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On Christmas Night.

JAMES BARRY, '97.

THE snow was mantling path and cheerless lane;
Soft fell the flakes upon the cottage tiles
And o'er the eaves were scattered whirling, whiles
Bright icicles a-many drooped amain.

I glanced through frosted window, deep and low,
Bedecked within with wreaths of evergreen,
Whose glossy leaves reflected well the sheen
Of one pale candle, flickering to and fro.

Within a mother sat, her face alight
With mother's love, the comeliest earthly grace,
And o'er her babe she bent a mother's face,
The while she sang with voice subdued and bright:

*Sleep on, my babe, let angels sing to thee
*That Christ is here to save the suffering race;
Smile on, my babe, in angels' strange embrace,
And let His welcome wide and soul-deep be.*

Its soft, red lips were budding into mirth,
As if it heard some still, celestial word,—
As if with angels or the very Lord
Exchanging spirit-accent's strange to earth.

Anon the blissful mother hummed a strain,—
Its simple burden ever Christmas-love—
And ever smiled seraphic from above,
And ever sang serene a glad refrain:

*O harken, babe, celestial music rolls
Around the spheres for Mary's Child Divine,
Whose birth mysterious doth incarnadine
The sky, all filled with myriad ransomed souls.*

OUR lives are waves that come up out of the ocean of eternity, break upon the beach of earth, and lapse back again to the ocean of eternity. Some are sunlit, some run in storm and rain; one is a quiet ripple, another is a thunderous breaker; and once in many centuries comes a great tidal wave that sweeps over a continent; but all go back to the sea and lie equally level there.—*Austin O'Malley.*

The Belle of the Navajoes.

M. JAMES NEY, '97.



DON'T shoot, señor! don't shoot! 'tis Amada speaks. I come with a message of peace from the Navajoes." It was Captain Connolly, of Fort Ignacio, who had leveled his Winchester at some one moving in the clump of trees, which stand just at the curve in the road that leads into the Navajo camp. It was a pleasant August evening—the moonlight lay softly on the evergreen-covered hills and vales of roses that compose Cumbres Valley, and as Connolly drew near he saw through the alternating shadows of the quivering aspen trees the outlines of a beautiful face. It was evidently that of a young Navajo maiden; but there was nothing about her features to suggest Indian extraction. Her oval cheeks, blue eyes, yellow hair and finely chiseled lips and chin argued Caucasian parentage. She rode a pony and wore the garb of the Navajoes—the red and yellow blanket with eckered squares and the buckskin chaps.

"Euromio wants to make peace with the Ignacios," she said, as she dismounted and stood with much humility before Connolly. "The Navajoes promise not to steal any more cattle from the settlers on the Range, not to make war on the Ignacios, and that they will be good Indians from this on. I am Amada, Euromio's niece."

She spoke in Spanish, and, though Connolly was not an adept in that language, he understood her very well.

"I demand the surrender of Euromio," he said mildly.

"O señor! Euromio is wounded; he can not surrender tonight," said Amada.

"Handcuff her! Handcuff her! 'Tis only more Navajo treachery," yelled the men of Company F, as they crowded up; but Connolly waved them back and they were silent.

"Go to Euromio," said Connolly to Amada; "tell him I await his surrender here; that I have orders to take him dead or alive, and that I will command a slaughter of the Navajoes, if they offer resistance." Amada obeyed, but soon came galloping back to tell Connolly that the chief of the Navajoes was unable to surrender. She offered herself as a hostage for Euromio. She stretched out her fair, slender hands to be shackled; but Connolly disdained to place fetters upon feminine wrists, and, ordering his men in line, he marched into the Navajo camp. He found the chief disabled from a rifle ball lodged in his knee. Beside him was old Okwindah, whose stiff, black hair and piercing eyes gave him a most unearthly look. He was the great medicine man of the Navajoes. In sixteen years he had scarcely been outside of Euromio's tepee. The Navajoes held him in superstitious awe. He had a strange power over Amada, and in his breast was locked up the mystery of her life. He refused to be converted to the Christian religion, and said all priests had the "evil eye." Euromio surrendered without resistance, and was soon behind the iron bars of the guard-house at Fort Ignacio.

Connolly was complimented by all, for his clever capture of Euromio. "Ah! fellows," said he to the other young officers, "do you remember how we used to rave over those girls when we were at the Academy? How we would steal from our beds at night just to gaze on their faces, and see them smile? But do you know, I am convinced that there is a sham about feminine beauty, that much of it is made up of conceit, powder and vanity?" The officers laughed. "I want to tell you," he continued, "that I saw a face last night in the wilds of these Rocky Mountains, the most beautiful one I have ever seen. It was as artless, as simple and as lovely as the wild flowers growing on this hill-side. Added to this she displayed a character of love and devotion; for she offered to become a hostage for Euromio, who, she said, is her uncle. There is something most mysterious about her; for she looks no more like a Navajo than I do. On her left arm an anchor is tattooed. Do you recollect the Welchman, who long ago stopped at the fort? He spoke of his lost daughter Helen, and said he had in vain looked the world over for her;

that she had an anchor on her arm; how her mother had died of grief at her loss, and that immense estates awaited the little girl if found." The officers were interested, and begged Connolly to tell more about this mysterious maid; but he replied that he knew no more of her, except that her name was Amada, and that translated means beloved.

The next day Amada, accompanied by three Navajoes, came to inquire after Euromio's health. She excited the greatest interest at the Fort. The officers were struck by her beauty. They spoke to her, and were surprised at her intelligence. There was no analogy, they said, between her fair complexion and fine features and the brown skin and high cheek-bones of her companions, whom she called her cousins.

"She's the belle of the Navajoes," said Connolly, after she had gone. Then did Connolly's fellow-officers tease him about being in love with the Indian maid, and say he would soon be a leader in Navajo society. He replied she was no Navajo, that there was a mystery about her, and he was going to solve it. In a few days Amada came alone to the Fort with some Indian medicine for Euromio. Connolly accompanied her back to the Navajo tepees, and from there to her home in the Mancos valley. He was surprised to find that her father, a Mexican, and her mother, a Navajo, lived in the most pretentious house in the valley, and were owners of vast herds. They were quite civilized, and had friends in Old Mexico where Amada had visited three years and attended school. She had returned from civilization to her parents in the Mancos Valley. She felt that she had a mission to perform, and many a bloody fight did she avert between the Navajoes and their neighbors. Her life was a song of good deeds, and the Indians adored her. She had become such a peace-maker that the Mexicans and the Indians called her *El angel de la paz*—the angel of peace.

Life at a fort is very conducive to mischief-making. Beyond the hour for drill there is little to do, except to kill time in the most approved method. Card and chess-playing and story-telling are the usual diversions. The young officers of Fort Ignacio had now found a new amusement—they delighted in teasing Connolly about his Navajo sweetheart. They called him Euromio's son-in-law, and said that if he did not stop his attentions to the Indian maid they would hang him. Some of them half meant what they said; for they had an undying hatred for the Navajoes. Amada called again

to see Euromio, and, as Connolly went to meet her, she handed him a bunch of flowers. Just then one of his young friends made an insulting remark about Connolly's squaw. Connolly was deeply hurt at the utterance, and when Amada had departed, he wanted the offender's blood in large quantities. He was unreasonable in his wrath, and nothing short of a duel would requite him. The commanding officer heard of the affair, and called Connolly before him. When the commander told him that his attentions to the Navajo maid were improper, the young officer acted with such temper toward his superior that he was put under guard for sixty days.


At Durango Mission, Okwindah had just died. He made a confession in which he admitted kidnapping a baby, named Helen MacFarlane, from her home at Granite Cañon fifteen years before; he left her with his friends in Mancos Valley, expecting to get a reward for her return. The reward was offered, but he was fearful of prosecution, and did not dare to bring her back. He requested that she be restored to her parents. There was a little anchor tattooed upon her left arm by which she could be identified. Her father had formerly been a sea captain.

The priest whom Okwindah appointed to find Helen McFarlane stopped at Fort Ignacio on his way to Mancos Valley. He told the commanding officer of his quest, and the officer spoke of the Navajo maid who had mystified all at the Fort by her beauty. The priest went to the valley and identified Amada as Helen McFarlane, for on her white arm was found the anchor. Inquiry at Granite Cañon developed the fact that her father and uncle had died several years before, leaving the Hidden Treasure gold mine, valued at three million dollars, which was now Helen's as sole heir; besides this, she was heiress to a large legacy in Wales.

In the midst of these visions of wealth and social advancement, Amada could not part from her old associations in the Mancos Valley without a tear, nor did she forget poor old Euromio in prison at Fort Ignacio. She called to see him the next day. The officers vied with one another in showing her respect, and Connolly's sentence to be under guard was cancelled. When Amada told him of her changed individuality he went wild with delight, and began to sing "I Told You So." The Navajoes have one warm friend at Fort Ignacio now; she used to be their own Amada, but she is now Mrs. Cornelius Connolly.

Cherry Blossoms.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

AISIES star the meadows white;
Lurking breezes, quick and light,
Bring to earth in swaying flight
Clouds of cherry blossoms.


"Comely world," the robins sing,
Making early morning ring,
Knowing well that time will bring
More than cherry blossoms.

See that flash of crimson hue
Cut the snowy whiteness through!
There—but now he's gone from view,
The king of cherry blossoms.

Today, the old tree silent stands,
Robins gone to southern lands,
Rain-wet leaves bestrew the sands,—
Gone the cherry blossoms.

Some Passing Thoughts on Dickens.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

N these days when so much depends on technic and style, there is a tendency to underrate a novelist like Dickens. A few years ago Dickens was a household god; today the dust gathers on his volumes, and the verdict seems to be that Dickens has had his day. Of course tastes and opinions are sure to change; each generation of men has its own favorite authors, and the qualities that fifty years ago brought popularity, today may bring disgust. It is useless for the admirers of Dickens to complain; men are as changeable and restless as the waves of the ocean, and we can not alter human nature.

It is true that Dickens is not appreciated today, and, as a rule, he is but little read. Mr. Andrew Lang accounts for this fact by saying that we have experienced a decline of humor. His explanation is likely the correct one; a person must have a keen sense of humor to appreciate Dickens. Of course much of the humor in Dickens is very broad, but much also is subtle. The description of Mr. Winkle's first experience on skates is an example of the former, and as an example of the latter sort, I might quote just the one sentence: "Mr. Squeers had but one eye, while popular prejudice runs in favor of two." A keen sense of

humor is, however, necessary in either case; it must discern the subtle humor in the one, and must appreciate the difference between humor and absurdity in the other. This sense of humor is lacking more or less in many people, and, consequently, there are many who can not appreciate Dickens. Such persons I am rather inclined to pity, for they have certainly missed a great deal of amusement and pleasure.

The admirers of Dickens find a sort of grim satisfaction in the fact that Thackeray, as well as Dickens, is very much neglected. But Thackeray receives better treatment at the hands of the modern critics than does Dickens; the former, they say, had at least a good style, while the latter had a bad style, and shocking poor taste. Dickens, it is true, was not a polished man of letters; he had no training and little education, but he certainly did have genius. To my mind, he was a most remarkable novelist; his creations are wonderful, and have become as familiar as the characters of Shakspeare. There is scarcely a type of man that is not portrayed in Dickens; many of them perhaps are exaggerated; but, after all, is not this but another way of saying that particular types are emphasized? Indeed, this frequent charge, that Dickens' humorous characters are exaggerated, seems to me to be rather pointless. A humorist is permitted to exaggerate somewhat, especially when he personifies an odd type of humanity, as Dickens usually did.

The names of Pickwick and Weller would scarcely be such familiar bywords had Dickens, anticipating latter-day criticism, given us a police-department description of an old English gentleman and his valet; and surely Jerry Cruncher would be far from amusing were that worthy but an everyday sort of grave-robber.

If any man knew human nature in all its phases, that man was Dickens. Shakspeare portrayed the characters of individual men as no one else could portray them; Dickens, *parva componere magnis*, in turn showed us types of ordinary humanity with a skill that was unsurpassed. His characters are as familiar as those of Shakspeare, and one is as apt to hear the expression, "He is a regular Micawber," as one is to hear "He is a second Falstaff." This means much; it shows that Dickens' creations are the creations of genius; not of a genius which could be compared to Shakspeare's, but certainly of a genius which is far above mediocrity. One never forgets the characters of Dickens; indeed, we feel as though they had actually lived and were once our friends.

There are Copperfield and Pip; Agnes and poor, childlike Dora; Swiveller, Pickwick, Micawber; and then Sam Weller! We all know Sam. Not long before his death, Dickens gave a series of readings in this country; he selected frequently "Pickwick Papers." A gentleman who was present at one of these entertainments used to tell that when Dickens, in reading the case of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick, reached the sentence, "Mr. Samuel Weller was then called to the stand," the audience rased an uproar and gave Sam a mighty ovation. Has any novelist, save Dickens, ever produced a character the mere mention of whose name would, in theatrical terms, "bring down the house"?

The fact that we remember so distinctly these characters is certainly a strong argument for the genius of Dickens and the truth of his character painting; for it is, I think, a sort of literary axiom that we may forget the plot, but never the characters of a truly great novel. What a great list of characters Dickens has given us; inventions which are made to live in the mind of a reader. Most of them are of the common people and that is the reason they are original and have marked individualities. It is, after all, in the sturdy middle class that we find the best types of human nature, for in high society there is little individuality.

Dickens knew thoroughly this middle class, and he shows them to us in their different phases; consequently, there is pathos as well as humor in his novels. Just as many find fault with Dickens' humor, there are others who object to his pathos. They tell us that he has a tendency to "wallow naked in the pathetic." But to my mind there is much beautiful pathos in Dickens; pathos that dampens the eye and makes the voice that reads quiver with emotion. The death of little Nell was long harped on as an example of Dickens' pathos, but it was harped on too long. A reaction set in, and now it is near impossible to work oneself up over the dear child, who certainly would be better off in the next world than she was in this. A chord of sympathy is struck, however, when we picture the poor old grandfather trying to convince himself that his guardian angel is only sleeping. But the death of little Nell is by no means the best example of pathos in Dickens; through many of his novels can be found much stronger evidence of that source of emotion than this. The death of Copperfield's child-wife, poor Dora, is, for instance, much more touching.

In quite a contrast to the "fading of the blossom" is the death of our old friend Barkis;

this, too, is really affecting, when, murmuring "Barkis is willin'," he goes out with the tide. One of the noblest bits of pathos in Dickens is the death of Carton in the "Tale of Two Cities"; there is no "wallowing naked in the pathetic" here. The reckless fellow proves that deep down in him there is a manly, brave and noble character, and he dies a hero to save the husband of the woman he has loved. We follow with intense feeling his every action, and at the last repeat with him the words: "'I am the resurrection and the life,' saith the Lord."

Probably one of the strongest scenes in Dickens is the description of the storm at Yarmouth, when Ham Peggotty is drowned and Steerforth's body is washed ashore. And David tells us "that on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind, among the ruins of the home he had wronged, I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school."

And so I could go on, almost indefinitely, citing instances where Dickens' serious work is deep, strong and true. The few examples I have given are probably not the best that could be found. I put down just the first few that came to mind. And my conclusion is that Dickens will live not only as long as there is a laugh left among us, but also as long as there is left to us an appreciation of true pathos. Mr. Lang, though he seems to believe only in Dickens the humorist, yet tells us that he knows "that a rural household, humble and under the shadow of a sorrow inevitably approaching, has found in 'David Copperfield' oblivion of winter, of sorrow and of sickness." These words are sincere, and they do not exaggerate; they mean more than would the encomiums of a century of literary critics, for they show that Dickens' stories are the stories of real life, and that they portray the tone, feelings and emotions of men. And from such evidence we may safely conclude that the name of the great novelist is destined to be long remembered and loved.

The original creative genius of Dickens has seldom been equalled; his characters are real beings. Indeed, to quote again from Mr. Lang, "we can not think of our world without them; and, children of dreams as they are, they seem more essential than great statesmen, artists, soldiers, who have actually worn flesh and blood, ribbons and orders, gowns and uniforms."

Ye Bells.

WILLIAM C. HENGEN, '97.

RING, merry Christmas bells, and sing,
Ye choirs, the blessed morn is here:
The heavenly host seen worshipping
High in a star-lit sky appear;
And hark! the angel speaks: "I bring
Good news, O shepherds, have no fear!"
Ring, merry Christmas bells, and sing,
Ye choirs, the blessed morn is here.

Let "glory in the highest" ring
O'er land and sea; the news is dear—
The Christ is born! The heavenly King,
The Savior of mankind, is near:
Ring, merry Christmas bells, and sing,
Ye choirs, the blessed morn is here.

A Change of Front.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.

SCENE: *A cosy sitting-room.* DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:
He; She.

HE. Why are you so contrary, Rose?
You can not mean what you say.
SHE. That's news to me. I have
said it so often that I think it is
about time you were believing it
yourself.

HE. You know that you love me.

SHE. Indeed? On what grounds do you base
such an assertion?

HE. On the best of grounds. Now, why can't
we come to an understanding?

SHE. I think we understand each other
pretty well now.

HE. Yes; and yet you say you do not love
me.

SHE. Most assuredly.

HE. You know you are inconsistent in say-
ing that.

SHE. Really? I should like to know why.

HE. I have a thousand proofs that you care
for me.

SHE. Self-knowledge is always interesting.
I should like to hear them.

HE. Well, in the first place, a short time
after breaking our engagement, on account of
that silly quarrel, you asked me to call, although
you had declared that you would never speak
to me again.

SHE. You looked so forlorn, I had to pity
you.

He. I suppose it was pity in that case; but why didn't you pity Charlie White and Will Hern? They were only guilty of proposing marriage to you, and yet you do not give them the privilege of calling which I enjoy.

She. I was afraid that I might accidentally fall in love with them after a time. In your case there is not the slightest danger of such a calamity.

He. Furthermore, when I was hurt in that tunnel accident you were almost beside yourself with grief, and sent to inquire after me at least ten times a day.

She. Why, you mean thing! who told you all that?

He. Never mind. It came from good authority. Besides, do you imagine that I did not know the identity of that "sincere friend" who sent me flowers every day? And why did you defend me so bravely when Grace Carr slandered me at the beach last summer?

She. Oh! she was a spiteful creature, anyway, and I was just aching for a chance to tell her what I thought of her.

He. Hate, not love, was your incentive then?

She. I did not analyze my feelings to find out what prompted me. Are these all your proofs?

He. No, but I think they are enough to justify me in saying that you are not quite so indifferent as you appear to be. Rose, why won't you act as your heart dictates?

She. Because I allow no one to dictate to me, sir.

He. Yes, you are so proud that you even cast your love aside to gratify your pride.

She. This has gone far enough. You are becoming positively insulting.

He. I am sorry if I have offended you; but you know, Rose, that you regret that quarrel as much as I do, and still you will not give in and acknowledge that you are sorry. I don't believe that you can tell me, now, what we quarrelled about.

She. I think it is about time to change the subject.

He. In one moment. For the very last time I ask you, Rose, will you be my wife?

She. And for positively the last time I answer, no.

He. That settles it. I must wish you good-evening.

She. Must you go so soon?

He. Yes, I have an engagement at the club.

She. I trust you will not be so cross the next time you call.

He. I shall try not to be. Good-night.

She. Good-night (*under her voice as he goes*) my love.

He (*turning sharply*). What's that?

She. Nothing. Good-night.

He (*disappointedly*). Good-night.

Same scene, an afternoon about a week later. She is sitting in an easy chair, drawn up before the open grate. Holds her handkerchief to her eyes, and her form shakes with frequent sobs. An open note is in her hand. He comes in unannounced. She starts up as she hears his step, and, when she sees who it is, dashes the tears from her eyes and tries to appear unconcerned.

He. Your mother told me to come right up, and so I did. Why, Rose, what is the matter? Are you in trouble?

She. It is nothing. Only a headache.

He. I am sorry you are not well.

She (*icily*). Thank you for your sympathy. You have been quite a stranger.

He. I have been out of town.

She. So I have heard. I wonder that you were able to tear yourself away from your charming fiancée so soon.

He. From my what?

She (*affecting indifference*). Oh! I suppose it is still a secret. Allow me to congratulate you.

He. Why, what are you talking about?

She (*scornfully*). I do not wonder that you are ashamed of it. I must say that I do not admire your taste. (*A trifle brokenly now*) I w-wish you j-j-joy.

He. Explain yourself, Rose. I don't know what you are talking about. (*Her face is turned from him; her handkerchief is again at her eyes.*)

She. She is not quite so reticent as you are. S-she n-never c-could keep a s-s-secret. S-she has t-told m-me all a-about i-it. (*Hands him the note which he reads aloud.*)

"Dear Rose:—I have the greatest news to tell you. Don't faint, dear. I am engaged to the loveliest fellow in the world. He's the one who was so attentive at the Island last summer. He came here to visit a college chum last week, and proposed last night. I am the happiest girl in the world. I am too excited to write more. Good-bye, dear. From your happy May.

"P. S. I almost forgot to tell you. His name is Mr. Mann.

(*He looks up puzzled. She is sobbing as if her heart would break. A light breaks on him, and he kneels beside her chair. After a few attempts he captures and holds her hand.*)

He. Rose dear!

She. W-well?

He. Is this what you are crying about?

She (with her face still hidden). W-why, the very i-idea! A-as if i-it m-made the s-s-slightest diff-difference to m-me.

He (gently). Rose, do you imagine that I am the Mr. Mann this note refers to?

She (looking up wonderingly through her tears). Why, who else could it mean?

He. My brother. (*She stares at him in astonishment, her face turns red and she hides it in the arm of her chair. He slips his arm around her unresisted, and gently lifts her head until it rests upon his shoulder.*)

He (softly). Rose!

She (in a voice somewhat smothered). What?

He. You can not deceive yourself any longer, dear. You thought you had lost me, didn't you, sweetheart? That was the cause of your tears.

She. It's mean of you to say so.

He. I know that it is, little one, but it was meaner of you to keep us both waiting so long. (*A long pause.*) Do you remember that I said that I would not again ask you to be my wife, dear? But my brother is to be married next month; shall we make it a double wedding?

She (looking up and smiling through her tears). Do you remember the answer I gave you last Tuesday?

He. You said "No."

She (again hiding her face on his shoulder). I said that I said—

He. What?

She. "No" for the last time.

To Sorrow's Host.

PAUL J. RAGAN, '97.

I.

☉ COME here, a merry Christmas spend,
Before the old year dies.
Above our heads the ivies bend,—
Come here, a merry Christmas spend.
Let grief begone, to joys attend
And cease those bitter sighs.
Come here, a merry Christmas spend,
Before the old year dies.

II.

The day is not for those who weep;
'Tis one of joy and mirth.
Let sorrow with the past now sleep,
The day is not for those who weep.
This feast both men and angels keep
To mark their Savior's birth.
The day is not for those who weep,
'Tis one of joy and mirth.

The Ballad as a National Factor.

JOHN A. MCNAMARA, '97.



It has been said by John Fletcher that if he were allowed to compose the ballads of a nation, he cared not who made its laws. He might also have added that while the ballads of a nation are more influential than its laws, they are likewise more valuable than its annals. Indeed, the histories of most nations might be destroyed, but while their ballads still remained, it would be an easy matter to replace what had been lost.

The ballad has been a far more important factor in history than we are wont to believe, and were it not for the effect the ballad has had upon it, history itself would be nothing more than a dry catalogue, a mere record of events. A nation is not content with having the great and noble deeds which it has achieved, the sufferings and hardships which it has endured, merely recorded in a dead, matter-of-fact sort of way. They must be recorded in some soul-stirring, passionate manner, and this is best accomplished through the medium of the ballad. It is the instrument "by which the triumphs, the joys or the sorrows of a people are proclaimed." It is in reality the voice of a nation, and, as such, may be used in many ways and possesses immense powers.

The love which a nation bears its ballads is the measure of its patriotism, and we may point out as an excellent example of this, the ancient Greeks, "who," as Macaulay says, "through their whole passage from simplicity to the highest civilization, never for a moment ceased to love and admire their ballads." The same is true of Ireland, Scotland and all the nations of the world which have been noted for their bravery and patriotism.

The ballad is not by any means of modern origin. It had its beginning in the days of Homer, and from that time down to the present day it has played an important part in moulding the history and character of all nations. The Iliad is really nothing more than a collection of ballads, and the epic itself is but an outgrowth of the ballad. At first it did not wield the great power that it possessed later on. It was a record of events and a disburser of knowledge. In the beginning, rude in structure and rough in expression, it became more polished

with the advance of civilization, and thus gradually acquired its present power. Outgrowing its former self, it became clothed with the importance of history, the charm of romance and the beauty and dignity of poetry. In this way it was the seed from which sprang a mighty tree. It was the father of education, since it was one of the first mediums through which knowledge was imparted to the great body of the people. It was the forerunner, the real parent of history, for it was the earliest record or chronicle of events, and it instilled into the hearts of the people a love for their ancestors, admiration for what they achieved and a desire to emulate their deeds. Finally, it has been the parent of the literature of every nation, and from it sprang the lyric, the romance and the epic.

From time immemorial, poetry has exercised a wonderful influence on all nations, and principal among its forces has been the ballad. It was the fountain from which poetry burst forth; it was the form of poetry which most affected the people, the natural outflow of their feelings, the simplest and most direct expression of their enthusiasm. And when the poor exile heard the ballads of his native land, his heart swelled with joy and gratitude as her achievements and glories were recounted, and he was overcome with sadness when he heard the wrongs under which she labored, the nobler emotions of his soul were aroused and his love for fatherland was increased tenfold.

When, however, the ballad poetry of a nation was neglected, when it was supplanted by a cold, glittering sort of poetry, in which the warmth of emotion and the inspirations of nature were neglected, patriotism declined and finally died outright. Luxury and voluptuousness crept in and the nation became weak and effeminate, until in time it lost its liberty. Rome and Greece afford us striking examples of this fact. On the other hand, the nations that cultivated their ballads grew stronger and wealthier; a national spirit was fostered, and the people showed a greater love for their country, fought for it and defended it with all their might.

The ballads of Spain drove the Moorish invader from beautiful Granada and hurled him back upon the burning sands of Morocco, to weep and sigh for the cool vistas and gurgling fountains of the Alhambra. The ballads of the wandering troubadours aroused the chivalry of France to noble deeds; while those of the Scotch and Irish minstrels inspired the

Gaelic heart with that fierce and dauntless courage that often made the mighty Briton quail with fear.

The Germans are pre-eminent in ballad poetry, and with them the ballad is in reality a short epic, adorned with the romance and chivalry of the Middle Ages. Unlike the Scotch or Irish ballads, it seldom treats of humble life and simple passion or of individual heroism like the Spanish, but deals more with the historical and the legendary. Every river, every mountain and every superstition has had some ballad dedicated to it and some poet to celebrate it. And wonderful has been the result. The literature of the Germans is fast growing from nothingness into greatness, and patriotism has so increased that Germany is not only a united nation, but one of the wealthiest and most powerful in Europe today. And it is the German ballad which has worked this wonderful miracle.

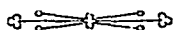
The primary reason for the strength of the ballad is the fact that it is essentially the poem of the people. It is the expression of their joy, their triumphs and their sadness. It contains what history can never record—the portrayal of the people's inner life. "It is the reflection of their wants and aspirations and the truest history of their feelings." As one writer puts it "The ballad is the daguerreotype of the national mind." No nation can afford to despise its ballads, for in so doing it overlooks one of the most important branches of its history and one of the greatest factors in its civilization. The first literary attempts of all nations partake of the ballad nature, and the first attempts to impart knowledge and to hand down the records of nations were through the medium of the ballad. It was, as we have said before, the seed from which the literature, the history and the education of all nations sprang, and consequently can not but have exercised a tremendous influence. Indeed, as some one has aptly expressed it, "in the records of a nation's ballads we find the history of its progress and its triumphs—or of its decay and death."

Love and Peace.

WORD, give me place to live without the strife,
Content with love alone I would not go
To barter life that fame on me be shed;
For he who rises, rises on the head
Of whom he presses in the mire below,
And love and peace are sole the sweets of life.

C.

A Moment with the Muse.



But fill their purse, our poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by pathos, or by pun.—POPE.

BALLADE OF MORALIZING ELDERS.

WHEN I was young, gay times were few,
And life in gloominess was drest;
I worked the whole long winter through
To gain this holiday of rest.
The times were hard; I was not blest
With everything you young men know:
And little money I possessed
At Christmas fifty years ago.

I wasn't fondled, sir, as you;
No loving mother *me* caressed
When I got on my ear, I knew—
Paternal discipline suppressed
All coaxing,—and 'twas manifest,
When old-time fathers once said "No,"
No knickerbocker would protest,
At Christmas fifty years ago.

Our Christmas, though of sombre hue,
Compared with yours, brought interest
And gaiety and pleasure too.
And discontent would ne'er molest,
And gloominess not once depressed
The spirits of our feast. I trow,
Your causeless grumbling we'd detest
At Christmas fifty years ago.

ENVOY.

Young man, when granted one request,
You make ten more. But time will show,—
When old, *you'll* say, "I had the best
At Christmas fifty year's ago."

ELMER J. MURPHY.

A CHANGE DESCRIBED.

Then.

LITTLE head of golden curls,
And two clear, laughing eyes,
That held within their liquid depths
The blue of April skies.

Now.

The morning gold has turned to snow,
The rose to the lily white;
But her eyes are aglow, like the changing blue,
With the sunset-fires of night.

THOMAS B. REILLY.

RAINDROPS.

AS I listened to the raindrops
Ring against my pane,
Stole o'er my thoughts a lonely music,
A-heavy like the midnight rain.

Now I list in silent pleasure
To the mountain stream,
Thinking that without the raindrop
The brook could ne'er be poet's theme.

JESSE W. LANTRY.

TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

(V. C. H.)

NEVER thought at any time
That I should dare to tell in rime,
Fair maid, your many graces;
And ne'er before did I essay
In verse my humble praise to pay
To witching, comely faces.

But sitting now in easy chair
And looking on your portrait there
Above my desk enshrined,
I feel the inspiration bold,
With which the Sibyls, we are told,
The future oft divined.

If beauty only skin deep lies,
Then you, to trust our feeble eyes,
Must pachydermous be.
Though beauty fade in future days
Your soul's sweet charms will last always,—
This is my prophecy.

SHERMAN STEELE.

WEEDS AND HOES.

JONES, Hardware Man, was skilled in rime
And used its powers his stock to tell,
And thus it chanced once on a time
That this adventure him befell.

From Simpkinsville the widow Brown,
Whose lord had died a year before,
To get new raiment came to town
And sought awhile a bargain store.

Jones' shop she spied and entered. He,
On coming up, was much surprised
When she said, "Sir, I'd like to see
The stockings you have advertised.

"I don't see much dry goods displayed,
But I this advertisement found.
I thought you wanted widows' trade
And so I just meandered round."

Jones read the notice she produced,
And thought how many are the fools
Alive. The "Ad" thuswise adduced
The merits of his garden tools:

"Old Winter now has changed to Spring,
Ye people out of town.
Be sad no more o'er gloomy weeds—
Our splendid hoes cut down."

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN.

OUR GOLD AND BLUE.

HOW wide-spread are our colors—
Since the truth was brought to view—
The majority are "Gold"
And the "Silver" ones are blue.

WILLIAM W. O'BRIEN.

A Yule-tide Rhapsody.

THE wind soughs wild through the chilly night,
 And the wind-ghosts shriek,
 And rattle the panes in noisome glee,
 Murmuring fitfully, now low, now high.
 And out from the north
 Where the stars shine bright
 And glimmer and gleam in a cloudless sky,
 The Cold-god stalks,
 Clad in frost and ice and snow,
 Breathes o'er the land his withering breath.
 From forests deep comes slow
 Dark-visaged solitude with gloominess,
 Whose shadow covers all the world without,
 But all within is bright; for, lo!
 The sparks dance gayly in the Yule-log's glow.

L. P. D.

Southern Cousins.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

MISS NELLIE PALMERSTON was seated in an easy chair before the bright coal fire. Her deep hazel eyes were looking directly into the flame, although they saw nothing there, and her hands were idly toying with the open note which lay upon her knees. Evidently Miss Nellie was deliberating over something.

"Yes," she said, finally, "yes, I will do it. I ought to have a nice time there, for a Southern Christmas is new to me. Then, too, I shall be glad to get away from all those people who want to know why Ralph and I have broken our engagement."

Startled out of her reverie by the sound of her own voice, she arose and left the sitting-room. The note which Miss Palmerston had been reading was a cordial invitation from one of her cousins to come to Arkansas and see how the South looked at Christmas-time. It was most pleasing to the Northern damsel to accept for the reason she gave in the short soliloquy. The many inquirers who wished to know why her wedding invitations had been recalled, made it indeed unpleasant.

The fact that the quarrel was based on nothing really serious made it still more difficult to tell the reasons for it. Of course, Miss Nellie felt she was right in demanding that Ralph should not send the verses with which he accompanied his wedding present to Miss Ralburn; yet it would be unpleasant to explain that this transgression was the sole reason why

she broke the engagement. Then, too, as Nellie reasoned, Ralph had been entirely too hasty in accepting his dismissal. He might at least have called and tried to straighten matters out, instead of merely sending her a note. True, he did say in the note that if she ever concluded that she would like him to return, he would always be ready to answer her call. But Miss Nell did not intend to humble herself that much, so she was going off to the country to rid herself of bothersome questions. Ralph had left town soon after she dropped him,—why should she stay?

One week after Miss Palmerston's resolve she stepped from the train at a small Arkansas town. She was at once seized upon by her effusive cousins, and hurried off to the large sleigh which awaited them. It was dusk and the Northern visitor could see but little of her surroundings as she was whisked away behind the fast horses over the light crust of snow. She saw enough, however, that was strange to her as they passed the negroes whose feet were made monstrous large by heavy folds of sack-ing. Each cheery "Merry Christmas!" of the darkies was responded to by the other occupants of the sleigh, and before they reached their journey's end even Miss Palmerston had caught the spirit of the time and shouted "Merry Christmas!" to an old patriarchal negro, who stepped out of the road to let them pass.

After tea Mrs. Watson proposed that, if Nell was not too tired from her trip, they should drive out into the country to an old farm-house where the negroes were celebrating Christmas-eve by a dance. "James," said she, "will take you girls out there in the sleigh."

"But, mamma, James has not come in yet, and I am sure cousin Nell would not care to watch a negro 'break-down,'" said one of the girls.

"Yes, James is here," said the mother, "I heard him come in from the hunt some time ago, and I am sure Nell would like to see the dance."

"Oh! I would be delighted to see a 'break-down,'" said Nell, "and I am not a bit tired."

"Then," said James, who had just entered the room, "you shall see one. Come, girls, the sleigh is at the door."

After James had been properly introduced and the girls were bundled up they started. Miss Palmerston was much interested in the dancing of the negroes and looked on admiringly while they did the "pass" and the

"prosum la," and went through the various and seemingly endless figures of their quadrilles.

After watching for an hour or two, the white spectators departed, leaving the negroes to finish the frolic, which lasted until dawn. When they were once more in the sleigh and spinning over the road toward home, Miss Palmerston's mind went back to the last dance which she attended. It was a city ball, and she remembered how she and Ralph had danced so much together, for that was before their quarrel. The scene of the dance lay beyond the little town through which they must pass on their return. As they went jangling through the streets they passed a church which, to their surprise, was brilliantly lighted. The strains of music, too, were heard as the notes of the organ, joined with the voices of the choir, came floating forth.

"Hello!" said James, "what's all this?"

"Why, that's the Catholic church," said one of his sisters. "I guess it's Midnight Mass."

"Of course, that's it," said James, jerking up his horses. "Suppose we go in, girls? I never was in a Catholic church, and I think we might enjoy the scene."

The girls assented, so James tied the horses, and together they entered the little church. There was not much of a congregation, only a dozen or so of people, who, scattered about in the various pews, were bent low in worship. The church was dimly lighted; but the many candles placed upon the altar shone out from the banks of flowers with a blaze of brilliancy. Nell had been thinking of Ralph before, and her thoughts began to centre still more on him as the sweet, expressive Sacrifice proceeded,—for Ralph was a Catholic, and had explained to her much of the significance of the different parts of the Mass. Towards the end Nell entered more and more into the spirit of the worshippers, until finally she knelt with the rest at the close to receive the blessing of the priest. She was silent on the homeward drive, for she was thinking of the lover she had sent away. Her heart had been touched by the beauty of the Mass, and she looked more leniently upon Ralph's transgression and less approvingly upon her own hasty action. Pride was warring against love, but love this time was stronger, and she had resolved, when she reached again the Watson home, to write Ralph the letter that she had sworn should never be written—the letter telling him to come back.

As James was assisting the girls to dismount from the sleigh he remarked to one of his sisters: "Say, Bess, I invited that young

Northern fellow, who is staying with the Hendersons, to come to our dance tomorrow. He's a right nice chap, and I did not think you'd mind."

"That's all right, James," she answered, and the girls tripped up the steps, while James drove his horses off to the stable. Of course the servants were all at the dance. Bess went with Nell to her room, and as she was leaving Nell asked her how she should mail a letter if she wished it to go soon.

"Oh! drop it in the box at the gate," Bess answered, "and the postman will get it on his round. The houseboy, though, will take it down for you in the morning."

Before she retired that night Nell wrote Ralph a letter telling him to return. She addressed it to his city number, for she did not know where he had gone. Next morning she rose early, for she could not sleep, and went to mail her letter. There was a light snow falling, but she did not mind that much, for she was Northern-bred. As she was hurrying down to the gate she did not notice that the letter, which she had stuck in her muff, had blown out, until she reached the box; but some one else, though, had noticed it as he came walking through the grounds from the Hendersons'. He was on his way to the house to join James in a morning hunt, and having climbed the fence to save time had stepped on the letter in his haste. He uttered a low whistle when he had brushed off the snow. "By Jove!" he said, "it is lucky I found this, as I am going abroad so very soon," and tearing the letter open he unceremoniously began to read it. He was still in the midst of his perusal when Nell returned in search of the lost letter. Seeing a man standing in the path with his back toward her, she said:

"Sir, have you seen a letter that—" She got no further, for Ralph, turning around, clasped her in his arms.

There is no telling how long they might have stood thus had not James, grown impatient at Ralph's delay, discovered them as he was setting out towards the Hendersons'. He promised not to tell if Ralph would keep his engagement. Ralph did, and James was faithful to his word. The girls were much surprised that night when they found that Ralph and Nellie were acquainted. They were still more surprised when they received, some two months later, an invitation to Nell's wedding. Ralph ever blessed the luck that made him go to visit his cousins after his dismissal, and Nell is also glad that she spent a Southern Christmas.

A Bowless String.

SHE said she'd two strings to her bow;
Vain was the boast she made, poor thing,
For soon the fellow let her know
Her beau was not on either string.

C. M. B. B.

The Tendency and Duties of the Press.

JOSEPH VINCENT SULLIVAN, '97.

BY the press, in our day, we mean not those masterpieces of literary work which are destined to delight and instruct men during all times, but those productions of a lighter kind, which are read by everybody, as the newspaper, the magazine and, in fact, all periodicals.

In the earliest ages there was no written account of events, and everything was transmitted by word of mouth. After a long period men began to use the stile and the waxen-tablet, and from these the newspaper takes its rise. The chronicle of the Middle Ages served to record the affairs of a country; but even then the people had to be content with a statement of the transactions in their own town, as it took many weeks for news to travel from nation to nation. In our time, however, the press is queen of the world, with embassies in every land, and by means of modern inventions it is possible for her to tell today what happened in Europe yesterday. A report of the disturbances in Armenia, Cuba or Abyssinia is given in our papers within twenty-four hours after the occurrence, while the slightest commotion in America carries alarm and anxiety into every corner of the world almost instantly. The press, indeed, with its mighty forces, is the maker and the destroyer of empires; it is the ruling power, and when it wishes it may become, what was formerly said of cannon, "the last argument of kings."

Here in the United States, the newspapers are three or four times as numerous as in any other country; the publications are more widely circulated and more extensively read. Every family takes in a paper, which is always carefully noticed, and thus it becomes a medium between the home-circle and the world at large. From this daily visitor the people get many of their ideas, for by observing the accounts of current topics they form their

judgments of the causes and effects. This, then, has a tendency to instruct the public, and the paper is responsible, to a great extent, for the opinions which men have on certain subjects.

The size and advancement of a town may be judged from the publications which represent it; so, too, the progress of a country may be estimated from the number and quality of the periodicals which it prints. As this is true, it must also be correct to state that we can determine the morals and cultivation of a people from the newspapers which they support. When, therefore, we find that a journal is very licentious we know for certain that the persons who subscribe for it are not far above that character. The present pernicious tendency of the press throughout the world must be attributed to the assistance given to it by the public; for if the people really disapproved of such filth the greater part of these scandal-mongers would drop out of existence. The editor, wishing his paper to prosper, presents vivid pictures and paragraphs addressed to the passions and the imagination. The minds of the people cling to these alluring and seductive publications, and the journal which has the most sensual subjects and drawings receives the greatest patronage. When other editors behold the spread of periodicals of such a nature, they strive to make their own papers successful by filling them with material which will appeal to the popular taste,—hence the growth of the sensational press.

In the Church, he that serves at the altar must live by the altar; so, too, with the men who practise law or medicine, and also with those in the army and the navy. They must all gain a livelihood by their professions, and, accordingly, they take the means best suited to obtain money in them. It is not strange, then, that the editor publishes such a sheet as is most profitable to him. The penny of a man who subscribes for a paper which is too free in its language, is worth as much as that of the person who desires only clean reading matter; therefore, the publisher makes his newspaper pleasing to the many, who delight in accounts of scandals and acts of immorality.

There are, of course, many exceptions to the class of papers which endeavor to pander to the passions of man. In all our large cities we have some estimable journals which are enlisted on the side of order and decency, and the aim of these is far above anything immoral. But alas! their number is small in comparison with

the vast mass of poison which is daily issued in every nation on the globe. And what have we to oppose to this? Its spread must be checked, or we shall soon be swamped in a sea of depravity and corruption. Moreover, its rising is so stealthy as to be unperceived until we find that it has come into our very midst, and is already occupied in its work of destruction. Surely, at this rate it will take but a short time to overcome the few who resist its influence, so that we must by all means find a remedy. We are unable to coerce the press by prosecution, for it has too much authority even in the courts, and is not injured by lawsuits; indeed, no such means of visible force will avail us in our attack. In Germany today the press is subject to the will of the emperor,—but this power can not long continue. All the journals in France were the instruments of Napoleon, but even he foresaw the time when it would be no longer possible to retain his censorship over them. That event came sooner than he expected,—as it always must, no matter how powerful the government which hinders them. The only real antidote for a poisoned press is the press itself. We must engage opinion against opinion and talent against talent; the crusade must be conducted with “the diamond of genius and the sword of truth.” We must provide encouragement for the side of integrity as great as is now afforded to the licentious press, and thus we may neutralize, and even overcome, the evil influence of the latter.

All men highly value honesty and justice, whether or not they acknowledge this admiration; so that the paper which strives to advance these virtues will receive unanimous support as soon as the people realize the deceitful policy of the corrupt press. Indeed, the editor owes it to his readers to explain to them their duties as citizens of this great republic, and to urge them to fulfil these obligations. The press is a great educator of the people, and when it offers them wrong principles it does not serve its purpose, and no longer merits the assistance of the public. The truth is, of course, important in all cases, but the publisher should not make it his speciality to give faithful account of every current scandal. The press must also regard the right, which all persons have of expressing themselves freely in respect to matters that concern the community. The newspaper which lives up to this high standard will win the respect and encouragement of the people, as they will soon find out what periodicals are printed for their best interests.

Music as a Means of Culture.

JESSE WILLIAM LANTRY, '97.



HE influence anything has on a person depends most of all on his nature. Some are more easily moved than others, and on this account it is almost impossible to name a standard by which we can foretell the effect any particular cause will have. Generally, what excites the milder passions is more forcible when the subject is calm, and what excites the fiercer emotions has more power when the subject is already ill at ease. For instance, the sweet strains of a violin are more apt to affect a person in love, while the louder and sharper chords of a piano often stimulate an angry person to action. This effect has been observed on some who know nothing about the art of music, and it has been especially noticed among savages, because music shows its effect upon them by outward signs more than it does upon a cultured people.

We Americans are made up of every nationality, of every temperament and disposition. This is all the greater reason why there should be some force among us, almost silent, which will appeal more than compel, and attract more than command. Music possesses these characteristics, and has an influence that can be evaded only by a few. It is really necessary for us, because of our varied characteristics, since it is a medium between the quick temper of the tropic nations and the slow deliberation of the North.

Whether music, as some critics claim, conveys definite ideas, or, according to others, simply impressions, matters very little in this essay; for what we consider here is the value of music as an aid to culture. Still we know that the more real genius there is in music the greater will be its power. First, let us consider this influence directly, and afterwards show its indirect merit. It is plain that the vocal music taught in public schools is beneficial to children; for they learn the difference between harmony and discord, how to appreciate what they hear afterwards, and to pick out beauties that by nature they would be unable to see. Often it creates a desire for better and more advanced music, and trains the ear to judge and enjoy great compositions. Most of our working people seek music only as a means of recreation, not understanding what an immense good they

gain by listening to it. We are subject to all external influences, and it is not always the stronger that moves us most. For this reason we should strive to place before the poorer class something that they will appreciate, and which, in part at least, they will absorb into their very nature. A fault of Americans is that they are too ambitious; they are never satisfied, and they exercise all their energy in the pursuit of riches; they have not learned how to live the calm, easy life of the Germans, and they are an unsatisfied race. Germans devote a great deal of time to the enjoyment of their wealth in the theatre, at the opera and musical entertainments, which teach them the true value of music as an educator. They learn to detect the hidden beauties, to interpret the ideas of the composer and to compare these ideas with those of other composers, receiving in this way that almost unconscious, musical culture which characterizes the nation.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the great good derived from sacred music. Its object makes it a benefit to mankind. Its wonderful results, however, depend partly on the surroundings. It overcomes harsh sentiments, making us docile and humble; it creates in us a love for the good, a desire for heaven; it raises us above the earth into spheres of happiness, and finally it makes us join in sincere praise of the Supreme Composer. If music can do all this, will any one deny that it is not a cultivator of manners as well as of morals? If it is able to influence even man's desires and, indirectly, move his will, no one will maintain that it does not tend to elevate man and induce him to follow higher principles.

Music includes sociability, inasmuch as it soothes violent impulses and educates æsthetic tastes; it attracts us into its society, and holds us there as if by magic till we are completely in its power. It draws people together, making them closer friends, and it expels all enmity from its presence. In reading these statements one would think that we are exaggerating the potency of music, but we find all these qualities attributed to it in the writings of great musicians. They understand its mysteries and can interpret the complex ideas of its masters, and feel every tone as though it were a word spoken by an unseen angel. Harmony is pleasing to everyone, although there are some who are unable to distinguish between two notes; nevertheless these enjoy correlated sounds, not with the same intensity that a more educated person does, yet are overcome by an inward impulse

too strong to resist. Mr. Louis Lombard says: "That music refines man is incontestable. Where no melodies are heard cruelty characterizes the people." This is very true since it can be proved by observation.

John S. Dwight published an essay in 1870 in which he lamented the fact that our large cities did not procure means to satisfy the musical taste of our people. Progress has not overlooked this, and today there are bands and orchestras, theatres and conservatories of music, which furnish us with a plenty of opportunities of hearing the great masterpieces. Is not the effect of these institutions evident? I think it is; moreover, it has excited a love for music that has drawn many into its service and who now are proficient artists. That they are welcome and appreciated may be seen by the way they are received, by the praise that is bestowed on them, and by the true interest taken in the advancement of their art.

Now let us consider music in its relation to the individual. What more pleasing society is there than that of such great men as Beethoven, Bach, Mendelssohn and Wagner, which society has received from them the perfection and beauty it now possesses? What greater satisfaction is there than to listen to the sympathies music pours out on our troubled life, to almost live in its company, and consider it our truest friend? A person can appreciate it more when he is alone, because he can read its inmost secrets and apply them to his own life more effectively, and because it brings back fond recollections and retraces pictures in his memory that had long faded in the mist of the past. Even if one is not proficient in the art of music, but able to "pick out," say, the Passion Music of Bach or a symphony of Beethoven, he will find something that appeals to his heart and offers either joy or consolation, relief or contentment; in fact, there is no solitude so sweet as that of being alone with music.

Although all the fine arts are conducive to culture, music is especially so, for it is a more influential agent, inasmuch as it plays more on our feelings. It molds tone and manner from within, and it overcomes our animal nature, rounding off the corners of our character, smoothing the rough surface exposed to society, and, in a word, cultivating our manners where force and practice have long failed. Ruskin says "True music is the natural expression of a lofty passion for a right cause," and what greater aim can be attributed to it than the pacification of uncontrolled passions?

Best Bestowed.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.



HERE," said Miss Jane in a tone of satisfaction, as she held up the large doll and arranged the folds of its satin dress, in a deft, feminine way. "It's finished at last; and if little Mabel isn't satisfied and delighted with it, I'll never do another thing for her. Isn't it pretty, Anna?"

"Yes ma'am; it is lovely!"

"I have just finished it in time too. Tell James,—but, perhaps you'd better go yourself. I am afraid to trust it to him. He would surely break it. You may take the brougham. Come back as soon as you can. I must dress for the reception, you know. And *do* be careful, Anna."

"Yes, ma'am."

Straightway the big, satin-gowned doll was taken to the hall, which was to be the scene of the enjoyment of the young folk; and laid among the gifts clustered around the Christmas-tree.

It was an evening given up to the children,—the children of the rich. It mattered not whether the child of the tenements had some bauble for a gift, or was not raised from the gloom of its life in general by the momentary glow of Christmas-time. The little ones of the upper class did not contemplate the darker side of life; and, if they had, their gay spirits would have been little dampened by it. The tall evergreen, glittering with gilded stars and bonbons, the warm hall festooned with cheerful colors, were for those for whom the heaps of gifts were intended. Better that those who were to receive nothing should not come.

By the time the candles were glowing among the dark green branches, the carriages began to arrive, and the little ones tripped into the hall. Mothers smiled to see the ruddy, joyful faces of their children; and the children laughed and chatted about their expectations and the gifts which were to fulfil them.

Just when the babble was noisiest, the door opened slowly, and there crept in timorously a child,—an outcast from the street,—pale and haggard, the little eyes large with fear, the clothes ragged and dirty. No one saw her standing there. No one noticed her tip-toe to the dark corner. Some one closed the door again and went back to the happy crowd.

An old gentleman, gray-haired and with a kind-looking face, went to heaped-up tables. After speaking a few words full of the joy of Yule-tide to the suddenly quieted gathering, he began to call off the names of those to whom the dolls and toys were directed. The children went forward quickly and came back with cheeks flushed and lips half-open with pleasure.

The waif stood silently gazing upon the cheerful, laughing ones. To her, the dancing lights, the moving colors of the children's dresses, the numerous gifts best adapted to satisfy the desires of the young, all were a dream. In her heart she feared to wake and find herself again in the cold, friendless street. In the centre of all was the big doll. Her eyes were fixed staringly upon it. Her only wish was to clasp it in her arms and play with it as if it were a sister of flesh and blood.

Yet, she was not the only one to notice it. If it was too beautiful to seem true to her, it was also the object of many ardent wishes coming from the hearts of those little ones who were more accustomed to satins and beautiful playthings. And, not only were children admiring it; mothers whispered to each other of its merits, and wondered for what happy child it was destined. And no one knew. As the time went on, it absorbed the attention of the crowd more and more. The question, "Who will get it?" was in so many minds that the interest was raised to a silent excitement.

When the old man laid his hand upon it, the low hum of whispering suddenly stopped. Silence was supreme. Every head was turned to catch the name of the one for whom it was destined. The old man raised it slowly and began to scrutinize the card. Then the name came slowly and distinctly; "Mabel"—the crouching figure in the dark corner suddenly straightened. When, after a pause, the last name came, "Hanford," the weak-piping voice called in ecstasy, "It's me, me, me!"

The little feet pattered over the floor regardless of the wide-open eyes that searched the white face and torn clothes. Even the youngest ones in the hall started with astonishment. No one had even dreamed of the presence of one so poorly clad. Most of the children thought that for such a one it should have been pleasure enough to be there at all. But mothers looked earnestly at the little figure and began to feel pity for her. Perhaps, their own children might some day need to be pitied. At the table the waif stopped, and, in

the short silence that followed, hung her head in embarrassment.

The kind old gentleman laid his hand upon her head and said, "You! my child? Is your name Mabel Hanford?"

"Yes, sir," she answered earnestly, looking up in his face, with burning eyes.

"Is there none other here of that name?" he asked. No one answered. The right little Mabel sat with her mother. When her name was called out the second time for the big doll, she was about to speak; but her mother whispered: "Hush, it is not for you. Your gifts are yet to come."

Again he looked into the clear eyes; and saw the wan, pinched face, the tattered clothes. He listened for a moment,—but only for a moment.

"Here, my child, take it, then, and may God bless you!" His voice trembled.

She took the big doll in her weak arms, pressed one kiss on the cold lips; and the little feet pattered over the floor again. All were so overwhelmed with surprise that no one saw the door open. The little castaway had gone back to her home.

The evening wore on slowly after that. The old man dealt out the presents more soberly, scarcely deigning to smile on anyone. The faces of the elders were thoughtful. The little candles began to sputter amid the branches of the trees, the sweetmeats had disappeared. Some eyelids were drooping, some were already locked in sleep. The carriages were lined up along the walk ready to bear the tired little folk back to the home firesides and to sleep.

When the children were passing out, some one forced his way through the crowd to the old gentleman, who turned and followed him. In a little corner near the stairs lay a dark object. Stooping low the old man saw a white face. The shawl had slipped off the head and the snow was drifted over the dark hair. He touched the thin blue lips. They were cold. He took one of the little hands in his own. It was stiff. The stinging wind blew fitfully. Sleep had touched her eyelids, and with sleep came death. The little arms clasped tight the big doll. Steeped in a last earthly pleasure, the soul of the friendless one had left the world of its sorrows and gone to the heaven of its joys.

He murmured as if to himself, "Yes, perhaps, 't was better so." And some one of the circle that had gathered around, catching the words, murmured in answer: "Yes, it is better so."

Christmas Customs.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, '97.

Ever at Yule-tide, when the great log flamed
In chimney place, and laugh and jest went round.

ALDRICH.



CHRISTMAS, the most universal, and, excepting New Year's Day, the oldest of holidays, is the one feast of the year which joins the present with the past.

We find it very interesting to trace the ancient traditions which clustered about this day, and to study the various ways in which it was celebrated. Though the feast is universal, as I have said, yet there are nearly as many different modes of observing it as there are nations upon the earth. As *we* look at it, Christmas is the anniversary of the birth of Christ—a day of peace and happiness to men. This Christian idea of Christmas was not, however, always as clear as it is now.

In the first centuries there were some relics of the old pagan festivals, especially of the Roman Saturnalia, which began every year on December twenty-fifth. This was one of the greatest of Roman festivals and it was celebrated with much pomp and solemnity. The temples of Saturn were brilliantly lighted up with tapers and resplendent with garlands. The people had then two customs which resembled very much two of our modern Christmas customs,—the one that of giving presents, called the *dona amicis*, the other that of giving friends the greeting of *bona Saturnalia*, whereas, we are accustomed to wish them a "Merry Christmas."

Perhaps the earliest and most striking resemblance of our Christmas festivities was the *Julafred* or Yule-peace of the Scandinavians, a custom, which, though as ancient as the Runic stones, still exists in Sweden. This Yule-peace lasted from Christmas eve to Epiphany. During that time courts were closed, old quarrels were settled and old feuds were forgotten. On Yule-evening all the shoes of the household were set together in a row, that during the coming year the family might live together in peace and harmony. In Germany the Christmas holidays have supplanted the old festival, the "Twelve Nights," which, like the Scandinavian Yule-peace, lasted from December twenty-fifth to January sixth.

It appears that Christmas in the early ages was not celebrated all over the world on the

same day. This is accounted for in many ways. Some attribute it to the fact that the primitive Christians, in commemorating the birthdays of martyrs, selected the day of their death as their real birthday—the birthday of their eternal life. Hence, instead of taking the day on which Christ was born they chose rather the sixth of January, because that was the day on which He was made manifest to the world by a star. That the feast should have been transferred from that day to December twenty-fifth is explained thus: In order to reconcile pagan converts to the new faith, the Church blessed a few of their customs. Others, however, she sought to destroy altogether. For this reason she celebrated Christmas on the twenty-fifth of December in order to exterminate the old *Saturnalia*, a decidedly pagan feast which was usually observed on that day. In Egypt, however, and in Italy to this day Epiphany is celebrated instead of Christmas. In France, New Year's is generally the day chosen for the distribution of presents.

There were other festival days which occurred during the month of December, and whose ceremonies are nearly all added to Christmas Day. Thus the old custom of observing Saint Nicholas' feast exists now only in parts of Switzerland, Germany and the Netherlands. In all other places Santa Klaus usually makes his trip on Christmas-eve. It is from the many customs which belonged to this day that the habit of hanging up shoes near the fireplace is still practised by our children on Christmas-eve. A writer in *Harper's Monthly* for December, 1872, in speaking of that custom, says:

"When it was believed that Saint Nicholas went around to distribute presents, he was represented as riding on a large white horse. Hence in Belgium on the evening before his visit, the children polished their shoes and filled them with corn, oats or carrots for the Saint's horse, and set them near the fireplace. Next morning they awoke and found them filled with sweetmeats and toys for the good children and a rod for the bad ones. This custom became so prevalent that even nowadays, when children no longer believe in Saint Nicholas or his horse, they deem it necessary to hang up their shoes near the fireplace or on the door, if they wish to be remembered by Santa Klaus."

To treat of the many singular customs and quaint superstitions associated with Christmas would require volumes. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the holidays lasted sometimes for a month. Those were the palmy days of

Christmas-tide, when amorous swains gathered beneath the mystic mistletoe, when the Christmas-log flamed and roared, when boars' heads smoked, and boisterous mirth raged furiously through the long, night hours. Then it was that coy maidens blushed beneath the holly bough, and speculated as to their future husbands. Young and old joined in the merry dance, or joked near the fireside while the Yule-block slowly turned to embers. Lords and servants sat at the same tables and jested together as men of the same rank.

In England today Christmas is scarcely the shadow of its former merry, brilliant self, when all hands joined at the festal board and indulged in unrestrained joviality and merriment. Christian civilization has brought about a more rational observance of its festivities. The Christmas-tree still graces a more quiet but not less enjoyable scene. Churches are elegantly decorated and lighted up, and in nearly every house we find evergreen, holly or ivy. In our own country great care is taken to make the holidays a time of joy for all. Every one is familiar with the noble work done by our charitable institutions towards helping the poor on such occasions. For weeks before they make it a duty to provide a large supply of Christmas goods, and to distribute it generously among those whose limited means might prevent them from enjoying the happy day. Our banquet tables, though not so elaborately spread as in years gone by, are not wanting in abundant good cheer; and we can point to them as places where people enjoy themselves in a rational manner without indulging in drunken revelry. Although Santa Klaus is no longer believed in as a visitor to chimney places, tokens of friendship bearing the "Merry Christmas" greeting can be found in every home.

It can not be doubted that the Church is most instrumental in preserving the Christmas festival. Year after year she takes the same care to call her children to worship and rejoice with the Christ-Child. From the time when the Midnight bell announces the hour of Mass until the last words of the evening benediction are pronounced, grateful hearts are everywhere pouring forth praise to their Lord new born in a manger. As we listen to the bells chime joyfully on the crisp morning air; and see a look of gladness on the face of every person we meet, we realize that Christmas is still what it was when the angels sang in Bethlehem—a day of peace on earth and of good will to men.

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The Staff

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WE are requested to announce that the next term will begin January 5, 1897, and that classes will be organized at once.

TO our friends, a goodly crowd: to our learned professors, the Faculty; to our wise directors, our souls' keepers; to our companions in hall and campus; to our well-wishers without the pale of *Alma Mater*; to our contemporaries in the sanctum—bookish editors all; to college men and women, votaries at the shrines of knowledge; to Christians at home and abroad,—to the world, in fact, the good old conventional greeting,—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

AT a late meeting of the Faculty, a committee was named to draft resolutions of regret for the death of Col. John R. Fellows, of New York city, who was the first to endow a free scholarship at the University. We regret that we have been unable to procure a copy of the resolutions in time for this issue. Meantime the SCHOLASTIC begs leave to assure the bereaved family of its sincere sympathy in their hour of affliction.

MR. BREEN'S lecture was a rare treat. We do not speak of his oratorical powers, which are recognized far and wide, but of his treatment of a grand subject, which held our interest from beginning to end. What he said about the life of Frederic Ozanam, the founder of the Confraternity of St. Vincent de Paul, aroused the enthusiasm and won the gratitude of his audience. Some time after the holidays we will give our readers the pleasure of perusing the lecture, and so we shall not now go into detail.

YE Editors in holiday dress appear before you, best foot forward; tell you old things a-many and new things a few; sing you a merry song or a sad, or yet a strain nor sad nor merry. They are not venturesome, you will perceive; nor are they over-confident, for the curtain went up before the cosmetics could improve their complexions, before their factotums could remove the last speck from their broadcloth. Their voices, too, may be cracked,—the football season is barely in the past—but there is sincerity in their throats and sunshine in their hearts.

To you, who are disposed to be pleased, they offer acknowledgments; to you, albeit you sneer and carp, they bow, but not in fear; to you, who find faults and condone faults, who teach and are not distant teachers,—to you they pay their debt of gratitude, their earnest of correction. They know the meagreness of their powers, the littleness of their attainments; they are not men of parts, and whether you laugh with them or at them, whether you are sympathetic or ungracious, the effect on them in either case will be not disastrous. They have done their best in the time at their disposal; they are willing to abide by the result.

IN spite of the nearness of the semi-annual examinations—frightful hobgoblins for not a few of us, for be it known that we are not all exemplary students;—in spite of daily class affairs, themes, recitations and the rest; in spite of invincible longings for home and friends—longings that, near the close of the term, wrench the heart and obstruct the will of every student; in spite of the charms, the beck, the nods, the smiles, the extraordinary softness and sunshine of this strange December weather, which calls forth even the grass anew, and makes the sparrows to twitter from the bars of

the lofty Gothic windows of the church-tower—in spite of all these and a thousand other distractions, the Staff went to work with a will and produced the Christmas number. Fearing that the literary department of the SCHOLASTIC might not satisfy the needs of our readers, and wishing to pay a tribute of gratitude and commendation to the knights of the Gold and Blue, we add a supplement that, no doubt, will be of interest to those who have watched the progress of our football-team and to lovers of sport in general. Good likenesses of the wearers of the canvas will be found in the following pages. The cuts have been made by the Graphotype Engraving Company of Columbus, Ohio, from photographs taken by the firm of De Vos and Hogue of our neighboring city.

It is unnecessary here to enter into a discussion of the merits of our late football team or to speak of any player in particular. That duty is left to the judgment of the field reporter. It may not be out of place, however, in these columns, to extend formal congratulations to the Varsity of '96 for their brilliant victories during the past season.

OVER in England there died a few weeks ago a man who, throughout the course of a long life, was shamefully misunderstood by a large class of readers—Mr. Coventry Patmore, poet and essayist. More than a half-century ago, when Patmore had reached but the twenty-first milestone of his life-journey, he was rash enough to publish a volume of verses, which served as easy quarry for the fierce and brutal bloodhound of the literary world of that day. *Blackwood's Magazine* had tracked Keats to his retreat and finished all of him that was mortal; and, surfeited with the blood of that innocent victim, it pounced upon the young Patmore; but his vitality was too powerful; he lived to a good old age, and, by his subsequent works, won the esteem of such eminent critics as Carlyle and Ruskin. His first effort may have been weak, but it could not have merited the fierce invectives hurled upon it by the Scotch critic, who declared that "Coventry Patmore's volume has reached the ultimate *terminus* of poetical degradation," and that "in the days of the knout . . . no such volume as Mr. Coventry Patmore's could have ventured to crawl out of manuscript into print." Despite this fierce onslaught Patmore lived and thrived. He was original, and his views on poetry, when

rightly understood, turned out to be not so "insane." He was not a prolific writer; his collected poems fill two small volumes. Chief among his prose works are "Principles in Art," "Religio Poetæ," wherein he explains his system of art, and "The Rod, the Root and the Flower," a volume full of wisdom and truth. He is most favorably known for his woman-creations,—pure, fine-souled, lovable creatures they are—the fruits of an imagination moved by ideals of Catholic womanhood, for Mr. Patmore was a Catholic. By those who understand him he will always be regarded as a great poet.

AND now a word about the SCHOLASTIC itself. It is a weekly paper, hence the Staff are kept busy. Its main object is to offer students of the University opportunities of forming an English style, of acquiring readiness and accuracy in writing. Essays, sketches, stories and book-reviews, not to mention the "Varsity Verse," which has always received, and more so this year than formerly, the greatest praise from our exchanges, form the contents of the literary part of the paper. Matters of local interest are discussed in the second part of the publication. The college news is recorded in as bright and attractive a style as possible in the columns at the close. What is, perhaps, of greatest interest to the "old" students, who call Notre Dame their *Alma Mater*, is the "Personal" department. Herein may be learned the whereabouts and the story of the progress of college friends—one great reason why the old students should take their college paper.

It is no easy matter for students whose main business at college is, of course, in connection with the class-room, to produce a creditable weekly journal. Our aim has been to maintain as high a standard as possible, and if we have succeeded in any degree we attribute the fact to the immense advantages offered by the course in English Literature at the University. The SCHOLASTIC is essentially a students' paper, and we have been encouraged to keep it a students' paper by the Faculty itself. Our position is not unique in this respect, but there are in our exchange list many college papers which open their columns to productions of professors and alumni. If there should arise a question of vital importance, a question upon which the regular staff could not pronounce with firmness, then a professor or an alumnus or an outsider may step in and solve the difficulty.

J. B.

The Varsity and What They Look Like.

BY THE FIELD REPORTER.



NOW that the season of football has come to its close and the excitement it brought has worn away, it is well to look upon our triumphs,—for all was triumph, even though victory at times declared itself in favor of those who fought against us. The old truth, "All's well that ends well," fittingly applies to the close; and the twin maxim, "Well begun is half done," illustrates the opening of our season. While the glow and pleasure of the greatest of holidays are about to descend upon us, we may rejoice for many things, and we do rejoice over our triumphs on the gridiron.

When football first made its beginning in the University, no one imagined that it would grow to such a strength as was realized in this season's team. Every year the team had to be selected almost wholly from raw material. This season we were a little more fortunate, it is true; but a few old players can not make a team. Our record is the more surprising for this reason.

Captain Hering has done his work well. By his efforts the old men were made better, and, by building on their experience, reared for themselves a monument of strength and skill. Besides this improvement, our Captain has made a much greater one. When some men roused themselves from their lethargic state of laziness, and put on the moleskins for the first time, they were surprised to hear they played well. Under Captain Hering's coaching and with a few weeks of practice they were more surprised to find themselves on the Varsity, and their friends were even more surprised than themselves.

When the team lined up for the first game it was completely transformed. Captain Roby of Chicago feared greatly that his men would fail to hold the line. Albion, an old-time opponent on the gridiron, was unable to gain at all. But the greatest expectations were placed on the last game, and they were more than fulfilled.

In reality, it was only in the Beloit game that the Varsity showed up in its true light. Before that they were steadily improving, but had not reached their highest powers. New plays designed by Hering were being practised, interference was being perfected. Beloit knew that perfection was almost attained, and she was right.

Over all the games of past seasons the team has set a higher standard. Old methods were dropped and new ones taken up to the best advantage. Old interference gave way to the new, as did the formation. And now the old is buried forever.

In line work the Varsity of '96 was excellent. In offensive work it tore through Chicago, Beloit and Purdue, and in defensive work it held like a wall. Unlike the guards and centre of other years, the centre followed the ball closely, secured fumbles, and made tackles time and again. Weight and activity were combined. The wonderful, aggressive play of the tackles and ends was evident to every one that saw a game.

The interference of the first part of the season was slow in forming; later on it became excellent. The men were quick to start and slow in stopping. The backs did magnificent line-bucking and

their tackling was beyond the ordinary.

Another improvement was punting. Many times it was used with good effect. The alertness of the men in case of fumbles and quickness in following the ball made it a strong point. In cases of danger it was a great help. Yes, all in all, the Varsity of '96 has made



CAPTAIN F. E. HERING (Q. B.).

for itself a high mark. Good tackles and rushes are now of the past for this year; it is better to rejoice over what has been done and leave star players to dreamers.

PERSONNEL OF
THE TEAM.

FRANK E. HERING (C).
Quarter-back.

Whatever glory the Varsity may have achieved during the season is directly due to the efforts of the Captain. He labored unceasingly, and made the best football team Notre Dame has ever had almost entirely of raw

material. His playing is of the highest order. He is cool-headed, and always on the alert to take advantage of any and all weak points in the opponents' make-up. His enthusiasm is contagious, and his generalship always turned things in the Varsity's favor. He is a theoretical, as well as a practical, player, and devised

several of the Varsity's most successful plays. He played end and quarter-back in the University of Chicago during the season of '93-'94, and passed the pigskin at Bucknell in '95. He is twenty-two years old, measures five feet nine inches, and weighs a hundred and fifty-four pounds.

WILLIAM A. FAGAN.

Centre.

Fagan has "rooted" for Notre Dame three years, but never donned the harness until last October, when he roused himself for a couple of practise games. His merits were



THOMAS T. CAVANAGH, (R.G.), WILLIAM A. FAGAN (C.),
JACOB ROSENTHAL (L. G).

feet of height in his football shoes.

THOMAS T. CAVANAGH.

Right Guard.

The guards supply the weight which the centre lacks, and Cavanagh's share is every bit of two hundred and twenty-eight pounds. He is a "nervy" player and has a good head. His defensive work is especially good. He carries his weight well, and never loses a chance to make a tackle. He has played on the Varsity two years, but never showed up so well as during the past season. His age is nineteen years, and he measures five feet eight and a half inches.

JACOB ROSENTHAL.

Left Guard.

"Rosey" is the left wing of the stonewall centre, and he certainly deserves his position. He is the hardest worker on the team and always on hand when needed.

evident from the start, and in a short time he obtained the position of centre. There is much football in him naturally. He does hard work, follows the ball well, and has more captured fumbles to his credit than any other man on the team. He out-classed all those who were against him during the season. Weight considered, he is probably unequalled in the West. He came from Union College. He is twenty years old, tips the scales at one sixty-five, and boasts of six



F. J. SCHILLO, (R. H.).



M. T. DALY, (L. H.).



F. H. LYONS, (SUB.)

He has the stopping of "mass" down to a science and is not averse to an occasional tackle for diversion. He has held his man satisfactorily in every game, and it is to be regretted that he will not be back next year. This was his third term on the Varsity. He balances two hundred and thirty-five pounds, stands six feet and a half inch and is twenty-one years old.

FRANK HANLY.

Right Tackle.

was one of the season's finds. Early in October he knew little about the game, but in a short time he had been developed into one of the best players. With the ball he works like a battering ram and is about as easy to stop. He is very active, has not met an equal opponent during the year, and, time and again, have he and Moritz broken the visitors' heavy interference before it could be properly formed. He is twenty-three years old, weighs a hundred and eighty-two and measures five feet ten inches.

CHARLES MORITZ.

Left Tackle.

Moritz is a fitting companion for Hanly at tackle. He also was "developed" and turned out to be one of the best offensive and defensive players in the team. He is a reliable ground-gainer and always works hard. His tackling is sure, and his strength told against all his opponents. He works splendidly in interference and is hard to stop. He is twenty-four years old, stretches the tape at five feet ten and a half inches and weighs a hundred and seventy-eight pounds.

JOHN MULLEN.

Right End.

To say that Mullen has improved since last year is putting it strong, but it is a fact. He goes into the game body and soul, always has

his head with him, is courageous almost to a fault and is never found loafing. His work in breaking interference has won him many cheers. His age is twenty-two, his weight a hundred and fifty-two and his height five feet ten and a half inches.

JOHN C. MURPHY.

Left End.

Murphy at left end plays very good football. This is his second year on the Varsity. He is especially good in offensive work, though he shows up well in smashing interference. He tips the beam at a hundred and fifty-four, measures five feet ten inches and is twenty-one years of age.

MICHAEL T. DALY.

Left Half-back.

Daly is a small man—he is only five feet eight and weighs but a hundred and forty—but he enjoys the distinction of being the surest tackler on the team, and has saved many touchdowns. With the ball he is as slippery as an eel and fully as hard to handle, if he has a clear field. This was his first year on the Varsity, but it will not be his last. He is twenty years old.

ROBERT E. BROWN.

Left Half-back.

Brown and Daly took turns at left half, and to the former belongs the honor of having gained more ground while carrying the ball than

any man on the Varsity. He is a steady player, brainy, follows interference well and is reliable on the defensive, being second only to Daly in tackling. He is twenty years old, weighs a hundred and sixty-two pounds and his height is five feet ten inches.

F. J. SCHILLO.

Right Half-back.

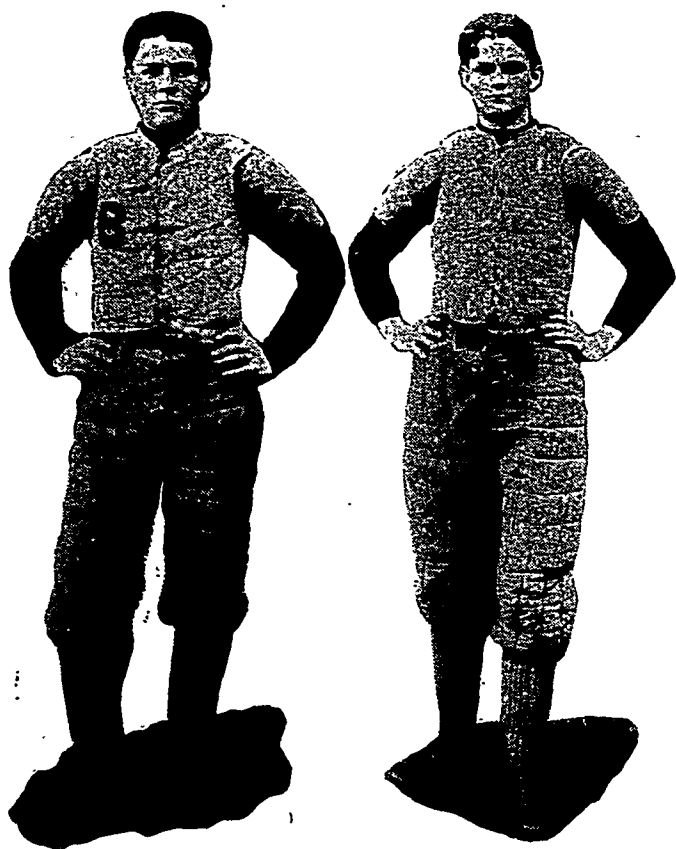
In days gone by Schillo was looked upon as an extraordinary football player,



CHARLES MORITZ (L. T.)



J. C. MURPHY (L. E.), J. E. MULLEN (R. E.)



R. E. BROWN (L. H.), W. C. KESSLER (R. H.).

and this year showed improvement. He is a steady, hard player and good on defensive and offensive work. He tackles well, breaks interference properly and is always ready if the ball is fumbled near him. He is twenty-one years old, weighs a hundred and eighty, and boasts of five feet eleven inches.

WILLIAM C. KESSLER.

Full-back.

As for our full-back he is a wonder to friends and foes alike. Those who know say that he will soon be one of the greatest full-backs of the West. When it comes to hitting the line no better man can be found; and if he is called upon to punt he always does it with a vengeance, sending the pigskin always from forty to sixty yards. He seems to bear a charmed life, or else 'tis in the way he does it, as he has punted successfully, with three or four opponents trying to prevent him. Only one kick was blocked during the year, and that was on a soggy field with a slippery ball. His punting always formed an interesting feature of the games, and next year we may look for his good work. He weighs a hundred and seventy-three, stands six feet and is nineteen years of age.

THE SUBSTITUTES

deserve praise unqualified. They were ever ready when needed and never failed to acquit themselves creditably. Fortunately for the Varsity, they will, with one exception, be with us next year, and we may expect creditable work from them.

ANGUS D. McDONALD

on several occasions proved that no better all-around man could be found to fill a vacancy. He is steady and has a good head. He is nineteen, weighs a hundred and seventy-eight and measures six feet and a half-inch.

THOMAS J. O'HARA

shows up best behind the line. He is an energetic and faithful worker. He is nineteen years old, weighs a hundred and fifty-four and stands five feet ten.

WILLIAM P. MONAHAN

is undoubtedly one of the coming men; he is a very enthusiastic player and has a wonderful amount of courage. He is eighteen years old, weighs a hundred and fifty-two and stands five feet eight.

PATRICK E. REARDON

was a little late in getting out, yet he proved a valuable man. He is an earnest player and will make a good half-back. He is twenty-one years old, balances a hundred and fifty-four and stands five feet eight.

FRANCIS LYONS

would probably have continued on the Varsity if he had not been injured early in the season. He is a reliable man at centre. His age is nineteen, height six feet and he weighs a hundred and seventy-eight pounds.

Here follow the schedule and the result of each game:

- Oct. 8—Varsity, 0; Physicians and Surgeons, 4.
- " 14—Varsity, 0; University of Chicago, 18.
- " 27—Varsity, 46; Commercial Athletics, 0.
- " 31—Varsity, 24; Albion College, 0.
- Nov. 14—Varsity, 22; Purdue University, 28.
- " 20—Varsity, 82; Highland Views, 0.
- " 26—Varsity, 8; Beloit, College, 0.

182.

50.

In the first game, our team had not yet reached even mediocrity, and so the Physicians and Surgeons prevented us from scoring, although our men individually played better ball than our opponents. By the University of Chicago game the Varsity had arrived at some scientific knowledge of football and for the first twenty minutes the tussle was equal. Chicago's interference finally won out.



W. P. MONAHAN (SUB.).

The game with the Commercial Athletic Club showed what our men could do, and again our victory over the strong, muscular men of Albion proved our great progress. Our game with Purdue, whose rooters expected an "easy thing," was a surprise, wherein we won glory. We practically beat them by scoring as many touchdowns as they and by blocking one of their goal-kicks. Officially, however, we lost the game through inability to kick goal. In this game we made as many touchdowns against Purdue as those of Michigan and Minnesota against the same team. It was pure "luck" that we lost. The next game was a series of kick-offs, punts and touchdowns and the score was the largest made this year. The last game—the game with Beloit—was the crowning victory of the season. We shut out a



P. E. REARDON, (SUB). A. D. McDONALD (SUB.).

team that had tied Michigan and Northwestern, and this proves beyond a doubt that we occupy a place in the front rank of Western football teams.

Just at the end of the season when the football players paid a visit and their respects to the photographer—the result of which appears above—they met in solemn conclave, and elected, without a whisper of dissent, but with loud acclaim, Captain Frank Hering to succeed himself during the football season of '97. Everyone was delighted with the result of the election. With Mr. Hering as Captain and Mr. Frank O'Malley as Manager, the football team of '97 must conquer all before it.

Exchanges.

THE *Georgetown College Journal* has offered a prize for the best short story written for that paper during the coming year. The progressive spirit of the editors of the *Journal* is to be commended, and we trust to read many an interesting story in the future numbers of that paper. A poem entitled "Old Horace at Football" is decidedly unique in its thought. It likens a game of football to the battle of life, and presents the game in an entirely new light.



T. J. O'HARA (SUB.).

The fair editors of the *Portfolio* crave the indulgence usually extended to beginners; but if the succeeding issues of their journal increase in merit with the experience of the editors we can prophesy that a most successful year will crown their efforts.

The editor of *St. Mary's Sentinel* wastes valuable space on criticising the practice of parting the hair in the middle. What difference it can make whether a man parts his hair in the middle or on one side we fail to see. Both fashions, like all fashions, have no *raison d'être* except the taste of individuals. Just so a man combs his hair decency is satisfied, and fault-finding is out of place. We shall next expect the editor of the *Sentinel* to advocate the wearing of a Fedora instead of a Derby, or *vice versa*.



F. HANLY (L. T.).

If the *University of Virginia Magazine* had but the illustrations of many of our modern magazines it would far surpass them in literary

and artistic value. As it is, the uniform excellence of the articles which appear in it goes far to make up for the lack of illustrations. Prizes are offered for the best contributions to the magazine, and this fact may account for the high grade of the articles which monthly appear in it. Prizes thus offered are not only desirable from a practical standpoint, but it would be a great honor to receive one. A great many of our exchanges are offering inducements for contributions, and usually there is a marked change for the better in these journals after this course has been adopted.

It is highly amusing to watch the infantile antics indulged in by the pugnacious exchange editor of the *Niagara Index*. He reminds us very much of a little minim dancing around, flourishing his fists, and daring every one to a fight. We judge from the productions of this individual that the better part of his education has been sadly neglected, and that he is trying to conceal the fact by making a great show of pugilistic powers. For he seems to be utterly unable to appreciate a good thing when he sees it; however, when it comes to finding faults he is an adept. An eminent author used to say that any fool could find flaws in a literary work, but that it took a wise man to appreciate its beauties. Perhaps if the man at "Our Table" would spend less time in brandishing his fists, and devote the time thus saved to acquiring a better understanding of his position, he might possibly, after a time, become able to pass a respectable criticism upon an article. Of course it will be hard for the ex-man to break away from his bad habits; but we hope for the sake of his readers that he will make an effort to do so.

The *Richmond College Magazine* is another publication from the "Mother of Presidents," which will compare most favorably with many magazines edited by men skilled in the art of writing. It is not so large as its contemporary, but it is nearly on a footing with it in literary merit.

The *Fordham Monthly* comes in a new dress, but, like the *Journal*, it is still coverless. The articles in the November issue are on well chosen subjects, and are all interesting. The verse is especially good, ranging as it does "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." There seems to be a renaissance of the poets of our exchanges.

A. W. S.

Personals.

—Rev. Father Meehan, of Morris, Ill., was recently the guest of members of the Faculty.

—Messrs. Clem. Studebaker and P. O'Brien, of South Bend, Mr. Staake, of Texas, and Mr. Brannick, of Portland, Oregon, dined with our Rev. President on Saturday last, and spent the afternoon among their friends at the University.

—It is indeed gratifying to receive words of encouragement and commendation from our staunch friends among the old boys. A recent letter from Fred B. Chute (Litt. B. '92., LL. B. '93) bears testimony to the affection which is felt towards Notre Dame and her institutions by all her faithful sons. Mr. Chute is engaged in the practice of law with his brother Louis of the Class of '92.

—Right Rev. Bishop Rademacher was a most welcome guest of the University on Thursday, the 10th inst. The enthusiastic greeting which was accorded him by the students, upon his entrance into the Brownson refectory, bears testimony to the popularity of the Bishop among the students of Notre Dame. We hope that his visit will soon be repeated and that he will stay with us a longer time.

—Rev. Denis A. Tighe, a worthy son of Notre Dame, of Holy Angels' Church, Chicago, and Rev. H. Maguire, of St. James' in the same city, were guests of the Very Rev. President and members of the Faculty for a few days during the past week. It is always a pleasure for Notre Dame to entertain her friends among the clergy, particularly those who are closely bound to her by ties of early education and those who have always been her staunch friends. Her appreciation of a visit from such worthy and genial gentlemen as these is but feebly expressed in the cordial invitation,—“Come again.”

—W. H. Turner, a student of the early eighties, is an old boy of whom Notre Dame should be proud. Besides being the manager of the *Grand Rapids Evening Press*, one of the most enterprising papers in Western Michigan, he has been instrumental in forwarding a philanthropic work which is deserving of the highest praise. This work has for its object the betterment of the nine hundred newsboys of Grand Rapids. These little paper merchants are, thanks to Mr. Turner and his assistants, the happiest, the most contented, the best treated, and the most progressive newsboys in the world. They have a gymnasium, a military company, a band of forty pieces, which has merited the praise of the great Sousa, a well-stocked library, a night school, and a newsboys' theatre in which entertainments are given for their amusement and instruction. There is not a more popular man in Grand Rapids than Mr. Turner, as he has won the love of hundreds of boys, and earned the respect and admiration of his fellow citizens.

A. W. S.

Local Items.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

—We have noticed icicles on the hirsute adornments of the study-hall faculty.

—Said Slivers, as he lighted a fresh cigarette: "It's strange how *Booze* will tell on a fellow."

—The Minims are working hard for the coming examinations, and they are very anxious to reach averages that will be pleasing to their parents.

—DALY:—"O'Hara, you remind me of a peanut."

O'HARA:—"How's that?"

DALY:—"Because every time you're roasted you get hot."

—Messrs. Joseph Just, C. S. C. (A. B. '93, A. M. '96.) and Joseph Maguire, C. S. C. (B. S. '96,) will be ordained priests next Monday. Their many friends unite in wishing them years of usefulness in the sacred ministry.

—Since the St. Cecilians' ride last Monday, Theo. Watterson has learnt the mechanism of a wagon; Roy Murray found out the way to open a milk pitcher; and our big friend Joe from Boston has had his first experience on an elevator.

—DOC.—"I had some elegant veal cutlets at Nickel's today on BONES."

TOMASO.—"That's nothing. They usually come that way."

"What way?"

"On bones."

—The strong fellows and weak fellows met on the gridiron in deadly combat last Tuesday, much to the discomfort of the former. The score stood at the close of the game 6 to 0 in favor of the weak men. Since then the strong fellows have become weak and the weak fellows strong.

—Robert Fox of Brownson Hall, whose pen-and-ink drawings have frequently been the subject of praise, has just completed an unique drawing which his father intends to use as an advertisement of the "Fox Cracker." The idea set forth in the picture is original and the work cleverly arranged.

—The Minims are more fortunate than their bigger brothers, for they are entertained every week in a delightful manner by Dr. O'Malley. Lately they have heard from him the story of the Nativity—an appropriate subject for this holy season,—the story of the flight into Egypt and adaptations from the old English epic "Beowulf."

—The members of the Law Team had their pictures taken in a group last week. From the appearance of the photo, one would suppose that every man on the team weighed from two to three hundred pounds and could put up a line as strong as a stone wall. Still they are just what they pretend to be.

—An interesting game of hand-ball was played last week between a team from the Brownson Hall Hand-ball Association and the Carroll Association. McNichols, Donovan and Hermann composed the Brownson team and Naughton, Cornell and Heron, the Carroll team. The Carroll scored their required number of points, while the Brownson were lagging at 8.

—Perchance you are a new student and happen to see a short, black-haired young man, with high collar and consumptive whiskers, dancing about the reading-room, "gym," campus, trunk-room, study-hall, or "any old place," you may safely spot him as the real fearless Willie of Ducey fame. Willie has recently learned to dance (that is, from his standpoint), and at almost any hour of the day he may be seen, with tilted head and uplifted hands, tripping the giddy maze. Willie's partner is invariably the balmy atmosphere.

—The Minims wish to thank Prof. Preston and his club for the surprise which they gave them last Monday. Here is the

PROGRAMME:

Piano Solo.....	F. Dukette
Mandolin Solo.....	Prof. Preston
Cornet Solo.....	E. Chassaing
Vocal Solo.....	Prof. Preston
Violin Solo.....	J. Rowan
Banjo Solo.....	T. Reilly
Autoharp Solo.....	Prof. Preston
Finale—Piano.....	F. Dukette

—Interesting meetings of the temperance societies were held on Thursday evening, but the earliness of our going to press this week permits of only a brief mention. At the meeting of the Junior Branch, Col. Hoynes gave a talk which was eloquent, instructive and delightful, as the Colonel's talks always are. The program at the meeting of the Senior Branch was varied. There were songs by J. Ducey and F. Bouwens, a declamation by J. Corr, essays by Wm. F. O'Brien and S. Brucker, speeches by Messrs. O'Shaughnessy and Bennett, and to crown all a ten-minutes' talk by Father Cooney.

—In response to the letters sent out to the old students for assistance the Executive Committee have received thus far the following donations for which they wish to return sincere thanks:

M. O'Burns, Hamilton, Ohio, \$5; Charles I. Ziegler, Milwaukee, \$10; Rev. J. J. Burke, Bloomington, Ill., \$5; Fred O'Brien and brothers, South Bend, \$8; J. G. Mott, Catholic University, \$4; W. L. Dechant, Middletown, Ohio, \$5; Frank Eyanson, Columbia City, Ind., \$1; R. J. Downey, New Orleans, \$10; Wm. A. Correll, Mattawana, Pa., \$5; Chas. B. Liffard, Mattawana, Pa. 50 c.; W. W. Dodge, Burlington, Iowa, \$1.

Accompanying these donations were the heartiest sort of letters, showing that Notre Dame is not forgotten by the "old boys."

ORPHEUS CLUB.—A very enjoyable meeting of the Orpheus Club was held on Dec. 11. Mr. Reilly gave several selections on the banjo,

and was accompanied on the guitar by Prof. Ackerman; E. Collins sang a parody on "He Never Said a Word but Tore His Hair"; B. Weaver gave an imitation of a phonograph. Messrs. O'Hara, McCarrick, Schillo and Kegler were appointed as program Committee. The society also met last Sunday. Those participating in the entertainment during the meeting were: F. Confer and J. Howell sang a duet with banjo accompaniment by F. Confer; W. O'Brien sang "The Widow's Plea for Her Son"; G. McCarrick recited, and J. V. Ducey, sang "Anchored," accompanied on the piano by Frank Dukette.

—A pleasing program was rendered at the meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society, held Thursday evening, Dec. 10. Mr. H. C. Stearns read an original essay, which was neither too short nor too long, and thereby evoked the endorsement of his hearers. It was entitled "Making a Man," and was clever and witty throughout. Mr. J. V. Ducey recited admirably "The Dandy Fifth," a stirring story of the war, and was followed by Mr. Alfred Duperier, whose reading was in marked contrast to the recitation of the gentleman who preceded him, abounding, as it did, in humor, our utterings and embarrassing situations. Mr. W. W. O'Brien also read a brilliant essay entitled "Selecting a Partner." The Columbians will not meet again until after the holidays.

—The following letter was sent out last week to the old students:

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
NOTRE DAME.

Notre Dame, Indiana, December 5, 1896.

DEAR SIR:

The rapid advance which Notre Dame made this fall in athletics qualifies her to stand among the great Western colleges. Of course such an advance entailed greater expense than usual, and we find ourselves heavily in debt. Moreover, we contemplate making still further advances in athletics, and hope, with the careful and expensive coach whom we have engaged, to carry off the Western Baseball Championship next year, and still other championships in the near future.

To cancel our debts and enable us to uphold the prominence we have gained, we call for this, the *first* time, upon the old students for assistance. The establishment of systematic coaching and training and the purchase of suitable equipment involve great cost at the outset, but are easily maintained when once established. We feel certain that if enabled to tide over this season, and lay the foundation of first-class sport, the association will be self-supporting in the future.

Knowing that you possess the same interest in Notre Dame that we do, we hope to receive a speedy and generous response.

Yours truly,

REV. W. A. MOLONEY, C. S. C., Chairman;

JOHN A. McNAMARA, '97, Secretary;

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97;

A. R. CARNEY, '99;

JOHN I. MULLEN, '99,—Executive Committee.

All donations will be acknowledged through the SCHOLASTIC.

—LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—On the 5th inst., the subject of debate was: "Resolved, That

independence in politics is more conducive to the public welfare than partisanship." Messrs. Brucker and Daly upheld the affirmative, while the negative was ably handled by Messrs. O'Shaughnessy and Myers. Mr. Daly's speaking was a revelation. The clearly cut sentences and forcible arguments of his well-rounded address marked a new epoch in the society. At the meeting on the twelfth inst., a marked tendency toward extemporization was observed. The subject of debate was a popular one: "Resolved, That football is conducive of the health of participants and the welfare of colleges." Messrs. Confer and Dreher defended our national game, and Messrs. M. J. Ney and Crowley endeavored to show its baneful influence. Mr. Ney's speech deserves particular mention for its comprehensiveness and perfect delivery. A vote of the members on the merits of the arguments showed them pretty evenly divided, with a slight majority in favor of the affirmative. The work of the term was brought to an end by the critic's report which showed a marked progress along the lines pursued by the society.

—[As Miss Ruthmore, the editor of the "Side Talks with Sorinites," is out of town, the questions sent in by "her boys" are answered in the "Local Items" this week. Ed.]

TOMASO.—The cap and gown may be purchased ready-made; but I think you had better have the gown made by a *modiste*. I do not think it would be advisable to insert a V-shaped piece of cloth in a ready-made gown, as you say you did with your football suit.

STEELETT.—If the laugh bothers you so much take it to a blacksmith and have it filed. If the vocal cords are well rosined every morning much of the buzz-saw sound will disappear.

COXEY.—It is pronounced "Sout" Chicago by the natives, so I suppose that is the correct pronunciation. When the word "south" is used in any other connection, however, the "th" is always pronounced.

DOC. B.—Soak the shirt-bosom in warm water and the wall-paper may be removed with ease. In re-papering the bosom use Stickemtight's glue.

GEO. GHEGAN.—There is a very learned discussion going on in Boston now as to whether the name of MacMonnies' statue is pronounced with one or two syllables. The best pronunciation is "Ba-kan-te," with the accent on the "kan." I know of no authority for your pronunciation, "Back-shanty."

PATRICK.—1. No, the bite of a mouse is not necessarily fatal. 2. You may return the snake-skin pocket-book to the young lady without any breach of etiquette.

ANXIOUS.—The author of the sonnet you speak of is Jean Jacques Barré, poet, editor, critic, essayist, all-around athlete, and member of the American Branch of the French Academy.

DOC.—No, you cannot open a jack-pot with two ten-spots and an ace.

WISEACRE.—As patent medicines are made to sell and not to cure I should advise you to avoid all the so-called "Anti-Fat" concoctions. You will find that the best way to reduce your weight is to diet yourself, and to take long walks in the country on class days. Judging from your picture I think your place on the line is centre-rush. Many thanks for the photograph and for your very interesting letter. Write often, my boy.

—They begged Brother Hugh to take them walking; Brother Hugh did so, and "now they're sorry." Nearly all the members of the Senior

department (save a few who were taking little jaunts of their own) joined in the procession. Once outside the grounds, the boys whipped out their pipes and tobacco. Some whipped out "H's perfectos;" others cigarettes, while others didn't whip out at all. When "he" produced a package of Duke's Mixture, terrible consternation followed. Some of the marchers fell by the roadside; others ran screaming into the woods, while still others looked aghast at the unprecedented spectacle. Peace having been restored, the procession moved onward. After a few puns on "Coxey's Commonweal" and Shock's pedal extremities, the aggregation reached a little bridge spanning a winding stream fully two feet wide and of uncertain depth. Here the thirsty multitude paused to look at the water and spring jokes on its beauty, also to count the minnows that passed by. Then came the "March of Exhaustion." Such a terrible pace as was set by Captain Franey and "Vic" will not soon be forgotten. Thrice did Daly fall exhausted to the ground, and thrice did Duffy spring the same old joke about the trees "leaving." All along the fences could be seen hanging the limp forms of the weary, their tongues protruding helplessly from their parched lips. At last the little school-house was reached, but the crowd went passed it like an army of fugitives, only a few daring to glance at the school-marm's dangling curls. "To the red-mill," cried Brother Hugh, as he swung a fierce looking club above his head, and then the army redoubled its steps. The smoke from Shock's "Honey Dew" filled the adjacent woods, and bristly-whiskered farmers ran terrified from their houses, thinking the woods afire. "Ah!" said Crawford, of Uncle Tom fame, when the railroad track was reached: "Now I feel at home." There were others of the same feeling. From that time on nothing of importance occurred until Wade said he smelled sausage at Haney's, and then down the road swung one-half of the "wearies." All would have passed off peaceably had not O'Hara stumbled over Whig's "spread eagles," and Falvey been roped in by a passing farmer who claimed him as a long-lost son. A hay seed also accused Jelonak of stealing a piece of pork, but the lad cleared himself of the charge. The scene at Haney's will long be remembered. The house was taken by storm. Jelly was spread on fried sausage, pickles crunched down with cake, and boiled eggs eaten with shell "non-removed." When the food supply was exhausted, slippers, photographs and kindling-wood were eagerly devoured. In the *mêlée* Mr. Haney was suddenly bereft of his whiskers which Shock the Younger had taken for spinach, and a picture of a basket of fruit was accidentally eaten by Cavanagh, who, upon being told of his mistake, sang: "I Don't Believe it's True." The party reached the sacred precincts at six o'clock, but up to date no one has thanked Brother Hugh for the "walk."

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Bennett, Barry, Bryan, Byrne, E. Delaney, Fitzpatrick, Geoghegan, Golden, J. Lantry, Murphy, Mingey, Medley, McDonald, McDonough, R. O'Malley, O'Hara, Pulskamp, Piquette, Reardon, Reilly, Sullivan, Steele, Sheehan, Sanders, Steiner, Spalding, Weaver.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. W. Browne, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Blanchard, S. Brucker, Bouwens, Bommersbach, Cline, Crawford, T. Cavanagh, Carney, Campbell, Cypher, Cuneo, Crowley, Cullinane, Collins, Dukette, Dowd, M. Daly, Duffy, Donovan, J. Daly, Dooley, Desmond, Detmer, Ducey, Fox, Follen, Fadeley, Foulks, Fehr, Farrell, Franey, Flannigan, C. Falvey, Fischer, Grady, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gilmartin, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, Guerra, Hoban, Hagerty, Hayes, Hengen, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, Haley, J. Hesse, Howell, Hay, Jelonak, Johnson, Jurado, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Kuerze, Koehler, Kuhl, Lyons, Long, Landers, Lowery, Lutz, Murphy, Mullen, Murris, Mulcrone, W. Monahan, Muller, Meyers, Monarch, Moorhead, Maurus, Martin, Miller, McCormack, Mingey, McNichols, McGinnis, McMillan, McConn, McDonald, Niezer, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Hara, Pickett, Putnam, Pendleton, Paras, Powell, Quinn, Quandt, Reinhard, Rowan, Reed, Rahe, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Scott, Summers, Shillington, San Roman, Schulte, Spalding, Thiele, Thams, Tong, Tomlinson, J. Tuohy, Toba, Voght, Wigg, Welker, Wiczorek, Wade, Wilson, E. Zaehnlé, O. Zaehnlé.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, P. Armijo, R. Armijo, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Cornell, M. Condon, T. Condon, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curry, Curtis, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Dugas, Ernst, Elliott, Ellwanger, Fennessey, Flynn, Foley, Fox, L. Fish, A. Fish, Funk, Frank, Gimbel, Girsch, Gonzalez, Grossart, Heffelfinger, Hinze, Hawkins, Hoban, Houck, Hagerty, Herron, Johnson, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Klein, Kilgallen, Krug, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, McManus, Merz, 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, Sanford, Schaffhauser, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Sheils, Shillington, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Swan, Syzbowicz, Sexton, F. Taylor, J. Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, J. Ward, Ward H. 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, Veneziani, Welch, Wilde, F. Weidmann, G. Weidmann, Weber.