

THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

•DISCE•QVASI•SEMPER•VICTURVS• •VIVE•QVASI•CRAS•MORITURVS•
R.A.F.

VOL. XXX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 5, 1896.

No. 13.

The City of the Fair.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

FLANKED in by bluffs where the river sweeps,
Girt round with trees that fringe the steeps,
Thick-wooded here and there;
The high-roofed halls that front the dawn,
The shady promenade and lawn
Where war's grim relics silent yawn,—
This is the City of the Fair.

And sometimes through the forest trees
Soft music fills the summer breeze
In cadence sweet and low;
And many a gallant modern knight
From the low bank surveys the height,
Where fairy forms in lines of white
Seem wafted to and fro.

There in its sylvan solitude
The World dare not her step intrude
To tarnish or decay;
And years may come, and years may go,
The summer shine, the winter snow,
Yet in that spot will virtue blow
As it blossoms there today.

The Pathos of Byron.

M. JAMES NEY, '97.

TRUTH among certain literary critics has often reminded me of the century plant—it blossoms only once in a hundred years. Blemishes, not beauties, seem to be the great object of their quest, and they resort to all kinds of sophisms, even to the personality of the writer, in order to be able to say something uncharitable. To denounce the works of an author on account of the irregularities of his private life is as rational as to despise water-lilies because they happen to grow in a swamp.

According to the latest reckoning of cosmologists, this earth of ours is nearly six thousand years old, and from the shreds of the past, that have come floating down the stream of time, we must conclude that it was never entirely without sophists. Even in the days of Galileo his solar system was opposed by a most learned crank, who made the astounding assertion that "surely the sun doth move." When the great astronomer asked him to prove his proposition, his opponent pointed to the orb of day, and said: "Why, can't you see that it moves slowly from east to west? Any idiot can see that!" Such brilliant reasoning would make a Sphinx smile; yet it is scarcely less ridiculous than some of the ideas held by latter-day literary critics. If the spirits of the departed ever stoop to the concerns of this transitory life, then the shades of Johnson and Macaulay must weep and wail when they read the wanton folly of their degenerate successors.

Among the latest crimes that have come to our notice is Harriet Beecher Stowe's paper on Byron, or rather on Lady Byron. Of course, she made the usual equation between morals and poetry, and with that admirable, syllogistic computation, she proposes—that the writings of an immoral person are not poetry; but Byron was immoral, therefore Byron's writings are not poetry. Glorious logic this! Where the lady erred, and erred tremendously, was in the first premise; for what can be more glaringly incongruous than the statement that genius and immorality are an impossible combination! We are very well convinced that Robert Burns was a poet; we can not but be persuaded that Christopher Marlowe was a dramatist of excellent powers, and that Oliver Goldsmith and François Villon wrote real poetry; yet all these were men of inconsistent lives.

This paper is not intended to argue for immorality. No, indeed! Nor is it a feeble attempt to defend Byron's name against moral aspersion—that would be a herculean task. We have read that he sowed much wild oats, and did other things that were not exactly conformable to the Decalogue; but be his conduct what it may, that is entirely foreign to our present inquiry as to his literary worth.

The pathetic element of his poems is what we intend to consider; and as this is, in a measure, inseparable from incidents in his life, we may, at times, have to overcome our forbearance and refer to them. We could never quite agree with Newman in his ideas on Byron's "Childe Harold." He considers the pilgrim an impossible personage, and his chief reason for this opinion is that Childe Harold is a being professedly isolated from the world, and uninfluenced by it. Let us review the poem, and see if this is a just criticism.

Byron tells us, with autobiographical candor, in the first stanza that

"Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne'er in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night."

This stanza, together with those immediately following, is the keynote to the whole poem. Herein is represented a young man without parental direction, who takes the usual course under the circumstances. Further on we read how he deplored his wayward life, and grieved because he knew that vice had too great an influence over him ever to free himself from its clutches. Lamenting his ruin, and heart-broken because he knew that he could never be worthy of her whom he loved, he left his native land to become a wanderer in other climes.

There is a strange pathos in the struggle of a young person against an overwhelming vice. There is a noble heroism in him who puts forth all his moral force against it, although he be overcome at last. Such a person is Childe Harold. He assures us of his better nature; he tells us of his woe, and we sympathize with him. In no place does he show his deeper impulses more clearly than in his farewell hymn to England and in his elegy on Newstead Abbey. What music there is in this stanza, and yet what a tone of sadness:

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;

Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night."

Most readers are inclined to consider "Childe Harold" an eloquent declamation on the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." I consider it rather an historical pageant interspersed with sad but glowing apostrophes to former greatness—an account of a ramble through the realms, where

"Time o'er wrecked worlds sleeps motionless."

His apostrophes to Rome and to the ocean are the most eloquent in the language. His lines on the battle of Waterloo are unsurpassed, and those addressed to his young friend, Howard, who fell on that field, are noted for their beauty and tenderness. His stanzas on Venice have always struck me as his finest. He stood on the Bridge of Sighs; he looked into the placid waters below, and he saw the shadows of her former greatness. But she, like her sister empires, had also suffered from the strong arm of time, and he writes:

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier."

Passing on to another of Byron's poems, in our judgment the most touching of them all, "The Prisoner of Chillon," we find a most pathetic picture. It is a poem which shows us that Byron had a noble soul, and that, although there is much said to the contrary, he was a true poet and a thoroughly good man at heart.

A critic who deliberately attacks a writer, and endeavors to cast odium on his private character on hypothetical grounds, is entitled to as much contempt as the man who recklessly kills another by shooting him and then tries to excuse his action by saying that he did not know the gun was loaded. This is just what many of Byron's critics are doing. We do not take sides with either Byron or Lady Byron; we know nothing certainly of their domestic differences, nor do we desire to know. Such an inquiry is impertinent. In connection with such questions all just critics should be willing to grant Byron the charity of silence. One opinion, however, we will venture, that is that we do not consider Byron more culpable than many another man who is on bad terms with his wife. There is no positive evidence, written or oral, to the contrary.

No other man ever gained such universal sympathy from the world at large as did Byron. His farewell to his wife was set to music and sung in the homes of many lands; Europe and America wept over his sorrows. He was the most popular man of his time as

well as the most handsome. He was known and admired quite as well in America as in Europe, and to the credit of the American people be it said that many of them at once withdrew their support from the magazine after its publication of the aforesaid article against their much-admired Byron. There is little to support the assertion that Byron was the incorrigible profligate which his detractors endeavor to make him out to be. A man's writings are certainly a reflection of his mind, and must give a fair criterion of his character, and there is so much in Byron's works that bespeaks a noble soul, that no one who will read him impartially can help having many prejudices dispelled.

In the character of Childe Harold there is little that is incongruous. We would say rather that he is quite natural. His mother, at times, showered kindness upon him, and in the next moment flew into anger with him for some trivial fault. The world treated him likewise. It extolled him to the skies for his poetry and made him its petted darling; then suddenly and bitterly denounced him, on insufficient evidence, on account of his unhappy home relations. We do not wonder that he sought forgetfulness in strange lands and among strange faces, or that he should write:

"Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For nature's pages glassed by sunbeams on the lake."

Nothing can be farther from the truth than the statement that Byron was insincere in his poems to his wife, his sister, and his daughter Ada. We have always maintained that it is quite impossible to write poetry without an inspiration. We believe it to be even more difficult to write poetry with an intention to deceive. There is no element in Byron's poems that stands out more prominently than his love of liberty. His sonnet on Chillon is a masterpiece, with freedom as the central thought. His lines on Greece and those on Ireland, entitled "The Irish Avatar," and those beginning,

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle,"
are noted for their beauty and music.

Of all his domestic poems there is none that compares in point of feeling and tenderness with "The Tear," and his lines to a young oak-tree, which he planted in the yard at Newstead Abbey, before leaving England. On his return

he found his oak overgrown with weeds and sadly neglected. Then with an affection, of which a poetical soul alone is capable, he writes:

"Oh! hardy thou wert, even now little care
Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds gently
heal;
But thou wert not fated affection to share;
For who could suppose that a stranger would feel?"

But we have yet, in this inadequate paper, to notice the grandest action of Byron's life. A nation, once the cradle of philosophy, of art, of eloquence and of poetry, was for years bowed down under a cruel yoke. All the evil which oppression can generate, all the degradation of which servility is capable, had changed Greece from a noble and enlightened nation to a land of tyrants and a den of slaves. The love of liberty, the hatred of tyranny, still burned in the breasts of this down-trodden people. They rose on their oppressors. They made a last desperate struggle for freedom. The land of Greece was especially dear to Byron. His early life had partly been passed there, and its scenes had formed the subjects for many of his poems. He fitted out a fleet at his own expense, and joined the Greeks in their fight for liberty. But it was denied him to die sword in hand. He had proceeded as far as Missolonghi when a fatal fever siezed upon him. There, in a strange land, among strange faces, the brightest Englishman of this age, closed his brief and sad career.

Much might be said of Byron's dramas; they are much-neglected compositions. This is due chiefly to defective dialogue; but there is much in them to repay the student of English for perusal. The descriptions are vivid and powerful, and, like most of Byron's works, will live so long as true poetry continues to be appreciated.

A Forfeit.

JAMES J. SANDERS, '97.

The dining-room of Mrs. Murray's fashionable boarding-house presented a very homelike appearance one chill autumn evening. Dinner was just being served and the guests were engaged in conversation on the different topics of interest, which always form delightful table-talk. The group, not including Mrs. Murray, who, of course, sat prim and erect at the head of the table, consisted of eight persons, and three of these form the principal actors in our story.

One was a young lady, probably twenty-five years of age, with a business-like air, which added a charm to her pretty face. She had black hair, piercing eyes of the same color, and when laughing she displayed a set of pearly teeth and a charming dimple. Her name was Miss Ethel Burton. Her father, a wealthy citizen of Chester, a town some two hundred miles from the city of Albany, had, after much persuasion, acceded to her wish of taking a course in law at one of the city colleges. She had insisted that such a proceeding would enable her to assist him in his business, and as he knew that she was fully capable of taking care of herself he had engaged apartments at the home of Mrs. Murray, who was an old friend of his.

On her left was a young man of thirty years, with broad shoulders, clear-cut features and mischievous, black eyes. His name was Frank Hyde and he was the junior member of the firm of Johnson & Hyde, Real Estate dealers. The third person of this little group was an elderly lady with a pleasing face, which betokened a charming disposition. Her name was Miss Gray, and she had made Mrs. Murray's home her abode for some years past. Before Miss Burton's arrival in the city, Miss Gray and Mr. Hyde had been fast friends, and her coming and consequent friendship with Miss Gray had made the three very intimate. The present conversation seemed to have taken a merry turn, for all three were laughing heartily.

"Won't you have some more tea, Miss Burton?" asked Mr. Hyde, innocently.

"No, thank you; but you might take some yourself, for I see that your cup is almost empty," she answered.

"Well, I think I shall, since it is my first cup this evening," he returned.

Now the fact of the matter was that these two young persons were extremely fond of tea, and they were continually twitting each other on the subject.

"What! only one cupful this evening?" said Frank, returning to the attack.

"Yes," she answered. "I am not especially fond of tea, and I think that I shall stop using it altogether."

Frank smiled. He knew that she was but trying to disprove by her actions his ideas on her fondness for tea.

"I don't think that you could stop if you tried," he said smilingly.

"Ah, the third this evening!" she said, laughing, as Frank filled his cup.

"Since you think that I am so fond of tea," said Frank, "I propose that we discontinue the use of it for one month under penalty of a forfeit, and appoint Miss Gray as judge of this wager."

"Agreed!" said Miss Burton gaily, and all three laughed heartily as they left the table.

The next evening it was noticed that both Ethel and Frank studiously avoided the use of tea, and all the guests had a laugh at their expense. Two, three, four days passed without any sign of weakening on either side, and Miss Gray, as judge of the novel wager, began to grow suspicious of at least one of the contestants. She knew what it was to have this highly cultivated habit of using tea, and consequently she became more watchful. On the afternoon of the fifth day she noticed Frank Hyde returning from his office about half-past four in the afternoon, and she suddenly remembered that he had been doing this rather frequently of late.

Frank entered the sitting-room and was busy with a newspaper for some time. Miss Gray was in the parlor listening to all his movements. The clock struck five, and Frank started to his feet, passed into the hall-way and turned towards the kitchen. Miss Gray waited until he had entered the kitchen, and immediately took possession of the dining-room as her point of vantage. She heard Frank conversing with the servant, but could not catch his words; then she was startled by his footsteps approaching the door leading from the kitchen to the dining-room. Quickly she secreted herself in a small apartment at one end of the room, leaving a crevice in the door from which to view the situation. Frank entered, sat down at the table and chuckled softly to himself. Presently the servant entered with a tray and set it down before Frank. Three cups of tea disappeared in quick succession, and Frank rose from the table with a satisfied look upon his face, while he said to himself half aloud:

"Isn't this easy! right under their noses too."

He left the room as he had entered, but Miss Gray's exit was prevented by the entrance of the servant, who busied herself about the room and seemed in no hurry to leave.

For three quarters of an hour Miss Gray was an unwilling prisoner in the little closet. She was aroused to action by the clock, which struck six, and she knew that in one hour dinner would be served and that she should get out of the closet unnoticed before that time. Finally, driven to desperation, she concluded to walk boldly forth and, confronting the servant, exact

a promise of secrecy from her. Again her intention failed, for at that moment the door opened and Miss Burton entered, sat down at the table and looked knowingly at the servant. This worthy immediately departed for the kitchen and returned bearing the same tray which had done such efficient service an hour before. The same scene was enacted, and at its completion Miss Burton left the room through the door leading to the sitting-room.

The servant entered and Miss Gray stepped out from her hiding-place and confronted her. Both Ethel and Frank had warned the servant to be especially careful to conceal their deception from Miss Gray, and now that personage had witnessed all of Miss Burton's actions.

"I saw them both," said Miss Gray, and the servant's face assumed a sheepish look.

"Now I want you to say nothing about my presence to either of them."

"I promise," replied Mary.

"Of course, your little fee from each of them will cease, for I expect to bring the guilty persons together in the very act of drinking their tea, and I want your help."

In anticipation of such a scene, Mary readily promised her assistance, and, on questioning her, Miss Gray learned what she had already suspected, namely, that Frank's hour for tea was five o'clock and Ethel's six.

The following day about three o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Burton returned to her apartments, and with a weary look on her face requested Miss Gray to wake her up a few minutes before six, as she was going to take a short nap. Miss Gray readily assented, and then proceeded to lay her plans. She had a long talk with Mary, and judging from the satisfied looks on both their faces, there was something ill in the wind for the offenders.

Frank put in his appearance promptly, and at five o'clock he entered the dining-room for his customary, though forbidden, tea. The servant purposely kept him waiting in order to let Miss Gray complete her plan. When Frank left the sitting-room she entered and, approaching the clock, turned the hands so as to indicate one hour later. Then in compliance with the wishes of Ethel she called her and announced that it was six o'clock.

A few minutes later Ethel glanced in at the sitting-room door, looked at the clock, and started through the hall-way towards the kitchen. Frank was just starting on his third cup when Mary burst into the room and announced that Miss Burton was coming.

"Where can I go?" asked Frank, starting to his feet.

"There, the closet, quick!" answered Mary.

Frank snatched up the teapot and cup, hurried into the closet, Mary closing the door behind him. Miss Burton came in from the kitchen and took her seat at the table. Mary departed and soon returned with the tray.

"The mistress is calling me," she said in a low tone of voice, "and if you would get the sugar for the tea yourself I will answer her summons. It is in the closet."

Mary passed out, but was careful to leave a sufficiently wide crevice in the door to view the scene. At a similar crevice in the sitting-room door was stationed Miss Gray. Ethel poured out a cupful of tea, and, taking it in her hand, walked slowly towards the closet. She laughs softly to herself at the expense of Frank and—opens the closet door!

A Broken Lily.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

All the morning a thin cold air had blown upward from Battery Park. Towards the early hours of the afternoon, the breeze died away and left a grey mist, which it had gathered from the sea, to settle itself down upon the city streets like a pall. The keen breath of winter had returned, and the car-driver and "cabbie" both shook their heads as they pulled up their coat collars with a suggestive shiver. The curbstones were slippery. The paved streets, chilled with the frost, gave out a metallic ring as the hoofs of the horses struck downward for a footing. Now and then some poor beast, missing a step, would go down; his reward would be the lash-stroke and a volley of curses.

The sidewalks were besmeared with thin slush and marked with the imprint of thousands of feet. Treacherous walks they were, but alive with struggling masses of humanity that swerved hither and thither in currents like the waters of a stream. The cable cars clanged their brass gongs, loudly demanding right-of-way. The heavy drays and trucks, the loaded vans and market-wagons, the cabs and lighter vehicles, all seemed mixed up in one hopeless tangle. The big, blue-coated guardian of the peace, who stood at his post in the middle of the cross-walks, had his hands full as he tried to make passage for the half-terrified people. The street-peddlers shouted their wares; the

lazy venders held out their novelties to the living stream, trusting to catch a stray penny; the messenger lads skirted the edges of the crowd, while the newsboy dove in and out, crying his "Suns," and "Worlds," and "last editions."

It was well on in the afternoon when I reached lower Broadway, and, standing near City Hall Park, I watched in wonderment the world of action that played its part before me. The tall building, near which I had taken my position, seemed a giant protector to the little news-bench standing in its shadow and close against its massive wall. Its present owner is a strong-looking lad. He does a goodly trade with the merchants and the clerks. But in the day I speak of, it was a young girl who held possession. The day had grown old, and I stood watching the different characters that came to buy of her stock. All sorts and conditions of people bought up the evening sheets, and soon her supply had reduced itself to one "News." She took this and carefully stepped forward into the moving crowd. I watched her as she held the paper up for sale. I was wondering who would be the last customer, when an elderly man came along. He stopped at the florists' booth a few steps above and bought a bunch of lilies. He had reached the corner before the little news-girl espied him. She held the "News" up before him, and taking it from her he gave a silver quarter for payment. Nor did the man stop, but kept on moving. The little one could not change the coin, and, rushing up, asked me to do so. I made an exchange, and she ran after her customer. Near the farther curb-stone she came up with him, and handed him the money. The man paused, as though surprised at the girl's honesty, and caught her gazing at the flowers he carried. He understood that look, and, plucking one of the bulbs, he gave it to her. The glad cry, "Thank you, sir," was drowned in the harsh noise of the street. From where I stood I could see her as she turned to retrace her way. A few steps and she would have reached the curb, when a heavy truck came thundering down the street and swerved sharply around the corner. The stream of people rolled back to either side; and mingled with the imprecations that were hurled at the reckless driver was a shrill cry. I hurried over, and there lay the little one crushed beneath the wheels. "She slipped on the icy flagstone," they said in answer to my question.

Local traffic ceased for the moment; women,

who, had strength to stand by, wept; and the men, when they had lifted her quiet form from beneath the wheels, brushed their eyes and turned away. The policeman on the beat rang for an ambulance. It came, and the surgeon, after making a hasty examination, told the men to place her within. The excitement was over in a few moments, and before the clang of the surgeon's bell had passed out of hearing, the crowd had disappeared, traffic was renewed, and the great stream of humanity flowed along unconscious of the day-tragedy.

All night in the hospital ward the news-girl lay unconscious. She was known as "number nine." A deep gash on the head was covered with a white cloth. Her frail right arm, whose strength was never great, had not felt the sting when the surgeon's knife touched it. With low, soft moaning she lay there while the hours wore in and out, and near morning she grew quieter. Thus the doctor found her on his rounds. His examination was brief; and to the nurse he silently shook his head, covered the slender form, and moved quietly to the next case.

The sunbeams were just slanting over the high roofs of the buildings across the courtyard when a visitor for "number nine" was announced. In his hand he carried a bunch of lilies, whose great golden hearts were sunk deep in throats of snow. It was the last visitor. He came to the bedside, laid the flowers on the white coverlet, and placing his hand on the forehead of the child, found it cold. She was dead. He paused for a moment, and then passed out into the dull, grey November morning.

The doctor, on his return from the other wards, passed by "number nine," and his sharp, practised eye read the story of the quiet face. He stood for a second or so as if to watch the picture,—the young life gone, its form cold in death, and the flowers cut in their bloom. The child's face had stolen the whiteness of the lilies, and they in turn took the red flush of fever from her cheeks, for on their golden hearts seemed a deeper glow.

In a quiet corner of Calvary Cemetery is a small grave. Above it stands a broken column of white marble. When I last saw the spot, the grass was of a tender green, and the spring flowers had starred the little mound of earth. The stone base had not as yet been hidden by the growth of summer, and I could plainly read on its dull-finished side the one word—Lily.

Varsity Verse.

THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

AT midnight, when the solemn bell
Booms forth the parting hour,
I dream not of the gloomy past
Nor of forgotten power,
Vast empire, noble lords and knights,
That song and story tell,—
No, these are not my waking dreams
When tolls the midnight bell.

But yonder in the brightening east,
I see an angel form;
He beckons, and I follow him
Into the realms of morn,
To Future-land, past rippling brooks,
O'er wooded slope and dell,—
My dreams are of the morrow, then,
When peals the midnight bell.

F. J. F. C.

A MAHOMMEDAN JOKE.

It's strange to me that Sandow can
Be to the Christian teachings blind;
Yet so he is, for you will find
The press calls him a muscle-man.

C. M. B. B.

MY QUEEN.

I.

Why dream you so,
Helene?
Oh! let me know
Why dream you so,
With eyes bent low,
My queen.
Why dream you so,
Helene?

II.

With wistful eyes,
Helene,
Oh! clear my skies
With wistful eyes,
And bid love rise,
My queen.
With wistful eyes,—
Helene.

III.

A smile, a tear,
Helene?
Love brews I fear,—
A smile, a tear—
Some mischief here,
My queen.
A smile, a tear,
Helene?

E. J. M.

A NEW PUGILIST.

My father has laid many people out,—
A professional boxer is he,—
And he ne'er was belabored in any bout;
He's an undertaker—see?

C. M. B. B.

A Thanksgiving Episode.

EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98.

Not long since the people of Milton, a thriving New England town, were alarmed and puzzled by a series of robberies that completely baffled the local authorities by the audacity and skill with which they were executed. Large rewards were offered, but all efforts to trace the perpetrators proved unavailing. No clue could be found leading to the discovery of any one or any thing connected with the robberies, and as a last resource the town council offered one thousand dollars to the person who should cause the arrest of the thieves and the recovery of the stolen property. That same night the local bank was broken into and looted, and with the report of the robbery came the news that the reward had been doubled by the officers of the bank.

The townspeople were in a fever of excitement. In one home, however, there was very little thought of the reward. Fourteen-year-old Harry Curran lay tossing upon his bed, debating with himself how the turkey for the Thanksgiving feast was to be obtained. Beneath in the kitchen his widowed mother worked industriously mending the clothes of her boy. The wife of a skilled mechanic, Mrs. Curran had never known what it was to want, and when her husband died suddenly, leaving his son to her charge, she soon experienced the privations that accompanied the very limited income which she managed to gain by hard and unceasing labor. And when the small pittance left by her husband had been exhausted, it became a question how to obtain the bare necessities of life.

Overhead in his attic Harry reviewed the many plans that he had cherished of obtaining the much-desired turkey. One by one he reluctantly dismissed them as impracticable, and in despair he rose from his bed, and throwing himself on a chair beside the window he struggled bravely to keep back the rebellious tears that bitter disappointment forced to his eyes. He knew he could expect nothing from his mother, for, child though he was, he fully understood the position in which she was placed.

He opened the window to inhale the crisp air of the November night, stretched out his head, but suddenly he paused, all attention, as a voice directly beneath his window was

heard to say:—"Dad shot a wild turkey in our orchard today. There were two of them, but the other got away. Dad followed him to Henley's woods, but he lost him there, so he gave up the hunt." The speaker passed on, but the eyes of the boy sparkled with rekindled hope. "Ha!" he said, "if he's there tomorrow I'll have him."

Peering out into the darkness Harry vainly sought to recognize the bearer of such welcome tidings, but suddenly the boy sprang back from the window, hurriedly closed it, rushed down the stairs, and startled his mother from her work. Not waiting to be questioned, Harry burst out with,—“Oh! mother, come up to my room and see the lights that are moving about in Henley's woods.” Mrs. Curran followed her son up the short flight of stairs, and, standing at his window, she saw distinctly a number of very dim lights, moving in straight lines through the forest. Not knowing what to make of the mystery she reassured her son by promising to have the matter investigated on the morrow, and having seen him safely stowed away in bed she soon retired, and weightier troubles quickly drove the evening's occurrence from her mind.

True to his resolve, Harry rose early on the following morning, and shouldering his father's rifle, he sallied out in quest of the turkey. The wood was but a short distance from his home, and, familiar with its every nook and corner, he plunged boldly into it. Several times he blew the call which the hunters use to entice the game. Once he thought he heard an answer, and moving cautiously forward, his eyes searching the ground, he was surprised to notice a broken lantern, partially hidden in a clump of bushes. The metal parts were carefully polished and bore evidence of recent use. Immediately the last night's illusion flashed upon him, and looking carefully around he saw that he had unconsciously been walking in a well-beaten path. Recalling former visits to that part of the wood he wondered how such an open track could have escaped his observation. Still doubting he ran down the trail, all the while wondering what use could any one have for a lantern in such a deserted place. The path ended at the foot of a large oak tree, near the outskirts of the wood. Rolling away a large stone that lay at the base of the tree, an opening in the trunk was discovered. He cautiously inserted his hand, groped about, and succeeded in drawing out another lantern

similar to the one he had found in the bushes

The boy hesitated awhile, then replaced it, and having rolled back the stone, rifle in hand, with all thought of the turkey long since vanished, he retraced his steps until the point where he had discovered the tell-tale lantern was reached, and then still more eagerly he pressed on, now noticing for the first time the imprints of many feet on the soft ground. Following this broader track Harry came at length into the very heart of the forest, and here the trail abruptly ceased at the beginning of a dense growth of underbrush. At one point the branches were slightly pressed back out of their natural position, as though some one had lately forced his way through them. Going down on his hands and knees and using his arms to protect his face and neck, he crawled through the brush and came out upon a little clearing, in the centre of which three huge sandstones were piled up, while a fourth surmounted them. Led more by curiosity than design, Harry attempted to move the top stone, and sprang back as it suddenly fell off and disclosed an entrance to a veritable Aladdin's cave.

Astounded he peered down into the semi-darkness, and noticed that the hole resembled an inverted funnel, and that on the bottom a number of bags and parcels were strewn about and loosely covered with a big tarpaulin. Immediately everything became clear to him. He had followed the trail of the robbers, lighting themselves through the darkness of the forest; and these were the much sought-for property that had been stolen from the town, and for the recovery of which he had heard a large reward was offered. Not waiting to learn more he ran at full speed to the town, told what he had found, led a party of officers to the cave, and helped to bring back the stolen goods among which was the money taken from the bank. That same evening he formed one of a guard that lay in wait for and succeeded in capturing the gang of thieves on the way to their rendezvous to remove their spoils. Having seen them safely lodged in jail he returned to his home, bringing with him a bank-book acknowledging the receipt of two thousand dollars,—the reward which the authorities had promptly paid him, and which he had as promptly deposited in his mother's name in the coffers of that very bank whose money he had been the means of restoring. It is needless to state that Harry had turkey at his Thanksgiving dinner.

Books and Magazines.

—In the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* we have a rich mine of literary and artistic beauty. From the tastefully illuminated cover, with Madonna and divine Infant and adoring and singing angels, down to the last "Literary Note" of Mr. Lawrence Hutton, there is presented a feast of rare excellence both in the material served up and in the manner of serving. For frontispiece there is a beautiful copy of Guy Rose's "Joseph asking shelter for Mary." The Christmas number of a magazine would be incomplete without some verse in honor of the occasion, and *Harper's* contains a very simple, pretty Christmas Carol.

This number has several articles of special interest, among which may be mentioned, first of all, that of William Dean Howells on the "genial autocrat," Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Howells places the right estimate on the character of the late lamented New England bookman, when he says: "He was essentially too kind to be of a narrow world, too human to be finally of less than humanity, too gentle to be of the finest gentility."

Another paper of more than ordinary interest is the second of Mr. Poultney Bigelow's illustrated series of articles on "White Man's Africa." In this the author draws with a facile pen the stern and justice-loving character of President Kruger. Mr. Frederic Remington tells a clever story about Indians and raids and ambushes—a very interesting story illustrated in his own inimitable way, entitled "How the Law got into the Chaparral." Dr. William M. Jacques describes a new process, invented by himself, by which electricity may be obtained direct from coal. This article will be of special interest to those who are engaged in the study of electricity.

The December *Harper's* is especially rich in short stories. These include "The Romance of an Ambrotype," a tale of the civil war, written and illustrated by Mr. Howard Pyle; "The Hundred," a Christmas story by Gertrude Hall; "The Defeat of Amos Wycliff," a love-story by Octave Thanet; "Weeds," a humorous tale by Ruth McEnery Stuart; "Sunday Sam's Statute of Limitations," a Thanksgiving story by Henry Gallup Paine; and "Clovis," a mystical sketch by Annie Trumbull Slosson; besides a clever farce by John Kendrick Bangs, entitled "A Chafing-Dish Party."

Throughout the whole magazine there is a breath of the Christmas spirit, and the brightness and neatness with which it is arranged contribute greatly to its interest. The present number appropriately begins the ninety-fourth volume.

—Besides the conclusion of an interesting leading article on the use of the organ, by E. v. Werra, there are several minor communications relative to Church Music, programs rendered, etc., which make the *Cecilia* a welcome visitor. The musical supplement for November contains *in honorem SS. Eucharistiae*: "Ego sum Panis Vivus;" "Dominus Regit Me," and two melodies of the "Tantum Ergo," all by Father Koenen. The "Alma Redemptoris," by G. P. Palestrina is appropriate for Advent. All the musical compositions in the *Cecilia* are strictly in keeping with the requirements of the Councils of the Church. There is a second supplement for Schools and Fireside. Vol. III. No. 2 contains Gavotte, by C. Lenhert; Magdalena Polka, by H. Necke; Tyrolienne ("William Tell"), by Rossini.

—Longmans, Green & Company, New York, London and Bombay, have recently issued three new volumes in the Longmans' series of English Classics, which are well worthy of the attention of every student of English literature. These three are "The Revolt of the Tartars," by Thomas De Quincey; the "Marmion," of Scott, and Pope's translation of the "Iliad." The three volumes are uniform in binding, printing and arrangement of contents. Each contains, besides the text of the author, an introduction by the editor and a life of the author, suggestions for teachers and students, a chronological table of the author's life, a map illustrating the events treated of, a list of topics for further study, and explanatory notes which are of much assistance to the reader. Each book is carefully edited by men distinguished in educational circles, who have done their work so thoroughly that they have left little to be desired in the study of the three works. The books are strongly and neatly bound, while their typography is clear and attractive.

—Genealogies are not, as a rule, interesting to any one outside of the circles to which they relate, but the Genealogy of Michael Anthony and Anne Shields Lambing, written by a member of the family, is an exception to the rule. It is intended only for the family, but it would be attractive even to a stranger on account of its excellence in biography and its treatment of characters.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, December 5, 1896.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at A. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

The Staff.

JOSEPH A. MARMON;	
M. JAMES NEY, '97;	ARTHUR W. STACE, '96;
JAMES BARRY, '97;	
ELMER J. MURPHY, '97;	SHERMAN STEELE, '97;
JESSE W. LANTRY, '97;	
JOS. V. SULLIVAN, '97;	PAUL J. RAGAN, '97;
CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97;	
THOMAS B. REILLY, '97;	JOHN A. MCNAMARA, '97;
WILLIAM C. HENGEN, '97.	
FRANK W. O'MALLEY,	
FRANCIS J. F. CONFER,	
LOUIS C. M. REED,	
JOHN F. FENNESSEY,	

} Reporters.

—The Staff has decided that this be the last issue before the special Christmas number, which will be published two weeks hence.

—Next Monday afternoon at two o'clock, the Honorable William P. Breen, of Ft. Wayne, a distinguished alumnus of Notre Dame, will lecture in Washington Hall on the life of Frederic Ozanam.

The Varsity Banquet.

The members of the Varsity football team broke training in a disgraceful manner last Saturday night. Men who had not had a speaking acquaintance with even apple-pie for nearly three months "downed" turkey and cranberry sauce as if they were not the least bit worried about its effects. In fact, they seemed rather to enjoy it. The occasion of this wholesale disregard for training regulations was the banquet tendered to the team by the Faculty on Saturday night last. The players, together with the manager, the coach and the officers of the Athletic Association met in the college parlors shortly before eight o'clock. They then went to the Brownson Hall refectory, and in a short

time were busily engaged with the several courses of the elaborate

MENU:

Blue Points;
Purée of Tomatoes;
Salmon, a la Notre Dame;
Queen Olives, Celery;
Turkey, Oyster Dressing, Cranberry Sauce;
Browned Sweet Potatoes;
Peas;
Mashed Potatoes;
Claret Ice;
Tongue, Ham;
Apple Pie, Lemon Pie;
Ice Cream;
Assorted Cakes;
Graham Crackers;
Oranges, Bananas, Apples;
Nuts;
Edam, Roquefort;
Coffee.

When all had satisfied the inner man, the toasts were begun. Very Reverend President Morrissey, C. S. C., responded first to the toast "Our Football Team." He spoke of the great work of the '96 Varsity, and dwelt especially upon the gentlemanly conduct of the men while battling for their *Alma Mater* on the gridiron. The toast "Notre Dame" was ably responded to by Reverend James J. French, C. S. C., who told of Notre Dame's past and present triumphs. Reverend John W. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., in his toast "Our President," spoke affectionately of Father Morrissey's many noble qualities, and of the interest he took in the work of the students on the campus as well as in the class-room. The trials and tribulations of a member of the "Executive Committee" were presented to the view of ordinary people in an entertaining manner by Mr. Charles M. B. Bryan, '97.

Reverend James A. Burns, C. S. C., then drew a mental picture of "The Future of Athletics," in which he showed the awe with which future generations will look back upon the famous team of '96. The toast "The Athletic Association" was responded to by Col. Wm. Hoynes, A. M., LL. D. His account of the work of the Association was listened to with interest. D. P. Murphy, A. B., talked about "Our Troubles and Our Joys." As troubles are bad things for digestion, Mr. Murphy confined himself entirely to the joys. Captain Hering's toast "How We Did It," was a *résumé* of the work of the season, in which he spoke feelingly of the individual players, especially of their perfect obedience and their willingness to do any work assigned to them. It was a memorable ending to a memorable season.

Greetings to Our President.

With the advent of each St. Andrew's Day comes to us the pleasure of acknowledging in a formal manner our respect and devotion for the head of our University. That, in preference to the day on which we gather for the last time within the walls of our *Alma Mater*, is the grand occasion for assuring him, who, above all others, directs our college career, of the undying trust we place in him and of the gratitude which is his due. Each recurrence of this feast-day marks the vastness of this duty, for with the passing of the years we feel the extent of the man's labors and the lustre of his success.

Words, however, and even deeds, can scarcely voice to their fulfilment the sentiments that move in the heart; but as far as words and deeds could go, the exercises on President's Day showed what a feeling is love, when found in the heart of the students of Notre Dame. It was a day free from study, entirely reserved for honoring the President of our College. It has become the dearest holiday of the scholastic year, and, because for us it is purely collegiate in its nature, it helps to turn us more directly to the contemplation of our college life and to an appreciation of the efforts of the men who are our teachers.

The day was fittingly begun with the celebration of Mass by the Very Reverend Andrew Morrissey. In an able sermon, full of imagination and feeling, Father Cavanaugh briefly dwelt on

the main episodes in the life of St. Andrew, and drew therefrom lessons that should be of advantage to youth, examples that should teach meekness and obedience.

Later in the day, the lay members of the Faculty assembled in the college parlor, where Colonel Hoynes in their behalf presented to Father Morrissey, with expressions of the deepest regard and admiration, a beautiful chalice of gold, a paten and a large missal embossed with gold. Father Morrissey was deeply touched by this mark of affection, and in accepting the costly gifts, paid willing compliment to the sterling worth of his co-laborers in the Faculty.

It was in the afternoon that the entertainment proper took place. In Washington Hall had gathered the students and friends of the University, who, when Father Morrissey entered, accompanied by friends and members of the Faculty, gave the President such an ovation as has rarely been witnessed at Notre Dame. The curtain ascended and disclosed the handsome stage filled with the University Mandolin Orches-



THE REVEREND FATHER MORRISSEY, C. S. C.

tra, who played Preston's beautiful overture, "Sea Fairies," with a grace and charm that could not be surpassed here at home. Mr. Sherman Steele, '97, then read in behalf of the students an address full of sincerity and feeling. This is the text, but much of the spirit of the greeting is taken away by its insertion in cold, unimaginative type:

FATHER MORRISSEY:

On this, the feast day of your patron saint, the students of the University ask it as a privilege, and claim it as a right, to assemble here to do you honor.

All who are interested in Notre Dame are interested also in you, its President. For just as a ship must have a pilot to steer it through the stormy waters into the peaceful harbor, so must every institution have a master-mind to rule it and a master-hand to guide. And as the success of the voyage depends largely on the skill of the pilot, so does the success of all institutions depend largely on the wisdom of those who rule and guide them.

This is especially true of Notre Dame. Some fifty years have passed since the noble Sorin laid here the foundation of his work of love; and from that day to this, the success of Notre Dame has rested solely and entirely with its Faculty and with its President. Single-handed and alone, without material aid or favor, it has fought the great battle and has gained a marvellous victory for the cause of Christian education; and if an explanation of Notre Dame's success be asked, the answer is that Notre Dame has succeeded because the men into whose hands her destinies were placed have been capable men who worked for love;—men whose lives were influenced by the highest religious motive.

In view of all this, Reverend Father, it is only natural that the students of Notre Dame should, at least once a year, give this public testimony of admiration and affection to you, the President, and through you to your co-workers of the Faculty.

Your modesty, Father Morrissey,—the modesty of a strong man—forbids me to dwell on your personality or on the nobility of your life-work. This, however, it is unnecessary to do, since all who are familiar with the University are familiar with its President; and when I say, in the most general terms, that you are a worthy successor of those who have gone before, I but repeat what everyone here most strongly feels and most deeply believes.

And so, Reverend Father, I will content myself with simply performing the honorable duty assigned me. In the name of the students of the University, in the name of all the sons of Notre Dame, both past and present, I extend to you hearty good wishes, with assurances of deep admiration and regard.

It has always been the privilege of the Minims to play a large part in the celebration of President's Day. This year they surpassed themselves. When Master Noel Freeman came upon the stage as the representative from St. Edward's Hall and bowed to Father Morrissey, in front of whom on a table stood an immense St. Andrew's cross, composed of chrysanthemums, tea-roses and carnations—a pretty gift from the Minims—you could not notice that it was his first appearance before an audience. It has been the Minims' custom to express their greetings in verse—this being, after all, the most natural form when the sentiments are sincere. Of course, no one labors under the impression that the Minims wrote the beautiful lines which they read to Father Morrissey on his feast-day. It is a task, however, almost as great

as the composition itself, to read those lines as they should be read, to bring out the meaning that underlies it all and to enunciate with perfect clearness the big words, from which bigger boys would shrink in dismay. Master Freeman was natural, and St. Edward's Hall deserves the credit which he, as its representative, won for it. Space, unfortunately, will not permit us to insert the poem in full, but the following selection will give an idea of what it is:

"At thy great Patron's name,
Because we honor him and so love you, our souls are set
Athrill. In years to come our loyal hearts
Will let
None other take thy place in memory's shrine.
The hope, the cheer, thy word imparts,
The moral lessons that thy life and deeds unfold,
We treasure as a mine
Of gold."

Addresses and music composed the first part of the programme, but the second was reserved entirely for the St. Cecilians, who have come to claim this day as theirs to entertain Father Morrissey. Their play, "Penmark Abbey," was a marked success. Collectively and individually the St. Cecilians deserve all the praise which has been showered upon them on all sides. The cast of characters was well arranged, each man having received the part which he could best play. Master Francis B. Cornell, as Caleb, was a lover of the right sort, with a nobility of character that won for him repeated applause. His voice has grown much stronger, and his command over himself was admirable. Master Robert S. Funk made an ideal smuggler, for his Jacques Perquin was true. His character was well brought out and his miserable end was not even slightly deplored.

Master Charles E. Foley, as Griffild, made quite a hit with his splendid voice, his easy bearing and his almost perfect interpretation of his lines. Meriadac, by Master John F. Morrissey, and Monkton, by Master William F. Shea, were too old friends that delighted the audience. The genial character of each was well drawn out, and where real pathos was necessary, these young gentlemen put it in. Master Peter M. Kuntz, as Edmund, won the sympathy of the audience by his clever work, and Squirrel, as represented by Master Roy A. Murray, was a delight. Master Theodore V. Watterson, Jr., was very good as Belgrip, the stout-hearted coastguardsman, who nobly lost his life in the discharge of his duty.

Master Charles N. Girsch deserves special mention for his interpretation of the character

of Treffagel, which, though minor, was by no means easy. Master John V. Walsh in the character of Tom was useful and natural. Master James G. Taylor gave us Squivadan almost as closely as it could be given; and the minor characters—peasants, fishermen and guards, did efficient service in rendering the play one of the most successful in the history of the St. Cecilians.

Much of the credit due the Cecilians for their splendid work must be attributed to their devoted President, who has spared nothing to bring dramatics at Notre Dame to a high standard of excellence. A word of praise must also be added for all those who lent their aid to make "Penmark Abbey" a notable success.

And when the final tableau had been hidden behind the falling curtain and the last note of applause had died away, Father Morrissey, in whose honor all this was done and spoken, rose, and, in a few graceful, sincere words, thanked the students and friends of the University in general, and the St. Cecilians in particular. Not for him alone, he said, was this entertainment planned, but for the entire Faculty, of which he was but the official head. He spoke of the aim of the University; how the teaching therein is for manhood, for nobility of character, as much as for mere scholarship. In the most touching manner he returned grateful acknowledgments to the friends and alumni of Notre Dame, who, he said, never failed to take a deep interest in her welfare. To the students of '96-'97 he paid a special compliment for their manliness of character, wished them success in their worldly career, and assured them of the eternal friendship of old Notre Dame. And when he finished many a one uttered a silent prayer that Notre Dame's President may be entertained as royally as on this occasion on many a return of St. Andrew's Day.

J. B.

Exchanges.

We have nothing but words of praise for the many excellent contributions which appear in the latest number of the *Polytechnic* of Brooklyn. In prose and verse alike its writers are at their ease, and their style is free and unlabored. We beg to disagree with the exchange editor, however, when he says that it would be a good idea for the *Polytechnic* to imitate the policy of *The Touchstone* of Lafayette, and solicit contributions from the members of the faculty. An article now and then from members of the

faculty would be a good thing, but to make it a regular practice we would not think advisable. The college paper of an institution should be the work of the students, and should aim to give them additional opportunities to develop their powers. Articles from the pens of professors are the usual subterfuges of papers which can not procure suitable articles from the student body. The *Polytechnic* does not need such articles, for it possesses a clever and able corps of contributors, whose articles are appreciated by all who are so fortunate as to be able to read them. The professor has done his duty when he has brought his pupils to such a state of proficiency as to be able to produce such excellent prose and verse as appear in the *Polytechnic*, and there his responsibility rests

The essays and poems in the *Stylus* display the literary training received at Boston College in a manner most creditable to that institution. The essays are not written in the stiff, formal style common to so many college students, but are bright, well worded and full of interest. It is refreshing to read an essay written in a natural, unstrained style, and the November *Stylus* has three admirable specimens of that rare class.

The *Minnesota Magazine* is one of our most recent acquaintances; but if all its issues are up to the standard of the November number, we are delighted to add it to our exchange list. It contains an able discussion of the money question, based on international agreement, and a number of good stories. The editorials are on well-chosen subjects and are ably written. In fact, the entire make up of the *Magazine* is attractive and praiseworthy.

The *Abbey Student* contains a sensible plea for the writing of verses as a pleasurable and profitable pastime. Genius is not given to every man, and we can not all be Dantes or Miltons; but nearly every man can produce a little something in the verse line, if he only goes at it the right way. The trouble with so many of our young versifiers is that they plunge into the heavier forms at once, and disdain the lighter strains to which their talents are suited. The result is that they produce something which is a pleasure to no one, and they become discouraged; whereas if they try to gauge their attempts according to their capacity they are often highly successful, and their work is appreciated by all their readers.

Personals.

—Rev. Father Nacy, of Hudson, Mich., was a welcome visitor during the week.

—Mr. M. F. Elliot, of Milwaukee, was one of our most welcome Thanksgiving visitors.

—Mrs. T. F. Butler, of Columbus, Ohio, spent President's day with her son Thomas, of St. Edward's Hall.

—Miss Elizabeth Kasper, of Evanston, Ill., spent Sunday and President's day visiting her brothers of Carroll Hall.

—Rev. Father Alyward, of Chicago, and his sister, Mrs. John Curry, of Halifax, N. S., spent Wednesday and Thursday visiting friends and relatives at Notre Dame.

—Mrs. M. Duquette, of Mendon, Mich., paid a very pleasant visit to her son Francis, of Brownson Hall, and to her many friends at Notre Dame during the past week.

—Among the distinguished guests who honored us with their presence on St. Andrew's Day were the Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, of Kalamazoo, Mich., and Rev. John Dinnen, of Lafayette, Ind.

—Mr. and Mrs. Welch and daughters, of Chicago, spent Thanksgiving visiting their son and brother Francis, of the Minim department, and at the same time called upon their many friends among the students and Faculty.

—Mrs. L. C. Sanford and daughter, Miss Irene, of St. Louis, visited Master Benjamin Sanford, of Carroll Hall, during Thanksgiving week. During their stay they made hosts of friends.

—Judge-elect Murphy of Cincinnati paid a visit to the University during the early part of the week. Mr. Murphy was a student here in the late fifties, and finds a wondrous change from the little college of those days to the magnificent University of the present day. We trust that his visits will become more frequent.

—Mr. Paul Ragan, of Sorin Hall, received a very enjoyable visit from his sister Miss Katie Ragan, of Maumee, and his cousins Miss Nellie Mullen, of Toledo, and Miss Mamie McCarthy, of Chicago, during the latter part of last week. Their stay was a short one, but during it they made many friends to whom their visit was a rare pleasure, and who trust that it may soon be repeated.

—Miss E. Welker, of Gambier, O., and Miss A. Hunt, of Chicago, were among our welcome guests last week. Both were former pupils of St. Mary's Academy. Miss Hunt was chosen valedictorian of the Class of '97 at the Academy, one of the largest classes graduating from the institution. During their stay they made many friends who look forward with pleasure to another visit after the holiday.

Local Items.

—Robert E. Barry has returned from Chicago where he spent Thanksgiving. That is not all he spent, however.

—The "Captain" received recognition in the gym the other evening. He has now relegated his uniform to the trunk.

—The members of the Crescent Club enjoyed a banquet Wednesday evening. The feast was followed by a short dance program.

—The Carroll Hall football team has disbanded. They have made a very creditable showing, having won five and lost two games.

—Gerardi: "I hear a number of books have been lost from the library."

Duffy: "That so? Well, I see a number have been re-covered."

—The "Red Mill" appeared in the photograph more distinctly than the three roaming young gentlemen had bargained for. But the 5000 lines appear even more vividly than the red mill.

—The essays from the collegiate classes are overdue. Students in these classes who have not handed in their work should report to the Prefect of Studies before leaving for the holidays.

—The members of the football team had their pictures taken in a group Tuesday afternoon. When completed the photograph will be the largest ever taken of the Varsity team, measuring, as it will, 20 x 24 inches.

—Don Morrison of Brownson Hall has been forced temporarily to relinquish his studies owing to the poor condition of his eyes. He left Wednesday for his home in Fort Madison, Iowa, where he will remain until after the holidays.

—One of the pleasing features of the address from the Minims on President's day was the omission of the two little chaps in white gloves who, year after year, stood on either hand of the speaker and bowed with him at the proper places. This departure from a custom that was trying on the two little auxiliaries and also on the audience was deeply appreciated.

—The students of Brownson Hall, it is said, are circulating a petition for the admission of Peter Duffy into the Marty-Coxey Punster Club. Notwithstanding the fact that students of Sorin Hall only are eligible to membership in that facetious society, the Brownson Hall men hope that the club, through commiseration for their unfortunate neighbors, will admit Peter.

—Some humorous student was heard to say that the Crescent Club had *Hering* at the banquet the other night. Some one else remarked that they had *Fox* roasted to a crisp, and that a *Berry* or two also ornamented the banquet.

"table," while a third swore he saw a couple of *Murphys*. With such a choice assortment of dishes as this, it is no wonder that the guests are today so brilliant.

—The Brownson Hall Hand-ball Association met for reorganization last Sunday morning. John H. Shillington was chosen temporary chairman, and after briefly explaining the object of the association, the election of officers was proceeded with and resulted as follows: President, Michael Daly; Secretary, John Howell; Treasurer, Clement Hesse; Bouncer, Charles Flannigan; Director, Brother Hilarion.

—Some of Geoghegan's jokes are abominable perpetrations. At the Academie Française the other day the question was propounded during the consideration of Voltaire's "Zaïre." "Why did Zaïre love Orosmane?" The answer given by one was "Because of his strong arm." "Yes," said Geoghegan, "he was a mussulman." He will be formally evicted from his premises in the Rue Tatoot on the 22d of December.

—"How strange," said a young lady to her escort at the play Monday afternoon, "the Juniors are so much older looking than the Seniors" (glancing around). "I cannot see how you make that out," replied her escort. "The Senior students are there on your left, while the Juniors are over here on the right side of the house." "Oh!" responded the young lady, somewhat surprised, "I concluded from their childish capers that *they* composed the younger crowd."

—Last Tuesday afternoon the St. Cecilians were given a pleasant surprise. At half-past one they learnt that they were to receive a pleasant reward for their little entertainment. The afternoon was spent in an examination of the Studebaker Wagon Works. After this they found that a lunch had been prepared by the kindness of the Reverend President. Rev. Father Morrissey presided over the repast, at which twenty-four very tired and very happy young St. Cecilians were seated.

—The time draws near for the second of the bi-monthly examinations. Instead, therefore, of wasting time in building air-castles for the holidays, each student should set about preparing for the work of Dec. 21 and 22. Much depends on making a good showing in these examinations. Those who are attending one-term classes should see that their preparation will warrant their securing a mark which will mean promotion; whilst others, whose classes call for a full year of recitations, should remember that a failure at the close of the first term will probably stick in the memory of the professors. Don't waste time in idly making programs for the vacation. There will be time enough for this when you reach home. The work of a student at college is study, and hard study when examinations are not far off. Prepare in season!

—Mr. and Miss McCay, brother and sister, who are both blind, gave an interesting entertainment in the Brownson reading-room on Thursday. The program was mainly a musical one, interspersed with jokes and stories, which Mr. McCay got off in his own inimitable manner. We could not help but smile at the song, "A Jolly Good Laugh," and every Sorin Haller recognized the correctness of "Imitations of a Music Box." "The Bell(e)s of St. Mary's" were greeted with delight. Specialties were introduced in honor of Shamus, "Bostang" Browne and "Lengthy" Landers, which were duly appreciated by the audience. The vocal duet "Most Beautiful Night" was so suggestive that "Vic" went to sleep. The whole program, in fine, left nothing to be desired. We had expected a treat, but we were more than agreeably surprised at the marvellous skill of our sightless entertainers.

—Hollister, the coach of Beloit, in a letter to the Chicago *Tribune* of last Monday, entered a protest against Notre Dame for winning the Thanksgiving game. The statements which the Beloit man made were so open to criticism that Hering sent a reply to the same paper; but it was not published. Mr. Hollister said that our men were guilty of foul play in knocking the ball out of their centre's hands before it could be put into play, and that the Beloit captain appealed to the referee against this misconduct. Every one who has studied football knows that the umpire is the official to rule against fouls, and the umpire was a man of Beloit's choosing. Mr. Hollister further says that people from South Bend protested against the playing of Notre Dame. Well, if Mr. Hollister could be present at every game played on our grounds he would probably be surprised to find the same individuals protesting in the same manner whenever Notre Dame wins. They have some grievance against us which we cannot fathom. But, Mr. Hollister, these melancholic individuals are in the minority. You will find that a great majority of South Bend people are in favor of fair play and are warm friends of Notre Dame. Strange that Mr. Hollister said nothing of the ruling off of his tackle, Rogers, for slugging four times. It is easy to explain how a game is lost, and easier to make a creditable showing on paper. But muscle counts in football.

—The beautiful cake which was made for Father Morrissey's feast-day was presented to the Minims in recognition of their brilliant showing in the recent examinations and of their kindness to Father Morrissey on St. Andrew's Day. It was a large affair, composed of seven *étages*, beautifully frosted with legends and mottoes appropriate to the occasion and surmounted by a bouquet of pretty flowers. The little inmates of St. Edward's Hall are still talking of "that cake," and the reporter and a

stray member of the Staff, who were very fortunate on this occasion, strongly corroborate the evidence of the Minims, for it was a cake fit for the gods. The Minims are very grateful to Father Morrissey for this further mark of kindness.

—On last Tuesday evening the members of the Temperance Societies gathered in the Columbian room to listen to a talk by the Rev. Father Nacy, of Hudson, Mich. Father Nacy's address was entirely informal, but none the less enjoyable on that account. He spoke of good example as one of the most important elements in the propagation of the temperance movement, and emphasized the large possibilities in this direction which lay in the way of college students. It was an eminently practical talk, and, needless to say, was heartily enjoyed by all the members present. Father Nacy has had much experience in the organization of temperance societies. He is a man of pleasing presence and easy address, and possesses the faculty of expressing his thoughts in a manner that makes them remembered. The meeting was attended by several members of the Faculty, and by the Rev President, who, at the close of Father Nacy's talk, addressed the societies in his usual happy way, congratulating them upon the good already done and urging them to still greater efforts in the future.

—The residents of the Rue Tatoot were awakened at a late hour Tuesday night by the clang of a patrol-wagon, and in a short time the narrow street was crowded with people. The wagon turned up Miller Court and stopped in front of a house in the middle of the block. From an upper window smoke was coming out in large, irregular chunks, and from within could be heard a steady hubbub of voices. The hubbub stopped, however, at the first attack upon the door. Charge after charge was then made upon the barred entrance, and still the dark brown silence continued, broken only by the gentle tapping upon the door, and by the occasional crash of a falling chunk of smoke. When at last the door was almost broken down, the men inside gave themselves up and three were placed under arrest. At the trial the foreigners refused to talk, either because they did not know the language or because they wished to shield themselves. They were each fined \$10 for attempted arson, and the owner of the house was fined \$25 dollars extra for resisting an officer. The next and last case before the Criminal Court was the trial of Ather Chesterton, an intelligent youth of a short, stocky build and of a decided brunette type of beauty. Chesterton pleaded insanity, but the court could not see it that way, and he was fined ten dollars. We are glad to see that these old offenders are being severely dealt with. It will undoubtedly put a stop to the alarming increase of crime in Clay Township.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Bennett, Barry, Bryan, Byrne, Costello, Delaney, Fitzpatrick, Geoghegan, Golden, J. Lantry, Miller, Mingey, Medley, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, F. O'Malley, O'Hara, Pulskamp, Piquette, Reardon, Rosenthal, Reilly, Sullivan, Steele, Sheehan, Steiner, Spalding, Weaver.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. W. Browne, Byrne, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Baab, Brucker, Barry, Bouwens, J. H. Brown, Boze, Cline, Crawford, Cavanagh, Corby, Carney, Campbell, Cypher, Cunéo, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, Collins, Dukette, Dowd, M. Daly, Donovan, J. Daly, Dooley, Desmond, Fadeley, Fetherstone, Foster, Fox, Follen, Foulks, Fehr, Farrell, Franey, M. Flannigan, Falvey, Fischer, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gilmartin, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, Hoban, Hagerty, Hengen, F. Hesse, Howard, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hanhouser, Haley, J. Hesse, Hartung, Jelonek, Johnson, Jurado, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Konzen, Koehler, Lyons, Lutz, Murphy, Meagher, Mulen, Mulcrone, W. Monahan, Mueller, Meyers, Monarch, Maurus, Massey, Miller, McCarrick, McCormack, McNichols, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, Niezer, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Hara, Pickett, Putnam, Pendleton, Paras, Quinn, Quandt, Rowan Reed, Rahe, Speake, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Scott, Summers, Shillington, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Thiele, Tong, J. Tuohy, Toba, Voght, Weadock, Ward, Wigg, Welker, Wiczorek, Wilson, E. Zaehne, O. Zaehne,

CARROLL HALL.

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

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Cowie, 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, Veneziani, Welch, Wilde, F. Weidmann, G. Weidmann, Weber.