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The Cause of Grief.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, '97.

WHY does the wind,
Like sorrow-stricken mother wail,
And tell at midnight hour a tale,
Which makes us shudder?
Why do the trees,
Despairing toss their naked arms
Distraught with sound of Death's alarms,
And hint of winter's war?

Because they mourn
The passing of another year,
And sigh as though to give a tear
To parting friends.

The perfumed rose lies dank and dead
With withered leaves heaped on its bed,
The warbling birds now sing no more,
The cheerful summer days are o'er
And gone their joys.

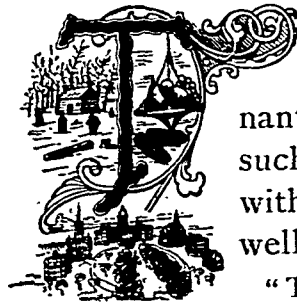
The frost-nipped vines all turned to gold,
Which first of Autumn's presence told;
The rich bronze hue that tinged the groves,
Or kissed the hills whereon the droves
Of grazing cattle idly strayed,
Where gentle sunbeams sportive played,—
All these their short-lived course have run,
And passed away.

Hence weep the winds!
While to her weird and mournful strain
Fierce storm-winds chant a wild refrain.
Where all was bright, dark shadows stand,
Like curtains drawn across the land,
To mark the fast-approaching end—
The dying year!

BUT the year dies not. Even when it appears
coldest in death; there are bits and patches of
life and beauty at every turn, if we are only
fortunate enough to see them.—F. W. O'M.

The Epigrams of William Watson.

JAMES BARRY, '97.



HE epigram, in its popular
conception, is a poem, poignant,
brief and pointed,—just
such a composition as agrees
with the description in these
well-known lines:

“The qualities rare in a bee that we
meet

In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be left in its tail.”

It may, however, be taken in a wider sense
than this, and include not only the satire, but the
elegy, the tiny love-poem, the bit of wisdom
and the witty saying in rime. Originally it
meant an *inscription* on tomb, temple, arch, or
statue, necessarily brief but without sharpness.
Later, especially in the hands of Martial, it
acquired its satirical quality, which was gener-
ally condensed into the last line. It became
cutting like the crack of a whip, and this new
characteristic of the epigram was highly culti-
vated in France; but among English-speaking
peoples it has finally come to mean a brief
poem of the satirical, elegiac, erotic, philosoph-
ical or witty kind.

The epigrams of Mr. Watson belong to the
more comprehensive category. Among them
satire is the exception, not the rule, for this
poet's pen is rarely tipped with poison. They
are written in the quatrain form, which, con-
trary to general belief, is a very difficult kind
of poetic composition.

Dryden defines the quatrain as a stanza of
four lines riming alternately; but the meaning

may be extended to any poem of four verses, be the rime-scheme what it may. The quatrain, like the sonnet, has a function of its own. Its laws are not so complex as those of the latter, but they exist and must not be broken. It is an artificial form of versification no more than is the sonnet. It is not necessarily lyrical, for some masters of it in English, poets like Landor and Edward Fitzgerald, are least of all lyrists.

The quatrain may be like a violin in its depth or a mandolin in its lightness; it may resemble the sea in its solemnity or the Rhone in its precipitancy. It is necessarily a single thought, a single mood or a single fancy, and this thought, mood, fancy must be complete in itself. This does not mean that the thought in a quatrain must be fully developed within its narrow limits, but that it must be the nucleus, the essence of an evolved idea. If the thought requires more than four lines for its completion, the quatrain is imperfect.

The quatrain is not a species of composition in which a poet can embody his "fine frenzy." It precludes passion, and is, on this account, rather classical than romantic. The qualities which shine above all others in the quatrain are concentration, skilful wording, nice discrimination between this phrase and that, unity and entirety. Here not the careless genius but the fastidious stylist, not the great poet but the consummate artist, is discerned.

Mr. William Watson in his quatrains is the careful builder of a handsome edifice. He is an artist above all else, and afterward he is a critic of men, of conditions, of everything in life and of life itself. His faith is embodied in the verse,

"Life, as I see it lived, is great enough for me,"
and he gives practical illustration of this in the hundred stanzas which compose his "Epigrams of Art, Life and Nature."

These poems, with a few exceptions, as already stated, are not epigrams in the popular sense, and should more properly be called quatrains, since they have not the snap or point, the "sting," which the epigram demands. They are dignified and highly polished bits of verse, often deep, rarely trenchant, never unequal. If poetry, as Coleridge remarks, consists of the "best words in the best order," then the "Epigrams" alone would place Mr. Watson among the poets, for there can be no improvement in the selection and arrangement of his words.

His first quatrain serves as an introduction

to the other ninety-nine. It offers an apology for his low flight; but it is too full of modesty, and we must not accept it as a correct estimate of what the volume contains. The metaphor is very apt, however, for these stanzas, because of their brevity, are like the flitting of a bird from tree to tree, with no attempt at sustained flight. Its conciseness is admirable:

"Thou dost but flit, my merle! from tree to tree,
While on the heights of morn the lark is loud.
Thou hast no wish thy native world to flee,
Knowing the star is far, and dense the cloud."

Here is a rounded thought, a kernel in its shell. It is a flash; a moment and it is gone. Beautiful in conception and faultless in expression, it is an epitome of the poet's character; and when placed side by side with this stanza by Walter Savage Landor, whom Mr. Watson himself calls "our greatest modern Epigrammatist," what a contrast it makes?

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

This is a beautiful quatrain, perhaps the most perfect in English; but see what self-assertiveness it contains, what scorn—nay, indifference for others, what contempt for death, what admiration for beauty! It is Landor, as we know him, through and through, with his harsh disregard for the feelings of others. From these two quatrains can be judged, with considerable accuracy, the characters of their authors.

These little gems are so clear, so fascinating, that I may be allowed permission to set a goodly number of them before you; but it is hard to refrain from reproducing them *ad libitum*, for they all demand attention. This is how Mr. Watson describes the poet:

"The Poet gathers fruit from every tree,
Yea, grapes from thorns and figs from thistles he.
Plucked by his hand, the basest weed that grows
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose."

This is a great claim for the poet, but it holds within the domain of actuality. It is a proud idea, yet no prouder than the fact itself, for poetry must needs elevate, strengthen, refine.

Mr. Watson now and then indulges in a sly fling at our modern agnostics. Here is a clever epigram with decided point:

"God, by the earlier sceptic, was exiled;
The later is more lenient grown and mild:
He sanctions God, provided you agree
To any other name for deity."

In another place he makes very light of a late English poet, and is like to incur the dis-

pleasure of that bard's admirers when he laughs,

"My friend the apothecary o'er the way
Doth in his window Byron's bust display.
Once, at Childe Harold's voice, did Europe bow:
He wears a patent lung-protector now."

How well he expresses the old thought,

"The Truth is shackles and an iron door.
In dreams alone we drink of liberty.
For fetters whilst unfelt are bonds no more,
And free they are who think that they are free."

This quatrain is somewhat marred by the presence of a forced rime; but the idea expressed in these four lines is so immense that we scarcely notice a defect in the construction. He gives in the following quatrain a good exposition of his mission—and it is the mission of the true poet,—

"I follow Beauty; of her train am I:
Beauty whose voice is earth and sea and air;
Who serveth, and her hands for all things ply;
Who reigneth, and her throne is everywhere."

Mr. Watson is evidently a disciple of Landor. Like the latter he gives his whole mind to beauty, but he worships something more than beauty of outline. His apprehension of the beautiful is more Christian than this: it includes the spirit as well as the matter, and the matter because of the spirit. Several of his poems, too, have a flavor of Landor, but it is quite evident that there has been no attempt at gross imitation. Compare this quatrain by Landor—

"There is a flower I wish to wear,
But not until first worn by you—
Heartsease—of all earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two."

with one by Mr. Watson,

"I plucked this flower, O brighter flower, for thee,
There where the river dies into the sea.
To kiss it the wild west wind hath made free:
Kiss it thyself and give it back to me."

There is here a similarity of thought, but only such a resemblance as might readily occur by coincidence.

Mr. Watson, as may be seen from the examples cited, is not a poet of great imagination but an artist of great skill. He knows what art is, and he possesses, in a marked degree, the power of carrying out his purpose. He does not descend, as unfortunately too many English writers do, to the low naturalism that has become so fashionable of late. If he is not a great poet, he deserves, nevertheless, unstinted praise for his purity of language and his chastity of thought. He has added much to our literature by this century of poems, and ought to be a model for those who wish to restrict themselves to the "little room" of the quatrain.

A Provoking Coincidence.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

The meeting of Edmund Cowden and John McOwen was not one of those mere accidents which often bring together two persons who are destined to become warm friends and to influence, in a way, the life of each other. For Cowden had started off to college with a full knowledge that there was in existence such a person as John McOwen, and it was his intention to look up and become acquainted with him. In fact, Cowden's father and McOwen's father were friends, and a year before, when the older gentlemen had happened to meet in New York, Mr. McOwen had informed Mr. Cowden that he had just then entered his son in the Sophomore year at X College. Consequently, when Cowden was also starting to X, his father gave him a letter of introduction to McOwen, which Cowden was very glad to have, as he knew that the friendship of a Junior would mean much for an unsophisticated Freshman. Cowden, in his first letter home spoke of having met McOwen who seemed to be a very pleasant fellow of about twenty. "He showed me around the place," Cowden wrote, "and introduced me to many of the fellows and to my professors, and did the right thing by me generally. I think I shall like him very much." And so it was in this way that Cowden became acquainted with John McOwen.

Well, the year rolled by; Commencement Day came, and Cowden started home proud and happy of having finished his freshman year. It was a delightful afternoon in June when he stepped off the train at Mt. Vernon, and came again into the bosom of his family and friends where he was welcomed in a befitting manner.

Cowden upon his return was, of course, full of anecdotes of his collegiate experiences, and he was not long in relating many of them to the girls upon whom he called. A fellow invariably selects a girl when he wishes to relate his mild experiences at college, for the fair creatures are very credulous, or pretend to be so, and by nature are long-suffering, and will show a pretended interest in a pleasant fellow's narrative, however much it suffer from intellectual drought. Be this as it may, Cowden was full of reminiscences when he called upon the young ladies, after his return for the long vacation; and connected with every tale that he told, joined, in fact, with every mention of

the Varsity, was the name of his friend John McOwen.

"Oh! he is a star," Cowden would say. "Why he can go in and beat any one at football, and then, by guns, stop between the halves and write a sonnet or anything of that sort. Finest kind of family too; his grandfather was a senator, and that sort of thing; but it doesn't bother him much, at least he never talks family at you." And so Cowden would go on about his idol, and he soon had the young ladies interested in this remarkable genius.

The impulsive Cowden really worshipped McOwen, and he, in turn—but in a calmer manner—was very fond of Cowden; they had been friends ever since that first day of meeting at college; and although the one was only a Freshman while the other was a Junior, yet the latter was not adverse to being the object of such complete admiration as Cowden bestowed upon him.

When the vacation had come, Cowden was anxious to have his friend come home with him for a visit; it could not be arranged then, but soon after commencement, as a result of urgent invitations, including one from Mrs. Cowden, McOwen accepted, and put the date of his visit at July 10. Cowden was overjoyed, and it was soon known in the social circle that the much talked-of McOwen was coming for a visit to Mt. Vernon.

Cowden was determined that his guest should have a pleasant time, and his first step was to select a girl in whom his chum might become interested. There were many pretty girls in town, any one of whom, Cowden felt, might easily fall in love with McOwen; but the question was to find one who would win McOwen's fancy. Cowden decided that the girl most apt to do this was Miss Marie Hope who lived just across the street, and who was usually conceded to be the *belle de ville*. And so Miss Hope was selected; she was the first to be informed that McOwen was coming, the first allowed to look upon the photograph of the handsome and versatile genius, and the justly proud one to learn from Cowden that she had been chosen from all the rest as the girl with whom McOwen should be allowed to fall in love. To her, Cowden read aloud McOwen's letter, in which he said that he was already interested "in that charming Miss Hope you tell me of; that human nightingale, whose singing is the re-echo of celestial choirs; that queen who compares with other women even as does 'the moon to the lesser fires of night.'" Miss Hope was quite

overcome by so much honor and could but feebly express her gratitude. Every day Cowden would see the favored girl, and talk with her of McOwen, and every few days he would write his friend and tell him of Miss Hope, and soon he became the medium through which the two passed good wishes and regards.

Well, the tenth of July came, and with it the great McOwen; he arrived about nine o'clock in the evening, and as the moon was up, Miss Hope, standing at a window, saw him alight from the carriage at the Cowden gate. Her heart, I imagine, gave a little jump when she saw Cowden stop and point across to her house, and as the visitor looked over she could almost hear the words: "Oh! that's where my charming Miss Hope lives, is it?"

According to arrangements Cowden was to bring his guest the next afternoon to call on Miss Hope. When the time arrived, he came alone with the intelligence that McOwen was quite unwell, but that the next evening they would both call. By the next evening, however, McOwen was much worse instead of better; the physician was called and found that the young man had high fever, and this in the course of a week developed into a mild case of typhoid. McOwen's mother was not living. His father came over when he heard of his illness, and insisted upon having his son removed to a hospital. The Cowdens would not hear of such a thing, and after a few days Mr. McOwen returned to his business, protesting still against the kindness of the Cowdens and rather reproaching his son for taking sick on their hands.

McOwen lingered along for a couple of weeks, and in the delirium of the worst stages spoke often of Miss Hope. This fact was reported to the young lady, and greatly touched her tender heart. In due time, and after causing much trouble, a change for the better was reported, and soon McOwen was on the high road to recovery. During his convalescence, little dishes of ices and custards were frequently sent across from the Hope home as coming ostensibly from Mrs. Hope, but which, in reality, were the offerings of the charming Marie. Communications through Cowden were soon re-established between the invalid and the girl across the way. McOwen was deucedly sorry that this absurd fever had come on and prevented him meeting Miss Hope; but he expected to be out before long, and would enjoy the privilege all the more because it had been denied him so long.

As McOwen grew better and was able to move about in his room he became impatient to see Miss Hope and thank her personally for those ices "and things." So he hit upon a plan. Cowden was to induce Miss Hope to come over with her mother to call on Mrs. Cowden, and then once inside to waive form, and come up and visit McOwen and himself.

Cowden saw Miss Hope about it, and matters were arranged, but the doctor had, of course, to be consulted, and he advised them to wait a few days. So the impatient McOwen fixed on Saturday, which would be exactly three days, and on Saturday Miss Hope promised to be there. Friday evening Cowden called to make final arrangements with Miss Hope, but was informed that she had not been well for the past two days and had retired; this was unpleasant news to Cowden, but he hoped for the best.

The next afternoon McOwen and Cowden sat in state expecting their fair caller, but she came not. At five o'clock Cowden was despatched to learn the cause of her non-appearance, and his friend sat gloomily awaiting the news. Cowden was gone about ten minutes when he returned to the house; slowly he mounted the stairs, and as he entered the room the expression of his face was ominous.

"McOwen," he said solemnly, "Miss Hope has typhoid."

"The devil!" answered McOwen. And it being evening, the sun went down.

Cowden's anticipation concerning Miss Hope's illness was not far wrong, for typhoid did come on, and brought with it serious alarm. In her delirium, so Cowden learned, she talked much of McOwen, inquired how he was, and insisted that she must go over to see him. Cowden would report this to McOwen who spent his time calling down judgments on what he termed his luck. Miss Hope did not die, though she came dangerously near it once or twice, and so she got better. The two young men sent her many bunches of roses, together with their sympathies and wishes that she would soon be well.

In the meantime, McOwen, who had now recovered, felt that he should be going home. "But blame it," he would say, "I hate to leave without ever seeing Miss Hope."

"Why, of course," would be Cowden's reply, "you must see her if you have to stay here all your life. You simply must meet her."

Finally McOwen compromised. Cowden should come along home with him, and they could stay there until early in September, when

they would return on their way to college, and see Miss Hope who would certainly be on hand by that time. This arrangement was agreed upon, and so with many apologies for the trouble he had given, and with many expressions of gratitude for the many kindnesses shown him, McOwen left for home about the middle of August, accompanied by Cowden. They sent their farewells to Miss Hope who replied very prettily, telling them that in a couple of weeks she would be well again, and would be happy to see much of them when they returned.

It was the first of September, just a day or two before Cowden and McOwen intended to return to Mt. Vernon, that the two friends were sitting together, about ten in the morning, on the lawn of McOwen's home. A servant brought out a letter which had just come and gave it to Cowden; it was from his mother, and tearing it open he proceeded to read it. McOwen sat gazing off into space while his friend perused the letter, but his reverie was soon interrupted by the words, "Great guns, Mac! listen to this:" and Cowden read aloud: "Mr. Hope has been called South rather suddenly on business; it has been decided that Mrs. Hope and Marie shall accompany him, as the doctor says a trip South would be of great benefit to Marie. They start on the first."

"Cowden," cried McOwen, "there's a train leaves for your place at noon; let's get ready."

"Come on," answered the other. "We'll have to make it."

They reached Mt. Vernon in the evening, and alighting from the train, grips in hand, they stood a minute on the station platform. Another train was pulling out of the depot at this moment, and as it went by them they heard a tap at a window of the Pullman.

"McOwen, there's Miss Hope!"

McOwen glanced up just in time to see a very pretty girl, quite pale and wan, who looked from the window and smiled upon him. He raised his hat, and the train was gone.

McOwen talked of entering the University of Florida that fall instead of returning to X College. But as he did not know just where the institution in question was situated, the disappointed young man was at a loss when he came to write for particulars, so he decided not to make the change. Miss Hope wrote Cowden a note some weeks later, and asked him to tell his friend that next summer she intended to take very good care of her health.

Varsity Verse.

SUNRISE.

WESTWARD steal the lingering shadows
And the night is done;
Eastward turns the black earth whirling
To the morning sun.

Thin grey lights along the mountain
Quickly growing bold,
Cast upon the sea of daybreak
Quivering bars of gold.

Swift Apollo with his quiver
And his golden bow
Sends a flood of silvered arrows
Onward through the glow.

Then a lay of hope and gladness
From the songster thrills,
Greeting in his noisy welcome
Sunrise on the hills.

T. B. R.

REFLECTIONS (BY 'RASTUS).

I'm a-thinkin', Sallie, thinkin',
Uf the times long, long ago.
I'm a-thinkin' uf the old home
An' the folks I use to know.

An' my eyes begin to water,
An' my heart begins to swell,
As I call to mind my childhood
An' the scenes I loved so well.

I seem to see the meaders
An' the cattle grazin' thar;
I almost hear the river
As it gurgles on the bar.

I hear the birds a-singin'
Over that thar little spot
Whar fust I met yeou, darlin',
An' whar we've often sot.

Those times air gone, my darlin',
An' we've met with stormy weather;
But the Lord above'll help us,
An' we'll battle on together.

A. M. J.

NEFASNE?

Through my casement when darkness is come—
When the great buzzing dynamo's quit—
With a friend or two still in my room
(Which a prefect would never permit),
We watch the advance of the moon,
As she breaks through the deep-veiling cloud,
And mingle soft smoke till night-noon
(A thing which is never aloud).

It is then that we wander along
Through sweet gardens of memoried books.
Incidentally, too, with a song
('Tis a breath and it rivals the brook's)
We pass to the morrow; and then—
For the hour of departure's at hand—
My visitors tip-toe again,
And silently steal to Dreamland.

A. S. K.

Marjorie Daw.

WALTER B. GOLDEN, '97.

Of the many short stories which have appeared within the last few years, three stand out in bold relief as models of this species of composition. I do not think that Aldrich, Stockton, or de Maupassant could again reach that consummate art and perfection of technique which they so admirably display in "Marjorie Daw," "The Lady or the Tiger?" and "The Necklace." Perhaps I am prejudiced; but for a long time my firm conviction has been that Thomas Bailey Aldrich is the king of short-story writers. A story which pleases and charms the reader by its truthful photograph of human life, and, at the same time, complies with the principles logically formulated for short-story writing, must of necessity be a work of art. The three stories which I have mentioned do all this in a perfectly natural and easy manner. But, perhaps, I go too far in saying that "The Lady or the Tiger?" pictures a probable scene from life. The scene itself may not be fully probable, but the sentiments, feelings and humor contained therein are those of human beings.

The charms of "Marjorie Daw" are manifold, and the original manner in which Mr. Aldrich presents the composition is not the least among these. The story is made up of a correspondence between two friends. It consists entirely of the letters sent from one to the other. The original way of telling a story could scarcely be repeated, for much of its merit is contained in its mode of presentation. It also seems to be deeply imbued with the author's personality.

The plot is very cleverly planned, and the most astute reader would fail to guess the *dénouement* before it is reached. John Fleming, who must be considered the hero, has met with a very severe accident which confines him to his bed. As a result of this accident the anticipated round of pleasure, which he and his friend Delaney had mapped out for the sultry summer days, is spoiled. Fleming is in New York, and Delaney, who can not leave his invalid father, is staying at The Pines, a country house in New Hampshire. Doctor Dillon, a friend of both young men, begs Delaney to write to Fleming, if, perchance, he may be able to assuage the latter's most irritable of tempers. The outcome is Delaney's first letter to Fleming. The introduction begins with Dr. Dillon's

letter to Delaney and continues in the latter's letter to Fleming up to that part in which he says, "Picture to yourself," etc. Here we have the exposition, consisting of the picture of the old colonial mansion, the weeping willows and poplars, and Marjorie Daw seated in the swaying hammock, looking like a pond-lily, and so beautiful! So vivid and natural does all this seem to Fleming that his interest is at once aroused.

Now the growth begins its upward movement with a beautiful and natural progression. The first stage, no doubt, consists of the various questions Fleming puts to his friend, regarding the fair Marjorie. Delaney, who perhaps had no intention of telling more of the colonial mansion, the poplars and the golden-haired girl in the hammock, at once takes the cue from his friend's letter, and begins to elaborate on Marjorie's perfections. The rising action thus advances gradually with each recurring letter of Delaney's, and with it the increasing interest of Fleming. His temper has become softened of late. He no longer throws bulky tomes at the head of his unoffending servant. There are several marked steps in the upward movement which can not fail to attract the notice of the careful reader, particularly the description of Daw's party and Fleming's rash determination of visiting The Pines before his leg is well. In fact, every letter from either of the friends advances the action with such charming perfection that we arrive at the climax in the most natural manner possible. To define the climax, with any degree of exactness, is a somewhat difficult matter. It seems to me, however, that the information which Delaney conveys to his friend, regarding the fact of Marjorie's confessing her interest in Fleming, is the climax; for Fleming has certainly reached the top of the hill. He begins to descend the other side by announcing his intention of going to The Pines.

The rise in this story is undoubtedly a thing of beauty, which the fall and magnificent *dénouement* make a joy forever. As I have said, the fall begins with Fleming's proposition of a visit to The Pines. Perseverance in this intention will lead to his final discomfiture. On the other hand, Delaney's letters striving to dissuade Fleming from attempting so foolhardy a trip, serve to prevent the downward movement of the action from a too rapid descent. Besides, Delaney still continues to say something new of Marjorie's beautiful traits of character, which excites Fleming to

such a degree that he *will* go to The Pines without further parley. The action of the fall now increases with a greater rapidity. Letters have ceased and telegrams are the order of the day. Five telegrams are exchanged. The first from Fleming declares that he will leave for The Pines at once. One from Delaney tries to persuade him not to come. Another says it will be useless, as Marjorie has been locked in her room for refusing to wed the man of her father's choice. This last has much the same effect on dissuading Fleming, as a red flag might have in trying to scare an infuriated bull—it settles it. He will leave for The Pines on the first train. The last two telegrams give great impetus to the falling action.

As before a storm there is always a quiet in the air, which has a tendency to thrill one, so now in this part of the action there is a lull. Fleming has come to The Pines. Delaney is not there, but a servant gives Fleming a letter from him. Up to this time the reader does not for a moment anticipate the *dénouement* of the story. It comes in the letter. Delaney begins his explanation, starting with the words: "I am horror-stricken," etc, and we are still kept in suspense until these last words, which come upon us like a crash, but which are the most perfect embodiment of artistic effect: "I fly from the wrath which is to come—when you arrive! For oh! dear Jack, there isn't any colonial mansion on the other side of the road, there isn't any piazza, there isn't any hammock—there isn't any Marjorie Daw!"

The story ends with these words. If Aldrich had continued to tell us what we can readily imagine, he would have spoiled the good effect produced by the *dénouement*. From whatever view-point we may look at the story, a flaw would be difficult to find. Its probability could not be more natural. Every incident in it could readily happen in real life. Aside from its perfect construction, the story is replete with many charming descriptions, which can not fail to enchant the reader. Certainly, of the three mentioned compositions, "Marjorie Daw" can not fail to hold the first place in any reader's estimation.

To glance at the story from an entirely different point of view, we find these letters to be models of their kind. They are talking letters, as all letters should be. I am sure that when Delaney read one of Fleming's letters, he imagined himself in the very presence of his friend. What a charming correspondent must Thomas Bailey Aldrich be!

Mysteries and Miracle-Plays.

WILLIAM C. HENGEN, '97.

There is no doubt but that the Church built up the stage for the art-work of the most remarkable productions which grace the English language. To the Church the English drama owes its origin; it was the Church that prepared the way for the development of Shakspeare's mighty genius. The chief aims and delights of true Christians have been to teach men of Christ and His Church. In the Middle Ages the zeal of priest and monk led them to perceive the idea of teaching effectively by symbolical representations of biblical narratives and even complete dramatizations of sacred history. So, besides teaching from the pulpit they had scenes from the Bible acted in the churches. Thus we trace the origin of the English drama to the Miracle-Plays and Mysteries of the fifteenth century and earlier. It may be well to note that there is a slight difference in these terms, yet they are so closely connected that in treating of one, the other of necessity is included. The Mysteries were plays founded on scriptural history; the incidents were chosen from the lives of remarkable biblical characters. The Miracle-Plays dealt with religious subjects and important events in the acts of saints and martyrs not taken from the Bible. Often both of these elements were contained in the same play. In England the name Miracle-Play was applied indiscriminately to both. This early form of the drama was introduced into England from France. At first they were presented in the Latin, then in the French language, but they were soon translated into English for the masses.

The object of these plays was to teach the middle and lower classes. In speaking of the Mysteries, Clemens Petersen says: "To a congregation whose members could neither read nor understand the Latin words of the common divine service—and very few of whom had received any regular religious instruction, while all embraced whatever they picked up of the sacred history with passionate belief—these Mysteries were an effective means of education, the more so as the impression they made was one of devotion, not of entertainment."

"The Play of St. Catherine" was the first Miracle-Play of which there is any record; it was performed at the Convent of Dunstable,

in the year 1119. These plays were under the complete control of the clergy. They were crude, unpolished works, devoid of literary merit. The Church was then transformed into the theatre, and priest and monk became actors. The sacred vestments served as costumes. The sanctuary was turned into the stage.

The earliest form of these plays was somewhat as follows: The cross on Good Friday was taken from its place and carried in solemn procession to a side chapel, where it was deposited as in a grave. On Easter morning with great ceremony and hymns of joy it was carried triumphantly back to the altar. Thus the Crucifixion and the Resurrection were represented by this means. Then the chapel was made to represent a sepulchre; monks and priests were disguised as Roman guards; the holy women, who came to embalm and anoint the Body of Christ, the angels at the tomb, who said: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is risen; He is not here," were impersonated. The dialogue, as found in the Bible, was turned into arias and choruses.

The development was gradual. Soon large stages were built in three floors one above the other, representing, respectively, Heaven, Earth and Hell; the characters removing from one to the other according to the scene to be acted. Sometimes a thousand people took part in a play, and this lasted many days. Some of the best-known Miracle-Plays are "The Creation of the World," "The Deluge," "Cain and Abel," "Abraham," "Jacob and Esau," "The Crucifixion," "The Resurrection" and "The Ascension." Among the Mysteries may be mentioned, "The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene" and "Anna, the Mother of Samuel."

In the course of time there crept into these performances jesting and worldly vanities, and the plays became a source of entertainment. This led to the Morality-Plays, the next step in the growth of the English drama.

The authorities of the Church were now compelled to interfere in order to uphold the dignity of the sanctuary, by forbidding these performances to take place in the churches, and more than this, secular clergy and monks were ordered neither to act nor to attend the plays. It was then taken up by the people, and the stage was removed from the church to the street and thence to college halls. The character, and finally the object of the plays, had changed completely. For a long time they continued to be religious even in the hands of the laity, but "the subject was the miracles of God's power, not the mysteries of His grace, and the impression was wonder rather than devotion." With time came change, until the Church and the theatre dissolved partnership, and their paths branched far apart.

Our Lady's Magazine.

Perhaps it is not unsafe to say that there is no other periodical in the world, especially devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin, that can compare with the *Ave Maria*; certainly, there is no other in the English language. To make our Lady better known and better loved, and to propagate devotion to her from man to man, there could scarcely be a more effective means than that embodied in this charming periodical. It is not easy to provide amusement that is instructive and instruction that is attractive without many an effort too closely avoiding failure to be spontaneous; but this magazine week after week, and month after month, offers its prescribed quota of sound and agreeable reading not only without apparent effort, but with a success that is ever increasing. It would seem that most of our Catholic magazines lose hold on their readers by the too goody-goody element in spirit and matter that characterizes their pages. The *Ave Maria* exhibits the tact and address of mixing the *dulce* and *utile* with the discrimination and delicacy that can not fail of success.

To pay a special tribute to the Month of October the *Ave Maria* provides a longer programme than usual. Without mentioning the worthy and honored names of others, the prose articles come from the well-known pens of Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, John G. Shea, Charles W. Stoddard, Anna T. Sadlier and Dawn Graye, whose contributions, it is needless to say, are as attractive as ever; while the poetical columns are melodious with the warblings of, among others, Eliza A. Starr, Rosa Mulholland and Magdalen Rock. Archbishop Seghers, the Apostle of Alaska, whose murder a few years ago opened the eyes of the world to a life of heroic simplicity, toil and self-abnegation, which would otherwise have been hidden by the unconsciousness of humility, receives a tribute of praise from a genuine admirer.

None of the "Martyr Memories" of John Gilmary Shea possesses greater attractiveness than the portrait of the life of the holy Father Jogues. What may be called the romance of sanctity, so strikingly exhibited in the stirring adventures of this apostle's life, seems to have inspired the pen of his gifted biographer to trace for us a picture so truly vivid in its simplicity. Like Father Jogues, St. Anthony of Padua has an admirer whose skill is exhibited in a work

of love. Charles Warren Stoddard has, with admiring wonder, brilliantly depicted for us the great Franciscan whose favor with God was made manifest to the world so often and so astonishingly. There is no story around which there can gather so much interest as that of the life of a holy man when it is sketched by an artist.

In "The Mother of the Foundlings" Mrs. Sadlier has, with her usual talent and success, shown us what the Catholic Church can do in the person of one of the lowliest of her members for the good of humanity in America. The sketch of the foundation and rise of the great Foundling Asylum of New York, and of the hidden career of its admirable foundress, Sister Irene, is drawn by Mrs. Sadlier. Such lives should be unfolded to an admiring world in all their brilliancy, in order that a people, otherwise too unheeding and ungrateful, may know that in the midst of them there is a Catholic spirit which can even now, as it has in the past, effect for the benefit of mankind wonders whose worth can scarcely be measured.

To the many Catholics whose reckless indifference wheedles them into the impression that their faith is nowadays meeting in America with an appreciation that is quickly demolishing the bigotry and bitterness so prevalent in the past, the article on the widespread existence of sectarian prejudice in the United States will be an eye-opener.

Father Edmund Hill, C. P., in a strictly logical and interesting article, shows how the Pope's decision anent Anglican orders, so far from proving an obstacle to the conversion of men of good will, must eventually work the other way; for it will more closely rivet their attention on the fact that the thoroughly Protestant and heretical origin of the Elizabethan Church entirely destroyed all possibility of a priesthood. Father Edmund Hill, himself an Englishman and a convert, can appreciate the great difficulty of Anglicans in their way into the Church, arising from the fact that they experience a grace when they receive what they call the Blessed Sacrament. He solves this difficulty by simply recalling the explicit doctrine of the Church which distinguishes between the grace which comes *ex opere operantis*, and that which comes *ex opere operato*. The grace attaching to the personal act of the recipient is theirs, but not the great grace bestowed through the medium of the thing received.

A. VIATOR.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—We are close upon another Thanksgiving Day, and let us ask ourselves why we feast. For answer we have but to reflect upon the very name of the day, and, like true Americans, set to work to carry out the object of that intensely American institution. There are many faults in American practical life, there are many indefensible places in our moral bulwarks; but we can point with true, Christian pride to our Day of Thanksgiving. Compared with the great European nations, who make boast incessant of their civilization, we are a very religious people, and that (is it presumptuous to say?) covers a multitude of sins.

The First Concert.

With a most brilliant entertainment, Max Bendix, assisted by the Sherwood Quartette, opened the concert season at Notre Dame. With the list that is to follow, it is safe to predict that there will be no flagging of interest even to the end. Bishop Spalding, who has often spoken here before, who talked philosophy into our philosophy-hating brains so smoothly that we never dreamed we were im-

bining it, will deliver two lectures. Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, whom we many times expected in vain, will also give us two lectures. After these come Bishop O'Gorman, Mr. William P. Breen, Mr. Washington Hesing and Miss Starr, all of whom will fulfil our expectations.

Still, it will be a hard task to give more pleasure than did the musicians of this first concert. Words may be deep or gay, sorrowful or light, but words alone can not hold us in rapture as does music. And everything of Thursday's concert was music. For two hours we let time go as it would, and turned away from business and life, and laughed or sighed, just as the changing strains bade us.

Mr. Bendix delighted every one with his playing. He brought out the hidden music of the violin, and his interpretation was broad, and showed that each selection was thoroughly mastered and understood. His tone was round and pure and evenly sustained. But why speak of his phrasing and technical perfection? He is a thorough musician; he afforded much keen delight; his musical power is certainly great.

However, the violin playing of Mr. Bendix was not the only source of pleasure. The expectations of many were certainly very great, but the Sherwood Quartette more than equaled them. As a whole, the singing was excellent. In the quartette numbers each voice was well modulated and none too prominent.

Individually, the members were highly appreciated, and justly so, too. Each one had full control over the voice, and whether the note was high or low, it was full, clear and strong. It is difficult to say whether Miss Osborne or Miss Crawford charmed the audience the more. Both have good voices, and between Miss Osborne's soprano voice and Miss Crawford's contralto the laurels are equally divided. Both are favorites, and both deserve to be so.

Mr. Hannah's tenor was clear and strong, and he held his high notes without quavering. Mr. Derrick has a fine bass voice, mellow and soft, and has great power and a fair range. As a most fitting close, the second act of "Martha" was given most successfully. In this the greatest praise is due to Miss Osborne. The "Last Rose of Summer," especially, she sang with deep feeling, and her voice was carefully controlled. There was jollity in the opera and pleasure in all, so that when the last strain of the "Good-night" died away, and we came back to commonplaces again, we could not help saying that the first concert was most charming.

PERDU!

The anxiously awaited game with Purdue is now a matter of history, and, though it did not make us champions of the State, it demonstrated beyond a doubt that Purdue has not an undisputed title to that honor, and furthermore, it proved that Notre Dame can justly claim recognition from the Western "Big Six." We may well be proud of our Varsity, but let us not permit our pride to blind us to the defects which certainly lost Saturday's game. It looked as though we had the advantage on the offensive, but on the defensive we were outclassed by Purdue. Why? Just because the Varsity has not a good scrub team to practice with. When the Varsity had the ball, they played football, as it is supposed to be played by the big teams; but when Purdue had the ball, the Varsity did not appear to such great advantage. Our line was invincible. Every man not only held his opponent, but did a good share of tackling. Purdue's strength lay in her backs, and particularly in Jameson. His ability to squeeze through tacklers is certainly wonderful.

On the defensive Fagan outclassed his man. He worried the quarter-back in proper style and tackled when he had nothing else to do. Cavanagh and Rosenthal also had the advantage over their opponents. Although the latter had to buck against the famous Webb, he was punctured but twice and with no particular effort. The former sustained his reputation as a football player; came in for a good share of tackling and surprised all by his agility. His tackle of Marshall, immediately after the first kick-off, was certainly a pretty one. Alward and Wagner were no match for Hanly and Moritz. The latter broke through at will, and always had a hole ready if Brown or Kegler wanted to hit the line.

Murphy and especially Mullen did splendid work at the ends. The latter never took the ball but kept Halstead helpless. He also broke through at will, and once, unassisted, he carried Jameson eight yards before he could get a start. Moritz and Fagan also broke through and captured the ball before Gobin could pass it. The weakness in the defence was centred in our backs. They did not seem to understand Purdue's interference; hence the large end gains. They made up for this deficiency, however, when they were on the offensive. Not once did Purdue down us with a loss, and not once did our backs fumble the ball. A little

more speed in starting was all that was wanting.

Daly did magnificent work while he was in the game, and it was his ability to slide through the tackles probably that caused his speedy retirement. Brown and Kegler played a hard game and never failed to get through the line. McDonald always got around the end, and Hanly, Moritz and Schillo sustained their reputation as ground gainers. Captain Hering played his usual hard game; his clever management and varied plays undoubtedly making the Varsity's offensive work so striking. The linemen held their opponents and made the gains possible. Kegler's punting was up to the standard he has set for himself, but he has made little progress in goal-kicking, and it was undoubtedly due to this defect that Purdue won the championship.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Notre Dame won the kick-off and sent the ball thirty-five yards to Marshall, who, by help of interference, returned the ball to the centre. Jameson then stepped through the left tackle, and made straight for the goal without any one to stop him. Purdue kicked goal. Score, 6 to 0.

Hanly again kicked forty-five yards to Marshall. But by this time Notre Dame shook off her doze, and tackled him before he had gained fifteen yards. Moore hit the line for no gain; on the next play Purdue was dropped two yards back, and finally the ball went to Notre Dame.

On the first play the Varsity rushed through for five yards. Kegler tried the centre for four; Murphy went around the end for the same number. Another gain of three and one-half, and Purdue braced. Hanly went in for a yard and one-half; Schillo made seven. In two more plays Schillo was pushed over for a touchdown. Kegler failed to kick goal. Score, 6 to 4. Schillo returned twelve out of Purdue's kick-off of thirty-seven. Hanly and Moritz each hit the line for four yards; Kegler went twice for a yard, and Schillo made no gain.

When the ball went over, Moore galloped down for twenty-seven before Schillo tackled him. Jameson went over and kicked goal. Score, 12 to 4.

Notre Dame held the line soon after the next kick-off. By a succession of hard crashes through Purdue's tackles, the ball was carried near the goal and Brown went over. Kegler again failed to kick goal. Score, 12 to 8.

Brown returned fifteen on Jameson's kick. Notre Dame ploughed through the line for big gains. The ball was carried twenty-eight yards before Purdue stopped it once for no gain.

Kegler hit the tackles for three and one-half; Schillo went one-half; Kegler and Brown failed to find, and the ball went to Purdue.

Moore tried the right end for no gain; Jameson made four around the left. Purdue's punt was blocked, and Fagan grabbed the ball and made two yards before he was downed.

Notre Dame again was held, and the ball went over on downs. Jameson circled the right end for thirty-five yards, when Murphy brought him down by a splendid tackle. Purdue made no gain on a fumble; Jameson was laid low by a good tackle by Hering; Wagner went into the line for six. But in another play Moritz grabbed the ball on a fumble. Daly punted thirty-five to Marshall, and between Moore and Jameson the ball was pushed over for four points. Jameson kicked goal. Score, 18 to 8.

From the next kick-off the play was fast and furious. Moore punted forty-five yards to Daly who made fifteen. Schillo went nine on a criss-cross. Daly next made a good gain on a long pass, but the ball was called back on account of being out of bounds when the pass was made. Daly found eight yards at the right end, and Kegler punted forty-five; Hanly fell on the ball. After several plays Kegler was pushed over for a touchdown. Schillo failed goal. Score, 18 to 12.

In the second half Jameson kicked twenty yards to Fagan. Mullen tried the right end for one and one-half. Kegler in two rushes made twelve yards, and then slipped through for fifteen on a muss on the right end. Hanly and Moritz led a series of gains through the line, amounting to thirteen yards. Kegler tried the centre for two and then punted thirty-five yards to Marshall. Moore wiggled through for seven at right tackle. Jameson made seven in two plays, and then lost five on a fumble. Mullen dropped him at the end of eight yards in the next play. Purdue tried the line for small gains, when Jameson suddenly shot for thirty yards. In three plays Moore went over the line. Notre Dame blocked Jameson's goal-kick. Score, 22 to 12.

Marshall returned fifteen on Hanly's kick of forty-five yards. Jameson and Moore each hit the end for a gain of four and three yards. Purdue was given the decision on an offside play. Between Jameson and Moore, Purdue advanced steadily towards the goal, and Jameson was pushed over for a touchdown and kicked goal. Score, 28 to 12.

O'Hara went in, and Kegler went to the side lines exhausted. Marshall again returned fifteen

on Hanly's kick. Jameson hit the line with a thud, and dropped the ball for O'Hara to fall on it. Brown went in for five, O'Hara for six in two rushes. Moritz made for the tackle, and galloped around the end for twenty-five. After Hanly and O'Hara, Murphy again twisted around the right end for a touchdown. Mullen kicked goal. Score, 28 to 18.

After Jameson's kick-off Notre Dame went through the line for big gains. Mullen, Murphy and McDonald were each pushed over for not less than five. The Varsity tackles were called back for good gains.

Brown made ten on a long pass; Notre Dame was given five yards on interference with the centre. The ball was steadily pushed towards Purdue's goal. The darkness seemed to make the fight all the more exciting. Murphy was thrown back for a yard loss. But the rooters crowded close, and amid the confused shouts of encouragement, Murphy twisted around the end for the last touchdown. Mullen failed goal. The time was not up, but the game was called on account of darkness. Score, Notre Dame, 22; Purdue, 28,

THE LINE-UP:

VARSITY	POSITION	PURDUE
Murphy	Left End	Halstead
Hanly	Left Tackle	Wagner
Rosenthal	Left Guard	Bates
Fagan	Centre	Breen
Cavanagh	Right Guard	Webb
Moritz	Right Tackle	Alward
Mullen	Right End	Hall
Hering (C.)	Quarter-Back	Goben
R. Brown	Left Half-Back	Moore
Schillo	Right Half-Back	Jameson (C.)
Kegler	Full-Back	Marshall

Touchdowns, Kegler (2), Murphy (2), Brown, Jameson (4), Moore; Goal-Kicks, Jameson (4), Mullen (1), Substitutes, Daly for R. Brown, R. E. Brown for Daly, O'Hara for Kegler, McDonald for Schillo, Bates for Hall, Foulks for Bates; Umpire, Dr. Thompson of Princeton; Referee, L. Downs of Greencastle; Timekeepers, Marmon and Muessel; Linesmen, Corby and Rushell; Halves, 35:00.

J. W. M.

Exchanges.

There are two *Polytechnics*, one published in Troy, by the students of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and the other edited by the students of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. It is of the latter paper that we are about to speak. In the first place, it has a literary department of a high order, and in the second place, its editorials are models of their kind. Among other able and sensible opinions in the editorial columns is one on the literary side of a college monthly. The writer says that "The literature of a college magazine

shows the high-water mark of letters at the institution it represents, and we are foolish enough to consider the development of the imaginative, the artistic and the philosophical faculties to be at least as important as the fostering of football or vaudeville dramatics." That the SCHOLASTIC entirely agrees with the *Polytechnic* is shown by a glance at its pages.

The Sibyl is a journalistic gem. In contents, printing and binding it is a model of its kind. We became interested when our eyes lighted on the picture of Ian MacLaren, which graces its first page, and our interest never flagged until we had read its last bit of verse. The young ladies of Elmira College are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts to produce a bright, neat and attractive paper. The essays in the *Sibyl* are thoughtful and earnest, and the ventures into fiction and verse are clever and pleasing. Athletics are discussed with as much vim and earnestness as in journals edited by the sterner sex; and we have no doubt but that the editors of the *Sibyl* are able athletes as well as wise editors.

The Western University Courant begins its twelfth year with a number that is a credit to its editors. The editorials, in particular, are worthy of special notice, while the literary department is no less deserving of praise. An article on "Lorenzo the Magnificent and the Renaissance" is an able and well-worded article on that great Florentine and his work in the advancement of literature and art.

The Pennsylvanian is a representative of still another class of college journals. It is a daily paper, and a very bright and newsy one at that. It does not pretend to dabble in literature, but is a newspaper pure and simple. It gives all the news of the University of Pennsylvania, and at the same time conveys good advice to its readers in sensible, well-written editorials.

The University Monthly contains, besides much excellent work in the essay line, a pathetic tale of a pauper auction. It is the picture of a custom equal in its cruelty and barbarity to the practice of slavery that existed in the South before the War. If there would be more stories written to expose the cruelties indulged in toward paupers there would be more happiness and content in the world and less fear of poverty and old age.

Personals.

—Arthur Nester (student '90) has recently been appointed postmaster at Munising, Mich.

—Charles Neizer, of Brownson Hall, received a very pleasant visit from his brothers, George and Morris, Monroeville, Ind., on last Sunday.

—Father Clancy, of Woodstock, Ill., and Father Hugh O'Gara McShane, LL. D., of Chicago, visited their numerous friends among Faculty and students during the week.

—P. H. Coady (LL. M., '93) recently paid a short visit to his *Alma Mater*. Pat is now practising in Mount Vernon, Ind., and is meeting with great success in his chosen profession.

—Miss Regina O'Malley, sister of Raymond O'Malley, of Cresco, Iowa, was a very welcome visitor last week. Miss O'Malley is a highly accomplished young lady. She expressed herself as well pleased with Notre Dame.

—Hugh O'Neill (LL. B. '91, B. L. & LL. M. '92), now a well-known man at the Chicago bar, paid his *Alma Mater* a visit Saturday and Sunday. Hugh's rise at the bar has been phenomenal, but not greater than those who knew him intimately as a student expected it would be. We hope to greet him some day as Judge.

—Union County, Iowa, did *not* go for McKinley, and that's why Mr. John B. Sullivan, '91, will continue to smile on his friends in the office of county attorney. John's great popularity is shown in the fact that he ran far ahead of his ticket, and the local press of Creston, Iowa, are clamorous in praise of his conduct during the campaign. The SCHOLASTIC will watch his promising career with interest.

—While it is always a pleasure to add names to our subscription list it becomes doubly so when the names are those of the old boys. A renewal from them goes far to prove that they are still interested in the workings of their *Alma Mater*, though the old familiar names of classmates are seldom seen in the Personal column. In this connection we are pleased to note during the past few days letters from J. I. Smith and Edward Smith (both Com'l '82), of Circleville, Ohio, and Robert A. Pinkerton (student '60), of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, New York.

—Dr. Lyman, late of Rush Medical College, accompanied by Dr. Cassidy, of South Bend, visited us a few days ago. Dr. Lyman spoke very highly of our Biological course. He said that the biological graduates of Notre Dame, who afterwards entered Rush Medical College, were always the foremost in their classes. The old boys will remember Dr. Cassidy as our former resident physician. He is one of the most skilful physicians of South Bend, and deservedly holds a high place among the medical fraternity of Indiana. Both gentlemen are always welcome at Notre Dame.

The Highland Views Desired the Game.

Previous to Friday afternoon there was much difference of opinion between the admirers of the Highland View team and the admirers of the Varsity with regard to the final score. The supporters of the Green and White maintained that, as their team had never been scored against, they would make the Varsity "hustle;" and although they had slight hopes of winning, there were some who thought Highland View would score. It is all settled now, however. The South Bend team may not have been scored against before this season, but they were scored against enough during yesterday's game to even matters up. Eighty-two to nothing! That is probably the largest score that has been made in football this season. It is certainly the largest that Notre Dame has ever made against a team.

Notre Dame kicked off, but as the ball went outside twice Highland View took it. They also failed to kick, and then Notre Dame lined up in the centre of the field with the ball. It took only one or two downs to give the spectators a notion of how things would finish. Varsity literally ran away with her opponents. Whether in line-bucking or in end plays, the Gold and Blue was always sure of a good gain. Whenever Moritz or Hanly were given the ball, Varsity was certain of at least five yards, although it was generally much more than that. Brown also made some beautiful runs, three of which were sprints of sixty yards. Daly and Kegler distinguished themselves both in ground-gaining and in kicking, Daly by his goal-kicking and Kegler by his punting. Daly kicked 11 goals out of 15, a fine performance, especially with a stiff breeze to contend with. If he had been in the Purdue game we should have won it without doubt. Kegler's punting improves daily. If his good work continues Notre Dame will own the finest full-back in the West next year. Murphy also made considerable gains; in fact, every man who was given the ball managed to carry it over a great deal of territory.

The score at the end of the first half was 44 to 0. A regular system was carried out in the second half. Highland View would kick off; Notre Dame would be downed near the centre of the field, and at the next play Kegler would punt it to the visitors' five or ten yard line. Then Highland View would fail to make their five yards on four downs, and Notre Dame would take the ball and rush it over for a touchdown in one or two plays. This got to be so common that Captain Hering began to call the players back in regular order, so that each might have the honor of making a touchdown. After the tackles and backs had gone over the line he called Fagan from centre and sent him over. Rosenthal was given the ball also and

bucked the line for a touchdown. The last goal was kicked by Daly, with five minutes still to play. The score was then 82 to 0. The game was the freest from "wrangling" of any of the season. The best of feeling was shown by both teams at all times. Here is the

Varsity	LINE-UP:	HL. VIEWS
POSITION		
Murphy	Left End	B. McCabe
Moritz	Left Tackle	Howard
Rosenthal	Left Guard	Fowler
Fagan	Centre	Baker
Schillo	Right Guard	C. McCabe
Hanly	Right Tackle	Hoban
Mullen	Right End	Taylor
Daly and Hering	Quarter-Back	Neenan
Brown	Left Half-Back	Gorman
McDonald and Daly	Right Half-Back	Hanly
Kegler	Full Back	Ginty

Umpire, Dr. Thompson, Princeton; Referee, Brennan, Notre Dame; Touchdowns, Murphy (2), Brown (3), Moritz (3), Hanly (2), Daly, Mullen, Fagan, Rosenthal, Kegler; Goals, Daly, 11 out of 15.

Local Items.

—Students are requested to hand the Treasurer their subscriptions to the rubber fund as soon as possible.

—"Is that Rosey," said a lady from one of the phaetons. "What an appropriate name! He looks like an American Beauty."

—STEELETO: "Yale wouldn't play Harvard."

TOMASO: "On what grounds?"

STEELETO: "I say they wouldn't play."

—LOST—On Thursday afternoon, a lady's gold watch. The finder will confer a great favor on the owner by leaving it at the Students' Office.

—"You may laugh about the size of my shoes," said O'Saughnessy; "but"—looking own at his feet—"it's hard to see the point."

—He's quite a stunning fellow,

I think he is, don't you?

When he looks in that great mirror,
He probably thinks so too.

—"Ted" Wallace and "Tub" Wagner, now of Purdue, came to Notre Dame last Saturday with the Purdue team. Tub's old friends say the nick-name fits better than ever.

—McCarrick's pail of New Haven tub oysters are about due. His friends wire that several tracers have followed the shipment, and that the "Knights of the Shell" should register about Thanksgiving Day.

—Before school had fairly re-opened, some of the students were seen counting the number of days before the Christmas vacation. As the time draws near, the industrious figuring is not confined to a few, but is assuming the proportions of an epidemic, with no signs of abatement, save after the event, when we may be prepared to see "long" faces and diligent brains determining the number of days, hours and minutes before the summer vacation.

—The "rooting" at the Purdue game was by

far the best heard here this season. Comparison with the yells of other colleges shows that we have a collection second to none; and if some of the students could only realize how much their cheers inspire the team with confidence and help them on to victory, the slogans of old Notre Dame would ring out with even more than their wonted vigor whenever her hardy sons are doing battle on the field of sport.

—Reverend President Morrissey visited St. Edward's Hall last week and examined the work done by the Minims since the opening in September. He was extremely gratified at the progress made in the different lines of study, and commented most favorably upon the results of the recent examinations. The Minims are good students, and can show a thing or two to their older brothers of the College in the matter of industry and perseverance. Their progress speaks well for the care lavished upon them.

—To the American Catholic Historical Collections has lately been added a very lifelike bust of the Hon. William J. Onahan, LL. D., of Chicago. The bust was modeled from life by Prof. J. Francis Smith, of the Chicago Art Institute, and reflects great credit upon its maker. Prof. Smith, by the way, was a pupil of Gregori, and attributes his taste for artistic study to that great artist's teaching. Everyone will be pleased to see such a true likeness of Mr. Onahan occupying an honored place among the hundreds of other statues which Prof. Edwards has brought together for the American Catholic Historical Collections.

—Through the courtesy of the Faculty and the management of the Commercial Athletic Club, the officers of the Athletic Association and the members of the football team witnessed the game between the C. A. C's and Culver Military Academy at Springbrook Park on Monday. The lusty shouts of the Notre Dame contingent helped not a little to increase the score of the victorious C. A. C. team, and the famous "Boom-a-lacker" yell furnished lots of amusement for the spectators. The boys report a good time, and are loud in praise of their genial hosts. *Vive le C. A. C.!*

—The S. M. Specials played the strong Carroll Hall team on the St. Joseph's Hall campus last Sunday afternoon, and were defeated by the score of 12 to 0. Both teams put up an excellent game, but the superior training and practise of the Carroll's gave them some advantage. Both of the latter's touchdowns were made by long runs, the first of which was effected, to a great extent, by the elegant interference on the side lines. It is laudable to encourage your own team, but when the encouragement takes the form of interfering with the other side it is going too far. The S. Ms, owing to their greater weight, bucked the Carroll line very well, but they were unable to get it over the line. Cornell and Naughton

made the touchdowns for Carroll Hall. Naughton, as usual, played a star-game.

—The officers of the law have had a busy time of it during the past week. Police court records show an alarming increase of crime, mostly confined to the younger generation. The general depravity is especially prevalent among the residents of Rue Tatoot and its side streets, and in the vicinity of Paradise Alley. The first case of the week was the trial of three young men who were gathered in at No. 25 Rue Tatoot. They gave their names as Walter Butler, Mark Coxey and F. O. Malia. Residents of that part of the Rue lodged the complaint that these young men congregate nightly at No. 25, and disturb the whole neighborhood with their loud laughter and singing. The court fined them \$25 and bound them over to keep the peace. The next prisoner was O. M. Raymond, a young policeman of the Rue Tatoot Squad. Raymond was found sleeping while on duty. He probably would have escaped with a reprimand for this had there not been strong circumstantial evidence that he had been smoking on his beat. He was taken off the pay-roll for a week and fined \$25. Thomas M. Edlee, a young Kentuckian, was the next on the list. He was charged with stealing bed-clothes. When the officer called at his home on the west side of Paradise Alley he found the young man wearing the stolen goods, and he was at once arrested. As this was his first offence, however, he was dismissed with a reprimand. Geo. Ghegan, who said he lived in Lockport, N. Y., was found lounging round a house on the Rue Tatoot and acting in a suspicious manner. He was sent up for a week. The session closed with the trial of four officers who were caught smoking on duty. Each paid the regulation fine, \$25. The old method of holding court at irregular intervals will be discontinued; hereafter criminal cases will be tried once a week regularly.

SOCIETY NOTES.

MOOT-COURT.—The case before the Moot-Court on Wednesday last was that of Cook *vs.* Saunders, in which plaintiff sought to recover damages for \$10,000. The principle involved was that of the liability of an independent contractor for negligence to resulting in injury to servants other than his own. The counsel for defendant demurred on the ground that plaintiff had no cause of action. After long debating and the citation of many good authorities the court finally sustained the demurrer. The attorneys for plaintiff were Messrs. Brucker and Singler, and for the defense, Messrs. Dreher and Wurzer. Both sides acquitted themselves with credit, and seemed as much at home citing cases as any old practitioners.

ORPHEUS CLUB.—The first meeting of the Orpheus Club was called by Professor Preston on November 17. There were forty members

present, who showed warm appreciation of the remarks made by the chairman. J. W. Tuohy showed his capability as a vocalist by rendering the "Old Oaken Bucket" in an exquisite manner. Thomas E. Cavanaugh and John V. Ducey sang the "Church Across the Way," and were joined by the members in the chorus. The following officers were then elected: Honorary President, Rev. Father Morrissey; President and Director, Professor Preston; Vice-President, T. J. O'Hara; Secretary, John V. Ducey; Treasurer, J. H. Shillington; Board of Managers, Prof. Preston, F. Dukette, W. Kegler, F. Schillo and F. Confer. After Prof. Preston had favored the Club with his latest song, the meeting adjourned until next Sunday, Nov. 22, 12:30 p. m.

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY AND DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—To belong to a college society is to be, in the highest sense, affiliated with an educational institution, but to belong to the best college society is within the power of only a few. For years, ever since its first organization, the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Association has been the leading society of Notre Dame. Its members have always been men of Brownson Hall, whose abilities, intellectual and dramatic, were of the highest order. The Columbians are very exclusive in the matter of admitting new members. They have a standard to which all aspirants to their roll of honor must attain before entering. Hitherto their meetings have been productive of the highest good from the dramatic as well as from the literary point of view, and there is every reason to hope that the work of this year's organization will far outrank all previous efforts. The officers elected are all that could be desired, and their election reflects credit on the members.

The society was organized last Thursday evening. The following officers being elected: President, Rev. Father French; Promoter, Prof. J. F. Edwards; 1st Vice-President, William W. O'Brien; 2d Vice-President, C. Niezer; Recording Secretary, L. C. Reed; Corresponding Secretary, John V. Ducey; Treasurer, R. E. Barry; Critic, E. Falvey; Censor, J. W. Tuohy; Committee on programme, James H. McGinnis (chairman), T. Lowery and J. H. Shillington; Committee on membership, S. Joseph Buckner (chairman), P. E. Follen and R. E. Brown. A volunteered programme will be rendered next meeting by the following members: John V. Ducey, declamation; J. W. Tuohy, mandolin solo; William W. O'Brien, declamation; H. C. Stearns, essay; Alfred J. Duperier, humorous reading. The programme for a week from Thursday will consist of an essay by R. E. Barry, a humorous reading by T. J. Dooley, and a debate, "Ought a man be content with competency," S. J. Brucker and A. Crawford for the affirmative, and R. E. Brown and J. W. Brown for the negative.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Bennett, Bryan, Byrne, Cavanagh, Costello, Confer, Delaney, Fitzpatrick, Golden, Lantry, Mingey, Medley, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, F. O'Malley, O'Hara, Palmer, Pulskamp, Reardon, Rosenthal, Reilly, Sullivan, Sheehan, Steiner, Spalding.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. W. Browne, Byrne, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Burke, Baab, Blanchard, Brucker, Barry, Bouwens, J. H. Brown, Cline, Cavanagh, Corby, Carney, Campbell, Cypher, Cuneo, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, Collins, Dreher, Duperier, Davies, Dukette, Dowd, M. Daly, Donovan, J. Daly, Dooley, Desmond, Ducey, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Foster, Fox, C. Flannigan, Follen, Foulks, Fehr, B. Fitzgerald, Farrell, Franey, M. Flannigan, Falvey, Fischer, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gilmartin, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, Guerra, Hoban, Hayes, Hagerty, F. Hesse, Howard, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, Hermann, Haley, Hartung, Hay, Jelonak, Johnson, Jurado, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Koehler, Lyons, Long, Landers, Lutz, Lowery, Murphy, Meagher, Morrison, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, W. Monahan, F. Monahan, Mueller, Meyers, Monarch, Moorhead, Maurus, Massey, Martin, Miller, McCarrick, McCormack, McNichols, McMillan, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, Niezer, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Hara, Pickett, Pendleton, Paras, Powell, Quinn, Quandt, Rowan, Reed, Rahe, Speake, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Scott, Summers, Schulte, San Roman, Singler, Spalding, Thiele, Thams, C. Tuhy, J. Tuohy, Toba, Voght, Weadock, Ward, Wigg, Welker, Wieczorek, Wimberg, Wade, O. Zaehnele.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, P. Armijo, R. Armijo, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Cornell, T. Condon, M. Condon, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curtis, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Ernst, Elliott, Ellwanger, Fennessey, Flynn, Foley, Fox, L. Fish, A. Fish, Funke, Gimbel, Garrity, Girsch, Grossart, Hawkins, Hoban, Houck, Hagerty, Herron, Hanley, Hinze, Heffelfinger, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Klein Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, Merz, Michels, Maher, Meagher, Moore, Mohn, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, J. Murray, R. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, McCallen, McMcCarthy, McElroy, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, McManus, McNamara, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Newell, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Connell, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Padden, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Rudnicki, Sample, Sanford Schaffhauser, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmidt, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Sheils, Shillington, Shea, Slevin, Sullivan, Stengel, Syzbowicz, F. Taylor, J. Taylor, Wagenmann, H. Ward St. Clair, 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, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Frane, Field, Griffith, Graham, Garrity, Hall, Hubbard, Hart, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Lovell, Lawton, P. Manion, E. Manion, McMaster, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, M. McMahon, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Paul, Phillips, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Ryan, Reese, Reynolds, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Strong, Trentman, Terhune, Tillotson, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Welch, Wilde, F. Weidmann, G. Weidmann, Weber.