish monster to grow? Will you die and leave your sons and daughters in the clutches of Socialism? Or will you now arise and cleanse the land of this evil most foul?

Unless we check these strides of extreme socialism in a few years we shall behold a period of revolution and of tyranny, a century of licentiousness and immorality, a time of plague and persecutions. Knowing the fallacy

of socialism, why do we hesitate to exterminate it? Why do we delay concerning this, our most serious problem? Do you wish to return to the habits and practices of pagans and idolaters? Do you wish to be degraded and defamed by the history of your age? Oh, my friends, awake, arouse yourselves, delay no longer, eliminate socialism and remedy sociology. Consider it your duty to overthrow socialism and to plunge it into that grave which it has prepared for our present civilization. When this task is accomplished, let us thank God for preserving us from such an imminent and almost positive death. Then truly can we majestically and triumphantly say to fallen socialism, "Economically you were unsound, socially you were wrong, and industrially you were impossible."



*The Strenuous Life

JOHN DILLON, '12.



IT IS not my purpose to advocate a new mode of living; I appear not in the guise of a reformer, but as the defender and champion of a mode of living that is distinctly characteristic of every true American, a characteristic which you and I ought to be proud of, and which we should diligently endeavor to acquire should we be lacking in it. We, of America, pride ourselves on our accomplishments, and justly so, for in our short span of life we have accomplished some marvelous results. But when we boast of these same accomplishments, when we recount the deeds of our patriots and statesmen, do we take into account the prime characteristic of their lives? If so, we will be surprised to note that they were all men of energetic action, men who advocated and practiced a life of strife and toil, a life which drew out of them the best they had to give; they were, one and all, advocates of the only life worthy of American citizens—the Strenuous Life.

When I speak of the Strenuous Life, a life of strife and toil is meant; not a life in which reason gives way to passion, and man plunges into the work, forgetful of the fact that he is human, and the possessor of a nervous system which is easily shattered. Far be it from me to advocate such a rash mode of living. The real Strenuous Life demands that when there is work to do, man must concentrate all his endeavors in its accomplishment;

*Oration delivered at the Oratorical Contest, March 1911.

that he turn all his energies to the proper development of his God-given talents; and that once having ascertained the proper channel for his endeavors, that he boldly enter the cause, and battle to the best of his ability until his race of life is run.

To impress upon your minds the fact that strenuosity is characteristic of Americans, that it has contributed so largely to our rapid growth and development, and that it pays, I need not turn back to the pages of history and ask you to read the glorious records inscribed thereon. There is no need to transport you to any particular locality in the land to show you living monuments erected by strenuous Americans. They abound everywhere throughout the length and breadth of this fair land. There is no need to leave home, for just across the way we have one of the greatest and grandest monuments ever reared to American industry.

In 1888, Mr. John H. Patterson erected a two-story building in which to manufacture cash registers. The building was a small affair, erected in sixty days and busying two hundred employees. That was the humble beginning of the great industrial giant which now so proudly rears its head just across the way. Mr. Patterson was possessed of an indomitable spirit and he sought for his aides men who were not afraid to toil, men who believed in the strenuous life. They resolutely set themselves to the task of developing their business, and to-day look at it! Behold it in all its grandeur! Magnificent buildings covering an area equal to seven city blocks, affording employment to five thousand men and women, with a weekly pay-roll of over eighty-five thousand dollars, every cent of which finds its way into the downtown stores and centers of trade. More than that—the rapid development of this whole south end of Dayton can be traced to the prosperity of this plant. The factory has attained a deserved and world renowned fame for its efforts to provide its employees with healthful and pleasant surroundings, instructive lectures, and whatever would tend to the development of the mind and body. Men in all walks of life, from every part of the globe, statesmen, ecclesiastics, explorers, and foreign potentates, all have flocked to Dayton to behold and examine this marvelous institution. Do you dare to tell me that it has not been a great force for good; that the strenuous endeavors of its energetic president and his loyal workmen have not borne fruit a hundredfold?

To those who have inclined to doubt, I ask you to compare the marvelous development of this plant with the unprogressive policy of another plant here in Dayton which I have in mind. It was founded before the Cash Register Company was organized. Thirty years ago it employed two hundred and fifty men; to-day it employs three hundred and twenty; it occupies the selfsame building which it occupied thirty years ago. Its officers have been content to drift along in an easy-going manner. True, the workmen are contented; but suppose this plant across the way had been just as indifferent to success, would it have acquired the world-wide fame

which it possesses to-day? Would South Park and Dayton have prospered to the remarkable extent to which they have? You know full well that they would not. Which, then, of these two industrial plants is worthy of our admiration? Which commends itself to the heart of every American? You need not answer for I know full well what that answer would be; it would be a verdict favorable to the strenuous life.

We all admire the men of action, "tireless giants with empires in their brains," men who have distinguished themselves in every walk of life; men whose lives are a source of inspiration to every man and boy in this great Republic. Rich as has been this country in the possession of such men, great as has been our achievements in the past, marvelous as has been our progress in all walks of life, we must increase and redouble our endeavors to train up such men, if we would retain our place, our rank, amongst the nations of the world. We are a great nation, but we can become greater; we have taught the world some salutary lessons, but we are going to teach them even greater ones in the years to come. Our star has not yet reached its zenith.

In no walks of life to-day is there a greater demand for men of action than in the political arena. Men of energetic action are in demand, for if wise laws are to be drafted, and the administration thereof tempered with justice, we needs must rear and educate men to lofty minds, men whose hearts are pure, but above all, men who are not afraid to plunge into the great whirlpool of life and take their chances in the great contest wherein only the fittest survive. From the pine-clad forests of Maine to the rock-ribbed coasts of California, and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, a piteous wail has gone forth from the people who are being crushed to death by that insidious monster, graft, which, like some huge octopus, has extended itself over our fair land, sucking the life blood of every community and dragging into disrepute the courts and all the public institutions of the land. You have heard the cry of the distressed, and you are horrified to behold this hideous monster endeavoring to spread itself over our fair land. But whence will a deliverer come? Who will dare oppose the monster and engage it in deadly conflict? Know you that it is most powerful; it has fed not only upon the public purse, but real flesh and blood have contributed to its feasts. Many a courageous but unequal opponent has met death at its hands, "for ignorant courage will not avail."

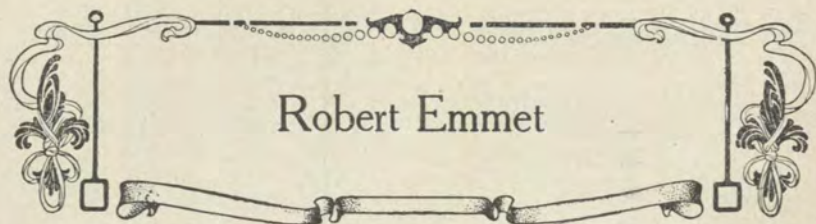
Who, I repeat, will dare brook the monster's advance? Who will strike for his fellowmen and free us from its clutches? Ah! you know full well whence relief must come. It can come from but one hand; it would be folly to look elsewhere than in that courageous band of fighters—the true exponents of the Strenuous Life.

We need strenuous men to carry on the great work of the Republic, men who will hasten the day when we will truly rank as a great world power. We need strenuous men to look to the nation's welfare, men whose aim

will be to prepare the country for any emergency, men who will build up a navy commensurate with our rank among the nations of the world, who will fortify our coast defences and bring our army up to the required standard of efficiency, men who believe like Washington, "to be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace." There are many of these types now before the public, but their tribe must increase.

It behooves us, then, to practice this mode of living, especially the younger of us who are now on the threshold of life and about to choose our careers. Heed not the scoffers who attempt to belittle an energetic mode of life, and hurl at it virile shafts of sarcasm. They contemptuously refer to the industrious citizen as a "Strenuous American," and then they set about the task of showing the evil effects of such a mode of living. They would have you believe that man was created solely to enjoy himself both here and hereafter. They bring out an array of statistics tending to support their theories, and the array of facts is made to seem formidable. But I ask you if it isn't a thousand times better to wear out, leading a life of service, than to rust out as the result of indolence? Which do you admire more the man who labors honestly and courageously, or the man who leads a life of ignoble ease?

It is the strenuous and courageous men who lead and guide the world. The life of a strenuous, upright man is like a streak of light, while the timid leave no trace behind them. Let us try to develop this energy which will give us force, and make us of practical value, for rest assured that men of ordinary ability have often been enabled to accomplish extraordinary results due to their strenuous endeavors. Strenuosity is concentrated energy and is the mainspring of what is called force of character and the sustaining power of all great action; and there are none among us who are not zealous to perform great actions, actions which will benefit mankind as a whole. Encouraged by the rewards won by those who have gone before, actuated by a desire to lead a life of service, to lead the life of energetic endeavor for which we are all created, and destined to lead, let us not shirk but rally round the standard. Let each take his proper place in the ranks, and let us march forward with hearts beating in unison for the same cause, heads up, keen, unflinching eyes cast straight ahead, and determination stamped on every face, and rest assured that this grand spectacle will command not alone the admiration of the world, not only will we prove ourselves worthy of the name American, but in that great day when we lay down the burden of this life's work we can do so with the consciousness that we have done our best, and the comforting words of our Divine Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant," will assure us that we have not lived in vain.



FRANCIS MUELLER, '12.



THROUGHOUT all ages nations have rendered illustrious those men who have signalized themselves by glorious deeds, or who have well served the people and the state. In the days of ancient Rome heroes were deified, sacrifices were offered in their honor, and their deeds and exploits were rendered immortal in song. When Christian Rome replaced pagan Rome, those who had distinguished themselves in the service of Christ and sealed their work with their own blood, the Church has honored with the brilliant crown of martyrdom, and the resplendent halo of a Saint of God.

Succeeding ages also had their illustrious men, their heroes of war and of peace. In our own time do we not hold it a sacred duty to honor and revere the memory of Washington and Lincoln, and that galaxy of distinguished and illustrious men who have played the major part in the formation, up-building, and perpetuity of this, our nation? Thus, too, every nation has had at all times, eminent and renowned men.

Ireland, no less than the rest, has her noble men, the memory of whom rests deep within every Irish bosom. Is not her history replete with events and the names of heroes, the very mention of which thrills every breast with sentiments of patriotism and feelings of unswerving loyalty? We have but to read of her glorious struggles for God, for country, and for religious freedom, against the heavy yoke of British oppression, and our hearts will go out to her in sympathy for her suffering, in joy for her successes and triumphs.

Heroic, patient endurance, and above all, firmness of purpose and resolve have ever characterized her through all ages, and to this day it is still a dominant trait of every true Irish heart. Her history attests the truth of this statement. Has she not patiently struggled on through generations against violence and brute force, tenaciously holding on to every vestige of liberty and striving steadily to obtain the right to live and to act for herself? Catholic Emancipation was her first great victory and may we hope that Home Rule will soon crown her efforts with glory.

The greatest star that illumines the history of Irish achievements is unquestionably Daniel O'Connell, but clustered about him are numerous satellites that shine in the splendor of their own deeds. In this cluster is one

who especially has merited for himself the esteem of his fellow countrymen; and who has gained a place in the heart and affections of every loyal Irishman; one whose name and deeds are household words in the Emerald Isle; one whose name is engraved with the first on the roll of illustrious martyrs for his country; and who is placed on equal terms with the most honored of the world's patriots. Does not your memory recall the romantic and tragic career of that patriot-martyr of Ireland, Robert Emmet? Ah, yes! you remember him now. His leadership in the unfortunate rebellion of 1803, his escape into the Wicklow mountains, the touching love episode that surrounds his arrest and execution, his immortal address from the dock—all come vividly before your mind.

The history of Emmet is not a long one. Dublin, the city of his birth, became the place of his execution twenty-five years later. Though born of English blood, nevertheless, from earliest childhood an inveterate hatred for Ireland's oppressors was planted deeply into his youthful mind. In time it germinated, waxed strong, and finally developed into an irresistible desire to obtain independence for his countrymen. In early life he showed a great aptitude for mathematics and sciences. At Trinity College he became distinguished for his transcendent oratorical powers, and it is here that his ardent, enthusiastic spirit first gave vent to his political opinions in the fervent and eloquent speeches, so much so, that he drew upon himself the attention of the authorities, who, believing the rumors of his having shared in the rebellion of 1798, expelled him from college.

While at Trinity, Robert Emmet had the occasion to hear Thomas Moore play the martial strains of his immortal song, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old." As the melody floated over the assembly, the young patriot, in the fervor of his enthusiasm, exclaimed: "Oh, that I were marching to that air at the head of twenty thousand men for Ireland." Such was the spirit of Robert Emmet. Need we wonder, then, that he dared espouse the cause of his country, even though he knew that in so doing he took his life into his own hands, and that if captured the gallows would claim him as a victim.

His expulsion from college, however, only served to spur him on in his purpose. After traveling several years on the Continent he secretly returned to Dublin. There he contrived, he planned, he gathered arms and ammunition, and assembled a few followers. On a busy July evening of 1803, the flower of his youthful ambition of a sudden burst into full bloom. That night Dublin castle was to be taken by storm. But what a disappointing consummation of his hopes and ambitions, of his months of feverish preparation for the great revolution! The Dublin men refused to rise; the Kildare farmers had gone home in disgust; and treachery, unseen, unsuspected, tracked his every footstep, dogged him from place to place. Portion after portion of his plan was defeated; every project was brought to naught. In

the moment of its blossoming, the terrible blight struck the flower of his fancy—it withered and died.

Emmet made good his escape to the Wicklow Mountains; thence the avenues of freedom were open. France or America would have afforded him a refuge of safety, but no, he lingered on in the mountains. And why? "In happier days and days of fairer fortune, he had been betrothed to a beautiful and noble Irish girl whom he loved with all the ardor of his nature, and who returned his affections with equal intensity," a girl who shared in his secret ambition, who hoped with him, and prayed for the success of his cause, a girl of whom Washington Irving in his story of "The Broken Heart," says: "She loved with the disinterested favor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him, when blasted in fortune, when disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his sufferings." Is it a wonder, then, that he tarried, that he lingered in the mountains? How could he leave his country forever without a parting interview, without a last farewell to one who carried his image within her heart? Urged on by his loyalty and his love, he secretly returned to Dublin, but only to meet his fate.

Robert Emmet is detected and seized; after a mock trial, sentence of death is passed upon him. The Court asks him the last formal question: "Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why judgment and execution should not be awarded against you according to law?" Yes, he had something to say to vindicate the principles for which his young life was about to be sacrificed, and he said it in one of the noblest speeches that has ever been delivered from the dock, in the shadow of the gallows, a speech that thrilled his hearers, touched every heart with sympathy, pierced every generous bosom, a speech that made his judge cower under the sharp sting of his reproaches.

With fortitude and serenity, Robert Emmet, young, vigorous, buoyant, indifferent to death, endures the ten weary and trying hours of his trial. In a voice calm and clear and distinct, that rings out over the assembly, he delivers his deathless oration, an oration which alone would have kept his memory green in the Emerald Isle. He pleads that his memory may not perish, but that it may live in the respect of his countrymen. He pleads for his character. "I only wish," he says, addressing the court, "that it is the utmost I expect, that your lordship may suffer my character to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present huffed. May not the sentence which delivers my body to the executioner, consign my character to obloquy."

With burning and fearless words he repels the aspersions on his character. He clears his reputation and jealously guards that honor which will live after him and which is the only legacy he can leave to those whom he loves

and for whom he is about to sacrifice his life. And when he sees the court impatient for the sacrifice, he makes this last appeal: "Be ye patient! I have but a few more words to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished, my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world: it is this—the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, and my memory in oblivion until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

The death sentence is pronounced. A rude scaffold, erected in Dublin's principal street, awaits its victim. Just as the gray of dawn encircles the eastern horizon, the prisoner under military guard arrives. He mounts the platform; not a trace of fear is in his demeanor. But hark; he speaks. A solemn stillness falls over the weeping and moaning multitude as his clear, firm voice echoes far into the distance. "My friends, I die in peace, and with sentiments of universal love and kindness toward all men." He steps to the single plank. His face is aflame with the glory of his sacrifice, the recollection of which thrills his frame and gleams from his eyes, but it is only for a moment, one short moment. The hangman's black cap quickly extinguished that light; the noose is placed around his neck; the multitude is in silent suspense. "Are you ready?" the gruff voice of the executioner calls out. From beneath the black cap comes a muffled "Not yet." A moment passes. The hangman repeats his question, but the same firm "No" comes back to him. Another moment! The prisoner raises his arm and his hand flutters a kerchief, the dropping of which was to signal for the closing of his life's tragedy. For a third time the question of the executioner breaks upon the solemn stillness in appalling reverberations, but before the prisoner has time to reply the support is kicked from beneath him and the soul of Robert Emmet wings its flight into eternity.

Oh, friends! what a glorious, what a noble sacrifice! A sacrifice for country, for honor, for principle. Truly indeed has Robert Emmet been called the patriot-martyr of Ireland—patriot because he loved his country with the fullness of his youthful spirit and ardent enthusiasm—martyr because he placed the seal of his own life's blood upon his devotion to the independence and freedom of his country.

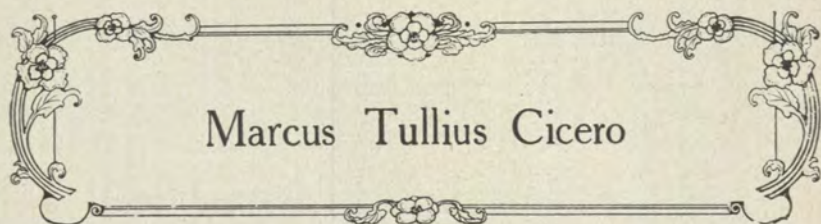
But Robert Emmet is no more. To his country he lives and lives forever. And though five score years and seven have now passed since that memorable September 20, 1803, his name still illuminates the pages of time and his memory still lingers with us as a sweet recollection of true patriotism and loyalty. His name and memory are held sacred by every loyal Irish

heart, and on the walls of the humblest peasant's cottage crude pictures of him, find place with those of Jesus and Mary. To his fellow countrymen, the recollection of his tragic career is an incentive to constancy, loyalty, patriotism, self-sacrifice, and perseverance. Truly, then, may we say that his sacrifice was not in vain.

How better can we pay tribute to the memory of Robert Emmet than by recalling the simple, yet eloquent lines of his bosom friend, Thomas Moore:

"Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

"But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten the verdure, the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."



RAYMOND J. O'BRIEN, '13.



HE writings of illustrious men live after their death, and have a lasting impression on those that read them, whether they be for good or evil. After taking a casual survey of the life, the works, and the views of Marcus Tullius Cicero on immortality, we are well impressed because his works are of the noblest type. From politics to literature, we find the immortal Cicero elaborating and casting in literary form numerous orations, mastering all systems of rhetoric, familiarizing himself with various schools of philosophy, launching in the sea of history and poetry, and carrying on a correspondence which immortalized the name of Cicero as the most precious heritage of ancient Rome.

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born, 106 B. C. at Arpinum, the most historical city of the Volscians, already famous as the birthplace of Marius. His father was of equestrian rank, and the entire family appears to be one

of some local importance. Marcus was educated in the illustrious city of Rome and became a close companion of the famous orators, Marcus Antonius and Lucius Crassus, the worthy poet Archias, whose citizenship he afterwards defended in the Roman Forum, Scævola the Augur, Phædrus the Epicurean philosopher, Philo the Academic, and Diodotus the Stoic. About the year eighty-one before Christ, Cicero after completing his long preliminary training began to speak in the law court. His earliest speech, in which he matched himself for the first time with Hortensius, is preserved to us to-day. Meeting with the greatest success, he was placed as a leader of the bar along with Cotta and Hortensius. Thus, having established a reputation as an orator, he departed for Greece to continue his rhetorical and philosophical studies.

Five years later, Cicero returned to Rome and was elected as quaestor. His official career began in seventy-five B. C., when he took up his residence in Sicily, that being his territory to govern. Four years afterwards he was elected curule-ædile, and in 66 B. C., as prætor urbanus. Pompey and Crassus were the highest Roman officials because of their recent victories; both in turn sought consulship and in 71 B. C. they were elected. Cicero naturally favored Pompey because he was of equestrian order. So now we open an era of the defense against democratic principles. In the presence of all the senators, Cicero delivered his famous speech against Verres, the notorious prætor of Sicily, a man leading a life of lust and cruelty, governing his subjects like a tyrant, and perhaps better known as an inveterate pillager of all the great armies of unscrupulous art collectors.

The following will give a sufficient idea of Cicero's manners at that time. "His speech," writes Tyrell, "discharged the highest work now done by our best newspapers, magazines, and reviews. To gain Cicero was what it would be to secure the advocacy of the *Times*; or rather what it would be were there no other papers, magazines, or reviews but the *Times*, and were the leaders of the *Times* written by Burke and Sheridan. They put the public in possession of the circumstances in each case, and taught them to look on these circumstances with the eye of the speaker and his party; they converted resistance into acceptance; they provided faith with reason, doubt with arguments, and triumph with words."

Cicero was now foremost among the advocates of Rome. Being curule-ædile, he appointed Pompey chief over the senators. Investing him with this power aroused the hatred of Crassus, who was censor, and who proposed to enroll Egypt into the list of provinces on the ground that it had been left to the Roman people by will of the last king. In the meantime, this proposal was frustrated by his brother censor Catulus, and by Cicero, who opposed all measures against Pompey. Crassus ordered a young partisan of his, named Piso, to hurry to Spain and serve as a counterpoise to that of Pompey.

For the first time the name of Lucius Sergius Catiline was heard together with that of Cæsar and Crassus. The year following Cicero was created consul. Catiline was a member of the ancient Patrician family, being famous in the early days of the Republic, but now had fallen into obscurity. During the Civil War, Catiline took an active part in the work of proscription. He had attained the government of Africa as pro-prætor. Soon after his return from Africa, he was accused of being guilty of extortion. Cicero, though he thought of accepting a brief for the defense, evidently believed the charges to be overwhelming. Catiline was acquitted by the jury, though the verdict cost Catiline a ruinous sum in bribes. In private life Catiline was known to be dissolute, and unscrupulous. He possessed many qualities necessary for a revolutionary leader—a fearless temper, powerful frame, great capacity for endurance, a ready tongue, and a faculty of adapting himself to his company, and winning favor with the good and bad alike.

In the meantime the Democrats had striven hard to gain possession of the consulship. Catiline and Antonius were supported by all the efforts of their party against Cicero in 64 B. C., but to no avail. The following year Catiline assumed the head of this desperate class, whose cry was massacre, proscription, and confiscation. Resources lay on all sides of the conspirators, and the forces of the government were invitingly weak. On these plans the schemes of this party were based: a military force was to be raised in upper Italy which was to advance as quickly as possible on the city, a fire within the walls was to be the signal for the sudden attack from without, and Catiline was to seize the reins of the government with the same title of consul which Cicero bore at that time.

Cicero was aware of the operations of Catiline, together with the other conspirators, and summoned the senate to the temple of Jupiter on the Palatine. Catiline was present, arrayed in all his audacity. This was Cicero's opportunity. He therefore turned on Catiline in the tremendous invective which has been preserved to us under his "Orations against Catiline." The entire speech well merits its fame as a masterpiece of passionate and defiant eloquence. Cicero mocks at Catiline's affectation of innocence, reveals all his actions and projects, charges him with all that occurred at secret meetings of conspirators during the midnight hours, and how Manlius awaited his arrival in Etruria. A short time after, the entire army of Catiline was attacked by Petreus, a brave and experienced officer who was acting as lieutenant to Antonius. They were cut to pieces, fighting bravely around their leader, whose gallant death atoned in some degree for his criminal attack upon the commonwealth.

The other great speech is one of a very different type than the preceding one against Catiline. The Greek poet Archias, Cicero's earliest teacher, was accused of having improperly usurped the Roman citizenship. A social inquisition was the result of his contested title. Cicero appeared, as in duty

bound, to speak on behalf of his old friend and tutor. He passed lightly over the objections urged against client's rights, and dwelt by preference on his fame and merit as a man of letters, whose poems, like those of Ennius, have preserved the records of the martial deeds of Rome. In pleading this cause he deviated from the beaten track of forensic practice, and spoke freely of the glories and the delights of literature, and the benefits which he himself received from it. The jury listened with pleasure to his literary disquisition and confirmed the citizenship of Archias.

It may be well to mention here the other literary works of Marcus Tullius Cicero. It was during his years of retirement that most of his philosophical works were written. They were composed over Greek material, especially the treatise of the post-Aristotelian philosophies, and offer very little that is new and original. They are mostly in form of dialogues, dealing with Governmental Questions, Law, Theory of Knowledge, Greatest God and the Greatest Evil, the Nature of Gods, and the more practical problems of Ethics, as in his treatise on Moral Duties addressed to his son Marcus.

The greatest events of Cicero's life occur during the formation of the First Triumvirate composed of Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus. Cæsar tried to influence Cicero to become one of his colleagues, but Cicero would not accept the honor. Cæsar seeing that Cicero had declined partnership with him, and not doubting whether he would venture on active opposition, resolved to hold him in check by placing Clodius, an enemy of Cicero, as tribune of the Plebs. Cicero on hearing of this appointment, returned in the country for several months. Later Clodius declared Cicero an outlaw and Cicero went into exile. Cæsar always cherished the greatest love for Cicero, and said to Clodius, "Cicero is the preserver of Rome, and I will bring him back on my very shoulders." Clodius met the greatest opposition as tribune, and later was killed in a bloody combat with Milo. The senate issued a proclamation that Marcus Tullius Cicero should be restored to Rome. He was received with the greatest pomp, and Pompey delivered a panegyric on Cicero. Three days after his return we find him at the stern of state affairs.

The relation between Cæsar and Cicero stands out very prominent in the history of Rome. Both were united by every bound of personal and political friendship. When Clodius wrote to Cæsar calumniating Cicero, Cæsar showed his contempt by not answering the letter, and took care the attack should not be known. Cicero wrote to Quintus in camp: "I have taken Cæsar to my bosom and will never let him slip. Like a belated traveler I must make up for lost time. I have been to much behind hand in availing myself of his friendship; now I will put my best foot forward." He was ready to make sacrifices for Rome, always faithful to the republic, and it was those sacrifices which prevented Cicero's ideal from being realized. Cato and Cæsar were each one-sided; they acted rightly or wrongly

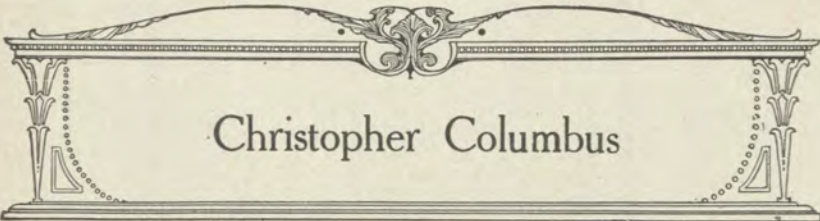
without the least hesitation; their intentions and their motives were obvious from their actions. Cicero attempted and completed everything for the best, being personally ambitious; his ambition was not unlimited like those of Cæsar. Cicero made many mistakes as a politician; his forecast was often wrong; he was often taken by surprise and relied too much on his intellect. His weakness and inconsistencies are patent in his most secret letters which have been preserved to us.

The situation of Cicero during the civil war in Rome was necessarily one of anxiety. He had embraced the friendship of Cæsar to please his friend Pompey. He says: "Now, as you prove to me, I see a death struggle between the two is at hand. What am I to do?" When Cæsar was swooping down on Brundisium, and Pompey's life seemed in danger, Cicero breaks out, "Let me die at once, since it was not mine to assist my friend in death: far from his fatherland he fell, and found not me beside him to ward off war." This statement did not offend Cæsar, for he wrote saying, "Keep your laureled fasces," thus ignoring the part he had taken in the Civil War, and indicating that Cicero looked upon him merely as a pro-consul. After completing affairs in Egypt, Cæsar returned and Cicero went forth to meet him in southern Italy. When Cæsar saw Cicero advancing to meet him, he dismounted and came forward to salute him, and the two walked together conversing alone along the road. The reconciliation was complete.

The death of Cæsar, 44 B. C., suddenly closes the life of Cicero. Dependent as to the future, he was bitterly disappointed at the result of a deed which had taken away the despot, but not the despotism. Cicero looked forward with calmness to the end of his life. In the month of August, Cicero contemplated a visit to his son in Athens. He crossed Sicily and set sail from Syracuse, when adverse winds compelled him to return to the Italian coast. On the second of September Cicero appeared in the Senate and delivered the Philippic against Marc Antony. He weighed the policy of Antony, but still urged peace and even offered a compromise. The speech aroused the hostility of Antony who threatened riot and assassination, and Cicero was forced to retire from Rome. Lepidus having joined Antony, agreed to have a proscription even more bloody than that of Sulla. Cicero was to be their first victim. Hearing this, Cicero said: "Let me die in the country which I have so often saved." While borne in a litter toward the sea, the assassins of Antony overtook him on the way, as he characteristically sat with his left hand under his chin, an attitude which was habitual to him. He quietly awaited the stroke. His head and hands were hung on the Rostra in the Roman Forum, where he had so often pleaded the causes of others and saved the Roman state.

Thus, the calm judgment of Cæsar Augustus sums up fairly and honestly the story of Cicero's life. "It happened many years after," writes Plutarch, "that Augustus once found one of his grandsons with a work of Cicero

in his hand. The lad was frightened and hid the book under his garment; but Cæsar took it from him, and standing motionless, read a great part of the book, then gave it back to the boy, and said, "This was a great orator, my child, a great orator, and a man who loved his country well."



Christopher Columbus

JOHN DILLON, '12.

WE are assembled here to-day to commemorate the discovery of America and to do honor to the memory of that intrepid mariner, who, despite the efforts of so many to thwart his efforts, at length sailed away on his perilous voyage, the fruit of which was (1) proof that the earth was a sphere; (2) the adding of new territory to the already vast possessions of the renowned Ferdinand and Isabella; (3) the opening of a new world to the civilizing influence of man, a new field for the zealous missionaries of Christ. Columbus was born of humble parents; sprung from the commonest clay, he rose to such a height that, after his death, nobility fought for the right of claiming him as an ancestor.

His education was as broad as the narrow limits of his father's resources would admit, the proof of whose poverty is shown by the fact that at an early age, fourteen years, little Christopher turned his steps towards the docks of Genoa seeking employment. Thenceforth he followed the life of a mariner, continuing, as best he could, his studies of astronomy, cosmography, and the nautical sciences.

The impetus given to exploration by Prince Henry of Portugal caused Columbus to remove to Lisbon. There he became acquainted with, and eventually married, Dona Felipa, daughter of Bartolomeo Monis de Perestrello, an explorer and cavalier under Prince Henry. A perusal of the maps, charts, journals, and memorandums of his father-in-law brought home to him the conviction that at least one-third of the world remained undiscovered, and that by sailing due west he must eventually arrive at the eastern coast of this new country, about which Ptolemy, Pliny, and Seneca had written. He seemed to live for the accomplishment of one idea, the discovery of this new world, and the subsequent raising of funds for the restoration of the Holy Sepulchre to Christian hands. For eighteen long

and weary years, filled with the most keen disappointments, he watched and prayed, hoping against hope that the oft-promised aid would materialize. John II. of Portugal believed in him, but in a moment of weakness committed the treacherous deed which drove the offended mariner from his court. At length, Ferdinand and Isabella conquered the Moors, and set about the fulfillment of their promises.

But a new obstacle arose. Columbus made demands which the advisers of the Spanish rulers considered exorbitant, but we find the constancy of Columbus unshaken, and with a sad heart, but determined spirit, he set about his preparation of leaving Spain and offering his services to the king of France. The generous nature of the noble Isabella, however, asserted itself, and, yielding to the pleadings of Luis de Angel, she sent for Columbus, and upon his return the necessary documents were signed.

On the morning of Friday, August 3, 1492, we find Columbus and his band of one hundred and twenty souls kneeling at the feet of the good friar, Juan Perez, and after receiving the strengthening grace of the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, board their three small crafts and pointed the nose of their vessels towards the west, sail away, while lamentation and blessings are wafted to them from the receding shores.

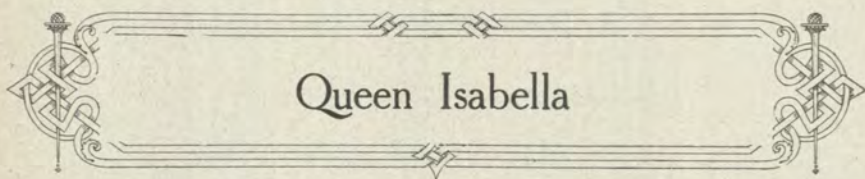
Columbus did not leave his difficulties in the old world. Soon mutiny asserted itself among the crew, and he was compelled to resort to stratagem to outwit and foil the plans and schemes of those who would turn back. How great must have been his joy on the clear October morning when the joyous cry of "Land! Land!" was wafted to his ears. How earnest and sincere that thanksgiving which he poured forth to his Lord and God for having safely conducted him on this perilous voyage.

His affability won him friends among the natives, and they aided him in his explorations. In seven months he returned to Spain and was received with becoming pomp and honors. He made three successful voyages, but his continued success aroused the intense fire of jealousy in the breasts of his less fortunate companions, and they set about calumniating him and plotting his downfall. It was not until after his fourth voyage that their efforts bore fruit, and Columbus was returned to Spain in chains. How crushing this humiliation must have been to his noble spirit! How undeserving was the treatment! How ungrateful that people for whom he had done so much, in whose service he had spent his life!

Again the pure and holy Isabella came to his relief, and, after ordering his release, conferred upon him a purse of gold and did all in her power to alleviate his sufferings and assuage his grief. But old age and the infirmities, due to exposure, began to assert themselves, and on the morning of May 20, 1506, his noble spirit was called home.


Looking back over the life of this great man, we are shocked at the ingratitude shown to him by those for whom he done so much; we are filled with admiration for his deep religious convictions, his hope, constancy, and the

innumerable virtues which characterized his whole life; and then the thought comes home that we Americans have failed in our duty to this great man. Without the discovery of America there could have been no Colonial States, led by the peerless Washington, to battle successfully for freedom; no opportunity for Thomas Jefferson to put into execution his grand scheme of Republican government; no North, no South to be cemented together with the blood of their fallen brethren; no United States to give to the world an example of a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Indeed, we do well to honor the memory of this great man, and we can but draw profit from his noble example of determination and constancy. We, as Americans, pride ourselves upon our "Yankee push;" our everlasting "stick-to-itiveness." In Columbus was the original example, and it is but fitting that the inhabitants of the lands, discovered by Columbus, should be characterized by his predominant trait. Oh! Columbus you have long since received your reward from a just Judge, and slowly but surely you are coming into your own here below. May your name and fame spread through this broad land until you are honored in a manner commensurate with your achievement.



Queen Isabella

JOHN G. BRIDE, '13.

N the little walled town of Madrigal there came into the world, on April 22, 1451, an infant girl that was destined to play an important rôle on the stage of life. Though of royal lineage, the birth of the Infanta of Castile was hailed with no great acclamations of joy and concern, for her brother Henry, then many years her senior, was already heir to the crown.

Upon the demise of Juan II., in 1454, Henry was accordingly proclaimed king. Shortly after these events the widowed Queen Maria retired with her two children, Isabel and a little son, Alphonso, to the ancient town of Arevalo. Here in the seclusion and quiet of a country home the young prince and princess unfolded their natural graces of mind and body, and were nurtured in the school of innocence and virtue.

Though Isabel did not share in the intellectual training which the Renaissance afforded her sister-princess of other lands, she was carefully instructed in lessons of practical piety; she learned to speak and write her

native tongue with marked fluency, and employed her leisure hours with that time-honored art of her sex—embroidery. If to this we add such out-door sports as riding, hunting, and the like, we have about the whole scope of her early training.

Eight years thus sped quietly away, when on the birth of his supposed daughter, Joanna, King Henry summoned the two young nobles to court. The intention of this wicked king was to secure the crown to the infant Joanna. Here in the midst of the most corrupt court of Europe, surrounded by the seductions that generally prove at least baneful to youth, the Infanta continued to lead a simple and unostentatious life.

In the meantime, however, Henry's wicked and shameful life enkindled in the breasts of many powerful lords the flame of rebellion, which soon became a great conflagration and plunged the whole country into the throes of a civil war. Headed by Isabella's brother, Alphonso, then but fourteen years of age, the rebellious faction soon forced the weak king into a cowardly submission. In the midst of the negotiations which followed, the gallant young Alphonso was suddenly seized by the hand of death and ushered into realms of eternity. The rebels accordingly did not hesitate to offer the crown to Isabel; but with a discretion far beyond her years she declined to accept the proffer whilst the lawful king still lived. Nevertheless, her partisans wrung from Henry the right of her succession.

This new and legitimate basis on which the pretensions of Isabel to the throne now rested, as well as her personal character, resulted in many suitors for her hand; but the man of her heart was Ferdinand of Arragon. To him she pledged her love. Ferdinand was at this time in the eighteenth year of his age. His complexion was fair though somewhat bronzed by constant exposure to the sun. Brought up in the art of war, he developed a muscular and well-proportioned frame. He was naturally active and impetuous, and his quick eye seemed ever on the alert. His voice was somewhat sharp, but possessed an eloquence that felt little short of fascination. Isabel was a year older than her lover. In stature she was rather above the average, but most graceful in her manners and exceedingly beautiful to behold. The portraits that remain of her combine a faultless symmetry of features, with a singular sweetness and intelligence of expression. She was the charm of Spain. In spite of lack of money, we can imagine how the ancient castle of Vallodolid must have awakened to the celebration of the royal nuptials.

Amidst storms and tempests the royal couple launched upon the sea of life. King Henry still lived, and, disregarding his former oath, he tried by all means in his power to secure the crown to Joanna. Moreover, Navarre being at war with France, Ferdinand hastened to the assistance of his father. Thus, left to herself, the noble Isabel, ever peaceful, yet resolute, firmly held to her title of heir to the throne, and when the wicked Henry had run his course of ignominy and disgrace, the people hastened

to proclaim her Queen of Castile and Leon. Ferdinand, on hearing the joyous news, hastened to join his glorious spouse, and the reign of the dual sovereigns began.

From the very beginning, Isabel's aim was for a strongly united and Catholic Spain. Almost immediately upon her accession to the throne a campaign was inaugurated against the Moors, who at that time held sway over some of the fairest provinces of Spain. The bloody strife commenced, but after some unsuccessful assaults the army was about to disband, despairing of ever achieving their end. Isabel, however, was undaunted. Rallying the troops, she spurred them on to action, both by her word and example. Riding on horseback over vast tracks of land, despite the inclemencies of the weather, she would station herself with her children, either in some castle near the place of action, or, at the request of her husband, she would take up her abode in the very camp of the soldiers. There, whilst carefully guarding her dignity and her rights, the noble queen disdained not to put herself on a level with those she came in contact. Thus we find her tenderly nursing the sick and wounded, urging on the fainthearted, and lending timely counsel and advice to all who sought it. So great, indeed, was the magnetism of her personality that the soldiers knew no fear so long as they knew their queen was near. They loved her and willingly sacrificed themselves for her. Little wonder then that the Moslem power in Spain soon became a thing of the past. The struggle of centuries was consummated.

Returning to court, Isabel was ever the calm, energetic, and majestic queen. Her strong and powerful arm, guided by a wise and penetrating intellect, soon gained an ascendancy over her turbulent subjects of which no king of Spain could ever boast. Every Friday, she administered justice from the throne as the princes of old were wont to do.

Happily these masculine qualities did not extinguish the more refined ones which constitute the charm of her sex. She loved her subjects most tenderly. To spend herself in the promotion of their happiness she considered one of her most important and consoling duties of state. She reformed the system of coinage and set commercial affairs on a firmer basis. Printing, then but a recent invention, received her warm support and protection, and was the means whereby useful and instructive books were spread broadcast over her domains. She inspired a love and a taste for learning by the example she gave in her own palace. Not having the opportunity of learning Latin in her younger days, she continued to find time, notwithstanding her numerous and absorbing occupations, to master this diplomatic language to suit her purposes of state. She was careful, moreover, to provide her children with the education becoming their rank and position. Noted masters were invited, schools inaugurated, and learning soon became a fashion in a country which greatly needed strides in that direction.

Her private life exhibits in hold relief her devoted and generous spirit. Her heart overflowed with affection for her family. Her five children, Isabella, Margaret, Joanna, Catherine, and Juan, were the object of her special love and attention. She spared neither money nor labor in their education, for she saw in them future rulers of kingdoms. The ablest masters were invited to train their intellects, while she, herself, brought them up in the practice of true virtue.

Isabel had now reached the summit of glory and renown; but close upon the splendor of the setting autumn sun, the icy blasts of winter rushed in to begin their ravishing and destructive course. Her constitution had been greatly impaired by her incessant toils and unremitting labors. A short respite, it was hoped, would restore her to her former health; but man proposes and God disposes. Instead of a needful repose she was forced to undergo a series of trials which greatly augmented her sad plight, and hurried out of this world one of its most precious souls. In 1496 her mother died. The next year it was her duty to follow to the grave the mortal remains of her only son, Juan, the heir and hope of the monarchy. Isabella, the eldest and best-beloved of her daughters, died the year following.

Her surviving children were all far away in foreign lands with the exception of Joanna, who was, indeed, her mother's cup of sorrow. Of a weak constitution and petulant character, this same Joanna, who had married Philip of Flanders, became demented. Her jealousy soon turned Philip against her, and lead to family disorders, the news of which quickly reached Spain. We may imagine the mortification and chagrin of the unhappy parents, in consequence of which both fell seriously ill of a fever. Isabel's anxiety for her husband's welfare only served to augment her own malady. The king's strong constitution soon threw off the illness, but his consort daily became more enfeebled.

Overwhelmed with such enormous trials, the beloved queen lost nothing of her solicitude for the welfare of her people and the great concerns of the government. Reclining on her couch she attentively listened to whatever was spoken or read to her of events at home and abroad. She gave audience to distinguished foreigners and travelers of renown. One of the latter, Rospero Colonna, on being presented before King Ferdinand said that he had come to Castile to behold the woman, "who from her sick bed ruled the world."

But the terrible malady was rapidly gaining ground. A letter of Peter Martyr, written at the time, runs in the following melancholy tone: "We sit sorrowful in the palace all day long, trembling awaiting the hour when religion and virtue shall quiet the earth with her. She so far transcends all human excellence, that there is scarcely anything of mortality into a nobler existence, which should rather excite our envy than our sorrow. She leaves the world filled with renown, and she goes to enjoy life eternal with her God in heaven."

All over the kingdom her affectionate subjects earnestly entreated heaven to spare their beloved queen; but Isabella knew too well that her course was well nigh run. Accordingly, she set about whilst her faculties were still unclouded to fulfill what temporal duties yet remained for her. On October 12, she made the testament which vividly reflects her great qualities of mind and character. She began by making arrangements for her burial, enjoining that they be performed "in the plainest and most unostentatious manner." She then settled the crown on her daughter Joanna, wife of Archduke Philip, duly providing for the government in the absence or incapacity of Joanna. Many charitable endowments were assigned, and to her husband she gave half of all the net proceeds and profits accruing from the discovery of the new world.

A cordicil, written by her a few days later, appointed a commission to draw up a new digest of the new statutes and pragmatics. Fearing that the natives of the New World would be oppressed and wronged, she enjoined in the most earnest manner that her successors see to the evangelization and civilization of the poor Indian. An injunction requesting an examination as to the legality of the revenue drawn from the alcavalas closes the cordicil.

She had now adjusted all her worldly concerns. During the brief space still allotted she showed remarkable brightness and forethought. When she saw her friends, who kept her company in her last hours burst into tears, she said: "Weep not for me, nor waste your time in prayers for my recovery, but pray rather for the salvation of my soul." Having received Extreme Unction, she refused to follow the custom of having her feet exposed, thus showing the sensitive delicacy and modest decorum which ever marked her course through life. The hour came at last when she had to appear before her judge; and on Wednesday, November 26, 1504, after having received the last sacraments, she calmly passed to her repose, being at the time in the fifty-fourth year of her age and the thirtieth of her reign.

According to her own will, preparations were quickly made for the transportation of her body to Granada. Escorted by a numerous cortege of cavaliers and ecclesiastics, the procession started on their way, passing by Arevalo, Toledo, and Paen. Wearied with travel the mournful cavalcade reached their destination amidst the warring of the elements, and with simple solemnities they laid their noble queen to rest.

"My hand," says Peter Martyr, in a letter written about this time, "falls powerless by my side, for very sorrow. The world has lost its nobles ornament, a loss to be deplored not only by Spain, which she has so long carried forward in the career of glory, but by every nation in Christendom, for she was the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent, and an avenging sword to the wicked. I know none of her sex, in ancient or modern times, who, in my judgment, is at all worthy to be named with this incomparable woman."



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ALLEN OCHS, '12

MARTIN KUNTZ, '12

Few of us there are who fully understand the meaning of **Opportunity** this word, opportunity. By most of us it is regarded as the favorable occasion on which one can amass a fortune or attain the heights of success with as little effort and exertion as possible. Such, however, is not the true meaning of the word.

We fail to realize that all the daily happenings, insignificant though they be, are but so many opportunities for our improvement, for our self-advancement. But few of us will admit that those things which we call evils, as poverty, neglect, sickness, and suffering, are opportunities for good. Will not poverty and suffering teach us the value of human kindness and self-sacrifice? Are they not opportunities for the benevolent to exercise their charity in word and deed? How well neglect will teach us the value

of friendship. Life is one continual succession of opportunities. Even death itself is an opportunity of self-improvement, for does it not teach us life's value as well as its vanity?

Bishop Spalding defines opportunity thus: "Whatever can help me to think and love, whatever can give me strength and patience, whatever can make me humble and serviceable, though it be a trifle, light as air, is opportunity." It is not that phantom master of human destinies that knocks, unbidden at every door to bid thee, if sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise; and should it find thee doubting, hesitating, turns away, never more to return.

That opportunity awaits but our good will and coöperation is well expressed in the following lines:

"They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

"Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again."

Well may we, students of St. Mary's, ponder over these few lines. Though in past years we have left many a precious chance slip by, let not our failure be a discouragement, but, on the contrary, make it a means to spur us on to braver hope and striving. Every day is for us an opportunity to "make good" regardless of what the past has been. We have not control of the past, nor future, but let us look ever forward; let us press forward to our mark, bearing in mind that the present moment is the opportunity. Should we find ourselves unable to cope with the best, should we find ourselves sorely beset, let us not lose hope, but go on courageously, giving the best that is in us, and we will reap the results of our efforts. The past will then not be one of vain regrets and misspent hopes, but it will bring to us the keen satisfaction of having utilized the opportunities that were given us.

FRANCIS M. MUELLER, '12.

The It has often been said that the only way you can reach
Encyclopedia the minds of some men is by making a strong and forcible
Britannica appeal to their pocket-books. This is apparently the only
manner by which the editors of the new Encyclopædia Britannica can be
convinced that the Catholic Church will not be trifled with, and that she
demands justice in all matters pertaining to her interests.

The editors seem to have forgotten their promise to revise in a new edition the Catholic subjects that were found defective in the tenth edition of the *Britannica*. The new eleventh edition far surpasses its predecessor in unscholarly sectarian and offensive statements in regard to matters strictly Catholic. The editors seem to justify their high-handed misrepresentation by their statement in the preface to the latest edition, that it is "a comprehensive embodiment of accurate scholarship." It is a comprehensive embodiment "of ignorance, absurdity, and the offensive, whatever Catholic subjects are *treated*, or rather, *mistreated*. The Catholics, however, were not to be cajoled, and, moreover, they were not found napping, a fact that the editors of the *Britannica* have already been made aware of, and in no complimentary manner. The scathing criticisms of *America* and the Catholic papers seem to have struck a vital spot, for the editors, not knowing how to justify their base falsehood in their treatment of matters strictly Catholic, have replied to their critics by the evasive statement that "Catholics do not know what they want." One thing we do know, that we do not want the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and we presume that ere this, the editors have become painfully aware that the Catholic Church is a power that must be reckoned with, that she is entitled to justice, and that she will have justice.

Had the editors followed the suggestions in regard to Catholic contributors, which were cordially given, and had they remained true to their statements in the preface of the eleventh edition of assigning articles on particular churches to members of those churches, they would now have no reason for regret. Instead, however, Catholics were almost entirely disregarded. Matters in which the Catholic Church alone is concerned have been uniformly assigned to non-Catholic writers. Of the 1,500 contributors to the *Britannica*, about fifteen are really Catholic, only ten of whom are authorities on religious subjects. Moreover, but few of the articles assigned them are on important subjects, such as doctrinal matters and matters open to controversy. With all this, the editors still have the effrontery to offer their work to Catholics on the basis of its impartial, scholarly, and authoritative exposition of religious subjects. The ways of the transgressor are hard, and he must suffer the penalty of his wrong. It is the duty of every Catholic to enter silent protest against this injustice offered the Church by refusing to purchase the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and thus through the purse reach the mind of these men.

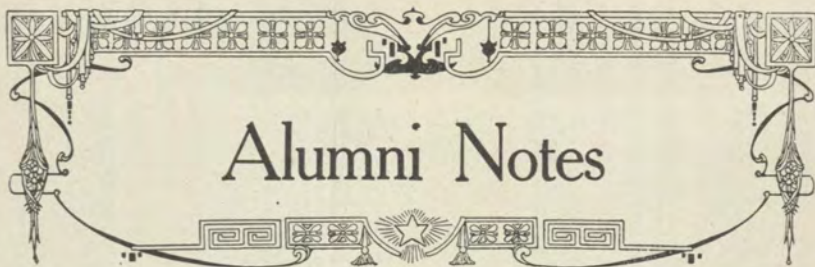
FRANCIS M. MUELLER, '12.

Eucharistic Congress

The Eucharistic Congress recently held in Cincinnati was the occasion of a great gathering of the most distinguished members of the hierarchy and clergy from all parts of the United States. Never before in Cincinnati's ecclesiastical history were there so many archbishops and bishops, so many leading doctors and

thinkers, so many of the clergy assembled within the walls of old St. Peter's Cathedral. Never before was there given the opportunity to witness so large a segment of the marvelous circle of Catholicity which encompasses the world with its discipline and its teachings. For four days the delegates of the congress met in large numbers, all the sermons, papers, and discussions bearing upon some feature of the Blessed Eucharist. It was inspiring at the opening service every morning to witness the fervor and impressive silence of the clergy and laity who thronged the venerable cathedral and who, on bended knees, renewed the homage of their hearts and souls to their Eucharistic King. There, worshiping their common Savior, were seen daily the princes of the Church, vested as becomes their high dignity, and her lowly children clad in the humble garments of the working class. This scene at the Pontifical High Mass each morning was, indeed, an impressive one, in that it testified to the mysterious bond that unites the entire Church and makes it the most compact organization of the world.

Interest in the work done at the sessions of the congress held in the Cathedral Hall spread not only to the Catholics of Cincinnati and the neighboring cities, but to the non-Catholics who were kept informed by the extensive reports published in the leading dailies. It will be impossible to tell the good accomplished amongst our non-Catholic brethren by the simple exposition of Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist made through the newspapers. The reading public was brought to consider and discuss the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Real Presence, and Holy Communion, these mysterious and vital truths of the Catholic faith. The result of these considerations and discussions cannot but be conducive to the most fruitful results even amongst those not of our creed. As for Catholics, this public tribute of faith paid by the hierarchy and clergy to our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist, will undoubtedly enliven their faith and inspire them with a greater love for and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, manifested by a more frequent recourse to the Eucharistic banquet.



**From
the Editor**

The Dayton Alumni will have the opportunity of supporting the best football team S. M. I. ever turned out. The Athletic Association wants your support—your loyal support, your financial support. A goodly number of you have homes of your own, and gardens of your own; but don't hand out that again. It's Fall and you can leave the garden go till next Spring. Come out and boost for alma mater. The Oakwoods play good football, but so does S. M. I., and *clean* football, too. The Alumni editor is going to take note of the alumni attending the games this year; perhaps an "open letter" after the season is over might help some. Get busy and be sure to have your name on the "roll of honor."

NUGGETS

**John P.
Georges, '09**

From our old steady football center of '09, we were pleased to hear the following: "The July EXPONENT was carefully read and re-read. I consider it one of the greatest numbers ever issued. There is push and energy displayed throughout." John, we're going to have more of those issues. Watch us! This is St. Mary's banner year, and we are going to do things.

**Joseph
Connors, '00**

"Jerry" Connors has risen to prominence in the sporting world. He has held the position of sporting editor of the *Dayton Daily News* for the past four years, and has been official scorer under President Carson of the Central League for the past few seasons. "Jerry" will attend the "post-season championship series" between the Giants and the Athletics, and give the readers of the *Daily News* descriptive reports of the series in stories labeled "By Jerry."

**J. Edward
Grimes, '04**

We were happy to hear the good news that J. EDWARD GRIMES, '04, has been appointed engineer of Chicago Heights by Mayor Stolte. The mayor seems to be a "live wire" and a plucky fighter judging from a "daily" we read recently.

“Ed.,” congratulations! We’re glad to learn that you came out on top, and we know we’ll hear good things of you. “Ed.” is a typical Chicago alumnus, enthusiastic over S. M. I., and, moreover, a loyal supporter for a Greater St. Mary’s.

Leo E. Holland, '97 LEO E. HOLLAND, '97, of London, O., spent a few hours in Dayton in August. He was accompanied by the chief of police of London, and together they paid a short visit to Alma Mater. Leo is city solicitor, and as such had the unenviable position of helping the “chief” to bring some prisoners to the Dayton workhouse. London has no workhouse of its own—must be a good town. Leo was delighted with all the new improvements, and promised to come again and look the place over more leisurely.

At Georgetown OLIVER SMITH, '05, CHARLES WHALEN, '07, FRANCIS CANNY, '09, and Elmer Focke, '08, are studying law at Georgetown University, in Washington, D. C. It does look as though Dayton will have to grow some to give enough “court cases” to busy these young lawyers. Let’s hear from you occasionally.

At the Altar Brother Walter Tredtin, S. M., a resident of Dayton, O., was ordained deacon in Fribourg, Switzerland, July 30. Walter has many friends here, and they all send their hearty congratulations.

Harry J. Huwe, '04, of Cincinnati, Ohio, took first vows at the Jesuit Novitiate, Florissant, Mo. Best wishes from Alma Mater, and may happiness attend you in your sacred calling.

WEDDING BELLS

Oscar C. Miller, '92 OSCAR C. MILLER, '92, sprung a surprise on his many friends when on August 9 he was quietly married to Miss Margaret V. Duffy, at St. Dominick’s Church, Chicago, Illinois. We received a postal announcing that the marriage had taken place, and that he and his bride were as far west on their wedding tour as Manitou, Colorado, and still traveling for the Golden Gate. Oscar certainly “put one over” his many friends who were unaware of his hymeneal aspirations. We hope to be able to give our readers further news of our loyal Chicago alumnus in the next issue. In the meantime, congratulations to Oscar and his bride.

J. Clarence Hochwalt, '06 We came near having another event transpire as we were going the even tenor of our way. J. CLARENCE HOCHWALT, '06, and Miss Florence Edith Edelman were the dramatis personæ that suddenly starred on the hymeneal boards in September. On the eve of September 19, we were delightfully surprised to learn that Clarence and his charming fiancé were to listen to the strains of Lohengrin the next day. The marriage was celebrated at a Nuptial Mass at Emmanuel's Church. Urban Deger presided at the organ. Only immediate friends were present as the event was not known but to special friends of the bride and groom. CARL J. SHERER, '06, attended Clarence as best man, and Miss Leona Hochwalt was bridesmaid. It was a very pretty wedding. The wedding breakfast was served among decorations of Killarney roses and a color scheme of pink and white. At 9:40 the happy couple left on their wedding trip through northern Michigan. Congratulations. Your many friends among the faculty will be pleased to offer their congratulations in person as they will find you at your regular place among the faithful rooters at the football games this season.

FUTURE S. M. I. RESIDENT STUDENTS.

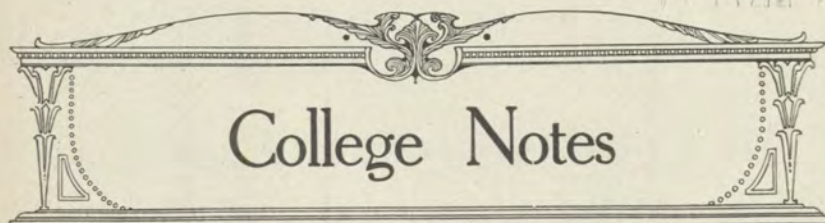
John M. Burgmeier, '02 We missed the happy face of JOHN M. BURGMEIER, '02, at the branch meeting of the Chicago Alumni Association in July. He writes: "I was more than pleased to read in the paper the glowing praises of S. M. I., and the account of the Commencement exercises and the banquet of the Alumni. I only regret that I was unable to attend, but will try to be with you next year." And now comes the reason why John was not at that Chicago meeting: "I am the proud father of a bouncing baby-boy. The event took place on the twenty-first of July. If by the grace of God my boy lives to be old enough, you can consider him a candidate for St. Mary's as soon as he is eligible to enter."

John, we will patiently wait for the little tot. In the meantime, best wishes and congratulations to you, Mrs. Burgmeier, and that budding S. M. I. "rooter."

George F. Allison, '98 We were pleased to hear from George F. Allison, '98, formerly of Hamilton, Ohio. George was a star basketball player some five years ago, and was seen on the S. M. I. court both as player and as referee. Those assisting at the famous Haskell Indian Basket-Ball Game of 1907, when our State Champions defeated the Redskins 27 to 26, can recall the speedy referee that was "the man on the spot," to the satisfaction of every one. Well, George is now in Mankato, Minn., holding a position as physical director. In a recent letter he wrote: "Since I left Dayton nearly two years ago, I have been presented

with a little boy who is now eleven months old. I hope to be able to settle in Dayton, and if I do, he will be educated in old St. Mary's."

Good for you, George; we'll wait for that youngster. You are due for another visit to the Gem City. S. M. I. has made great strides in all directions, and you will find the greatest aggregation that ever paced an S. M. I. gridiron, playing under the name of the S. M. I. Varsity to-day.



College Notes

JOSEPH GRAHAM, '13, Editor.

Record Number

The halls of S. M. I. are at present accommodating a larger number of students than at any other time in the history of the college. S. M. I. is educating 450 boys and young men, half of whom are resident students. Many have tried to investigate the causes of this rise and prosperity of St. Mary's. They are asking themselves not why St. Mary's was prosperous these many years, but why it has boomed so extraordinarily this year. The solution is summarized in Sports, College of Engineering, and New Dormitory Building. People are of the opinion that a college that has success and system in all departments of sport must necessarily have at least moderate success and system in its discipline and teaching; and parents are loath to send their children to colleges that are fifth or tenth rate in sport. But St. Mary's sounded the death-knell of the Notre Dame champions and the Antioch giants. The College of Engineering, inaugurated September, 1910, is drawing the eyes of many towards S. M. I., and the thirty comfortable and home-like private rooms of the new dormitory building, St. Joseph's Hall, opened September 7, 1911, have caused a stir and commotion that have made the words "St. Mary's Institute" seen and heard in heretofore unknown regions. And the prospect is brighter.

Moving Pictures

Sunday, September 10, a sprinkling of resident students entered the S. M. I. Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. with the mischievous elf, in common parlance called "the blues," running before them or sitting on their shoulders. But all home-sickness was dissipated and those troublesome fairies had departed to their sylvan haunts at 9:30 p.m., after the moving picture films, the faculty quartet, and the ice cream refreshments had done their kind work.

Musical Notes The S. M. I. Orchestra has been reorganized with some of the talent of the preceding year and the addition of several members of the faculty. A pair of tympanies have been added to the orchestra equipment. Programs are being rehearsed for the coming lectures and other events.

Museum The Curator makes grateful acknowledgement to the following contributors: To Mr. George A. Ringger, Baltimore, Md., for large map of Panama showing Canal Zone and Water Shed, Canal Zone Stamps and Postal Card, Currency of Panama, twenty strata of Powdered Rock from Culebra Cut, Panama, and Blue Limestone and Quartz from Canal Zone. To Bro. Anthony Rambach, Tokio, Japan, for quaint Japanese Pipe.

Peter's Pence The Peter's Pence Society at S. M. I. has a two-fold object. It intends to support our Holy Father, the Pope, and to educate the students in an essential requisite of a true Catholic, that of almsgiving. No one expects the Vicar of Christ, the Ruler of all the faithful on earth, to live in a humble home, but to meet the running expenses of the Vatican with its eleven thousand rooms and extensive gardens, requires no mean sum. Passing by the many other personal expenses of the Pope, he supports the poor missionaries, so many of whom need money most imperatively, but who have asked for alms in vain. The Pope can no longer fill his treasury from the money raised from the taxes levied on the States of the Church, nor from the charitable contributions of the heretofore most generous Eldest Daughter of the Church, for France is under persecution. Six years ago the Pope appealed to the charity of the Catholics of the United States. Three years later the students of St. Mary's presented him with a gift of \$250. They offered it not to the poor, but to the Father of the poor.

Japanese Scholarship Fund

Third Endowment

Cash on hand July 1911, \$393.98.

Contributions acknowledged for the first time:

CHICAGO: Mr. Peter Dress, \$30.00; Mrs. Reuber, \$1.00.

CLEVELAND: Mr. A. M. Keiper, \$1.00.

DAYTON: Mr. John Sherer, \$1.00; A. Benefactor, 25 cents; Misses Barbara and Mary Frohmiller, \$2.00; Miss Marie Durst, \$5.00; Mrs. Lukey, 50 cents.

NEW YORK: Mrs. B. Sauer, \$5.00.

ST. LOUIS: A Benefactor, 25 cents.

ST. BONIFACE, CANADA: Mr. and Mrs. Gagne, \$1.00.

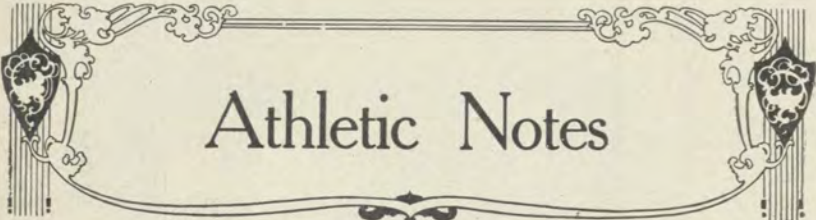
Contributions received since July issue of EXPONENT.

CHICAGO: A Benefactor, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Sieben, \$2.00; W. G. Witteck, \$5.00; A Benefactor, \$1.00; Mrs. G. Ebersthauser, \$5.00; Mr. Peter Dress, \$30.00; Mr. M. Lauer, \$2.00; Mrs. M. Zeller, \$1.00; Mr. M. Bosolt, \$1.00.

DAYTON: Misses Mary and Barbara Frohmiller, \$2.00; Mrs. Lukey, \$1.00; Mrs. Fred Miller, \$2.00.

PITTSBURG: Mrs. Reuber, \$1.00.

Total cash on hand October 7, \$499.98.



Athletic Notes

ST. MARY'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Athletic Association was re-organized for the year 1911-12 at an enthusiastic meeting held in Chaminade Hall, on Thursday morning, September 14. The Reverend President, Father O'Reilly, addressed the assembly upon the subject, "Athletics." He encouraged all the members to enter enthusiastically into the work of the association, for thus they would boost their college materially.

Election of Officers

With the return of the engineering students on September 21, the enrollment of the college was complete, and the call for the election of officers issued. At this meeting, Leo M. Walsh, past president, presided. John Dillon served as secretary pro tem.

When the call for nominees for president was made, but one name was suggested, L. Walsh, '13, this young man having displayed in a marked degree those essential marks which should distinguish every presiding officer. When he bowed to the wishes of his superiors and yielded to the unanimous voice of the student body, he was elected by acclamation. Alphonse M. Mahrt, of Cadet fame, was unanimously chose vice-president. John F. Dillon was voted secretary, a compliment for the efficient manner in which he has served the association in the past. James Hall was the successful candidate of a field of three for the office of treasurer. Wm. L. Seidensticker, as a reward for faithful service was re-elected business manager. Carlisle Howald was selected to fill the newly created position of scorer.

FOOT BALL.

For several years past the first of September brought also the first talk of football. To this rule the present year was an exception. Not until September did the students wait to talk of football. Long ago, in the melting months of summer, football was their chief topic of conversation, and there was a reason. From the material that was left from the previous year, it could easily be guessed that St. Mary's was going to have one of her very best teams. When Leo M. Walsh was given the reins of management, he immediately announced that a "history-making" schedule was his ambition. It was but a short time later that Captain E. Welch expressed his determination for a "history-making" team, and thus the Clark County officials worked hand in hand, until to-day the laurels of Ohio's foremost teams are threatened to be carried off by St. Mary's team. Thirty-five candidates answered the first call for aspiring rugby-ists, and other than Coach Bevan, no one would have ever been able to pick out

the best men. Captain Welch, Sacksteder, and Schumacher, may well be chosen as the exponents of the present team's caliber.

Our Coach The return of the students seems to have started a new epoch in the history of St. Mary's athletics. For the first time there numbered among those enrolled a professional coach, a man of experience and of marked ability. Never before was such an abundance of athletic material on hand, and the inevitable result will be that St. Mary's will enjoy her most prosperous year in the man-making line of athletics.

St. Mary's has been decidedly fortunate in the last few years in obtaining men who were stars in coaching athletics. This year she has outdone herself in securing the services of Mr. Roland Bevan. Mr. Bevan is a natural athlete, short in stature, of determined character, marked personality, and deserving of the esteem in which he is held by the student body, and especially his understudies, the football squad. From Buchnell College our coach hails, and the experience which he obtained there is sure to build up a winning team for St. Mary's. Mr. Bevan made good from the start, and his dignified reserve and determined efforts have already won for him the full confidence of every aspiring athlete.

LEO M. WALSH, '16

SECOND DIVISION.

Base Ball On September 21, the Junior team whitewashed the team representing Third High. Sourd pitched splendid ball, allowing but two hits in four innings, after which he was relieved by Hart, who also pitched excellent ball, allowing but one hit in three innings. The Junior's score was kept close until the fifth inning, the team by a sensational batting streak landing seven successive hits, among them being a single, double, and triple. The Juniors certainly had the opposing pitchers "goat," and after the big swatfest he was relieved by another twirler, who stood firm till the end of the game, the score being 13—0.

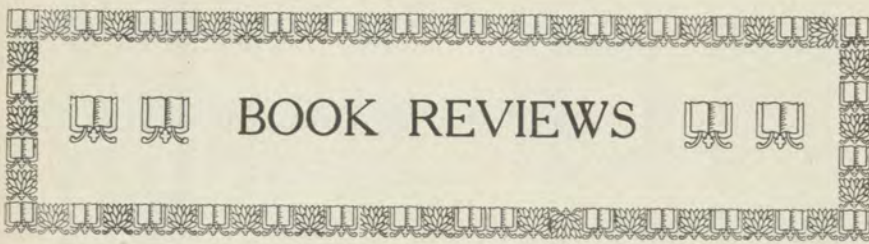

Foot Ball Football is now the "90" in the Junior Division. Coach Brother Hallameyer has been busy the past week trying out men for the different positions, and in a few days it is expected he will put forth a team on the gridiron that will uphold the Juniors' record last year.

CLARENA BRAUN, '15


THIRD DIVISION.

Foot Ball Football is at present the coming sport for the Third Division. However, the weather has been fair, and the tennis and quoit tournaments held equal sway. The prospects for a fine Rugby football team are very bright, so much so that the coach, Edward Purpus expects to put a winning team on the gridiron. Baseball, on the other hand, figured quite frequently in the excitement, and three teams have been organized for the fall season.

J. WINDBIEL, '16.

BOOK REVIEWS



THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH, by *HAROLD BELL WRIGHT*. Chicago, The Book Supply Company. 1911. 511 pp., \$1.80, net.

Harold Bell Wright needs no introduction to the readers of present-day fiction. His reputation is so well established that we sit down to any new effort of his with the expectation of being regaled with something out of the ordinary, and in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" we are not disappointed. The plot is laid in the Colorado Desert, and portrays in Wright's brilliant and fascinating fashion the drama of reclamation of the Western arid wastes. Although intensely human, the personages seem to be personification of good and bad principles; some unselfish and noble, others sordid. Capital, which wields its tremendous power for self, and altruistic Capital are here pictured as waging a tooth-and-nail war, whilst the noble and winsome Barbara Worth is the inspiring angel of moneyed power bent on aiding the masses. The cause of the people finally triumphs. The remarkable pen-pictures of the Western deserts are not to be forgotten by any one who will have read this book. In a word, "The Winning of Barbara Worth" deserves to be one of the contemporary novels worthy of permanent record and of a constantly growing circle of intelligent readers.

THE CASE OF PAUL BREEN, by *ANTHONY TUDOR, LL.B.* Boston, L. C. Page & Co. 1911. 460 pp., \$1.50.

Looked at in the light of a story replete with excitement, "The Case of Paul Breen," deserves the critic's praise. However, this interest is kept up at the expense of straining circumstances to such an extent as to make the plot very artificial and unbalanced. Things dovetail too nicely into each other and we miss the portrayal of life as it really is. In other respects the novel can lay claim to considerable literary value and is moral in tone and purpose.

ROSE OF OLD HARPETH, by *MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS*. Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1911. 313 pp., \$1.25, net.

A story about "the winsome wholesomeness of a country girl," Rose Mary of Sweetbriar, and the capture of the heart of the rising young man from town. In this short novel of ten chapters, the author rehearses an old, familiar theme in a pleasing manner. The smoothly written story, with the illustrations by King, make of it a book that will be pleasing to those who want a simple, sylvan love tale.

HURDCOTT, by *JOHN AYSCOUGH*. St. Louis, B. Herder. 1911. 376 pp. \$1.50.

"Hurdcott" is a great improvement over "Mezzogiorno," both in interest of plot and in rapidity of movement. It is a soul-stirring tragedy that brings home

forcibly to the reader the ever-recurring question, How is it that the innocent suffer and the guilty prosper in this world? The ending of the story would surely not be satisfying if there were no belief in a future life, where all things will be made right. The author introduces into his book a number of splendid characters, and he develops them with great ability and with a finish that shows close observation of humankind. The scene of the plot is laid in a typical English village in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the customs and peculiarities of the villagers, their traditional prejudices towards Catholics, and their misconception of priests and nuns, are finely described. Hurdcott, the hero of the tale, is a splendid and beautiful character, whose tragic death is a fit climax to a pure and noble life.

NAYA, by ELIZABETH EGGLESTON HINMAN. Chicago, Rand, McNally & Company. 1910. 326 pp., \$1.25.

Naya, the only daughter of an English ranchman and an Indian maiden, is a simple yet charming story of love in Western frontier life. The interest is sustained throughout by a series of adventurous incidents that reach their climax in the death of Naya's noble-minded lover. This sad event hastens her determination to visit her father's relatives in England, and thus escape the machinations of her mother's tribesmen. The reader closes the book with the one regret that he is left ignorant of the subsequent fate in England of this "fair Pocahontas" of the Wild West.

ARGENTINA AND HER PEOPLE OF TO-DAY, by NEVIN O. WINTER. Boston, L. C. Page & Co. 1911. 421 pp., \$3.00.

"Argentina and Her People of To-Day" is an account of the customs, characteristics, amusements, history, and advancement of the Argentinians, and the development and resources of their country. The book is illustrated from original and selected photographs by the author. A detailed index of six pages makes the book a veritable cyclopedia of Argentina and her people. In the preface we are told that "in the preparation of the work there has been not only an extensive first-hand study, but the works of the leading writers upon that country have been consulted, so that the author's view-point might be broadened and a more accurate survey result." In the chapter on Religious Forces, we meet with generalities, to which we cannot subscribe from a sane point of view. The volume is, however, a well-written account of one of the greatest food-producing countries on the face of the globe. The book will be of great value to those who want to know of that republic which is first in commercial importance south of the United States.

SERMONS AND LECTURES, by MONSIGNOR GROSCH. London, Thomas Baker. 1911. 324 pp., \$1.35.

This is a collection of discourses which are well deserving of the permanency that comes to them from publication in book form, though the author modestly disclaims any intentions in preparing them beyond making them serve their original purpose, viz., delivery by word of mouth. A glance at the table of contents makes one curious, and a glance at the book at once engages the interest. Of the twenty-five lectures (or sermons, as the case may be,) the following

are pointed out as particularly interesting and instructive, and also as representative of the general scope of the book: "Religion and the Child," "Religion and Home Life," "Catholic Intolerance," "Catholic Worship of Saints and Angels," "St. Peter and England," "Ireland's Apostle," "A True Reformer," "Martyrs of England," "Our Leper Brethren."

ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND. (The "Notre Dame" Series of Lives of the Saints.) St Louis, B. Herder. 1911. 274 pp., \$1.25.

This book is dedicated to "St. Patrick's children, whether at home, or exiled in many lands." It will certainly appeal to all of these, and to many more, for St. Patrick belongs to all of us. The biography is written in simple and attractive style, much of the quaintness of old documents having been retained. It consists of "the old stories retold, as far as may be in the light of modern research." The principal sources from which the author has drawn are: "The Tripartite Life of Patrick and Other Documents Relating to the Saint," by Dr. Whiteley Stokes; "Legends of St. Patrick," by Aubrey de Vere; and "Life and Writings of St. Patrick," by Archbishop Healy.

THE ANTIDOTE (Vol. II.), Edited by the REV. JOSEPH KEATING, S. J. London, Catholic Truth Society. 1911. 179 pp., 1 shilling.

The title of this volume is very well chosen. The articles it contains are truly an "antidote" for the "misreading of history, misrepresentation of doctrine, misinterpretation of fact, every variety of logical fallacy, positive advocacy of false principle, with a liberal dose of silly mendaciousness," to quote from Father Keating's introduction. All the articles are reprinted from "The Month," though with occasional alterations that seemed opportune to the editor. The book is brimful of spicy articles—the kind that strike home and "hit hard." A book that will delight Catholics and all other lovers of fair play, and 'that will surprise' the "others" if they get near enough.

THE RED-HOT DOLLAR, And Other Stories from the *Black Cat*, by H. D. UMBSTAETTER, with an introduction by JACK LONDON. Boston, L. C. Page & Co. 1911. 239, \$1.00.

A little book that is sure to arouse absorbing interest. The author, H. D. Umbstaetter, is the founder and editor of *The Black Cat*, which "has done more for short-story readers and short-story writers than any other periodical." A unique introduction by Jack London prefaces the stories. The book contains twelve stories. They are full of arousing interest and so unusual in the realm of fiction, embodying as they do amusing character sketches, tales of humor, paths, mystery, and adventure, that they will appeal to a large class of readers who are not attracted to the ordinary in fiction. The stories abound in such action as to lend themselves to "story-telling" without diminishing the interest.

GEORGE THORNE, by NORVAL RICHARDSON. Boston, L. C. Page & Co. 1911. 333 pp., \$1.25, net.

We were completely taken up with "George Thorne." The charm and finish of the style, the strong plot, with its masterly development, and the powerful delineation of the characters took such a hold on us that we turned over the

last page of the book with great reluctance. "George Thorne" is more than merely interesting; it is fascinating; it grips at the heart and by sheer force holds the attention. The novel reader cannot but be benefitted by reading this life story. George Thorne is a poor but ambitious young man who gives way to the temptation of imposing himself on a rich old couple as their long-lost son. George is successful, but that little voice within him, conscience, raises such a turmoil, that after a terrific struggle, through the influence of the sweet, loving, motherly Mrs. Livingston, virtue gains the victory, and affairs are straightened out. "George Thorne" is one of the cleanest, most interesting, and best written novels we have read for many a day.

THE CARPET FROM BAGDAD, by HAROLD MACGRATH. Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1911. 390 pp., \$1.25.

Harold MacGrath has given us another of his novels brimful of interest, romance, and adventure. When George Percival Algernon Jones (accent on Percy Algernon) buys the holy Yhiordes, the rug sacred to the Caliph of Bagdad, he makes for himself a fierce enemy in the person of Mahomed-El-Gebel, and incidentally he becomes entangled in the meshes of the United Romance and Adventure Co. The torrent of troubles and trials that pour down upon his inexperienced head are enough to overwhelm any ordinary man. But George Jones, supported by the love of the charming Fortune Chedsoye, is equal to the occasion, and all things turn out splendidly in the end. The book is written with MacGrath's characteristic rapidity of movement, vividness of coloring, and crispness of dialogue. A number of fine full-page illustrations in color by Andre Castaigne add to the interest of the work.

EL ESTRANJERO (The Stranger), by RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS. Chicago, Rand, McNally & Co. 1910. 296 pp., \$1.

This is a charming tale of Lower California, shortly after the Civil War. The author introduces a number of historical events into his plot, and his descriptions of the land, its possibilities, and the life of the early settlers, are of special interest to the student of the early history of California. Two charming romances are woven together to form the plot; the first involving the pretty Alice Holcomb and El Sitranjero (the Stranger), a man who had escaped from the Indians and had found his way to Mr. Holcomb's house in the pueblo Elevado; the second involving Philip Adams, an Eastener, and Nawona, a white girl rescued from the Indians. There are enough surprises and adventures to satisfy almost any reader of romance. The author has taken great pains in the working out of his plot, and he tells the story simply, charmingly, and interestingly. Numerous full-page illustrations and fine marginal sketches in harmony with the text, further enhances the value and interest of the book.

THE DAWN OF ALL by ROBERT HUGH BENSON. St. Louis, B. Herder. 1911. 423 pp. \$1.50.

Father Benson has added another triumph to the long list of his published novels. In a former book "*Lord of the World*" he attempted to sketch the kind of development that would logically follow the trend of what is called "modern thought." The book was exceedingly depressing to optimistic Christians. In

the present novel he is attempting to sketch the kind of development that might be reasonably expected about sixty years hence, if the opposite process begins, and ancient thought (which has stood the test of centuries, and is in a very remarkable manner being "rediscovered" by persons even more modern than modernists,) be prolonged instead.

Mgr. Westerman an apostate priest, is called upon in his dream to become the secretary of an English Cardinal. Through his right-hand man Father Jervis, he relearns the simple Catholic principles that were accepted when all these changes took place. The book illustrates in a clever and interesting manner how "the function of the Church is to guide the world, and the highest wisdom of the world to organize itself on a supernatural basis. The scientist, the philosopher, the sociologist, and the ordinary reader will find this novel a source of courage in action and an inspiration in living.

THE QUEEN'S FILLET by CANNON SHEEHAN. New York, Longmans, Green & Company. 1911. 376 pp., \$1.50.

There is not a reader who will not attain an accurate picture of the French Revolution from its pages, and who will not find himself probably for the first time—face to face with the real problems of that great upheaval. Maurice the hero of the novel is the very expression cavalier spirit. The development of his character in his brave and hopeless struggle to save the unfortunate Marie Antoinette gives this novel a deeper interest than even that which comes from its graphic and dramatic narrative. It is a story with an absorbing plot that holds the reader's interest from start to finish.

LIFE OF ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA, PATRON OF CHRISTIAN YOUTH, by MAURICE MESCHLER, S. J., translated by a Benedictine of the Perpetual Adoration. St. Louis, B. Herder. 1911. 344 pp., \$1.50.

This is a life of St. Aloysius which grown up persons can read with relish. Those who have been "regaled" to their heart's content and more with the "Lives" of St. Aloysius that have so long held a place of honor in libraries "for the young" will hail the present volume with delight. Father Martindale S. J., in his Introduction to Father Meschler's "Life of St. Aloysius" seems to have something like this in mind when he says: "We have often heard it regretted that the *Lives* and even the character of St. Aloysius Gonzaga exercise less influence among us, and proves less attractive (especially to English boys), than might have been expected from the unique position the Saint has held in Catholic devotion. This may be done in large measure to the unfortunate tendency of modern iconography to soften his extremely marked features into conventional regularity, and to impart to his representations a languishing air wholly out of keeping with his ardent and masculine personality." Father Meschler's book is reliable and interesting. The English translation is very fine. Paper and binding are excellent, and several illustrations enhance the value of the book.

ST. MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND. St. Louis, B. Herder. 1911. 253 pp., \$1.25. (Notre Dame Series of Lives of Saints).

In the Preface to this work Father Graham says of St. Margaret: "There is

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The biography before us is singularly beautiful. It makes most attractive reading because of the interesting subject portrayed and because of the fine style in which the subject is treated. The reader gains much information of the times in which St. Margaret figured, besides learning to love the saint. St. Margaret is described as a "model queen and mother, ruling well her house and kingdom, and lifting Scotland to a height of prosperity till then unknown."

THE WAY THAT LEADS TO GOD, Practical Counsels for those who aspire after true piety, by the *ABBE A. SAUDREAU*, translated from the French by *LENORA L. YORKE SMITH*, New York, Benziger Brothers. 1911. 344 pp., \$1.50.

What the object of the author was in writing this book is best seen from his own words: "Spiritual reading supplies one of the most efficacious means of sanctification. How many priests and religions, how many persons living in the world, realize that if they have been able to maintain themselves and even to make some progress in the love of God, they owe it to the encouragements, the exhortations, and the counsels of those silent friends called books!" The book of the *Abbé Saudreau* is a mine of excellent spiritual reading. In a single volume he has treated practically all the subjects with which those who are striving after perfection must be more or less familiar. The translation of *Mrs. F. Yorke Smith* is of rare merit, and the book ought to go far towards meeting the wants of a large class of readers among English speaking Catholics, both in the religious state and in the world.

THE HOLY VIATICUM OF LIFE AS OF DEATH by *Rev. Daniel A. Dever*, *Ph.D., D.D.* New York, Benziger Brothers. 1911. 184 pp., 75 cents.

In this volume a parallel is drawn between the life of the Christian nourished by the Body and Blood of Christ and the earthly career of *St. Stanislaus* with its wonderful communions. The idea of Holy Communion as Viaticum—food on the way—is thus brought out, as it is already suggested by the title "*The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death.*" The parallel may at first strike the reader as somewhat fanciful, but a careful reading of the volume will reveal many ideas of great beauty and appropriateness. The book is gotten out in very attractive style and ought to serve as a very acceptable gift book for such as are pious and poetic enough to appreciate its peculiar beauties.

WHERE WE GOT THE BIBLE by *REV. FATHER GRAHAM, M. A.* St. Louis, B. Herder. 1911. 166 pp., 30 cents.

The aim and purpose of this fine little volume is well described in the "Foreword" by *Father Charleston*, when he says: "As the dust and darkness of the Reformation fade away before the light of truth, people are coming to understand better the attitude of the great Mother Church to the Christian Bible, properly so called, and also to the partial Bible that was issued by the Reformers, as if it were the complete and genuine Word of God." In the "Introduction" *Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B.*, says much in the same vein: "Of all the foolish clap-trap sayings invented by men, none is more foolish than that of prating

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about the open Bible as one of the glories of Protestantism. The silly people who catch up and repeat this cry have not the slightest idea now they got the Bible at all." Father Graham has given us a most valuable book. Having been a minister in the Established Church of Scotland, he knows "both sides" of the Bible question, and with rare knowledge and skill does he treat his subject. The book is one of those which are read "from cover to cover."

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London. Penny Pamphlets.

- Thoughts on Our Blessed Lady*, by Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.
What Men of Science Say About God, by A. Edward Proctor.
The Fear of Rome, by Rev. J. Keating, S.J.
The Church and Social Reformers, by the Bishop of Northampton.
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- Language Lessons and Elementary Grammar*, by E. J. Hoenschel, A.M.
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- Vocation, The Secret of Happiness*, by Rev. Peter Geermann, C.S.S.R.
Plea for a Catholic Professional Literature, by Owen Lewis, both 5 cents.

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- Come, Let Us Adore* (Eucharistic Manual), by Rev. F. J. Benziger, O.F.M. 75 cents.
The Little Girl from Back East, by Isabel J. Roberts. 45 cents.
An Awkward Predicament, by Madame Cecilia.
Doctrine Explanations—The Commandments, Part 1, by the Sisters of Notre Dame
Short Course in Catholic Doctrine for Non-Catholics Intending Marriage with Catholics, by Rev. J. T. Durward.