

# THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## October Days.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

GO seek October days, if thou wouldst know  
And feel within thy soul where beauty lies;  
When mellow songs from woodland choirs arise  
And down the forest-aisles in music flow.  
The trembling star that hangs above the glow  
Foretells the change to come when twilight dies;  
Adown the depths of space the night-bird flies,  
And shadows in its flight the earth below.  
  
The year dies not; she changes but her gown,  
That, trailing o'er the woods and pregnant sod,  
E'en touches shrub and tree in playful mirth.  
The golden colors fall anon to earth,  
A harmony of light direct from God,  
And makes for nature's brow a queenly crown.

## The Pleasure of Reading.

ELMER J. MURPHY, '97.

IT is often truly said that a book to be successful must satisfy the whims of the people. That, of course, in this material age, refers only to the money a book will bring in, and the notoriety it will gain for itself and its author. Whether or not it is really a work of art is a very different matter. To this most readers give little attention. They assume that judgment on art is a subject only for critics and *littérateurs*.

Very often when we take up a romance or a novel with the intention of seeking the art in it, carelessness creeps in upon our reading. The book is scarcely opened before we are skimming over all sorts of thrilling incidents, following in the path of the hero or heroine

The construction of the action, the method of portraying the characters, and the naturalness of the characters themselves, the descriptions and the personality of style are lost. In a short time the hero passes from our mind, and no part of the book remains in our memory.

It is a difficult task to raise one's taste to a high standard in literature, to increase one's knowledge and observation to such a degree that one may be able to separate the beauties of a novel or a poem from its flaws, in order that praise or blame may be intelligently given. There are, unfortunately, books full of impossibilities and incongruities, which many people, in their haste or lack of observation in reading, fail to discover. To others these faults may be very prominent. Some may notice the grotesqueness of character, which others passed by; and this produces such a feeling of revulsion, or, at least, is so clouded with impossibility that they cannot centre their interest upon it. They cast the book aside, and take up one whose situations and characters lie more within the scope of nature, and are so true to life that the imagination can take them up and round them out into complete images.

A boy, moreover, takes no interest in the abstract science or the deep novel which delights an educated man. This shows that the same book is not necessarily a source of pleasure to everyone. Just as we learn to appreciate true sculpture, or painting, or music, we may learn to prefer the artistic to the inartistic novel.

There is another mental quality which often has an effect upon the pleasure of reading. It is not so strong as taste or observation; and in no case can it be called a fault. It is the mental quality due to environment or experience. If an old sailor, who knows every rope on a ship, who has seen storms and calms and

has sailed the world over,—if he, in his old age, reads a story of the sea, it will open the flood-gates of his memory, and dreams—misty, long-ago dreams of the sea, when the blood of youth surged in his veins, and the days were longest and sunniest—will come over him. To one who has never seen the sea, the book might be dull and uninteresting.

Temperament has also much to do with the choice of reading. It is always the case that there are different opinions held of the same character. This has nothing to do with the art of the work. A person who looks upon the life around him through a screen of pessimism will frown on a book that tells of nothing but happiness and good acts. I might look with great admiration upon the deeds of a chivalric knight done for his lady; some one else might think that the hero was a fool.

It is true, however, that all of us derive pleasure from reading, even if our tastes and temperaments and experiences are different. How an ordinary, concrete book can lead us from the dull present to pleasant scenes of the past or future, or give us delight by presenting characters and events that never will exist, is a question difficult to answer.

I think it is best explained by this paragraph by Dr. McCosh: "It is to gratify the appetences of our nature by means of ideas, calling forth feeling, with its excitements and attachments, that tales have been invented, first recited, then written and then printed. People of all ages of life and at all times delight in such creations. Infants have dolls, which perform a part in a drama which they are weaving. How eagerly do children listen to stories by their mothers and nurses, and are specially moved by scenes of adventure, like 'Robinson Crusoe,' or the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or of unmerited suffering, as the 'Babes in the Wood.'"

The lines of black letters, which are meaningless to the savage, contain the idea. This is presented to the mind by reading. The imagination takes up the picture drawn by the author, fills out the details he has passed by, and forms a distinct picture. This is the phantasm which opens the gates that hold back the emotion. In real life and in reading, the feelings are aroused by the contemplation of a sentient being as suffering or happy.

A most necessary condition is that the idea be easily grasped by the mind and clearly represented in the imagination. The writer must pay special attention to this. In childhood the doll would take the place of a character.

Now our imagination is not so easily affected. The author must draw a picture or character natural in every detail, or the imagination will fail to form it within the mind, and the effort will be lost. Therefore, the nearer to life and reality a novel is, the more easily will it sway our emotions.

The novelist so presents the action, or so chooses the events, that the ideas will gratify our appetite. If they neither gratify nor disappoint it, the mind is little affected and the feelings are unmoved. Every day of our life we pass faces marked with sorrow or despair or happiness; but, as we have another, stronger idea in our mind, we do not heed them, or suffer, or rejoice with them. It is the part of the author, for this reason, not to introduce into his work anything not bearing upon the central idea. The mind is following up the main course of the story and does not wish to wade through a chapter that lies far out of its way. Neither should the author expect to work upon the feelings of the reader by bringing forward abstract ideas. It is only the contemplation of singular objects that arouses them. For the abstract idea of pity, we cannot help but picture to ourselves some person who is suffering. The mind in reading has to do with material objects, or the imagination is overworked and the emotions are unaffected.

The action of the story is a judicious arrangement of events calculated to hold the attention. It is very reasonable to suppose that there is more interest in such an arrangement, and that the emotions are more aroused by it than by the scattered events of a lifetime. It is true that if we were to see a skilful duel in real life we would be more excited than if we merely read of it. But skilful duels and daring deeds of chivalry and scenes of intense sorrow or delight, do not come in real life in the short time in which they are drawn in the story.

There could be no better plea than this for the action of a novel. If the writer toils in mazes of description, fails to give his work unity, wanders through numbers of trivial, unimportant events, his book will be cast aside as dull and inartistic.

Besides the single emotion aroused directly by the idea presented in the book, there are other emotions aroused in conjunction with it. If the idea presents a character that is happy, we are not only sympathetically happy, but also hopeful that we may be really happy some time in the future. It is thus with every idea

presented to the mind. It arouses directly one emotion and indirectly two or more.

Very often these indirect emotions are the source of the pleasure. It is conceded, I think, that intense sorrow is most painful. Nevertheless, when it is carefully represented in a novel or a story or a poem it is a source of pleasure, but indirectly. Edmund Burke, speaking of sympathy, says: "It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation that objects which in reality would shock are, in tragical and such like representations, a source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our freedom from the evils we see represented."

In poetry the idea is more strongly imprinted than it is in prose, by the help of the music of the verse. So in the drama the scenery heightens the effect and is more apt to move us than reading. In all cases, however, it is difficult to say just where the pleasure of reading lies. Human nature is so inconsistent and changeable that no book is equally pleasing to everyone. If all of us were critics capable of judging of the merit of a book, all of us would, very likely, take nearly the same delight in reading the same work. But this is, as yet, only a dream.

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#### The Stuffed Sentinel.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

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"Who cashes his checks tonight, Jim?"

The speaker was a young man of probably one and twenty, whose slender figure and mobile countenance were in sharp contrast with the gigantic frame and stolidity of his companion. They were sitting before a blazing camp-fire, and its ruddy glow helped to accentuate the dissimilarity of the pair. The youth sat rather gingerly on an empty box, and scowled whenever the flames shot up with more than wonted brightness. Despite his careless words it was evident from his demeanor that he was new to the ways of a military encampment. The other individual was thoroughly adapted to the surroundings, and his huge,

sinewy form stood out in harmonious outline against the rocks and trees. He answered the younger man's query with a plainsman's characteristic brevity: "Shorty Morgan."

This was not exactly what the youth expected from his light allusion to death; but he said indifferently: "The coyotes will have good picking on his bones."

"There's tenderer meat in camp," retorted Big Jim.

"Oh! I wasn't raised in a civilized neighborhood for nothing," rejoined the other, who resented this remark. "Maybe I'm not as quick on the 'draw' as you fellows, but I'm not so much afraid of standing guard a few hours. I wouldn't be so much afraid of losing my head as some folks."

"You wouldn't, eh?" broke in a terrified-looking, spare individual. The young man had not noticed his approach, and now stared at the intruder, somewhat cooled by the earnest manner in which he spoke. Finally he answered slowly:

"No, not if I were called to it. I wouldn't take the risk without a reason, though." The new-comer eyed the boy greedily and began to excuse his fear to Big Jim.

"You know, Jim, as how I've follered the onsartin' life of a soldier for the last seven years. Always rememb'rin' the folks back East, and hopin' that, if I ever got back, I could sorter lighten their cares. You know that I've always been savin' for that purpose, and now when my time is within three days of bein' ended, it comes my turn to go on duty at the post down near the Colonel's."

Now that a man who had followed the perilous life of the frontier for so long would be afraid to go on duty seems strange; but there were good reasons for his reluctance. The division of the army to which these men belonged had taken up their winter quarters in what is now the south-eastern part of New Mexico. There had been no Indians seen in the vicinity, and, if there were, the men would have considered themselves equal to them in any mode of warfare. Yet, though the sharp-eyed scouts had not seen the footprint of a foe, on the second night in camp a sentry, at an outpost near the officers' quarters, was killed. The next night another was killed at the same place, and during the ensuing time men had been killed there, sometimes after short intervals, but generally on succeeding nights.

Big Jim made no comment on the explanatory speech of the new arrival except a grunt

of assent. But after waiting for some one to break the silence, he turned towards the boy with a look of triumph and curiosity and asked:

"How much would it be worth, Henry, to risk a night at that post?"

Henry replied a little more seriously than was his wont:

"O well! I don't want to go there purely for the love of adventure, but I would for a suitable pecuniary remuneration, as they say in the books."

"Which means a comfortable amount of pecunes, I reckon," observed Jim. Then he turned to the restless visitor with the query:

"Come, Haight, what would you give the young feller to take your place?"

Haight shrugged his shoulders.

"Twenty-five dollars orter be enough; it's 'most two months' pay."

"Wouldn't lose my sleep for that," responded the youth, disdainfully. "Make it a hundred and I'll take you up."

Haight haggled about the amount for awhile, but finally consented to pay the new recruit the stipulated amount, if he survived the watch. After he was gone Henry questioned Big Jim concerning the situation of the picket.

"It's not more'n eightyrod from the Colonel's and thar's not enough cover to hide a prairie dog, 'cept from inside the lines," answered Jim.

"Did anyone who passed the night there safely see anything out of the ordinary?"

"Wal, there's Blink Stacey over thar talkin' with Wilcox. He saw so much with one eye that he's bun a-wearin' his tongue out ever since tellin' about it and addin' to his fust story."

"Let's go over and draw him out a little," said Henry.

It was not necessary to start Blink, however, for as they drew near, he was telling Wilcox how "them pesky coyotes wuz howlin' up in the hills all night till about the time when the other fellers wuz plugged. Then they all stopped, an' I could hear my watch tickin' away clear through my overcoat. At last," he went on, "I heard footsteps sneakin' from the direction of the camp, an' purty soon I see a man comin' slowly toward me."

"Well, well," ejaculated the other, as if this were the first time he had heard the story.

"Sure's your born," avowed the narrator "and when he got quite close, I see it wuz the Colonel."

"When he saw me lookin' at him he pointed back of me to a clump of cottonwoods in a little gulley, an' as soon as I turned I see a

coyote slink out an' scoot across the prairies. A coyote isn't nuthin' unusual to see, so I turned to him inquiringly. He had both hands in his pockets an' looked wild and disappointed. He muttered somethin' about one less if he had his gun an' turned back without sayin' another word."

"Them that's in a position to know," remarked Jim, "say that the Colonel acts very queer after a sentinel is dropped, an' I wouldn't be surprised if the worryin' isn't affectin' his mind."

The man known as Wilcox began to look very wise towards the close of Stacey's recital. He even indulged in a half-suppressed chuckle, which is a sure sign of infallible sagacity. When his features had taken on an expression more suitable to a sage, he began to catechise the favored guard.

"Did the animal move away very fast?"

"You bet; got out o' sight 'fore I could raise a finger."

The interlocutor evidently considered it a waste of time to converse with a person too thick-witted to reconcile facts with the original theory implied, for he began reminiscently to himself: "Many a time Davy Crockett and myself plugged them red varmints when they cacalated we didn't know the difference atween a bar an' an Injun. I recollect once when back in Tennessee—"

"You don't mean to say that that coyote was a red-skin?" broke in the astonished Stacey.

"Nuthin' else."

"Wa'n't he putty big?"

"Yes. Didn't have a natural gait either, come to think."

"Didn't hear any noise about the same time?"

"No."

"Like a hoot owl, fur instance?"

"Now that you mention it, I did hear an owl 'way up the ravine."

"Likely. Them Piutes allus keep one or two of their number on the watch."

And thus the man who knew Davy Crockett back in Tennessee went on cross-examining the guard until nothing was more morally certain than that half of the packs of coyotes in the neighborhood were disguised Indians, who sometimes climbed trees and hooted like owls.

The next morning Samuel Morgan, known as "Shorty" by his comrades, did not answer to the roll-call, and by evening another sandy mound had been added to those already built along the Rio Grande.

That day found Henry Cutting, the fresh

recruit, in an officer's tent making his preparations for the watch that night. Considering that he proposed to confront something which had baffled the most vigilant plainmen, his device was simple, consisting merely of a figure which, at a distance, could not be distinguished from a man. To this a rope and spring were attached in such a way that it stayed erect except when the rope was tightened. He went on duty at nine o'clock that night. The camp was not yet asleep as he stepped into the shelter provided for the watch and commenced arranging his contrivance. When it looked sufficiently lifelike and operated satisfactorily, he extinguished the light, picked up the coil of rope and his rifle, and, climbing cautiously out of the window, reeled off the rope until he stood in the ravine under the shelter of the cottonwoods.

As the night went on, he became intensely anxious; but it was calm and starlit, without sound or shadow. Once, indeed, a breeze, almost imperceptible, swayed the tops of the pines, and he trembled at this accustomed noise. Again an owl flew with muffled wing to a neighboring cedar, and he knew that it would soon be dawn, the relief would arrive, and the precautions he had taken would serve as a passing jest. Even then he heard a step in the direction of the shanty and was about to advance boldly. But thinking it best to satisfy himself thoroughly, he crept into the shrubbery and grasped the rope. Soon a man walked stealthily towards the sentry-box, peered in, drew his revolver and fired. This was the sentinel's opportunity. He pulled the rope, heard the dummy fall, and saw the would-be assassin step forward. Before he reached the door another report rang out, and the murderer fell, mortally wounded. As he showed no signs of life, Henry advanced from his hiding-place, and the guard, having heard the shooting, were already hurrying from the opposite direction. They turned the face of the prostrate man to the light. It was the Colonel.

He lived but a few hours and never regained consciousness. The attendants at his bedside, however, gathered from his ravings that he was suffering from a religious hallucination, believing that if he killed every man in the regiment he would go straight to heaven.

It is hard to guess to what position the crafty Henry might not have attained, if he had not gone down to El Paso after getting his reward, and come out second best in an impromptu duel with a half-breed.

## Varsity Verse.

## A SAILOR SONG.

A GOOD stout ship and a straining sail;  
Yo ho, my laddies, ho!  
A spanking breeze that will not fail,  
And a brave, true heart for every gale  
That out on the sea may rage or wail;  
Yo ho, my laddies, ho!

A rolling swell and a dash o' the spray;  
Yo ho, my laddies, ho!  
With the sunlight glancing all the day  
On the blue waves dancing out in the bay,  
To the cheery chirp of the Jack-tar's lay;  
Yo ho, my laddies, ho!

A slippery deck and a bending mast;  
Yo ho, my laddies, ho!  
And a foaming wake that follows fast,  
With Æolus blowing a jolly blast,  
And the land in the lee and all dangers past;  
Yo ho, my laddies, ho!

A. M. J.

## NIGHT.

The sun-ship crosses the western, gilded sea,  
The starlit beacons night-long vigil keep;  
The silvered moon drifts slowly in the lee;  
The world lies silent in the gloomy deep.

E. J. M.

## MAIDENS OR POEMS?

Some maids are poems, poets say;  
Though many men concur  
With this opinion, I say nay,  
And claim the poets err.

For ne'er was poem, as oft is maid,  
E'er guilty of the crime  
Of having movements never swayed  
By any law of time.

And one more quality, indeed,  
Where difference is much worse:  
Good poems do their authors feed;  
Maids bleed their authors' purse.

Maids have a nicer power, I've heard,  
Which poems do not hold,  
For they will trust and take one's word,  
And thus are easy "sold."

Yet poem-maids are out of date,  
For in our day and land  
Verse by machine is struck from plate,  
But maids are pressed by hand.

Now if, despite the late-day whirls,  
The poets are not wrong,  
Spondaic are Chicago girls  
Since all their feet are long.

C. M. B. B.

## FROM THE GERMAN.

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

T. K. B.

### Music in Nature.

JESSE WILLIAM LANTRY, '97.

Nature stands  
With all the music in her tone.—TENNYSON.

Orpheus, "whom universal nature did lament," no longer exists to move the rocks and tame the wild animals of the earth and the wilder hearts of men by his lyre; but music itself still possesses a wonderful influence over us. In modern times, especially, it deserves its rank among the fine arts as expressing the ideal by means of sound. A writer once said that music alone exists absolutely in us who listen, nay, it has no existence apart from us; its real power depends on the hearer. If one be a musician one can understand the thoughts and feelings of the composer; if not, one will only feel it as one feels the rhythm of the ocean rolling in upon the beach. Besides music as an art, there is in nature a harmony that all men feel, and which conveys clearly the idea of the eternal Composer, God.

I think the great effect that this kind of music has on a listener is caused by the recollections it brings back to him. This force is not in the music itself; probably the thoughts it conveys to one person are far different from those it conveys to another. The wind whistling in winter makes what is often called music, and though it may give to one a feeling of cheerfulness, or recall the happy scenes of the fireside at home, to another it may be a reminder of unpleasant and dreary surroundings. Still, despite the different sensations we receive, there is music that pleases every lover of nature. From the welcome of the first birds of spring to the rattle of the leafless trees in winter, there is always pleasure for him who listens. Let us take the case of a person tired by the cares of daily life. He goes out, let us suppose, in summer, and wanders along till he reaches a calm and peaceful spot. It is tempting, and he gives himself up to the lulling of nature, ready to listen to anything that will ease his wearied mind,—the cricket chirping as it jumps from place to place on his path, and the buzzing of the bee, as it flies from flower to flower, set him dreaming and strike tender chords in his memory.

The breezes, laboring through the thick foliage overhead, play with the leaves and produce a sound that re-echoes in the man. The birds singing at a distance, or, perhaps, in the tree

above him, trill their little songs, and even if they are simple he finds a melody in them often suitable to his disposition. It is really strange, this influence which the song of birds has on some persons. The thoughts that arise in us are sometimes akin to joy, sometimes to a sweet sorrow and occasionally excite in us religious sentiments. Robert Southey says:

"The flow of waters and the song of birds  
Making a holy music to mine ear."

I myself am not a musician, but I wonder if the violin can produce as great an effect by its simple strains. It has never done so for me, and if it can, it is, probably, only for those who understand the technical rules of the art. Nature's music appeals to all.

Music is natural in man. We see examples every day that show how it is almost born in him. The lad whistling on his way from school finds pleasure in giving vent to the joy of his heart; the laboring man singing at his work enjoys the means of expressing his feelings. If joyful, the *tempo* is lively, agreeing with his nature; if sorrowful, it is slower, more deliberate and thoughtful. By the exile the national songs are the ones most sung, and one can easily detect the longing in his plaintive tone. It might be well to insert here the well-known fact that whenever God spoke to man it was always in musical language. Even man when he expresses the calmer passions—desire, love, sorrow and pleasure—is inclined to speak in rhythmical tones.

Often there are sounds which, in the routine of daily life, are mere monotonous noises, but which become music when the one accustomed to them has been absent for some time from their presence. The thought of being among them again brings with it pleasure, and they are as real music to us. From this I conclude that the two principal qualities which make nature's harmony pleasing to us are the returning after a long absence to former scenes and the memories which these scenes recall to our mind. As the latter, in its fullest sense, embraces the former, we may repeat what Eugene Miron says: "The creative power of music lies in its utility to reach forgotten impressions." This is the reason why the sailor loves the rhythmical beat of the waves against his ship, the blacksmith the ring of his anvil, the hunter the sound of the horn and the bay of the hounds, and almost everyone the sounds of a pleasant occupation.

Many poets have remarked the music of the rain beating against the window-pane and of



the feelings it produces in those cosily settled inside. Probably this kind of harmony is due to the fact that they are safe from the storm and, realizing it, are glad to hear the continual sound of the drops on the glass, or because it finds a sympathetic strain in their hearts. They have sung of the lulling waters, of the hail pattering on the roof, of thousands of instances where nature's music has excited in hearts strong feelings and long-forgotten impressions. The best place to appreciate the real value of nature's music is where she is wild and free and untouched by the progressive hand of man. At early morn or at twilight she sings her most delightful songs, as a welcome or an adieu to the intent listener.

Now we come to the real natural music, song. It is a gift that God has given to many to soothe their drooping spirits, to express their joyful sentiments or to accede to any state of mind, with the exception of fear and anger. We do not speak of singing as an art cultivated for fame, but simply as a means of pleasure to ourselves and others. Often we see that persons in a troubled condition naturally hum some appropriate tune and that they find satisfaction in doing so. It is natural for us as it is natural for the mocking-bird or nightingale, and we have records of singers as far back as the times of the patriarchs.

From the time of David to the present there have been songs of almost every description,—rustic, patriotic, national, martial, religious, bacchanalian, in fact; every kind that appeals to the human heart. Their effects are numerous and manifest; they may appease anger, control intentions, withhold action, govern feeling, incite religious sentiment, or simply please, or on the contrary, they may arouse passion and stir up or increase hatred and jealousy. Thus vocal music produces an effect both on the singer and the audience, but when it is sung with the direct intention of overpowering the opinions of the latter it generally loses its influence on the other. Often the technical training, the voice, or the intonation of the vocalist attracts the attention of the audience more than the song itself. After listening to him we hear people comment on his ability but very seldom on the merits that the composition deserves. What is more moving than to hear the song of a quartette over the still waters on a moonlight night; why the night should be moonlight, I do not know, but it seems to be essential and this is an example of how surroundings add to or detract from the influence of music.

We have seen the immediate effects of the music of nature on man, of the pleasure or pain it produces and of its power over his disposition; but why it does this we cannot say. Richard Grant White formulates this difficulty well when he says, "Music is inexplicable and defies all analysis of how and why wherefore." Nevertheless we enjoy it and the quickest way to reach the hearts of the people is music. Its powers are numberless and its beauties are far beyond description.

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#### A Mistake.

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JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

The sheriff was troubled; his face was wrinkled with anxiety, and his hands opened and closed spasmodically. Finally, he ran his hand through his hair and said to his deputy: "Bill, I wish I knew what to do."

Only a few weeks before he had made a grievous blunder. His men had captured two rascals who were wanted in many towns for "working a confidence game." He had made a mistake in not delivering them to the proper authority and they had escaped. The elections were only a few days distant, and this blunder had increased the already formidable number of his opponents.

Now another dilemma had arisen. For the past two weeks vague rumors of a prize-fight to be held in that vicinity had been afloat. If he could prevent this fight he would retrieve his lost ground, but if he failed all hopes of his re-election would be gone. He knew that the time of the battle was at hand. The two small hotels of the town were crowded with "sports" of all classes. Everything seemed against him, when he unexpectedly received a hint that it was to take place in the "Bush," a region noted for its moonshine, whiskey and lawless men. He took the hint, mounted his horse, and rode out of the town towards the scene of the fight. About five miles out he stopped at the place of Cy Stevens, a fellow whom he had arrested several times, rode into the yard and dismounted. Cy was seated on the back porch, his legs crossed, a pipe in his mouth, watching one of his boys who was carrying a long rope and some stakes into the barn.

Cy looked around with a smile, and said: "Howdy, Jim. Come after me?" The sheriff shook his head, put his hand into his pocket,

and drew it forth clenched: "Cy, its worth ten dollars to tell me where the 'mill' will be tonight."

The big Kentuckian rapped his pipe on the arm of his chair, rose from his seat, and said in a whisper: "It's gwine to be at Jacob's place at nine o'clock." The sheriff handed over the money and rode out of the yard. Cy broke into a sardonic fit of laughter when the sheriff disappeared and strode into the barn.

That night the sheriff and his posse rode rapidly out towards the scene of the battle. Shortly after they started the streets seemed alive with wagons moving in an opposite direction. Out they drove until they reached the place where the sheriff stopped that afternoon.

A group of men talking eagerly by the door, the unusual number of teams in the yard, the yellow light which streamed from under the door, and the hum of voices within denoted the occurrence of some unusual event. Then the doors were shut; everything became quiet for a moment, then loud applause burst from the barn.

If the sheriff had been within he would have seen a brilliantly-lighted ring surrounded by rows of anxious faces in the semi-darkness. A few boys lay on the rafters eagerly watching the circle in which two "welter-weights" were about to contest for the supremacy.

Two little fellows, stripped to the waist, jumped into the ring and shook hands. Then they stepped back into their corners and waited until the referee gave the signal to begin. Their arms moved like windmills for a few moments, and then the bell rang for time. Again they began sparring, when suddenly the younger feinted with his left hand and swung with the right over his opponent's guard. The man fell like a log and lay there till the referee counted him out.

The sheriff had returned from his futile quest, satisfied that they had become frightened. The next day he saw in glaring head-lines: "Jimmy Rafferty knocked out in two rounds. A new welter-weight champion mill fought in Kentucky."

The sheriff galloped in haste to Stevens' place. There were many tracks of vehicles in the yard, but in his anger he did not notice them. "Cy," he said, "what in h—ll did you send me wrong for yesterday? You said the mill was to be at Jacobs', but it came off somewhere else." The lanky mountaineer yawned and answered: "I reck'n that saw-mill of Jim Brown's has been there for twenty years and is good for twenty more."

#### Books and Magazines.

ESSAYS PHILOSOPHICAL. By Brother Azarias. Chicago: D. H. McBride & Co. 1896.

The soul feels both refreshed and elevated while perusing a book like this. Not only do the five Essays contained therein instil a substantial food into the mind, but the crystal-like beauty of the style charms the imagination, and the noble spirit which permeates every page makes the reader proud of being a Christian. Brother Azarias was a thinker and a writer. His brilliant pen, unfortunately too soon broken, had the mysterious secret of giving a literary expression to the most abstruse theories. A keen disciple of the Angelic Doctor, he knew how to rejuvenate the venerable principles of old Scholasticism. An eminent critic, he showed himself not unworthy of Doctor Brownson, so admirable but so little read, in putting to the test the various systems of Philosophy. His remarks on "Aristotle and the Church" are remarkable for accuracy of views, depth of doctrine and moderation of judgment. No wonder that he found a warm admirer in the Rt. Rev. Prelate who, in his Preface, adorned with a splendid frontispiece that intellectual monument. In the "Symbolism of the Cosmos" and "The Principle of Philosophy" he gives us a sound idea of what true Philosophy ought to be—a harmonious union of the natural and the supernatural—by declaring that the genuine source of thought should begin in the Creation and terminate in the Incarnation. Indeed, any philosopher worthy of the name must rest his teaching on "the Word through whom God actualizes the Cosmos and completes its destiny." In his very timely suggestions concerning education he emphatically protests against the unreasonable cramming of studies mapped out for young people, and rightly advocates in colleges and academies a method better calculated to develop naturally mind, heart and character. An enemy of fads that stuff the brain and a lover of "specialties" that unfold native abilities, he eloquently exclaims in words which are worthy of being printed in gold: "Perish the system, for it is of human hands, and let the intellect live, for it is the work of God!"

More practical still, if possible, are his comments on the Papal Encyclical addressed to workingmen. Deeply entering into the spirit of that masterly document, the author points



out, in a few terse and clean-cut paragraphs, the question at issue. While clearly analyzing the various remedies proposed by Leo XIII., he shows beyond a doubt that the Pope, superior to the most competent writers of the day on the subject, presents the best solution of that tremendous problem. According to him Christianity alone, by teaching how to apply the immortal principles of "justice and charity," is able to reconcile successfully capital with labor. Truly, this little book, so replete with wisdom and experience, deserves to shine like a gem in a library between the works of Balmes and Bishop Spalding. We heartily recommend it to the attention of earnest, well-minded readers, but more particularly to the care of young students in Philosophy and Sociology.

—The *Musical Record* for this month is full of that kind of reading matter gathered from the best writers of the day on subjects very interesting to musicians and beneficial to amateurs. Its articles on "Old Violins," "Ways of Awakening Taste for Serious Music," "Fashion in Music," "The Voice and Its Use," are instructive and beneficial; and the musical number, "Manzanita," though simple, is very pretty.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By the Reverend Morgan M. Sheedy. Chicago. D. H. McBride & Co.

This is another of those neat volumes which make up the Catholic Summer and Winter School Library. The author is an erudite priest, whose work among the laboring classes of Pennsylvania gives him the voice of authority. His facts taken from personal observation are startling, and his pictures of the misery entailed by pauper labor are harrowing in the extreme. For the true solution of the social question, Father Sheedy points to the admirable Encyclical of Leo XIII., "On Labor," which is printed entire and is very well translated. In these days of monopolies and strikes, when there is such a crying need for some sort of reform in labor circles, the value of a true exposition of facts and a reasonable solution of difficulties is priceless. The publishers deserve praise for the appearance of the book.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. By David J. Comstock, M. A. Boston. Allen & Bacon.

The introduction to this edition is both interesting and instructive. The author has encompassed within very narrow limits a great deal of information regarding Virgil's life and work, the subject and purpose of the Æneid, a short outline of Prosody, and hints on transla-

tion of Latin poetry. The notes at the end of the volume are a guide to the better understanding of the text. The vocabulary mentions the elements of compound words.

HISTORY OF SCULPTURE. By Allan Marquand, Ph. D., L. H. D., and Arthur L. Frothingham, Jr., Ph. D. Longmans, Green & Co.

To the College Histories of Art, edited by John C. Van Dyke, L. H. D., has been added another volume—History of Sculpture. As a text-book for students, as well as a reference for general readers, it is valuable, inasmuch as it provides a clear and concise survey of the history of this branch of the fine arts. The first few chapters are devoted to a review of the works of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria and Persia. Greek sculpture is treated in a satisfactory and very pleasing manner. In Chapters XI., XII. and XIII., one gains some idea of Roman, Early Christian and Byzantine models. The treatment of mediæval productions is clear, though concise. The work brought forth in the different phases of the Renaissance is clearly explained. What may be considered an added perfection to the subject is the study, found at the head of each period of the political and social conditions of the countries which have given us work of arts. The tone and characteristics of each class are pointed out clearly and briefly. By far the most interesting portion of the book is that given to the sculpture of the Renaissance in Italy. The subjects of the different schools, the materials used and the technique employed are given in full. But the treatment of the works and the influence of Michelangelo Buonarroti is rather narrow, confined, as it is, to two pages.

The work is orderly, the style lucid and easy. The illustrations, numbering over a hundred, are sharply cut and well selected. Besides a general bibliography, there is placed at the end of each period of style a special list to which the student may refer, should he wish to pursue more fully any particular school. To help the reader, the authors have given the address of the different houses in every country where he may purchase photographs or casts of sculpture. Extant monuments of each period are given at the end of every chapter. We are pleased to see that modern American sculpture has found a place in this work. True, we are as yet young in this branch of education, but the work of Mr. F. W. MacMonnies, Mr. D. C. French, and Mr. A. St. Gaudens, has merit second to none of the living masters of the chisel.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## The Staff.

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—As we go to press the annual Retreat is in progress. Silence reigns throughout the campus and the halls, and deep in the hearts of the students is enacted a great drama,—the drama of life. These few days of silent meditation ought to retrieve the losses of a twelvemonth. The object of setting aside for inward contemplation these days of the Retreat is the awakening of conscience to the true knowledge of God's goodness and of man's ingratitude. If Father Robert, whose instructions have been of the clearest and most convincing, has succeeded in doing this, there need be no fear for the result, for this alone must lead the soul to God.

## On Election Night.

Tuesday night, after every man who could vote had cast his ballot, while election clerks throughout the land were discovering the result of the great contest, while silver hearts were yet hopeful and golden hearts were anxious, the students of Sorin Hall were acting the host to a brilliant company of guests. Inasmuch as many of the Sorinites had but lately emerged from legal infancy, and, like men, had cast their ballots for the candidates of their

choice, they deemed it good and proper to celebrate the occasion in as merry a manner as possible. The banquet, indeed, was a surprise to the uninitiated. A day or two before the election, groups of Juniors and Seniors might be seen in earnest conversation, or laboring secretly for some mysterious purpose. It was not until Tuesday evening, when the doors of the Sorin Hall reading-room were thrown open, that one could guess the object of these star-chamber meetings. The pillars of the old reading-room were draped with the national colors; the walls were hung with folds and folds of Gold and Blue; the ceiling was a surface of brilliant tints. Above the well-loaded tables hung graceful pennants of our Gold and Blue, and the large double doors were replaced by *portières* of the same colors. On the wall opposite the entrance were large pictures of Mr. Bryan and Mr. McKinley, and around the room stood groups of palms and ferns. Cut-flowers—carnations and chrysanthemums—might be seen at every plate.

But this was a feast for the eye only. At nine o'clock the guests, including the Very Reverend Provincial Corby, C. S. C., the Very Reverend President Morrissey, C. S. C., and many other members of the Faculty, began to arrive, and soon a hundred men, with whetted appetites, sat down to eat and chat and pass the joke. This is the

### MENU:

Blue Points on Half-Shell;  
Soup; Olives;  
Veal Cutlets a la Marengo; Celery;  
French Peas;  
Chicken a la Fricasée;  
Cranberry; Potatoes a la Saratoga;  
Salad a la Mayonnaise;  
Fruits Assortés, Ice-Cream;  
Cake;  
Coffee; Macaroons.

During the meal, bulletins of the returns from the seats of war were read by Mr. Wurzer, and these served to heighten the conversation. Many were the harmless thrusts which the advocates of silver and of gold dealt each other as the returns continued to come in.

It was late when the cigars were served, but the wax candles flickered not and sleepless eyes lost not their brilliancy. No toasts were offered, but conversation, bright, witty and humorous, was the order of the feast. After the banquet, some members of the Banjo Club favored the assembly with selections. When the last guest had departed, the Sorinites offered one another mutual congratulations on the success of their little party.

**Another Victory for the Varsity.**

The victory over Albion is now a reality, whereas up to the time of the game it was only an expectation. In spite of the hard work of Albion, the score should have been larger for the Varsity. It seems that the pleasures of expectation had somewhat sapped the energy of the lusty players and taken from their efforts the snap and dash that should have been in all their work. Whether the team against them be heavy or light, they should not be content merely to come out on top. At all times they should play with all the energy they have.

invariably pile up in a heap, and our ends were too wary to allow long runs in their territory.

Notre Dame's running also seemed to be greater than Albion's. In the first half, when Albion kicked off, the Varsity, in many cases, advanced the ball nearly to the centre, a distance of thirty-five or forty yards, before they were downed. One point in which Notre Dame was especially superior to Albion was punting. Kegler did good work in this line, and can be justly credited upon his work, though the wind was slightly in his favor; his goal-kicking, however, needs improvement. The points lost by failures in last Saturday's game, in many cases, would mean defeat in closer games.



THE VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM.

The Varsity, however, showed up very well. Some of the players were in poor condition, and could not be expected to do the work as well as when in their best form. Still, had one or two done all they were able to do, the score would have been larger by at least sixteen points.

The visitors were clearly outclassed. Their line was far too light to prevent big gains through the centre and the tackles. Their ends were fairly strong, especially the right; but even there Notre Dame could easily dodge them. On the offensive they were no match for the Varsity. In bucking our line they would

Schillo's bad leg worried him greatly, but did not entirely prevent him from doing his usual good work and gaining ground whenever his turn came. Mullen was also a bit the worse for wear, but succeeded in putting up a good game. The backs played well. Brown, who also had his leg hurt, made excellent runs and was hard to tackle. Murphy was not up to his old form; he played, it seemed, in a half-hearted manner, and his customary, snappy end-playing was not evident.

Hanly and Moritz played brilliant games, and whenever there was a big gain to be made, either one was always on hand, and bucked the

line with a vim that caused Albion's ribs to vibrate dangerously. Fagan, who played his first game, made a good showing, but was somewhat erratic at times.

Captain Hering is steadily improving his men. What was at the beginning of the season a band of raw recruits is now so well organized that Albion's hopes were shattered upon it.

#### THIS IS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Robertson opened the game by kicking forty yards to Moritz, who was downed on the spot. A fumble gave the ball to Albion, and Cogshall, Neufer and Robertson had made nine yards through centre and tackles before the Varsity boys got in the game. Albion was then held and the pigskin went over on downs. Murphy tried right end and the ball went ten yards towards Albion's goal. Daly lost on a left-end play, and Kegler punted sixty-five yards to Cogshall, who was downed without regaining an inch. Neufer dodged around right for ten, but Albion then tried our line and the ball went over.

Hanly, Moritz and Mullen made good gains around the ends, and then Brown went over after eight minutes of play. Kegler kicked goal. Moritz again caught the ball, recovering, by the aid of good interference, fifteen yards. Daly tried to work the left end and lost four. Murphy broke around right for fifteen yards, but lost the ball outside of bounds. The Varsity regained it on a bad fumble. Steady gains through the Albion tackles and a twenty-two-yard run around right by Brown brought the leather to Albion's ten-yard line, and Hanly went over for the second touchdown. Kegler kicked goal. Score,—N. D., 12; A., 0.

The rest of this half was uninteresting, except for Kegler's magnificent punting. Three times did he send the pigskin whizzing through the air for forty-five, fifty and fifty-five yards. Robertson attempted but one punt and then succeeded in putting it but ten yards. The play was very loose and fumbles frequent. No great gains were made on either side. Jacobs had to be replaced by Shipp; but he did not make any of the long runs that won the game for Albion on Thanksgiving Day, '94. The half ended with the ball in Albion's possession deep in their own territory.

In the second half Daly retired, Schillo playing half and Cavanagh right guard. Hanly kicked forty and McLean recovered five yards. Two downs brought no gains and Robertson punted forty-five to Brown, who regained fif-

teen. Brown, Moritz, Hanly and Schillo then ploughed the line and skirted the ends, and Schillo went over in six minutes. Kegler failed goal.

The same tactics were used after Robertson kicked forty, and in ten minutes Moritz had added four points more to the Varsity's credit. Kegler again, by some mischance, failed goal. It took just four minutes to bring the ball from Notre Dame's fifteen to Albion's seven-yard-line, and Hanly was pushed over for the final touchdown without any trouble. Kegler again failed goal. A criss-cross, and end runs by Brown, Mullen, Schillo, Hanly and Moritz, with an occasional spurt through the visitors' line by the latter, did the trick. With ten minutes to play Robertson started out by twisting the oval forty-five yards to Brown.

The latter made a brilliant catch and tore down the field with splendid interference for thirty-five yards. A husky Albion man punched the ball skyward, but Fagan grabbed it, and made five more. The long run was too much for Brown's injured leg, and McDonald took his place. Hanly, Moritz and Schillo bucked the line, and broke around the ends for repeated gains with good prospects for a touchdown, when Albion got the leather on a fumble; but Neufer was the only one able to make any considerable gain, getting thirteen around right end. The Varsity got the ball on downs, and Moritz walked through centre twice for six and McDonald dodged around right for three. There was five minutes of play left and the Varsity's work indicated another touchdown, but the visitors had to catch a train or stay until Monday, so the officials agreed to call the game with the ball on Notre Dame's thirty-five yard line and the Score,—Notre Dame, 24; Albion, 0.

Varsity	Position	Albion
Murphy	Left End	W. S. Shipp
Moritz	Left Tackle	Handsley
Rosenthal	Left Guard	Hanson
Fagan	Centre	O'Brien
Schillo	Right Guard	Temple
Hanly	Right Tackle	Jacobs
Mullen	Right End	Harrow (C.)
Hering (C.)	Quarter Back	McLean
Brown	Left Half-Back	Neufer
Daly	Right Half-Back	Robertson
Kegler	Full Back	Cogshall

Umpire, Dr. Thompson of Princeton. Referee, Smith, of Ann Arbor. Linesmen, Marmon and Kendricks. Substitutes, Notre Dame, McDonald, Cavanagh; Albion, Hopkins, F. J. Shipp. Touchdowns, Brown, Hanly (2), Schillo, Moritz. Goals, Kegler (2). Halves, thirty minutes.

J. W. M.

## Exchanges.

We extend most cordial greetings to the latest additions to our exchange list—the *Brunonian*, *The Yale Courant*, *The Princeton Tiger*, and *The Alumni Princetonian*. Though differing widely in form, make-up and policy, these four publications stand at the heads of their respective classes, and are representative college journals. We give them a hearty welcome, and trust that our relations with them may always be the most pleasant.

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*The Brunonian* is as clever as in days gone by, and seems to increase in excellence as it increases in years. The fiction in the last number is entertaining, and the verse—well, it is Brown verse—and everyone knows that that means it is original, quaint, clever and humorous. But not alone in fiction and verse does the *Brunonian* excel. Everything in it, from its leading editorial to its smallest item, is a model of good style and of good taste. A man who had never heard of Brown University—if there be such a benighted individual—would understand and enjoy the *Brunonian* from its first to its last page.

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*The Mount*, *St. Xavier's Monthly*, and *Leaflets from Loreto*, are three praiseworthy journals which are similar in more respects than one. They are all edited by young ladies; they all dispense learning and give expression to pleasing thoughts; the contents of all are made up of pointed essays, good descriptions and happy ventures into the realms of poesy and fiction. Cheerfulness, smiles and pleasant words are the characteristics of each one, and they all seem to try to make school-life more enjoyable. The *Mount* has ventured into politics, and its discussions show that its fair contributors are well versed in political lore.

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The stories in the *Yale Courant* are fully equal to the other articles in that attractive publication, and that is giving them great praise. The "Ballad of Marion May" is a Halloween poem that has the tone of the old-time ballads that our grandfathers used to sing. In the "Bachelor's Kingdom" are found sound considerations concerning the decadence in modern magazine poetry. "At the Round Table," containing discussions upon the happenings of the day, is very cleverly written.

## Personals.

—Mr. Henry E. Taylor, of Brownson Hall, and his brother Francis, of Carroll Hall, had the pleasure of a few days' visit from their mother last week.

—Our Register for Sunday showed among the visitors from the "White City" the name of Mr. T. Dooley, father to Thomas Dooley of Brownson Hall. Mr. M. Dooley was accompanied by Mr. McMahon.

—James I. Powers (Com'l '96) is in the insurance business with Mr. C. Hern, of Galena, Ill. If push and close application to business can make a man prominent in Galena, Jim will be at the top of the ladder.

—Mr. William Martin (student '80-'85) was a visitor during last week. It was a pleasure for many of the old-timers to see him; for the good-natured smile and manners that characterized him in days gone by are still visible.

—The Rev. J. D. Coleman, C. S. C., a former Instructor in the University and late Chaplain of the Temperance Cadets of Watertown, Wis., has been appointed one of the committee of studies for the Winter School in New Orleans.

—Hugh C. Mitchell (B. S. and member of the SCHOLASTIC Staff '95) writes a very encouraging letter from Edna, Texas, saying that he predicts the greatest possible success for the College paper of the current year. Though far removed from the scenes of his *Alma Mater* he finds great pleasure in reading of the happenings here. We hope that those among the old students who peruse these columns will follow the example of Mr. Mitchell and let us know of their whereabouts.

—It was a delight to both Faculty and students to greet again the Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, S. J., who spent a few days at the University this week. Those who followed the admirable retreat of last year will agree with the enthusiastic old soldier who declared that "Father Tom can preach as well as his father could fight." Father Sherman is no stranger anywhere in America, but least of all at Notre Dame, where his earliest studies were made. We hope that before long missionary duties will bring him this way again.

—The Hon. ex-Governor Flower, of New York, during a recent call at South Bend, managed to steal a few moments from his many admirers there to enjoy a drive to the University. His time being very limited, the worthy gentleman was forced to satisfy himself with only a cursory view of the place. While we feel complimented even with such a short visit, we hope that circumstances may allow him a longer stay next time. He was accompanied by Mrs. Flower, Mr. and Mrs. C. Vey Holman, of Rockland, Maine, and Mr. P. O'Brien of our neighboring city.



## Local Items.

—Oskie went home to vote. Do you understand?—Vote.

—Earl Wade has gone to Toledo to attend the marriage of his sister.

—FOUND.—A gold ring. Owner, call on Bro. Valerian and identify the same.

—The lock on the door led the interference in the third French class Wednesday morning.

—LOST.—A cuff and a silver cuff-button. Finder, please return to room 30, Sorin Hall.

—The lawyers wish to announce that their colors are black and blue, and are to be worn only after each game.

—“Say,” asked one Carrollite of another, “what kind of a piece is ‘On?’ I just heard somebody say ‘And the Band played on.’”

—The “Never-Sweats” defeated a picked team from the Junior department, by a score of 20 to 0. Massey captains the “Never-Sweats.”

—Geoghegan does not think he would have much trouble in learning to play the banjo. He is evidently of the opinion that he could easily pick it up.

—“Even if we are defeated,” said a sorrowful Bryanite yesterday, “we have the satisfaction of knowing that we were with the sentiment of the people.”

—The students of Sorin Hall wish to return grateful acknowledgments to all who gave them very valuable assistance for their party on last Tuesday evening.

—I’ll-bet-you-fifty-cents Landers must have lost a considerable amount on the election if he wagered as many times as he used his stereotyped expression.

—When the fog failed to lift on Tuesday, Duffy observed that Bryan would scarcely be able to see well (Sewall), and now there is sadness in a Butler home.

—The chief rooter has for good and sufficient reasons resigned his position. Candidates for the vacancy will report at 32 Sorin Hall at four a. m. on November the thirty-first.

—The slogan of the Little Rocks is unquestionably a thing of beauty. The man who would not be moved by the rhythm of “Rickety, rickety, tally-ho, tacks!” must be sordid indeed.

—Owing to his height, Lengthy Landers must be “away up” in society in the little town of Merrill. Anyone doubting this assertion will be accommodated with a bet of fifty cents by the victim.

—When the crowd shouted for Bryan the other evening, Boru was wholly unjustified in taking it to himself; for subsequent events proved that it was fully as deceiving as the silver sun on election morning.

—We haven’t heard of any recent alliance between Italy and the country of Kosciusko

and Pulaski, nevertheless, as Costello tripped off to cast his maiden ballot, O’Malley was heard to say that Dago was going to the polls.

—That the Good, the True, the Beautiful has not lost his personal magnetism was demonstrated by the number of apple-cores and paper-wads which he attracted at an informal meeting one morning this week.

—It has been said that Shamus could talk more and say less in a given time than any other man in the place. The lawyers would respectfully point to Mr. Guilfoyle whose abilities in this line have heretofore been unquestioned.

—“You see,” said Wade, as he puffed vigorously away at a bunch of hay under guise of a cigar, “I am enjoying the pleasure of this smoke as the result of a bet.” “You must have lost,” rejoined Brown, who was standing near enough to catch a whiff.

—The sad news has just reached us that our old friend Leo Weadock, who is attending Orchard Lake Military Academy, has been court-martialed and put on half rations for sleeping at his post. This, however, is no explanation of why Hartung is a stiff.

—Atherton remarked that Mullen, winding up the flag, resembled an Italian organ-grinder playing the “Red, White and Blue.” Pulskamp advanced the comparison a step by calling attention to the fact that Jack was performing the operation with a “monkey wrench.” Wow!

—The absence of illumination seemed to have put an end to a quiet little game, and Rosey was about to retire to his cradle for the night, when Sanders pulled a feather from his pillow, saying that it was light enough for any man, and scooped in the pot on an ace high.

—Last Sunday the Sorinites went hunting for a football game, but they found it not. During the journey the advance got separated from the rear guard, but they must have taken the same road, since Golden, who was with the latter contingent, avers that he saw the tracks of those who had gone before.

—What a marked contrast existed in the manner in which election night was observed by the Sorinites and the Brownsons. The former flitted the hours away in banquet and song, while the latter warmed their digits over a gentle fire, and listened to Cypher and Wilson tell how the country was going.

## —A POPOCRATIC LAMENT.

Had Bryan been elected to the presidential chair,  
All the paupers would have money; all the bald heads  
would have hair,  
All the old maids would get husbands, we would banish  
pain and care

Had Bryan been elected to the presidential chair.

—The silence of the night was disturbed by the melodious voice of Peter Duffy who, without the slightest regard for the nerves of his co-sleepers, spake thusly to Slivers, whose manly form lay a short distance away: “Slivers,



I have discovered that my pillow has a great case on the bed." Slivers smiled sweetly, the band played and Tutti Frutti poked his shining pate into the hall.

—"Here's a joke," ventured Mr. Heller as he yanked out a fair-sized bunch of hair from the venerable head of our Cincinnati friend. "If you give me a fifty-cent piece I'll agree to cut your hair and strengthen your football team." (Enter a small piece of silence followed by the ejaculation, "Go 'way!") "Yes," said Heller, pulling out another tuft; "I'll cut your hair for twenty-five cents and give you a quarter-back." Our friend has since been in the Infirmary.

—The University Moot-Court disposed of its first case, which had been pending for some time, on Wednesday last. A. Magruder and F. Wurzer acted for the plaintiff, and J. Quinn with P. Hartung conducted the defense. Logs, floating and black bottles were the subjects of many questions. The cross examinations were exceedingly interesting, and the replies, whether witty or silly, were a feature of the trial. The interest of the jury was so completely absorbed in the case that Sheriff Brucker could not induce them either to report or disband even with the announcement that supper time was at hand. The verdict was finally rendered in favor of the plaintiff. J. H. Browne is clerk of the court and F. Dreher is reporter.

—The following books constitute the "required reading" in the class of Rhetoric:

(1) "Talks on Writing English," by Arlo Bates.

(2) "English Composition," by Barrett Wendell.

(3) The lectures on literature in the "Idea of a University," by Cardinal Newman.

(4) "The Philosophy of Style," by Herbert Spencer.

(5) "The Verbalist," by Alfred Ayers.

(6) "Words and their Uses," by Richard Grant White.

(7) "The Philosophy of Literature," by Brother Azarias.

(8) "The Art of Newspaper Making," by C. A. Dana.

Students who prefer to do so may substitute the detailed study of the life, character and writings of any English or American author. The student's choice must be approved by the Professor.

—Although several cases have been tried in the Moot-Court since the beginning of the present session, yet it was not until last week that the different courts were fully organized. This year the law students are manifesting exceptional interest in the trial of cases. There are even now cases in sufficient number on the trial calendar to keep them busy until Christmas. The Law Department has a large attendance, and the course of study is regarded as not excelled

anywhere in scope and thoroughness. Following are the courts organized, together with the names of the officers and other officials chosen:

#### MOOT-COURT.

Hon. William Hoynes, Judge; James H. Brown, Clerk; Edward A. Howard, Deputy Clerk; Francis J. F. Confer, Prosecuting Attorney; Louis T. Weadock, Deputy Prosecuting Attorney; Stephen J. Brucker, Sheriff; Michael T. Daly, Deputy Sheriff; Joseph Haley, Jr., Coroner; William E. Crowley, Deputy Coroner; Samuel J. Spalding and Benjamin Pickett, Jury Commissioners; Francis P. Dreher and Michael J. McCormick, Reporters; Henry Wurzer, Notary Public; Edward J. Mingey, Recorder.

#### COURT OF CHANCERY.

Hon. William Hoynes, Chancellor; James B. Quinn, Clerk; Claude L. Blanchard, Deputy Clerk; Peter E. Kearney, Master in Chancery; Charles E. Singler, Deputy Sheriff; Samuel H. Frazer and Ralph Powell, Reporters.

#### JUSTICE'S COURT.

A. S. J. Magruder, Justice of the Peace; Paul E. Hartung, Clerk; Thomas M. Hoban, Constable.

#### UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER'S COURT.

M. J. Ney, U. S. Commissioner; John Francis Corr, Clerk; Wilson H. Cullinane, Deputy Clerk; John Silver, Assistant United States Attorney; John V. Ducey, Assistant United States Marshal.

#### UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

Hon. William Hoynes, Judge; Frederic J. Schillo, Clerk; William A. Guilfoyle, Deputy Clerk; Joseph A. Corby, U. S. District Attorney; Edward T. Gilmartin, Assistant U. S. District Attorney; Frank O'Shaughnessy, U. S. Marshal; J. J. Kraus, Assistant U. S. Marshal; J. R. Meyers and Eugene Campbell, Reporters.

—Dr. Thompson, of Chicago, again showed himself a friend of Notre Dame, when he went to the trouble of bringing his racing shell all the way from Chicago last Saturday in order to help fill the strong box of our Athletic Association. The wind was blowing almost a gale, and the water was consequently very rough; but the six-oared barge and the frail racing shell went up and down the course without any mishap. The crew of the barge was picked from the different crews of the University Boat Club. Both boats got off well, and kept abreast of each other until the "turn." Then Dr. Thompson's superior stroke began to show itself, and he steadily gained upon our men until he was a full length ahead at the finish. After the race he gave an exhibition of the Yale stroke, the English stroke, the professional stroke, and a stroke of his own. Just before supper Captain Niezer gave a short talk from the steps of Washington Hall, and, after making the Doctor an honorary member of the University Boat Club, presented with a gold anchor as an acknowledgment of the interest he has shown in our athletics.

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Bennett, Byrne, Costello, Confer, Delaney, Fitzpatrick, Golden, Geoghegan, Lantry, Medley, McDonough, Mingey, McDonald, O'Hara, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, Palmer, Piquette, Rosenthal, Reardon, Reilly, Steele, Sanders, Spalding, Sullivan, Steiner.

## BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. W. Browne, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Brucker, Bouwens, J. Brown, Cline, Crawford, Crowder, Cavanagh, Carney, Campbell, Cuneo, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, Dreher, Dukette, Dowd, M. Daly, Duffy, Donovan, J. Daly, Dooley, Desmond, Fetherstone, Fadeley, O. Fitzgerald, Fox, Follen, Foulks, Farrell, Franey, M. Flannigan, Fischer, Grady, C. Garza, Gilmartin, Guilfoyle, Hoban, Hengen, F. Hesse, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, J. Hesse, Howell, Hessel, Hay, Hartung, Jelonek, Johnson, Jurado, Kidder, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Koehler, Lyons, Landers, Long, Lowery, Lutz, Lichtenwalter, Murphy, Meagher, Morrison, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, Monahan, Mueller, Meyers, Monarch, Moorhead, Maurus, Massey, Martin, Miller, McCarrick, McCormack, McNichols, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, Niezer, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Hara, Pickett, Paras, Quinn, Rowan, Reed, Rahe, Speake, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Spalding Thiele, Tong, Tomlinson, J. Tuohy, Toba, Voght, Ward, Welker, Wiczorek, Wimberg, Wilson, O. Zaehle, E. Zaehle.

## CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, P. Armijo, R. Armijo, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Cornell, T. Condon, M. Condon, Corby, Cowie, Curry, Curtis, Dellone, Darst, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Elliott, Ellwanger, Fennessey, Flynn, Foley, Fox, L. Fish, A. Fish, Funke, Gimbel, Garrity, Girsch, Gonzalez, Grossart, Hawkins, Hoban, Houck, Hagerty, Herron, Hanley, Hinze, Heffelfinger, Johnson, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Klein, Kilgallen, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, Maher, Moore, Mohn, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, Moss, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, J. Murray, R. Murray, Merz, Michels, Moxley, Mueller, McCarthy, McDonnell, McElroy, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, McNamara, McNichols, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Newell, F. O'Brien, O'Connell, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetz, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Rudnicki, Sanford, Sample, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmitt, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Sheils, Shillington, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Swan, Syzbowicz, Sexton, F. Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, H. Ward, F. Ward, Waite, Walsh, Watterson, Wells, Wilson.

## ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Cowie, Clarke, Casparis, Cressy, Cunea, Cotter, Coquillard, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Edgerton, Ebbert, Ervin, Engelmann, Field, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Frane, Griffith, Graham, Garrity, Hall, Hubbard, Hart, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Lovell, Lawton, P. Manion, E. Manion, McMaster, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, M. McMahon, W. McMahon, J. McMahon, McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Paul, Phillips, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Rees, Reynolds, Ryan, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Trentman, Terhune, Tillotson, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Welch, Wilde, F. Weidman, G. Weidman, Weber.

## List of Excellence.

## COLLEGIATE COURSE.

*Church History*—Messrs. McDonough, F. O'Malley; *Advanced Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Cornell, Druiding, Fennessey, Reuss, Watterson, Dukette, J. Daly, McGinnis; *Moral Philosophy*—Messrs. Bryan, Reilly; *Logic*—Messrs. Kegler, R. O'Malley; *Latin*—Messrs. J. Barry, E. Murphy, Roy, Dalton, Farrell, Fennessey; *Greek*—Messrs. J. Barry, J. McNamara, Hengen, H. Gallagher, Trahey; *Astronomy*—F. O'Hara; *Civil Engineering*—F. O'Hara; *Descriptive Geometry*—E. Delaney; *Mechanics of Engin.*—F. O'Hara; *Railroad Surveying*—F. O'Hara; *Quali-*

*tative Analysis*—W. Kegler; *Element. Chemistry*—Messrs. Roy, Nieuwland; *Element. Physics*—Messrs. Nieuwland, Dowd; *Calculus*—W. Kegler; *Analytical Geometry*—J. Nieuwland; *Trigonometry*—J. Carlton; *Geometry*—Messrs. J. Daly, McIntyre, Sullivan, DeLorimier, Dukette, A. Long; *Algebra*—Messrs. F. Smoger, DeLorimier, Dukette, Hayes, R. Murray, Ward, Kelleher; *Belles-Lettres*—Messrs. Reilly, J. Sullivan, J. Barry, J. McNamara; *Criticism*—W. Golden; *Literature*—Messrs. Nieuwland, Grady; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. R. Brown, Daly, DeLorimier, McDonough, Moynihan, F. O'Shaughnessy; *Law*—Messrs. J. H. Brown, F. Confer, Magruder, Ney, Mingey, Quinn, Weadock; *Philosophy of History*—T. Reilly; *Political Economy*—Messrs. Bryan, E. Murphy; *History*—Messrs. Quinn, Confer, Fennessey, Kearney; *Mythology*—Messrs. Lowery, Sheehan; *Mineralogy*—E. Crilly; *Metallurgy*—Messrs. Kegler, Piquette; *Physiology*—W. McDonough; *Advanced Physiology*—J. Rosenthal; *Anatomy*—Messrs. Fagan, Rosenthal; *Elementary Histology*—W. McDonough; *Advanced Histology*—Messrs. Fagan, Rosenthal; *Bacteriology*—W. Weaver; *Botany*—Oswald; *Advanced Zoology*—Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Rosenthal; *Electricity*—Tomlinson; *Dynamo-Electric Machinery*—R. Palmer; *Thermodynamics*—R. Palmer; *Kinematics*—S. McDonald; *Shop Work*—Messrs. Arce, Delaney.

## COMMERCIAL AND PREPARATORY COURSES.

*Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Reed, Maurus, Wilson, C. Shillington, T. Murray, Morgan, Elliott, Ellwanger, S. Sullivan, Leach, Land, J. Sheekey, R. Armijo, Herron, Fetherstone, Desmond, Kuerze, Curtis, Dellone; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Krug, McMaster, J. Naughton, Sample, E. O'Malley, R. Wilson, J. Armijo, Cline, E. Hake, Martin, Jones, McElligott, Dellone, Herron, J. Ward, G. O'Brien, Duffy, C. Mulcare, O'Neill, Grossart, Nolan, Fenton, McKenzie, Berger, F. McCallen; *Grammar*—Messrs. P. McElligott, K. McMaster, T. E. Cavanagh, McMillan, Ellwanger, C. Corby, Hawkins, Mohn, McMahon, Nolan, Dreyer, Powers, O'Neill, Sample, Paras, E. Zaehle, Mulcrone, Kilgallen, T. Naughton, Bergen, T. Mulcare, Moore, Houck, Mooney; *Reading*—Messrs. C. Corby, Hawkins, G. Kasper, Land, Padden, Richon, Schaffhauser, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, R. Wilson, Duffy, F. Schulte, J. Hartzler, E. DeWolf, Kilgallen, Malone, Mueller, G. O'Brien, E. Sheekey, Arizpe, Jurado, Berger, Ellwanger, Swan; *Orthography*—Messrs. McNamara, T. Murray, A. L. Krug, Kelly, Berger, L. Jurado, Arizpe, Morgan, Hartzler, Duffy, Schulte, Davidson, Drejer, G. Kasper, Land, J. Mulcare, G. Scherrer; *Penmanship*—Messrs. T. E. Cavanagh, Noonan; *United States History*—Messrs. Krug, Powers, Grossart, Ellwanger, Nolan, Vogt, Desmond, Drejer, R. Jones, Thiele; *Geography*—Messrs. R. Jones, Duffy, Vogt, Desmond, Drejer, Ellwanger, Houck, Krug; *Modern History*—Messrs. Barthel, Kraus, F. O'Shaughnessy, Trahey; *Composition*—Messrs. McIntyre, Weadock, Merz, Krug; *Latin*—Messrs. T. Condon, Hanhauser, Szalewski, Hennessey, Oswald, Peterson, Krug, Daly, Morrisson, T. J. Murray, Pulford, Reed, J. Shillington, Pendleton, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy; *Greek*—Messrs. DeLorimier, Moynihan, M. Oswald, Szalewski, G. Marr; *Algebra*—Messrs. R. Brown, R. Wilson, Merz, T. J. Murray, Morris, V. Dwyer, McElligott, Barthel, Losbough; *Special Orthog.*—Kidder, W. Berry, J. Berry, Cuneo, Kuerze, Wells, A. Lyons; *Book-Keeping*—Messrs. Schulte, Dooley, Lyons, P. Kuntz.

## SPECIAL BRANCHES.

*Spanish*—Messrs. T. O'Hara, Jurado; *French*—Messrs. Fennessey, Arce, Delaney, Bryan, Steiner, R. Barry, F. O'Malley, Schumacher, Nieuwland; *German*—Messrs. H. Mueller, Carlton, A. Schmitt, Peterson; *Freehand and Artistic Drawing*—Messrs. Hanhauser, Nieuwland, McCormack, Elitch; *Industrial Drawing*—Messrs. Hay, Smoger, J. Miller, F. O'Hara; *Music*—Messrs. Schaffhauser, Davidson, Kelly, Funk, Garza, Hessel, M. Mueller, Lyle, Fehr, L. Meagher, J. Mueller, Sanford, Becker, Darst, Burns, Reinhard, Blanchard, H. Taylor, G. Wilson, Cornell, W. Scherrer, Merz, Ellwanger, T. Naughton, Duquette, Crawford, E. Campbell, Ragan; *Vocal Music*—Messrs. Massey, A. Kasper, Ducey, T. Cavanagh; *Telegraphy*—E. Falvey; *Typewriting*—A. H. Mueller; *Military Drill*—Messrs. Haley, Gilmartin.