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Dream-Poems.

LIKE Don Quixote, in the night,
I sometimes mount a fairy steed,
My Pegasus, and to the bright
Sun-smitten heights, with airy speed,
We soar, nor falter in our flight.

I dream I hear the haunting strain,
The subtle sweetness of the Greek,
And rapture that is almost pain
Fills my heart; but when I seek
To give it words, all words are vain.

DANIEL V. CASEY.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95.

A few weeks ago the sad news reached this country that Robert Louis Stevenson had fallen a victim to apoplexy, and had been buried on the topmost peak of the mountain looking down on his plantation home in far-away Samoa. That the distinguished novelist had long been in ill-health was generally known; but the suddenness of his death and the manner of his taking-off surprised and shocked the world. In him we have lost, as well as one of our foremost men of letters, one of God's own noblemen. His was a great, generous and sympathetic heart, and many are the stories told of his kindness and of his thoughtfulness for less fortunate brothers. He was possessed of a depth of feeling and a breadth of soul that put him in touch with all mankind.

Like his most illustrious predecessor in the school of romance, Sir Walter Scott, Stevenson was a Scotchman by birth, and from childhood he was weak and sickly. Bodily infirmity, however, was as nothing compared with his endless patience and untiring diligence, and it was these qualities which won for him his fame in later years. The Scottish capital was his birthplace, and he had just entered his forty-fourth year when he came to his untimely end. It may be questioned whether his poor health was not a disguised blessing—to the literary world at least. If he had been a strong, vigorous boy, who knows but that he would have been content to follow the calling to which his father and grandfather before him had been bred! Might he not have passed his whole life in mathematical studies, in drawing charts of harbors, in computing the strength of materials or in superintending the construction of lighthouses?

As it was, he passed a dreamy, solitary sort of boyhood. His strength would not permit his joining in the more boisterous sports of his comrades nor of his attending strictly to any prescribed course of study. He had to depend upon himself for his amusement; he lived in the companionship of his thoughts and his self-communing spirit lifted him out of his own sphere into that of his favorite heroes of romance. A lonely life this would be for the average American boy; but, no doubt, the world of his imagination contained for him pleasures of a far higher and choicer kind than those his companions derived from their games. It is said that even as a boy he was never without his pencil and tablet, and that he used to sketch with the utmost care the daily life around him. It was thus, while a boy, that he acquired, by dint of much attention and prac-

tice, that wonderful knowledge of the use of words which stood him in such good stead in later years. We can picture to ourselves the pale, thin, Scottish lad trudging about the streets of Edinburgh, or through the lanes of the surrounding country, searching for some new bit of scenery on which to try his powers of description.

Young Stevenson's life at the university of his native city was quietly spent. He successfully passed all his examinations, it is true; but he did not create the impression that he was an especially brilliant student. He gave no indication whatever of the great things which he would accomplish in maturer years. After he was graduated, his father intended that he should succeed to his position as a lighthouse engineer; accordingly, the youthful Robert spent some time in learning the principles of construction and in tinkering about shops and foundries. He was not following the bent of his genius, however, and it was soon found that he was earning no money. The training of his childhood had entirely unfitted him for the more practical duties of his profession; he cared more for the men who were really his, those whom he could produce in his own mind and clothe with the most delicate fancies, than to superintend the work of the ones who were flesh and blood. As he himself puts it: "On being tightly cross-questioned during a dreadful evening walk, I owned I cared for nothing but literature."

His father being unwilling that he should adopt literature as a profession, he resolved to try the law. He studied for the Scottish bar; but it is safe to presume that the book in which he kept his sketches and fragments of stories rapidly grew to far greater proportions than the one which contained his notes on the law. About this time he met Sidney Colvin who introduced him to a number of literary people, and shortly afterwards his first essay appeared in "The Portfolio." From that day till the third of last December, when he was so suddenly stricken down, his pen was always busy, and he poured forth paper after paper and story after story in a continuous stream.

Stevenson's genius did not develop early in life, nor was his literary position well assured until after he had produced a number of works. His first paper appeared when he was just entering his twenty-third year, but it was not till ten years after, in 1883, when he published "Treasure Island," that he was popularly hailed as one of the leading writers of our age. His rise was rapid, however, after the appearance of this thrilling story, and at his death he was almost universally recognized as the chief among our men of letters, and anything from his pen was eagerly awaited by an admiring world.

From his own confession, it is clearly evident that it was no easy matter for him to write when he first started upon his brilliant career. It was only by the utmost diligence and constant practice that he acquired that style which we have all admired so much. He is very frank and straightforward in telling how difficult it was for him to learn how to express himself in a manner satisfactory to himself. He says: "Nobody had ever such pains to learn a trade as I had; but I slogged at it day in, day out, and I frankly believe—thanks to my dire industry—I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world." The habit which he had formed in his youth, of describing everything which he saw, in connection with the much cultivated one of observation came to his rescue and he persevered and, in the end, succeeded in overcoming all the obstacles which opposed him on the road to literary fame. As a stylist, he had no equal among the men of our time. He had a thorough command of his language, and he made it say just what he meant, not a tittle more or less, in a clear, succinct and forcible manner. With him words seem to have a new meaning and events take on a different aspect, as seen through his eyes. He never seemed to be describing a piece of scenery which was entirely strange and unknown to us; we simply looked at it with him while he pointed out its prominences, its varied beauties or its harsh and gloomy effects. Each word was a polished stone, and he but gave it the proper setting to produce the most brilliant effect.

He was an exceedingly versatile man, and everything from his pen was of interest, no matter how simple or trifling it might appear to be. It made no difference whether it was a romance or an essay, a rough sketch or a picturesque description of the customs and manner of life of the Samoans, who received so much of his attention, it at once gained the sympathy and attention of its readers.

"Treasure Island" is generally recognized as his most important work, although he himself considered "Kidnapped" his best story. He spent less time in detailing the experiences of the treasure seekers than on any other of his numerous tales. It was finished in thirty days,

He was accustomed to write about half a story, and then lay it aside for a time before bringing it to an end. He was engaged on "Treasure Island" for two stretches of fifteen days each. It is purely a tale of adventure and attempts to teach no lesson. The incidents are startling in the extreme, and it required the pen of a Stevenson to weave circumstances becoming a dime novel into one of our most delightful romances. He told the readers of "McClure's Magazine," last September, how he had unconsciously plagiarized in writing this story. Granting that he did, no one can help wishing that plagiarism of the same kind would become a fad among our literary men. "Treasure Island" is an intensely exciting tale, teeming with adventures which constantly keep the reader's interest at the highest tension, and it smacks of the freshness of the breeze which carried the treasure ship to its destination.

"The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has a plot—if I may be allowed to call it such—which has always attracted a large share of man's attention. It is a story as old as the human race, a brief recital of how the evil in Dr. Jekyll's nature fought against his better self and conquered. This offered many opportunities to Stevenson's pen, and Mr. Hyde will always live as the incarnation of all that is corrupt and hopelessly bad in the human race. "The New Arabian Nights" are good examples of his shorter stories. They have a certain weird fascination about them which at once appealed to man's nature, and they immediately attained a wide popularity, which steadily increases as the years go by.

It seems wonderful that this man could accomplish so much, beset by all the difficulties which attended him. He was almost constantly travelling, trying to better his health; but he kept bravely at his work, every year giving some new book to the public, which invariably was of decided merit. In 1879 he first visited this country. He crossed the ocean in the steerage of a vessel and went West in an immigrant train. In San Francisco he married Mrs. Osbourne, and the world owes much to her for prolonging the life of one of its best men. Had it not been for her careful attention, there is no doubt but that we would long ago have lost Robert Louis Stevenson. She is a woman of some literary reputation, and both she and her son, Lloyd Osbourne, have written books in collaboration with Stevenson.

In 1888, it became absolutely necessary for Stevenson to seek a milder climate, and he purchased a large plantation in one of the South Sea Islands, near Apia, which he made his home to the time of his death. It was from here that he sent out that noble letter in defence of Father Damien, the leper martyr, when he was attacked by the Reverend Mr. Hyde. It is one of the most vigorous pieces of English which he ever wrote. Always whole-souled and sympathetic, a friend of the distressed and unfortunate wherever he met them, he at once took a great interest in the poor Samoans and wrote many articles descriptive of their mode of life and defending them from their detractors. They recognized in him their best friend, and expressed the profoundest grief when they learned that he was no more.

Stevenson dearly wished to die in Scotland amid the familiar scenes of childhood. The following stanza, from a poem which but lately appeared, attests his love for his native land:

"Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call—
crying,
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the pee-wees
And hear no more at all."

It is sad to think that he was not permitted to walk again the streets of his native city; but the hand of death fell upon him and Pala Mountain where he lies asleep forever is far from the "hills of home."

A Canadian University.

J. D. MCGEE.

Few countries of equal population and resources can boast of so many facilities for what is commonly known as a collegiate education as that part of British America variously denominated French Canada, Lower Canada and the Province of Quebec.

According to the latest available statistics, the Province of Quebec, with a population of 1,350,000, possesses at present three universities, twelve scientific or professional schools and twenty-one classical colleges. Of these institutions, two universities, with the professional schools attached, and one college are Protestant; the others are under Catholic control. The central point of the Catholic system of higher education is the University of Laval, in the city of Quebec. This institution, which derives its name from that of the first bishop of Quebec,

was founded in 1668, under the title of *Le Petit Seminaire de Quebec*. In 1862, it was erected into a university by royal charter, conferred upon it by Queen Victoria, and in 1876, by a bull of Pius IX., it received canonical erection with the privilege of bestowing the highest degrees in theology. In virtue of this bull, Laval has as its Protector in Rome the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, at present Cardinal Ledochowski.

As general supervision over the doctrine and morals of the university is exercised by a council of the archbishops and bishops of the Province of Quebec, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Quebec, who is also, *ex-officio*, Apostolic Chancellor and, under the royal charter, Official Visitor. The immediate direction of the university is entrusted to the Rector and a council, consisting of three titular professors from each of the faculties. There are four faculties; Theology, Law, Medicine and Arts. The degrees open to students are those of Bachelor, Master and Doctor. The members of the Faculty are distinguished as titular, ordinary, extraordinary and adjunct professors.

In 1876, a branch of the university was canonically and civilly erected in Montreal, with the archbishop of that city as Vice-Chancellor. The Montreal branch is similar in scope and extent to its parent institution, and is practically independent of it. It embraces faculties of Theology, Medicine, Law and Engineering. A building for the faculty of Arts is at present in course of construction.

To American eyes the most peculiar feature of the system of instruction imparted by the University of Laval is the affiliation to it of the various colleges in the Province of Quebec. No Catholic college in that province can, of itself, bestow academical degrees on its students. To confer degrees it is necessary that the college be affiliated to the university. At the present time five theological seminaries and sixteen colleges are in affiliation.

To obtain a degree in arts, letters or sciences, the candidate must submit to two examinations: the first, called "Inscription," takes place on the completion of the classical course, and comprises Latin, Greek, History and Literature. The second, or "Baccalaureate" examination, is held at the end of the two years' course in Philosophy. In this examination, papers are set in Philosophy, Natural Sciences and Mathematics.

In the spring of each year, every college sends to Quebec a complete set of question. covering all the matter of each examination The questions on each subject are drawn by lot, printed and sent to all the affiliated institutions. All the colleges are bound to begin the examinations on the same day and hour, and hold them in the same order. The candidates are forbidden to bring paper or even pens and ink into the room where the examinations are held. The papers are signed with an assumed name, which must be written at one corner, and concealed by folding the paper over it. The real names are placed in envelopes, which are then sealed and not opened until the marks have been assigned. The candidates for inscription generally number about three hundred, and those for the finals about two hundred.

The severity of the examinations varies from year to year. A few years ago, of over two hundred candidates for the degree of B. A., only *eight* satisfied the rigorous scrutiny of the examining committees. A student who obtains eighty per cent. of the marks allowed in his examination is entitled to enter a competition for what is known as the Prince of Wales Prize—the highest honor within reach of undergraduates. This prize has been captured once by an American, a native of Connecticut.

Professor Herman L. F. Helmholtz.

HUGH C. MITCHELL, 95.

The year just gone saw the deaths of many of the world's illustrious men; men of genius and of learning, celebrated in all the paths of life. Its close saw Alexander, Czar of all the Russias, called, despite his vast possessions, to the world where material wealth counts for naught; and but a few months previous, the Count of Paris, representative of an old and royal family, and Professor Helmholtz, one of the world's greatest physicists and physiologists, on the same day, bade farewell to this mortal world.

Herman Ludwig Ferdinand Helmholtz was born at Potsdam on August 31, 1821. His father, a learned man, was a teacher in the gymnasium at that place. Young Helmholtz, with a perseverance which soon became characteristic, finished the course of study at the gymnasium when seventeen years of age, and to fill the government requirements concerning

army service, he then went to Berlin and entered the Frederick William Institute, better known as the Pépinière, which was a military school of medicine. Three years later he was graduated and made assistant surgeon at the hospital, Carité. His graduating thesis, on the nervous systems of invertebrate animals, won for him much attention, whilst a later article opened to him as a contributor, the pages of the magazines, foremost among which was the "Berlin Encyclopædic Lexicon of Medical Sciences."

In 1847 he published his "Conservation of Forces," a work, which, it has been remarked, would worthily crown a life-time of untiring study. At the same time he was appointed Prosecutor of the Anatomical Institute at Berlin, which he left in 1849 to accept the Chair of Physiology at Konigsberg, a position he held for six years, until 1855. In 1850–'51 he demonstrated a means of measuring the time which it takes a sensation to be transmitted along a nerve. He also constructed a mirror for examining the retina of the eye, and a year later he described the Opthalmometer, an instrument for measuring the eye.

He delved into every branch of science, and made every form of scientific knowledge his own. In 1853 he took up the subject of spectro-analysis, and demonstrated many important truths in connection with it. In 1855 he removed to the University of Bonn, as Professor of Physiology and Anatomy, and three years later, in 1858, he accepted the Professorship of Physiology in the University of Heidelberg, where he remained twelve years.

It was during this time that he entered upon that field of science in which his fame is world-wide. Helmholtz, Mersenne, Chladni and Koenig have been rightly styled the four great pillars of the science of acoustics, and Helmholtz is by no means the least of the four. From the study of the eye he turned to the study of the ear and of sound. He placed the theory of sound on a basis harmonic with the physiology of the ear, and soon published a work entitled, "Doctrine of the Sensation of Sound, as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music."

In 1871, he again removed to Berlin, accepting a professorship in the university there. The last twenty years of his life he devoted, in part, to the science of acoustics with remarkable success. It was he who determined the lowest audible sound to be one of thirty single vibrations per second. It was in his "Die Lebre von den Tonempfindungen" that he gave to the public the results of his investigations, relating principally to loudness and pitch. In it he also explained the Pythagorean law relating to the division of musical strings; a law laid down by Pythagoras, but, up to this time, unaccounted for. He also, by means of tuning forks, verified and corrected the various laws which govern vibrating rods.

Another important invention and discovery of his was the construction of resonators for analyzing sounds. As a new means of studying the components of a compound sound, this invention cannot be over-appreciated, for with it, it is possible to disentangle the most complicated noises and to bring out with remarkable distinctness tones that are ordinarily inaudible. These resonators are based on the same principle as are the ear trumpet and speaking tubes—the resonance of sonorous bodies.

This invention of his was taken up by Koenig, Daguin and others with most successful results. M. Daguin constructed what he called a melodiaphone, "which," he says, "permits one to obtain the singular result of hearing a melody that does not exist by means of an instrument that emits no sound."

In his conclusions concerning the influence of upper partials in modifying the quality of tone, Helmholtz was not so successful, and his laws were not only challenged by Dr. Koenig, but by him demonstrated to be false.

But it is probable, that on the question of beats and beat-tones, Helmholtz and Koenig took positions most directly opposed to one another. Nor were they alone in debating this most difficult question of acoustics; Preyer, G. Appunn, Basanquet, Rayleigh and others have made the matter an issue of importance. Helmholtz maintained that beats and beat-tones, or, as he styled them, *differential* and *sumational* tones, are objective, and appealed to experiments in support of his theory. Koenig, Preyer and others, taking the opposite side of the question, state that they are entirely subjective, being generated in the ear, and independent of any pre-existing, external, vibratory motion.

Koenig does not mean that they are the products of the imagination, but that they are formed inside the ear by physiological means, and have, therefore, no objective existence. In all probability Koenig is right, but Helmholtz has armed his theory till it is a match for Koenig's, and it will take years, perhaps centuries, to

show who was right and who wrong—the German genius or the French *savant*.

Helmholtz did not give himself up entirely to the study of Physics, but made every branch of science his debtor. In medicine he discovered many new cures, which proved to be of the highest value to mankind. He was a surgeon of recognized ability, as his army appointments show. He wrote on a great variety of subjects, and with a liberal hand contributed articles to many magazines on their various specialties. He was nobody's pupil, but saw and learned for himself.

So great was his aversion to teachers and instructors that, states a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, during his entire stay at the Pépinière he could not be induced to attend a single lecture on physical science. Yet he was graduated from that school; a skilful doctor and surgeon.

He was honored by the emperor on his seventieth birthday with a long congratulatory telegram and complimentary titles. And when, on the eighth of September, 1894, he died, Germany mourned the loss of a son, the world of a benefactor; for though Germany had many illustrious sons, none, save Gœthe, was more deserving of honor than Professor Helmholtz.

The Poems of Sidney Lanier.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

The real poet lives not in the past but in the present—to-day and to-morrow. It could not be otherwise, for the true poet is the true philosopher, and true philosophy is constant.

In the spring of life, the words of the genuine poet speak to us with a certain sweetness of consolation that strengthens with passing time, and, when the autumn days have come, the full force and truth of their meaning is made manifest to us.

Not a true poet is he who sings that he may delight the ear with pleasing harmonies, whose melody lingers for a moment, wavers, and is gone; but he who sings the great truths of nature and of nature's God; whose tones, sweet because they are true, shall echo from nation to nation, shall sound as sweet to-day as yesterday, and develop in strength and beauty with the fleeting days,—he, and he alone, is the real, pure poet.

All poets are not great; in the law of nature there must be a division. The masterpieces of Dante or Milton are far above the lays of Chaucer or Tennyson. But shall we neglect "the humbler poets" who, although they have failed to strike the mighty chords, are, nevertheless, true to nature, whose philosophy is sweet and pure? Were we to do so we would be false to the promptings of our better nature; and the lustre of the gems of thought contained in the works of the lesser poets, would be dimmed and lost forever. We would soon tire of the deep, sublime passages of the great masters, were we not able to refresh our minds with the beautiful sonnets and lyrics which lesser men have given us. And though our own fair land has not, as yet, produced a Homer or a Dante, or a Shakspere, still are we rich in the possession of writers whose lives are full of tenderness and the beauty of purity and truth.

Of one of these would I speak—Sidney Lanier. A poet worthy of more than a passing glance; a true lover of nature, he portrays, most beautifully, scenes in the great world of nature. He takes us through the woodlands, among the fields, and along the seashore. His pictures are true to life, clear and perfect in detail. Not with broad, bold dashes of color is his page covered; but, like the canvas of a French master of *genre*, is smooth in tone and drawing. How fair his picture of sunrise on the marsh!—

"The tide's at full; the marsh with flooded streams
Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of dreams.
Each winding creek in grave entrancement lies
A rhapsody of morning stars. The skies
Shine scant with one forked galaxy—
The marsh brags ten; looped on his breast they lie."

And again as dawn approaches:

"...and steady and free
As the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to sea,
(Run home, little streams,
With your lapfulls of stars and dreams).
. . . . . .
And lo, in the East! Will the East unveil?
The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed.
A flush; 'tis dead; 'tis alive; 'tis dead, ere the West
Was aware of it; nay, 'tis abiding; 'tis unwithdrawn;
Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis dawn."

Lanier was a man of moods. A strain of sadness seemed to pervade his whole life. His health, never of the best, might account for this trait; for he knew that before his manhood bloomed, the disease from which he was then suffering would claim him for a victim. He loved the pure, the noble, the good. He loved the seashore where the broad marsh

stretched away before him in silence, beyond the edge of which the blue waters of the open sea glistened in the sunlight:

"A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad
in the blade,
Green and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or
a shade,
Stretch leisurely off in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main."

Here he lingered. A soothing influence seemed to pass over him, and in the contemplation of nature, he forgot his own misery and trouble.

Who but the true student of nature could picture that second silence of an autumn morn, so noticeable in the rural districts? He says:

"'Tis a perfect hour,
From founts of dawn the fluent autumn day
Has rippled as a brook right pleasantly
Half-way to noon; but now with widening turn
Makes pause, in lucent meditation locked,
And rounds into a silver pool of morn,
Bottom'd with clover-fields."

His theme entitled "Corn" is another example of his sharp observance:

"I wander to the zigzag-cornered fence,
Where sassafras, intrenched in brambles dense,
Contests with stolid vehemence
The march of culture, setting limb and thorn
As pikes against the army of the corn."

And again he says:

"Look, out of line one tall corn-captain stands
Advanced beyond the foremost of his bands,
And waves his blades upon the very edge
And hottest thicket of the battling hedge."

Nor were his songs mere harmonies. He sang with a purpose, and we may find a lesson in nearly every line. He believed that as the true poet takes from all he should give to all; and thus he sang for rich and poor alike. His verses are musical; his style original. He borrowed not from any man; but with the feeling of the true musician he so placed his words as to give that "dainty effect that the ear loves."

His "Sunrise on the Marshes" is full of beauty. How melodious!

"Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences, murmuring faiths under forms
Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves."

His technique is original and beautiful. He studied poetry as an art; he went to its very heart, and gathered those principles and laws that afterward gave him such power of construction and expression.

Sidney Lanier was a man of culture; he loved his books; he loved his music. A devoted student of science and philosophy, he sought the truth in all things. He was a hard worker, for "he did not believe that art comes all by instinct." And, indeed, to write successfully one must know man and nature. The great truths and principles of life must have been mastered ere the poet's song be true. He loved beauty, and in his whole work we see "this thread of purpose running through it all." He sang the songs of love and sorrow, and believed it to be his first duty to teach and illustrate the beauty of a pure and noble life. He himself was a Christian, his faith and trust were sublime. His words are worthy of much study. And yet he had but raised the veil, and glanced upon the great scene of life when death snatched him away.

His ideal was high, noble, and pure. What might he not have done had life and opportunity been granted to him? But that which he has given us should be treasured for its worth. His trembling song, forerunner of what might have been, is deserving of more attention from the literary world. The fruit of his work yet remains for harvest. A true artist was he indeed, and one who loved his art. He added new strings to the harp of poetry; sang new songs of faith and love, the melody and truth of which shall echo in the halls of literature until time shall be no more.

Varsity Verse.

THE "STAFF'S" APPEAL.

With verses light and maxims bright,
We've vainly tried to fill this column.
Despairing quite, we now invite
Our friends to give us "something solemn."

A foolish thing, to wait for Spring,
For April days are not inspiring,
And thoughts take wing when Rain is king
And Winter's routed white's retiring.

Contract thy brow, O poet, *now*,
And sing, and we will thank thee ever.
But careful, thou; we've made a vow
To print no verse not queer or clever.

D. V. C.

TO THE MAILED FIGURE IN THE LIBRARY.

I've searched the surface of thy coat of steel;
I've scanned thee from thy helmet to thy heel;
But fail to find the dints that conflicts make,
And rather think thy boasting a mistake.
Impostors often, by their very trade,
Unconscious of deceiving, are arrayed
In such a garb of truth that they believe
They never tried their neighbors to deceive.

What wonder, then, if I thy faults ignore,
Thou grim reminder of the days of yore!
Trust to my friendship, for thy arm is lame,
And powerless now to win thee petty fame.

J. A. B.

HOSPITALITY'S REWARD.

A shaft of satire, on a certain day,
Went home to find how folk were feeling toward him;
So warm his welcome that he wished to stay;
Folk now are sorry they had not ignored him.

J. A. B.

POETICAL INCONSISTENCY.

Now doth the bard with fingers stiff and cold,
Rave on the time-worn subject, never old;
His fire is out; the wintry wind doth blow,
Yet lauds he now the beauty of the snow.

A. W. S.

DELIGHTFULLY MODEST—THIS!

It was a day when gloom was everything!
The ground with melting snow was covered o'er;
A day when poets love to sing their lore,
Yet, on that day, alas! I could not sing.

F. E. E.

A RULE REVERSED.

"Begin at the bottom," said sire to son,
"Work up, and glory will soon be won!"
"No, father, this cannot be done by me;
For a gravedigger's life is the life for me."

T. T. C.

WIT AND WISDOM.

When wisdom starts it comes not in a flood;
It crawls, just like a turtle in the mud,
But wit—wit springs from nowhere, like a frog,
That flashes, then drops back into the bog.

E. J. M.

A Little Bunch of Roses.

M. JAMES NEY, '97.

The twilight of Christmas evening was falling softly upon the sleepless bay, and the sun, just sinking beneath the world of water, made a pathway of glory through the Golden Gate, as Leslie Carmelia and I stepped from the Gothic arches of the Palace Hotel, and took a seat in the carriage that awaited us. 'Frisco is usually a noisy city; but during the hallowed hours of Christmas a peaceful serenity prevails in its thoroughfares. The great marts of trade are hushed, and the sounding bells announce the numerous places of worship.

Leslie and I had few acquaintances in San Francisco, but those few treated us with a hospitality that is characteristic of the West. We were on our way to Old Mexico to visit friends and see the different places of interest in that curious country.

At the Market Street wharf lay anchored the *City of Florence*, the ship which was to bear us southward soon. Once aboard the *Florence* we began to feel that though San Francisco was a strange city to us, it was home compared to Mexico. Leslie was visibly affected as we passed through the Golden Gate, and the lights of the city vanished in the darkness of the twilight. To cheer him I handed him a havana, and suggested that we walk about the deck. Then our thoughts wandered back to our homes and our parents, and then to San Francisco and its beauties. For three eventful weeks we had revelled in the glories of Golden Gate Park—that paradise of flowers and murmuring fountains. Sutro Heights we had found a pleasant loitering place; on a clear afternoon the Pacific, seen from the Heights, defies description.

Leslie and I had gone very often to the theatres. There was a stock company at the Alcazar and another at the New California, and scarcely an evening passed that we did not see some play. Leslie always preferred attending the Alcazar, which preference I afterwards learned was due to the presence there of a most attractive young woman who occupied the box directly opposite the seats he always secured for us. She was always accompanied by a chaperon, to whom she spoke in Spanish. Her every movement was graceful and dignified, and it was obvious that she was a woman of education and refinement. As to her beauty Leslie was not deceived. She had dreamy, dark eyes, a wealth of blue-black hair and a delicate olive complexion.

Whenever we entered our box at the Alcazar and Leslie's eyes rested upon his fair unknown, he seemed to live in a different world. He declared that he would never leave 'Frisco without making the young woman's acquaintance; but how to do so was a problem that neither he nor I could solve, and now the fact that he had left the city without even learning her name added much to his dejection of spirits. We had made the circuit of the deck for the third time when we met a bevy of Spanish young women accompanied by their chaperons, and among them was the girl whom we had seen at the Alcazar. At sight of her Leslie's spirits revived, and soon he was as light-hearted as a child.

At our college we had devoted much time to the study of the Spanish language, and had acquired some proficiency in its use. From the young women's conversation we inferred that they were on their way to Monterey—our own destination. "Marshall," said Leslie, when

the young women had gone to their state-rooms, "I'll make her acquaintance to-morrow —now see if I don't."

The passengers on board the *Florence* were a merry lot, and it was long before quiet reigned. Many were singing, some playing cards and others strumming on mandolins. A number of those on board were Spanish, and the accordion contributed much to the concord of sweet sounds. There was great mirth on the lower deck. Two of the colored ship-hands were giving an impromptu concert, the banjo was being handled in a very dexterous manner, and through the half-opened door of the fo'c'sle came the subdued strains of "Dese Ole Bones Shall Rise Again" and "Heah, Niggah, Lif' dem Feet." As we walked to our state-room at ten o'clock, Leslie picked up a little bunch of roses bound together by a silk handkerchief with the letters L. B. R. embroidered on one corner. We were much amused with the little find, and Leslie conjectured that it belonged to one of the Spanish young women, and that we now had a means of breaking the ice of silence with our dark-eyed neighbors. He construed the letters L. B. R. to signify Little Bunch of Roses, and said that in the morning he would seek the dear creature of that rhythmical name and restore her lost kerchief. "Perhaps," said he, "it belongs to our Alcazar young woman," and I nodded assent. After a short talk relative to the beauties of San Francisco we disappeared beneath the sheets, and were soon dreaming of Mexican sunsets and señoritas.

At the first burst of sunshine next morning, we were up and walking about the deck. Dense masses of fleecy clouds seemed to foretell a gloomy day; but the morning breezes soon laughed them away. It was after nine o'clock when we entered the grand saloon. Several dark-eyed señoritas were singing "La Paloma," with the peculiar castinet accompaniment of their nation. We remained seated until they had finished, when Leslie arose and, with all possible gallantry, said: "Pardon me, ladies, but has any one of you lost a bouquet and a silk kerchief bearing the initials L. B. R. I found them on the deck last evening." None of them replied for a minute, when one of them, our very Alcazar young woman, who had been playing the piano, flashed her dark eyes at Leslie and smilingly said: "*Si, senor.*" She thanked him very courteously, as he handed her the bouquet, and invited us to join her and her companions at a game of cards which, we did with great pleasure.

The remainder of our trip was anything but monotonous; indeed, the *City of Florence* became a perfect pleasure-boat, but Leslie could not breathe freely whenever he got out of range of those dark eyes of "the little bunch of roses," whose real name proved to be Loretto Beatrice Rodiguez. She was a member of one of the best Mexican families, and her education had given a polish to her manners and speech that made her an agreeable and delightful companion. At least, Leslie thought so; for when we arrived at Monterey and bade our friends farewell, there was a fervor in the mutual glances of Loretto and Leslie that was indicative of something more than a passing acquaintance, and when two years afterward we returned to our Northern homes it was necessary to purchase three tickets instead of two, for Leslie was wedded to his "little bunch of roses."

Book Reviews.

"THE MAKING OF THE BODY;" OR, "A CHILDREN'S BOOK ON PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY." Longmans, Green & Co. New York.

Mrs. S. A. Barnett has well succeded in making anatomy and physiology, not only instructive, but also interesting; and we venture to say that the average boy or girl will read this book and think more of it than of any gilt-covered story book. Here, indeed, is a fairy tale, a journey through a wonderland, which is not in the land of fiction! Sickness is mostly the reward of ignorance in regard to our body; and when we have such a delightful means of learning, it were folly not to avail ourselves of it.

If some great philanthropist were to procure one hundred thousand copies of this small work and distribute them throughout the land, greater good would come therefrom than by millions spent for hospitals or charity. We would like to see a copy of this book in every family and we feel assured that it would not only prove highly useful and instructive, but contribute not a little to the happiness and pleasure of all those who would read it carefully. The work is written especially for children; but not a few of the older people would prefer it to a more technical exposition of the subject. For the paper used in the making of the book and the press-work we have only words of praise.

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—One of the most important factors in the literary life of Boston is Miss Katharine E. Conway, whose stories and poems were mostly published when she was a young girl in Buffalo. Miss Conway won her first success in the Buffalo *Catholic Union and Times.* She afterwards became one of the associates of the editor of the Boston *Pilot.* She has something of the grasp of great subjects and firm methods which have made Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan famous. Among these literary Catholic women are Miss Donnelly, Miss Repplier, Miss Marion Brown, Miss Crowley, Miss Sara T. Smith, Miss Dorsey, Miss Guiney, Mrs. Blake, Christian Reid, and little Miss Molly O'Reilly ("Jane Smiley").

—The latest consignment of books received for the Library shows rare good judgment and a catholic taste on the part of Prof. Edwards. If you "go in," as so many do, just now, for the historical novel, you may range from Sienkiewicz to Catherwood; if you are looking for models for tender or airy "nothings" for our "Varsity Verse," Dobson and Lang, and Locker stand ready to assist you; if your *forte* is the light essay, and you want a new flavor, it will be queer if the self-same Lang—to whom, it seems, *all* the muses do homage—and Birrell and Repplier and Higginson and the rest of the tribe, cannot satisfy you; or if you will have none of these and say, patriotically, "Give *me* the great American success, the short story," "Van Bibber" will give you his hand after the latest mode, "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady" will bow in the stately old Virginia fashion, and the creations of Cable and Stockton, Octave Thanet and Owen Wister and a dozen others will curtsey or grin or nod after the manner of their fellow-townsmen. It is a charming company and it behooves everyone to make their acquaintance as soon as possible.

—That bugbear of the Athletic Association, "Hall spirit," is not dead, not even sleeping. It comes to life semi-annually at the elections, and every one is uncomfortable until it retires, its work done, to rest for another six months. It is unusually lively, this spring, and it threatens to ruin the entire season's sport. It is ever ill-advised to attempt to array the Halls against one another, and the men who are responsible deserve the severest condemnation. In the election of officers, only the merits of the candidate and his fitness for office should be considered. The accidental fact that he is a Sorin or a Brownson should cut no figure in his selection. But some of our local "politicians" would go very near to wrecking the Association to accomplish their own ends, by appealing to the rivalry between the Halls. Those who have memories will not soon forget the last unfortunate "split" in the society. It gave base-ball at Notre Dame its first serious set-back, from the effects of which it has, as yet, hardly recovered. Matters were in a chaotic condition all spring, and during the whole season not one game was played with a college team. If this is what the men who appeal to "Hall spirit" are aiming at, they will find it very easy of accomplishment. "Hall spirit" is a very good thing at a Sorin-Brownson foot-or base-ball game or boat-race, but a meeting of the Athletic Association is no occasion for its manifestation. The Association is "of the University," and recognizes neither Sorin nor Brownson Hall. All who have the interests of sport at heart will see the criminal folly of partisanship in a matter that concerns not only our athletics, but the University itself—the selection of representative college-men to administer the affairs of the association.

—Football is done with, baseball has not yet begun, meanwhile theatricals in general and in particular are the daily talk. This is the theatrical season at Notre Dame. During the short session, work and want of time leave no leisure for the preparation of dramatic entertainments. But from January until June our incipient Booths and Barretts have things their own way. It is usual for each of the various literary societies during the session to present some drama upon the local stage. Such entertainments afford relaxation and amusement during the snow-bound months of the year. Many of them, moreover, have met with flattering success, and have done credit to everyone engaged.

One circumstance, however, has often been remarked and regretted—the plays are generally impregnated with a strange, foreign atmosphere. The hero, and, in fact, all the other characters, wear goatees, blue or yellow satin knickerbockers, and have Franco-Italian names. They may be sublimely heroic or appallingly villainous, but it is hard to take such persons seriously. The French Revolution and the invention of printing are too recent.

Of course, it is still more difficult to render picturesque this stiff nineteenth century garb, and make the matter of fact tone of these days of the telegraph and business college dramatic. Besides, you cannot find a good play with an exclusive male cast that has not clinging to it this aroma (or odor?) of by-gone centuries. The "New Woman" has forced herself into even the conservative pages of the SCHOLASTIC. If the fair sex be left out in the make-up of your *dramatis personæ* you must take a rear seat—some centuries back.

But—and this is what we are aiming at—if we can't find a play that meets our requirements, why not write one ourselves? Certainly, there are men among the student body able to do it;—men who can evolve a good *acting* drama too. The work might be collaborated. Introduce college songs, treat of college topics; in brief, make the piece distinctly *ours*.

We must not forget our home musical talent. We might get our local musicians to exert themselves and furnish melodies. A thousand possibilities suggest themselves. Somebody also suggested a University Stock Company. It is a good idea and should be acted upon. We have already a mandolin orchestra, and a band that has always been excellent; there is no reason why we should not have a dramatic company—and a good one too.

Current Humor.

A writer in the "Chap-book," not long ago, remarked that he would like to know the original joke from which all the others are sprung. We fear that, if his wish were granted, he would have as much difficulty in tracing the family resemblance between Adam's first contribution to humorous literature and the modern children of American humor as between the great father of the race himself and the majority of his degenerate descendants. Verily, both Adam and his joke have obeyed the precept, "Increase and multiply."

The American joke has made a reputation for itself. Like good wine it has a *bouquet*, a personality of its own. There are—it would be unsafe to hazard how many—papers, professedly "comic," at present catering to the laughter-loving taste of America. The humor of their pages, and not that of the older writers, is *current* humor. If Irving and his contemporaries are as much English as American, there is no mistaking the nationality of *Puck*, *Judge* and *Life*. They are of the new world and of our day. They are read throughout the length and breadth of North America. They would not have gained such popularity, experience teaches, did they not hold out to light some facet of the character of the people. What, then, is the distinguishing mark of our current humor? And what is the characteristic difference between the American and the British sense of humor? For they are as much unlike as the two nations themselves.

The elements of exaggeration and surprise are essential to all humor. But in America it seems as though the exaggeration also is exaggerated. The tendency to do this is evident. Whence it came no one can say. It may be the result of the unlimited distances—from the boundless plains of the West to the equally boundless prospects of political and commercial possibilities existing in the brains of our representatives at Washington,—to which we are accustomed. It is what puzzles our foreign cousins. England is as conservative in language as in most other things. In fiction she is contented only that her Falstaffs and Pickwicks be probable: America is satisfied if hers do not transcend the possible.

Looking, for instance, at random into a recent "Judge" we find a pseudo-scientific article on the Chicago river. The writer exaggerates

the sliminess of its surface. "Some people," he states, "claim it is wet;" and again, "The merchant marine traverses it on roller skates." An Englishman will either take him literally or grin, without knowing why, and call it one of those queer American jokes.

His humor rises from another foundation than mere over-statement. He prefers the joke that reveals human nature, not in its darker but in its lighter side: which deals, not with crimes, but with idiosyncrasies. Some exaggeration is, of necessity, employed, but merely to make the effect more dramatic. It is never, as with us, the very point of the joke. A good instance of this is one of Du Maurier's latest in *Harper's*. A man and a woman of the upper—that is the leisure—class hear music coming from a tent at the Fair-grounds. We are treated to a scrap of their conversation:

"Let's go and see what's up."

"What's the use of going over there?"

"What's the use of staying here?"

Compare this with the one on the Chicago river, and the distinction becomes apparent; they are of entirely different *genera*.

When one understands the English joke—and an American must be first educated up to it—he enjoys it better, I think, than he does the average American one. We have grown into the ignorant habit of ridiculing the English humorist. The reason of this is simply that our taste is corrupted. We have been brought up on food too highly spiced. The proposal in *Puck* to settle football matches by arbitration is good (as a joke), but it is really more English than one of our own. It suggests the inconsistency of human nature much more than it exaggerates the brutality of the game.

In caricature *Punch* is not far inferior to the best publications of its kind in the United States. But at the pictures-without-words joke our more stolid brethren of the other side are hopelessly inapt. Either they are less quick to apprehend or their artists have not acquired the knack of bringing the humor out forcibly. They use too many illustrations in telling an anecdote, and even then must append to each a lengthy legend. The London *Graphic* contains weekly a fair sample of their average current work of this kind.

We are not, however, in the English joke, offended by the frequent vulgarity and occasional irreverence of *Puck* and *Judge*. It is a fault with us that we laugh too much. Everything and anything, the most sacred as well as the most terrible, is made subject for our mirth. Addison relates that the good burghers of Amsterdam set up in the street a grotesque head carved of wood. And thereafter, were it a dozen times in the day, whenever one of them turned his eyes upon the uncanny features he fell into convulsions of merriment. It seems silly in these common-sense Dutchmen; but we must be quite as absurd. But where the father of the first settler of New York had one carved head his descendants of the present generation have perhaps a dozen. And a few of them are in reality more laughable than the burgher's simple one.

A frequent scene out of *Life* or *Truth* is that of a husband staggering up the front stair-way at two in the morning. To us it is funny; but to English ears our laugh sounds out of place in the halls of the deserted home. The Englishman sees more than is shown by the picture; he sees the neglected family, the wife's heart-burnings, the children's shame. He is taken by the pity of the fact; we, by the humor of the situation. And, after all, it is not a matter for smiling. Despite the opinion of its clever namesake, life is not a farce, and even our humor should be taken seriously. The old maxim, "Laugh and grow fat" would read better, "Laugh and grow wise."

The reason why a pun is the lowest order of wit is that it affords no insight into human nature. Humor becomes truer and better as the insight given is deeper. In this the English are fully our equals. E. C.

Exchanges.

The January issue of *The Purple* gives us, under the title "Fifty Years Ago," some idea of the humble beginning of Holy Cross College. The original prospectus of this institution announced the following curriculum: reading, writing, arithmetic, history and geography; besides a course in book-keeping and in astronomy. Truly, an humble beginning for a college which now numbers eight bishops and a host of priests among its alumni, and which is yearly sending forth young men well equipped in mind and heart to make the best of life.

If an index of the present intellectual life of the college were needed, *The Purple* would certainly furnish such. The uniform excellence of the three essays, "Yule-tide in Story," "The Burning Babe" and "The New Year in Song," bespeaks deep thought, careful diction

and a fine sense of discrimination. What pleases us most, however, is the wholly religious sentiment of the verse in this issue. It is truly refreshing to turn from the erotic nonsense of some of our exchanges to such bits as "This Flower of Mine" and "New Year's Musings."

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Anent the Ex-man's criticism of the *Niagara Index* in the current number of the *Earlhamite*, we quote the following:

"A critic's critic's lines should be
Quite perfect; none should see a flaw there:
Revise, dear boy, more carefully."

***

We welcome with open arms the new exchange-editor of the St. Clara's Academy monthly; and we hope, moreover, that the example of *The Young Eagle*, in again opening its exchange column, will find many imitators. As this year seems to be the climacteric of this department of college journalism, we hail with delight any show of returning confidence in that time-honored institution. Aside from this, however, there is another cause for congratulation, our sister editor has done her work remarkably well. We would suggest—if it be allowed—that the exchanges be relegated to another part of the paper; for the readers of *The Young Eagle*, we are sure, would not forego the crisp and pithy editorials whose place is now taken up by the exchanges.

Personals.

—Harry E. O'Neill (student), '94, is engaged in the Real Estate with his father at Dubuque, Iowa.

—Reverend Frederick C. Wiechman, of Marion, Indiana, paid a flying visit to the University on Wednesday last. Father Wiechman is said to be one of the most popular pulpit orators of the Fort Wayne diocese.

—Dennis Barrett (Class, '90) was ordained to the holy priesthood at St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee, on Saturday, Jan. 19. While he was at the University, Dennis gave promise of a brilliant future, and made many friends. In the holy priesthood he has found a field worthy of his character and talent, and the hope of his friends is that he may long be spared to labor in that field. The SCHOLASTIC offers Father Barrett warmest congratulations and the assurance that nowhere will his career be watched with more interest and pride than at his *Alma Mater*.

—The *Telegraph*, Dubuque, Iowa, speaking of the partnership formed between Attorney-General elect Rumley and Hon. John J. Ney, Law, '74, pays the following tribute to our distinguished alumnus of the Hawkeye State:

"While fully discharging all the responsibilities of his professorship in the law department of the State University, Judge Ney will have time to practice The new firm is strong; for Mr. Rumley has a state reputation as a fine lawyer, while Judge Ney is not only equipped with a large practice at the bar and eight years' experience on the bench, but he is further endowed with natural abilities of a high order and deep scholarship both in law and literature. As a Judge, Mr. Ney was just and incorruptible, and no success he may achieve in his new field will be beyond the measure of his deserts."

Obituary.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of another alumnus of Notre Dame, the Reverend WILLIAM J. KELLY, who died at his home, in Laftville, Connecticut, after a painful illness of some five or six months' duration. Father Kelly was known here as pupil and professor, and in both capacities he won the admiration of all for his scholarly attainments and facility in imparting knowledge to others. Prior to his receiving the degree of master of arts, he matriculated in St. Laurent College, near Montreal, where he graduated with great distinction in the classical course, carrying off the highest honor of the Laval University, to which St. Laurent is affiliated, the Prince of Wales Medal.

Though endowed with brilliant intellectual parts, and well read in the classics and literature, Father Kelly was as unassuming as a child, and cared little for the world's honors. His chief delight seemed to consist in doing favors for others. Of an amiable and sunshiny disposition, it was always a pleasure to be in his company, and of him it may be truthfully said:

"None knew him but to love him."

While the SCHOLASTIC tenders its sympathies to his aged mother and grief-stricken relatives, it bespeaks from its readers fervent prayers for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace!

PROF. MICHAEL T. CORBY.

Intelligence came from Chicago, Thursday morning, announcing the death of Professor Corby at St. Joseph's Hospital of that city. The end of the deceased was quiet and peaceful. The remains, accompanied by Brother Marcellinus and friends of the Professor arrived at noon, Friday, and were met at the depot by Very Reverend Provincial Corby, brother of the deceased, Rev. President Morrissey and members of the Faculty. The remains lay in state in the college parlor till Saturday morning when the obsequies were performed by the Very Rev. Provincial, the Professors and students assisting in a body.

The Professor was born in Detroit, Mich., Feb. 20, 1844. His primary education was received in the schools at home. At an early age he entered the University and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in June, 1865. A

few years later he took charge of the vocal Music Department at Notre Dame, and during his time the progress of his pupils and the display made at the various entertainments attested his efficiency as a teacher of the art melodious. Since his departure from the University, he was engaged as choir-master and instructor in some of the principal churches of Chicago. Wherever he went his kind disposition won for him many friends to whom, no doubt, the news of his death will be quite a surprise. *Requiescat in pace.*

Local Items.

—The Literature class is reading "Hamlet."

—Skating has been excellent during the past week.

—The Carroll Hand-ball Association has been reorganized at last.

—The Civil Engineers are hard at work on their plat of the University grounds.

—The Theoretical Chemistry class will have finished its class-work on next Monday.

—An intelligent Carroll book-keeper inquires if the Day-book cannot be used at night.

—The history of the Middle Ages is now the subject of the lectures in the Modern History class.

—For the last week the topics of interest in the Belles-Lettres class were the Oration and Chaucer.

—Sleighing parties on Sundays have been forbidden by the authorities. Thursdays will afford ample time for excursions.

—The members of the Criticism class are busy writing verse. The lectures for the past week have been on Macaulay and his style.

—Bro. Valerian desires to acknowledge the receipt of thirty thousand cancelled postage stamps from St. Mary's School, Austin, Texas.

—Very Reverend President Morrissey addressed the men of Brownson Hall, Thursday morning upon matters pertaining to the Jubilee.

—Several challenges to play baseball have already been received from the surrounding colleges. The new Executive Committee now have them under consideration.

—The Librarian received a large number of books representing the latest works of fiction, Tuesday evening. They were placed on the shelves, and were ready for circulation by Thursday morning.

—In the Law Society debate last Saturday evening, one of the debaters created considerable amusement when he said that in the Australian system of voting a man was left alone in the booth with his God and his lead-pencil.

—The Director of the Library ordered the American magazines through a news company of Chicago. Through some misunderstanding the January numbers have not been received. During the coming week students will find the magazines in their usual places.

—The approaching election of officers for the Athletic Association seems to have reawakened interest in baseball circles. The candidates for places are making themselves known, and judging from the number, there will be a hard fight to get positions on the team.

—Those who borrow books from the Library should exercise care in using them. It is very disagreeable to find some of the late volumes dog-eared and dirty. Notes pencilled on the margins of books, though they appear learned to their authors, ofttimes find little favor with others.

—All persons connected with the University should have their mail and express packages addressed to them at Notre Dame. This will insure prompt delivery, and will guard against loss. The post-office here is a regularly established government office, and our Commissioner makes two trips daily to the South Bend depots to collect express matter. Inform your friends that you live at Notre Dame and not in South Bend.

—A new plow, to be used in clearing snow from the surface of the lake, was employed for the first time last Thursday. Old Cub, the mile-in-four-hours pacer, was hitched to the scraper. Of course, he objected to the work; but the mild request of several shinny-sticks and the stentorian tones of the Carrollites persuaded him to move. A large space was cleared and made excellent skating. Cub is now taking a four weeks' rest.

—Last Monday afternoon the football team were called together by Captain Keough in the athletic dressing room for the purpose of electing a captain and alternate for the ensuing year. Mr. Keough was re-elected by a unanimous vote to a third term as Captain of the Varsity team. Mr. Sidney Corby was chosen alternate. On the whole, better choices could not have been made, as both of the men are energetic, and have always worked for the best interests of the team. The players recognized the ability of Mr. Keough in captaining last year's team and showed that they appreciated it.

—A member of Brownson Hall is the author of the following definitions: *Athletic Association:* An organization in which the members subscribe for more than they pay, in which the dues are always due, and in which he who gives the least, votes oftenest and has most to say; *Manager of Athletic Assoeiation:* An individual who does all the work and receives abuse for his labor; *Captain of the Athletic Team;* A person who is forced to keep quiet in order to allow the players to manage the game: *Spectator* at

an *Athletic Game:* One who knows more than the umpire, and is constantly giving decisions.

—The New York Philharmonic Club will give a concert here next Tuesday evening. The reputation which this organization of artists enjoys should draw a large audience. Those who had the pleasure of listening to the club's excellent concert of last year speak of it in the highest terms of praise. The New York Philharmonic Club names as its members: Eugene Weiner, flute and Director; Sol Marcosson, violin virtuoso; Henri Hoogmans, 'cello; Paul Mende, viola; Frank Porte, violin; Richard Helm, double base, and Miss Clara C. Henley, soprano. Tickets for the concert may be secured at the Students' office.

—The Philopatrians, last Wednesday evening completed the election of officers for this session. They made the following choice: Hon. Directors, Fathers Morrissey and Regan; Literary Critic, Father Hudson; Promoter, Bro. Alexander; Musical Director, Prof. Preston; 1st Vice-President, W. Monahan; 2d Vice-President, D. Wright; Treasurer, T. Goldstein; Recording Secretary, J. Forbing; Corresponding Secretary, C. Girsch; Librarian, H. Speake, 1st Censor, R. Barry; 2d Censor, G. Krug; Historian, A. Druecker; Marshal, J. Maternes; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. Harding. Mr. J.O'Mara was appointed Chairman of the three standing committees.

—The St. Cecilians held their first regular meeting last Saturday evening. The election of officers for the new session was their principal work. The results are: Mr. Lantry, 1st Vice-President; Mr. Sullivan, 2d Vice-President; Mr. Miles, Recording Secretary; Mr. Cornell, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Healy, Treasurer; Mr. Lowery, Historian; Mr. Etynge, Librarian; Mr. O'Brien, First Censor; Mr. Shiels, 2d Censor; Mr. Goldstein, Sergeant-at-Arms. The program for the evening was carried out with great success. The Rev. President complimented all the participants on their good work. Messrs. Stulfauth, Nevius and Brown were admitted as members. After the work of the evening was finished, the remainder of the time was spent in "swopping" stories.

—The first regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was called on Saturday evening, Jan. 19. After listening to a few interesting remarks by Colonel Hoynes on the condition and aim of the society, the regular program of the evening was carried out. It consisted of a debate on the question: "Resolved, That the former method of voting is preferable to the Australian ballot system and more conducive to the intelligent exercise of the elective franchise." The subject was well handled by Messrs. J. Mott and Miller for the affirmative, and Messrs. F. Steele and Stevens for the negative. This was by far one of the most enjoyable meetings ever held by the society. All of the debaters showed that they were both learned and humorous. After due deliberation the chair decided that the negative side had presented the best arguments. Next Saturday evening there will be another meeting for the purpose of electing officers for this session.

—The Philodemics met last Wednesday evening to elect officers for the present term. The Society was called to order by the Rev. Father Cavanaugh. Mr. McManus was chosen temporary chairman, and Mr. Walker, temporary secretary. The officers were then elected in the following order: Director, Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh, C. S. C.; Literary Critic, Professor Maurice Francis Egan; President, Daniel P. Murphy; Vice-President, James F. Kennedy; Recording Secretary, Francis E. Eyanson; Corresponding Secretary, Arthur W. Stace; Treasurer, Arthur P. Hudson; Critic, Thomas D. Mott. After the election, the President spoke a few words of encouragement and the society adjourned to meet again next Wednesday evening when there will be an impromptu debate. The program committee will be appointed this week, and the program for Wednesday, February 6, will be announced later. All the members are resolved to make the Philodemics *the* society of Notre Dame.

—The professors of rhetoric and composition have outlined for their classes the course of reading to be followed this session. The Rhetoric class will make studies of the following works: "Dombey and Son," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "Pickwick Papers," by Dickens; "Henry Esmond," "The Virginians," and "Pendennis," by Thackeray; "Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner," by George Eliot; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Longfellow; "Idyls of the King" and "The Princess," by Tennyson; "Essay on Criticism" and "Essay on Man," by Pope. Students in the composition classes will be required to read "Words and their Uses," by Grant White; "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray; "Marble Faun," by Hawthorne; "Sketch Book," by Irving; "A Tale of Two Cities," by Dickens; "Life Around Us," by Egan; "Sesame and Lilies," by Ruskin; "Lady of the Lake," "Marmion" and "Lay of the Last Minstrel," by Scott; "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and "Miles Standish," by Longfellow; "Enoch Arden" and "Locksley Hall," by Tennyson. The instructors of the grammar classes will make known in a few days the books to be read by students preparing to take up the study of composition.

—Two gentlemen connected with the University were returning from South Bend by the Niles road, a short time ago, when they were hailed by a little urchin, who asked them for a ride. He bore a huge basket, which seemed large enough to contain provisions for a whole family. On being told to get aboard he jumped upon the runner of the cutter and was soon chatting familiarly with the occupants of the sleigh. He told them he was going to Notre Dame. Feigning ignorance of the locality, the

gentlemen asked him where Notre Dame was situated. The little chap pointed to the buildings, which were now in sight, and called attention to the large statue surmounting the dome. When asked whom the statue represented, he said very reverently "The Blessed Virgin. She looks over everything at Notre Dame." He was then asked what was done at that place, and, in a tone which showed compassion for the inquirer's ignorance, he answered, "Why, don't you know? That's the place where they teaches and gives away grub. I go there every day for grub for mother and myself." At a turn in the road he was told to "hop off." They then whipped up their horse and were lost to sight.

—Shades of departed first Tuesdays in November! Presidential elections were as dog-fights in a desert compared with the first meeting, for the new year, of the University Athletic Association. Everyone was there, and all had ginger and eloquence to spare. After some preliminary work, an amendment to the constitution of the society was proposed naming the Thursday after the 20th of January the date for the first meeting, and it was carried without a dissenting voice. Then the election of officers for the spring season began. Father Burns, the Rector of Sorin Hall, and Father Moloney were unanimously elected Directors of the Association. Colonel William Hoynes, the Dean of the Law Department, was chosen President by acclamation, and Brother Hugh was made Promoter in the same hearty fashion. There were three nominations for Vice-President; but two of the nominees declined the honor, and Mr. J. Barrett was unanimously elected to that office. Mr. Eustace Cullinan was chosen Recording Secretary, and Mr. Fred O'Brien Coresponding Secretary. There was a question raised about the legality of some of the ballots cast for Treasurer, and the matter was tabled until the next meeting of the society.

The selection of the five men for the Executive Committee was the next number on the programme, and the excitement grew intense. Nomination after nomination was made until there were eleven candidates in the field, all sanguine of victory. Then there was rushing to and fro for a few moments, whispered suggestions and murmured admonitions, and the line of young fellows began to file past the ballot box and out into the semi-darkness under the electric lamps. The process of counting was a long and tedious one, and the lights in Brownson Hall were out before half the votes were counted. It was almost ten o'clock when the result was announced, and Messrs. Murphy, Keough, McKee, Chassaing and Halligan were declared the choice of the Association. About their ability and honesty of purpose there can be no question, and the interests of the Association are perfectly safe in their hands. The SCHOLASTIC wishes them success in the arduous and, too often, thankless labors awaiting them.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Dempsey, Devanney, Funke, Gallagher, Gibson, Kennedy, J. Mott, D. Murphy, Murray, Pulskamp, Ryan, Slevin, Shannon, Stace, Vignos.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Arnold, Barry, J. Brown, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Britz, R. Brown, Barrett, Coleman, Crane, T. Cavanaugh, Conger, Costello, A. Campbell, Cullen, J. Cavanaugh, Dowd, Delaney, Dillon, Finnerty, Follen, Fagan, Fera, Falvey, Fitzimmons, Foulks, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Halligan, Harrison, Hayes, Hindel, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hengen, Hanrahen, Jones, Johnson, Kortas, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, E. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Ludwig, Landa, Lingafelter, Matthewson, Murphy, H. Miller, S. Moore, Medley, Mulroney, Monarch, C. Miller, Moxley Mapother, J. Miller, Masters, Montague, Manchester, H. A. Miller, R. Monahan, J. Monahan, B. L. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, Melter, H. A. Miller, McHugh, McKee, McGinnis, A. McCord, McCarthy, Ney, Neely, O'Malley, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Pearce, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, Rosenthal, Schulte, Sheehan, Smith, Scott, F. Smogor, S. Steele, C. Steele, Sullivan, C. Smogor, Spalding, Stevens, Streicher, Sanders, Tinnen, G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wensinger, Wilkin, Wrght, F. Wagner, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Bloomfield, Ball, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Brown, Campau, Cornell, Corry, Connell, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dixon Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Feltenstein, Fitzgerald, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, Gimbel, Gausepohl, Gainer, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, W. Healy, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, L. Herr, E. Herr, C. Herr, Hagen, Jones, Keeffe, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, A. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Lantry, Langley, Lowery, Landsdowne, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Miller, C. Mnrray, Minnigerode, Meirs, F. Morris, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McPhee, R. Murray, McCarrick, S. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Mara, Pendleton, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Rasche, Sachsel, Speake, Sheils, A. Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Shillington, Sullivan, C. Smith, Steiner, Stearns, Strong, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Temple, Underwood, Ward, Watterson, Wigg, Wells, Zitter, Zwickel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Barrelt, Bullene, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissenden, P. Boyton, D. Boyton, Curry, Clarke, Cressy, Campau, A., Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, J. Caruthers. Cotter, F. Caruthers, Collins, Cassady Dalton, Durand, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Finnerty, Fitzgerald, Graham, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hart, Herschey, R. Hess, F. Hess, Hawkins, P. Hynes, T. Hynes, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kopf, Kasper, Leach, Lawton, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McElroy, McCorry, McNamara, McNichols, Noonan, B. Nye. C. Nye, Newman, Paul, Plunkett, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, G. Quertinmont, E. Quertinmont, Roesing, D. Rasche, Ryan, L. Rasche, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Steele, Strauss, Sexton, Thmopson, E. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Weidmann,