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Ballade of Last Moments.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

Only a little more
I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er
And bid the world good-night.

—HERRICK.

"ANOTHER hour, O Lord, before I go
To lands unknown," each dying one hath said;
"Another hour of life, that I may know
The tear-stained faces round this lowly bed,
The heads bowed down in grief, that list the tread
Of moments rushing by my dimming sight,
That goad my soul to regions of the dead,—
Then I'll give o'er and bid the world good-night.

"The glaring death-dreams passing to and fro,
That fill my weakening heart with nameless dread,
I beg of Thee to stay; and, stooping low,
The gentle friend that lifts my burning head
And cools my brow—wilt let me see her shed
The truest tears? With long-sought rest bedight,
My soul will pass with peace enrapturéd,—
Then I'll give o'er and bid the world good-night.

"Another hour; for life, with all its woe,
Is sweet to have; and ere the time-spun thread
Is snapt in twain, and Death comes stalking slow,
With hidden face and shadowy arms outspread,
I pray Thee, ere the last great moment's fled,
To let me hear the hushed farewells and slight;
I'll close the book of Life, the last word's read;
Then I'll give o'er and bid the world good-night.

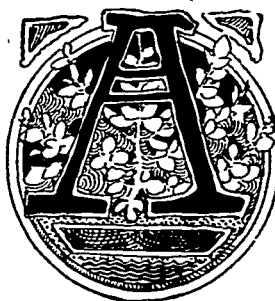
L'ENVOI.

"When this last lingering hour, O Lord, has sped
Adown the silent Past, let Peace requite
These heartfelt prayers in death half-murmuréd;
Then I'll give o'er and bid the world good-night."

"POETRY is the refuge of those who have
not the Catholic Church to flee to and repose
upon; for the Church herself is the most sacred
and august of poets."

Two Phases of Modern Art.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.



AMONG the writers of modern literature two types stand out in bold relief. The one is a member of that school of fiction which says that its own is the only literary art worthy the name, since it alone depicts real life. The other belongs to that class of authors who gather up all the scattered beauties found in the myriad phenomena of the material world, and fashion them into a harmonious unity, which stands above all types. The former is the realist, the latter the idealist.

The representative of the first school will choose some one character, and depict its nature, traits, and customs with exacting closeness. His work may be full of dark shadows; it may dazzle us with high lights, or it may be a blending of both. In the world of higher hopes, aspirations, and triumphs the realist seldom lives. Emotions are not ready servants of his work. He paints life from his own point of view, and the production of his pen, brush, chisel, or whatever may be the instrument of his art, is always the shadow of some model.

His subject is general; the treatment of it close. It is like the work of the *genre* artist who gives us a glimpse of everyday life, with its types, traditions and fancies. The characters are such as we meet every day, or are even, perchance, our neighbors. The realist takes a phase of life, as many sculptors do a block of marble, and brings therefrom some form or group that is fashioned literally after a living, natural model. The rough edges, however, are

left uncut, and it differs from the ideal in this, that it is a mere copy. It is not, as the Roman sculptors said, a work *ad unguem factum*. The function of the first class is to observe, and then depict truthfully and faithfully. The existence of all their types is actually found in nature.

Realism can give no great impulse to art. Lofty spirit and more than natural vitality are necessary for all noble, lasting, artistic productions. But the followers of the first school can impart no vitality or spirit except those found in nature. The moment they reach beyond their model or type they become idealists, to a certain extent, and weak ones at that.

It should be borne in mind, that ideals make for the strength, development, advancement, and life of all fine arts. We read the lines of the realist with a certain satisfaction, because we understand that this effect springs from a given cause, whose existence and tendency are known to us by experience. If dealing in literature, we lay aside the book with no other feelings than those of pleasure or sorrow, as the case may be. We are not carried beyond the noise of the day or the silence of the night. We feel that there is something lacking, even though the picture is true. And this sense is the natural tendency and craving of man's heart for what is high, noble, heroic, ideal.

This brings us to the second school; and it would be well to know fully the meaning of the term, ideal. It has two uses,—one philosophical, the other artistic. In the first, it is associated with whatever is related to ideas. In the second, the sense is limited, confined as it is to the imaginative ideas. In the latter sense the ideal means something which, even though it does not really exist in the order of sensible things, actually subsists in the imagination.

The mind of the idealist stands above material types; it soars nearer to the supreme and perfect Good whose shadow is cast upon the artist's work. A halo of beauty surrounds the page, the statue, or the canvas. Fancy, animated and made restless by some innate sense of the Infinite, seeks to approach that one model and source of faultless beauty; but, being finite, reaches only approximation in conception and imperfection in realization.

The idealist in his representation of an individual, does nothing else than strip nature of clinging accidents. He strives to reach the vitality, spirit, shall I say, essence, of his models. The sculptor does the same thing when he cuts away the cold stone that encases

the form conceived in his soul, and sets free a warm, complete and almost vivified personality. Not from one model, but from many does he fashion the lines of his creation. The studies that he makes use of have each a particular beauty; some line or group of lines that border on perfection, that are suggestive of higher, nobler truths, these he blends into his one creation and makes it above all types—makes it ideal.

It is the application of the principles of idealism that makes the grandeur of the chiseled forms of Michelangelo. He of whom Ariosto wrote:

“—Quel ch' a par sculpe e colora
Michel, più che mortale, Angel divino”—

and whom the Italians call *uomo di quattro anime*—“man of four souls,”—he was the great idealist of the developed renaissance in Italy and the one solitary figure between us and Grecian perfection. The head and features of his “David” are grandly ideal. His “Il Penseroso,” so called from the pensive attitude, is a majestic, superb figure; not unnatural, but above nature's creation.

And in literature also the idealistic school is stronger, more emotional, more creative than the other. The material world is nothing, after all, but the actuality of the ideal. Standing midway between heaven and earth is idealism, straining to be free; ever bound and held to the world by accidents, yet with an upward tendency to that one source, where, as Dante says,

“All the good that will may covet, there is summed;
And all elsewhere defective, found complete.”

The soul glows with ideals; it feeds upon them, and is urged to nobler, higher efforts in proportion to the depth and strength of the emotions they arouse. The sublime act of creation is imitated by man when, from his inner being, he draws forth something above nature; when, in proportion to his genius, he gives expression to the conception held in his soul. And yet we must remember that his type is drawn from nature through his senses.

Harmony, truth, beauty, purity, and all higher qualities of the ideal, are scattered throughout nature. These elements are carefully gathered up, and under the plastic touch of the true artist they are separated from their accidents and fashioned into one grand, almost faultless, personality; a vivified form, serene, with a subtle touch of the supernatural, a unity of many beauties, it stands above all types,—and constitutes an ideal.

The Winning Touch-Down.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

Frances Dorian was quite a belle, and among the college boys she was so very popular that a fellow who did not make his appointments with her at least three months ahead, stood absolutely no chance of being her escort to any entertainment. Frank Slater was one of Miss Dorian's most ardent admirers. He had shadowed her through his "Soph" and Junior years, and it looked as if he meant to be just as ardent throughout his Senior terms. The fellows grew to consider Frank as almost a fixture at the Dorian home, and slowed up a bit, regarding the matter as practically settled. Frank was very proud of his reported conquest; so he took his chum, Hal Ricketts, around to one of Miss Dorian's *soirées*, hoping to make Hal share his own ardent admiration for the hostess. Hal shared with a vengeance, for he became as ardent an admirer of Miss Frances as Frank himself was. Of course, that made things still more interesting; so I, who had held on up to that time, dropped out to watch the fun. I was somewhat touched by Miss Frances myself, and therefore was about the last to quit. When finally I did so, Hal and Frank were practically alone in the contest.

Miss Frances, evidently, was not pleased that the race for her affections had thus narrowed down, for she was a girl that liked admiration, and wished others to see how much she was admired—I found that out after she had three times given me hope and thrice refused me. That was really why I quit, for I did not exactly fear Frank or Hal. There was a man down at Locksville against whom she was playing these two off, and while I was willing to do a great deal for Miss Frances, I was not willing to pose in the *rôle* of victim, or as a decoy for Barrington.

The race between Hal and Frank soon became very interesting, for both were plucky, and would see it out to the end. They were both handsome, too, and would have had a good chance to win the heart of any girl—except Miss Dorian. Frank was a big, strong fellow who showed his German extraction plainly in his blue eyes and fair, curling hair. Yet, somehow, he did not have the frank look found in most Saxon faces, for his eyes were always roving, and his lips curled often in a kind of scornful smile. Hal was more refined-

looking, and you could see gentleman written in every inch of his tall, slender frame. True, his hazel eyes and deep brown hair did not give him so fine an appearance as Frank; but his face impressed one as having a deal more back of it. Both kept up their attentions with equal fervor, and at Thanksgiving Day it would have been hard to tell which one was in the lead. Frank seemed to have a little advantage over Hal, for he spent much more money on Miss Dorian. Hal did not have the money to spend, but still, I think, Miss Dorian had a shrouded fondness for him. She was flattered much by his attentions, for he was the best student in his class.

On Thanksgiving we played our annual game with our great rivals, the Hamptons. Hal and Frank were the two half-backs. The game was the event of the season, and I was determined to show up with some pretty girl—my reputation required it. Hal, who had not expected to make the team, told me that he had had an engagement with Miss Dorian since early in September. Of course, his playing on the team prevented him escorting her, so I determined to take his place. Miss Dorian, however, had already filled the date, and I was politely refused. Piqued a little at my failure, I determined to talk to her during the game, although I could not be her escort. I asked her in an apparently off-hand way the number of her box, and when she had told me I went and bought the one next to it—Fleming, the rogue, made me pay three prices for it.

Thanksgiving Day was not exactly an ideal one for a game. The air had the necessary cold, snappy character, but the ground was wet and slippery, as a light snow had fallen the night before. Our men had expected some weather like this and were prepared for it. So I staked all my money on our team before I sought my box and—Miss Dorian. I found that my hopes for conversation were well founded, as I could lean easily over my box and chat with my fair neighbor. I was doing so when our boys drove on the field. Barrington—he was Miss Dorian's escort—did not seem to like it much, but what did I care for Barrington! Hal and Frank both spied Miss Dorian almost immediately, and, escaping from the "coach," came rushing over to chat with her for a few minutes before the game.

"Oh! I am so glad to see you out, Mr. Ricketts," said Miss Dorian, as they drew near. "I heard you had a bad ankle, and feared you could not play. Now I know that we shall win."

Hal smiled in acknowledgment of the compliment. Frank scowled as he strode up and leaned his arms on the box.

"Miss Dorien," said Hal, as he caught sight of the dark red roses that she wore, "you bear our colors, I see. May I not be your knight?"

"What! Mr. Ricketts," she replied, "would you have my poor roses torn to pieces in the scrimmage?"

"Oh no! I would pin them on my ulster, and only bear the memory with me in the fray," Hal answered.

"Don't forget me, Miss Frances," said Frank, snapping in.

"Another knight," pouted Miss Frances. "Come, I will have a modern tourney. The one that makes the longest run, or scores the most, shall have my flowers."

"Come on, you fellows! Get ready," cried the "coach" at this stage; so Hal and Frank ran off, calling to Miss Dorien not to forget her promise.

Barrington did not like this performance, and was still half frowning when Miss Dorien, turning her dark eyes on him, asked him what he thought of her chevaliers. Miss Dorien, I forgot to mention, was a perfect brunette. The kick-off saved Barrington from making what I think would have been quite a surly answer.

Though our men brought the ball up well after the kick, yet I became a little uneasy for my money, as the line plays, on which we counted so much, were all checked. Our team was outweighed all along the line, and as each wedge or mass formation went down, I felt my heart grow heavier with the thought of a lighter pocket. We lost the ball on downs, and it was being rapidly pushed towards our goal when we regained it on a fumble. Seeing that line plays were hopeless, the captain determined to try an end run, and gave Hal the ball. The interference started well; Hal got past the end and, with Frank to interfere, started down the field. It looked like a touch-down sure, but Frank, who could have stopped the full-back, somehow let Hal be downed at the centre of the field. We lost the ball soon after on a fumble, and the Hamptons again brought it near our goal, and were prevented from scoring only by the call of time.

In the second half our men brought the ball close to the Hampton line several times, but could not force it over. The ball went over each time on downs and a good punt took it up to the centre again. After this had gone on

some time I took out my watch; we had three minutes more to play and the ball was in the centre of the field. "Heavens!" I muttered, "shan't we score?" Just then I saw our men start with perfect interference around the end. Frank had the ball. The opposite end and half-back plunged wildly into the moving mass, but they only stopped some of the interference, and Frank, with Hal to guard him, got clear and started down the field. They were both fine runners, and I knew that no one would overtake them; but would the full-back stop the play? I leaned far over the box and gazed down through the gloom, for it was growing dark. The two men went diagonally down the "gridiron," while the full-back tore toward them, determined to stop the play. He met them near the goal, and I saw Hal dart forward to ward him off. Hal struck him square, knocked him several feet, and fell sprawling himself, while Frank took the ball right between the posts. "Thank God!" I cried, "the game is ours."

"Yes," said Miss Dorien, startled by my vehemence, "I suppose Frank wins the roses."

Then Barrington did something that I hardly thought he had the nerve to do. Perhaps he thought no one would hear amid all the cheering, but he leaned forward and said:

"He has won the roses, Frances, but may I have the heart beneath them?"

Miss Dorien was evidently surprised, but she was not going to let the opportunity slip, so she smilingly whispered—well, no matter what—and Barrington so smiled.

Right after the goal was kicked Frank came to claim his roses. As Miss Dorien pinned them on his coat, a crowd came by bearing some one on a stretcher.

"Who is hurt?" asked Miss Dorien casually.

"Oh! that's Hal," said Frank, "he was laid out when he stopped the full-back."

"What a pity! I'm so sorry, and as he interfered so nicely you might give him some of the flowers. Come Arthur," she continued, and pulling her cloak about her, she rose and left.

"Arthur," gasped Frank, clutching my arm as they walked away.

"Yes, Arthur," said I. "It's Frances and Arthur now; they're engaged."

I left him standing wondering, and went off to see after Hal. He was all right; he had only a little cut on his head made by the goal post which he struck as he fell. He told me that night, as we sat talking the matter over, how hard it had been for him to let Frank make that run, especially, he said, "as Frank deliber-

ately spoiled my chances in the first half. But the queerest thing of all, Bob," Hal went on, "is that while I lay there insensible I seemed to feel a soft hand on my forehead, and to hear the voice of Mabel Thornton, a girl I knew at home, half-sobbing my name. Of course, it must be fancy, for she is still in Braxton."

Just then Hal's landlady opened the door and handed in a letter which bore a special delivery stamp. "This came just after you left for the game, sir," she said as she slammed the door after her. The letter was from Mabel, and told Hal that she was coming up to visit her uncle and would be at the game that day. The letter let Hal know that there were other girls besides Miss Dorien, and it was not long before he forgot her. Now if you go to Braxton and inquire for Mabel Thornton you will not find her—but there is a Mrs. Mabel Ricketts.

A Change of Opinion.

FRANCIS R. WARD, '99.

I was seated at my desk engaged in writing an essay on the "Stoicism of the Ancients," when I heard my poodle, named Brave (because he wasn't) give a series of hair-raising yelps such as only a very small and very much frightened dog knows how to utter. I guessed that some dog was chasing him; and as the cries still continued and in ever-increasing volume, I looked out of the window to see whether it was the landlady's pug or the neighbor's hound. Both these dogs have an implacable hatred for Brave, for no other reason that I can think of than that he has a *gold* colored ribbon tied around his neck, while they have *silver* ones.

Upon looking down, however, I saw that this was no mere political dispute. A piano, which was being unloaded in front of the house, had fallen on Brave's foreleg, and apparently broken it. Evidently, there was to be a new boarder in the house, for there were also trunks on the van. In hastening down stairs to get the dog I passed a strange lady on the landing. I did not stop to examine her closely, but surmised that she was the new boarder.

That evening I heard the fatal piano for the first time. Brave also heard it, and began to howl as if ghosts were pulling his tail. He apparently remembered the cause of the accident of the afternoon; but even if he had no

other reason for howling, the music alone would have been ample reason for his vocal exercises. The player was putting the instrument through a number of sound-gymnastics, that bore no resemblance to any tune. Probably it was only practising, but it might have been a poor attempt at an Indian war-dance, so horrible did it sound. Happily the exercise did not last very long, and I went to bed to dream that I had been suddenly deprived of all hearing.

I left the breakfast table early next morning, and did not get a sight of the troublesome boarder; but that afternoon when I returned, the music (?) was to be heard all over the house. Brave had disappeared, broken leg and all, driven out by the piano. The neighborhood was well searched, and Brave was found in company with a rather disreputable tramp, who was trying to sell him. The new arrival was absent from the supper-table, and the landlady took advantage of this to pour a tale of woe into my unwilling ears. Two of her boarders had left, and several others had threatened to do likewise unless the piano were silenced.

After supper I was walking in the small garden at the rear of the house, when, as I turned a corner, I came upon a woman seated in one of the rustic chairs and sobbing in a silent, despairing way. I started to retreat, but it was too late, for she had heard the noise of my approach. I saw it was the owner of the piano, and stepped forward to offer my aid.

"Do you find my music so very disagreeable, sir?" was the rather strange question she asked me, when I inquired what was her trouble. Before I could answer she added: "The other boarders have all threatened to leave unless I do, and I do want to learn to play so bad, and, and"—her words were again lost in sobs. The voice was so sweet and pitiful, and the face so beautiful that I mentally decided that she should play that piano as much as she wished, even if I had to fight the entire house to obtain this desirable result. I said something to this effect and was tearfully thanked.

That night when Brave began to howl at the usual practice, I unceremoniously kicked him out, and forever banished him from sight for daring to howl at such ravishing music; and a few days afterwards when the landlady had the supreme impudence to request Miss Tremaine either to stop playing the piano or leave, I had the boldness to offer her a home where she would have entire control, and where the much-hated piano would be most welcome. Strange to say, she accepted it.

Varsity Verse.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

© FLEET-WINGED Dryad! singer of the night!
 In wild, enchanting measures thou dost sing,
 As from thy leafy bower thou dost fling
 Thy dulcet notes upon the air. The bright
 Stars glow; the pale moon lends her silvery light,
 While thou art fluting till the woodlands ring
 With soft, sweet tones, and thou the world dost bring
 Adoring at thy feet, fair woodland sprite.

Ah! thou must once have been an angel fair
 And beautiful as e'er within the halls
 Of heaven dwelt; for none but angel voice
 To utter such entrancing strains would dare;
 None other's melody as thine enthalls
 The soul and bids the careworn heart rejoice.

J. A. McN.

JONES' STOCK.

Jones grabbed the rope with a weary sigh,—
 "What wealth," he said, "is mine;
 Others own railroad stock, but I
 Possess this whole trunk-line."

C. M. B. B.

LATELY LEARNED.

I think and I think of—heaven knows what,
 And metres run wild in my brain;
 And the more that I write
 The fact comes to light,
 That my old plug Pegasus will trot—
 Not!

A. L. M.

HOW MODEST!

My clock, I'm sure, is modest quite,
 Although she goes with rapid pace;
 For she keeps always, day and night,
 Her hands before her face.

C. M. B. B.

TWO VIEWS.

I.

"They're off!" shouts the judge
 As he starts off the races,
 Making interest a picture
 On thousands of faces,
 While looks of anxiety, worry and fear,
 Fret and excitement, also appear.

II.

Much changed the expression,—quite changed, it
 is clear,
 That shows on the face of my lady sincere,
 Of surprise and alarm
 As sighing she places
 Her tight shoes down, saying,
 "They're off! O my Gracious!"

J. W. L.

FORSAKEN.

I laughed at my muse,
 And now she has left me,
 With scornful "adius."
 I laughed at my muse,
 And of knowledge profuse
 And good verse she has reft me.
 I laughed at my muse,
 And now she has left me.

L. P. D.

"The Ghost"—A Criticism.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

De Maupassant, a clever French author, has written some admirable short stories. One of these, entitled "The Ghost," was lately brought to our attention. The tale in question begins with a conventional introduction. The group of old friends are gathered in the parlor of an inn, and the conversation passes, naturally enough perhaps, from processes of law to a discussion of mysterious occurrences. The oldest member of the party, a former soldier, tells from what circumstances arose his fears of the night, and a brief synopsis of his narrative runs as follows:

While his troops are stationed at Rouen, he meets an old friend who has failed terribly in health and mind within a few years. The soldier learns from him that he had married a beautiful woman, whom he loved dearly. They lived blissfully in a little château outside Rouen for a year; then she died and the distracted husband closed the dwelling, never to return.

He begs the soldier to go to what had been the private room of himself and his wife and secure a certain package of letters. The soldier complies with the request. A note is sent to the gardener, still living at the deserted place, that admittance may not be refused the messenger. The gardener, even after receiving the note which is sealed, is reluctant, but the imperious messenger, brushing past him, enters the house and passes into the room designated by his friend.

To his surprise the shutters are closed and it is quite dark. He sees, however, that the room is in disorder; the clothes are torn partly from the bed, and on the pillow is the impression of a head or an elbow as if lately occupied. A door opens into another apartment, but he does not investigate further. After an ineffectual attempt to open the shutters, he advances to the desk with a sensation of vague fear, and takes out the package of letters, turning to find a chair close by, occupied by a woman with wild yet beautiful features and long, coarse hair. She looks at him, and says, imploringly: "Comb my hair, oh, comb my hair!" He complies, more through fear than anything else; and cold chills play along his spinal column while he caresses the snaky tresses.

The ordeal over, the phantom springs up and vanishes into the next room, but closes the

door. The marquis hastily quits the place. When he gets home, he sends his servant to his old friend with the letters, and shuts himself up in his room. He tries to think of the occurrence as a horrible dream, but the woman's hairs on his dolman are proofs of its reality. The friend of former days is much alarmed when he hears of the illness of the soldier, and before the latter is able to be about he leaves.

The opening part holds together pretty well, but some of the more prominent incidents, which go to make up the rise of the action, lack the vitally important quality of probability, and thus open some wide chasm in the path of the ascent.

Admitting the likelihood of the events which lead up to it, the climax is well constructed. The subsequent discovery of genuine hairs on the dolman gives a clue to the real nature of the supposed ghost and a quiet laugh at the credulity of the soldier. The fall and close are not in proportion as regards action, but are symmetrical as regards the actual length of time required for their performance. They are both consistent and complete, but this does not redeem the improbability of some of the earlier circumstances.

The long-lost friend evidently wished to keep the existence of his wife's insanity a secret. No one knows of it except the faithful gardener. Why, then, does he not require this trusted individual to procure the letters, instead of commissioning a friend whom he does not love enough to trust, nor hate enough to frighten?

One of the first things the soldier notices on his visit to the darkened chamber is the impression on the pillow. A depression on a body of uniform color would not be observed at all in a room which was not sufficiently lighted to cast a shadow. This story is, of course, in a lighter vein than is most of de Maupassant's works, and is not so skilfully constructed as "The Necklace," for instance, which has the true artistic form. The author places too much reliance on the reader's credulity.

A Triolet.

Beside the fragrant lilac bush
I sit while zephyr breezes blow.
I hear the mellow-noted thrush
Beside the fragrant lilac bush,
As old Sol spreads a topaz glow
Upon the plants of mistletoe.
Beside the fragrant lilac bush
I sit while zephyr breezes blow.

M. J. C.

The Broken Bridge.

JOSEPH P. SHEILS, '99.

One night in early winter as Frank Weldon sat drowsing alone by the fire in a little log-cabin, he wondered if he would be able to win the ten-mile race among the best skaters in camp on the river the next day. The cabin had been built by his father and himself for the logging season which had just begun. Situated far up in the woods of Wisconsin, the occupants of the camp seldom heard news of the world except when one of their number went to Plodden, a small town about twenty miles to the north. They had built the camp close to the Fox River, which flows north through Plodden. Half way between the town and the camp the Delta Railroad crosses the river.

Just as Frank was dozing off to sleep he was suddenly aroused. The door opened, and John Collins rushed in.

"Phew! it's cold," he exclaimed. "Where is your father?"

"Father has gone over to Johnson's," Frank replied. "Why, what's the matter?"

"The bridge is broken at——"

Frank did not wait to hear the rest. Picking up his skates from the floor, and taking a lantern with him, he dashed out of the cabin. As he ran towards the river, Collins yelled to him:

"Come back here, you young fool! What's the matter with you?"

Frank had no desire to sleep now. The bridge was broken and the express was due in thirty-five minutes. It did not take him long to put on his skates, and in a few seconds he was out on the river and skating for dear life.

The ice cracked beneath his feet, but he did not give it time to break under him. On, on he went, each minute seeming an hour to his excited brain. Another half mile and he would be at the bridge. Just at this moment he heard the whistle of the approaching train. He tried to spurt, but he could go no faster. A minute more and he had reached the bridge. There it stood just as it was the week before when he had passed by with his father. As he stopped and looked at the bridge the express rushed by. The next moment the ice had broken beneath him, and he was floundering in the mud at the bottom of the river.

It was a lucky thing for him that he had skated in near the shore. As it was, he was

covered from head to foot with mud and soaked with water. Cursing Collins for having deceived him, he got up and walked to the shore. Then he tightened his skates and turned his face towards the camp. The water had frozen on his clothes and they had become stiff. It took him about three hours to reach the camp, and then he found the door of the cabin locked. His clothes would hardly bend enough to permit him to crawl in through the window.

The next morning his father asked him where he had been the night before.

"Oh! I was out on the river preparing for the race," said Frank. "The ice was not strong enough, though, and I fell through, so I don't believe I'll race today."

When he saw Collins he approached him and in a threatening manner said, "Why did you tell me the bridge was broken last night?"

"So it was," Collins answered. "The bridge at Colburn was broken, and about a hundred persons on the midnight express lost their lives. You did not give me time to tell you where the broken bridge was. Where did you go last night?"

"I went down the river to the Delta bridge," Frank replied. "I wanted to see the fun when the express came by; and I had my trouble for my pains."

Books and Magazines.

—It is a pleasure, in these days of posters and pictures, to turn now and then to a magazine that for success depends solely on its text. In America especially there are few periodicals, and fewer journals, that do not make a bid for fame by attracting the eye rather than the intellect, although there are, it is true, in the United States many magazines excellent both in matter and form. Among the non-illustrated monthly publications there is none which can surpass the *Atlantic* in literary style. Look at the names of those who write for the *Atlantic*, and you will find, if you have followed the course of the literary movement in America, that every writer on its staff is an author of reputation. Who, that knows anything of American literature, does not know and admire Charles Warren Stoddard, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Charles Egbert Craddock, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Agnes Repplier, Lafcadio Hearn, Charles G. D. Roberts and John Jay Chapman?

The *Atlantic* for November has no less than

ten different departments and each one attended to by a master. We have Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin of Chicago explaining the "Causes of Agricultural Unrest;" we have Mr. Jacob A. Riis with still another plea for the poor—an artistic plea, which he entitles "Out of the Book of Humanity;" we have Charles Egbert Craddock in the beginning of a new story, "The Juggler," and Kate Douglas Wiggin in her continuation of that brilliant story "Marm Lisa." Perhaps the most interesting papers in the number, from a literary point of view, are "Dust," by that charming cosmopolite, Lafcadio Hearn; "Cheerful Yesterdays," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson—an autobiography with a most interesting introduction on the difficulties of the autobiographer; and "Early Recollections of Brete Harte," by our former professor of literature, Charles Warren Stoddard. The magazine has many other points of excellence that will at once appear to any one who picks it up to while away a leisure hour.

ESSAYS EDUCATIONAL. BY BROTHER AZARIAS. Chicago. D. H. McBride & Co.

To say that the present book shows erudition is almost superfluous, for the deep research Brother Azarias made into every subject that he handled is well known to all who have read any of his works. In *Essays Educational*, however, there is displayed an amount of study that is truly remarkable, and we have evidently in these papers the crystallization of years of labor. We are surprised to learn from these pages how important a place the education of the young held in the so-called Dark Ages. True, this designation of that time has been proved a misnomer, yet we are scarcely prepared to find that the system of education was then so very widespread as Brother Azarias shows it to have been.

Besides the cloistral school connected with the monasteries, four kinds of schools are pointed out that flourished before modern civilization arose. The cloistral school has been thoroughly treated by many other writers, and its effects in preserving and diffusing knowledge are well known. Brother Azarias, therefore, after a recapitulation of the work of those schools goes at once into the particulars of their system, and shows exactly what and how they taught. The Palatine School, which did so much to civilize vandal Europe by educating the ruling classes is next explained in all its ramifications. The incalculable benefits of this school are vividly depicted, and its effect as a humanizing agent clearly shown.

After treating of the Palatine School, the author begins what is to college men the most interesting portion of his work—the Mediæval University. We are surprised to see how nearly we have approximated in our modern universities the conditions of these earlier centres of learning. We have the same frolics, hazing and method modified, of course, by a different civilization. Fortunately, however, we have not to suffer the same hardships in the pursuit of knowledge; for it is to be feared that modern zeal would not bear with the inconveniences and trials which beset the struggling clerks.

The primary schools of the Middle Ages and the foundation of Normal Schools and their history are the subjects of the next two essays in the volume. Then the author treats of the various methods of teaching used in the schools of the Middle Ages, closing with a critical essay on Compayré in which the Brother pleads strongly for Catholic writing upon pedagogy. Through the whole work the style is simple and clear, and one is not only instructed, but pleased as well. Every college man should read the book.

ETHELRED PRESTON. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

A late addition to Benziger Brothers' splendid series of fiction is "Ethelred Preston" a story by Father Finn. The author is an old friend of American Catholic boys, and any comment on his ability would seem superfluous. The much-used adjective "healthy" has been often applied to Father Finn's work, and we can appreciate the aptness of the term after reading "Ethelred Preston." It is no easy task to write a story worthy of being given into the hands of our boys, and from the educator's view-point the task is a responsible one.

A story capable of attracting a boy's interest must be bright, and above all must brim over with action. Besides this it is necessary that such a story be pure and literary; a boy should always be given the best, since early reading forms the first standard of taste.

These considerations are never overlooked by Father Finn, and hence his deserved popularity. "Ethelred Preston" is a well-written story, and one which will interest every boy-reader. The hero of the tale is a young lad who is sent off to a Catholic college; but instead of going directly, as a good boy should, Ethelred meets with a peddler; and between them they arrange a daring plan. The peddler goes to college disguised as Ethelred. Ethelred turns peddler; and then comes a high old-time. The

deceiving peddler stirs up much trouble at the college until Ethelred tires of Bohemian life and returns to claim his rights.

The interchange of characters is skilfully concealed until the *dénouement*. Throughout, the tale is interesting, and is the sort of story that a boy would term "great." The book itself is tastefully bound, and makes a pretty little volume at a reasonable cost.

—The articles in the *Catholic University Bulletin* are, as usual, of good literary character, erudite, and on well-chosen subjects. Fittingly the retirement of Bishop Keane from the rectorship is treated of in a manner expressive of the affection felt for him by all connected with the University. Miscellaneous Studies and the different departments of the *Bulletin* are also deserving of attention.

A ROUND TABLE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS: Benziger Brothers. New York. 1896.

It were needless to enter into the details of this book, for a glance at the names of its eleven contributors assures the reader at once of the good things in store for him. Each author's picture is followed by a biographical sketch, a bibliography, together with a recent production from his or her pen, thus forming an interesting as well as entertaining volume. The stories, apart from the other attractions of the book, will, we are sure, be hailed with special delight by every boy and girl.

Among the names adorning the *Round Table*, two, Anna Hanson Dorsey and Mary A. Sadlier, were recipients of the highest gift bestowed in this country upon any distinguished Catholic man or woman for services rendered Church and State, the Latare Medal of this University. Of this distinguished coterie of Catholic *littérateurs*, Maurice Francis Egan and Charles Warren Stoddard each held for several years the chair of literature at Notre Dame.

—*The Colored Harvest* for the last quarter of the present year is by far the best number of that quarterly that has appeared in a long time. *The Colored Harvest* is published in the interest of the missions among the negroes, and most of its contents treat of that work. *The Harvest* tells how the good work is progressing and how it is conducted. The present number should be of interest to every lover of humanity, for the work of converting and bettering the negroes is most certainly a praiseworthy labor, and deserving of the hearty approval of all men of good will.

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—It is but a few weeks more until the semi-annual examinations will be held, and it is to the interest of every student in the University to make his record as high as possible at that time. Students should, therefore, set to work at once, if they have not already done so, to master the difficulties that puzzle them. It is entirely detrimental to either present or future success to allow oneself to pass the weeks immediately preceding the examinations in listlessness and indifference. There is too much at stake for idleness, and time, when gone, will be regretted. It is not wise to put off all work until the eleventh hour. Let study, therefore, begin at once, and let it be of that intelligent order which surmounts all obstacles and eventually reaches success.

—It came at the very end, and on that account it was the more welcome. Our victory over Beloit, as explained in detail on the following pages, was the crowning achievement of the Varsity of '96. There is great reason to be proud of that victory; there were both rime and reason in those mad yells, those ecstatic shrieks, those fierce hurrahs, those long, piercing cries that rent the air for miles and miles.

Our opponents came here with a reputation. They had played against the representative teams of the West. Neither Northwestern nor Wisconsin could wrest victory from them. Their fame had spread, and they had made bids for the championship. They had some justice in their claim, but Thursday's game was in every sense their Waterloo—their columns broken, their mighty ambition quelled.

Great praise must be given to the members of our team. There could scarcely be a less experienced aggregation of football aspirants than that which stood upon our gridiron at the beginning of the season. Only four of them had ever played football. The rest were raw recruits with nothing—not even enthusiasm—to help them. It was no wonder, then, that the Chicago Physicians and Surgeons carried off the victory. But the coach, than whose selection nothing could have been wiser, saw the necessity of infusing spirit into his men and of drawing out, to wear the canvas, those who were too modest to deem themselves available. An enthusiastic meeting of the Athletic Association was held; the rest was easy.

Competition was hard, practice was heavy, expertness was progressive. Men who were laughed at on their first appearance in canvas developed a mastery of the game that could scarcely be duplicated. We met a not inglorious defeat from the University of Chicago—the team that later on defeated Michigan, the proudest in the West. We prevented Albion, the Commercial Athletic Club and the Highland Views from scoring and piled crushing scores upon them. We met Purdue, but, after scoring an equal number of touchdowns and out-playing them at every other point, lost the game through inability to kick goals. And last of all and greatest of all was our victory over Beloit's champions.

There was some excuse, then, for the bedlam that reigned throughout the campus last Thursday evening. There was method in the madness which impelled that wild rush upon the coach, wherein he was dragged unwillingly from his place and carried triumphantly above the heads of that yelling multitude. Mr. Hering can not receive a tithe of the praise he deserves. He has done for the team what no other man would have dared. He has shown himself to be a great captain as well as a great coach. He knew and remedied the faults of his men, and it is to the credit of the players that they responded with alacrity to his admonitions and listened with attention to his instructions.

Hurrah for the Gold and Blue!

The *Times-Herald* of Nov. 27, in an article on the position of Western colleges in the championship fight, says:—"Wisconsin has not been beaten at all, but has been tied by Northwestern, and both Wisconsin and Northwestern have been tied by Beloit. . . . Beloit, therefore, may put a bid in the championship contest, and it might be strengthened by the fact that both Minnesota and Chicago had arranged games with the little college and afterward canceled them." The above speaks for itself. On comparative scores, there is not a college in the West that has a better claim to it.

The Thanksgiving day game was the toughest one of the season, and the Varsity won only by the hardest kind of playing. The line men of Beloit played low and savagely, and, as a whole, were by far stronger than either Purdue's or Chicago's line. The Varsity won on a kicking game, Kegler doing magnificent work, making a total of over two hundred yards; but one kick was blocked, and this was undoubtedly due to the wet and slippery condition of the ball. That the Varsity played a clean game is proved by the fact that Beloit had the umpire during both halves, and any one playing dishonest ball would have been ruled off as speedily as Rogers of Beloit was.

Hinckley and Rogers were the life of the visiting team, the former being, without doubt, the best line-bucker on the local grounds this season. The Varsity showed a wonderful improvement in defensive work, and the backs played the best game of the year in this respect. Hanly put up a star game, and did beautiful work in smashing interference; Moritz also played a hard game. Fagan played his best game, and that is saying a great deal. He followed the ball like an old-timer, and was always on hand when there was a fumble by the visitors. Schillo also caught a couple of stray fumbles. Too much praise cannot be given to Mullen and Murphy, who were both badly battered up. Mullen had a chipped shoulder bone, and Murphy was laid out generally; yet both put up plucky games on the offensive and defensive. Daly, Schillo and Kegler worked together, seldom failed to break up interference, and never missed a tackle. On the whole, it was the best defensive game of the season.

Our line was just about a match for that of the visitors, consequently our offensive work

did not show so well. It was savage, however, and the Gold and Blue legs lost the ball on downs but once. Fagan's passes were perfect; and although the ball was slippery and wet Captain Hering fumbled but once. Kegler, Hanly, Moritz, Schillo and Daly hit the line like catapults, and only failed twice to make a gain on such plays. The game was mostly straight football, few tricks being resorted to. Of course, most of the credit belongs to Captain Hering for his splendid generalship. He made the Varsity, developing nearly every player. Beloit felt very sorry for her defeat, as well she might.

HOW WE WON.

When the teams were warmed up with a few minutes of practice, the coin was flipped and Beloit won the toss. Daly kicked out of bounds twice. For Beloit, Reggs kicked forty-five yards to Hanly who recovered five. Notre Dame then started out with line-bucking. Moritz went in for five; Schillo followed for the same number. Kegler tried the centre for two, and Moritz followed with another gain of five through tackle. In two plays Schillo made four. Moritz, Hanly and Daly went through for eight yards.

The ball went ahead four yards on a fumble; but Murphy dropped on it before Beloit awoke. Moritz and Kegler each went through for three. On the third down Kegler fell back, and sent the ball thirty-five yards through the rain.

Beloit tried the line for five. Hinckley forged around the end and made thirty yards, until Daly sent him into the mud. Again they tried the end for no gain, but made five yards through the line. The Varsity then braced and forced them back one yard, and smashed through in the next play in time for Hanly to fall on the fumbled ball.

Schillo circled round the end for fifteen on a criss-cross. Daly made three more on a long pass and one yard around the end. Kegler crashed through for nine yards, and Daly tried the same place in the centre for five yards. Kegler, Moritz and Schillo each made a yard. In the next seven plays the Varsity's tackles and backs bumped through for a total gain of eighteen yards, which number would have been larger had not the field been slippery with mud.

The Varsity took another look at the wet goal-post that was sliding toward them and buckled down for more hard work. Daly was pushed through for three; Moritz made nine, and Kegler jumped in for two yards. In the

next play Daly was dropped without gain; but Hanly was called back for three, and also made two just after the line held Moritz.

Beloit began to shiver more and brace better, but in spite of their determination, Daly and Kegler walked over them for seven yards, and placed the ball one foot from the goal-line. Beloit succeeded in holding Kegler over; but he drew back again, went up on his toes and crashed through for the last bit. Daly kicked to Hering, but the ball was soaked and slid through his arms.

Reggs started out by kicking to Hering, who passed to Daly for eighteen yards. After several plays Kegler was called back for a punt, and the ball sailed down the field for forty-three yards in the face of the wind. Hinckley hit the line for four, and Beloit lost one yard on a fumble. Hinckley again went in for seven in two trials. Meyers made six when Cavanagh turned him upside down. Schillo dropped on Hinckley after a yard gain.

Beloit then smiled and looked pleased when they placed themselves for a kick. The Varsity not only took all the bluff out of it, but came through so fast that the pigskin left its owner, Hinckley, and rolled over to Notre Dame. After a few moments Kegler was called upon, and the ball cut through the rain and wind for forty yards. Hinckley made another long run, and landed in the mud with Daly on top, when time was called with the ball five yards from the centre of the field.

In the second half Reggs kicked over the side-line twice. Hanly kicked forty-five yards to Hinckley. Rogers was ruled off for slugging. Beloit worked hard, but the Varsity again smashed through and gained the ball on a fumble. Moritz and Kegler tried the line for small gains. Kegler again punted thirty-five yards outside. Beloit went through the line for six, but dropped the ball which Schillo dutifully captured.

In two plays Notre Dame made good gains, but on poor interference in an end run Schillo lost eight. Daly dropped back far enough to make the necessary twenty yards, and Hering passed the ball to him. Moritz came back and made three yards. Kegler punted thirty-five yards. Beloit braced up with hope, but their line was ripped into fragments, and they lost the ball on downs. Then Kegler, Hanly and Daly slid through the gaps for good gains, and Hanly twisted and wriggled so much that he arose from the mud to find that he had made another touchdown. Daly failed goal.

Reggs kicked thirty-five lines and Daly failed to gain. Notre Dame showed poor work, and Kegler dropped back to lift the ball for thirty yards. Beloit played fast and made several gains of three and four yards. Schillo fell on the fumbled ball, and the teams began to see-saw up and down the field. Hanly and Kegler made big gains. Beloit advanced slowly. Fagan and Schillo came through the line a little too soon on Beloit's last down, and off-side was called.

However, the goal was a dream for Beloit—although it came near being a reality. Reggs blocked Kegler's kick, and the ball rolled back almost to the line, when Hering shot down like a streak of lightning, and folded his arms around it. Notre Dame began to rip through the line, and were having a good game when time was called; and then, bedlam! Score—Varsity, 8; Beloit, 0.

LINE-UP:		
VARSITY	POSITION	BELOIT
Murphy	Left End	McMasters
Moritz	Left Tackle	Rogers
Rosenthal	Left Guard	Hollenbeck
Fagan	Centre	McCaw
Cavanagh	Right Guard	Ensign
Hanly	Right Tackle	Briggs
Mullen	Right End	Knitson
Hering (C.)	Quarter-Back	Jeffries
Daly	Left Half-Back	Reggs
Schillo	Right Half-Back	Meyers
Kegler	Full-Back	Hinckley, (C.)

Substitutes, Cox for Rogers, Whitney for Cox, Childs for Hinckley. Touchdowns, Kegler, Hanly. Umpire, Aldrich of Chicago. Referee, Covert of Toledo. Time-keepers, Marmon and Childs. Linesmen, Corby and Cox. Halves, 35:00. J. W. M.

Exchanges.

Most of our Canadian exchanges are devoting a great deal of space to articles on the life and reign of Queen Victoria, and we think they are right in so doing. The reign of Victoria has been one of the most glorious in the history of England, and a great deal is due to the gentle, yet firm hand that wields the sceptre. It is but just that all her subjects should unite in singing her praise, and showing their love for her. Her reign has been a long one, but we dare say that there are few under her rule that wish it to end.

* * *

The *Yale Record*, the *Harvard Lampoon* and the *Princeton Tiger* are models of college humorous journalism. They devote their space to the lighter side of University life, and show the student when he is off duty. Following out the principle that a little fun now and then

puts life into the student and benefits him in his work, they give him plenty of good, wholesome humor, and, at the same time, discuss matters of interest to him in an entertaining and attractive manner. These three papers are most welcome visitors to our sanctum, and often smooth the wrinkled brow of care worn by some of our ink-stained editors.

"A Chance of Gallantry" in the *Yale Courant* would be a credit to a professional short-story writer, and its author deserves high praise. The "Island of Beria" is still continued and grows in interest.

There is an amusing little farce in the November number of the *Tennessee University Magazine* which certainly deserves honorable mention. The other articles in this issue are fully as entertaining as those in the October edition.

The *University Cynic* contains a pathetic little story told in a quartette of clever letters. The editors of the *Cynic* are trying to get their paper up to its old standard, and bid fair to reach the object of their ambition.

The *Record* of St. John's University asserts that the recent anti-Bryan demonstration at Yale is a proof that the decay in gentlemanliness is rapidly approaching. Indirectly the *Record* applies the odium of the outrage to every college student in the land. When the news of the affair was first published we fully expected ignorant and narrow-minded persons to make it the basis of an attack on college men as a class, and we were not mistaken. But when a paper emanating from a University takes the same contracted view of the affair we are at a loss what to think. In face of the fact that the majority of the students of Yale were not connected with the outrage, and, in fact, deeply deplore it, and that most of the college papers throughout the country have condemned it, we really can not see what ground the *Record* has to attack the manners of college-bred men as a class. If a University education will make a man a rowdy instead of a gentleman, then there is something wrong in education, and we can not admit that premise. To judge a class by the actions of a few individuals, who are condemned by their fellow-members, is, to say the least, narrow-minded, and we did not expect to find such doctrines advocated in a college journal.

Personals.

—The old boys were pleased by a visit from James MacVean on last Wednesday.

—Mr. Joseph Grever, a former student, was one of last week's welcome visitors.

—Joseph Sullivan, of Sorin Hall, enjoyed a visit from his mother, a short time ago.

—Lamar Monarch, always welcome at *Alma Mater*, delighted his friends by his recent visit.

—Among the old boys who came to attend the Thanksgiving game were George and Will Covert, of Toledo.

—Mrs. W. P. Rend and Mrs. R. C. Newton, of Chicago, paid a short but pleasant visit to Notre Dame friends last week.

—Mr. McBride, of the McBride Publishing House, Chicago, spent Thanksgiving with his four sons of the Minim department.

—Dr. J. M. Dinnen, of Fort Wayne, visited his son William, of Carroll Hall, last Thursday. Dr. Dinnen was a student of Notre Dame.

—Miss Reuss, of Fort Wayne, was among our Thanksgiving visitors. Miss Reuss was a former pupil of St. Mary's Academy and she has many friends at both institutions.

—Notre Dame always has a warm welcome for her sons, and her greeting to Mr. Frank Carney, L. B. '94, was a most cordial one. Mr. Carney's visit was short, but a source of much pleasure to his many friends at *Alma Mater*.

—Those who saw Hugh O'Donnell on the local stage in his student days prophesied great things for him. That he is on the road to success is shown by a long account of his work which appears in the *Homestead*, published at Springfield, Mass. The article is illustrated by an excellent likeness of Hugh, which shows that he has not changed much during the past two years. We make the following extract from the article in the *Homestead*:

Among the younger members of Fanny Davenport's Company is one, at least, whose talent and ambition, with a capability for hard work, bid fair to win him success. He is Hugh Arnott, who plays the part of the Messenger in *Cleopatra* and *Desire in Fedora*. His name is Hugh Arnott O'Donnell; but, he says, "That's too long a name for the stage, so I cut it short." Mr. Arnott's home is in Bloomingdale, Ill., where his family is a prominent one, and he graduated in 1894 at the Notre Dame University, in Indiana. Though his family wanted him to study law, he always had a desire to go on the stage, and in this he was aided by Mrs. George Knight, the widow of the well-known George Knight, who heard him speak at his Commencement and took a deep interest in him. The following season he started with Miss Davenport. She made the engagement with him on the strength of the letters and photographs he sent her, but he did not meet her till he went to join the company.

Mr. Arnott's work in both *Cleopatra* and *Fedora* deserves much praise. As the Messenger in *Cleopatra* he is especially effective. He is a charming man to meet, with none of the airs which some stage people affect, but pleasant and unassuming and thoroughly enthusiastic over his chosen profession.

Local Items.

—And now for basket-ball.

—"What's the matter with the 'hull' team!"

—There was fun to spill at the *séance* the other evening.

—R. E. Barry spent Thanksgiving Day with friends in Chicago.

—Whoop'er up for Hanly and Moritz, the greatest tackles in the West.

—Prof. Veneziani has entered his son Louis, a bright little chap, in St. Edward's Hall.

—The Rev. Father Nacy, of Hudson, Mich., will address the Temperance Societies next Tuesday evening.

—From a loquacious standpoint, what a marked contrast exists in the persons of "Willie" and "Lonely Jake."

—The members of the Crescent Club enjoyed a hop on Wednesday evening. Several visiting ladies were invited.

—Many parents paid their children in the Minims a pleasant visit on Thanksgiving Day. The little fellows were, of course, delighted.

—The Orpheus Club now numbers 57 members. It is probable that the society will give some sort of a performance in the near future.

—The Professor of Chemistry has received a magnificent collection of specimens of the copper ores of Northern Michigan. Mr. Dennis Coughlin, of Hancock, Mich., is the generous donor.

—The Minims' bulletins have been sent home, and already many complimentary acknowledgments have been received from appreciative parents.

—Not because he talked a great deal, not because his presence lent gayety and cheerfulness to the scene, but somehow "Lonely Jake" is conspicuous by his absence.

—There is a rumor to the effect that at last "he" has purchased a package of tobacco. This startling announcement is too good to be true, and if true—it cannot be good—that is, the tobacco.

—On account of the brilliant victory gained over the Beloit team Thanksgiving Day, the evening hours usually set apart for studying were dispensed with, and the students of Brownson Hall enjoyed an informal hop in the reading-room.

—The field-reporter made a star-play during the Beloit game that was not on the programme: "Vic," the mascot, captured the ball between the halves, and he probably would have been running with it still if Heinrich had not made such a beautiful tackle.

—Signor Rusca, who so beautifully decorated the walls of Washington Hall a few years ago, is here again. He is now engaged in frescoing the chapel in St. Edward's Hall, which, beauti-

ful though it was before, will soon outrival anything of its kind at Notre Dame.

—Just because John Myers was feeling jubilant over the prospects of an easy victory in a law suit for which he is an attorney, O'Shaughnessy had to mar his pleasure by telling him that it was high time he had "filed his bill." John regards it as a cowardly reproach upon his physiognomical make-up.

—Set the bells a-ringing!

Fire off the guns!

Turn the trumpets inside-out!

And bang the biggest drums!

If any one should ask you

The cause of all this noise

Tell him "Bummer's" stopped a-bumming

Tobacco from the boys.

—Two football players—John Mullen of Notre Dame and Harry Cox of Chicago—gave good examples of American grit and courage last Thursday. Each had his shoulder dislocated, and each played an excellent game while crippled in this manner. It is men of this kind that make our country the greatest on earth.

—It is said that Landers made a bet of "fifty cents" that he could tuck away more turkey on Thanksgiving Day than could Willie Fehr. We are glad to say that both gentlemen are still alive, but we will not say—well. Since the contest, Landers has been seen diligently sewing buttons on his trowsers, and Willie has gone to the Infirmary.

—The Thanksgiving boxes with their turkeys, cakes, nuts and olives came to Sorin Hall by the wagon-load, and, as a result, the rooms resemble the average hotel kitchen. There are skeletons of turkeys on the carpets, fruit skins on the book-cases, cake crumbs on the tables, pie crusts on the chairs, and plates, knives and forks everywhere. It is a good thing that Thanksgiving does not come once a week. There would not be any students left to give thanks in Sorin Hall after the first month.

—Still another victory have the famous "Little Rocks" gained. Their record is tarnished by no defeat, and now they are looking for a game with the "Laws." They are willing to meet any team in the college, barring the "Hardly Ables" and Varsity. Last Sunday they defeated the St. Joseph Specials. Their interference was excellent, and their line bucking—well, they couldn't be stopped. Although Massey did considerable grumbling, Peggy didn't fumble (he didn't get a chance). Score, 10 to 0.

—A most enthusiastic meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held in St. Edward's Hall last Wednesday. The program opened with the reading of a poem by Lee Hubbard, after which an exhaustive dissertation on "Cats" was submitted by Robert Clarke. The *pièce de résistance*, however, was a debate on the relative advantages of city over country life. The city people were eloquently

defended by Percy Cotter and Leo Garrity; the rural population were well represented by Victor Steele and Arthur Phillips. The number and variety of the arguments offered was amazing. The judge begged off, declaring that both sides deserved a victory. An elaborate program has been arranged for the next meeting.

—The ladies of South Bend gave a minstrel show on Thanksgiving night. Of course, the jokes had been prepared beforehand, and in anticipation of a victory by Beloit a wee little witticism was tried as followed: "Where is Notre Dame?" inquired one of the performers. "In Indiana," was the answer. "No, no," quoth the fair performer. Great consternation, followed by craning of necks, as the unfortunate interlocutor, who was not supposed to answer rightly, desired to be set aright on this question of geography. And then the performer gave the answer with a smile: "In the soup." And an old man in the audience groaned to think that a glance at the *Tribune's* bulletin board would have spared the audience a flat joke.

—ORPHEUS CLUB.—The second meeting of the Orpheus Club was called on November 22, 12:30 p. m. After the usual business transactions were carried out, the following programme was rendered: F. Dukette, piano solo; W. Massey and T. Cavanagh, song, the "Church Across the Way"; F. Schillo, song; F. Confer, piano solo; J. V. Ducey, song, the "Widow's Plea for Her Son"; F. Bouwens, song; W. W. O'Brien, song, "My Sweetheart Maggie Brown." The Club also met last Tuesday evening. Those participating in the entertainment during the meeting were: A. Crawford, song, "I Don't Believe It's True"; W. Massey, song, "Blue Eyes"; J. V. Ducey, song, "He Never Said a Word but Tore His Hair." Mr. Rowan gave a selection on the violin, and was accompanied on the piano by F. Dukette. There will be a meeting tomorrow after dinner.

—In Sorin Hall there is a band of young men who are real 18 carat humorists. Funny? Well, if you have any doubt about it attend one of their meetings. The reporter who writes up funerals for the SCHOLASTIC was present at a *séance* held in Coxey's room last week—it was during a "rec" hour,—and he has been laughing ever since. The genial Marty opened fire by quietly remarking that Readon was "reared on" the Hudson. After the furniture had been straightened out each of the members committed one or two on the word "Reardon." Then Coxey failed to throw a peanut shell into the waste-basket and observed that it was his first *miss*. Butler next went wild on the basket, and remarked that he had also *missed-er* (Mr). Then Tomaso fearlessly said that that made two misses (Mrs.). By this time six of the onlookers were stretched out at one end of the room, and as the funeral reporter was compelled to write up their deaths he did not hear the

rest of the brilliant flashes of pure wit. The organization of the Marty Coxey Punster Club, B. of A., has led away a large number of Sorinites who organized branch societies. There is the Jean Jacques Barré Branch No. 1 B. of A., the O. M. Raymond Branch No. 2 B. of A., and several others. With such lusty societies as these, Sorin Hall will have plenty of entertainment during the cold winter evenings.

—The *Chicago Record* of yesterday contained the news that Beloit protested last Thursday's game. Their complaint rested against the officials, and chiefly against the referee, who, they allege, was not familiar with the game. Covert, who acted as referee, is from Toledo and played for two seasons on the athletic club of that city. Dr. Thompson, of Princeton, who had been asked to act as one of the officials, sent a message two days before the game stating that he could not come. Our manager then tried to secure Fredrickson, of the University of Illinois, but couldn't get him. Then Covert offered his services and he was accepted. So much for Notre Dame's efforts to secure an impartial official. Now for the protests which occurred during the game. Beloit objected to the rulings of the referee in regard to the advance of the ball; but this official was guided in his decisions by the linesmen (one of them a Beloit player), who were in full view of the whole field, and Beloit was given every chance to measure the advances made by Notre Dame. Beloit's official, Aldrich of the Chicago Athletic Association, told them that they were receiving a "square deal," and ruled off Rogers for slugging in the second half, after he had warned him three times for the same offence in the first half. This player told our men that "he loses his head when he is playing." Rogers should never be allowed on a football field. No, Beloit lost because Notre Dame played a better game; if the Wisconsin team had been paralyzed by Aldrich to the full extent for foul playing, the score would have been much higher. Beloit has gained a reputation for dirty playing, and their conduct on the field last Thursday only served to confirm all reports.

—In answer to the anxious inquiries of a number of old students, we wish to say that the Greeks, though sadly degenerated are not defunct. They still play handball. But a glance at the roster shows a big bunch of crape over such names as Demosthenes Schermerhorn, Thucydides Gebhart, Aristotle Cincinnatus Golden, and a host of others that were once names to conjure with. They are gone to join their fathers in that new and more beautiful Athens, where there is no work or study, and where the alleys are paved with gold, the balls sewed with the thread that never breaks, and there are no such things as umpires or scorers. It is pitiful indeed to watch the scattered remnants of this once glorious clan, as they battle on the alleys of destiny with the multi-

tudinous hordes of Hebrews, Turks and other barbarous tribes that have lately sprung into being. The ways of the gods are past divining, however, and who knows but that they may smile even more propitiously on their children in the next millennium.

—Suddenly, his tall form appeared in the doorway of the dormitory; his black eyes sparkled and his whiskers stood erect. In his right hand he bore a small black leather satchel, which he carefully deposited under his bed. All eyes were centred upon him as he slowly removed his checkered coat and vest. Suddenly the lights were turned down, yet in the semi-darkness could still be discerned the satchel and its curious owner. Presently he stooped down and cautiously removed the mysterious satchel from its resting-place. The interest became more intense. He opened the grip, and from its recesses drew forth a huge "dirk," which glittered and dazzled as he turned it over and over. Then it was that the craned necks and lifted heads sought seclusion under the bed-clothes; then it was that cold chills, with lightning rapidity, began to chase each other up and down the backs of the terrified sleepers, and then it was that the many heads of silken hair were suddenly transformed into so many crops of stubborn bristles. . . . The morning dawned clear and bright. The satchel and its awful contents were—gone, and peace again reigned in the dormitory.

—The following is the programme for President's Day, Monday, November, 30:

8:00 a. m. Solemn High Mass
3:00 p. m. Exercises in Washington Hall

PART I.

Overture—"Sea Fairies" Preston University Mandolin Orchestra.

Address from the University Students, Mr. S. Steele
Greetings from Minim Dep't, Master Noel Freeman
Chorus—"Beautiful Bells" Preston Orpheus Club.

Overture—"Robin Hood" DeKoven University Orchestra.

INTERLUDES.

Zenda Waltz Gavotte Psyche March.

PART II.

"PENMARK ABBEY."

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

(Presented by the St. Cecilians of Carroll Hall.)

Cast of Characters.

Jacques Perquin R. S. Funk
Monkton W. F. Shea
Caleb F. B. Cornell
Edmund P. M. Kuntz
Griffid C. E. Foley
Meriadac J. F. Morrissey
Squirrel R. A. Murray
Belgrip T. V. Watterson, Jr.
Tom J. V. Walsh
Squivadan J. G. Taylor
Peasants—William W. Scherrer, Eugene A. Gimbel,
Charles D. Wells, Jr. Ralph M. Wilson.
Fishermen—Frederick J. Kasper, T. J. Murray, J. J.
Murray, J. F. Fennessey, W. F. Dinnen.
Guards—Adam J. Kasper, J. J. Kuntz, C. H. Pulford.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Brennan, Byrne, Cavanagh, Costello, Confer, Delaney, Fitzpatrick, Geoghegan, W. Golden, Lantry, Miller, Mingey, Medley, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, O'Hara, Piquette, Reardon, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Sheehan, Steiner, Spalding, Weaver.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. W. Browne, Byrne, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Blanchard, Barry, Brucker, Bouwens, J. H. Brown, Crawford, Cavanagh, Carney, Campbell, Cypher, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, Collins, Duket, Dowd, M. Daly, Donovan, J. Daly, Dooley, Desmond, Ducey, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Foster, Fox, C. Flannigan, Follen, Foulks, Fehr, B. Fitzgerald, Farrell, Franey, M. Flannigan, Fischer, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, Hoban, Hengen, Hayes, F. Hesse, Howard, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, Haley, J. Hesse, Howell, Hessel Hay, Hartung, Jurado, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Koehler, Lyons, Long, Landers, Lowery, Lutz, Murphy, Meagher, Morrison, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, W. 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, Putnam, Pendleton, Paras, Quinn, Quandt, Reed, Rahe, Speake, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Scott, Summers, Shillington, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Thiele, Tong, C. Tuhy, Tomlinson, J. Tuohy, Toba, Voght, Weadock, Ward, Welker, Wiczorek, Wimberg, Wilson, E. Zaehne, O. Zaehne,

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, P. Armijo, R. Armijo, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Cornell, T. Condon, M. Condon, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curry, Curtis, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Dugas, Elliott, Ellwanger, Fennessey, Foley, Fox, L. Fish, A. Fish, Funk, Gimbel, Garrity, Girsch, Grossart, Hawkins, Hoban, Houck, Hagerty, Herron, Hanley, Hinze, Heffelfinger, Johnson, G. Kasper, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Klein Kilgallen, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lyle, Maher, Moore, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, Moss, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, J. Murray, R. Murray, Merz, Michels, Moxley, Mueller, McCallen, McCarthy, McDonnell, McElroy, McManus, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, McNamara, McNichols, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Newell, 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, Schmitt, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Sheils, Shillington, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Swan, Syzbowicz, Tong, J. Taylor, Wagenmann, J. Ward, 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, Clark, Casparis, Cressey, Cunnea, Cotter, Coquillard, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Ebbert, Edgerton, Ervin, Engelman, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Frain, 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, Rees, Rennolds, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Strong, Trentman, Terhune, Tillotson, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Veniziani Welch, Wilde, F. Weidmann, G. Weidmann, Weber.