THE
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

·DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS· ·VIVE·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURUS.

VOL. XXVIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 17, 1894. No. 11.

The Churchyard.

I STOOD in a quiet churchyard,
At the close of an autumn day,
And the white stones gleamed like phantoms
In the twilight dim and gray.

Around the graves, had drifted
The leaves of a dying year,
While the naked oaks were sighing
To the autumn breezes drear.

And I thought of my silent brothers
That were lying there at rest,
Like children, weary of playthings,
Asleep on their mother's breast.

And the wind sang a cadence tender
Through the pine trees overhead,
As I stood in that silent churchyard,
Surrounded by the dead.

WILLIAM P. BURNS.

Henrik Ibsen.

BY EUSTACE CULLINAN, '95.

(CONCLUSION.)

But the Church and State are not the only sores upon the skin of society pictured by this able and experienced photographer. I call him photographer, rather than artist, intentionally; for, although his literary merit is of the first order he has not the artistic temperament. No realist, who is truly a realist, can have.

True art is essentially idealistic and elevating; while Ibsen, if he fails to draw life as it is, makes it out to be even worse. His plays leave a bad taste in the mouth. They are hopeless and despondent, and have the effect upon the spirits of a bare, uncarpeted room upon a cold, cloudy day.

In the "Pillars of Society," for instance, this is marked. The theme taken is commercial hypocrisy. The scene is laid in a small town in Norway, far removed from all outside influences. The people are selfish and stupid. They drag out their small lives with no concern but for themselves, and with no thought of the rest of the world. Their views are narrow. They worship money. They are the sort of persons that drive a beggar from the door and subscribe a large sum to buy a silver table-set for the village magnate. In a word, they are Philistines of the most disagreeable type. Not even a gleam of humor enlivens the plot. Whatever town Ibsen had in his mind's eye when he wrote the play, it surely is a desolate place. I cannot imagine the sun ever shining there; the sky is always overcast. In these surroundings Consul Bernick has passed his whole life since his return from his university. He has come to be looked upon as a philanthropist, a model of morality, liberality and condescension. He is very likely the only man in the village, except, perhaps, the minister, who wears a frock-coat and a tall hat on week days. He is eminently respectable.

The inhabitants of the place, headed by Rector Kroll and the ladies of the "Lapsed and Lost Society," are very conservative. They are devout worshippers of appearances, and the first part of their act of contrition runs, "What will the world think of it?"

A year previous to the opening of the story it had been proposed to run a railway into the town. Bernick, the guardian angel of his people, opposed the scheme, because the increase of traffic would certainly bring a disreputable element among them. The request of the company is denied by the council.

Later, however, Bernick learns that some

capitalists wish to build a branch road to the town. He immediately buys up all the land along the proposed line. The people, of course, do not know this. They only know that in twelve months his opinions have veered around and he is now in favor of the new project. Of course, his influence prevails and the franchise is granted.

Meanwhile the consul's brother-in-law returns from America whither he had fled years before. The cause of his flight was this: Bernick, then a young man, had had a liaison with the wife of an actor named Dorf, and when he feared disastrous consequences, in some way or other he persuaded this young man to shoulder the blame and leave the country. Just at this time also the extensive Bernick firm, controlled by the mother of the family, begins to totter, and in order to save its credit the consul gives out secretly that the fugitive brother of his wife took with him a large amount belonging to the house. By this means he gains time and repairs his fortunes.

When, therefore, Johann Tonnesen comes home and hears these stories about himself he grows indignant and threatens to expose Bernick by showing some letters in which the latter had acknowledged his fault. The affair is patched over, however, and Johann returns to the United States.

But a fit of repentance comes over the consul. He becomes tired of posing as a model of propriety, and on an evening when the people in procession, with banners and illuminations, come to do him honor he publicly confesses his errors and his conduct in regard to the railway, and generously agrees to share the profits with the townsfolk. He concludes with the remark, that the women are the "true pillars of society," from which I fancy that he posed thenceforth, with equal effectiveness, as a shattered idol. This synopsis gives, I think, a fair idea of what Ibsen is; but one cannot get at him well without a careful reading of his best works.

But it is in all that concerns the relations of the sexes that Ibsen is chiefly interested. The transmission of diseases to the offspring gives him an argument against society. That the sins of the father should be visited upon the children appears to him most unjust, and a condition of things which makes it possible, radically wrong. Why, he asks in more than one place, should a woman who knows that her offspring will be tainted still continue to live with her husband? In fact, marriage is the institution with which he quarrels most. To him it is no sacrament, nothing holy, nothing more than a mere legal contract. To his mind the cleaving of one man to one woman for better or worse, and the subjection of wife to husband, is fraught with possibilities of the most dreadful kind. In "Ghosts" and "The Doll's House" he enumerates some of these possibilities.

The former treats of a wife who keeps unbroken the bond of wedlock even under the most trying circumstances; the latter of a woman who leaves her husband when she finds that they are not congenial to each other. It is but just to the author to say that he presents both sides of the question impartially. "Ghosts" tells the story of a certain Mrs. Alving who deserts her husband, Captain Alving, soon after their marriage on account of his ill behavior toward her. Pastor Manders, however, enjoins her to think what a scandal it will cause and how people will talk. He exhorts her to remember the vows of obedience made at the altar, and go back with patience to the misery and insult that surely await her. She does return, and thenceforth buries her sorrows in her own heart. The captain keeps a mistress in the house as maid, and she bears a daughter at about the time Mrs. Alving brings forth a son. As soon as Oswald, the son, is old enough his mother sends him off to school in order that he may not be contaminated by association with his father. When the play opens he has just returned. The father is dead and the mother alone in the house with Oswald's half sister, of whom a good-for-nothing named Engstrand has assumed the paternity for a sum of money. Mrs. Alving employed her in the capacity of servant.

Oswald has been taught to look upon his dead father as a paragon of virtue. Hence, he is greatly surprised to learn, just before coming home, that he has inherited a disease of the spine. The revelation weighs upon him, and he tells his mother what the physicians have said. Death cannot be far off. He is an artist and the cold bleak country, so unattractive to any artist, bores him. He has lost all hope of ever curing the disease, when he falls in love with Regina Engstrand. The secret of the relationship, between them has been studiously kept from him.

Oswald confesses to his mother that he loves the girl, and believes that if he can marry her his life will be saved. The unhappy Mrs. Alving is driven to the point where an answer must be given; rather than endanger her son's

happiness, she consents to the marriage. Luckily before the revolting crime is consummated, Oswald dies.

Here is a woman who clings to the old idea of the sacredness of the marriage tie and, in doing so, renders her own life miserable. But this is an extreme case. No religion, surely not the Catholic, demands such sacrifices from a wife, not even to keep up appearances. And if Mrs. Alving preferred sorrow and shame to braving public gossip, it is hard to find room to pity her. Her foolish action of keeping Oswald in ignorance of the truth about Regina has hardly sufficient reason to make it probable.

The contrary view of the case is presented in "The Doll's House." Nora Helmer has long been treated as a doll by her husband. He has been proud of her and fancied that he loved her, but in reality he has only been amused. She tells him little fibs, and he gives her childish lectures, but they never speak seriously to each other. Nora at length begins to perceive that he does not let her get as near to him as a wife should. Whereupon she becomes dissatisfied and leaves him—for what kind of existence the reader is left to imagine.

No course is marked out, no means suggested, by which the evils of marriage may be eliminated. Ibsen does not pretend to explain causes or to prescribe remedies; he simply shows facts. We feel that he says with Medea, in doubt and trouble, "O God, Thou hast given signs that men may know the true gold from the false; but upon men themselves Thou hast set no mark, and we must ever fear the worst!"

Such is the view Henrik Ibsen takes of society, and so despairing is he that he sees no way of bettering it but by annihilation of the whole fabric and rebuilding on a different plan, wherein neither state nor ties of family nor any institution that hampers the individual will have a part.

And in what is he wrong? Without faith in a life to come, or trust in an infinitely just God and a law with a perfect sanction, seeing no further than the horizon of his earthly existence; a man whose joys must be sought here below and whose sorrows are unmitigated evils, why should he be satisfied with a society which restrains his utmost liberty? What law can bind him to observe the rights of another? There is no God, therefore, no rights. Authority and government are tyrants. Destroy them—give us license without bounds—for if there is no God for us all, every man is for himself. This is his reasoning; this is the trend of all modern social philosophy, in which God is left out. In all consistency, there is no end but anarchy and chaos.

This is the conclusion. It might be written in volumes if I were to attempt a thorough exposition of Ibsen's theories. I have tried only to give briefly his view—the modern view—of social questions, and to hint an explanation of that too-often misused sentence: "The Church holds the only remedy for the evils of modern society."

Material for History in our Daily Life.

FRANCIS E. EYANSON, '96.

The history that we studied in the schoolroom, though essentially the same as that we learn in after-life, had quite a different meaning. Slowly we crept on, learning page after page, but nothing more. Satisfied to know that they were facts set down in their regular order, few of us stopped to think, to draw conclusions, to reason out the true meaning of a passage. No wonder, then, that we considered it a tedious study; and could not take in it the interest of which so many speak. War after war, the acts of influential personages, the government of states absorbed our attention. There was but little diversion to break this monotony.

Yet the benefits derived are very great, though at the same time they may not have been properly seen. The mind has often gathered facts; but only to store them away, where, lying dormant, they sooner or later reveal themselves as we would wish to see them; and we often apply them without any considerable reflection.

The student who has at his command many incidents of the life of man is, indeed, a strong adversary in any argument and one to be feared; for the truth of the saying, "history repeats itself," convinces us that such a one can construct a strong frame-work for his argument. But we are to consider material for history, and not its importance. This latter is admitted, and that, too, without hesitation.

The historical novel is interesting, perhaps, for the same reason as any other phase of the novel, idealistic or realistic. For most of us, however, the historical romance has the greatest and most lasting influence. If a passage helps one to a conclusion of some kind, or brings to mind an important lesson, one goes further and measures its value. Thus when

those incidents which impress us are taken from actual occurrences, or at least grouped about real historical figures, we find a new delight in knowing that these history-makers were men like ourselves.

The materialistic tendencies of our age are reflected in the literature of our time; so, too, the utilitarian has had his influence. These reigning ideas have much to do with our tastes in judging and selecting works of art. History, even with the dignified place it holds, must sustain this test. Nor can it be said to be a whimsical one; for just as progress brings great and necessary changes, just so will minor changes, or, as they are commonly called, "fads," accompany them. The later historians have recognized this, and their histories are interesting. There is something more than the acts of rulers and the causes and the results of wars; it is the everyday life of the men of other days. Here is abundant material for the writing of history which will be beneficial and interesting to all. To gather such material surely requires that same faculty, that every writer must have, of choosing what is interesting and important, considering, at the same time, the details more closely than do the great host of historians, but less so than many of the novelists, as does Mrs. Gaskell, in "Cranford," or Howells, in his farces.

The newspaper, at present, approaches very near to such a history, but there are good reasons to believe that it is not always reliable. Still, it could scarcely be otherwise. The anxious public, waiting for the news, cares not to give even a moment of grace to the writers. No time is left to review the details carefully. Material thus gathered requires thorough sifting until there is left only facts concisely put.

Every day we are reminded of the part we play in life. The question: "Would you do that"? or the expression, "that one would not have done it," shows how our lives depend upon one another. We are continually making comparisons, and the consequent influence on our own actions is constant. A man may think himself independent in this respect, yet he is careful to watch the actions of others; to see if they meet with approval or disapproval, and then govern himself accordingly. This is nothing more than a close, reasonable study of everyday life—a study which reveals most clearly the real habits of men.

Stephenson began by watching a tea-kettle. Lincoln's early studies were made while walking to and from his work. Very simple incidents, to be sure, yet they were the beginnings of careers which have changed history. One might enumerate numberless little episodes which were no less important. These are not, however, to be considered as the remote causes of great facts, but for the influence they may bear at the time, or for the lesson that can be drawn from them. Few would wish to confess the desire to know the manner of life of others, though all seem anxious to possess some knowledge of it. The realistic novel gives it, in a way, and suggests more forcibly than any other form of literature what should be studied in this regard. But it gives us nothing more; for, drawn largely from the imagination, it can not be history. However real it may be, there is no doubt but that actual life, so depicted, would be far more interesting.

In a Newspaper Building.

JOSEPH A. MARMON, '96.

Perhaps you have a casual acquaintance with the interior of a metropolitan newspaper building, caught from a visit to a friend who is attached to the staff.

From the holiday atmosphere of the *Rialto* and Fifth Avenue to the seething, hurly-burly life of City Hall Square and Park Row is quite a change. You realize this fact when you find yourself thrown in several directions at the same time by the hurrying crowd of every conceivable kind of individual. On your left is an Italian boot-black, and on the right a portly Wall Street banker, while the intermediate phases are painfully evident on the several other parts of your anatomy. Your position brings back fond recollections of a fateful day when you heedlessly entered Macy's on a bargain day.

If you are sharp, you will get into the right stream and allow the throng to carry you to your destination. From the street you remember entering a large room not unlike the counting rooms of a bank. Behind the first brass-caged window is a young individual who wears a cross-barred shirt and an air of importance. In a moment of temerity you politely inquire how to find your friend. "Twelfth floor, there's the lift," is the reply accompanied by an I-am-the-great-who-am expression.

As you try to enter the elevator simultaneously with two other men, the consequence is a wedge that would have delighted the heart

of Captain Hinkey. By gently performing a *pas de deux* on the feet of an inky-fingered pressman with a red shirt cut very *décolleté*, you cause some profanity. But that's only a little thing. You are used to it now. In making a dash for a corner you lovingly embrace a stout woman whose hands are full of art-folio coupons. Just like a woman, she doesn't appreciate your lover-like action. With a red face and a dislocated neck-tie you reach the corner, wishing devoutly for a small dynamite explosion. But, agony of agonies, you look around to find the business manager's type-writer, who is decidedly pretty, grinning sympathetically at you—that is, if girls do anything so vulgar as to grin.

If your self-possession is not entirely gone, the other occupants of the car may interest you on the way up. There is a bright-faced girl-reporter engaged in conversation with the elevator man as to the probability of finding the city editor in a good humor. This phenomenon occurs almost once every month. Close to your lady-friend of the coupons is a swell individual with a general I-own-the-world air who is accompanied by a silk hat, a coat of the latest cut and several large diamonds. He might be a millionaire or a member of the 400, but he isn't. He is the new reporter. Not far away is an insignificant, meek-looking man wearing a last year's derby and a plain, almost shabby suit of clothes. He is the proprietor of the paper. The rest are mainly a job lot, including a politician, two compositors, a countryman, an artist and a messenger boy. With a conviction that your face has not regained its normal color and an inward desire to commit murder, the elevator comes to a stop at the twelfth floor.

You step into a large round room, in the centre of which is the elevator shaft from whence you have just emerged. In various positions are arranged, in orderly irregularity, over half a hundred flat-topped desks. Not many are occupied now, for it is only the middle of the afternoon. But had you arrived shortly before midnight the scene would have been a different one. Then nearly every desk is occupied by members of the staff, ranging from the beardless boy of twenty to the grey-whiskered leader writer. Of the sixty odd men fully half the number wear Van Dyke beards. Many are in their shirt sleeves, and while writing as if their life depended upon it with one hand, they have a cigarette, a sandwich or some liquid refreshment in the other. The air is thick with smoke, and altogether it is a scene of artistic Bohemianism. Although you may not realize it at the moment, these are the men who sway the nation and whose power is greater than all the armies of the world. They are the makers of literature for the masses as well as the chroniclers of the events of the day.

Feeling that you have at length reached a haven of refuge, you interrogate the nearest person in regard to your friend. Your troubles must be over. Sad disappointment! This new type of the *genus homo*, without raising his head from pile of papers by which he is surrounded, gives vent to a savage growl of displeasure. Its meaning might be anything you choose to imagine. All your independence and belief in individual rights has vanished by this time. Very timidly, this time, you approach one of the wise-looking office boys. Thank Heaven! at length you have found a friend in need. With the air of a superior being he vouchsafes you the desired information which is to the effect that your friend has been sent to Saratoga to report the Republican convention. Alas, for the emptiness of success! And when you sip your Export and listen to the music on the roof of the Casino a few hours later, you mentally register a vow never more to venture below Fourteenth Street.

Does Dickens Exaggerate?

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

Arrogant criticism is always freely bestowed upon great men, and genius is never insured against the thrusts of mediocrity. Charles Dickens was a remarkable and great novelist, and it is not surprising to find persons who endeavor to prove that he was not the genius popular opinion is beguiled into thinking him; the oft repeated criticism being that his characters are unpardonably exaggerated.

This charge is brought chiefly against the humorous characters, and is, in itself, utterly absurd. You might, with as much reason, criticise a poet for comparing death to a reaper as to find fault with a humorist for exaggerating his types of humanity.

Would the names of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller be household words; would the mere mention of them be a source of amusement, if Dickens had simply portrayed a stereotyped old gentleman and his valet? Would Jerry

Cruncher afford anyone a hearty laugh, if he were but an ordinary grave-robber?

Dickens' reputation, as a humorist, depends on the characters I have mentioned; and all will certainly acknowledge that it does not detract from a humorist's fame that the creations of his genius are slightly exaggerated. As a novelist he also holds first place, and his fame, as such, depends on the more serious of his works—"David Copperfield," "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "A Tale of Two Cities."

A pathetic strain, evident even in some of the humorous works, in these books, broadens and becomes beautiful. The characters are so real, that one enters into the spirit of each, and feels that he is meeting or hearing the history of a fellow-creature. He is so impressed with the individuality of each that they take a place in his memory, never to be blotted out.

David Copperfield seems a living person, who is a part of one's life; poor, childlike Dora, a sweet flower that blooms and fades almost within your sight. Pip, in "Great Expectations," is a mirror reflecting many a boy who longs to leave his quiet home to mingle in the strife of a city. And then, what a noble character is Agnes, in "David Copperfield"? Her only thought and desire is to make others happy. She is mild and unassuming, yet strong and courageous. And so I could go on naming many of his characters, as real and true to life as they are beautiful and noble.

The strongest argument, both for the genius of Dickens and the truth of his character painting, is the fact that, once you have read them, you will never forget them. They will hold a prominent and lasting place in your memory. This is the first test of a novelist's ability; for, while we may forget the plot, we can never forget the characters of a truly great novel.

I cannot refrain from dwelling a moment on the pathetic in Dickens, for in this also he excels. Indeed, one is astonished that the writer of such humorous passages could be the author of such pathetic scenes. Beautiful is the story of Little Nell, leading her old grandfather away from danger and bringing him into a haven of safety; sad is the tale of her death. We see the old man trying to convince himself that his guardian angel is only sleeping. "But little Nell was dead; no sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from thought of pain, so fair to look upon."

The death of Dora, the fading of the blossom, is equally sad and pathetic. Who is so lacking in sentiment as not to be affected by the noble death of Carton, in the "Tale of Two Cities"? We follow with awe-stricken intensity his every thought and action, repeating with him, at the last, the words, "'I am the resurrection and the life,' saith the Lord."

The scene in "David Copperfield," when the storm-driven ship is discovered off the coast of Yarmouth, combines pathos, strength and reality. It is here that noble Ham Peggotty is drowned and Steerforth's body is washed ashore. A sailor, who had known Steerforth in his happier days, tells David of what has happened: "He leads me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind; among the ruins of the home he had wronged, I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school."

Let the man who criticises Dickens, who says his characters are exaggerated and unreal, read his words, which are full of pathos and sentiment, noble and true. Let him read of Little Nell, of Dora and Agnes, of David Copperfield, Ham Peggotty and the many others, and then, acknowledging his error, come with uncovered head to lay his offerings of love and admiration at the shrine of the immortal Charles Dickens.

Varsity Verse.

PLAGIARISM OR PARODY?

Hard and low, hard and low,
Men of the "Varsity"
Low, low, tackle below
The waist and above the knee.
Right through the interference go,
Down the runner, and let him know,
That you are as hard as he;
And the Blue and Gold, *our* Blue and Gold,
Will flutter up to the peak.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
After the game is o'er,
Rest, rest, when we've had the best
Of the game—but not before.
Flinch not, this is your manhood's test—
Heart and nerve in your rushes, lest
You lose, who won of yore;
And the Blue and Gold, *our* Blue and Gold,
Will ever fly at the peak.

D. V. C.

ONE YEAR OLD TO HIS NEW-BORN BROTHER.

"On the ecliptic cable-line
I've ridden long and far,
And I've seen a thousand people
Get on and off the car.

"I have studied human nature,
Having nothing else to do,
And the sum of my researches
I'll confide, young man, to you.

"There's a creature called a woman,
And another called a man,
And they both act just as foolish
As a human being can.

"The former thinks she's pretty
And the latter thinks he's smart,
And the two together give me
Palpitation of the heart.

"Though I can't express my feelings
I can bawl! and bawl!! and bawl!!!
For the only child of wisdom
Is the baby, after all."

E. C.

MY SORROWS.

To me,
The writing of verse
Is really a curse.
I scribble and scratch,
And bungle and patch.
It matters not which,
There is ever a hitch,
With me,
In the writing of verse.

S. M. E.

The Family Ghost.

S. ANDREW WALKER, '95.

A few years ago, while on a visit to some friends in a small town of Lower Canada, I grew tired of city life and resolved to spend a few weeks rambling through the rural districts. Having made all the necessary preparations, I set out on foot one pleasant summer afternoon, with the intention of getting a glimpse of real rustic life. For a week I wandered aimlessly about, going and coming at will. I heard and saw many things which could not fail to interest and please one brought up in a city. I took particular delight in listening to the stories of the rough but honest farmers, whose ancestors had dwelt in this land for generations. Many were the weird tales I heard them tell as we gathered around the large kitchen tables in the evening. During the day, nothing pleased me more than to sit and watch the sturdy sons of toil at work, or to roam about through the leafy woods and fragrant meadows. Engaged in such pleasant pursuits, time passed all too quickly.

One hot sultry afternoon, as I wandered along on the dusty road, I came to a cross-road which gave me the choice of two directions. I took the one leading to the right. On this branch, I had not journeyed far, when I came to a narrow strip of timber through which ran a small stream. As night was fast coming on, I resolved to put up at the first house. This I found to be about ten minutes' walk from the rivulet. My coming was heralded by the loud barking of two large mastiffs chained to a post near the front door, and when I arrived at the gate, I met the master of the house who had come out to investigate the disturbance.

After we had passed the time of day and discussed the prospects for good crops, he changed the subject, and asked, "Have you had supper yet?" On my answering in the negative he invited me in. As we came near to the open kitchen door I could see his wife frying potatoes for supper. "Is supper nearly ready?" he asked. "Yes, it will be ready in a minute. Take the gentleman's hat and hang it on the peg behind the door."

When I had been introduced to the other members of the family, we sat down to supper—seven in all—the father, mother, two young girls, two grown-up boys and myself. After I had partaken of the hearty meal, the lady of the house said: "It is nearly dark now, and besides it is a long way to the next house; won't you spend the night with us?" "If it will not inconvenience you, I would like to stay, for I have walked many miles to-day and do not feel much like moving." "Not in the least. You may occupy the spare bedroom off the parlor."

Having thus made arrangements to stay with this hospitable family over night, I strolled out to the barnyard and helped the boys feed the stock and milk the cows. Meanwhile, the father went down to the pasture about a mile away to look after some horses. It was dusk when all the chores had been done, and we returned to the house.

Hardly had we seated ourselves around the kitchen table when the father came in and hung his tattered straw hat in its customary place behind the door. Seating himself opposite me, he filled and lit a short clay pipe and began to ask me questions on every imaginable subject, while all the others listened with rapt attention. My turn at length came, and from the old man's lips I heard many interesting stories and legends of the neighborhood.

Early in the evening I had noticed that everyone of the family wore a band of crape on his left arm. During a lull in the conversation I asked if there had been a death in the

family, lately. This time I was answered by the mother who until now had hardly spoken a word. "Yes, my poor brother was buried last Sunday." Her eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled with emotion; but she kept on and related the circumstances connected with his death.

For years the house had been haunted. One night shortly before the death of her brother, after all the others had retired, she went up stairs to get some flour to make bread in the morning. When she turned to go into the store-room, where the flour-chest was kept, a gray-clad form stood in her way. With a feeling of unutterable dread, she faced about and walked back down stairs followed by the stealthy footsteps of the intruder. At the bottom she fainted and knew no more. The following day her brother came home sick. He had drunk some water out of a pond in a swamp two miles from home. In forty-eight hours he was dead. This was not the first time that the ghost had been seen by members of the family. It always appeared a few days before the death of some near relative or friend. Besides, on several occasions visitors had reported that they heard it roaming through the house at the dead of night.

By this time, my curiosity was thoroughly aroused. At first, I was inclined to believe it all a fancy; but after I had listened to the experiences of the other members of the family I could not doubt it. I had often heard and read of haunted houses, but never before had I seen or stopped in one. With my mind filled with such thoughts, I went to bed about ten o'clock, which is long after the usual bed time in the country. I slept down stairs and my room faced to the east. It was the only bed-room on the first floor. To reach it I had to pass through the parlor. Among other things I saw in this room was a small box stove standing to the left of the door leading into my chamber. Tired out by my long tramp, I quickly fell asleep. It must have been about an hour later that I awoke with a start. Coming down the front stairs, I could distinctly hear slow, stealthy footsteps on the uncarpeted boards.

The first thought that came into my mind was of the ghost stories I had heard in the evening. I held my breath and strained my ears lest any sounds should escape me. Slowly the door leading from the hallway into the parlor was opened, and the step cautiously crossed the parlor and passed into the kitchen. In a few moments the mysterious visitor re-entered the parlor, and with cat-like footsteps drew near to the small wood stove. My bed-room door stood partly open, and I could see a gray-clad form bending over a small heap of kindling wood. My curiosity and anxiety reached the highest pitch when I saw it begin to whittle shavings at a great rate. When the ghost had spent a few minutes in this way it opened the door and crammed the stove full of wood and shavings. Then I heard the crack and sputter of a match and, a moment later, the roar of the fire as it caught the dry wood. Closing the stove door the ghost walked out into the kitchen for the second time. For a while, all was still. How slowly the moments passed! Each one seemed an age, and then a terrible racket fell upon my strained ears. It sounded as if some one was throwing stove-wood and chairs in every direction. Such a din I had never heard before. For the first time I was really scared. The ghost did not give up this sport until there was no more wood or chairs to throw through the windows and against the walls.

At last the noise ceased and again I heard the stealthy step cross the parlor and near my door. By the light of the moon I could distinctly see the gray-clad form stealing across the floor to my side. I shall never forget the horror of that moment. I could not look at it, nor could I make an outcry. Paralyzed by fear, I closed my eyes. I felt as though a thousand pounds pressed down upon my chest. My head swam and I trembled all over with an indescribable dread. Never before had I experienced such sensations; and I hope that I shall never again be placed in such a position.

I don't know how long I lay thus; but when, with a mighty effort, I had opened my eyes and looked about me, I saw the white figure going out of my room. It paraded up and down the house, slammed the doors, smashed the furniture, and broke the windows. Presently the noise ceased and I heard again the stealthy step of the ghost as it walked upon the stairs. Soon all was quiet. I got up and looked at my watch; it was just midnight. I went back to bed, but I could not sleep, so disturbed was my mind by the events of the night.

It was dawn before I slept, and when I awoke the day was already far advanced. At breakfast I recounted to the family my experiences of the night before, and all agreed that I had seen the family ghost. I noticed that the news of its appearance alarmed them, since they took

it as a warning that some fresh calamity was about to fall upon their household. About an hour later I bade adieu to this kindly family and set out on my ramble, fully convinced that I had seen a real ghost.

Book Reviews.

—*The Rosary* is always bright, even in November. John A. Mooney begins the current number with an able article on the Astor Library and takes occasion, by the way, to say very many profitable things about libraries in general. He gives a valuable suggestion to those of his readers who frequent public reading-rooms, when he urges them to create a want, by repeated application to the officials, for those notable Catholic works that are not on the shelves. The dearth of Catholic literature in the great book-lending institutions throughout the land is largely due to Catholics themselves. They neglect to ask persistently enough for the works they desire, and consequently they do not get them. If the demand for treatises on theology and Ecclesiastical History was made sufficiently strong, the supply would be forthcoming. Mr. Mooney's paper contains many other hints useful to those innocent of the ways and means of our public libraries. Eliza Allen Starr writes beautifully about "The Coronation," as depicted by the various masters. When Miss Starr speaks of sacred painting she seems to borrow some of the grace and color and glory of her subject and set it in her style. What promises to be a highly dramatic tale is begun in the present issue by a Dominican, the Rev. A. H. de Viras, under the title "The Lily of Chimu." The different "departments" of *The Rosary*, however, are just as interesting as the body of the periodical, and they never fail to make a deep impression of the thoroughness of the editing. The pages devoted to "Magazines" give a comprehensive view of the whole field of literature during the weeks just passed, and the man who writes them has a lynx eye for detecting error, and a refreshing manner of making it known. The "Editorials" are scholarly, but not near so heavy as that term would seem to imply, and the columns conducted by "Aquinas" ought to make *The Rosary* dear to the hearts of children.

—"Catholic Literature in Catholic Homes" is the title of a lecture which was delivered before the Summer School at Plattsburg by the Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., Editor of *The Rosary*, and which has recently been published by P. O'Shea, New York. Father O'Neil's wide experience in journalism and the practical wisdom he has gained in the exercise of his priestly functions fit him in a special manner to speak on the subject of Catholic literature. This little pamphlet fairly teems with thought, expressed, it is needless to add, in a wonderfully clear and happy style. All the salient points of the theme are grasped with a sure hand. There is nothing left unsaid that would bring us to a fuller knowledge why Catholic homes are so poor in the matter of good books and periodicals, and, moreover, the remedy of the evil is made patent to everyone. The author is of opinion that fewer "boiler-plate 'organs'," the "elimination of three-fourths of our modern pious books," and the "making of the right kind of Catholic magazines," will tend, in a great measure, to solve the difficulty. He lays a heavy hand on the editor and publisher who is out for filthy lucre, and who poses before the Catholic public as a martyr to the cause, and he justly denounces the "religious poltroonery that flings cap in air, and lifts the ready shout in claiming for the Church as Catholic writers, men and women whose pens are never employed except for gain, whose channels of publication are generally non-Catholic, whose subjects have no bearing on the Church or her interests." This sentiment will be heartily endorsed by all who are acquainted with this "sickly subserviency," and who know and fully appreciate the devotion and self-sacrifice of other writers who are Catholic in the proper sense of the word. No praise can be too strong for these men and women, and they are rightly to be considered as the mainstay of the apostolate of the Catholic press. Anyone who is at all interested in the subject of literature in our homes, owes it to himself to give Father O'Neil's pamphlet a a careful reading.

—The November number of the *Musical Record* is full of interesting reading matter, and has among its leading articles one entitled "Scientific Vocalization," which we should like to reprint, but space forbids. Among its musical numbers are: "Kindly, Gently, Speak to Mother," a sweet and pathetic ballad, by H. P. Danks, The old song "Playmates," by Forman, which once divided popularity with "Comrades" and "Annie Rooney" in the East, and the "Moss Rose Mazurka" by Geible.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 17, 1894.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Terms, $1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

—At present writing we are able to publish the names of some of the distinguished lecturers who have consented to address the students during the course of the year: Right Rev. John J. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; Right Rev. John A. Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, Ohio; Rev. Doctor Stafford, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. Joseph Nugent, Des Moines, Iowa. With these names heading the list, the Lecture Course will undoubtedly be a success.

—*The Catholic Home Journal*, a new venture in the journalistic field, will make its *début* to the reading public in the early part of December. Judging the merit of the first issue from an advanced article by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, on "Woman's Influence in the Home," we can safely say that the *Journal* bids fair to remain what it purports to be, "a high-class Catholic monthly journal." Among those contributing special articles for the first number, we notice the names of Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, Maurice Francis Egan and Charles P. Neil. Its offices will be in Chicago, but it aims at a national circulation. Its price is ridiculously low for a magazine with a staff such as it has; and it deserves, and will get, the support of every Catholic in the country.

The SCHOLASTIC wishes the new enterprise God-speed, and hopes that it will meet the success anticipated by its founders.

The Band Concert.

The University Athletic Association can never be called unlucky, while it has such staunch friends as Professor Preston, the leader of our Band. Bankruptcy was staring the Executive Committee in the face when he kindly volunteered to give a concert for the benefit of the Association, and the dark clouds quickly fled away. The concert was an immense success, both from the artistic and the pecuniary point of view. It was attended by the four departments *en masse*, and everyone is enthusiastic in his praise of the evening's entertainment.

That Professor Preston has brought the band to a state of efficiency, such as it has seldom known before, is evident to all who have watched its progress in past years. The smoothness of the *ensemble* playing is wonderful, considering the number of new men who have been brought into the organization and the short time it has had to prepare for a public appearance. Under the Professor's able guidance, each man has been trained to lose his individuality and become, as it were, a part of the leader, which is the test of proficiency in any musical organization. How admirably all roughness and jarring crudities have been eliminated from the band's playing, Wednesday's concert conclusively proved.

Since the concert was decided upon each one of the numbers on the programme has been as thoroughly studied and rehearsed as time permitted. The applause and evident enjoyment with which the audience received the entire concert was the best proof of the success with which the members' untiring efforts were rewarded.

When the curtain ascended, the sight presented was a strikingly beautiful and picturesque one. The band always look well, but on this occasion they surpassed themselves. The stage settings, arranged by Messrs. Hennessy, Marmon, Schmidt and Professor Preston, were artistically appropriate. The setting was a marble-pillared audience chamber, the prevailing color being a rich yellow. Against this the tasteful blue and gold uniforms of the band showed to good advantage. Platforms of various heights had been arranged, so that each player was in full view of the audience with the solo instruments in the front row.

At half-past four the leader of the University

band stepped to the front and waved his baton for attention. The first piece was a stirring quick-step which is, at present, very popular with military bands in London. It served to put the audience in touch with the players, and led them to expect much. Nor were they disappointed. Following it came a difficult and brilliant selection from that ever-popular opera, "The Bohemian Girl." Its well-known melodies revived pléasant memories in many minds. The solos of Messrs. Forbing, Chassaing, Barton and Kegler showed excellent phrasing and expression.

Mr. Schmidt then came to the front for his *piccolo* solo, "Thro' the Air," with band accompaniment. As usual, he acquitted himself admirably, and the applause was so enthusiastic that a repetition was necessary. The next number was a charmingly tuneful gavotte, rendered with the prevailing excellence of the rest of the programme. The first part was ended by a laugh-producing piece called the "Comic Tattoo," in which the members of the band become disgusted at the repetition of the same melody, desert the leader, the bass drummer being the pluckiest and the last to leave. Mr. Karasynski's exit was strikingly realistic.

During the intermission, Messrs. Barton, Marmon, Hennessy and Jones sang a clever parody on "Won't You Be my Sweetheart?" written by Mr. D. V. Casey. It was a hit at the general lack of enthusiasm among the football players and the trials that beset the life of a captain. The sentiment, as well as the song, took the house by storm, and the singers were compelled to repeat it. The following is Mr. Casey's version:

"A tired and baffled captain,
Who wore the Gold and Blue,
Was pleading with a player
His practice to renew.
In worn and dirty canvas,
The captain stood arrayed,
And thought but of his college—
Our college—as he prayed:

REFRAIN—"Won't you be our half-back?
We need you;
Be our other half-back,
Tried and true.
Think how we will miss you
If you go!
Won't you be our half-back?
Don't say 'No!'

"Long minutes passed in silence,
And then the other said:
'It's too much trouble, captain,
Find some one else instead.
I have no time for football,
My mind is over-tasked.'
The captain turned, despairing,
'Twas all in vain he asked:

REFRAIN—"Won't you be our half-back?"

"Two days before the battle,
The player changed his mind,
Decided to wear canvas,
'I'll help you out behind
The line,' he told the captain,
Who smiled: 'So you *will* play?
I'm glad—but we don't need you,
And I don't have to say':

REFRAIN—"Won't you be our half-back?"

The Band Union Overture was the opening piece. Then came a cornet duett, with band accompaniment, by Messrs. Chassaing and Marmon, A Song and Dance—"Something to Adore." The "Jolly Fellows' Waltz" was one of the best numbers in every sense. Mr. Forbing's difficult clarionet cadenza was well played. "Splinters" was a queer but amusing number, in which national and popular airs were intermixed. Occasionally, some irrepressible player found it necessary to start out with "Yankee Doodle" when least expected. The "Smash-Up" at the end contained enough noise and discord to delight the heart of any disciple of Wagner. The concert came to an end when the band had played "The American Cadet March," which went with a swing and dash.

It is safe to say that the band has never given a more successful concert, and Prof. Preston certainly deserves congratulations on the result of his efforts. We shall await with impatience the next similar event.

We herewith give the names of the members of the Notre Dame University Cornet Band: Prof. N. A. Preston, Director; A. Vignos, E flat Cornet; E. V. Chassaing, Solo B flat Cornet; J. A. Marmon, Solo B flat Cornet; T. Mapother, 1st B flat Cornet; Thos. Quinlan, 2d B flat Cornet; M. Adler, 3d B flat Cornet; Geo. Sweet, Solo Alto; E. Jones, 1st Alto; F. Cornell, 2d Alto; C. McPhee, 2d Alto; F. O'Brien, 3d Alto; F. Wensinger, 3d Alto; F. Barton, Euphonium; Sidney Corby, Baritone; E. Murphy, 1st Tenor; T. D. Mott, Jr., 2d Tenor; J. Carne, 2d Tenor; J. H. Kivlin, Solo Trombone; J. Harrison, E flat Clarinet; J. W. Forbing, Solo B flat Clarinet; A. Karisynski, 1st B flat Clarinet; O. F. Schmidt; Piccolo; F. D. Hennessy, Tuba; W. J. Kegler, E flat Bass; T. Guthrie, Bass; E. Coleman, Snare Drum; D. Monarch, Snare Drum.

Football.

Notre Dame, 30; Wabash, 0.

On Thursday, Notre Dame added another glorious victory to her already long list of triumphant struggles on the gridiron field. The day was an ideal one for football; not too warm for the players, nor uncomfortably chilly for the spectators. The field had been cleared of snow the day before and was in fine condition. The attendance, owing to the propitious weather, was larger than at any previous event. The members of the Executive Committee are correspondingly happy.

Wabash had evidently determined to make an example of our men; but alas, "there's many a slip," etc. They were compelled to suffer defeat by the decisive score of 30 to 0. It would undoubtedly have been larger had not Wabash given up the game to avoid that consequence, while eighteen minutes yet remained for play. As it was, Corry had secured the sixth touch-down, about which there was some dispute. It was not decided, however, as the visitors left the field at this point.

The game itself was dashing and spirited throughout. Both sides were deadly in earnest. Our men lined up for the snap-back better and more rapidly than ever before. The increased enthusiasm among the players was plain from the excellence of both individual and team work. Captain Keough deserves great praise for his energy and untiring work with the men. It is to be hoped, however, that this victory will not produce a cessation of training from over confidence. There are two hard games ahead, and it would, indeed, be a pity to have our unbroken record destroyed.

Notre Dame's line was strong all through; but some anxiety was felt about the players behind. How groundless were these doubts, the game amply proved. Dinkel and Barrett were missed, of course; but it is evident that earnestness and conscientious work are qualities which can not be substituted.

Umpire Mott, while never missing an irregular play by Notre Dame's men, seemed incapable of seeing the foul tackles by their opponents. A disposition to play dirty ball was evinced by the visitors. They soon found that it did not pay, however.

As is usual, in the beginning of the game, Notre Dame seemed unable to exert their force. In some unaccountable manner Wabash succeeded in coming through the line and stopping the ball each time. Interference was our principal weakness. In several cases, touch-downs would have resulted were it not for this defect. With Wabash, it was the contrary. Their runners were always well guarded, and they deserve great praise for their work in that direction.

Casey was clearly the star of the day. His work was magnificent, and was recognized by continued applause. When he went at the line, and it was often, decisive gains were the result. He went through the visitors' line like a battering ram, often carrying their men for several yards after being tackled. In the second half he made a run of more than half the length of the field. Morrison was invaluable in every way. He made great gaps for our runners. Chidester played his usual good game and was always a match for his opponent. Zeitler at right end did the best tackling. He repeatedly threw his man back many yards. Schillo worked hard and well; he was in his last year's good form. Captain Keough was everywhere, and bothered the visitors terribly. Dempsey worked well. At a critical moment he made a magnificent punt, and prevented Wabash from scoring. Every man on the team deserves great praise for team work and individual plays.

THE LINE UP:

NOTRE DAME		WABASH
Corby	Left End	Dowdall
Morrison	Left Tackle	Greist
Anson	Left Guard	Farrell
Chidester	Centre	Bushnell
Casey	Right Guard	Kern
Schillo	Right Tackle	Hall
Zeitler	Right End	Little
Brennan	Quarter Back	Huffer
Corry	L. Half-Back	Scott
Keough (Capt).	R. Half-Back	Randall
Dempsey	Full-Back	Fry (Cpt.)

Touch-downs, Morrison (2), Dempsey (2), Casey (1), Corry (1). *Goal-kicks*, Dempsey (5). *Umpire*, H. C. Hall, Wabash; *Referee*, T. D. Mott, Notre Dame; Linesman, J. B. Barrett.

FIRST HALF.

Notre Dame took the ball; Dempsey kicked off 30 yards to Wabash. They could only gain a ½ yard, and Notre Dame again took the leather. Notre Dame made no gain owing to interference, and Dempsey punted outside the line. The ball was returned and given to Wabash. They advanced steadily by around the end plays to Notre Dame's 5 yard line, and then within one foot of the goal. They lost the ball here by an off-side play, and Dempsey punted for 25 yards. On a fumble Morrison got it. Notre Dame began to wake up at this point, and the

result was never in doubt afterward. Anson, Dempsey, Morrison and Casey each made 5 yard gains. Corry went to the right end 10 yards. Casey made 10 yards at the centre, and Morrison followed with 8. Casey again broke through and went 20 yards before he was stopped. The men were now struggling within 3 yards of Wabash's line, and Morrison went over for the first touch-down in 20 minutes. Dempsey kicked goal 6–0.

Wabash kicked off to Corby who advanced 10 yards. Casey then made a fine run of 25 yards without assistance, being repeatedly tackled. Casey, Dempsey, Morrison and Corby brought the ball 2½ yards from the line and Dempsey was forced through for the second touch-down. He kicked goal 12–0.

After the kick-off Dempsey, Casey, Keough and Schillo continued to make gains. Casey then made another 20 yard run through the centre; he was foully tackled and lost the ball. Wabash advanced 35 yards in a number of downs, when Notre Dame recovered the ball. Casey, Corry, Keough and Schillo forged to the 10 yard line. Morrison burst through for another touch-down. Dempsey as usual kicked a sure goal 18–0.

By two off-side plays, Wabash lost the ball in the kick-off. Dempsey then sent it 40 yards into their territory. A Wabash man advanced 10 yards until Brennan tackled him. On failure to gain, the ball came to Notre Dame, when Casey broke through and ran 25 yards to the fourth touch-down. When Dempsey kicked goal the score was 24–0. Wabash kicked 25 yards to Dempsey. With the ball in Wabash's hands time was called.

SECOND HALF.

Wabash kicked 40 yards to Keough who succeeded in advancing 15 yards. Anson, Corry and Dempsey were each sent through 10 yards. Casey made 20 yards and Schillo 8. Wabash secured the leather on a fumble and gained 15 yards when it was returned. Dempsey gained 22 yards, and Keough went around the left end 20 yards. Dempsey, Casey, Keough, Corry and Anson made gains of from 4 to 8 yards, which again brought the ball close to the Wabash line. Dempsey was forced through without difficulty for another touch-down and then kicked goal, 30–0.

It was now becoming dark and difficult to see the fine points from a distance. Wabash still kept up their courage, but Notre Dame pushed them in every direction. Casey again broke loose, and ran half the length of the field. In the next scrimmage, Corry took the ball and forced himself for 20 yards and over the line. The Wabash men claimed that he made unfair use of his arms, and before the matter was settled the visitors decided to give up the struggle in order to prevent a more overwhelming defeat.

Exchanges.

Ever since the introduction of football into college athletics in this country, our love and our development of old English sports have grown apace. Tom Brown—could he appear on the gridiron nowadays—would, we fancy, find the game much changed as to the manner of playing it. He would soon discover, however, that falling on the ball and having the wind knocked out of one are as much in vogue now as of yore. Though more scientific, modern football furnishes the same amount of wholesome excitement and healthful exercise as it did at Rugby in the days of Brooke and East and Jones, who, we are told, after each rush picked himself up "with his straw in his mouth, a little dirtier, but as cool as ever."

The latest outgrowth of our Anglomania in college sports is the introduction of the "hare and hounds" chase. It bids fair to gain a strong foothold both in the East and in the West. Madison, ever wide-awake in matters athletic, has already had several successful meets. At Cornell, too, cross country running is not unknown. We hope the remaining colleges will follow suit, for we know of no sport better fitted to make our athletes long-winded.

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The critique on Alessandro Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi" affords the readers of the last issue of *The Mountaineer* a real treat. After a miniature pen-picture of the times, in which the poet and novelist lived, the writer takes up the novel selected for criticism. His presentment of the plot and etching of the characters prove him no inexperienced essayist. In laying down the principles which were his guide in the work undertaken, he says: "In judging of the merits of a work of this style it becomes necessary to study it both in its historical bearing and (in its) truth to nature." That he does both fully is our deserved acknowledgment of the efforts of the writer.

The publication, in the same issue, of the words and music of an old local song, "Singing

on the Terrace" is unique in college journalism. Its object, as the editor informs us, is to familiarize the Mt. Saint Mary's boys with the song, and to revive the custom of singing during free hours upon the terrace. The editor is taking the proper means to increase that *comeraderic* which casts such a glamour over college life. For good-fellowship lends itself gracefully to the lively song, the merry jest and the jovial laugh.

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What we expect to find in the *Brunonian*, as we turn to its pages week after week, is clever verse and short stories. And it is safe to say our expectations are always fully satisfied. Of the three short stories in the issue before us, we prefer the last, "The Maiden's Song—The Professor's Memento."

Personals.

—Mr. Ernest F. Du Brul, who is taking the course in Political Economy at Johns Hopkins University, is teaching the people of Baltimore what is understood in the West by "bucking" the line. In the game with the U. of Va., he covered himself with glory and shattered a rib or two.

—Father McLaughlin and Mr. Dougan, both of Niles, were welcome visitors to the University last Thursday. They are enthusiastic lovers of football, and if our men—the students of the University—had half the spirit of either of them, there would not be such a dearth of material for half-backs and forwards for the Varsity.

—Mr. E. Ahlrichs, who was graduated last year in the Classical Course, and who carried off the Quan Medal, is now pursuing the study of Law at the University of Alabama. Mr. Ahlrichs is a bright and promising young man, and we feel confident that he will some day hold a conspicuous place among the leading lawyers of his native state.

—Among the welcome visitors last week were Mr. and Mrs. Monarch, of Owensboro, Kentucky, who came to see their two sons at the University and their daughter, a pupil at the Academy. There are none whom the College takes more pleasure in welcoming to her portals than those who have been associated with her for years, as is the Monarch family. Mr. Monarch said that Lamar's eye-sight was improving and that in a short time he would resume his Law studies.

—Charley Paquett, who was for a number of years a student at the University, and finally honored with several degrees, was married a few weeks ago to Miss Matthias, a daughter of Judge Matthias, of the Supreme Bench of Indiana. After leaving the University he procured a position as civil engineer on the Big Four, and, through his ability and invaluable services to the road, is now chief engineer and supervisor of over 400 miles of the company's line. May fortune continue to smile upon him, and may happiness always be his, is the earnest wish of all at Notre Dame!

Local Items.

—Who is the fiend that taps the water pipes in Sorin Hall?

—Wonder if the "toboggan-slide" will be erected this year?

—The Carrolls are slow in forming their hand-ball association this year.

—For the last week the Belles-Lettres class has been reading Chaucer.

—Some small (?) Carrolls were seen with their skates during the week.

—LOST—A bunch of keys. Finder, please leave them at Students' office.

—Whist is again becoming the favorite game in the Sorin Hall reading-room.

—Almost every evening boxing exhibitions are given in the Brownson Hall gymnasium.

—From a financial standpoint, the entertainment was a great success. A large sum was netted.

—What intelligent Carroll was that who asked if that long tube with a bell on the end wasn't the coronet.

—Rumor has it that Captain Peffer, of the Champaign Football team, intends to enter the University next year.

—Do not despise the meek and lowly. Even the smallest of kittens may leave his mark behind him. Things are not thus in Texas.

—LOST—In the Carroll Hall refectory, a six-bladed pen-knife. Finder, please leave the same in the Students' office and receive a reward.

—For the last week our Varsity team has been practising signals in the Carroll Hall gymnasium owing to the inclement state of the weather.

—"I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," played at the band concert last Wednesday afternoon, was very appropriate, seeing the way they are fixing up the corridors in Sorin Hall.

—Last Saturday the members of the Criticism class listened to an interesting lecture on "Journalism." At present, they are discussing the influence of the historical essay on literature.

—"The Shorties" have a new addition to their team. The services of "McGinningan's goat"

have been secured, and now the Captain says that the team is going to play a bucking game. "Go it," Shorties!

—Some Queries for the wise: Does it take four men to shoot one musket? If so, does the musket always shoot straight? How far can a duck fly with a bullet in its body? Finally, do hunters resemble fishermen in any particular?

—The Lake Shore Limited taken regularly on your Eastern trips will prevent that tired feeling so often experienced by travellers. Leaves Chicago 5:30 p. m., and arrives in New York 6:30 p. m. Can be taken without shaking.

—Last Wednesday evening Prof. Edwards, Director of the Crescent Club, gave a party in honor of the band. There was a large crowd in attendance and all seemed to enjoy themselves very much. About nine o'clock refreshments were served, and all went away convinced that Prof. Edwards was a right royal entertainer.

—Several times we have heard the students objecting to the way the Library is managed. Some of the magazines and papers are not upon the tables even two or three weeks after the day of publication. The members of the Library Association should not have the privilege of borrowing them until later numbers are received to replace them.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting last Wednesday evening. A very interesting programme was rendered, consisting of declamations, songs, essays and a debate on the question: "Should detention be abolished?" The subject was well handled by the youthful debaters, and some very strong arguments were advanced on both sides.

—There was no session of the Moot-Court last week owing to the Band Concert. Next Wednesday afternoon the suit of Smith *vs.* the City Park Commissioners, an application for an injunction to restrain the commissioners from opening a new street, will be argued before the Court of Chancery. Messrs. Frank D. Hennessy and A. B. Chidester will act as attorneys for the appellant, and Messrs. James F. Kennedy and L. F. Gibson for the respondent.

—On Wednesday evening, November 14, the Philodemics held their regular meeting in the Law room. Several new names were presented by the credential committee, and they were admitted to membership in the society. Mr. James McKee read a very entertaining paper on "The Reminiscences of the Greek Room." Then followed the debate of the evening on the question: "Resolved, That the office of President of the United States should be limited to one term of four years." The subject was ably discussed by Messrs. Murphy and Shannon for the affirmative, and Eyanson and Kennedy for the negative. The debate was well prepared, and showed that the contestants had thought deeply on the subject. After a warm and interesting discussion, the judges decided in favor of the negative.

—The Law Debating Society held its fourth regular meeting on Saturday, Nov. 14. Mr. Gibson was unanimously chosen to fill the vacant office of Treasurer. After some other preliminary business was disposed of, the society listened to the debate of the evening on the question: "Resolved, That the existing civil service law is incompatible with our form of government and should be abolished." The subject was well handled, and many convincing arguments were brought forward *pro* and *con* by Messrs. Frank McManus and Daniel Murphy for the affirmative, and Messrs. Peter White and James Kennedy for the negative. So ably was the question treated by both sides that it was difficult to decide which had the better of the argument. After much deliberation the judges decided in favor of the negative.

—Next Thursday afternoon our Varsity Eleven plays the Rush Medical team on the home grounds. There is no doubt that this will be one of the hottest games of the season. The Medical team has been playing good ball for the last month. Besides, during the last few days, their eleven has been greatly strengthened by the addition of some new players. Jewett, who played half for Ann Arbor last year, and for Northwestern this season, till that team disbanded, nows plays back of the line for the Rush team. Captain Keough seems to feel confident that we will send the Doctors home minus their scalps. For the last week he has been working the boys hard, and by next Thursday they will undoubtedly be in the best possible condition. The game with Wabash showed a wonderful improvement in some respects and a terrible retrogression in other ways. Play up, boys, and remember that the Gold and Blue must "ever fly at the peak!"

—The following subjects have been assigned for the first essays in the series of graduating themes in the Classical Course: History in Ancient and Modern Times; Œdipus in Sophocles and King Lear in Shakspere; Athenian Comedy and Freedom of the Press; Characters of Roman Philosophy in Cicero and Seneca. In the Scientific Course the following subjects have been named: The Liquifaction of Gases; The Chemistry of Plant-Life; The Theory of Heat; Application of the Microscope in Modern Scientific Researches; Mountain Making; Fungi and Algæ; The Diatomaceæ; Animal Intelligence; Earthquakes and Volcanoes. In the Civil Engineering Course the subjoined are for selection: Style in Engineering Construction; Notes on the Theory of Railway Locations; Bridge Abutments and Foundations; The Nicaragua Canal—Problems in its Construction; Hydrographic Surveying; Maintenance of Railways; Stadia Measurement in Land Surveying. All essays are to be handed in to the Director of Studies not later than December 15.

—Long have the Carrolls thirsted for the gore of their brethren in canvas, the High School Eleven of Niles, Michigan. They were satisfied with very moderate draughts, however, when they defeated the Michigan men, last Saturday, by a score of 16 to 6. The game was played in a foot of snow in the melting mood, and was, considering the condition of the field, a very snappy game.

The game opened with the ball in Notre Dame's hands, the visitors taking the western goal. Campbell kicked off for twenty-five yards to Platt who was downed by Corby fifteen yards from centre. The visitors made ten yards and then the Carrolls held them for four downs and the ball went over. Campbell made ten yards around the right end; Wallace twenty around the left. Taylor bucked the right of the line for five yards; Ducey went through the left for four; Wallace tried the centre for five; Campbell made four through the left tackle and was downed within a foot of the line; Wallace carried it over, and the first touch-down was a matter of history. Miles kicked an easy goal. Score, 6 to 0; time, six minutes.

Platt kicked off thirty-five yards, but Wallace made thirty before he was downed. From the centre the Carrolls steadily rushed the ball down the field; Wallace, Wensinger and Campbell making good gains through the line. Miles fumbled the ball once, and Wallace, picking it up, made fifteen yards around the left end. Campbell made one gain of twelve yards through centre, and finally carried it over, making the second touch-down in twenty-two minutes. Miles failed goal. Score, 10 to 0.

Platt kicked off for forty-five yards, but Wallace carried it back twenty before being tackled. Four rushes netted twenty yards for Carroll Hall, and time was called with the pigskin five yards from the centre. Score, 10 to 0.

In the second half the Carrolls grew careless and the visitors made their only touch-down. Platt kicked thirty yards to Lantry who made ten before he was downed. Wallace made a fine run of twenty-five yards around left end; but the ball was fumbled and secured by Niles. Stone came out of the next scrimmage, and made an easy run of sixty yards, planting the ball between the goal posts. Platt kicked goal. Score, 10 to 6.

Campbell kicked forty yards to Platt, who came well up the field before being tackled. The visitors lost the ball on downs, and the Carrolls made small steady gains till another touch-down was made by Wallace. Miles kicked goal. Score, 16 to 6. No other touch-down was made by either team, the playing being done in the centre of the field. Time was called with the ball in the High School territory. The line up:

CARROLL HALL		NILES
McPhillips	Right End	Leslie Platt
Ducey	Right Tackle	Gray
Stulfauth	Right Guard	Corell
Coyne	Centre	White
Lantry	Left Guard	Bonine
Taylor	Left Tackle	Mack
Corby	Left End	Powers
Miles (Capt.)	Quarter Back	Gillette (C.)
Wallace	Right Half-Back	Stone
Wensinger	Left Half-Back	Carlisle
Campbell	Full-Back	Lester Platt

Umpire, Barrett, of Notre Dame; *Referee*, Smith, of Niles.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Burns, Casey, Devanney, Eyanson, Foley, Gibson, Hennessy, Hudson, Heer, Kehoe, Kennedy, Marr, J. Mott, T. Mott, McKee, D. Murphy, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Slevin, Shannon, Stace, Vignos, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Arnold, Alber, Atherton, Ainsworth, Adler Baird, Browne, Barry, Byrne, Boland, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Baldwin, Blanchard, W. J. Burke, Coleman, Clarke, Colvin, Corry, Crane, Craft, P. Campbell, Chassaing, Carney, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Cullen, J. Cavanagh, Delaney, Dowd, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Gibson, Gilmartin, Galen, Golden, Halligan, Hengen, A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, Hamilton, Harrison, Herman, Howley, Hindel, Hierholzer, Hesse, J. T. Hogan, J. J. Hogan, Hodge, Hentges, Hennebry, Howell, Hanrahan, Jones, Kortas, Kegler, E. Kaul, J. Kaul, F. Kaul, Karasynski, Kinsella, Landa, Ludwig, E. McCord, D. Monarch, Mathewson, Murphy, J. McCord, Medley, H. Miller, S. Moore, Mulroney, Moran, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, McKee, A. McCord, H. Miller, B. Monahan, J. Monahan, A. Monahan, R. Monahan, J. Moore, McCarthy, Melter, Ney, Neely, O'Malley, Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Quimby, Rowan, Reardon, Rosenthal, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, H. Roper, E. Roper, Schulte, Smith, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, F. Smogor, H. Steele, Sullivan, C. Smogor, Spalding, Streicher, R. Wilson, S. White, G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Wensinger, Ward, Wilkin, Zeitler, Anson, Brennan, Corby.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Adler, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, Burns, R. Barry, Cornell, Clune, Cannell, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Corry, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Druecker, Dannemiller, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Franey, Fitzgerald, Fox, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Girsch, Gainer, C. Heer, L. Heer, E. Heer, G. Higgins, E. Higgins, Howard, L. Healy, W. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herraro, Hagerty, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Keeffe, Krug, Kirk, Kane, Long, Lantry, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, W. Morris, F. Morris, Maternes, Monahan, Monarch, Murray, Minnigerode, Miers, McShane, McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenzie, McPhee, McGinley, McCarrick, McDonald, Nevius, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Mara, O'Brien, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Reinhard, Roesing, Sachsel, Speake, Spillard, Shipp, Sheils, Stuhlfauth, Storey, Sheekey, Shillington, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Smith, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tatman, Tuohy, Tempel, Underwood, Ward, Watterson, Wells, Wigg, Wallace, Zwickel, Zitter.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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