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Peace.

IS doubt unchecked that brings to wakeful hearts,
The cheerless bodings of a future day;
And lack of love that prompts them to obey
Commands which lead to dark and dreary parts.
Oft courage strong and deeply tested starts
The watchful ones most bravely on the way;
But fear untamed creeps up, and in dismay
They quiver and go down like twisted darts.

The tranquil soul must battle these, and gain
A battle unreserved; yet small and weak
It must remain, when love and hope, well bound
With strength, are passed in proud and cold disdain;
But sought and freed they ever help to seek,
'Til all is o'er and peace most true is found.

FRANCIS E. EYANSON.

Frank R. Stockton.

ARTHUR P. HUDSON, '95.

An even dozen of years ago, there appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* a short story, by an almost unknown writer, entitled the "Lady or the Tiger?" Its author was a man of about middle age, who had written many stories for children, and made occasional contributions to some of our leading magazines; but none of his tales were remarkable for any special merit such as would give him a great literary reputation. But when Mr. Stockton propounded that little conundrum, which covered hardly three pages of a magazine, his name was in everybody's mouth, and he came to be quite a celebrity in literary circles. This was the beginning of a successful and, I might almost say, brilliant career, which in our day has not lost any of its former splendor.

Frank R. Stockton was not twenty years of age when he had made up his mind to become a man of letters. To use his own words, his career is an "instance of protracted youth," and he seems to have met with all those experiences which generally fall to the lot of a young author. He began to write early in life, and before he had completed his high-school course, a short story from his pen won a prize offered by the *Boys' and Girls' Journal* of Boston. Even then, it is said, he showed signs of that genius which is so evident in his later works.

Soon after he had been graduated from the Central High School of Philadelphia, he joined the "Forensic and Literary Circle," composed of about forty young men who were just beginning life. It was for a manuscript magazine published by this club, that he wrote the "Ting-a-Ling" papers, which were notable for their quiet and delicate humor. "Kate," the first of his stories which attracted any notice, was also read before the club, and after it had been rejected by several magazines, was finally published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. He devoted much of his time to wood engraving, and was a contributor of pictures and verse to *Vanity Fair* and *Punchinello*, the comic papers of the day. During this time, however, he did not neglect literary work, but successively held editorial positions on the *Philadelphia Post* and *Hearth and Home*.

Mr. Stockton joined the staff of *Scribner's Magazine* in 1872, but soon left it to become assistant editor of *St. Nicholas*, in which he published the best of his juvenile stories. He has the art of writing, for boys and girls, stories which, at the same time, interest and amuse older people. "What Might Have Been Expected" is remarkable for its negro characters and conversation. It develops two phases

of thought, one for the child who reads it for the story, and another for the more mature mind of mankind in general.

"An Unhistoric Page," which won the *Youth's Companion* prize for the best humorous story, is so true to negro character that it is hard to make one believe it is the invention of an author, and is not taken from an incident of real life. "The Floating Prince" series is one of the most delightful sets of improbable tales that were ever invented. They were written for children; but there is about them a sort of mock gravity and unconscious humor that make them very amusing to older people. In 1880 Mr. Stockton resigned his editorship of *St. Nicholas*, and the best of everything that he has written since has appeared in *The Century*.

The "Tale of Negative Gravity" is a very cleverly constructed story, and the atmosphere that surrounds it reminds one very much of the extravaganzas of Jules Verne. It is, however, distinguished from Verne's work by a vein of humor that seems to be the exclusive property of Mr. Stockton. From the beginning we are struck by the improbability of its incidents; but the possible realities, blended by an artistic hand with the general unreality, make it quite an interesting and amusing story.

We give ourselves into the hands of the author, and allow him lead us wherever his fancy may desire. The construction of the negative gravity machine is taken for granted by us, and we readily believe that in the small cylinder is stored an almost infinite amount of centripetal force. In the hero's success, when he out-walks the Alpine tourist, we rejoice with him; and in his misfortune, when he is suspended in the air, we give him our deepest sympathy.

The success of the "Tale of Negative Gravity" was very great; for when Mr. Stockton afterwards wrote "My Bull Calf" his publishers would not accept it, because it was not so well done as the former tale, although they admitted it was a very good story. Taking the suggestion from this little incident, he wrote "His Wife's Deceased Sister." It took its name from a fanciful story, supposed to be written by the author himself, the literary merits of which were of such a high quality that all his subsequent productions suffered greatly at the hands of the publishers on account of the contrast. The story is quite an original and very clever piece of work.

The "Rudder Grange" sketches are remarkable for that quiet and delightful humor that

is all Mr. Stockton's own. The characters are all taken from ordinary life, and the incidents described are but every-day occurrences. But the popularity of these sketches goes to show that the unimportant details of life, which usually make no impression on us, will become interesting and even amusing if treated by an artist such as Mr. Stockton.

The motive of these stories was suggested by the experience that the author and his wife had in ransacking New York for a suitable home. In one of their wanderings they came across the "Rudder Grange," which was an old canal boat occupied by a family of poor people. The author fancied themselves as choosing this unique place for a home, and then gives an inimitably humorous description of their early experiences at house—or rather boat-keeping. It is said that the characters were taken from life; but regardless of this they all seem to contain an element of the unreal. I do not think such a creation as Pomona ever existed; and if Euphemia be a reality, the life of the hero must be burdened with more than ordinary trials and troubles, or else he is an exceedingly easy-going man. These, however, are not defects; for the few inconsistencies seem to make the story all the better. "The Rudder Grangers in England," which is a continuation of "Rudder Grange," is well done, but shows a remarkable falling off from the former sketches.

The "Lady or the Tiger?" is so closely associated with Mr. Stockton's name that the mention of one naturally suggests the other. In many respects it is the best thing he has done; and for originality of plot and treatment it has not a superior in the English language. To point out just what gives this or that work of art its peculiar charm is not easy; but in the "Lady or the Tiger?" we venture to say it is that peculiar delicacy with which the climax is approached, and the surprise, mingled with a feeling of regret and anger, that the story did not end as we had expected.

With the reader's imagination wrought to its highest pitch, the author surrounds the situation with a puzzle of human nature, which, on account of its very essence, can receive no general solution. Any woman might solve it for herself, but no one can solve it for everyone. The course of action that anyone would pursue if placed in a position similar to that of the king's daughter is entirely a question of temperament; and if one should determine for oneself which it was that came forth—the

lady or the tiger—that one will find out at the same time the nature of his own disposition. Of course, women were naturally very curious to know the outcome, and it is reported that some of them went so far as to write to the author to know his opinion. But the only satisfaction he could give to inquirers was to state that all he knew about the incident was contained in the story.

It seemed almost rash for Mr. Stockton to attempt a sequel to such a great success; but the "Discourager of Hesitancy" came forth, and was quickly seized upon by all those who were waiting for a solution to the "Lady or the Tiger?" It is quite probable that the author was again flooded with letters inquiring this time whether the prince chose the lady that smiled or the one that frowned; and it is probable also that they received answers similar to the former ones.

"The Late Mrs. Null," as a novel, has its merits and defects, and it is the only one of considerable length that Mr. Stockton has written. He consciously lays the scene in Virginia, that he may introduce negro personages, who furnish him with his favorite, easy-going type of character. His studies of this kind are the result of observations that he made in the "black belt" of Amelia county, during frequent visits to his wife's former home, and the negroes represented by him have an actual existence; for—to quote the words that the author puts into the mouth of the hero of "Our Story,"—the characters ought "to be taken from real life, for it would be perfectly ridiculous to create imaginary characters, when there are so many interesting and original ones around us." The plot of the novel is poorly constructed; for the different parts are loosely connected, and each chapter seems like a short story rather than a part contributing to the harmonious development of the whole. It is full of sudden and unexpected turns, making it almost impossible to predict what the next chapter may bring forth.

The scheming Mrs. Null is an attractive and interesting character, and is typical of her kind. Her husband, Freddy, is a non-existent, but still very important, personage. He is the cause of much worrying to Mrs. Keswick, who declares that "Annie must be divorced from that utterly good-for-nothing fellow." Mrs. Keswick herself is an interesting old woman, and the various plans that she evolves to attain her ends are sometimes wonderful.

But it is the negro character and dialect that

interest the reader most, and seem to add a peculiar charm to the book. Wherever he introduces Peggy, who can so readily invent facts, or the superstitions of Aunt Patsy, the scene fairly teems with life and humor. The description of the religious exercises of the negroes, which terminate in that hideous "Jerusalem jump," is probably the best-written passage in the book. The death of Aunt Patsy is briefly and effectively described, and our regret is that she would not "condescend to live a little longer" that we might enjoy her company to the end of the novel.

Although a little uneven in outline, which, likely, is owing to the fact that its author is used to writing short stories, "The Late Mrs. Null" is a very good novel indeed, and for humor and amusement it is sure to fulfil the expectations of all its readers.

As compared with the other story writers of to-day, Mr. Stockton is distinguished for his originality of plot and treatment. He was the first to put a surprise in the form of a question at the end, and his treatment of the negro, from a humorous standpoint, is unexcelled. These qualities combine to make him one of the most popular short-story writers of to-day, and anyone desiring to pass a few pleasant and amusing hours in reading, can do no better than to call upon the author of the "Lady or the Tiger?"

How Sullivan was Elected.

BY EUSTACE CULLINAN, '95.

It was the evening before election day, and a number of newspaper boys and boot-blacks were seated on the steps of one of those small and dirty two-story frame dwellings so common in the poorer quarters of a large city. Before the house was a low, wooden railing from which the paint had long since disappeared. The railing enclosed an uncultivated strip of earth choked with papers and refuse. Through the partly opened door, a narrow strip of oil-cloth could be seen running down the middle of the hall-way. Strangers to the neighborhood noticed also a smell of grease and a bad odor; but as the dwellers thereof had no means of comparison with purer atmospheres they were not aware of anything offensive.

The street itself by daylight was narrow and filthy, with a broken and splintered plank roadway, but it was now quite dark. Occasionally

the loud voice of a woman speaking would strike the ears of the group on the steps, and some one would remark: "There's old woman Meyer jawin' the old man! Them Jews is always fightin'. 'Member the time Ted Reilly threw a brick through the winder and hit him on the nut? He thought she done it, and went after her with the shears!" Everybody nodded assent. The Meyers made vests and trousers for a downtown tailor, and the smoothness of their married life was disturbed by such slight occurrences as the above.

Later, it became more quiet, and the sentimental mood, which comes over even the stunted soul of the street Arab, fell upon them. A sharp-featured chap, whose face, when he showed his teeth, which he did every time he spoke, reminded one strongly of a fox's, proposed a song. He was eagerly seconded, and a little Italian shoe-black, Tony by name, was called upon to begin. Without any signs of reluctance he commenced, in a shrill voice, the following:

"My father's an apple-pie baker;
My mother she 'wrestles' for gin;
My sister's the same as her brother,
Great Scott, how the money rolls in!

Every morning down Baxter Street market
I go with my basket to fill,
Full of 'murphies' and corn-beef and cabbage,
The same which is put on the bill."

"Ye see, boys, there's some more, but I don't know the rest," he alleged as an excuse for stopping. The fox-like gamin heaved a sigh, and exclaimed that he wished he could sing like Tony. If he could he'd learn to play on the accordion and get a job at the Crystal Music Hall. "I tell you, fellers," he continued, "them actors has a bully time of it. Goes to the theayter every night and calls it work, and then draws their twenty dollars or thirty dollars a week. Look at Paddy! why, she puts up at the finest hotels and gets about nine rooms to sleep in. Quail on toast ain't nothin' to her. She washes her face in cream every mornin' and never touches water!"

"Cheese it! here comes the cop," whispered some one, and they all held their breath as the dread representative of the law passed them by on the opposite side of the street. It was officer Tim Maloney, a kind-hearted fellow, and, although he saw the gathering on the steps, he didn't deem it necessary to bid them move on.

"Oh, it's Maloney!" exclaimed one with a gasp of relief, after the policeman's huge form had vanished into the darkness. "He's the best cop ever was on this beat; but I guess he

won't be on it long if Robinson gets elected from this ward to-morrow. Yer know Maloney pulled Robinson's kid once for insultin' a lady, and they ain't been friends since. If Robinson gets on the board he'll soon have Maloney fired, you bet. I guess I know him well enough."

"I tell you, fellers," he went on after a pause, "I wish we could do somethin' so's Sullivan would get elected. But I don't see how we can. Sullivan ain't got much money, and Robinson owns the finest saloon in the ward."

All this while, Johnny Dougherty, he of the vulpine countenance, had been sitting silent with his cheek resting on his hand. He and jovial Tim Maloney were great friends, and many a night had the burly officer given him "tomales" or a quarter to go to the lodging-house with, when he was "down on his luck," as he expressed it. And now Tim would soon be "skating on his uppers" himself. For it seemed a foregone conclusion that Robinson would poll a majority, and his opponent's friends had lost heart.

Suddenly a plan occurred to Johnny by which he might turn the tide in Sullivan's favor. The quick mind of the street boy knows as much as it is given credit for, and while the children of wealthier parents are following their nurses he is thinking as a man. The hard school of experience is an able teacher and her students never fail to learn.

"Boys," he asked, "would ye be willin' to do a good turn for Maloney?" "Would we," they all exclaimed, "just try us!" "'Cause if ye would, come round to Smith & McCormick's printing-shop at three a. m. sharp, will ye?" And before the rest knew what he was about he had disappeared.

There was a young man named Baird who worked in the printing establishment mentioned and kept a key to it in his possession. It was his duty to open the doors for the hands every morning at seven o'clock. To this Baird, an ardent upholder of the Sullivan party, and a good friend of his own, Johnny repaired and unfolded his plan.

At first Baird was unwilling to risk what was asked of him; but the interests of his party were at stake, and he was soon prevailed upon. Together they went to Smith & McCormick's, and the printer worked off several thousand circulars reading thus:

"VOTERS, ATTENTION!

Robinson is the people's man;
All the Protestant clergy recommend him strongly;

He believes in America for Americans;
No foreigners shall boss the ward;
All loyal citizens owe him their support."

At three o'clock the bills were printed and the boys had arrived. Each received a bundle, and a district was assigned him in which to distribute them. By six they were scattered far and wide. In the morning one was found under every door in the ward. The ward was largely Irish and Catholic, and when the circulars were read not all the saloons in town could have saved the day for Robinson.

That imposing personage, walking down the street about eight o'clock to see how the election was prospering, was handed one of the papers by Johnny Dougherty himself. He perceived at once what injury the thing would do him, and demanded of the boy who had told him to distribute the bills.

The news-boy was sharp enough not to let him know anything, and the candidate went his way, vowing vengeance upon the officious friend who had killed him politically. He did not begin to suspect the trick for some time, and when it dawned upon him that perhaps the other party was responsible for it all, it was too late to mend matters. He could do nothing but await the returns of the election.

When the result was announced there was great rejoicing among Sullivan's friends, for that worthy won by a large majority. He gave a great reception at the Turn Verein Hall, when tremendous quantities of beer and sandwiches were passed around free; and among all who cheered on that occasion none did so more loudly or with better will than Officer Tim and his friend Johnny Dougherty.

Thomas Gray.

DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95.

There are fashions in literature as well as in dress. Each particular epoch has its own peculiar characteristics and qualities. When Walsh told his young crippled friend, Alexander Pope, that although we had had many great poets, still we could not boast of one correct great poet, he did not, for an instant, imagine what an immense influence his words would have not only on Pope himself, but also on the literature of his time.

This expression of Walsh's became Pope's inspiration. He aspired to be the most correct

poet of his own and of all ages. He was the mirror of the polite society of his day. Nature in all its beauty and variety had no charms for him. My Lady's latest rout or the gossip of the court was of the greatest interest to him. With him, sentiment was secondary to the manner of expressing it. He paid especial attention to the form and polish of his verse. All little flaws in metre or in rhyme were diligently smoothed away before his poetical productions were sent to the press. As is always the case, there were many lesser men who were attracted by the flame of his greater talent, and he soon found many imitators springing up around him. But even while he still lived and reigned the acknowledged king of poesy, there were some who raised the standard against him. Although none of these attained a reputation which would merit their being ranked among our greatest poets, still the revolt which they first began has continued to the present day. They rose up against the artificiality of Pope and his satellites. They were thoroughly disgusted with town life and with town people. They wished to get back to Nature, to listen to her music and to sing her songs.

Of this little group of men, Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," Cowper, the poet of the fireside and of the domestic affections, and Gray, whose sweet elegy takes half the sting from death, were most prominent. Of these, the judgment of over a century declares Gray to be the greatest. The excellence of his work may be judged from the fact of his having acquired so great a fame by the production of such a small number of poems. It rests entirely on a few very short but almost perfect pieces.

Gray was born in Cornhill, on the 25th of December, 1716. His father was a money scrivener, while his mother, with her sister, kept a millinery store. The elder Gray seems to have been of a very morose and suspicious temperament. He was very jealous of his wife, and they lived together most unhappily. While young Thomas was still at Eton we find his father endeavoring to ruin his wife's trade, and threatening to make himself a bankrupt that he may undo his wife and son.

Gray was indebted to his mother for his education. When he was thirteen she sent him to Eton and afterwards kept him at Cambridge. He never attracted particular attention by his scholarship, although while at Eton he read Virgil during play time for his own amusement. This may be looked upon as the first

glimmerings of his poetic fire. He was never fond of athletic sports of any kind. He was, however, very particular as to his dress and person, and, in fact, seems to have been a regular young coxcomb. On this account he was rather looked down upon by the majority of his comrades at Eton; but he there formed a firm friendship with a young man of similar taste, Horace Walpole. They were at Cambridge together and remained fast friends while there. The college at which Gray was entered devoted its attention to mathematics which were very distasteful to him, so he left Cambridge without taking his degree.

After leaving Cambridge, Walpole invited Gray to accompany him on a continental tour. They went as far as Italy together, but here the two friends had a rupture, and Gray returned to England. In 1742, he paid a visit to his mother and aunts at Slope, and here in June, he composed the first of his famous poems, "The Ode on Spring." It was followed, in August, by his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" and his "Hymn to Adversity." He returned to Cambridge in 1744, and took the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He spent the remainder of his life there as a fellow of the university. Its peace and quiet was rarely broken in upon; only, it seems, when he made an occasional visit to London or to one of his friends. His life was spent in close communion with his books and in polishing up the few poems which he produced after this time. In 1768, he was offered and accepted the chair of Modern History at Cambridge. His duty consisted in delivering one lecture a year on some historical subject. However, full of enthusiasm, he laid out an elaborate programme to be followed; but the peculiarity of the man is shown in the fact that he intended to deliver his lectures in the Latin tongue. Happily for his English-speaking students he never carried out his design. In 1771 he died after an illness of only a few days.

Gray was one of the most learned men to which our literature can point. He spent his retired life in constant study, and thus acquired a vast store of knowledge on many subjects. He was deeply versed in the languages, both ancient and modern, in the natural sciences and in philosophy. He made an especial study of the Scandinavian tongue and literature. Critics have assigned his Latin verses a very high place among those of their kind. He was not only noted as a poet, but also gained a considerable reputation as a letter-writer. Of

his volume of letters Johnson says: "He that reads his epistolary narration, wishes that to travel and to tell his travels had been more of his employment; but it is by studying at home that we must obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement."

All of us who have ever read Gray's noble compositions must have formed in our minds an image of the man, of his disposition and of his way of living. As for myself, I am very sorry that I ever learned the story of his life. It is altogether different from the one I had pictured to myself, and I would much rather not to have had my belief in his ideal life shaken. Instead of spending his days in conning over the musty volumes in the Cambridge library, and only now and then gently fanning his poetic flame, I imagined him as living in a little wayside farm house, in his leisure hours conversing with the rustics of the neighborhood. Often in my fancies have I seen him

"At the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,"

as he took his accustomed walk amid his flowering meadows, or loitered by the side of the brook, with his favorite poem in his hands. But, unhappily, his lot was not cast among such country scenes, and yet none of our poets have described them with greater effect or made them dearer to the heart of man.

As I have said, his fame rests entirely on a few pieces carefully executed. The "Ode on Spring" was the first, as well as one of the best, of his poems. From a very beautiful description of spring, with its "cuckoo's note" and its "cool zephyrs" flinging their glad fragrance to the breeze, he passes to a reflection on man's fleeting life. Like the gilded butterfly we pass along mindful only of the present, till cruel Fate lays his hand upon us, and leaves us in the dust. To my mind, one of the best passages that Gray ever produced is his description of himself, communing with his Muse in this poem:

"Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state).
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little, are the proud,
How indigent the great!"

The "Ode to Adversity" is truly great. It is very short, consisting of but a few stanzas, but it will live forever. Man's varying fortunes

is its theme. Adversity alone tests man's friends. When it comes "the summer friend and flattering foe" flee to too credulous prosperity. Adversity forms virtue's mind, and it has for its handmaids, wisdom and melancholy, charity and justice.

"The Bard" is his most animated and stirring poem. The old minstrel, mourning the heroes of his country and his departed brethren, calling down the vengeance of Heaven on Edward and his train, and then leaping into the torrent beneath, makes a very striking picture. In some places it reminds one very much of Scott and his songs of the Highlands.

But by far greater than any of these is his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College." As a man, he recalls his own feelings of the place where once his "careless childhood strayed." He draws a delightful picture of schoolboy life; its happy, thoughtless pleasures; its sufferings, remembered for the moment only; its punishments, forgotten as soon as inflicted; the innocent existence when there is no care nor pain beyond the day. But, as is his wont, he passes from boyhood days to a reflection on man's life with all its trials and sorrows, and then closes with the much-quoted words:

"Yet ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise
No more: when ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

"The Progress of Poesy" is a brilliant ode, in some parts approaching the sublime. It is a most beautiful description of the progress of song from Greece to Latium, from Latium to Albion. It abounds in choice figures, and there is a luxuriance of fanciful expressions.

Had Gray never written any of these odes, his fame would be assured. His "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is the greatest elegy in our language. He spent eight years in perfecting this poem, and, although it has its faults, it is universally recognized as our greatest poem on death. Certainly, it is, by far, more soothing and consoling than Tennyson's stately "In Memoriam." There is an undefinably sweet pathos about it, so that we do not regard death as terrible, but rather as a gentle reliever of all our ills. There is no need of quoting from it. It is a household poem in every home. The sentiments he expresses, his thoughts, his feelings are those of the whole human race. Each one of us has pondered over the same reflections as he,—they are the

common property of mankind; but who is there that can so poetically express them? That death is the fate of man everyone always knew; but who, before Gray, thought to say,—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave"?

Each stanza, each verse, yes, almost every epithet, is a poem in itself. In no other poem are adjectives used to such good effect. Each one suggests a world of meaning to the fancy. How could the close of day be more beautifully described than in his second stanza:

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

But there is hardly any use of quoting a part of it. Stanza after stanza would have to be pointed out, as they all seem of nearly equal beauty. It is indeed a rare poem showing all the artistic skill of its author. Is it any wonder, then, that a man who was able to produce such a work should decline to become poet-laureate, when Colly Cibber would be classed among his immediate predecessors.

Varsity Verse.

Der Dichter.

„Der Geist des Herrn den Dichter zeugt,
Die Erde mütterlich ihn säugt,
Auf Meereswogen blauem Schoß
Siegt seine Phantasie sich groß."

The breath of God the poet quickens,
The earth his mother is, in sooth,
Upon the sea-wave's swelling bosom
His fancy's cradled into youth.

T. K. B.

WITH CAP AND GOWN.

With cap and gown in days gone by,
The student thoughtful viewed the sky,
And epics writ with ease and grace,
Astronomy's deep laws could trace,
Nor asked the wherefore and the why.

All questions did his mind defy;
All knowledge did his words imply;
His was a high and mighty place
With cap and gown.

But now the Grad, with downcast eye,
And oft an unrestrained sigh,
Debates if 'twill improve his face,
Or make more dignified his pace,
To walk around, his head on high,
With cap and gown.

R. S. S.

WHEN JUNE HAS COME.

When June has come the skies are clear,
The days are longest in the year;

The evenings beautiful and bright,
The moon gives forth her strongest light;
For winter's past and summer's here.

How often has December drear
Covered with snow the oak-leaves sere!
Forgotten is the winter's blight
When June has come.

When April's gone and June draws near,
More joyful does the world appear;
The roses bloom, the lilies white
At morn unclosed and fold at night;
Life's dreamy castles do we rear
When June has come.

W. P. B.

A SPECULATION.

"Old books, old wood, old wine to make one glad,
Old friends to cheer one when the raven croaks."
I've wondered, oft, King Francis did not add,
Eying his jester, "and, for mirth, old jokes."

D. V. C.

WHY AM I LIKE AN ONION?

"Why am I like an onion," you ask,
"I cannot really say—take off the mask."
"Ha, ha! Because you're always in the soup,"
"Me, too, oo!" crows the rooster from the coop.

D. J. S.

Some Fads and Foibles.

It seems that we Americans as a people are constantly on the look-out for novelties, for some new idea or fad to surprise our unsuspecting neighbor. We like to drop out of the conventional groove of habit or custom, discarding the ordinary or commonplace. For us the dry monotony of everyday life must be interspersed with something bright or original; we have an avidity for the new, the startling. This mania is often carried to the extreme. Still in considering two or three so-called frivolities and fancies of our day, we cannot but touch them with a kindly pen.

Naturally we first turn our attention to the fairer sex and then to her garments. Who is it whose attention is not enlisted by the general stand taken by woman on the question of dress reform? Of course, we feign otherwise; but then we all like to see her defending her convictions. There is certainly no coarseness about the up-to-date affair in dress. Surely bicycle, as well as horse-back, riding demands a suitable costume, and if they once get it into their heads that the "horrid men" object to these garments solely on account of their alleged impropriety, we may as well give up. The long-tailed coat was certainly not the most becoming article of dress, still they came forward bravely to the rescue and sarcastically

remarked: "They're cute." We ought to be as generous.

It may not be proper for us in these columns to touch on a subject which seems to be all-absorbing to many women. An evil, however, which enlists the attention of the world at large demands severe criticism everywhere and at every time. We refer to the silly habit of patronizing the so-called "complexion artists," whether she be a Madam This or a Mademoiselle That. The craze has struck this country with full force, and one cannot pick up a daily paper without seeing a lengthy advertisement of such "specialists." Surely a certain amount of exercise and wholesome food tend to make a healthy complexion. Man has long flattered himself that woman's personal adornment is principally for his sake, and while we do not pose as an authority on the subject, still we candidly voice the sentiment, we hope, of every young man who may have a sister's welfare at heart.

These follies are not, however, all one-sided, nor can there be any discrimination made here in favor of our own sex. A weakness to be despised and severely criticised by all is our present rapid tendency toward Anglo-mania. Nothing is more disgusting than to see an otherwise bright and clever fellow parading the avenue on a Sunday afternoon, an imitation nobleman in manner, dress and speech. You have all seen him. Conspicuous in a talkative suit, with, of course, his foreign looking bag and the omnipresent eye-glass, he might be taken for a subject of Queen Vic. But oh, his accent! Why is it that such a personage claims the right of elective franchise in our great land, and still points with pride at his distant friend, the Count de —? If the hearer is not sufficiently impressed with this bit of news he is reminded that the speaker is a descendant of a passenger on the *Mayflower*, who, with the survivors of the "Charge of the Six Hundred," seems to make up a large number of our population.

Another idea deeply rooted in the minds of the fathers in our day is regarding the value of a college education. Everything runs to the development of the mind, to higher education. The father imagines that a certain sum of money coupled with a collegiate course will make his son a brilliant light in any walk of life in which he may choose to tread. Men see the absolute need of education; but it does not end there—they want to give the "sleepy" world a twitch that will arouse it. Now the blame of

all this should not be thrown on the young man's shoulders, but rather on those of the father. To be sure, we like to see an ambitious spirit; but certainly it must give one more satisfaction to feel that he is a good blacksmith, an expert mechanic or book-keeper; in fact, to know that he is a good tradesman, no matter what his occupation may be, than to be a lawyer; doctor or professional man of any sort with only a mild measure of success, even though the material returns may be the same in both cases. 'Tis said there is always room at the top; but certainly all the professions are now overcrowded.

Our poor pen but faintly expresses our ideas on such foibles, and even if it could do so, we doubtless would pass them over. There must be a certain benefit, no matter what the nature of it, derived from them, and if we pay for the sport, why should we not be allowed to enjoy it? It varies life, and is the salt of every-day experiences. Our inborn nature seeks such food, and even if on account of it, the cynics growl at our feet, we need but to remind ourselves that we are Americans.

Book Reviews.

LIFE OF MARY MONHOLLAND. Published by J. S. Hyland & Co. Chicago, Ill.

The distinguished subject of this book was a member of the Order of Mercy and was known in religion as Mother Francis de Sales. For many years she labored with success in Chicago, and Davenport, Iowa, and it was mainly through her efforts that the celebrated Mercy Hospital of the World's Fair city was established and brought to its present high state of perfection. She also rendered marked services in war times and during the different epidemics that have swept over the country. The public career of Mother Francis was especially a career of charity, and she deserves a worthy place beside those two other great religious workers, Mother Seton and Mother Catherine Spalding. It is, however, from glimpses of the hidden life of this saintly woman that the full beauty of her character is made evident. Her sojourn here on earth was a living martyrdom. No physical suffering, no mental anxiety seemed to mar the cheerfulness of her soul, and she always had a smile and a helpful word for her orphans and her poor. The many thrilling experiences of Mother Francis, the perils through which she passed, and the fortitude with which she bore her trials show her

to have been a remarkable personage; but she was above everything else a Christian gentlewoman. The book is anecdotal in character, and the incidents scattered throughout, some of which have considerable bearing upon the political as well as religious aspect of Western pioneer days, make very pleasant reading. The printing of the volume, however, is not as well done as might be desired, and the binding gives it too much the appearance of a text-book, with not all a text-book's durability. Nevertheless, it is a work entirely worthy of any Catholic library, and is valuable merely as a record of a life well spent.

—The October number of the *Musical Record* is as interesting and pleasing a number as has yet been edited by Mr. Deland. Besides the musical numbers, "Now, Was I Wrong," a very pleasing melody, words by C. Rowe, music by Anton Strelezki, an arrangement of "Rubenstein's Melody in F" by Leon Keach, and the "Fauns and Fairies' Polka" by E. E. Phelps, the latter two being instrumental pieces for the piano, are well worth the notice of all lovers of music. It contains varied and instructive reading beneficial to all. A synopsis of the life of Liszt, the anecdote regarding Mendelssohn, "Schumann's Rules," and the "Cultivating Children's Voices," are its most interesting articles. The "Eight Reasons for Learning to Sing," we reprint in full, deeming them of the utmost importance, as there are very few who can appreciate the good one derives and can be given by singing:

1. It is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learned, where there is a good teacher and an apt pupil.
2. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man.
3. It doth strengthen the parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes.
4. It is a singular thing for a stuttering and a stammering of the speech.
5. It is the only way to procure a perfect pronunciation and to make a good orator.
6. It is the only way to know when nature hath bestowed a good voice, and in many that excellent gift is lost because they want art to express nature.
7. There is not any music of instrument whatsoever comparable to that which is made by the voice of man, where the voices are good and the same well sorted.
8. The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honor and serve God therewith, and the voice of man is to be chiefly employed to that end.

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—Senator D. W. Voorhees, one of Indiana's gifted sons, accompanied by the Honorable Judge Howard and several other distinguished gentlemen made a pleasant and informal call on the Reverend President on the morning of the 7th inst. We regret that prior arrangements of the Senator necessitated his departure before giving the boys the pleasure of a short talk; for many had built upon the expectation of hearing the cogent and magnetic speaker. It is to be hoped, however, that he will soon make good his promise of lecturing to the students on the early missionaries of Indiana.

—Did you enjoy the game? If you did, now is the time to come forward and give the Varsity Eleven substantial proof of your encouragement. Games with outside teams give a desirable diversion to an afternoon's recreation; but these games cannot be procured without pecuniary assistance. For, besides the mere fact of scheduling games with other colleges, there is the necessity of securing a competent trainer and of defraying the expenses of visiting teams. Your generous applause during the game may spur the men on to greater action, thereby enabling them to score a point, and, mayhap, even to win a game. All this is good, but not enough; for when the heat of the struggle is over, you walk away regaled with an afternoon's amusement, while the association must face the stern end of a business account. In a word, if you have

not procured a season ticket for the athletics do so at once, and thereby show a practical interest in the doings of your fellow-students.

We are confident that under the present gentlemanly management of the Athletic Association the game of this afternoon will be notable for the absence of certain objectionable features in deportment which characterized several of last year's games.

—A few words *apropos* of the regular competitions in course will not be amiss at the beginning of the session. For years the custom of holding these monthly contests has obtained, and with such happy results that, we hope, it will never be abolished. The object of these intellectual agonisms is to determine with nicety the class standing of each student relative to his fellows. It is, on this account, a potent incentive to work, and arouses a healthy spirit of emulation.

What a world of good do not these competitions effect yearly! Shall we speak from personal experience? Well, then, we confess to having had, when still a guileless freshman, a decided preference for idleness and novels. Thanks, however, to the rivalry provoked by the regular competitions, we have entirely overcome that preference. At first, we studied simply to overtop some particularly clever classmate; then, as a love for study, born of constant toil, cast its glamor over us, we discovered that time was too fleeting to be wasted, and that novel-reading from an aim in life had become a pastime.

During the coming week, in the contest of mind with mind, let each one try to win at least an honorable mention. If, however, your name should not appear on the class roll, do not get discouraged; but remember no earnest effort made in youth is ever utterly lost, but has a lasting effect upon the character.

—He is gone, and two nations mourn his loss. The kindly, gentle, cheerful Oliver Wendell Holmes is dead, and there is a void in the hearts of all. But he leaves behind an enduring monument for himself and an inexhaustible source of enjoyment for us. What a legacy has he left to an appreciative world! He has not endowed individuals with thousands, nor institutions with millions; but he has left to all alike, for their pleasure and relief, his sunny, soft and soulful words.

Though death has sealed his lips, he still speaks to us, and his persuasive silence but increases our love. And if, when living, he could coax us back to health by his humor, can he not still achieve the same good end, though his voice is stilled forever?

A few days ago he was with us; a few days ago he departed! His five and eighty years were unusually happy and serene. He was busy both in science and literature, and might have gained fame in the one if he had not so well loved the other. He is much admired for his poetry, but most for his prose. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" has impressed two worlds by its originality, humor and pathos. In fiction, too, he claims a share of the honors, "Elsie Venner" and the "Guardian Angel," being his titles to recognition. In fact, there is scarcely a field of literature in which he has not labored and reaped a brilliant harvest.

His most admired poems are "The Constitution," the "Wonderful One-Horse Shay," the "Chambered Nautilus," and the "Last Leaf." Each is different, but in all, patriotism, humor, sentiment and pathos are blended to make a harmonious whole.

A Chat with a War-Time Student.

We who now study at our University, and have, from daily contact, become so familiar with our surroundings that we ordinarily do not give them a second thought, can scarcely comprehend the feelings with which the student of a by-gone year, returning after a long lapse of time, looks on the home of his student days. Recollection, fancies of the past, interest in the scenes of by-gone events are all influences strong within the human breast.

It must be with a feeling of sadness and regret that the "old boy" looks over the ground of youthful adventures and pleasures, noting the changes that time has wrought. The buildings are finer and more imposing, the grounds are the fulfilment of what, in his time, was only a dream. But to him their strangeness, even their beauty, must be in a measure repellant. Many old landmarks are destroyed; things intimately associated with the daily life of another year are gone. But above all, the new faces which surround and gaze curiously and coldly upon him must produce a dispiriting sensation and a feeling of regret in his heart. Then, however, the few familiar faces that do remain to greet him

must be so much more gladly welcomed in the midst of this chilling newness. And, then, what talks of the past, of old friendships and companions, many of whom have passed their final examination where it is not possible to "pony!"

Mr. J. C. Gillen, an "old boy," who spent a day at the University last week, confessed to having felt sensations very like to these when looking upon scenes which were once so different. Mr. Gillen was a student in '63, during the war. He recalled the stirring atmosphere of the time, and how eagerly every bit of news concerning the great struggle was received by the boys. At that period the faculty had forbidden the public discussion of politics, fearing the bad effects of the excitement upon studies. Nevertheless, many were the heated arguments which took place during "rec" hours, and the partisanship often led to fistic encounters. Prominent among the defenders of Federal action at that time was John Brishen Walker, now editor-in-chief of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and who has been styled by the great Charles A. Dana, the "Napoleon of Journalism." Mr. Gillen remembers Johnny Walker as a handsome boy who was foremost, and even aggressive, in expressing his sentiments.

Shortly after St. Edward's Day in '63 a dispute occurred between him and Billy Welsh, who is now a Chicago Park Commissioner, in which it is claimed the latter hit Walker with a brick. It having come to the ears of the authorities the dismissal of Welsh was decreed. But a large faction among the boys refused to accept this decision, and would not go to the study-hall when the bell rang. A committee of three waited upon Father Dillon, the President, and secured the promise of a fuller investigation of the matter upon condition that the rebellion should cease and the participants return to the study-hall. Flushed by this partial victory, however, they again refused to abide by the rules. For the time being, they gained their point, and the matter rested. But at intervals for some time following, Hank Painter, the predecessor of the present immortal Sheekey, made sundry trips to the College about the time that the night trains left, and in the morning a familiar face was missing.

Hank's whole stock in trade in the livery business was an old horse called Black Hawk and a buggy of antediluvian aspect. The outfit of the present "master of transportation," although somewhat larger, is not much of an improvement, and one might readily fancy that some, at least, of that portly gentleman's steeds

were contemporary with Black Hawk. "At that time," said the gentleman, "we had a professor named Beleke, who had come from Mt. St. Mary's. Professor Beleke was a charming man with a genius for philology. To show you what hobby-riders are capable of, I shall tell you an incident in this connection. "One Monday morning we went to Latin without the lesson prepared, and expecting to receive a thorough blowing up. However, at the start we came across the word *poculum*. Instantly the distant look of the fiend at his favorite pursuit came across our instructor's face, and we knew that for the time being we were saved. 'Now, gentlemen,' said Mr. Beleke, 'you will observe that the root of the word is composed of three letters—p-o-c. The vowels *o* and *u* being interchangeable, we have only to substitute *u* for *o*, transpose the consonants and we have the derivative—*cup*.' This perpetration took away our breaths for a moment; but as he continued during the hour, and our ignorance of the lesson was not exposed, we accepted the theory with a good grace.

"Many of the 'old boys' of my time are now gone," continued Mr. Gillen. "How well I remember them—there was Jake Studebaker, Brown, Healy of Elgin and poor Corcoran, who afterwards became a State Senator from Cincinnati—but now the professors and priests are all new. The only familiar face left of my time is Dan Spillard, now Father Spillard. He was the same ready talker then as now, and he was the spokesman of the trio, of which I was one, that went to intercede for poor Welsh and Walker.

"Well," concluded Mr. Gillen as he climbed into the waiting carriage, "you have things easier now with steam and electric lights, etc.; but I can't help thinking of the good times we had when the great stoves scorched our faces in the study-hall, and we had to break the ice in our tin basins before we could wash on winter mornings."

J. A. M.

Exchanges.

That the editors of the *Owl* have brought forth their quills and ink-horns to some purpose is evinced by their output for September. As usual the issue upon our table is brimming over with good things well expressed. Although this is the first venture of the new staff, a look backward makes us confident it is also an earnest of better things to come.

Among us there attaches a traditional dignity to a college periodical that has set up a literary standard and maintains it; and this the *Owl* has done and is still doing. Stick to your ideals, boys, and we shall always have a word of welcome and of praise for your work.

* * *

Of all novel methods to secure subscribers, the *Mount St. Joseph Collegian* has hit upon the latest. Hereafter the names of such students as refuse to subscribe will be expunged from all reports of entertainments and from the roll of honor—in fact, as the editor tersely puts it, "shall never appear upon the pages of the *Collegian*."

We doubt if the outlined course of action is a wise one. We are sure it will fail of the desired effect. For every attempt at coercion, how covert soever, but rouses stronger opposition. Then, too, we question whether the faculty will allow the editor to mutilate the roll of honor to suit his purpose. Surely, there is some other way to overcome the apathy of these delinquent-students. Suppose a few more columns of locals were added to each issue of the paper and the editorials were made crisper, more meaty and given a stronger home-flavor—would not this be an inducement for them to subscribe? At all events, we counsel less stringent measures than those about to be enforced.

* * *

In a recent lecture on football before the boys of Madison University, Mr. Cochrane of Yale said: "The game of football, as played in the American college, is destined to become the most popular of our amateur sports. It has gained this position not from any sudden burst of popularity, but for good, legitimate reasons. It excites the interest and enthusiasm of all who understand how it is played, and of many others who have no thorough knowledge of the game. There are two chief reasons why football deserves to maintain the position it now holds. In the first place, it has been kept out of the reach of professionalism; and although we occasionally read notices of professional elevens having been organized they have so far failed to materialize. One reason for this is that a professional team would turn the game into a general prize-fight between the opposing clubs. In the second place, football is the most scientific and most capable of development of any of our games. There are many people who think all that is necessary in a good football player is two hundred and fifty pounds of brawn and muscle and a stature of six feet

four. The requisites of a good player are simple; but alertness counts far more than weight, a cool head far more than brawn or muscle. If a man possesses a cool head, rapidity of motion, self-control and sand, he need not feel himself unfit for the game of football." The lecturer knows whereof he speaks, and those around us who have been wagging their heads and predicting defeat, because, forsooth, our team has no Flannigans in the line, would do well to ponder his words.

**

• The first peal from *St. Mary's Chimes* is loud and clear, and gives undoubted evidence that the metal is still sound. Indeed, it has lost nothing in tone and sweetness during the mid-summer vacation. The October number of the *Chimes* must, in our opinion, afford a positive pleasure to every ex-man who, like us, over-wearied with much reading of cacophonous diction, turns to its carefully edited pages. There is a subtle charm about its verse, that appeals strongly to the æsthetic in us; and its prose, though strong, vigorous and well-weighted with thought, is, above all, pleasing. Would that more of our exchanges were as good from the point of view of style!

Personals.

—Don Latcheschaw, student '87, is associated with the *New York World*.

—Collins W. Reber (Coml'), '94, is assistant book-keeper for the Mountain Company Mine, Butte City, Montana.

—Simon Païna, a student during the '80's, is a Second Lieutenant in the 18th Mexican Infantry, stationed at Nuevo Lanceo, Mexico. We congratulate Simon upon the appointment which he has so justly deserved and for which he is so well qualified.

—A welcome visitor at the College this week was Mrs. J. Kane, of Muscatine, Iowa. She entered her son in Carroll Hall. Mrs. J. Kane was a pupil at St. Mary's for several years in the late fifties, and remembers with pleasure her school-days at the Academy.

—Brother Ephrem, C. S. C., who was a former teacher in the University, is now superior of St. John's Cathedral School, Milwaukee, Wis. There is no doubt that he will prove himself to be an efficient director, and sustain the good reputation which that school has always enjoyed.

—It is with much pleasure that the SCHOLASTIC receives good tidings of Joseph E. Cusack, who now holds the position of Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army at Fort McIntosh,

Texas. Joe was a member of the Class of '89, and those who were here at that time speak of him as a bright and charming young man.

—Mr. Hugh J. Gillen, of Ottawa, Ill., spent a few days with us last week and left his son William in Brownson Hall. Mr. Gillen was a student and classmate of Father Spillard in the sixties and graduated with honors. He greatly enjoyed looking over the changes effected where he was once a student. Mr. Gillen is a prominent business man in his city.

—The Class of '89 will be very much pleased to hear of the marriage of Daniel Edward Dwyer to Miss Cora Gilbert. He is doing splendidly in business, and, under the influence of the new incentive, will, no doubt, soon occupy an important position on the bench. That fortune may smile upon him and his is the earnest desire of his friends at the University!

—Mr. Patrick J. O'Connell, student of '62-'69, a brother of the late Father John O'Connell, paid a hurried visit to his *Alma Mater* accompanied by his daughter. Mr. O'Connell is connected with the *New York Tribune*, and was on his way to a convention at Louisville, Kentucky. Miss O'Connell remained a guest of the College until her father returned, when both of them spent a few days visiting friends and viewing places of interest at Notre Dame. It is always a pleasure to meet the old students and we hope Mr. O'Connell will make us a friendly call soon again.

—It will be very gratifying to the old students, and especially so to those who were here in the beginning of the '80's, to learn that E. J. Darragh is the democratic nominee for Congress from the fifth district of Minnesota. As the Democrats have a large majority in that quarter, it will not be presuming too much to congratulate ourselves upon having so youthful and able a young man in Congress. While Edward was here he received the medal for elocution, and in more ways than one demonstrated his ability for the calling which he has chosen, and for which he is so well fitted.

—It will, no doubt, be a source of much pleasure to the old students to learn that Charles M. Murdock, one of the "old boys," married Miss Mary G. Lillis, of Kansas City, Sept. 26. Mr. John G. Ewing, who acted as best man on the occasion, gives glowing descriptions of the beauty, as well as of the many accomplishments, of the bride. They were married by Father Lillis; and after the wedding breakfast, the couple started on an extensive tour throughout the United States. In the latter part of the month of October they will return to Lafayette, Indiana, their future home. Charley is cashier for the Merchants' National Bank, of which his father is president, and is worthy of the estimable prize which he has won. That his life may continue as it has so auspiciously begun is the earnest wish of all at Notre Dame!

Local Items.

—The uniforms for the eleven new members of the Band are due from Philadelphia to-day.

—The Count says that he has a "natural propensity for writing and talking at the same time."

—Col. Hoynes has just completed his course of lectures to the Law class on "Trials of Causes."

—The members of the Physiology class were photographed in a group by Father Kirsch last Tuesday.

—During the last week the members of the Belles-Lettres class have been discussing morality in literature.

—The unusually large attendance in Brownson has necessitated the placing of several new desks in that hall.

—The Athletic Association contemplates the purchasing of new uniforms for the second eleven in Brownson Hall.

—For the last few days the Criticism class have been listening to lectures on the different movements in literature.

—*Das Kind* says that several persons have threatened to kick him all over the premises if he plays another game of football.

—There was no meeting of the Philodemics or of the Columbians last Wednesday evening. Nearly all the members took in the Association Social.

—For the past few weeks men have been at work levelling the campus. Now we can boast of one of the best college campuses in the country.

—The Manager of the Varsity Eleven has become so enthusiastic over football, that he spends his spare time tackling the pillars in the refectory.

—The delegate from the Lone Star state, in Brownson Hall, who drones midnight solos in his sleep, has entered into a contract with an insurance company.

—There are certain cigarette fiends in Brownson Hall who had better quit smoking, or they will go home in wooden overcoats by Christmas. A word to the wise, etc.

—The ex-Carrolls were not allowed their first touch-down in the game on the 7th, because their centre's eyebrows were too long. The umpire claimed he was offside.

—Well, we have at last decided upon a yell. We present it without any apologies:

'RAH, 'RAH, 'RAH! 'RAH, 'RAH, 'RAH!
NOTRE DAME! NOTRE DAME! 'RAH, 'RAH, 'RAH!

—Last Wednesday evening the first social was given the members of the Athletic Association. There was a large crowd in attendance, and all seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

—Prof. Preston has composed a new piece of music for the Mandolin Orchestra. It is named "The Notre Dame Patrol," and is dedicated to the Mandolin Orchestra of the University of Notre Dame.

—The first competitions of the year were held during the week. Those who secured first place will find their names in the "List of Excellence" which will appear in the SCHOLASTIC of the 27th inst.

—A bright youth, who claims the power of sniffing a tempest days before its arrival, discerns evidences of ice in the air. Look out for him! He is labelled: "Have you brought your skates with you?"

—The Director of the Bishops' Memorial Hall has secured a life-size bust of Bishop Rappe, a former bishop of Cleveland. The present incumbent of that See, Bishop Horstmann, kindly donated it.

—The Astronomy class went star-gazing one Wednesday evening. Some of its members have very vivid imaginations, since they could see anything you called for, even planets and moons that do not exist.

—The first eleven of St. Joseph's Hall played the Carroll Second on the 7th. The latter were defeated. In the course of the game they exchanged one of their men for Etyinge, the Carroll Special substitute.

—We beg to remind all the members of the University that the SCHOLASTIC box in the Students' office awaits their contributions. Drop your written thought—light or serious—into the box, and—we'll do the rest.

—Students will find it to their advantage to consult from time to time the advertisements contained in our pages. They represent good firms, who furnish the *best* to their patrons. Read their ads. and give them a call.

—St. Edward's Park is the prettiest one of its size in the country, and it is with deep regret that we see its beauties faded daily by the chill winds of autumn. Father Kirsch took several photographs of the Park on Thursday.

—The carpenters and painters have at last completed their share of work in the Sorin Hall reading-room. Men are now putting together the new billiard table. It is expected that there will be a grand opening soon.

—Nearly every afternoon the Engineering class is at work, making the preliminary survey for a plat of the University grounds. They expect to complete the survey before the snow flies, and then they will work indoors on the map.

—The "Shorties," in football array, met the Carrolls on the campus of the latter last Thursday. The score stood 12 to 10 in favor of the abbreviated giants. Neither side seemed to know much about football, and the game was, in consequence, delayed by constant wrangling

—The Mandolin Orchestra held its first rehearsal last Thursday evening. The club numbers fourteen members. Those who remember the excellent playing of this organization last year will be pleased to learn that they will be regaled with as excellent music as in the past.

—"Talk about Hillisdale making a touch-down," said our stalwart football champion; "they might as well try to penetrate the wall of China as that formidable array," and he pointed to his lusty braves. "Why, our centre is as irresistible as a Lake Shore train." We hope he is not mistaken!

—If the Varsity team wants the support and encouragement of the students, let those who still persist in smoking swear off. We have a training table, a first-class coach, and now the success of the season depends entirely on the players themselves. If the Captain would only be more firm, and insist that the one or two who are guilty should give up the weed it might materially help their wind.

—The Saint Cecilians held their 4th regular meeting Wednesday evening. The usual programme was carried out, after which the Rev. Mr. Donahoe announced his intention of remaining at the head of the society. The members were highly elated over this news, and showed their appreciation by great applause. After several other remarks by the Rev. President the meeting was adjourned.

—To-day our Varsity eleven plays the opening game of the season with Hillisdale. The Executive Committee has made extensive arrangements to accommodate the large crowd expected from the neighboring towns. Ropes have been placed around the gridiron, and it is hoped that the visitors and students will be kept back of the field. Marshals should be selected who will not congregate in one spot as did those of former years.

—The Carroll military company has undergone a thorough training under the captainship of Mr. Miller. He has drilled the new members so that the company is now able to proceed upon its regular marches. The privates, although few in number, are improving rapidly, and it is hoped that "Co. B" will be as good this year as it was during preceding ones. We have no doubt that this will be secured through the exertions of the energetic Captain.

—It is wonderful how much our Varsity eleven has picked-up in the last few days. The work of the coach has been very satisfactory. The boys seem to take a far greater interest in the game than heretofore, as is evident from the number who come to every practice. The line promises to be as strong, if not stronger, than last year's, and the backs could not be improved upon. The full-back should practice goal-kicking and punting a little more, since a great deal depends on him in a game.

—This past week has witnessed many impor-

tant events in the local football arena. "The Shorties of Sorin Hall" have organized, and placed a strong team in the field. As soon as the effects of last Thursday's game with the Carroll Hall eleven have worn off, they will go into training for the greatest game of the season with "The Sorin Hall Lengthies." Challenges have also been received from the "Stubs" of Brownson Hall, and the ex-Carrolls. As yet the only challenge accepted is with the "Lengthies." This promises to be an interesting game, since the "Lengthies" are going to try a new experiment in football playing. They claim that it will not be necessary for them to run with the ball, but that if they fall with it they will gain the required number of yards. Both teams are hard at work. Ambulances have been secured to take some of the "Lengthies" off the field in sections in case they get hurt. So far betting favors the "Shorties."

—The boat-race to-day showed the enterprise of the Boat Club of '94-'95. We have not had boat-races on Founder's Day in several years, mainly because the men objected to training. But this year's club has brought them into vogue again, and we hope their line of action will be followed by succeeding rowers. Their work promises well for an excellent regatta in June. They will keep in training this winter. The club intends purchasing two new six-oared shells and several pleasure boats. We are thus promised three races in June. Our early going to press prevents a detailed account of the race; it will appear in the next issue. The following were the crews:

MONTMORENCY—J. G. Mott (*Capt.*), *No. 1*; B. W. Oliver, *No. 2*; Albert Spengler, *No. 3*; Thos. Quinlan, *Stroke*; N. Dinkel, *Coxswain*.

YOSEMITE—Theo. O'Connell, *No. 1*; W. J. Moxley, *No. 2*; Richard Dougan, *No. 3*; G. J. Johnson, *Stroke*; J. A. Marmon (*Capt.*), *Coxswain*.

—On the afternoon of the 7th inst., the Carrolls and ex-Carrolls lined up on Carroll campus for a game of football. The former started the ball by a long kick from centre, which was missed by the Brownson full-back. By the time he secured the ball it was within the five-yard line. This was as near as the Carrolls got to their opponents' goal. After the second down, Wensinger took the ball, and, protected by fine interference, made a run of sixty yards, and secured a touch-down. The umpire, however, would not allow the score, claiming that Centre, for the ex-Carrolls, was offside when the ball was snapped; so they were called back, and their opponents allowed five yards. The game began anew, but was interrupted several times by complaints against the rulings of the umpire. In the second half the umpire ordered Coyne, the captain of the ex-Carrolls, off the field, and when the ex-Carrolls flatly refused to continue without their captain, the game was given to their opponents. The score stood 10 to 0 in favor of the ex-Carrolls.

—We play Hillsdale to-day, and there is no reason why we should not win. Our line is strong enough, our backs sturdy and fast enough, and we have learned a thing or two from our coach. The boys show a dash and energy in their play that smacks of victory. While it is true that some, overestimating their powers, did not take to severe training, the majority of the Eleven did so, and are consequently in good form to meet their opponents.

To Mr. Morrison, our coach, is due, in no small measure, the credit of having placed us on a good footing with any college eleven in the West. Handicapped as he was by the small number of applicants for positions—many who would make excellent players objected to the sport—he has succeeded in forming a club that will make a creditable showing this season. He has been indefatigable in teaching the men their plays and duties. Not content with explaining on the field the movements of the different players, he has assembled them in the evening before a blackboard and instructed them by chalk diagrams. If the men follow out his orders, we'll trail the banners of our antagonists in the dust.

Captain Dinkel, too, has been working hard with the men. Certainly no other leader at Notre Dame was ever so much concerned for the good showing of his eleven. Always one of the first upon the field at practice, he has succeeded in inspiring into his team some of his own enthusiasm. He has been anxious to have them follow out the instructions of the coach; he has anticipated their needs in training; he has omitted nothing that will add to success. His labors have been ably seconded by those of the manager, Mr. Mott. This gentleman has accomplished much in a little time. For the first time in the history of athletics at Notre Dame, has a separate table been set apart for those in training; better opportunities for practice have been granted by the Faculty; and as many games as our finances permit will be played upon the home grounds: all these have been secured through the untiring efforts of our manager, assisted by the Executive Committee. We learn that a grave injustice was done Mr. Mott in our last number. He was accused of negligence in the discharge of his duties. We find this was a mistake. Far from being deaf to the requests of the men, he has done all in his power to supply them with the necessities of training, and if there be anything wanting, he should not be made to shoulder the blame. It is to be hoped that his efforts will be appreciated.

Of last year's team, Dinkel will play full-back; Barrett will be half; Zeitler has been moved from quarter and placed in the line, and Chidester will remain at centre. Among the new men Brennan is probably playing the strongest game at quarter. Casey and Morse have been selected as guards; they are both powerful, and from their playing it is seen that

they will greatly strengthen the line. Mullen and Corby will act as tackles; both are hard players. Murphy will play end, and Schmidt, half-back. A strong team and wisely chosen!

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Burns, Cullinan, Dempsey, Dinkel, Devanney, Eyanson, Foley, Gibson, Hervey, Hudson, Kennedy, Mitchell, J. Mott, T. Mott, McKee, Marmon, D. Murphy, Murray, Oliver, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Powers, Quinlan, Ryan, Slevin, Shannon, Stace, Vignos, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Arnold, Atcherton, Ainsworth, Adler, Baird, Barry, Byrne, Boland, W. P. Burke, W. J. Burke, Brennan, Brinker, Baldwin, Blanchard, Barrett, Coleman, Clarke, Colvin, Coyne, Cunnea, Corry, Corby, Crane, Craft, P. Campbell, Chassaing, Cavanagh, Crilly, Costello, Chase, Cullen, Delaney, Davis, Dowd, Daley, Dougan, Fallen, Fagan, Falvey, W. Flynn, A. Flynn, Gibson, Gilmartin, Galen, Golden, Guthrie, Hanrahan, Halligan, Hengen, A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, Hennebry, Harrison, Herman, Howley, Hindel, Hierholzer, J. T. Hogan, J. J. Hogan, Hodge, Hentges, Jones, Kortas, Kegler, E. Kaul, J. Kaul, F. Kaul, Karasynski, King, Kinsella, Lingafelter, Lawlor, Landa, Ludwig, R. Monahan, J. Monahan, A. Monahan, B. Monahan, Monarch, Mathewson, Murphy, E. McCord, J. McCord, Medly, McHugh, H. Miller, Moore, Mulroney, Moran, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, McPhee, McGinnis, Masters, Manchester, A. McCord, H. A. Miller, Ney, O'Malley, O'Brien, O'Connell, Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Qurnby, Rowan, Reardon, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, H. Roper, E. Roper, Spengler, Sanders, Schulte, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, F. Smoger, C. Steele, S. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, Salladay, Schauer, Schmidt, Thornton, Turner, Tinnin, Voorhees, J. White, G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, R. Wilson, Wensinger, Ward, Wilkin, Wright, Wachtler, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Adler, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, Burns, J. R. Barry, Barry, Benz, Cornell, Campau, Clune, Cannell, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Corry, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Druecker, Dannemiller, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Fitzgerald, Fox, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Girsch, Gausepohl, Gainer, Ralph Higgins, Roy Higgins, Hutchinson, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, W. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herraro, Hagerty, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, G. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Keffe, Konzan, Krug, Kirk, Kane, Long, Lantry, Langley, Leonard, Lowrey, Lane, Miles, Morris, Maternes, Miller, Massey, Maurer, Monahan, Moran, Monarch, Murray, Minnigerode, McShane, McPhillips, McCarthy, McPhee, McGinley, McCarrick, McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, O'Brien, Plunket, Pendleton, Pim, Rockey, Reuss, Ranch, Reinhard, Roesing, Sachsels, Speake, Spillard, Shipp, Shiels, Stuhlfauth, Storey, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Smith, Thompson, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Tempel, Underwood, Whitehead, Watterson, Ward, Wallace, Wells, Zwickel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Bullene, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissanden, Barrett,* Curry, Clarke, Cressy, Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Catchpole,* Cassidy, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Elliott, Egan, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hershey, Hart, B. Hesse, R. Hesse, F. Hesse, L. Kelly, C. Kelly, Kasper, Lawton, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McCorry, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, O'Neill, Paul, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Roesing, Ryan, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Strauss, Steele, Sexton, Thompson, Thomas, Waite, Welch.

* Omitted by mistake last week.