

THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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In Wintry Days.

WHERE with parsley crest foaming the clover waves
flow

Cherry blooms wind-touched white flotsam strow,—
Margery smiled on me 'midmost the snow.

To find in her winsome face springtide I know,
That medlark comes liting where lent-lilies blow,
And with parsley crest foaming the clover waves flow.

In her coy blushing two June roses glow,
As out through her casement where frost ferns grow
Margery smiled on me 'midmost the snow.

Bewitched, I stumbled against the hedge-row,
Then Margery *laughed* at me 'midmost the snow,—
With parsley crest foaming no clover waves flow.

That medlark is naught but a practical crow!—
Hush!—Think of what happed three minutes ago.
Yes, with parsley crest foaming the clover waves flow,
Margery smiled on me 'midmost the snow.

An Unusual Christmas Eve.



ONE Christmas Eve the snow came through the motionless air with soft, steady hissing, and it turned to yellow in the flare from the shop windows on Alserstrasse in Vienna. The tram-way horses steamed as they stumbled along the white tracks, and the big town was hushed like a far city remembered. Hungarian and Bohemian soldiers, with thoughts at home, passed listlessly; Bosnians stalked out of the shadows, with snow white on their fezzes, and stolid wonder on their brown faces at the Christmas jollity of the Austro-Christian dogs about them.

At the head of Alserstrasse is St. Ann's Children's Hospital where the little ones of the poor are rescued from starvation and disease, or, what is better, given the grace to go from misery to rest with the avoidance of needless

pain. There is much unobtrusive charity in Vienna, true Christianity which the tourist does not see. This tourist is often without restraint himself, and he finds his level in certain quarters of Vienna; then he goes home to tell his friends piously that Vienna is a hopelessly wicked city. There are, nevertheless, churches an arrow-flight apart all over the capital, and on Sundays these are crowded from five o'clock in the morning until noon.

The Viennese ladies send vast wagon-loads of Christmas toys to St. Ann's Hospital yearly. That Christmas Eve the main ward had been made clear of beds. A few cots were left for those tiny people who were too weak or too young to sit up while they gazed in rapture more or less deep at the multitudinous glories of lighted tapers on the great Christmas tree.

The nuns glided about, quietly smiling. On low stools sat the children whispering ecstatically, pointing out to one another the treasures, too heartily delighted and wonder-stricken for noise. There were dolls there, big enough to be married, that had golden Saxon hair, and they could roll their eyes and cry like a wet kitten; there were herds of solemn kine from Nuremberg, which lowed as well as any cow in the empire and far more gently; four-storied doll-palaces furnished from turret to foundation-stone with marvellously disproportionate dishes and impossible furniture, and there were warm clothing and sensibly-strong shoes in which the youngsters took no interest.

Near me was a little maiden who had grown blind a few months before Christmas. She held her face upward, slanting after the manner of those who are in the dark, and the light fell upon it, and she laughed. In the soft Viennese dialect a small lass beside her was telling her of the stately dolls with "long yellow hair like princesses." The blind girl was silent.

"Ach, Mitzerl, siehst du ni't?" demanded her companion. Then she in the dark who would never see again laughed pitifully.

"Aber ne', I' seh' ni't!"—It was a joke that anyone should think she could see.

Three-year old Annerl, a waif from a slum in the outer town, her poor little head all swathed in bandages, sat crowing in absolute happiness upon the knee of the stately old "Imperial Professor Ordinarius," Herr Doktor Weinlecher, the children's surgeon. I have seen Annerl come toddling into the operating room while another child was "upon the table," and insist upon being taken up by one of the surgeons to be petted. She was obeyed.

In the place of honor was the great physician Widerhofer. The University Register called him, "K. k. o. ö. Professor Herr Hofrath Doktor Herman Freiherr v. Widerhofer," but in ordinary life he was a keen-eyed, quiet old man whose manner had grown very gentle from watching pain upon the faces of children during many years.

The last taper had been lighted, then through the chapel grill came the sound of the organ, and unseen nuns chanted a hymn to the *Krist-Kindchen*, and the blind girl's face was still lighted and Annerl listened silently through her bandages to the voices.

When the hymn was finished, a little girl went near the tree and began to recite verses in praises of Dr. Widerhofer: "Our dear Professor, honored Herr Baron." She was fading with consumption; her next Christmas would be spent in that city where He who said "Suffer the little children to come unto Me" would be in the place of honor. The old physician was not listening to the extravagant eulogy, he was watching the pale timid face. She was weak and nervous. "Bravo!" the doctor whispered, "I never heard a little girl recite so beautifully." Then he reached out quietly and his fingers slipped to her wrist to learn the pulse. He pushed a chair behind her and gently made her sit. Then he encouraged her to go on with the verses. If he stopped her she would think she had failed, and there was pain enough without that.

The poem was recited at last, and the distribution of the gifts to the breathless small people began. There was perfect joy. Finally, a procession of nuns came in carrying those children who were too ill to leave their cots. Some were dying, and their faces lay smileless against the nuns' shoulders, piteous, gray little faces on the white linen upon each Sister's breast. Their thin fingers clinched tightly on flaxen-haired dolls as older children cling in death to toys as worthless. Before leaving the hospital that

evening I went through the diphtheria ward. There was a small Christmas tree there, and on a cot one tiny body covered with a white cloth. In the very next bed knelt a four-year old boy with a tracheotomy-tube sticking out from his throat. He looked at me, pointed to the burning tapers, and laughed.

A. O'M.

The Three Marys.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

The relation of Mary Magdalen to St. Luke's nameless sinner and to Mary the sister of Martha has been a subject of much controversy. In France especially it received attention at the beginning of the sixteenth and the ending of the seventeenth centuries. Jacques Lefèvre, of Étampes, in 1516, tried to prove the three persons distinct from one another. He claimed that their characteristics were too dissimilar to admit of their presence in any one being. In 1815 the Bishop of Rochester "triumphantly refuted him." This did not end the dispute, but gave rise to two opinions, one claiming identity, the other denying it. It will be asked,—can the question be settled? It can, and in favor of the view held by Catholics. As for scriptural proof, I do not think it absolute. But we have solid evidence in the traditions and writings of the Fathers of the early Church.

In St. Luke (c. vii.) we read that while our Lord sat in the house of the Pharisee, a woman of the city came in and, standing behind Him, washed His feet with her tears, dried them with her hair, and anointed them with precious ointment. This took place at Naim. Now, St. John says (c. xi., 1. 2.) that "there was a certain man sick named Lazarus, of Bethania, of the town of Mary and of Martha her sister. And *Mary was she that anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped His feet with her hair*: whose brother Lazarus was sick." Then in (c. xii., 2. 3.) we read: "And they made Him a supper there, and Martha served; but Lazarus was one of them that were at table with Him. Mary, therefore, took a pound of ointment of right spikenard, of great price, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair." Those who oppose the identity of the three characters say that the first part of St. John's narrative (c. xi., 1, 2) refers to the second (c. xii., 2, 3). They make the aorist of the Greek text refer to future time.

This is the point upon which most of them base their argument. By no rule of syntax can the aorist ever indicate future time or action. Even though St. John wrote his narrative after the events had taken place, still the sentence, *Ἦν δὲ Μαρία ἀλείψα* (epic form for *ἤλειψα*) could in no way refer to the narration of Chapter XII. Why should he distinguish Mary in Chapter XI. at all, if he intends to relate her acts in the next few lines of the twelfth? The explanation evidently points to the past, and hence to the anointing at Naim.

We see that the anointing spoken of in St. Luke's seventh chapter is an entirely distinct act from that related in John's XIIth. The first took place in Naim, and the second in Bethany. But it is also seen that the agent in each case is the same. St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and Venerable Bede hold this to be true. In the first case we see the agent as a sinner; in the second a dear friend. At Naim, the sinner, in her first outburst of contrition, washes the feet of our Lord with her tears. At Bethany, nothing is used but ointment. It does not seem probable that two women would have thought of doing the same act in the same manner, and it is but natural that we should consider the agent as one and the same being. But, now that it is possible for the nameless sinner to be the sister of Martha, is it possible for the nameless sinner to be the Mary Magdalen spoken of in the Gospels. St. Luke says that certain women, who had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities, went with our Lord from town to town: that is on the way from Capharnaum to Jerusalem. He makes special mention of one, Mary Magdalen, out of whom seven devils had been cast. These women loved our Saviour; did not also the nameless sinner? If we examine human nature we must answer yes; for she too needed His presence as a safe-guard against temptation; this sinner loved much; whereas Magdalen's affections are not spoken of in Chapter VIII. Why then was she mentioned? Why did not St. Luke speak of some other woman? We can only reconcile these facts by identifying Magdalen with the nameless sinner. In so doing we can see a reason for the mention of her, and understand these passages of Holy Scripture. In a paper of this kind the subject cannot receive full attention; it can only be touched upon.

Another strange fact is that we find no mention of Mary of Bethany being present at the tomb of our Saviour. This is also the case

with the unknown sinner of St. Luke's Gospel. These women loved the Nazarene very much, this we know from Holy Writ; how is it, then, that Magdalen, whose affection for Jesus is not made known until His passion and death, was alone present of these three? Our Lord would have spoken of her great love before this, as he did in the case of the sinner at Naim, and Mary of Bethany. We can in no way explain this fact, but by making Magdalen the nameless sinner, and she in turn the sister of Martha. There are some who say: "But Martha was not present at the cross or tomb." This proves nothing. Can we say that Martha's love was as great as that of either of the other three? I think not.

Again, in reading the four Gospels, we notice that the three Marys are never found together at any one place. We know that Magdalen, and also the unknown sinner followed our Master from Capharnaum down to Jerusalem; and since Magdalen is given first place in the narrations of the Evangelists, why is she not spoken of at the house of Martha? One with her great love would never be found absent. And she was true to the last, "one of the immortal three who stood around our Hero, as He hung lifeless on His own standard." Why Mary of Bethany should alone receive mention at the supper spoken of by St. John is not clear, and cannot be, until we make the characters one. This do, and the story is plain. In Capharnaum we know the sinner as Magdalen, the beautiful one, haughty and proud. In Bethania we see the convert, the penitent, the lover, and we call her Mary of Bethany. As to their interior characters, there can be no question. Consider human nature, and you will find that anyone placed in Magdalen's position would have acted as she did. Indeed, the interior characters of the three women are in perfect accord with anyone placed in Magdalen's circumstances. But we may lay aside the much-disputed words of Scripture, and refer the question to the traditions of the Fathers and Doctors of the early Church.

In the second century, St. Clement identifies the three Marys. That he did so leads us to the belief that even at that early date the relations of the characters under notice were questioned. It was at a time, as we know from history, when paganism, laying aside the sword of persecution, used her art and literature in ridiculing, condemning, and attacking Christianity. Her philosophers hurled all their objections against her, and countless they were;

for every sentence of Holy Writ was read and re-read by Origen and Celsus and Porphyrius, who sought to make fools of all the Christians. Porphyrius, indeed, called the Old Testament a *forgery*, and the New a book of contradictions. In answering such men, the early Fathers were lucid and forcible, refuting all their objections clearly and triumphantly.

St. Clement was in a position to obtain the true facts of the case since there were then alive men and women who, not only knew, but were even near relatives of Magdalen. His word, then, should be taken as the most valuable. And no amount of negative assertions can equal, much less overthrow, his positive affirmations.

In all the succeeding centuries we have proof of the identity of the characters in the writings of Tertullian, Basil, Augustine, Gregory, and Bede. The traditions are true since they are "universal, ancient, and perpetuated by the Greeks and Latins alike." As the Church has every argument in her favor, and declares the unity of the three, we should believe. If we make three distinct persons of the characters, then one of the most touching and suggestive stories of Holy Writ will lose its beauty and its lesson. And a lesson it is, and one meant for us, since our Lord said: "Amen, I say to you, whosoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done shall be told for a memory of her."

"Tusitala—Teller of Tales."

GEORGE F. PULSKAMP, '96.

Great artists are rare in English literature; but when one does appear, the critics vie with one another in showing their appreciation of his good work. This century has produced a number of good writers, among whom Robert Louis Stevenson holds a prominent position. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in the year 1850, Louis showed at an early age a great love for literature. He himself has told us how he prepared himself for his literary career, and his example should inspire beginners with new courage. For years he went about with an English classic in one pocket and a pencil and paper in the other, and whenever he found a favorable opportunity, he would take out his pencil and paper, determined by untiring efforts to reproduce his model's style. When his

labors were crowned with success, he would change to another model and repeat the process.

Stevenson was known only to a limited reading circle until his psychological study under the title, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" won for him the admiration of the entire reading public. It is a story of a doctor who discovered a drug which could transform a man into another person entirely different in appearance and character, and a counteracting medicine which would restore him to his original personality. In either state the person was conscious of his actions done in the previous state.

Of Stevenson it may justly be said that he was master of English style. To appreciate fully the beauties of his style, a person should have had some experience in writing. Nevertheless an ordinarily observant person does not fail to note the clearness, simplicity and individuality of his language. His style is strictly his own.

Wherever Stevenson went, he made a study of the characters of the people, and he reproduced them as accurately as possible in his novels. His aim was to be true to nature. In "The Ebb Tide," he has given us striking examples of types peculiar to Oceanica. "Treasure Island" is an interesting story of the adventures of a party on a cruise in search of a certain island on which a great treasure had been buried by a captain of pirates. As it happened, a number of the persons that made up the party had formerly served under the captain who had buried the treasure; but none of them knew where the island was situated, nor on what part of the island the treasure lay hidden. The captain himself had drawn a map accurately describing the location of the island and also of the treasure. This map had come into the possession of one of the persons who went in search of the treasure. Sea life has been described by many different authors; but Stevenson holds the reader's attention by relating the story after his own fashion, by his strange characters and by skilfully inserting occurrences which give new color to the old story. "The Master of Ballantrae" is another novel written by Stevenson. The characters of this novel, as well as those of all of his novels, are intensely interesting.

When Stevenson was nearing the age at which the best work is expected from man, his health began to fail, and he was often forced to spend days and sometimes weeks in bed.

Still, this did not prevent him from following his chosen profession. Propped up with pillows and his books piled around him, he was continually making researches.

For some time Stevenson lived in New York. After he had spent a winter in the Adirondacks, he went to Monterey, California, and not long after, against the advice of his doctor and to the surprise of his friends, he embarked in company with his wife, his mother and his stepson for the South Sea. During the voyage, new life seemed to enter his frail body, and when the ship neared the Sandwich Islands, his health was restored. For a short time he lived in retirement by the sands of Waikiki, a suburb of Honolulu.

Stevenson left Hawaii and went to Samoa, where he finally made his home. There on that tropical island he purchased a half section of forest-clad plateau, ravine and mountain. The land lay three miles from Apia, and about seven hundred feet above the ocean level. It was covered by an unbroken forest when Stevenson and his party took possession of it; but a small place was soon cleared and a rough shanty built, in which the pioneer took up his quarters. Stevenson himself took active part in the work of felling and clearing, and after a few months of hard labor, he opened up his acres to cultivation. A new house soon took the place of the shanty and the new settlers enjoyed more comfort.

His leisure hours Stevenson spent in studying the language of the inhabitants and acquainting himself with their character. Through his kindness, he soon gained the love and respect of the natives, and afterwards he became known among them as "Tusitala"—teller of tales, and his house and land was called Vailima. To show their great love, the natives constructed a road reaching from Vailima to Apia, but Stevenson barely lived long enough to see the work completed. On December the 3d, 1894, death ended his beautiful life. His remains were buried upon Mount Vaea, not far from his house in Samoa. He has sung his own dirge in the following lines:

"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 sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

La Patrie des Hirondelles.

Hirondelles légères
Dans les cieux éclatants,
Vous êtes messagères
Du rapide printemps;
Car pour vous la patrie
Sera toujours, toujours,
Où la rose est fleurie,
Où naissent les beaux jours.

Pour retrouver la saison parfumé,
Qui donne aux bois d'harmonieux concerts,
Qui donne aux prés la marguerite aimée,
Vous traversez l'immensité des mers.

Quand vous venez, l'eglantier se reveille,
La brize est douce et le flot aplani;
Cueillant du miel on aperçoit l'abeille,
Sur un bouquet chaque oiseau fait son nid.

Mais de l'hiver voyez vous un nuage,
Vers d'autres bords dirigeant votre vol,
Vous emportez et les fleurs et l'ombrage,
Et le doux chant que dit le rossignol.

O blithe swallow, swift sailing
Through the blue vault so clear,
Spring's messenger unfailing,
Spring's messenger so dear;
Since for thee aye perfuming
Fair flowers thy home adorn,
Where the roses are blooming,
Where joyous days are born.

To seek again the time of sunny hours,
When all the woods with sounds harmonious ring,
When laugh the fields with daisies, much-lov'd flow'rs,
Thou o'er wide seas to us thy way dost wing.

The eglantine awakens at thy coming;
Soft breezes sigh and calm the waters rest;
In cowslip bells the bee lies cradled, humming;
Each bosket green conceals some shy bird's nest.

One winter cloud before the north wind fleeing,
To other shores directs thy flight each year;
Thou livest ever flow'rs and verdure seeing,
The nightingale's sweet song dost ever hear.

Antoinette and Marcia.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

"Soh! you want to hear one of Père Gerard's stories, do you? Well, chil'ren, I have no good, merry story to tell you to-day, but I will talk 'bout Marcia and Antoinette. You wish it? *Oui*; den you shall have it; here you are."

Such was the reply which old Père Gerard made to one of the endless requests which we used to make to him for stories. He was a

queer chap, this old Frenchman: cheerful and vivacious and with a love for France as strong as when he fought her wars in '71. He had come to America to be with his only brother, who died before Gerard arrived. So he settled down in our little town of Pembroke, where he pursued his trade of cobbler. His shop was always filled with children, and many were the tales he told us of the times and the men of Sunny France. I shall never forget the tale he told us that day. I give it now as Gerard told it, merely altering the spelling in some places to make it more intelligible.

"Well, you know I was a French tirailleur of ze 19th corps. My captain was Marcia Courvasseur. He was a fine young fellow, always acting like he was one of us himself. He live near Metz and was wed to a girl, beautiful, oh! so beautiful, named Antoinette. I was from Marcia's town, and often he talk to me 'bout Antoinette and how he hope ze war soon be over so he see her once more.

"Well, ze Prussians drive us back, and Metz fall in ze rascal German hands. Marcia was crazy. He was ze saddest man I ever see; always talking 'bout Antoinette and how he fraid zoze pig dog Germans treat her bad. Our corp was in ze big wood between Metz and Nancy, and we watch close to pick off ze Prussian picket dat was keen upon us.

"Now Antoinette, off in Metz, was treated pretty well 'cept dat a big devil of a Prussian general have he quarters in her house. Well one day Antoinette she hear dat General say how he going to attack our wood dat night 'bout midnight. So Antoinette she 'fraid we might get taken off watch and she tell a French soldier to go to Marcia and tell him 'bout ze attack. Dis man was a fellow dat Antoinette had nursed and hid, so he glad to find Marcia and get a chance to join he comrades, and fight against ze Prussians. Antoinette she give ze man ze locket Marcia had give her, and she steal a cloak from ze Prussian officer so ze man slip through ze lines.

"Marcia was in ze pit dat night. He was very merry and he keep he eyes on ze bushes to see if any German show he head. He had my rifle and was waiting for a shot, for he say he want to kill some Prussians too and not jus' watch ze killing. Well, he wait a while and he see a man pooking through ze bushes cross ze way. He lift he gun; he shoot, and ze man give one cry and drop dead.

"Now we men always take some token from ze man we shoot, so we tell who ze best shot in

ze company. So André ze corporal, he crawl cross to get ze captain's token, for we no let a good captain put himself so much to danger. André get back all right and jump into ze pit and say: 'Fine shot, captain, right through ze head. Pretty fellow too, with bright golden hair and blue eyes. Looks just like a woman.' "All Germans are women,' say Marcia, 'show me ze token.'

"André say: 'I took dis locket from he neck,' and he throw it to ze captain.

"I see Marcia stagger and almost fall, while he turn white like ze snow. Den with no more words he look at the locket again and pulling out his pistol blow out he brain.

"Ze locket fall at my feet, and den I pick it up and understand all. It was Marcia's picture; and from it and André's talk 'bout ze womanish face of ze man, Marcia know he have killed he own wife.

"Well this make me very sad, and all through ze war I grieve 'bout my captain and he pretty wife.

"I serve till ze peace come again, and when I go back home, I meet first one Antoinette. Now I have made promise that I keep Marcia safe if I could, so she step to me and say: 'Gerard, where Marcia'?

"I think Antoinette long since dead, and I so scared and surprise I blurt out like one grand fool: 'Don't you know he long go dead; he think he kill you and shoot himself.'

"Den I curse myself for ze fool I was, for she fall down dead fainted, and when she come to she was mad. I learn about ze locket from her mother, and I grieve now over Marcia's mistake.

"Dats all; run home now, chil'ren, dere's ze Angelus bell. You miss your supper."

Up Vesuvius on Horseback.

ARTHUR H. GAUKLER, '97.

It was April, and Naples was flooded with sunshine, but I was eager to see all of Italy, so I took the morning train to the long-buried city of Pompeii. The car which I chanced to enter was filled with a cosmopolitan crowd of tourists. All appeared to be bound for the same destination; all were bent on seeing the ancient city, or determined to explore the crater of its great conqueror, Vesuvius.

My attention was drawn to four portly gentlemen, German physicians, as I afterwards

learned, from Berlin, out for a holiday. From their conversation I learned that they were to attempt the ascent of Vesuvius. This was interesting news to me, and I soon made arrangements to go up with them. We found numerous guides on the train; but after testing the linguistic abilities of all of them, we finally chose as our cicerone a rather young Neapolitan who seemed old in the ways of guides.

He was a loquacious fellow, a reveller in words, but he was sadly handicapped by our appalling ignorance of his native tongue. He had a smattering of German, and just a trifle less of English. He explained to us as well as he could what a pleasant journey he would make of the ascent. He contrived to put an immense amount of dramatic fervor into the simplest German phrase, and ended eloquently with a long drawn out *yah—wohl*. To demonstrate his perfect knowledge of the English, he turned his great black eyes upon me, and triumphantly sputtered: "Yas, meester, dat so." His gesticulations were distinctly pyrotechnic; but whether he told an unheard-of tale of some wild caprice that Vesuvius had undertaken to perform, or explained the peculiar way in which macaroni is made, they were always of the same unchangeable brand and pattern.

In a burst of German eloquence and a spasm of still worse English, he derided the idea of ascending Vesuvius by way of the Funicular railway. Then he vividly pictured to us the delights of making the journey on horseback. His appeals were irresistible, and when the train came to a halt at Pompeii, we had decided to reach the summit in the manner of other days. We waited at the *Hotel del Sole* while our Neapolitan bargained for our steeds. From the hotel the rugged old mountain could be seen to splendid advantage.

The volcano seemed to be unusually quiet. Tiny spirals of smoke were lazily floating from the opening in its crest to the clouds. The smoke came in fits and starts. Sometimes it gushed forth in intensely black clouds, and again, it would hardly be visible. A little bribe, in the form of a package of cigarettes, sufficed to gain the good will of the guide. He very naturally promised to give me the best horse. Whereupon he pointed out the boniest animal of the six, and remarked that he was the horse assigned to me. I was taken rather aback, but decided not to quarrel with him.

Eagerly I clambered into the saddle; but hardly were my feet in the stirrups when away plunged my mount, tearing down the road in

the opposite direction from that we were to take. Since that wild dash I can appreciate the pathos of John Gilpin's famous ride. I clung to the saddle in terror of my life. Then I tugged vigorously at the reins, but found the animal had no bit in its mouth. My next endeavor to stop the tireless beast in his course was to yell: "Whoa! whoa!" But Italian ponies no more understand this sort of phraseology than do German ponies French oaths. We clattered down the main street of a village. People rushed to the right, the left, anywhere, to get out of the way of my wild Bucephalus. My hat was gone long since; where it is now the gods of the Pompeians perhaps can tell.

On I bumped, breathless, for two long miles, till finally an urchin trilled out something that sounded like "pr-r-r-r-t," and the well-trained animal stopped placidly in his tracks. It did not take much pumping to find out that the Italian equivalent for "Whoa!" was that same "Pr-r-r-r-t!" It was quite unnecessary to learn what was the Neapolitan for "get up," Italian ponies know that by instinct. A half hour later I rejoined five irate gentlemen. When they saw the peasant hat I was wearing, and heard the story, their ire was quickly changed to mirth. But my little steed soon forged ahead, and the Berlinesse physicians had hard work to keep within hailing distance of us.

The path up Vesuvius, at least to that part known as the upper cone, is made of fine particles of lava, coarser than sand. It is marvellous to see how the ponies make their way through these paths. Even at the steepest places they go along at a stiff pace. They often sink knee-deep in the lava, but extricate themselves with wonderful agility. They need no coaching to urge them forward, and are no less impatient to reach their goal than are their riders. Midway up the mountain is a restaurant. All travellers are supposed to stop here to give their horses a breathing spell. We cool our parched throats with draughts of home-made wine of not too fragrant a bouquet, while the hostlers care for the steeds. A ten-minutes rest, and up go the sturdy little steeds once more for the final assault on the crater. A short ride from the inn brings us out upon a spur of the mountain, from which an admirable view of Naples and its splendid harbor may be had. The city nestles cosily at the foot of the mountain. The harbor, deemed the finest in the world, well deserves its title. On the seaward side is a chain of volcanic islands, chief among which is the famous Isle of Capri. They stand

forth in noble profile, and are as so many great, cold, massive stones, on which the sea breaks in sullen anger. In the harbor itself the scene is a lively one. Quaint little excursion boats puff their way briskly to and fro. The larger ocean-going vessels either lie quietly at anchor or are about to be moored at their docks; others are moving down the bay, bound for some distant port. Various rigged sailing crafts with antique sails also claim notice.

The landscape itself is a precious bit of scenery. The misty grey of Vesuvius makes a delightful contrast with the rich green of the cypress, the magnolia, the olive and the palm trees down in the valley. The deep blue of the Mediterranean gives an exhilarating color-tone to the whole—an effect that is deepened and emphasized by the pure azure of the sky.

The guides hearty "On!" aroused us from the reverie into which we had all fallen, and we once more urged our steeds upward. At each step the way became more difficult. The poor horses could go no further. We had arrived at the upper cone. For a stretch of a hundred yards, the fine lava is so deep as to be almost impassable. Progress was extremely laborious, and we had almost given up in despair.

At this point several Italians appeared with litters. They offered to carry us up for a few *livré*; but we had been warned in Naples to have nothing to do with them. It seems that they make a business of carrying tourists up the cone to the crater. They name a sum for which they will carry you to the top. After they have covered a quarter of the distance up they will say: "Ah! you are not paying me enough; you must pay me more, or I will carry you no further." If you agree to give them more their demands increase. When they are half way up, and the rumbling noise of the crater can be heard, they will again very politely inform you that unless you pay so much, they will neither carry you up nor down, but allow you to sit on the large lumps of lava. This is not a very pleasant predicament for a weak man to be in.

There were, however, others with handily rigged straps, with which they pulled pedestrians up. My portly friends were the first to succumb, and it was not long ere we were all being lugged up bodily by the peasants. The latter placed the straps over their shoulders, and the remainder of our task consisted in complacently lifting our feet to be pulled up. It was very good sport, though not exactly comfortable.

We were almost stifled by volumes of sulphurous smoke when once we were near the crater. The earth or lava on which we were standing was so hot as to utterly ruin our shoes. When we finally got to the brink of the crater, our great expectations for the moment dwindled to sad disappointment. To be sure, there was a rumble and a roar as of distant artillery; but the great volumes of smoke not only suffocated us, but also obscured the view. The assurances of the guide encouraged us. In a few minutes, the smoke from the previous explosion had passed away. Then came a roar and an explosion that shook the entire mountain. Fiery rocks were cast high in the air. The spectators trembled with fear. Then the whole interior of the crater, just as the smoke of the previous explosion had cleared away, was for an instant lit up by such a play of colors as would have been the supreme delight and despair of a painter's life.

Explosion followed explosion. Our excitement was at its highest pitch. We would fain have remained, and watch the volcano play, but the guide convinced us of the danger, and reluctantly we prepared to descend. The story of the journey downward need not be told. My bony Bucephalus was gentle as a lamb, and it was well for me that he was. With torn clothing and tattered shoes, aching in every joint and muscle, and weary unto death, we pounded down the steep incline, and made our way to our hotel, there to find relief in clean linen and rest for our tired limbs.

Books and Magazines.

—We have received a copy of the second number of the *Hibernian Magazine*, a new venture among Catholic monthly publications. Coming from Seneca Falls, N. Y., in the interest of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, it bids fair to gain a position of powerful influence. It contains much that is interesting and much that is profitable. It is neatly arranged, and throughout its hundred and forty pages there are scattered excellent illustrations. The literary matter is certainly a credit to the editor and authors. In the present number there is an article, brief but comprehensive, from the pen of Rev. L. A. Lambert on the "Early Peopling of Hibernia." The fields of poetry and fiction in the *Hibernian* present a very respectable appearance. With our congratula-

tions, we offer this ambitious fledgeling our best wishes for a successful career.

—Among the periodicals reaching our sanctum is the *Student's Journal* from New York, the official organ of Graham Standard Phonography. In its pages the principles of this justly popular system are defended. In both speed and legibility, Graham Phonography has for many years held a high rank, and we are pleased to note its growing popularity.

—The *Musical Record* begins the New Year well. Its prose articles have a *cantabile* quality that makes them very readable, and its musical numbers are fully up to the standard set by previous issues. In the present number Benj. F. Stevens has an answer to the question, "What Constitutes Success in a Public Singer?" He proves conclusively that, besides the fundamental quality—the possession of a voice pure and rich in tone—a ready sympathy and intense susceptibility to every phase of feeling, nervous force and imagination to supply creative power and poetic conception, and enough dramatic instinct to render the meaning of the music and the text, are absolutely necessary to assure success. Among the other articles "How to Develop Musical Feeling in Piano Pupils," "The Value of Duet-Playing" and "Madame Patti on the Voice" are highly instructive.

—The December number of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* is full of things good and useful. There are able articles on art, science, literature, history and theology. "The Vocal Interpretation of Literature" is a very clever paper. The author says "no person need hope to become a great reader without a deep and sympathetic study of literature, nor a great interpreter of literature—that is a great teacher of literature—without the vocal capabilities requisite for voicing the indefinite or spiritual element, which constitutes the soul of an art product." "A Blighted Life" is a strong story. The notes on current history and opinion are bright and to the point. This department, especially, has become something to be looked for. Altogether, the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* is a magazine of more than ordinary interest, and the student can not fail to profit much by its perusal.

—Three Keys to the "Camera Della Segnatura" of the Vatican, Rome, by Eliza Allen Starr, is, as its name implies, a work on Raphael's frescoes on the ceiling of the famous Chamber of Signatures. The historical impersonations in The Dispute, Parnassus and the

School of Athens and Jurisprudence, are interpreted by three keys, the only ones as yet that have been formulated upon them. The text is printed with wide margins upon heavy American hand-made Deckle edge paper. The work is cloth bound, with title and vignette of Raphael stamped in heavy gold. Published by the author, 229 Huron St., Chicago.

—The series known as Longmans' English Classics is, in every respect, a modern edition. The eighth number, containing "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus" and "Lycidas," and edited by Wm. E. Trent, of the University of the South, is as excellent as any edition of the works we have seen. Mr. Trent has obviously become acquainted with faults of the general method of teaching the English Classics. Dates and points of etymological research are only advisable to a very limited extent; and it is pleasing to state that Mr. Trent, both in his introductions to the four poems and in his notes to them, has occupied his space to much better advantage. When he makes a lengthy comment he avoids mere historical grammar, and gives, instead, information that will enable the pupil to form a just estimate of the category and relative standing of the works. The notes are numerous; but none are unnecessary for one who wishes to become thoroughly acquainted with the poems and the spirit of the poet. Bound in a brown-gray cover, the volume presents a very pleasing appearance. (Longmans, New York. Price, \$1.00.)

—The way of the scholiast, like that of the traditional sinner, is hard. He has two classes of readers to please—the one that is clever, the other that is not. The former will be insulted by profuse annotation, for they love to run as they read; the latter will take umbrage at sparing annotation, for it necessitates frequent recourse to books of reference. In fact, so difficult is it to hold the *via media* that annotation may be called one of the gentle arts of making enemies. No small credit is due, therefore, to Prof. Crosswell who has recently edited Macaulay's "Essay on Milton" in such a masterly manner. We believe he has succeeded in pleasing both parties; for his notes are helpful and to the point. He never forgets that the text is of vastly more importance than the notes, and hence avoids those learned digressions which lead nowhere but to profanity. The "Essay" forms the sixth volume in "Longmans' English Classics," and is uniform in binding and workmanship with Scott's "Woodstock," reviewed in a previous issue.

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ANDREW SAMMON,	
JOHN F. FENNESSEY,	

—It is with something very like regret that we give up the notion of a war with England. It would have made possible so many picturesque exploits; and, among other things, it might have given an occupation to the baker's dozen of canvas-clad heroes who were strong and clever and lucky enough to make places on the All America team. For it would be a very simple matter, before the first battle and after a careful consideration of the precedents furnished by Roland and Oliver, the Horatii, and divers other quasi-historical personages, to arrange a game of football between representatives of the two armies, the victory to be final. It would be no empty honor to "sub" on that team, and the wild joy of plunging through the line for ten yards, in such a game, would be worth broken arms or sprained ankles in pairs. And the rooters! the national yells that would be invented and exploded on the spot! and the triumphal home-coming of the American team! For we would win—easily—it's a way we have, you know, in athletic contests. Senator Lodge and the New York *Sun* are doing a great and noble work,—the "jingo" is the only true patriot, and that tail hasn't half enough kinks in it!

—When will our Catholic publishers learn wisdom, and give us books worthy of the name? The great printing-houses of America have blazed broadly the way for them; but they cling to the cloth that is English only in the advertisements, the antiquated borders which have the look of heirlooms, and the grey, "filled" paper, the gaudy cover-stamps and the cheap gilding that are the characteristics of "Catholic" books and "reduced" duodecimos. The day of the "illustrated" "Fabiolas," and others of that ilk is gone, and Catholics who have the misfortune to be book-lovers watch the annunciation lists of secular firms or wait for English editions. If Thomas Mosher, of Portland, Maine, can make dainty volumes on hand-made paper, and sell limited editions of them for one dollar per volume, why cannot our Catholic publishers do likewise? There would be a great demand for such books, and if we have them not, it is clearly the fault of the book-makers.

And so with books of all sorts,—we have taken the gift-books as our text, because it is usually a more flagrant violation of all the laws of good taste than the ordinary volume of essays or historical studies. Book-making is no longer a hap-hazard business, it is an art and a science; And the Catholic publisher who is first to recognize the fact has a wide field before him; much honor and more money await him.

—Alfred Austin, it is safe to say, will be the last of the English Laureates. It is not easy for the average American to understand why the Queen passed by Swinburne, Patmore, Aubrey de Vere, or even Rudyard Kipling, and hit upon a man who is a critic rather than a creator, a poet whose chief claim to consideration is a book of prose essays. If the Laureateship is purely an honorary office, and its conferring means the recognition of a poet as the chiefest singer of his day, Lord Salisbury has made an astounding blunder. But if the Queen really feels that she needs a court troubadour to sing the royal marriages and births and deaths, the absurdity of her choice is not so apparent. Austin Dobson's lyrics, it is true, are more tender and graceful, and Andrew Lang's verses more polished than those of the new Laureate, but still Mr. Austin can do very decent stanzas to her order.

It is a pity, though,—the greatest of pities—that the laurel which Wordsworth wore and Tennyson made glorious, should be bestowed, as the reward for services rendered, upon the least

of half a dozen English poets. Swinburne should have had it, in spite of his early follies and his later eccentricities; Coventry Patmore could wear it with dignity; and Aubrey de Vere would have kept undimmed the green radiance of its bays. Even William Morris, for all his socialistic tendencies, is none the less a great artist; and art, not economic theories, should be the basis for the award. Rudyard Kipling would have made a great Laureate, for his verse is the strongest and most virile of the day, and his battle-songs, in the event of a war with England, would be more to be dreaded than the hereditary discipline of Tommy Atkins. These are England's poets, who need not governmental sanction to write the songs of their country. Not that Mr. Austin has not written lyrics that are really poetry; he is only less than his masters. After Dryden, Wordsworth and Tennyson, he is the greatest of the laureates,—but, as a whole, they were a rather bad lot. The pious hope that the "touch of the laurel" might inspire Mr. Austin is discredited already. His one "official" poem is an intensely respectable but weak appeal for peace between England and America. His glorification of the Jameson raid will hardly be acknowledged, at present, by the Ministry; and if Lord Salisbury reads it, he may hesitate, even when the war-clouds have vanished and the only question is of its merits, to send it to the Queen. Meanwhile, our literary friends across the water might adopt an American motto, and try to keep the Laureateship out of politics.

—The *Bachelor of Arts* was wildly gay during the holidays and none saw fit to reprove him; but we confess that we like him better in his saner moments, when the holiday spirit has rioted itself out in his veins. The January number is not a book of stories, it is something much better. Readers of the *Bachelor* will remember Mr. Corbin's paper on the experiences of an American athlete in England, and they will be glad to hear the other side of the question. J. S. Horan, the captain of the Cambridge-Oxford track team that went down before the Blue of Yale last autumn, has much to say about American weather and even more about American courtesy and sportsmanship. There is a sort of freemasonry between the college men of all lands, and it is a very pleasant thing to know that the English athletes have in their hearts nothing but kindly feelings for their Yankee conquerors. James L. Ford, of

"Literary Shop" fame, follows Mr. Horan with an essay "Concerning Humor." Mr. Ford may fairly lay claim to the title of "expert in satire," and the editors of our comic weeklies could find food for thought in his stinging paragraphs. The "Society" in college life receives not a little attention. Jesse Lynch Williams makes it clear why they have clubs instead of fraternities at Princeton, and Lloyd McKim Garrison gives us an insight into the workings and playings of Harvard's famous "Hasty Pudding." Marion Wells Miller pleads for the revival of "Debate in American Colleges," and suggests a national intercollegiate contest yearly at Washington. The *Bachelor's* stories are not always of the best, but Pauline Bradford Mackie's pathetic little drama, "The Professor's Holiday," is told with fine art; and Ralph Graham Taber's "The Hegira of Gabe Freer" is interesting despite its clumsiness of construction and poverty of plot. Martin's "Comments on University News" are as clever as usual, and Walter Camp is always a prophet in matters athletic. The "Editorial Notes" are dignified and thoughtful and models of their kind. The *Bachelor* increases in interest with every number, and it is the best loved of the monthlies that come to our table.

—*Harper's* for January is a rare good magazine. The Napoleon cult is on the wane, and Washington bids fair to be the popular hero of the year; and Woodrow Wilson's charming study of the Virginia of the eighteenth century, "In Washington's Day," will do much to realize for our hero-worshippers the atmosphere of the time. In Howard Pyle, who has taken the colonial period as his province in art, Mr. Wilson finds a sympathetic illustrator, and picture and text are parts of a perfect whole. Peale's portrait of Washington, painted in 1772, faces the title page. There is a fine flavor of daring and quiet strength to Casper Whitney's account of his trip "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds." Few men would have ventured to press on alone into the Canadian wilderness as he did, and the telling of it quickens sluggish blood. Of the other serials, William Black's "Briseis" is something of a disappointment—the movement is decidedly slow, and there is a suspicion of padding about it; but Poultney Bigelow's the "German Struggle for Liberty" grows more interesting with each new chapter. Körner and the other warrior minstrels of '13 are given not a little of the credit of rousing

Germany against Napoleon; but they deserve it. "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" are racy of the soil—American soil; for the hand of Mark Twain becomes more evident at each new stage of the game. Of short stories there are three—Julian Ralph's "Miss Pi," a Chinese fairy-tale; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "Twenty-four: Four," a story of the telephone, spiritualism and the ways of missing husbands; and J. J. Eakins' "The Courtship of Colonel Bill," a tale of two lovers and some horses of the Blue Grass Region. A paper on the United States Military Academy, by T. R. Lounsbury, and one on London's underground railways, by Elizabeth Robbins Pennell, are the other features of the number. The departments are unusually good, and *Harper's* for January has no taint of the usual after-Christmas tameness.

Exchanges.

Many of our Christmas exchanges have put on their best holiday dress to be in keeping with the festive spirit of the season. No other occasion is so fit as Christmas for such a show, and at no other time is it more expected or does the better appearance of another excite less envy, or is it more easily forgiven. The editors of some of our exchanges are to be congratulated for the tasteful ingenuity which was displayed in the covers of their Christmas numbers. Those that have especially attracted our attention for neatness and propriety of design are the following: *Leaflets from Loretto* in white and purple with a simple and effective border; *The Owl* in soft gray and dark green, with the wise bird on the solitary branch, watching the sleeping world by the light of the crescent moon, and seemingly well pleased with the soft illumination that surrounds her; the *Fordham Monthly* in white and green, with an escutcheon bordered with scrolls, and bearing the Christmas greeting; four angels, carrying the A. M. D. G., support the corners of the escutcheon, while below is the bird of Pallas clutching the victorious palm, to which is attached the motto the *Monthly* so justly bears—*Decori decus addit avito*; the *Dial* in white and gold; the *Victorian* in cream and crimson, with the accompaniments of the season artistically portrayed; the *Round Table* in white and gold, with icy letters and medallion of a lovely maiden whose locks are wreathed with gold-tinged clouds; the *Abbey Student* in blue and

gold very prettily arranged; the *King's College Record* in blue and gold with neat, simple border; *St. John's University Record* in pink, green and gold very tastily blended together; *Res Academicæ* in red and white; *St. Vincent's Journal* in white, blue and red, skilfully arranged to make a pleasing effect, and the *Villanova Monthly* in white and blue with a pretty border and band.

Leaflets from Loretto shows a decided improvement on the preceding numbers of this year. The present number has a great variety of contributions which make very pleasant reading, and there are only a few traces of carelessness in grammar or in thought. "Yule Tide and Electric Lights" is a creditable essay, full of animation and cleverness in describing the knick-knacks to be seen in shop windows on Christmas Eve. "The Sun-flower" is a pretty poem, noticeable for fancy and ease in numbers.

The managers of the *Dial* conceived the happy idea of offering prizes for Christmas contributions in verse and prose. It produced an enthusiasm, the results of which make the present number of the *Dial* very attractive. From a goodly number of capital contributions we will select one. "At the Eleventh Hour" is an effort which, taken as a whole, any student of any college might be proud to own. It is especially well written, and, considered from the writer's standpoint, ably planned and carefully worked out. According to our manner of thinking, however, there are in the story some improbabilities. We do not think that the Russian nihilist was in existence in the days of Peter the Great. Even if he were, it is unaccountable how, with all the well-known Russian vigilance, Kharkov, "of all the socialists the most powerful, fearless and dreaded," should be allowed the freedom of a state ball. The captain of the guard *parries* and thrusts with remarkable precision in that *dark* passage. It is strange that none of the councillors should have come to the assistance of the captain in that unequal fight. His long run down the streets of Moscow, with a bloody forehead, and his two assailants at his heels, attracted not even the attention of the palace guards or of the city watchmen. It is unlikely that an exhausted and dying man should keep up a conversation for hours, as the captain does with the old priest. These are the thoughts that occurred to us while reading the story, and we give them for what they are worth.

Among our exchanges, the *Owl* bears the nearest resemblance to the solidity and dignity of the magazine. It is true that many of its articles are written by former students, most of whom left the University of Ottawo years ago; but this does not stand against the *Owl*; rather, it is a point on which the paper may pride itself, as it is a proof of the hold—unfortunately very rare among college papers—it still has on the affections of those who contributed to it in their college days, whose recollections of those times are too pleasing to be forgotten, whose zeal for the honor of their college paper was then too deeply implanted to be uprooted now. Every number of the *Owl*, however, has a large quota of articles from actual students, whose contributions show an ease and thoroughness almost equal to those of the older writers. The Christmas number, especially, is distinguished by the number and merit of the articles of the undergraduates. Among them is one of the best criticisms and *résumés* we have read of "Enoch Arden." The only fault, if such it can be called, we find is that the author forgot to show how the first nine lines express the unity of thought and feeling of the poem, as the objects therein mentioned are those that pervade the poem; to touch on the puritanical spirit which is one of its characteristics, as seen in the description of the village and the sentiments of the personages, but especially in their omens, prophecies and superstitions; to contrast the characters of Enoch and Philip, the most prominent single feature in the poem; and to notice that perfection of art, which hides art, with which the simple character of the poem is sustained throughout, and which Tennyson, perhaps, never again reached.

Personals.

—John D. Sievers (Com'l '93) is filling a trusty position in the Bank of Dennison, Iowa.

—Arthur Nester (student '92) is assistant sales agent for the Lac La Belle Company, Munising, Michigan.

—Henry Quan (student '75) is a member of the firm of W. J. Quan & Co. Wholesale Grocers, 49 and 51 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

—Frank Vurpillat (LL. B. '91 and Lit. B. '92), of Winamac, Ind., has a good law practice and is married. He is already making himself felt as a force in politics as well as at the bar.

—Louis Hermann (LL. B. '91), of Granville, is a member of the firm of Myers & Hermann.

He has a large and lucrative practice, and is looked upon as one of Granville's coming men.

—Will Letcher (student '83-'85), of Kansas City, Mo., paid a short visit to his friends at the University during the week. Mr. Letcher represents the Studebaker Manufacturing Co. in Kansas City.

—Edward Muessel (student '70), with his brother Adolph J. (student '87), are connected with the Muessel Brewing Co. of South Bend, Ind. Ed has lately moved to town to attend to his interests in the Wholesale Wine House of Mohn & Co.

—J. Sylvester Hummer (LL. B. and Litt. B. '91) is another very successful young man. He is also making for himself a name at the Chicago bar. He won the gold medal for oratory at the University in '91, and he still has the reputation of being a first-class talker. He is ambitious, and is certain to be well known in public life.

—Hugo Charles Rothert (B. S., C. E., '87) is the latest of the "old boys" to go over to the ranks of the benedicts. He was married on Tuesday the 14th to Miss Alice Katharine Kempf, of Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. and Mrs. Rothert will reside in Huntingburg, Indiana, where the groom has built up for himself a huge business as a wholesale tobacconist. The SCHOLASTIC wishes the young couple unbounded prosperity and many years of wedded bliss.

—Arthur and Clarence Corry, whose friends at Notre Dame are legion, are making courses in Mining Engineering at the State School of Mines, Golden, Colorado. Art is very near the head of his class, and Clarence, who did much for the Gold and Blue in the autumn of '94, was the crack half-back last fall of the Golden team, the second of the college teams of the middle West. In the class-room and on the campus, Notre Dame seems to be holding her own.

—Few young men have had such wonderful success as Hugh O'Neill (LL. B. '91, Litt. B. and LL. M. '92). His star is in the ascendant. Although only three years out of the University he has made for himself a place at the Chicago bar. His rise has been so rapid that even his most sanguine friends are surprised. Zealous and untiring in everything he touches, he reflects credit on his *Alma Mater*; and if he only husbands his strength he is destined to make for himself a great name.

—The SCHOLASTIC's aim is the making of essayists and poets, and it is something of a disappointment to us to know that two of the Staff of '93-'94 have forgotten the traditions of the sanctum and learned to love the glare of the foot-lights. Frost Thorne and Hugh O'Donnell are the recreants, and those who saw them in "Gismonda," during the holidays, aver that there is little chance of their going back to English. Much as we deplore the fact, we wish them both *encores* innumerable and the success that comes of patient effort and high aims.

Local Items.

—Skating is at present the chief amusement of the rec. hours.

—Several sleigh-rides have been planned by different societies, but—

—The first regular meeting of the St. Cecilians and the Philopatrians for this session will be held next Wednesday evening.

—The calendars issued from the University office are smaller than those of last year. In design they are a bit prettier. A large number of them were mailed during the holidays.

—Mr. Charles Cullen, and Mr. William Hindel are home from Notre Dame University for the holidays.—*The Indianapolis Woman, Dec. 21.*

"Hardly Ables," look to your chief!

—B. (*to M., who was squeezing a lemon with his fingers*): "That's a splendid lemon-squeezer. Did you get it for a Christmas present?"

M. (*promptly*): "No; I got it for a birthday present."

—A game of basket-ball, played between Carroll and Brownson Halls, resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 5-0. Baskets were thrown by Flynn, Naughton, Cornell, Fennessey (2)

—The Class of '96 is preparing a programme for Washington's Birthday. The Director of Studies called a meeting of the members on Wednesday evening. A play will form the principal feature of the celebration. We trust the Class will make the record we expect of it.

—Dr. O'Malley will deliver a lecture on Dante, next Thursday, in Washington Hall. It will be illustrated by stereopticon views from scenes in the life of the poet and from drawings by Gustave Doré. A literary and artistic treat is in store for those who will have the good fortune to attend.

—There are sixty-odd copies of the Christmas number of the SCHOLASTIC still unsold. More kind things, perhaps, have been said of this issue than of any previous one, and those who wish duplicate copies should secure them at once. The types, of course, were distributed long since, and a second edition will not be printed.

AN APPEAL.

—Upon our flat, the gay third flat,
W're lonesome since you left us;
Your mandolin no more we hear,
And life is dreary for us.

O Sir, dear Sir, come back, we pray,
We never more shall tease you
About that bike you used to ride
Or the serenade we gave you.

—There is to be an Indiana Football Guide, and from present indications Notre Dame will have a place in it. Mr. Andrew J. Stott, of the '94 Wabash team, is the editor and publisher, and he proposes to make it unique in its com-

pleteness. It will be very fully illustrated, and every student should have a copy of it. It will appear about the 10th of February.

—The University Stock Company, after repeated promises, did not appear last session. This was through no fault of theirs, however, for they could not get a date from the Lecture Committee. But this session they will not disappoint their friends. As an earnest of their good intentions they will give two one-act plays on January the 29th. Tickets will be out soon.

—During the Christmas vacation a game of football was played between teams from Carroll Hall and South Bend. The features of the game were two long runs by Cornell and Naughton and the general work of Ducey for Carroll Hall. The score at the end of the second half stood 14-0 in favor of Carroll Hall. *Touch-downs*, Cornell, Naughton; *goals*, Cornell, 2; *safety*, Ducey.

—For once the Athletic Association has taken time by that metaphorical bang of his, and we have a Captain, a Manager and very decent prospects for a successful base-ball season. Captain Burns should take his men in hand without delay, and see that every candidate who has the least possible chance of making the team does a half-hour's work on the hand-ball courts each afternoon until spring. The men who would like to wear those navy flannels of ours should do the work of their own accord, for the player who can handle a "hot" liner on the first day of out-door practice has as immense advantage over him of the tender palms. Get to work, fellows; practice makes perfect, and the Gold and Blue is at your mercy. It's a bonny flag when it's up at the peak, and we expect you to keep it there.

—At last we have heard from the Committee appointed by the Athletic Association last session. The time was ripe for a report on the new constitution. The manager for next year's football team, however, has not been selected. It was thought that the appointment of the Committee would lead to a complete revolution in our athletic spirit, but some of the old dilatory measures seem to be still the fashion.

—The Minims spent an afternoon of their holidays in a visit to the Studebaker factory in South Bend. The little fellows were very kindly received by Mr. Clem Studebaker, who took a special interest in his young guests. When they returned, these future props of America were loud in their praises of the courteous treatment they had met with, and for several days could talk of nothing but the "great carriage works."

—Very Rev. William Corby and President Morrissey left on Tuesday morning for Montreal to attend the funeral of Father Boudet, the late Provincial of Canada. Father Boudet

was one of the most able and brilliant priests of the Canadian province, and his loss will be deeply felt by the Congregation. He was thrice elected Provincial of all Canada, an office involving an immense amount of work, yet he found time to administer the affairs, and care for the souls of one of the largest congregations in the diocese.

—A petition from several members of the Composition Class, who claim to be athletes, will be presented to the Faculty at its next meeting. The petition sets forth the irreverent air of the text-book in use in that class, and the petitioners beg to have the book removed or revised. In explaining the proper use of the word "team," on page 52, the author says: "*Team* is improperly used to include the carriage. It means 'two or more animals working together.' 'Football team' is, therefore, correct."

—We begin the New Year with a new set of advertisements. Only reputable firms are accorded a place in our advertising pages, and we recommend them to our readers as trustworthy and obliging merchants. They deserve your patronage, for they assist materially in paying the SCHOLASTIC's bills, and make it possible for us to publish weekly, a paper larger and, we think, better than half the college monthlies that come to our table. Reciprocity is a good thing, and our advertisers have made the first advance. Read our "ads" and do your buying from our advertisers.

—During the Christmas vacation Casper Whitney made a trip to Chicago to secure new evidence against the Western universities whom he charged with professionalism. The result was startling. In the *Harper's Weekly* of three weeks ago he publishes telegrams and letters from the football men of Minnesota, inviting Parkyn to help out the team and promising him a consideration for his work. This is rather hard on the Minnesota people, who took the trouble, when charged with crooked work, to deny that any professionalism existed in their ranks. And Minnesota was not the only Western institution brought to the bar. A reformation in college athletics throughout the West will follow from these revelations.

—An enthusiastic meeting of veterans of the famous Irish Brigade was held at the Hotel Normandie last night to make arrangements to receive Father W. J. Corby, the Chaplain, who was under the fire of the 100 cannons and 30,000 muskets which rained shot and shell on the Irish soldiers at Gettysburg. Father Corby left Notre Dame University a few days ago to attend the services at St. Mary's Cathedral, Baltimore, Md., on Jan. 7, thereafter he will spend a few days in Washington at the home of Dr. Eugene Betts, and Gen. St. Clair A. Mulholland, of Philadelphia. The Hon. James G. Brady and Hon. John T. Dunn, two soldiers of the Irish Brigade who rose from the ranks to high command, and afterward became members of Congress, will receive Father Corby and present all the veterans in this vicinity to the "Hero Priest of the Irish Brigade."—From the Washington Correspondence of *The Pilot*.

—Notre Dame will soon float the Stars and

Stripes on a flag-staff one hundred and twenty five feet high. Heretofore, on public occasions we were forced to confine our display of patriotism to placing the flag on the different buildings, where only those who lived near the "heart" could see it. But now all this is changed, and our hearts will henceforth be gladdened at beholding Old Glory placed where all may see it. The site chosen for the flag-staff is in front of the post-office, near the gate. The foundation has already been dug, and as soon as the cement bed settles and hardens, the staff will be put into position. It is made of wrought steel, and although it will float a forty-foot flag, and is 125 feet high, it is so graceful in construction that all appearance of unwieldiness is removed. Both the flag and the staff were presented by Mr. Samuel T. Murdock, of the Class of '86, and are a jubilee gift to his *Alma Mater*. Mr. Murdock will be here on Feb. 22, when the formal raising of the flag will take place. A special programme has been arranged for the occasion.

—"What has become of him?" "Where is his audience?" These are questions which may very easily be answered. He has simply run out of speeches and is preparing for the demand which is sure to come with the first spring days. It would be difficult for him to buckle himself to the task of putting together "words of thundering sound," and looking up appropriate quotations which could be dropped in naturally and spontaneously in the heat of debate, when that fell disease, the spring-fever, has begun its annual work of enervation. So he is now busy in putting together material for his impromptu speeches. Look out for him! Some day when you love the silence and long for quietness and ease you will be startled. His inspiration will have come, and happy you, if you can escape to some more blessed abode before you are sent there unwillingly. There are many opportunities to come, for the display of his eloquence,—class meetings, athletic meetings, society meetings, occasional meetings, and meetings of any nature and for any purpose whatsoever. He will be the leading spirit and the guiding star of schemes and reforms. He will be impervious to satire and gentle to a fault. Try as you will, you cannot make him angry. He is too smooth for that. Look out for him—the man who has a message for the world!

—The Athletic Association is now guided by a new constitution which thoroughly fills the bill. At the meeting last Thursday, under the chairmanship of Col. Hoynes, it was accepted, and no greater appreciation of their labors could be shown the committee who drafted it, than the fact of its passing without a dissenting voice and without a single amendment. It is very different from the old constitution, and notably so in the clause which provides that the Promoter, who is to be a member of the

Faculty, is to act as chairman of the Executive Committee, which will include two members of Sorin and two of Brownson Halls. After the adoption of the constitution, the following officers were elected:—Captain of the Varsity Baseball Team, W. P. Burns; Manager of the Team, D. P. Murphy; Treasurer, A. P. Carney. The rest of the officers will be elected next Sunday afternoon.

—All the able-bodied male students in the California State University at Berkeley have pledged themselves to go to work in a few days with picks, shovels, and wheelbarrows, under the direction of gang bosses, for the benefit of their *Alma Mater*. Their work will be for the purpose of improving the grounds about the university. They will straighten out crooked paths and roads, grade the campus, repair the roads, and prepare the ground for a new gateway. The work is considered essential by the Committee on Grounds and Buildings, but the Board of Regents has no money to devote to the needed improvements. The students, on learning of the situation, voted unanimously that they would do the work. The Park Commissioners of San Francisco will furnish the tools, and after the Christmas holidays the students will don jumpers and overalls and work as day laborers until the improvements are made. They will be busy for a week or so, and will save to the university about \$3,000. —*The Sun* (New York).

This is the sort of college spirit that should exist in every institution. Notre Dame's students would do as much for *Alma Mater*.

—There were exchanges of confidence when the men returned after the holidays. Friends met and told one another of the pleasures of the vacation and whispered, with many a smile, that Old Santy hadn't forgotten them. Only one was sad—he who basely tried to impose upon the old gentleman by hanging up a suit of Ypsilanti combination underwear. He was left—the trick had been tried before. The following showed the treasures they found in their stockings:

FAGAN.—The cheek bone of Job's off-ox.
 BURNS, WM.—A bottle of Ayer's Hair Invigorator.
 STEARNS.—A "part" in the Philopatrians' play.
 BARTON.—A copy of "Hoyle on Whist."
 CARY.—A return ticket.
 SCHULTZ.—An engagement with Sandow.
 BRYAN.—A tin horn and "Lyons' Elocutionist."
 GIMBEL.—A revised encyclopedia.
 GILMARTIN.—A publisher for "How *We* beat Fort Wayne."
 STACE.—A quart of Castoria.
 LANDERS.—A bottle of Scott's Emulsion.
 MURPHY, JOHN B.—A new joke, and his photograph.
 FENNESSEY.—A spirited "move," self-attachable.
 WELLS.—A hair-cut.
 DAVILA.—Two new United States words.
 SAMMON.—A challenge from the lacrosse club of Chicago.
 DUCEY.—An essay.
 THE EDITOR.—Copy.
 MARMON.—A football suit.
 THE EXCHANGE MAN.—Abuse.
 BRENNAN.—His photograph returned, and "the mitten."
 CAVANAGH.—A Christmas tree.
 MCKEE.—A box of S. B. cough drops.
 ROSENTHAL.—Visions of a "pile."
 OUR ENGLISH RESIDENTS.—Silence.
 GALLAGHER.—Two volumes of "Correct Measurements of Handsome Form, with Full Page Illustrations of Adonis and Apollo."
 SLEVIN.—A front room with artistic light.
 THE LOCAL COLUMN.—Nothing.

Roll of Honor.

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Messrs. Barry, Costello, Cavanagh, Fagan, Gaukler, Lantry, Mulberger, Marmon, E. Murphy, Miller, McKee, McDonough, Ney, Palmer, Pulskamp, Prichard, Reilly, Reardon, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Slevin, Stace, Wilson.

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