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## To the Christ-Child.

(*Alcaics from Sarbiewski.*)

 HOU dawn of Springtide, newly born Queen of meads

 With beauteous blooms pied, prithee my Child's brow wreath.

Ah! why should He a babe do travail,  
Laden with gold or with jewels heavy,

Or underneath the sheen star-bright of crimosin?

O Poverty of me, a Kingdom He gave to thee,

Do thou then pleach a flower-crownel,

A diadem weave for my sovereign Master.

Himself God often crowns with a gift trivial.

If haply Will be rich, though poor the giving hand;

Small gifts that go to Him with great love

Please more than treasures where little love is.

A. O'M.

## The Company in Buff and Blue.

DANIEL VINCENT CASEY, '95.



OT take the toys, Will—Jimmie's toys!" Two great tears stole silently down the woman's cheek as she bent over the solemn array of battered tin warriors in buff and blue. "We can easily make room for them in the trunk—and—it would break my heart, almost, to part with them now. Oh! why did God take our baby from us—my little Jimmie—why—" but the words died away into a sob, and Will caught her in his arms, or she would have fallen.

"There, Mary, don't—don't go on so, dear—you mustn't." Tenderly he stroked the soft brown hair with his strong, work-roughened fingers, in a vain effort to soothe her. "Of course, we'll take the soldiers and things, dear, if you wish it. I know how you loved him, how dear his playthings are to you; but I thought you'd forget our boy a bit, if we left his toys

behind. That's one reason why we are going to Kansas—the change of scene may help you. God knows, it was hard, little woman, to give him up, just when our heart-strings were all in his bonny hands; but its three years, come Christmas, since he died. And in all that time I've not seen you smile a dozen times. You must cheer up, sweetheart—we'll take the toys with us, never fear.

And so, in awkward, man fashion, he strove to comfort his young wife. Outside, the shadows of the stately old elms in the lane crept across the brown fields, and, gaining courage as they advanced, raced on until they lost themselves in the gathering gloom of the October twilight. In the quiet sitting-room of the old Hoosier farmhouse, Will gently led the talk to other things—to the mad frolics of their school-days, the joys of their golden youth; and presently Mary was weeping and smiling by turns, and the ragged Continentals were all but forgotten.

As he came slowly up the path from the barn, whither he had gone to feed the solitary horse, whose new owner had not yet taken him away, Will fancied that the old house had never looked half so beautiful as it did in the mellow light of the after-glow. The low-pitched roof, with its wide-spreading eaves, the deep, inviting "back porch," its four massive pillars and high rail clearly outlined against the semi-darkness behind them, the broad-silled dormer windows, with their tiny panes gleaming from their grey setting,—his eye dwelt lovingly on every detail. His grandfather's house and his father's; his own until "the Bank"—that grim spectre which haunts many a Hoosier fireside—had taken it from him. A war-time mortgage—Will's father had been one of "Wilder's men" in '62, and somewhere south of the Ohio he had found a soldier's grave—two disastrous seasons, and the Thornton homestead was part of the assets of the Clinton County Bank. Will choked down the lump that rose in his throat, and met Mary with

a smile on his lips, and sadness in his heart.

Three days later, when Will and Mary waved their last good-byes to the little group at the weather-beaten station, a score of war-worn privates, a pompous captain or two and a motley collection of dolls and toys were packed safely away in the squat leather trunk which had been "checked through" to Bowen, Kansas.

## II.

"I know all about our nearest neighbors, Mary," said Will, one evening as they sat down to supper, "and from all accounts the Strykers are a rather interesting lot. They're from Kentucky—the Cumberland foot-hills, I'll venture—and when they carted their household gods into this locality they didn't improve their position in society. They were crackers back there in 'ol Kaintuck,' and the turf in the walls of their dug-out wasn't brown before public opinion—the loafers at Hardy's grocery, you know,—had decided that the head of the Stryker household wasn't worth considering.

"He came into the store, this afternoon, while Hardy was weighing out that sugar you wanted, bought a plug of 'Star,' and shambled out without a word to any of us. He was hardly out of the door when the men began to talk about him, and his dogs and the general worthlessness of the whole family. That's how I came to know all this. They've lived here for nearly four years now—Stryker staked out his claim in '84, the year of the boom, and the neighbors declare that he hasn't done so much work on it at any one time since—but they've kept to themselves pretty much, and the women about seem to think Mrs. Stryker a bit queer—"

"They've no reason for it, Will, I'm sure. She was over here this morning—yes, Mrs. Stryker—and she's not half so wild as she looks. I was sewing when she stalked in without knocking—I'll confess it startled me a little—sat down by the window there, and began to rock furiously. 'Mornin', ma'am; it's been a splendid fall, hain't it?' was all that I could get out of her for five minutes. She's all angles and knots, and she knows it; and she's sensitive as a child. That's why Mrs. Hart and the other women think her queer. You know she put Mrs. Hart out of her house one day. 'She come to see me, oncet,' she told me, 'an' kep' sniffin' at this and snuffin' at that, an' I got mad an' tol' her to cl'ar out!' I wish I could do something for her—but I'm half afraid to try. I might touch the tender spot."

And so matters rested when Toby, the youngest of the Stryker children—there were three of them, sunny-haired, strong-limbed young savages, Isaiah, Ezekiel and Tobias—took it into his curly poll to investigate the glories of the new yellow house in the next field. He gurgled with joy at the smooth splendor of the pine boards—Toby was just two, and yellow ochre was a most wonderful pigment to him—caught a glimpse, through the open

door, of the magnificence within, and dared the two high steps to reach it.

Mary looked up just as he noticed her, and in a moment he was in her arms, half-frightened, wholly charmed, by the warmth of the kisses she showered upon him. He had never known such caressing kindness—Mrs. Stryker was of the Spartan type—and Toby found it very delightful. Mary talked expressive nonsense to him, and he rounded out his rather elliptical sentences with joyous murmurs and gleeful little laughs. It was a brief hour of happiness, for his mother, in a very tempest of wrath, burst into the tiny sitting-room, and bore off the young explorer in spite of his vigorous protests and Mary's fervent pleas. She was very silent that evening, and Will noticed that the trunk was unlocked; but Mary never told him how she had lain all the long afternoon, tearless, with parched lips, in an agony of grief and longing, the ragged company in buff and blue upon the bed beside her.

## III.

"Could you come across to see my wife, Miss Tho'nton? She's been sick all day, an' I'm a leetle 'fraid about her. No, thanky, ma'am, I'll wait heah. It's snowin' pooty ha'ad, and I'd slop things up conside'ble." And Mr. Stryker leaned against the door-post, with half his long body in the darkness, half within the zone of light, while Mary hurried into her wraps. "A pow'ful change in the weathah, wasn't it, ma'am?" he went on, as together they toiled through the snow. "Ef this no'thah keeps on, to-morrow'll be the whitest Chris'mus I've evah seen. An' it was wa'm enough yeste'day, to go ba'ah-footed. But heah we ah. Jus' step right in. Nance, heah's Miss Tho'nton come to see you. Ef you'll excuse me, I'll go an' get some mo' fuel."

Mary glanced quickly about the room. The air, heavy with the odor of kerosene and tobacco, was stifling; but the woman on the bed and the three little lads by the stove seemed unconscious of it. Chintz curtains, thrown wide for the moment, separated the high double-bed from a battered kitchen stove—except for a plain pine table, a low cupboard and three chairs, the only furniture the room contained.

The figure under the blankets stirred uneasily, and Mary crossed to the bed-side. "I've got an awful pain heah," said Mrs. Stryker, touching her forehead, "and one that's wuss in my back. Do you think I'll die?"

Mary saw at once what the trouble was. "Oh! no, Mrs. Stryker, you've simply caught a bad cold and had a chill. That's all. You'll be all right in a day or two. Have you any quinine? Well, I must send for some then. Mr. Stryker—turning to that worthy, who had just entered with a large basket of corn-cobs—would you please run over and ask Will for my medicine box? I'll wait for you."

Stryker dropped the basket and hurried out, and the sick woman sank wearily back on her

pillow. Toby, recognizing his princess of the fairy palace ran to her, cooing joyfully, and she took him into her arms. His brothers were more timid, but Mary quickly won them by her gentleness, and soon they were listening, round-eyed with wonder, to the beautiful story of that first Christmas night, at Bethlehem, centuries ago. Before she realized it, she had told them all too much about Santa Claus and his pleasant fashion of remembering good little boys.

"Guess we uns mus' be pooty bad," murmured 'Saiah, the eldest of the three, "that fellah with the rein-deahs nevah's been heah."

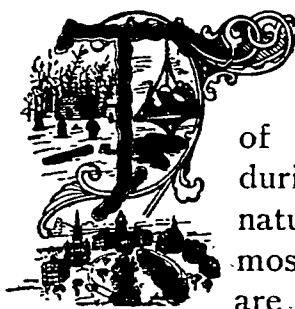
Mary's heart sank. Unwittingly she had planted the seed of bitterness in these little hearts, that had never known the joys of Christmas, and raised hopes which could come to naught. She tried to qualify what she had said, but Stryker's entrance cut her short, and she turned to the task of making Mrs. Stryker comfortable for the night. That accomplished, and the boys snugly tucked into their trundle-bed, Mary made ready to leave. As she bent to kiss Toby good-night, he threw his arms about her neck and whispered in her ear: "'Saiah's goin' to hang up we uns' 'tockin's soon's pa's in bed. Do' ootink—with an apprehensive glance at the stove-pipe—Sant' Claw' kin come down we uns' chimley?" and the golden head sank back, and Toby had crossed the borders of the delectable land of dreams.

Will was waiting for her in the cheerful sitting-room, reading and smoking. "What is it, sweetheart?" he asked, as he noted the tears in her eyes. "Oh! nothing, dear, it was stuffy in that cabin, and I'm a little faint, I guess." All evening she sat silent, lost in revery, and Will, who knew her every mood, held his peace.

As the tiny clock on the mantel struck eleven, she started to her feet. "Bring the lamp, Will," she said, leading the way into the other room. He obeyed without a word. She raised the lid of the trunk, took out the tray, and, one by one, lifted out the buff and blue soldiers, the pompous captain, the dolls and the toys. Gently, tenderly, she laid them out on the bed, kissing each as she put it in its place. Then she swept them all into her apron again, and side by side, Will and Mary trudged through the drifts to the Strykers' door. She entered noiselessly, Will waiting without. A dim lamp burned on the table, and by its light he saw her stuff the toys into the gray woolen stockings hanging behind the stove. When she had finished, she knelt for a moment beside them, pressed the smallest to her lips and crept quietly to his side. It had ceased snowing, and the sky was glorious with uncounted stars. There was a solemn stillness in the air, deep, unbroken, save by the crunching of the snow beneath their feet. The arm within his trembled convulsively once or twice, but Will knew that her burden had been lifted, that his wife had found the peace which transcends all things of earth.

### Historical Induction.

RICHARD SPALDING SLEVIN, '96.



THE Inductive Method, in the moral sciences particularly, is one that has been of inestimable value to man during recent times. In the natural sciences it has played a most important part, and to it are attributed many of the discoveries that have made our age so famous, and most of the gigantic strides that have served to revolutionize the world of science. Viewed by a philosopher in comparison with the Deductive Method, it has, perhaps, few advantages; but to most men, who understand chiefly by observing resemblances, an inductive reasoning will present clear and forcible arguments which Deduction could never afford. And this is only natural. To conceive a pure intellectual thought, without the aid of an image, is something that is above man's nature. He must proceed upward by successive steps, and following the definition of Induction by Aristotle—a process by which we mount from particulars to the universal—he must formulate general laws and ideas from particular facts and phenomena. That this system gives us certitude in History is the proposition that this paper would establish.

Since the Deductive System rests on general principles, from which particular conclusions are drawn, it can readily be seen that such a method can be of little or no avail to the student of history. It cannot possibly be his aim to explain or to deduce the events of past times as emanating from any general principles. His method, on the contrary, must be the Inductive. He must take events as he finds them, and their causes and effects are his only material in drawing lessons for future generations. If he project himself into pre-historic times, he finds himself devoid of any first causes. He must start with a fact; he must observe its result, and again he must pass down in history until he observe another similar cause and effect; and thus he goes from possibility to certainty.

A student, from his reading and observation, has concluded that any nation which forgets the things of God and fosters in their stead pride and licentiousness, will meet with a speedy and certain retribution. How does he arrive

at this conclusion? He goes back to the first of recorded events, to the time when the word "nation" first had a meaning, and he watches the Hebrew people in its course. He sees how, little by little, it fell away from the commands of God; how vice found a place in its heart, and how corruption and decay must necessarily do their own deadly work unless the hand of God interferes—and the result is the Deluge. Again he sees the earth populated, and the lessons of the past forgotten, and he watches the slow increase of pride and vice until they bring forth the Tower of Babel,—and the confusion of tongues which follows. And thus examples may be multiplied, and each new case only bears stronger testimony as to what is always the result. From nations, he passes on to observe tribes, towns and even individuals, not only in the past, but also in his own day. And always he sees the same result in its diverse forms—varied causes producing varied effects—and from this he draws his conclusions.

The basis of history is facts, and history has been defined "philosophy teaching by example." Therefore, it is with facts that the student must work. By induction he observes a *sufficient* number of them, and from the results he concludes that a certain law must be essential. Of course, the distinction between complete and incomplete induction must clearly be borne in mind. Complete induction always gives certainty; for it draws its conclusion only after observing all the cases possible. But such a thing as complete induction in historical research is never possible, and it is, therefore, with incomplete induction that history has most to do.

When we use incomplete induction in the physical sciences, the fact that must be granted is that the laws of Nature are constant and uniform. From observation, I know that a flash of lightning is always followed by thunder. But often I have seen lightning, and to me the thunder was entirely inaudible. Can I conclude from this that there probably was none? On the contrary, I can affirm with certainty that the flash of lightning was followed by thunder. Can I be absolutely certain? To say no would be to assert that the laws of nature had for the instant been set aside, and it would likewise be to deny the fact upon which all physical induction is based.

It is also only on the supposition that it is possible to observe a sufficient number of cases in history to permit a definite conclusion being drawn, that anyone would attempt to say

with certainty that such a result would take place. It is true, at any rate, that every nation, and most individuals, are convinced of the fact that there are certain causes that must be followed by inevitable results—it is the teaching of *experience*, and it would require something stronger than argument to convince them that anything else could possibly happen. The nation which fosters anarchy and crime, which abolishes law, and places tyranny where justice ruled, is committing political suicide—by induction I can say there is not the shadow of a doubt of its final destiny.

The requisites for good, historical induction are few, but the field they embrace is certainly a most extensive one. In the first place, we must observe a large number of facts from history. These facts must be classified, and the results drawn. But the observer in history has a most difficult task to perform. He must view the past with a calm and unprejudiced mind—a thing most difficult to do—and since controversy is the hinge upon which history turns, he must be able to draw a just defining line between contending factions, giving to each its dues. He must use wisdom in the varied choice of his examples; he must be thorough in his research, and he must be clear in judgment. A wavering to one side or another, a yielding to the slightest prejudice, will often render induction the cause of the gravest errors.

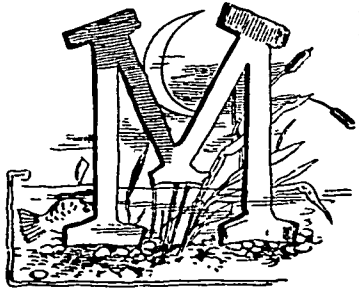
History is truly a stage where every actor plays his part, and human passion is the master of all. Shakspeare understood this better than any other man, and when he brought before us the distracted "Hamlet" or the "weak, despised Lear," he brought them forth not as the fantastic offspring of his imagination, but rather as the lifelike children of his judgment and understanding. It was not because of Shakspeare's fanciful genius that Hamlet was driven to the verge of insanity, at the recognition of the rottenness that permeated all Denmark; it was not his fancy that placed in the prince's mouth those famous soliloquies, so suggestive of a confused mind. No; it was judgment, observation, induction. Shakspeare understood human nature, and it was by induction that he knew it; and in the boasting Falstaff, he but depicted the character which exists the world over, which has lived in the past, and will live in the future. It was by induction that he left to us those examples, more real than life itself, and it is induction that the historian must use if he would point out lessons which are invaluable to humanity.

A Successful Debut.

JOSEPH A. MARMON.

PERSONS IMPLICATED—MRS. JACK LYONS, MR. WARREN MURDOCK, MR. JACK LYONS, AN ATTENDANT.

(A grand tier box at the opera after the first act of Carmen. Mrs. Jack is gazing absently at the lowered curtain, and Murdock has sunk back frowning into his chair.)



MRS. JACK (suddenly): Who's this Escamillo for to-night? They say he is an American, a New Yorker even! Have you heard of him before?

MURDOCK: Hang Escamillo and all the rest! What I want to know is why you are so indifferent to me to-night? Here I have told you three times in as many minutes how much I love you and—

MRS. JACK: Don't be rude, Warren; you are as ill-tempered to-night as a man in love.

MURDOCK: That remark is not worthy of notice.

MRS. JACK: Besides you have no right to be disagreeable to me yet.

MURDOCK: Forgive me, Alice, I was foolish. I should have thought of our position; for although we have nothing to hide from the world, and we are only acting upon your husband's suggestion, there are people who might say unkind things, could they know.

MRS. JACK: Yes, I should for a day become as famous as a grand opera singer, and my invitations would be materially reduced in number. Well, Jack has acted splendidly. When he found that we loved each other he took it just like a father with two wayward children. Poor Jack!

MURDOCK: Do you hate him very much?

MRS. JACK (indignantly): Why I don't hate him at all! In fact (hesitating), I like him very much.

MURDOCK (rather stiffly): You do?

MRS. JACK: Well, why, shouldn't I? He is my husband; he is a gentleman, and he is kindness itself. What other husband who knew his wife loved another man would be so generous and trusting as he (musing). Jack might not stay away from me all the time though; he is very comforting sometimes. I am afraid that he is not at home in his own house.

MURDOCK: What you say is true I admit, but he is so much older than you and he is—rather—well—

MRS. JACK: Yes, he stands between us; but I don't know that I am not just as well pleased. You are very disagreeable sometimes (mocking him). I suppose you think I should concoct some deep, dark plot to get rid of him,—poison his coffee, stab him to the heart in the dead of night, or some such method approved by melodrama.

MURDOCK (moodily): Lyons isn't a bad sort of fellow, and if he were not your husband he would be delightful.

MRS. JACK: Well, he is handsome and clever as well as kind, and other women have fared worse than I.

MURDOCK: On my life, Alice, I believe you are falling in love with your husband!

MRS. JACK (coloring): Oh! what nonsense. Who ever heard of such a thing? You are foolish as well as ill-tempered. Now, hush! here goes the curtain, and I want to listen to Calvé. She is wonderful in this scene. Besides, Warren, we shall soon see the mysterious Escamillo.

(Murdock subsides and Mrs. Jack faces the stage. The lorgnettes in the pit are turned momentarily from the boxes to the singers. Soon Carmen's wild dance concludes, and the distant chorus announces the approach of Escamillo. With a burst from the orchestra he enters—a tall, handsome man, bearded and clad in the picturesque Spanish costume of the opera. Gracefully flinging back his bright scarf, he begins the great aria "Toreador Attento." As the magnificent voice swells forth, Mrs. Jack, who has been gazing earnestly at the figure, starts excitedly, and Murdock, also, listens with a puzzled expression. As the singer ceases, the house, which had listened coldly at first, breaks into a prolonged roar of applause. Flowers intended for Calvé are thrown to him. Women wave their fans and men jump to their feet in excited admiration. Mrs. Jack sits motionless until he leaves for the remainder of the act. A bright spot burns on each of her cheeks and her eyes dance curiously.)

MRS. JACK: Isn't he grand? What a voice! What a presence! The house is losing its senses over him.

MURDOCK: So I see; and you don't intend to let the house get ahead of you. I wonder who the fellow is? There is something familiar about him. Some amateur, no doubt.

MRS. JACK: Such fire and passion (To herself). It cannot possibly be he. (Aloud) Warren, go find out for me who he is. I must know.

MURDOCK: I don't see any need of such a fuss. The papers will, no doubt, tell more than enough about him to-morrow.

MRS. JACK: Do you hear me! Go at once and don't come back until you know who he



is. (Aside) It surely is no other.

MURDOCK: (sullenly glancing back from the vestibule of the box): I am your most humble servant, madam. (going) Hang the fellow whoever he is!

MRS. JACK: I cannot be mistaken. His voice, his gestures,—the beard and the name on the programme could easily be a false one. And those were Jack's eyes. How grand when he sang "*E che t'a-spett amor.*" How could I ever think him cold? Now I understand what has kept him so busy, and why he was so willing to have Warren spend his time with me. (Bitterly) So that *he* could be with some one else, no doubt. And he deliberately sang at that woman. I know he is in love with her. It's shameful. Oh! Jack—I must see him before Murdock returns (she goes to the vestibule and calls an attendant). Take me behind the scenes at once. I wish to see Mr.—Mr.—

ATTENDANT: Impossible, Madam. That is—

MRS. JACK: Here take this (hands him a bill), and be quick.

ATTENDANT: If Madam will step this way.

(Handsome dressing-room of Escamillo, otherwise Mr. Jack Lyons. His beard is off and he is stretched full length on a couch smoking a cigarette. A knock is heard which the singer evidently expects.)

MR. JACK: Come in! (The door opens and he rises to his feet.) Why Alice, how on earth did you get here?

MRS. JACK: I knew from the first it was you, so I sent Warren to find out, and I came straight to this place. It was cruel to deceive me in this way; you never told me a word.

MR. JACK: Why Alice, I did not think it would interest you and Murdock.

MRS. JACK: Now you *are* cruel (Showing symptoms of tears). And I know you have been making love to that woman.

MR. JACK: On my honor, I haven't. But what can it matter to you? Warren—

MRS. JACK (The tears come at last): What can it matter to me! Are you blind that you cannot see. (Throws herself face downward on the couch.)

MR. JACK (Gazes with admiration at the beautiful figure of his wife. He smiles slyly as he takes her hand): My dearest Alice, forgive me. But I thought you loved Warren,—and don't you think he would be displeased to see me holding your hand? (The sly smile deepens.)

MRS. JACK: Jack, hush! (She places her arm around his neck and draws his face to hers) Kiss me, Jack. I am so—so sorry.

### Some Aspects of Stevenson.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.



HE world's galaxy of prose authors contains few figures more conspicuous for brilliancy of thought than that of Robert Louis Stevenson. He has few peers in clearness, while in high critical acumen, depth of thought and other qualities which go to make an author great, he is far in advance of all his contemporaries. This pre-eminence lies, chiefly, in his ability to adjust style to thought. Technique was but the means to his end. And although his style fairly sparkles with brilliancy, it is, after all, merely the enhancement of his ideas. To him a life-work conveyed a far deeper significance than a volume of glittering phrases. It meant something nobler; something from which posterity might reap benefit; something after the quality of the old masters.

Stevenson possessed so many virtues that it is almost presumptuous to point out any one as more commendable than the rest. His impartiality, however, appears to me to be most characteristic of the man. This is forcibly illustrated in his essay on "Men and Books." His criticism of John Knox is particularly impartial, considering the fact that Stevenson was a Scotchman, born and bred in Scotland, and surrounded by all the national prejudices of that traditionary people.

Of Stevenson's youth little is known; for the events of his life have not yet assumed the dignity of a biography. From his essay on "A College Magazine," however, one must infer that his literary talents were astir very early in life. His passion for writing was abnormal for one so young. Even before he was thirteen he had begun to imitate the style of England's great prose authors. His one aim in boyhood was to acquire a clear, readable style. This he was resolved upon, and he interwove his ideal with that resolution, and clung to them both with the tenacity of a Robert Bruce. He never swerved from the path he had laid out for himself until a short time before his death, when he yielded somewhat to the fascination of politics.

Now it is the most natural thing in the world for youth to cherish some ideal; but to strive earnestly and constantly for its attainment is

stripping life of its dreams. One is the comfortable exercise of the imagination; the other, life in its deepest significance. Stevenson had talent, and enough; what is even more necessary, he possessed the will, and he exercised both with the sound reasoning of a philosopher. Fancy him, a boy of thirteen, setting out on a jaunt through the country with a classic work in one pocket and a note-book in the other. And whenever he chanced upon a comfortable seat by the wayside, a stone or some old stump, perhaps, he sat down to study the style of his pocket friend, or to describe the surrounding landscape. Such was Stevenson the schoolboy as Stevenson the man has depicted him.

His college life was apparently uneventful. But all this time he had been storing up useful knowledge and acquiring the all-important habit of observation. Thus we find him at twenty-two, a young man of brilliant conversational attainments; his mind fresh and eager to absorb more learning. His style at this time, as Sidney Colvin tells us, was unsettled, but this is not to be wondered at. His vocabulary was extensive, considering his age, but his choice of diction somewhat vague. Before he had reached the age of thirty, his success in literature was assured, and the best magazines of England were open to him. But if such early successes ever dazzled the vision of the young author, he soon recovered his equilibrium. Riches did not constitute his chief aim in life. He might have dashed off reams and reams of magazine literature and have died wealthy. Only in his later years did he grow any way lax in this respect, and then he was an invalid.

His mind relished intellectual enjoyment. He loved to linger over his own phrases before consigning them to the scrutinizing eye of his critics. And so he revised and corrected his work over and over again until it sparkled like a delicately carved jewel. He seemed ever to have kept before his mind's eye the advice Horace confided to the Piso brothers. At any rate, he acquired the art of self-criticism to a degree that challenges a parallel. So vigorously did he apply it to his own productions, that he could become utterly oblivious of its true author, while he impersonates, at the same time, the severest kind of a critic. Thus, in the "Vailima Letters," addressed to Sidney Colvin, Stevenson waxes enthusiastic over his latest novel, "David Balfour." "Really," he writes, "I think it ('David Balfour') is spirited; and there's a heroine that (up to now) seems to

have attractions. David, on the whole, seems excellent"; and so on with the other characters. This, however, is the only instance where he shows real satisfaction with the result of his own labors.

When "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" appeared, Stevenson's fame, so far as public opinion goes, reached its zenith. The title grew to be a by-word everywhere. It was paraphrased by elocutionists, and made the subject of pantomime by the ignorant. In fact, it seemed impossible for him to attain a more widespread renown, and he never did.

"David Balfour" was Stevenson's pet novel. In the letters quoted from before, he continues: "With 'David Balfour' I am well pleased; in fact, these labors of the last year—I mean 'Falesà' and 'D. B.,' not 'Samoa,' of course—seem to me to be nearer what I mean than anything I have ever done; nearer what I mean by fiction." Once more the man's frankness precludes any possibility of egotism.

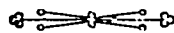
His novels, however, are not the sole criterion of his talents. Side by side with them appear his essays which are unique in their originality. The ideas are presented to the reader in such clear, vitalized sentences, and the tone throughout is so frank and honest, that one instinctively recognizes their true value. And then to think of the amount of research some of them required, the painstaking task of revision, and, over and above all, the impartiality observed everywhere.

Stevenson's poetry will hardly stand the test of time. Some parts of it are good, others poor. Whenever he sticks to the good old Saxon derivatives he produces real poetry; but when he wanders off into the abstract, like George Eliot, he keeps his readers guessing. Some of his verses, however, are really charming. They reveal the sentiment of the man. Take, for instance, the following epitaph on himself:

"Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig me a grave and let me lie;  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.  
This be the verse you grave for me:—  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill."

"Glad did I live and gladly die,"—his whole life is summed up in this one line. He struggled bravely against contending odds, and when he saw the tide turning against him he succumbed to the inevitable. He is dead now. But if ever a heart beat warm with unselfish love, it was the heart of Robert Louis Stevenson.

## In Fancy's Train—Experiments in Metre.



## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

**T**HE Christmas bells right merry ring,  
Their greetings to the new-born King;  
Within their tower, old and gray,  
Backward and forth they madly sway,  
The joyful tidings heralding.

For purest Christmas offering,  
Joy unalloyed their chimings bring,  
Good will from God to men convey,  
The Christmas bells.

As sweetest notes about they fling,  
In joyous throats of brass they sing;  
"Kneel, all ye people, kneel and pray,  
For Christ, the Lord, is born this day!"  
And faster then full happy swing  
The Christmas bells.

A. W. S.

## OVER THE SNOW.

**W**ITH head erect and watchful eye,  
With skis firm planted on the snow,  
The Norseman on the hill-top high,  
Stands ready down the course to go.

The coast is clear; no trees are nigh,  
Nor any bush its head doth show.  
His strides first slow, then faster fly,  
The skier glides adown the snow.

With muscles strained and body bent;  
With bated breath; so swift the speed,  
He seems to skim o'er the descent,  
This fair-haired son of viking seed.

H. A. W.

## THROUGH THE SMOKE-WREATH.

**M**Y corn-cob pipe—an ugly thing!  
Its beauties far as you can see  
Are few, perhaps; and yet to me  
A world of comfort doth it bring,  
Of pleasures sweet, without the sting  
That unto memory e'er must be—  
My corn-cob pipe.

In hours of care endeavoring  
To cheer me up with fancies free,  
With thoughts of pleasures that will be,  
Of which no other friend can sing,  
My corn-cob pipe.

R. S. S.

## WITH A COPY OF RILEY'S "OLD-FASHIONED ROSES."

**O**LD-FASHIONED roses, that laugh in the sunshine  
Or smile from the half-hidden nooks by the wall,  
Delicate, pink, with their scent evanescent—  
Old-fashioned roses are fairest of all.

Old-fashioned maidens whose hearts are as golden  
As those of the roses, ne'er knowing the thrall  
Of sin and earth-sorrows, their June is forever—  
Old-fashioned maidens are sweetest of all.

D. V. C.

## "IL PENSEROSO."

**W**E tried to cheer him up, but no;  
He only turned away and sighed,  
Shaking his head, as if to chide  
Us for our making merry so.  
It seemed that some deep hidden woe  
Had drowned all words; and yet we tried  
To drive the spectre from his side—  
Dull Melancholy shrinking low.

We spoke to him in careless tone,  
And asked him why he was not glad,  
And did not laugh at every joke.  
With head still bowed, he stood alone,  
We all could see his heart was sad,  
And slowly faltered—"I am broke."

L. P. D.

## AT YULE-TIDE.

**S**WEET is the calm of holy Christmas time,  
God-sent the joys which all hearts fill;  
Pure souls give echo to those words sublime:  
"On earth, all peace; to men, good-will."

D. P. M.

## IN THE FIRELIGHT.

**O**N winter nights, when all is cold,  
And blust'ring snow the earth doth fold  
In glitt'ring forms of many a heap,—  
Then will I near the fireside keep,  
And watch the sparks, like demons bold,  
Go flick'ring up the chimney old,  
Into chill death's embraces rolled.  
Out in the dark I shall not peep,  
On winter nights.

But in my chair, I'll gladly hold  
My pipe and books more dear than gold,  
And 'mid light smoke and pages deep—  
I'll read till won by gentle sleep.  
What joy more grateful can be told  
On winter nights?

W. B. G.

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

**W**E crossed through the meadows that skirted the  
village,  
The moon shone at times through the stars in the sky;  
We viewed the sad ruin war's havoc and pillage  
Had left in its wake when its minions swept by.  
The grim ranks lay motionless; Death gave no token  
Of their last wild emotions forever unspoken,  
And the silence of death reigned about us unbroken  
Save, off in the wood, by a whippoor-will's cry.

But oh, it was grand!—the musket's sharp rattle,  
The charge of our horse as the enemy fled,  
And the stark forms that fell in the front of the battle  
With faces set rigid and bosoms of red.  
With reluctance we turned to the task we had started,  
For the darkness and silence had made us sad-hearted,  
But the clouds of a sudden like curtains were parted  
And the moon kept the watch while we buried our dead.

W. P. B.



## Two Singers of the Hour.

FRANCIS E. EYANSON, '96.

**I**N his "Studies of Poetry and Philosophy," Mr. Shairp says: "The deep stirring of men's minds, with which the last century closed, and the present century set in, expressed itself in many ways; in no way more conspicuously than in the prodigality of poetic genius which it poured forth." This expression comes home to us in these closing years of the century; and now that Tennyson and Browning have gone, we naturally look about to know if the same can be said of the present time. Certainly much that has been foretold regarding future achievements in art and science is about to be realized. If we can judge from the group of contemporary writers, poetic genius will not be wanting. There are to-day a number of younger poets whose verse has already attracted an interest which only older writers heretofore could claim. It is, however, deserving of the attention given it, because it is full of thought expressed in pleasing language. Just why so much attention should be shown to this new set in preference to the elder bards is difficult to explain, unless it be the prompting of the ever-living desire to hear something new or wonderful. To assign as the reason for this that their poetry is the truest reflection of our time, can scarcely be correct; for, as a matter of fact, people read poetry, not because it expresses the characteristics of the period in which they live, but simply because it pleases them. Why it gives this pleasure is another question. Whatever interest we may take in a young poet, unless he reveal genuine qualities, his life must be short.

To go over the list of contemporary poets, and consider each one, would require considerable space, as the number is by no means small. As to individual merits, no single one can be said to be far superior to any other,—alluding, however, only to those who have shown poetic genius. Some, as Mr. Davidson, are, at times, intensely realistic; others, as Mr. Henley, become wholesomely simple. Neither of these characteristics can be said to predominate in Francis Thompson. He is above all emotional; which is most evident in his shorter studies. Thus, in "To a Poet Breaking Silence"—

"Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord  
With earth's waters make accord:  
Teach how the crucifix may be  
Carven from the laurel-tree,  
Fruit of the Hesperides  
Burnish take on Eden-trees.  
The Muse's sacred grove be wet  
With the red dew of Olivet,  
And Sappho lay her burning brows  
In white Cecilia's lap of snows!"

There is something in these lines that harks back to the old masters; yet they are not of the kind which will bring their maker suddenly into prominence. More in accordance with the taste of the times is that sweet flavored poem "Daisy,"—a bit of art which pleases us for its simplicity more than for any reason more subtle. Here he writes:

"A berry red, a guileless look,  
A still word,—grains of sand;  
And yet they made my wild, wild heart  
Fly down to her little hand."

In another stanza, the poet thus speeds on—

"The fairest things have fleetest end,  
Their scent survives their close;  
But the rose's scent is bitterness  
To him that loved the rose!"

It is a beautiful thought, and the language is truly musical. On the other hand, Thompson has written verses which may be called poetry, yet, which express little to us. As, for instance, some in "A Fallen Yew."

In his longer studies, as, for example, "A Judgment in Heaven," he is somewhat obscure. The same can be said, though not to so great an extent, of "Her Portrait"; but in "Dream Tryst,"—a poem of three stanzas—he unfolds himself in such a way, that we can only regret that it is so short:

"The chambers in the house of dreams  
Are fed with so divine an air,  
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,  
And they who walk there are most fair.  
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,  
Who with the past meet girt about;  
Where our last kiss still warms the air,  
Nor can her eyes go out."

Not so intense as Thompson's, but in general more exalted, are the poems of Lionel Johnson. There is a tinge of sombreness about his work, which gives it an unusual charm.

If he does not actually love solitude he knows full well the delights that are, at times, to be had far from the dwellers in cities:

"I love and understand  
One joy: with staff and scrip  
To walk a wild west land,  
The winds my fellowship."

When at his best, Johnson soars far above this. He becomes more fervent, and is free

from that almost extreme realism, so characteristic of this later school:

"Fair though it be to watch uncloset  
The nestling glories of a rose,  
Depth on rich depth, soft fold on fold:  
Though fairer be it, to behold  
Stately and sceptred lilies break  
To beauty, and to sweetness wake;  
Yet fairer still, to see and sing,  
One fair thing in one matchless thing:  
Youth in its perfect blossoming."

This is but one of sixteen stanzas equally good. But he is not always in this mood, though he never forgets the dignity of his art:

"With Fielding, great, and strong and tall;  
Sterne, exquisite, equivocal;  
Goldsmith, the dearest of them all;

Some of his descriptions are exquisite, and he knows how to give a bright touch to a bit of scenery; in fact, his sketches of forests are particularly good. Notice this from "In England,"—

"A deep wood, where the air  
Hangs in a stilly trance;  
While on rich fernbanks fair  
The sunlights flash and dance."

Better than all, however, he keenly feels what it is to walk out on a beautiful night; and it is this power to see and appreciate all that is about him, which is brought to bear so often on his works:

"Sombre and rich, the skies;  
Great glooms, and starry plains.  
Gently the night wind sighs;  
Else a vast silence reigns."

Johnson does not possess the ease of Mr. Thompson; he is not so spontaneous; but he is more stately, which inclines us to believe that he is the more experienced. Both are fond of Latinisms, particularly Thompson—in keeping with the times—but it does not add to their strength by any means. Here is an example of Thompson's word selection:

"The abhorred spring of Dis,  
With seething presciences affirm  
The prepartate worm."

Moreover Johnson is not quite so sensuous as his contemporary; and, unlike many of this entire group, is not so continually singing love songs.

The number of younger poets is great, as it always will be; but whether the opening of the coming century is to be marked by a greater era than that which signalized the middle of the present, no one can say. There is at least, originality in their work, and a certain boldness—two qualities most favorable. Whatever may be the outcome, it can be reasonably predicted, judging from present production, that our two authors will not be among the least.

### What Came of the Ancestral Ring.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.



It seems that this year's Christmas is going to be rather dismal for me," mused Arnold Webber; "it never was so before." Last year I was in Georgia with aunt Lucy, and would be there still, if I hadn't broken my leg when I went out to report that wreck. It was a mean trick to play on me. I couldn't reach the office to tell them to send out another man; and then—well the *Times* wouldn't take me either. Now I don't know what I'll do.

"This room is as cold as a refrigerator—haven't got enough to buy a dinner of any kind for to-morrow, let alone a Christmas dinner. And those stories, too! I was foolish to send them to the magazines. They won't go—that's all there is about it. If they had, I would have received a note long ago. I should have been less hopeful and more sensible. They were none too good for newspapers.

"I wish I had some other rich relative besides uncle Hawley. He's a cross old duffer. I don't believe he'd lend me a dime, although he has more than a million. 'Going to the dogs,' he says—fine compliment from the old man; quite characteristic of him; gives plenty of them to everybody.

"I wish he *would* help me out, though. If he doesn't start me out nobody will; and that shuts out all hope of becoming engaged. Flora is at his mansion for Christmas; I here in this old shell of a garret. But I have a chance with uncle yet. I'll take the ring handed down to me from a far-off grandfather. What good are ancestors to a penniless fellow? If uncle is generous to me, she will take it; but—"

Here he broke off, for he could not answer the question he was going to ask himself. He gave his cravat the last twist as a finish to his toilet, took the time-stained ivory case that held the ring, and went out.

His thoughts were rather chaotic when he stood at the top of the broad flight of stone steps in front of the Hawley mansion. He almost shivered when he entered the library, and his uncle said gruffly: "Well, young man; what now?" But he was still full of hope.

"Uncle Fred," said Arnold, "I have been so unlucky lately—since I met with the accident

in Georgia—that I am without means to keep myself up. I have tried to find a position, but failed. I came to ask you to help me out.”

“Want to borrow, eh? Need help? If you weren’t so lazy and shiftless, perhaps you’d be worth something. I told you, sir, your reporter business was a humbug. If you had studied law, as I told you, you’d be all right now; I would have helped you. But show me one instance where you’ve done any good with your writing and I’ll set you on your feet—what’s more than I ought to do.”

Arnold thought of the stories, but they were worth nothing. Before this, he took matters lightly; but now, when he realized that he had nothing to keep him from absolute poverty, he was almost stricken with despair. He staggered out of the room silently. There was no hope of marrying Flora now. He walked out into the night half-conscious, and began to go down the steps, when his foot slipped, and he reeled and fell. His head struck the sharp corner of the pedestal on which rested the bronze lion; at that instant all consciousness was lost to him.

When Arnold Webber was in the library, Flora and Mrs. Hawley were in the drawing-room. Flora had taken into her confidence the old lady, whom she loved dearly and whom she called “aunt,” though there was no kin between them, and had told her all about her love for Arnold. Mrs. Hawley also was very fond of him, her nephew, and in her heart wished to see them married. She saw how much they loved each other, and resolved to speak to her husband for Arnold.

When she saw the troubled look on Flora’s face she said: “Don’t worry, dear, I am sure you’ll both be happily married before long. There are some new magazines on the table still uncut. I shall come back in a minute.”

“Fred,” she said to her husband in the library, “you have not sent Arnold away, I hope. He needs help, poor boy.”

“That might be,” replied Mr. Hawley, already softened down, “but he ought to work for himself. It will teach him a lesson.”

“But he *does* work.” And Mrs. Hawley kept on talking in her quiet way, until, in a short time, her husband began to feel thoroughly mean and miserable. He was just telling her that Arnold would surely come back again, and that there was no need of sending for him to-night, when Flora smiling gayly broke in upon them:

“Oh! aunt Mary, *do* look at this, ‘Snow-flakes,’ by Arnold Webber. And there is another story by him in the magazine on the table.”

“There, Fred; wasn’t I right?” The old man disliked giving in to his wife or anybody else; but he was sincere, and when he saw a thing was true he was ready to stand by it. In her kindness, Mrs. Hawley said nothing would do but to send for Arnold, and he, somewhat pleased at the discovery of the stories, consented.

Just then a servant came into the room exclaiming; “Oh! sir, the young man that was here awhile ago is lying out there on the steps as if he were dead.”

At these words Flora gave a little cry; but Mrs. Hawley took her into the drawing-room, and Mr. Hawley jumped up from his chair and went out. He lifted the boy tenderly and carried him into the house. When they came into the light and he saw the pale face, and the ugly gash, big tears came into his eyes and trickled down his cheeks. And when he found out that the boy would live, he was doubly glad. Of course, the doctor came and said in his professional way: “Not much danger, if no brain disease sets in. Watch him carefully to-night. If he sleeps well, he will be strong again in the morning.”

Mr. Hawley would not go to bed until he saw the boy sleeping soundly. And then, as he left the bedside he said to his wife with a twinkle in his eyes: “To-morrow is Christmas day.”

It was late on Christmas morning before Arnold awoke, and lay wondering what had happened to him, when the door opened and Mrs. Hawley and Flora came in. As soon as the girl saw the pale face on the pillow, she seemed to be slightly alarmed. “Oh! Arnold,” she said, “you aren’t badly hurt, are you?”

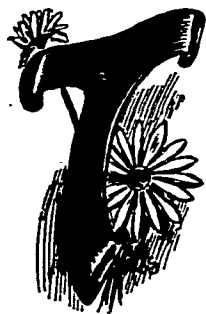
When he saw her walk quickly to the side of his bed, with a look of alarm on her sweet face, a flush on her cheek, and a look of affection in her dark eyes shaded by their long lashes, he began to feel happy. Then, as he noticed his aunt smiling happily he said to himself: “There must be some luck for me yet.” He became his light, cheerful self again.

“Well,” said he, to Flora’s questions, “only a pretty hard knock and a little blood gone, that’s all.”

So they chattered for some time, till Mr. Hawley, chuckling and running over with goodness, gave Fred, then and there, a good mine in Colorado. It all ended by Flora wearing the ancestral ring,—which she now will not part with,—and Mrs. Hawley’s saying: “God bless you, my dears. It’s such a lovely Christmas”!

## The Christmas Magazines.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.



THE greatest literary institution of to-day is the American magazine. In it we find the best examples of our art and literature, and it is indeed the reflection of our age. The predominant features of the popular magazines are the short stories, the historical articles and the splendid illustrations. This last feature is fast growing in popularity, and the names of illustrators are becoming as familiar as the names of authors.

The influence of the magazine on the country's literature is very evident, and is shown very strikingly in the case of the short story. For the short story, which had its beginning in the magazines, may now be said to characterize our literary period. Indeed, the magazine is becoming the starting-point, the fountain-head, of all our literature, and few books are printed that have not first gone through a magazine. By this plan the good is selected and the bad rejected; and when we know that a story has gone through one of the great periodicals, we can safely conclude that it is readable.

The custom of having special numbers for the great feast-days is certainly a charming one. It shows that the supposed prosy, money-getting people are not so completely depraved, and that they really have some poetry in their souls. Of all the festivals Christmas is the most beautiful, and the magazines put forth their best efforts to make their editions worthy of the occasion. We have reason to be proud of our periodicals at all times, but especially so at Christmas, for then they abound in literary goodness and artistic beauty. In this paper let us take the Christmas numbers of a few prominent magazines, not attempting to go through them all thoroughly, but contenting ourselves with merely glancing over them.

Taking up the *Century* we stop long at the frontispiece. It is an engraving from the painting by Tissot, "Jesus Found in the Temple," and is most beautiful. The figure of our Saviour is especially striking. He has just ended the discussion with the Doctors; His great eyes show self-confidence and earnestness, as He leaves the circle of learned men, gives a hand to His mother and foster-father, and goes with

them down from the temple. The expression on the face of the Blessed Virgin is one of sadness, as though made sorrowful by the thought that her beloved Son had sounded the keynote of His life and awful passion. St. Joseph is in a deep study; it seems difficult for him to realize that this little Lad who works with him in the carpenter shop is really the Man-God, the divine Messiah.

The article in the same magazine on the Passion Play is very complete and interesting, and the pages are well interspersed with good illustrations. Mr. William M. Sloane continues his life of Napoleon; the present paper is on "Napoleon the War Lord," and is especially interesting. This history of Napoleon may be taken as an example of numerous articles of like nature that have recently appeared in the magazines. They are well written and correct, have turned public attention to Napoleon, and have made his life better known and more thoroughly appreciated than before. The illustrations in this article are very fine; the engraving of the Battle of Trafalgar is perfect, as, indeed, are many of the other scenes. We are glad to find Mr. Stockton again in the magazines; he prints one of his good stories in the *Century*, as does also Mr. Kipling. The *Century*, furthermore, gives us an excellent list of illustrations taken from Tissot's "Life of Christ." The frontispiece I spoke of is from this same collection. The picture of "Jesus Working with Joseph" is exceedingly good, showing the strong, handsome Boy at work with the carpenter.

Of the scenes showing His later life, the one that pictures Him before Pilate is the most striking. It represents our Saviour as a tall, slender man, with a countenance calm, but full of strength; it is, to my mind, the most real and natural of all the pictures of Christ before Pilate. "The People Leaving Calvary" and "Mater Dolorosa" are very fine; in the latter, however, the figure of the sorrowing Mother is not quite natural. The *Century* is the most complete of the Christmas publications, and ranks first in its history, fiction and illustrations.

*Harper's* is also very good. The frontispiece is something new, in so far as it is delicately colored instead of being the plain engraving usually found. It is, too, the first chapter of a little pictorial story of a wood-carver who falls in love with his model. The old ship-builder brings his daughter to the village wood-carver for the final sitting for the figure-head of the ship *Polly-Ann*. The wood-carver loses his heart

and, unfortunately, his courage with it, and while he is trying to regain the latter, a sailor steps in and gets the girl. Many years after, the *Polly-Ann* is wrecked and driven ashore, and the old lighthouse-keeper, who was formerly a sailor, brings his granddaughter down to see the wreck. Noticing the figure-head, the girl inquires: "I wonder who carved it? 'Tis very well done." This little tale is told by three or four sketches, of which the frontispiece is the first chapter. It is beautifully arranged, and is a pathetic little story.

Turning back, we come to an article by Casper Whitney on the Arctic region, known as the "Barren Land"; it is well supplied with illustrations and is very readable. One of Mr. Howells' charming little comedies is likewise to be found in *Harper's*. It is entitled "A Previous Engagement," and while it does not equal some of the writer's former efforts in this line, yet it is very clever and has his characteristic naturalness and delicate touches of humor.

The article by Richard Harding Davis on Venezuela is very interesting and, of course, well written. Mr. Davis in the introduction speaks briefly and prettily of Bolivar, the hero of Venezuela, and mentions that in all the portraits and statues of Bolivar he is represented wearing on his breast a medallion of Washington. The writer then goes on to speak interestingly of Venezuela and of Caracas, the "Paris of South America." An article on the last sonnet of Prinzivalle Di Cembino, and the continuation of the papers supposed to be Mark Twain's on Joan of Arc, complete the Christmas *Harper's*.

The *Cosmopolitan* has an unusually fine Christmas number. We find in it especially an abundance of good fiction. "The Great North Road" is the title of a story by Robert Louis Stevenson, while James Lane Allen, Zangwill and "Ouida" are among the other contributors. There are eight examples of recent art in this number, which are beautifully printed copies of modern art work. "The Awakening of Psyche" and "The Proof" are very fine, but the prettiest of the lot is "Before the Leave-taking." It represents a sailor about to start on a cruise, who has stopped a moment at the church, probably to murmur a prayer for his safety. He is standing by the side altar and with him is his young son. The figures of the man and the boy, especially the boy, are perfect in naturalness. These illustrations are among the best to be found in the Christmas magazines. The *Cosmopolitan* is an example of the cheapness at which good literature can be

purchased. Here we find four or five stories by prominent writers, a fine list of illustrations, and a number of articles of different nature, and the whole costs only ten cents. In this regard, the *Cosmopolitan* might be called the ideal American magazine.

To complete my list, I should mention *Scribner's*. I leave it till last because it is least. Of course, *Scribner's* is good, but its Christmas number is no better than any other edition. The only indication that they are aware of the existence of such a feast as Christmas is a poor representation of the Madonna and Child on the cover. This oversight is partially redeemed by giving us a short story from Joel Chandler Harris of "Uncle Remus" fame, and one from Frank R. Stockton. "The Kinetoscope of Time" and "On a Forgotten By-Way" are prettily arranged with margin illustrations.

And this is what we see at a first glance over the current magazines. And it is not alone in these special numbers that we find such splendid material, but all the editions, the year round, contain the best of work. What we owe chiefly to the magazines is the invention of the short story, and the subsequent development of clever writers. Indeed, most all of our recent men owe their introduction to the public to the magazine. The editors seem readily to discern ability; they take a promising amateur in hand, and soon bring him forth a clever writer. Thus our literary galaxy is ever kept complete, and men become prominent writers who, were it not for the magazine, might have ever remained unknown in the world of letters.

#### A Soul's Regeneration.

I heard a babe crying,  
Crying—its mother was near,  
Too weak to shelter or soothe  
The babe in its trembling. Her youth,  
Through the fever of famine, through fear  
Of the slow, certain dwindling of life,  
Was fading away, and the strife  
For existence was ending. But clear  
In her ears rang the sound of her babe's fretted crying

#### II.

I stopped; the image of Christ  
Appeared as I looked at the two—  
The mother and babe in the snow,—  
And my heart-strings were touched; "Long ago  
In a stable"—I heard it anew.  
Then this heart, that for years had lain cold,  
Was warmed with God's graces untold;  
For in helping the troubled, the true,  
Lost faith reappeared with the image of Christ.

J. B.

## A New Lochinvar.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.



UPPER is ready, Hans."

The figure on the bed stirred slightly.

"I don't care for any, mother, I'm not hungry."

Zelma Van Koop stood in the doorway a moment and gazed pityingly at the prostrate form of her son. Then she slowly turned back to the dining-room, where the steaming supper lay unheeded upon the table. She stood before the fire, and pondered over her son's trouble. He had not said a word to her about it, but her motherly heart needed no one to tell her the cause of his grief. Had not she also seen that little notice in the daily statistical column of the morning's paper?

"Vleet De Vort, city; Matje Jonge, city; 56-19."

Matje Jonge had been Hans sweetheart, but Matje's wordly old father looked with greedy eyes upon Herr De Vort's gold, and poor Hans was told to keep away. Old Vleet De Vort's two sons, Gerritt and Derk, wished the friendship of Herr Jonge for business reasons. They thought a marriage with Matje might procure this friendship for them. They could not marry her themselves, because they were both engaged, so they conspired against their weak old father. Vleet was very much opposed to the match. He would much rather have married Frau Van Koop. He had long admired Zelma's thrifty ways and comely face, and had actually become engaged to her; but Gerritt and Derk were too much for him to overcome, and he had reluctantly yielded to their wishes.

Frau Van Koop was much disappointed, but her own grief was overshadowed by her sympathy for her son. For Hans' sake this marriage must not take place. It was to be solemnized at eight o'clock that very Christmas eve, and it was now after five. Something must be done, and done quickly. She turned from the fire, and went into her own room. In a moment she came out dressed for the street. Calling to Hans that she would soon be back, she went out. Down the dark street she walked with a quick, firm step till she came to Herr De Vort's home. Going up the steps she rapped at the door. A strongly built young Hollander answered the knock.

"I want to see Herr De Vort," she said.

"He's busy," the young man answered with a scowl.

"I want to see him," she repeated in a firm voice. He reluctantly led her into a little sitting-room and went to call his father.

In a few minutes a small, nervous, little Dutchman, dressed in his Sunday finery, came slowly in.

"Good evening, Zelma," he said, smiling sheepishly at her.

"Good evening, Herr De Vort," she replied. Then she came up to his side, and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Herr De Vort," she began, "is this marriage of your bringing about?"

He shook his head emphatically, and started to speak, but she went on:

"Do you want to marry Matje Jonge?" He twisted about nervously and answered:

"No; but Gerritt and Hans—"

"Do you still want to marry me?" she interrupted. He nodded his head, but did not speak.

"Then, put on your coat and come with me."

"But what will Gerr—"

"Come quickly," she said, taking his hand.

It was after the county clerk's office-hours, but he was still at his desk when Zelma, with Vleet in tow, marched in.

"We want a marriage license," Zelma said.

The clerk pulled a blank form out of a drawer and began to fill it out. When he came to question Vleet he looked at that uncomfortable gentleman in surprise.

"Didn't you get out a license yesterday to marry a young lady?" he exclaimed. Before Vleet could answer, Zelma spoke out.

"Yes, but it was a mistake," she said. "He wanted a license to marry me, and one for my son Hans to marry that young lady. He's a big blunderer and got all mixed up. Can't you change it?"

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said the clerk laughing. "I'll try to fix it right. It's a little bit irregular to do it without the young man and lady being here, but I guess it will be all right." So saying, he made out the two licenses according to Zelma's directions. She paid for them, and the old lovers left the building. Once outside she turned to him:

"Vleet, tell me how you were going to get married? Were you going to meet Matje at the church?"

"No," he answered. "My son Gerritt and I were going for her and her cousin in a carriage."

"Was Herr Jonge going also?"



"Yes; he and his frau and my son Derk were going in another carriage."

"All right," she replied. "We'll get a carriage."

At the nearest cab-stand a carriage was hired, and the driver was ordered to drive to Zelma's home. Vleet sat in one corner and furtively glanced at Zelma, who was primly perched on the opposite seat. At last he spoke.

"Frau Van Koop."

"Yes, Herr De Vort."

"Gerritt and Derk will be very angry."

The prim figure grew stiffer and Zelma's eyes flashed in the darkness of the cab.

"Herr De Vort," she spoke sharp and clear, "you say Gerritt and Derk will be angry. Do you think they have as much cause to be angry as I? Didn't you ask me to marry you? And after I consented, didn't you allow them to make this match with Matje? You know that Matje does not love you, and does love my Hans. Don't you, Vleet De Vort?"

"Yes, Zelma, but—"

"No buts about it, Vleet De Vort; you know you are making Matje and Hans unhappy, and yet you say Gerritt and Derk will be angry. Because they will be angry, will you sacrifice the lifelong happiness of Hans and Matje, and your own and mine at the same time? Tell me, Herr De Vort, do you think the pleasure of Gerritt and Derk is worth more than the happiness of us all?"

"No, no, Zelma, I did not see it that way."

"No; if I thought you did, I would never marry you. But now that you see it as it is, are you willing to fix things as they should be? Are you willing, Herr De Vort?"

"Yes, Zelma, we'll fix things as they ought to be," he answered with sudden resolution. When the carriage drew up before her own home, Zelma got out with Vleet. Ordering the carriage to wait, they went into the house. Hans was still lying disconsolate on the bed. Zelma hurriedly unfolded her plan to him. He could not understand it at first, but when he did, it was marvellous how fast he dressed. In a few minutes he had on his best clothes and was ready for the wedding. It was already after seven o'clock, so they hurried into the carriage. Zelma gave the cab-man explicit directions, and they drove off.

At Herr Jonge's all was confusion. Herr Jonge, much excited, was running to the door every minute to look for the carriage. Frau Jonge bustled about doing nothing. The bride, who was dressed for the wedding, was silently weeping in a corner, while the bride's-maid tried

to comfort her. Suddenly there was the grind of carriage wheels on the pavement outside. Herr Jonge hurriedly threw open the hall door and escorted the bride and bride's-maid to the carriage. The driver jumped down and opened the cab. By the light from the open hall door the face of Herr De Vort could be discerned, but the interior of the carriage was dark. The bride and bride's-maid got in. The cabman slammed the door, jumped to his seat and drove off, leaving Herr Jonge on the curb, excitedly demanding where the other carriage was.

The ceremony was set for eight o'clock, but Dominie Van Krump had come to the church early to superintend personally the last bit of Christmas decorating. When he heard the carriage draw up, and saw the party enter half an hour before time he looked at them in surprise. Matters were quickly explained to him, and he was asked to perform the double ceremony. He was a sensible little dominie, and he soon made up his mind that this was the most natural arrangement after all. The anger of Herr Jonge struck no terror into his soul, and he didn't think Gerritt and Derk worthy of consideration. The janitor, who was finishing the decorating, consented to act as best man. The bride's-maid was already there, so the marriage was performed with due ceremony.

Just as Dominie Van Krump finished the last words of the service, and leaned forward to kiss the happy brides, a carriage stopped outside. The church door flew open, and the sons of Vleet, followed by Herr Jonge and his frau, came rushing in. They stopped in amazement at the unexpected sight; before they could recover themselves, the slow, calm voice of Dominie Van Krump was heard.

"Herr Jonge, here is a Christmas gift for you, a new son. Bless your children, and be as happy as they are. Gerritt and Derk De Vort, you ungrateful sons, you do not deserve the wise and good mother your father has just given you. But if he forgives your ingratitude, I have nothing to say."

Herr Jonge almost had an apoplectic fit when he heard these words, but good Frau Jonge straightened out matters by going up to Hans and giving him a real motherly kiss. Herr Jonge said something in Dutch that sounded very forcible, but he ended by giving the entire party his paternal blessing, and inviting them all to his house to partake of his wedding cheer. They all accepted except Gerritt and Derk; but they were not wanted anyway, so all ended in a merry Christmas eve.

## The Author of "The Raven."

M. JAMES NEY, '97.



Chicago daily, commenting upon the action of Edgar Allen Poe's admirers in purchasing the cottage in which he lived, to be kept as a relic of this most distinguished of American poets, devotes a

lengthy editorial to the denunciation of this homage to him whom the writer is pleased to call the profligate of American letters.

When we consider the liberality of the Chicago press, it seems a trifle irregular for it to devote so much editorial ink and energy in propagating an opinion which is so manifestly unjust, and we cannot but think that, in one of those moments when the printers cry for "Copy" it was dashed off without that wonted reflection which should accompany every stroke of the quill wielded by the unseen oracle who sits behind the omnipotent "We." As for ourselves we would gladly contribute our "mite" to keep forever inviolate this habitation of a genius who has filled our language with melody; and we have many flowers to lay upon the grave of our American Byron.

There are many reasons why we should name Poe the Byron of American literature; and these are some of them: He wrote in an emotional and eloquent style; he was a romanticist, and his works are deeply dyed with his personality; he was unhappy in love, and he crossed the ocean to fight for the liberty of Greece. In addition to these, his domestic life strongly resembles Byron's: he was in his youth denied the guiding hand of an affectionate mother; and his superior talents made him enemies on all sides, who have magnified his little faults into monstrosities.

When but six years of age, Poe was left an orphan, and was adopted by Mr. Allen, a wealthy and intimate friend of the family, after whom he was named. Mr. Allen appears to have been delighted with his handsome and precocious *protégé* and to have been willing to afford him any amount of education; but of that deep sympathy, for which the poor orphan yearned, he seems to have been utterly devoid.

Perhaps no other literary man has been less understood by his critics than was Poe; nor has one been subjected to more uncharitable criti-

cism. It is not our purpose to endeavor to vindicate Poe's memory from moral aspersion; nor to deny that some of the irregularities attributed to him are, in a measure, true. But almost everything that has been given to the world, relating to the author of "The Raven," has come from his enemies, and bears the stamp of prejudice; and, after an impartial inquiry into his domestic life and literary worth, we wish to express our convictions.

Throughout his life a morbid sensitiveness to affection was his most distinguishing trait. And here again he shows the Byronic temperament; for who can read Byron's lines on the death of his dog, and certain stanzas in "Childe Harold," and not feel that the English poet, like Poe, was of a nature that craved love and sympathy, but craved them in vain?

In the weird tale of "The Black Cat," there is a paragraph, the autobiographical fidelity of which those who have made a study of Poe will recognize. In part, he says: "To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and sagacious dog, I need hardly be at the trouble of explaining the nature or the intensity of the gratification thus derivable. There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere *man*."

The anecdotes related of him, while he was attending the Richmond Academy, will illustrate his constancy of attachment, and his yearning for sympathy and affection. They clearly demonstrate how little of either the poor orphan received from his adopted parents. He one day accompanied a schoolmate to his home where he saw for the first time his friend, Mrs. Helen Stannard; and here, we may remark, is a beautiful verification of the little-headed proverb that kind actions and gentle words are never forgotten. She was the mother of his young friend, and when Poe entered the room she took his hand and spoke gentle words of welcome, which so penetrated the heart of the orphan as almost, for the moment, to deprive him of the power of speech. He left her presence with the hope that he might again hear those gracious words which had made the desolate world so beautiful to him. His hope was realized, for she soon became the confidante of his boyish sorrows, and did much toward guiding him in his turbulent youth. But she soon died, and then, as he says in his beautiful poem "To Helen,"

'The pearly lustre of the moon went out:  
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,  
The happy flowers and the repining trees,  
Were seen no more: the very roses' odors  
Died in the arms of the adoring airs."

In 1827, aroused by the heroic efforts the Greeks were making to throw off the Turkish yoke, and doubtless emulous of Byron, Poe started for Greece to offer his services to the insurgents but whether he ever went farther than England or France is uncertain. All that is known is that, after a year's absence, he returned to America, and shortly after through the influence of Mr. Allen, he received an appointment to West Point. But the wayward and erratic course of existence, to which he had been accustomed, together with his having been so long a time master of his own actions, rendered it impossible for him to submit to the galling restraints of that institution. He would not study mathematics. It is impossible to make Pegasus pull a plow; and after a few months he was dismissed from the Academy. He returned home and we can imagine that his adopted father gave him anything but a welcome reception. However it may be, Poe became a wanderer, and as he had reason to believe that he had ability to write, he turned his attention toward literature, as a last resort. We hear of him at Baltimore competing for premiums offered by the *Saturday Visitor* for a story and a poem. Poe won both prizes, and henceforth his progress in literature was rapid. His stories and poems were immensely popular both in America and England, and he is the only American writer to gain popularity in France. His "Murder in the Rue Morgue" and other of his tales have been translated into French and have become classics.

After numerous connections with the magazines of the country he at last reached the goal of his ambition by becoming owner of a paper of his own,—*The Broadway Journal*. But poverty, ill-health, want of worldly knowledge, a sick and dying wife—all combined to overpower his efforts. The *Journal* went to the wall, and then occurred those little irregularities in his life over which his enemies have raised such a howl of contumely. From his little cottage at Fordham he soon saw his young wife borne to the grave. He sought oblivion in the demon of strong drink, and it was then that he became the raven's

".... unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his song one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore  
Of 'Never, nevermore.'"

### "The Bachelor of Arts."

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS remembers his college days and the joys of the mid-winter vacation, and the December number of this "tall paper" college magazine has the true Christmas flavor about it. "The Christmas Bell," Lemaitre's beautiful idyl of the French provinces, finds a very sympathetic translator, or adapter, in Mr. J. Matthewman. The kindly, simple-hearted old *curé*, whose charity toward the gipsy beggar-maid gets him into all sorts of difficulties, is drawn with tender carefulness, and the resourceful old Scholastique is a typical priest's housekeeper. "Dick's Christmas Presents" is in an altogether different strain, but Mr. Fenners has built up an amusing story about a rather improbable situation. "The Tale of a Christmas Day" is the story of what happens between sunrise and sunset to one of Gotham's gilded youths who is on the verge of beggary. An accommodating old uncle, rich of course, dies just at the right moment, and Mr. Barnes' hero empties his decanter into his bath-tub, burns all his cigarette pictures and, it may be presumed, leads, thereafter, a sober life. E. L. Hall's "Christmas Letters" are cleverer than the ones which fall to the lot of the average college undergraduate; while Alice Rollins' "A College Christmas" is decidedly amateurish. Of the verse—if he learned nothing else in his undergraduate days, the *Bachelor* acquired at least a knack of putting iambics and trochees together.—Clinton Scollard's "Holly Leaf" is a very pretty lyric of the drawing-room; Miss Green's "In the College Library" is a *genre* picture of a fair "co-ed" who is looking up the subject of her latest debate in the "Brittanica"; Talcott Miner Banks sings of his lady's eyes, and Edwin Manners has a good sonnet "Beyond the Music." Here is a quatrain of Robert Bowen's on "Life:"

"Impatient for the bugle calls of strife,  
We fret, and rail, and beat our breasts, perchance,  
'Gainst what to us seems petty circumstance,  
Unwitting all the while that this is life."

The editorial departments are admirably conducted. What Edward Sanford Martin doesn't know about "College News" isn't worth printing, while Walter Camp lives in an atmosphere athletic. There are some clever notes on books and an able discussion, among other things, of the rise and the decay of American humor. The *Bachelor* is a magazine to be read when the snowflakes swirl up against the window-panes and Caurus is master of all.

D. V. C.

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JOHN F. FENNESSEY,

WITH much labor and the destruction of many tablets, has the Staff brought forth this Christmas number. It is no easy matter, when the spectre of the half-yearly examinations haunts the sanctum, to tell a vigorous story or sing a merry song. We were expected to do both, and if our efforts be not so happy as they might, it is simply because we had not time for careful or elaborate work. But our friends are friends and have charity, and for our enemies, if we have any—which God forefend!—we care not. And friends or enemies, this is the holiest season of all the year, the time when Love was born into the world and Anger died, and we wish them all, and you, dear reader, a blithe and joyful Christmas and a glad New Year!

IT is the mediæval Truce of God come to life again—this Christmas season of ours, when men forget, for a few bright moments, the lust of money, and remember the Child who taught that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." Our millionaires are all turned philanthropists, even our department stores develop symptoms of kindness and humanity, and it fairly makes

us wish that we had been born boot-blacks or news-boys, to read of the royal fashion of their entertainment on Christmas Day. The family which has not its cranberry sauce and the fowl that usually goes with it, must either be respectably poor or too stingy to care much for turkey. A modern discovery, almost—the Christmas spirit which makes all this possible, which puts all the world in tune for a day, and gives every man a hundred million brothers. It is a beautiful thing, but difficult of analysis. In fact, it defies it. The rich man who telephones his order for a hundred turkeys could hardly say why he does it. "Oh! it's Christmas, you know, and all that," he tells you, with a fine flush mantling brow and cheek—why do men so dislike to be caught doing good?—and you feel that, after all, his is the best of reasons. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," and this gray old earth is safe as long as there are tender hearts to pity the poor and the lowly, and gentle hands to sate their hunger and cover their nakedness for His sake.

IN a moment of exaltation, the other day, the Cynical Member gave it as his opinion that the prospectus of a certain monthly was much more interesting than the current number of the magazine itself. There was a grain of truth in his saying, for editors rarely understate the merits of the wares they would have us buy, and this makes engaging reading. But the prospectus of the *Ave Maria*, our sister-weekly and very kind friend, is interesting for quite another reason. It is a sort of primer of the Catholic literature of to-day, a catalogue of our Catholic authors, American and English. A goodly list it is, too—Maurice Francis Egan, Katharine Tyan Hinkson, Percy Fitzgerald, Christian Reid and a host of others who have done, or are now engaged upon, essays, poems, or stories for Our Lady's magazine. Apart from the Marian articles—always a special feature—serials by John Gilmary Shea, Percy Fitzgerald, Christian Reid and Charles Warren Stoddard are announced for early publication, with short stories and essays by the other members of the Staff. Appealing, as it does, to every Catholic, young or old, it is little wonder that the *Ave Maria* has made such mighty strides of late years. Father Hudson has raised its standard immeasurably, and it is unique among Catholic periodicals in aim, in make-up and in literary worth. Its field is the world, its end the honor of Our Lady, and every number is an inspiration.

The Varsity, '95.

BY THE FIELD-REPORTER.



WHEN Captain Casey walked out on the football field, last September, for the first practice game, the prospects for any sort of a Varsity were certainly discouraging. Only four men besides himself knew anything about the game. The others were simply beginners—they tackled high, fouled without discretion, fumbled whenever there was a chance, and were utterly ignorant of what line-play, interference and team-work mean. Those of the students who watched the first few practise games expressed regret at the slump athletics had apparently taken at Notre Dame. Everyone prophesied a disastrous season, and appearances justified the prediction.

The Captain, however, set to his task with a will. If his heart ever failed him it was not apparent, and a week's hard work began to develop material in abundance. Then Walsh donned canvas, and his experience had a wonderful influence, particularly in interference and tackling. To these two is due the merit of developing the strongest Varsity that ever fought for the Gold and Blue. I am not forgetting the excellent coaching of Mr. Hadden. But before his appearance, the men had obtained a fair knowledge of the game and were, consequently, ripe for his coaching. This, however, in no way disparages his efforts which can hardly receive too much praise. Could his services have been secured earlier in the season, the score of the Light Artillery game would undoubtedly have been in our favor. Manager McManus displayed excellent judgment in bringing Mr. Hadden here. He has also done his utmost in every case to promote the welfare of football, and he deserves the respect of every one interested in Notre Dame athletics. He has had no end of obstacles to overcome, and his duties were anything but agreeable.

The result of the season's work has emphasized several facts of deep significance. First of all, we need never despair of having a good Varsity so long as an able captain is chosen. For although our reputation was not enhanced by the season's work, this was wholly due to inability to arrange dates with the larger colleges. This shows the need of making dates long beforehand, and having the schedule completed by the first of September. Then the team

will be stirred to greater efforts, for when there is no schedule there will be unsteady practice.

The substitutes must also be taken into account. This is the first year they have received any encouragement. There is neither honor nor pleasure in standing idle along the side lines with a suit on. And the man who preserves an unruffled temper under it all is one out of a hundred. The substitutes should be given a chance to show what they are made of in every game where victory is never in doubt. Piling up big scores looks well in the papers, but it will not develop worthy substitutes when they are needed in a close game.

Another point is punting. We must have a man who can be relied upon for forty yards, on an average, where punting is necessary. And it is necessary in every game. It saves the men for the final struggle in the second half, when a fresh team means victory. Now there is no use in trying to develop a first-class full-back in one season. Punting is much harder to learn than line bucking, tackling, or interference. Next year most of the Varsity will return, and with an able coach and the captain who has just been elected, we will stand shoulder to shoulder with the best teams in the West.

#### THE PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM.

Captain Casey, at right guard, was a tower of strength. Except in the last game he carried the ball but rarely, preferring to make holes in the line or to interfere for the backs. He clearly out-played every guard whom he faced during the season. The veteran left guard of the Light Artillery, with forty pounds to his advantage, failed once to break through or spoil a play, while Casey brought the runner down again and again and made holes at will. His real place is at tackle, for he is too light for guard. His line-bucking abilities were shown in the Light Artillery game, when he proved that he was up to his '94 form. His interference was by all odds the strongest any Varsity player has ever shown. He seems to be everywhere in a rush, and he is always on hand to help the runner along after he has been tackled. He is always cool and steady; his nerve never fails him, and his play never flags in snap and vigor. He was the first of our captains to communicate his own enthusiasm to his men, and he deserves much of the credit of making the '95 Varsity the best of all our football teams.

Walsh easily distanced his competitors for quarter-back. He had been coached by some of Princeton's star players, and his knowledge of the game was manifest from the first. He



possesses all the qualities of an ideal player except that of size; but his coolness and agility more than make up for this deficiency. To a close observer, his playing is not phenomenal, but scientific and steady, particularly so in defensive work. He always tackles the right man,—and tackles him hard and low. There is nothing timid about his work, no fumbling, bad passes, or hesitation in the signals. He is the best quarter-back Notre Dame ever had, nevertheless; and it is satisfactory to know that his services have been fully appreciated both by students at large and the players themselves.

Gallagher at centre formed an interesting study as the season progressed. He started out in September without knowing a touch-down from a safety, and he finished the season with a record that has few parallels at Notre Dame. His tackling and breaking through place him above any centre we have ever had. Very few gains were made through his position, and these were discouragingly small, for he played low, and got under rushes very effectively. In connection with centre, Rosenthal deserves special mention, for he gave Gallagher a hard contest for the place. He tackles low and follows the ball surprisingly well for a man of his size. But he cannot concentrate his strength as can Gallagher, and on this account the latter came out on top.

Cavanagh at left guard was another dark horse. He was somewhat late in beginning training and as a result his weight was not appreciably lessened. But he surprised everyone by the way he got around the ends and downed the runners. His ability to break up interference and tackle secured him his place on the team. His work in the line, though, was strong defensively, while in offensive play his interference was superb.

The tackles were both new men. And both were slow in learning the game. But once fairly under way their advance was rapid. Kelly, like Casey, is best in offensive play. He has boxed his opponent nearly every time called upon, and boxed him securely. Not only that, he follows the runner and drags him along after he has been tackled. Another commendable trait of Kelly's playing is his presence in every rush where the two teams meet.

McCarthy, on the other hand, plays better defensive ball. Though a little slow at times, he has made some star plays in breaking through and tackling, and he follows the ball with almost instinctive accuracy. Mac really deserves more credit for his work than has been

given him, for he plays with a silent, dogged determination to win. He shows up well in interference and also with Cavanagh in making openings for the backs.

It was a wise move to change Mullen from tackle to end. He was just the man for the position as his playing soon proved. The chief feature of his play is his tackling. He is especially active in getting around and downing the runner from the rear when the interference strikes Murphy's end. The only fault to be found with him was his eagerness which sometimes put him offside. But this was in the beginning of the season and he eradicated the defect before the last two games.

This was Murphy's second season at left end, and it is to be regretted that he will not be here next year. Of all the players on the Varsity his work is most characteristic and most prominent. He goes in with a recklessness and dash that is captivating. He picks his way through the most compact interference and he either breaks it up or downs the runner. In nearly every tackle he throws the runner back with a loss of two or three yards and in some instances of five and even seven yards. On a punt he is down the field like a flash, while in running with the ball he can generally be relied upon for five yards or more. In fact, he is, by all odds, the best end that ever fought for the Gold and Blue, and his place will be a hard one to fill.

The half-backs, Brown and Wheeler, present a singular contrast in their all-around play. Brown is best in offensive work. He clings to his interference while any part of it holds together, and he knows just when to leave it. Besides he is a hard man to bring down when once started, and is usually good for two or three yards after being tackled.

Wheeler, on the contrary, is best in open play. He does not stay with the interference so well as Brown, but he is an excellent runner, and has made some brilliant dashes after the interference was broken. He is a good tackler, too, and this shows up greatly in his favor. Brown's hard line bucking must also be taken into consideration, as it seems paradoxical for a man of his light weight.

Goeke gives great promise of developing into a first-class full-back. He is a poor runner, and his catching of punts is rather uncertain, but his line bucking and tackling are of a high order. He and Captain Casey were the strongest men on the team for remaining on their feet in a heavy rush. Goeke has punted well when-



ever called upon which, by the way, was very seldom; but his ability to advance the ball in a rush is the strongest feature. Rosenthal is omitted in the averages as he did not play on the Varsity the entire season. The relative weight and height of the Varsity with their averages, and stripped weight of each man follows:

WEIGHT	PLAYERS	POSITION	HEIGHT	AGE
160 lbs.	Mullen	R. E.	5 ft. 10 in.	21 yrs.
172 "	Kelly	R. T.	5 " 11½ "	19 "
173 "	Casey	R. G.	6 " - "	21 "
210 "	Gallagher	C.	6 " 2½ "	25 "
220 "	Cavanagh	L. G.	5 " 8 "	18 "
173 "	McCarthy	L. T.	6 " - "	22 "
172 "	Murphy	L. E.	5 " 10½ "	20 "
135 "	Walsh	Q. B.	5 " 6½ "	22 "
146 "	Brown	R. H.	5 " 8 "	19 "
160 "	Wheeler	L. H.	5 " 8 "	22 "
178 "	Goeke	F. B.	5 " 10 "	20 "
230 "	Rosenthal	—	6 " ½ "	20 "

Average weight of the rush line: 182½ lbs.

" " " " team: 172.

" height " " " 5 ft. 9¾ in.

" age " " " 20 years.

There have been plenty of good substitutes for the Varsity—men who could step in at any stage of the game and put up a hard, snappy fight; men who could give the Varsity a closer game than any played here this season, excepting that with the Light Artillery. These are the substitutes we should have at hand every year, for no one knows just when some one of them will force his way on the Varsity. They should be given a chance in the earlier games of the season, and not be reserved on the side-lines all the time. This year has shown the first class of really able substitutes, and it is hoped the good work will be kept up.

In the line, Rosenthal at centre, Chase and Corby at ends, and Nevius, Stace and Galen at tackles, have been particularly good. Rosenthal played centre for the first two games and put up a stiff quality of football. He has exhibited a spirit which it might be well for a good many of our athletes to emulate.

Chase came very near making the Varsity. Had he trained earnestly, he certainly would have made it; but he went about his work so carelessly at times that he would have been barred regardless of his playing merits. Corby plays for all that is in him; if he keeps it up next year he will stand an excellent chance for the Varsity. Nevius and Galen are both hard players and practice continually. Both tackle well.

Back of the line the substitutes—Wallace, quarter-back, Wensinger and Taylor half-backs, and Regan full-back—were very strong. Wensinger puts more vim into his work than the others, although Wallace comes very close to him. The latter, by the way, has few equals in tackling even on the Varsity. Regan runs low and hard, and tackles like a demon. Regulars and substitutes, '95 was a magnificent team and deserves all praise and honor.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

#### A Color-Study—Not in Oils.

THIS not an "old master," this canvas of mine,  
And its value, mayhap, is exceedingly small;  
Its charm is, I know, a bit hard to define,  
But to me, 'tis the dearest possession of all.

It is worn at the edges, and battered, and changed  
In a dozen, or more, unaccountable ways,  
For artists as many its tints have arranged,—  
With artists joint labor's the thing, nowadays.

Its "high lights" have vanished, its shadows are dark  
As the Care that presides at the Christmas "Exam"  
Its crimsons—my life-blood, permit the remark,  
Went into those crimsons; such art is not sham.

"Exhibitions?" well, yes—it has been "in the line"  
At ev'ry one held in a couple of years;  
And the critics—but that doesn't matter; its shrine  
Is my heart, till its last broken thread disappears.

'Have it cleaned and restored!' why each spot, sir, and stain  
Is unique, has a story.—If love could transmute  
Common stuffs into golden, no man would disdain  
My one battered canvas, my old football suit.

THE RIGHT GUARD.

#### Some of Our Exchanges.

NO one of our many exchanges holds a higher place in our appreciation than the organ of the pupils of St. Mary's Academy. The *Chimes* is a very ably conducted school magazine, and reflects great credit on the young ladies who use their leisure moments to show to outsiders by their efforts the very high class of training they receive in their school home, and the assiduity and success with which they turn it to account. Any number of the *Chimes* will convince the reader that the contents have been meditated on till sense and clearness are mastered; that they have been remodelled till the form they take is neat and pleasing; that they have been curbed and chastened till their tone is calm and natural. Yet there is no disagreeable trace of effort in matter, form or tone. To us it is agreeably surprising and stimulating to see the degree of merit that can be attained by students, if they have the will. In this garden of sweet blossoms the poetical flowers are, perhaps, the sweetest, and we will pluck one to grace our columns:

—"Soft, sweet and low, a cool breath brings  
The murmuring sound of mystic things,  
As if a cloud-hand swept the strings.  
The sun doth stretch across the West  
When daylight dies."

\* \*

The *Georgetown College Journal* celebrates the tercentenary of Tasso with two articles; one of which contains a sketch of his life, and the other a criticism of his "Jerusalem Delivered." The plot of the poem is similar to that of the

Iliad. Tasso's aim was, like Virgil's, to ennoble and purify the epic poetry of his language; in which attempt, however, he so hampered himself with rules that his genius, naturally fitted for romance, is forced. The siege and taking of Jerusalem is related with the license of romance; the heroes of the poem are not the historic figures connected with the episode, but knights of mediæval tradition. Thus not Godfrey de Bouillon is the real hero, but Conrad and Rinaldo, the story of whose doings forces the exploits of Godfrey into the background. Rinaldo is the Achilles of the Italian Iliad—one whose virtues we admire, while we almost condone his faults and follies. Tasso, as a Christian poet, dwells longer on the descriptions of the Crusaders than on those of their adversaries, and uses the latter as foils to set off the Christian warriors. Critics have condemned the heavenly machinery of the poem and its lack of tenderness and sentiment, against both of which attacks the *Journal* would defend it. There are in this essay signs of clumsiness which could have been avoided with care.

#### Personals.

—Mr. O. D. Fieldings, of Chicago, paid a short visit to the University during the week and at the same time entered his son as a student.

—Wm. M. Moss, of Bloomfield, Ind., Superintendent of the United States Indian Schools, visited his son Claude, of Carroll Hall, during the early part of last week.

—In a recent letter from Rev. Father Kilroy, D. D., of Stratford, Ont., he sends greetings to his hosts of sincere friends at the University. Father Kilroy is the oldest living graduate of Notre Dame, and he cherishes a warm affection for his *Alma Mater*. The SCHOLASTIC sends Christmas greetings to the venerable alumnus.

—Among our most welcome visitors of the past week were Marcellino Garga, Oscar Garga and Miss G. D. Garga, of Saltillo, Mexico, and Adolph Fera, of Mexico City. The party was on its way home from a trip to Europe, and stopped at the University to visit friends here.

—The Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., formerly Professor of Rhetoric in the University, was recently invited to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, for a lecture on John Boyle O'Reilly. Those who had the pleasure of hearing Father O'Neill on the same subject at Notre Dame will not be surprised to learn that the people of Charlottetown are enthusiastic over the earnestness and eloquence of the lecturer. There are cities in Canada, we presume, where people would not ordinarily care to hear all that Father O'Neill has to say of England and her treatment of O'Reilly, but that feeling disappears after the first few sentences.

#### Local Items.

—Classes will be resumed on Friday afternoon January 3. Students are requested to secure their bills of studies by that time and to attend the opening sessions in their departments.

—ENGLISH.—During the past week Doctor O'Malley lectured to the different classes on the Drama.

—Prof. Edwards received another consignment of books from McClurg's last week. Among them are all of Darwin's works, in eighteen volumes, and many other books, literary and scientific.

—The Reverend Messrs. Corbett and Houlihan have gone to Fort Wayne to be elevated to the priesthood. The ordinations will take place next Saturday. They will celebrate Mass for the first time on Christmas. Their many friends wish them years of fruitful labor in the ministry.

—The Minims opened their toboggan slide with a whoop last Sunday evening. It was a decided success, until the rain came on Wednesday and left it without snow. But the winter is not over, and the little fellows have faith in their prophet, who predicts snow soon, and much of it.

—The decorations surrounding the statue of St. Joseph in last Sunday's solemn celebration were the most beautiful that have ever been seen in the church. Banks of flowers and plants made the altar a bower of beauty, while myriads of lights shed a soft radiance over all. Many a fervent prayer was inspired by the sight.

—The light-fingered gentry of Sorin Hall have been committing numerous thefts from the reading-room for the past two months. And now some of the Christmas numbers of the magazines are missing. Hardly had they been placed on the tables when they were stolen. What these chaps need is the application of a strong boot and immediate expulsion from the society of gentlemen.

—Two large boxes containing an assortment of beautiful flowers, intended for decorating the altar, were received on the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Conception. There were chrysanthemums and roses and pinks in profusion, a large collection of the garden's choicest products. They came from Dayton, O., and were the gift of Mrs. G. Krug, one of Notre Dame's best friends. She has our thanks for her kindness.

—At a meeting of the Athletic Association last week, a committee of fifteen was appointed to draft a new constitution. Mr. Daniel P. Murphy was chosen to act as chairman. He divided the committee into sub-committees, each to work upon separate parts of the charter and to report on the 12th inst. The work was found

to be too great for any satisfactory report at such an early date, and the meeting was postponed until next term.

—Mr. Fera's competitive drawing for the *Northwestern Horseman* was one of the four submitted to the committee on award. It was pronounced the best in drawing, but as it did not include pictures of all the subjects treated in the paper it was not accepted. Although he entered into competition with the best artists in the West we are confident that, had Mr. Fera taken more time, his drawing would be the new heading of the *Horseman*. He had but two hours to give to it.

—The Minims enjoyed a stereopticon trip through Germany, Switzerland and Italy last Tuesday evening. Father A. Kirsch and Mr. Powers presided at the lantern, while Dr. O'Malley pointed out the places of interest in the different views. He was an excellent guide. After the journey, a visit was paid to funnyland, and roars of laughter greeted each picture. The audience then adjourned from the playhall to the reading-room, where refreshments were served. All spent a pleasant evening.

—The Rev. Patrick O'Brien, of Fremont, Ohio, while on a visit last week to the University, gave an interesting talk to the Minims. Father O'Brien has visited almost every habitable spot on the globe and is a close observer of men and things. In a delightfully chatty manner he touched upon those portions of his travels which he thought would interest the Minims most. For an hour the little fellows hung upon his words, and great was their regret to learn that the shortness of his visit would prevent his addressing them again.

—Not for several years was the skating so good as on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday of last week. The whole lake was free from snow, and the merry skaters roamed at will on its surface. With Wednesday, however, came rain, followed immediately by snow and frost, and the crust that was seen on Thursday was sad to behold. But all set resolutely to work, and enough space was soon cleared to have a good time. In the afternoon the Carroll boys played a game of shinny. Cave and Stearns were the captains. Cave's followers scored four goals to their opponents' nothing. The game lasted two hours.

—MILITARY DEPARTMENT.—The following promotions and assignments have been made and will take effect at once. In Co. A, Sergeant Finnerty was promoted to 1st Lieutenant; Sergeant Scott, to 2d Lieutenant; Sergeant Gilmartin, to 1st Sergeant; Cadet Pim, to 2d Sergeant; Cadet Nevius, to 3d Sergeant; Cadet Miller, to 4th Sergeant.

In Co. B. Cadet Loomis was promoted to 2d Lieutenant; Cadet Stearns, to 1st Sergeant; Cadet Meagher, to 2d Sergeant; Cadet A. Kasper, to 3d Sergeant; Cadet Welker, to 4th Sergeant, and Cadet Long, to 5th Sergeant.

—The following are some New Year resolutions:

MESSRS. MOTT and BARTON.—“To make the University Stock Company of '06 a model for succeeding years.”

MONAHAN (Carroll).—“To be a Philopatrian till I die.”

BRITZ.—“To forgive my enemies, including Fitz.”

DUCEY.—“To make Cripple Creek better known.”

GAUKLER.—“To teach Bryan pinochle.”

SANDERS.—“To get fat.”

FENNESSEY.—“To visit Scranton.”

ELMER MURPHY.—“To work.”

RAUCH.—“To keep out of the Infirmary.”

TINNIN.—“To get my balance sheet.”

MURPHY (Brownson).—“To cease scrapping.”

LOWERY.—“To wear proudly the crimson and white.”

JOE NAUGHTON.—“To boycott the barber.”

ZAHNLE.—“To cease to be joshed.”

LEACH.—“To grow.”

REGAN (Brownson).—“To learn more of the Roman emperors.”

KASPER.—“To explain why Regan didn't lock the gym.”

HINDLE.—“To publish the glories of the ‘Hardly Ables.’”

TENNESSEE.—“To get my picture taken.”

THE STAFF.—“To hand in our copy on Monday.”

SPILLARD.—“To return.”

MCDONALD.—“To be a fashion-plate no more.”

MERZ.—“To wake up.”

THE REPORTERS.—“To keep our eyes and ears open.”

#### SOCIETY NOTES.

ST. CECILIANS.—The last regular meeting of the St. Cecilians for this session was held on last Wednesday evening. Mr. Lowery recited “Parrhasius and the Captive,” in an able manner; Mr. Cornell gave an interesting reading; Mr. Franey delivered a declamation; Mr. Loomis read a short selection which was well received; Mr. Fennessey told an original story. The Reverend President then described a pathetic scene in the life of a French curé. Some minor business was then attended to, and the meeting closed.

COLUMBIANS.—Thursday evening's meeting was opened with humorous readings by Messrs. Finnerty and Ducey and a declamation by W. W. O'Brien. Then followed the debate: “Resolved, That Arctic explorations have justified their cost,”—affirmative, Messrs. H. Wurzer and A. Sammon; negative, L. Wurzer, and S. Anderson. The discussion was not so warm as on former occasions, possibly on account of the nature of the subject, which was decided in favor of the negative. Mr. L. Wurzer was absent, but his speech was ably delivered by Mr. Hennebry. After a few advisory remarks by the Rev. President as to future meetings, and two very brief vocal selections by Messrs. Harrison and Forbing, the society adjourned till January, 1896.

—TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The second regular meeting of the Carroll Branch of the Temperance Society was held December the 8th. Mr. Harry Weitzel read a forcible essay on Temperance; Mr. Cornell gave an excellent reading of “Mr. Traver's First Hunt,” by Richard Harding Davis; J. Naughton favored the members with a well-rendered declamation, and a mandolin solo was well played by Mr. J. Kuntz. Father Burns then spoke on the aim of the society. He told several anecdotes illustrating the evils

of intemperance. He also gave the results of his own observation on the number of those who had been injured by intemperance: the results were startling to say the least. All present were delighted with the talk, and hope that the Reverend gentleman will again favor the society with his interesting remarks.

ST. JOSEPH'S LITERARY SOCIETY.—The members of St. Joseph's Literary Society prepared a delightful surprise for their friends last Saturday evening. When those who were fortunate enough to secure invitations entered the play-hall, great was their astonishment to behold it tastefully decorated with bunting and flags and at one extremity a stage with footlights and a curtain bearing the papal arms. The exercises began at eight o'clock, and for an hour the audience listened with delight to the following programme:

Overture.....	Paul J. Ragan
Humorous Recitation—"The Irish Philosopher,"	G. Thurin
Drill.....	Frederick L. McDaniels
Dialogue { Bones.....	James Bennett
{ Tambo.....	Seraphim F. Bouwens
Banjo Solo.....	Thomas B. Reilly
Recitation—"Shipwrecked".....	J. Francis Corr
Song—"Anchored".....	Seraphim F. Bouwens
Declamation.....	James Bennett

## PART II.

## "THE HARVEST STORM."

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

*Cast of Characters.*

Andrew Radford, a supposed absconder.....	F. P. Dreher
Teddy Radford, Andrew's brother.....	J. Francis Corr
John Garner, an honest farmer.....	James I. Powers
Dick Darrell, young, but wicked.....	T. D. McCarthy
Mr. Lynx, a detective.....	Thomas J. Martin
Samuel Lexicon, compiler of a new dictionary,	McDaniels
Rags { tramps .....	F. L. McDaniel
Tags { .....	J. Sullivan
Barker { assistant detectives .....	J. E. McIntyre
Nibler { .....	George Thurin

The music was good: Mr. Ragan's overture was well executed; Mr. Reilly captivated the audience with the lively air on his banjo, and was called again to the front by prolonged applause. He gave as an *encore* one of those tunes that make an audience instinctively shuffle their feet: Mr. R. Palmer accompanied him on the guitar. In the song, Mr. Bouwens suffered by not having an accompanist. This was plain toward the end, when his voice failed to give full expression to the words. Mr. Corr admirably interpreted Coppée's poem. He brought out in full all the dramatic power of the piece, and by the control he has over his voice and his ease of gesture scored a complete success. The dialogue was irresistibly funny; no one could help laughing at the absurd recital and singing of Mr. Bouwens, who was ably assisted by Mr. Bennett. But that drill! How any one could make baton and musket perform the gyrations which Mr. F. McDaniels put them through was a mystery. He was loudly applauded. And then came the play, in which everyone set out to do his best and succeeded. Of course, there were crudities in the acting, and the drop-

curtain didn't always come down straight; but the audience overlooked these and showed their appreciation of the performance, and the actors felt that their labors were rewarded. The entertainment, as a whole, reflected great credit on the students of St. Joseph's Hall. To Bro. Alphonsus is due unstinted praise for the stage settings and properties.

## Roll of Honor.

## SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Barry, Bryan, Costello, Eyanson, Fagan, Gaukler, Lantry, Mulberger, Marmón, E. Murphy, Marr, McKee, McDonough, Palmer, Prichard, Pulskamp, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Steele, Stace, Weaver, Wilson.

## BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Britz, Barry, Ball, J. H. Browne, Brinker, J. W. Browne, Burke, E. Campbell, M. Campbell, Chase, Crilly, Cypher, Clendenin, Carney, Confer, Delaney, B. Daly, M. Daly, Dowd, Duperier, Eyanson, Finnerty, Foulks, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flannigan, Fox, Frazer, Fehr, Farrell, Goeke, Gibson, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, F. Hesse, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Haley, Hierholzer, Hennebry, Hindel, Hengen, J. Hesse, Henry, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Landa, Lindau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, H. Miller, Ill., Mathewson, R. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, McGinnis, McCarty, McCarrick, McHugh, McKenzie, McCormack, Niezer, Nevius, Naughton, R. O'Malley, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, Pietrzykowski, Piquette, Pulskamp, Phelps, G. Ryan, Rowan, Regan, Rauch, San Roman, Sammon, Smith Schemerhorn, Strauss, Steiner, Sanders, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Taylor, Tracy, Tinnen, Tuttle, Thiele, Wurzer, Walsh, Wallace, Wilson, Wigg, Ward, Wagner, Wensinger.

## CARROLL HALL.

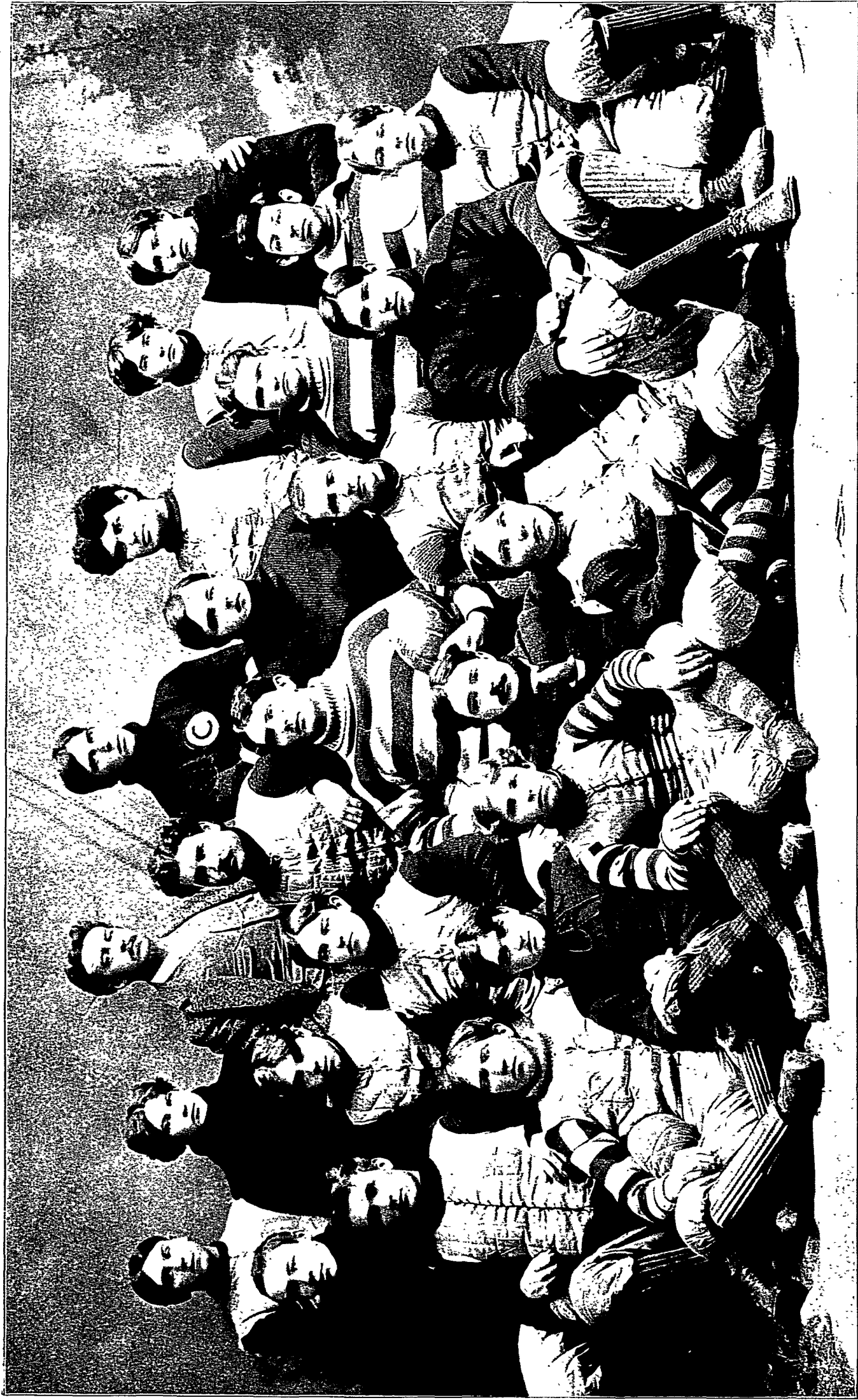
Messrs. Abrahams, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, J. Berry, Burns, G. Burke, E. Burke, Bump, Cottin, Cave, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Druiding, Erhart, Franey, Furher, Flynn, Fennessey, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gonzalez, Hermann, Hawkins,\* Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hanley, Hoban, Howard, Jelonak, Jonquet, Keeffe, Kay, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, Klein, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Krug, Kirk, Koehler, Landers, Lovett, Leach, Long, Langley, Lichtenwalter, Lowery, Land, Loomis, Moorhead, Moss, Meagher, Mohn, Monahan, Murray, Morris, Monarch, Merz, McNamara, McElroy, W. McNichols, F. McNichols, McCorry, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Malley, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Quandt, Rasche; E. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shiels, Smith, Scott, Schoenbein, Summers, Sheekey, W. Scherrer, J. Scherrer, Szybowicz, Schaack, Thams, Tescher, Tuohy, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Welker, Zehnle.

## ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abrahams, Allyn, Bloom, Blanchfield, Bul-lene, Bullen, F. Brissenden, R. Brissenden, Bergeron, C. Bode, F. Bode, Breslin, Cottin, Cotter, Campbell, Catchpole, Cressey, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Coquillard, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Elliott, Ernest, Ehrlich, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Fetter, A. Flynn, M. Flynn, Fielding, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Goff, H. Giffin, K. Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, J., Lawton, Lovell, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, Marshall, Manion, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Martin, Maher, McMaster, O'Loughlin, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Polk, Pyle, Plunket, Paul, Phillips, G. Quertimont, Quinlan, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Sontag, Spillard, Sexton, Swan, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Welsh, G. Weidman, F. Weidman, Weidner, Waite,







# THE NOTRE DAME 'VARSITY—1895.

- |                  |                   |                          |                            |                 |                 |                  |
|------------------|-------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| Louis G. Eyanon. | F. J. Wensinger.  | F. P. McManus (Manager). | H. G. Hadden (Coach).      | J. Rosenthal.   | A. S. Regan.    | Henry E. Taylor. |
| Albert J. Galen. | George W. Novius. | Edward Kelly.            | J. H. Gallagher.           | T. T. Cavanagh. | J. E. Corby.    | J. Davila.       |
| John Mullen.     | Robert J. Browne. | W. A. Walsh.             | Daniel V. Casey (Captain). | W. J. McCarthy. | John C. Murphy. | A. F. Chase.     |
|                  |                   | T. A. Wallace.           | L. C. Wheeler.             | J. M. Goeke.    |                 |                  |