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Transformation.

JAMES BARRY, '97.

AT ease reclined before the crackling logs
That flashed their splendor to the farthest nook,
And poured their perfume o'er the polished dogs,
A silent figure sat—an open book
Neglected on his knee—with pensive look.

The hissing blast had called him from the page,
The tempest's cry awoke his vagrant mind,
And as each broadside thundered forth in rage
He thought him of the anguish of mankind,
The lone and poor ones to their lot resigned.

"Out in the piercing night-blast haply stray
Some thin-clad weaklings staring at the pain
Which fronts them evermore, the piteous prey
Of gnawing doubt that tilth will win its grain,
Since God has lost them in this frozen rain."

Then o'er him crept the spirit that inspired
Assisi's Francis in the Middle Age:
With noble thoughts of holy actions fired,
He burned to change his part upon the stage
Of life,—to leave the poor a heritage.

"Know Thyself."

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

PORTIA says "I could easier teach
twenty what 'twere right to do than
be one of twenty to follow mine own
teaching";—the whole world echoes
her sentiment, and cries a loud amen.
Indeed, there is nothing easier than to give
precepts; nothing more difficult than to live
up to the doctrines we seek to inculcate. Yet
all the world preaches, and every one takes
defence behind the saying, "Do you as I say,
not as I do." Doubtless, if each bit of advice

were tried by the giver before he gave it, many
an old saw and scores of aged proverbs would
cease to be bandied about from lip to lip.
Foremost among the phrases so often uttered,
so little practised, is the good old admonition:
"Know thyself."

When Solon first spoke these two simple
little words perhaps no thought of their great
weight entered into his mind. True, the advice
is well given; but how is a thing so difficult to
be accomplished? I wonder if the great law-
giver, after returning from some gathering of
his six wise fellow-Greeks, ever tried to do as
he advised them to do, and really know him-
self? I am sure that if he did he found the
task one that was heavy for even his master-
brain. How can we, who are content not to be
thought fools, assume a burden so ponderous?
For how much of his subject does he who
starts to study self-know beforehand? The
color of his eyes, his physical measurements
and his superficial mental powers, perhaps,—
nothing or very little more.

Of course to know oneself completely, even
the body must be understood. Yet I would
wager that many men, who think themselves
intelligent, are absolutely ignorant of the way
in which the blood, contrary to the laws of
gravity, courses through their veins. And even
when the student has drunk in all that science
can impart, his knowledge serves only to reveal
to him how little he really knows. Then after
the body comes the soul, with its scores of
powers, each one of which is to us a mystery.
Who can fathom the depths of memory with
its many slips and many recollections? Who
can explain the intricate workings of the fancy,
or make clear the operations of the judgment?
Our passions, too,—who will, or can, solve all
the enigmas they propose?

Man is a network of his varied passions, and

to understand him we must know every mesh of which the net is made. Men have for ages struggled with one passion, whose secrets have baffled thus far all their efforts. I never yet read of a man who claimed to know the workings of a heart that loved, and I would consider as almost as great a rarity him who knew the varied pulsings of his own love-laden breast. Then, too, our task is one that never ends, for new obstacles arise when every old one has been removed. Just when, perchance, we are certain that we know at last all the workings of our heart, some new passion springing up upsets all our careful calculations. Saint Austin has told us that our passions are as many as the hairs upon our heads. Surely with so great a task before us we, who have been so long baffled by but one link of this great chain, ought to shrink back thoroughly affrighted.

Most men do pause upon the threshold, if, indeed, they have come thus far; for he is a man of the deepest insight who can tell at one minute what he will, under the influence of great passion, do or say in the moment next following. I know I can never prophesy my own certain course of action. My valor, strong before the ordeal, often degenerates into cowardice, and my iron sternness melts frequently into all too tender pity. How many times, also, have I seen some demon, whose existence I knew not of, seize upon my best behavior, turn my forgiving and loving kindness into bitter, hateful words, and metamorphose my suave politeness into clownish rudeness? I am sure that my experience is not a rare example. Certainly, then, we can not be sure of our success even should we reach the goal and really know ourselves.

Few of us, however, will be troubled by such fear as this, for none will ever reach a point so deep down in our souls that we will sigh, like Philip's son, for new realms to conquer, unless our souls be so shallow that there are no depths to probe. Yet should we strive to gain some knowledge of ourselves, how can we best start about the business? Has any of my readers ever tried really and seriously to know himself? If so, he would do the world a benefit by telling us just how to start about it. For my part I have always considered myself poor company, and as I am not afraid of being rude to myself, I yawn when I am tired, and—must I confess it?—nod occasionally. Surely in such a condition I can not do much earnest study.

Study is the usual way to acquire a science or any bit of lore; study and natural bent are

necessary to make us masters of any art. Certainly to know ourselves demands both art and science, for it would require the insight of the deepest scientist to fathom the depths of the human soul, and the art of an Angelo or a Raffaele would be necessary to conceive an image of the wonders there displayed. I should imagine, too, that it would require great patience to enable the ordinary man to continue his quest when once he had begun the study of himself. Most men, and more women, consider it a part of their duty of self-love to have a good opinion of their own merits. What a shock it must be to such a person when a serious self-study begins to disclose the hidden blots upon his moral nature! And then, as the investigation grows deeper, how much disgust must the searcher feel, how great a desire to give over the job and cease to study self because it is not worth knowing!

Yet when all these qualms are overcome and all disgust is quelled, we do not, even when we begin to probe our soul's depths, learn to know ourselves as we really are. The golden mean for which old Horace clamored is just as hard to find in all things else as it is in literature. Either our self-love blinds our judgment, and we see our souls through rose-colored glasses which magnify each good quality and diminish each defect, or else we judge ourselves too harshly and see no good amid the inky sea of evil traits.

True, it is better, if misjudgment must be made, to consider ourselves as good and noble than it is to regard our spiritual self as vicious and unfit for any beneficial use. Conceit is not a virtue, as we know; but, then, unless too violent, it never harms us overmuch, and a morsel of it is even necessary to give our lives a flavor. Good nature is usually the complement of conceit, for he who thinks well of himself is apt to regard all others kindly. Thus, though he himself be injured, he is almost a martyr diffusing benefit unto the world in general. But heaven deliver me from the man who has dwelt so long upon his every fault that he has lost sight of the good hidden away in his inner nature! Ever morose and gloomy, he fears to attempt the slightest task because he knows all his weaknesses. Give me the self-lover; he has the courage to dare all, and the blindness not to see when he has failed. Suicides are never men who think well of themselves. They all come, I would almost say, too seldom from the ranks of the gloomy self-conceited. Error, though, on either side is reprehensible, for

neither fault can lead to genuine self-knowledge. I think that if such knowledge is to be obtained it must come, partly at least, from some other source than deliberate reflection upon ourselves.

Perhaps the astronomer's art can give us aid to solve the problem. When from the top of his lonely tower the reader of the stars turns his gaze upon the heavens, it is not the planets that he sees directly but only their reflection made upon his glass. Can we not see by reflection also ourselves as we really are?

Burns has sighed for the power of seeing himself as he was seen by others; but I do not think the secret of self-knowledge lies in the granting of his wish. The genial Autocrat says that in every conversation of two men there are no less than six persons present. First are the speakers as they really are, and as God alone perceives them; then the two men as each one is seen by the other, and lastly both parties as they see themselves. I believe that Holmes spoke truly. No two men take the same view of another's character; each is sure to see some bright spots or some shadows which are to the other unrevealed.

Indeed, no friend, however dear and intimate he be, can learn to know us better than we know ourselves. Friendship, say what you will, does not thrive upon fault-finding, and if our bosom friend is a carping critic, we will not long retain him in his place. Then we consider it a bit impertinent for any one to go delving down too deeply into the hidden regions of our soul. Our friends, therefore, know all our good qualities, for these we show to them, and these are the ties that bind up friendship. These, too, are the things they love us for and the traits they like to study.

A true friend, of course, knows our faults as well, for he has weighed the good against the bad in us before he took us to his heart. But our friend, though he tell us our mistakes and warn us for the future, can not study out each small backsliding as it must be studied if we wish to know ourself. And there are some things too sacred and delicate for even the warmest friendship to put its finger on and try to check; faults which though our friend sees he must deplore in silence, for should he touch them roughly with sacrilegious hand the friendship would be forever shattered. Each one of us has secrets which he can not reveal, even should our friend be to us, as his brother Latin poet was to Horace, the other half of our soul. Bits of half-forgotten by-gones, little happenings,

trifles in themselves, but full of meaning in the reading of the soul—these we do not tell.

We can find enemies—for who has not enemies?—to tell us *all* our faults; but we are not, as a rule, on such good terms with those who hate us that we could get them to tell all that they thought. And I am certain that, were they to start the telling, our patience would not permit the recital to progress uninterrupted to an end. Surely, too, the character our enemies would give us would not teach us to know ourselves or even our unexaggerated faults. However impartial our foes may be, there is always a tinge of bitterness and rancor in their view, which makes them magnify our mole-hill of transgression into a huge mountain of crime.

Only when we find a soul in which our own can mirror itself without restraint, can we learn to deeply know ourselves; only when we have learned the great lesson of love can we get the deepest and most profound insight into our being. Love is not blind because the Greeks placed a bandage over the eyes of Cupid—not love is blind but passion; and he who sees not in his yearning, and is not ruled by head as well as heart, feels only the fires of passion and not the chastening warmth of love.

When man knows that he has found and won that priceless treasure of pure, unsullied love of noble woman, he begins instinctively to turn his view upon himself to see what qualities he has to merit such a boon. He is sure, of course, to find himself unworthy; but, now that he is not studying alone, he does not abandon the task disgusted because bad faults are brought to light; for she loves him, and there must be something hidden away somewhere to lead her to pick him forth from other men. For every hidden blemish that his search lays bare, she turns up some virtue hitherto concealed. She tells him of his faults as well, and though he himself finds blotches that he knew not, she loves him despite it all, and he does not give over the struggle for higher and better things. And thus, together with her turning over the ground, man learns to know himself as really he is. And the soul is worth the knowing, for the man that can thus love is not wholly bad, and it takes long years of wickedness to blot out all the beauty that God had graven on the soul when He gave it His own image as a mark of His creation. But, even with the light of love shed over all, there are some things we can not see until Love infinite tells us how to read with Him in glory the deepest secrets of the heart

The Church and the Stage.

JOSEPH V. SULLIVAN, 97.

When it was announced recently that Pope Leo XIII. had given permission to certain small companies of actors to present plays, at times, within the Vatican itself, the ultra-conservatives and the many narrow-minded bigots were without doubt severely shocked. Hundreds of papers spread the report to every country, and one can imagine the consternation which the news must have brought into the camp of the enemy, who could hardly have anticipated any such "change of views" on the part of the Holy Father. It has been the popular belief that the Church is opposed to the stage and to everything connected with the drama; consequently, when the Pope gives his sanction to anything suggestive of stage-performances it certainly appears as if things had taken a turn, and that we are shaking off old traditions. Surely, there is no foundation for this opinion of the Catholic attitude towards the stage; it is merely a biased notion of some of the Church's actions in the early centuries and the Middle Ages.

If in ancient times St. Chrysostom preached against the theatre, it was not the theatre as we have it today. The pagan drama had become immoral and thus was contrary to Christianity; therefore, the early Fathers and others tried to check its growth. If, too, some hypercritical persons point to the fact that the comedian Molière was refused Christian burial in the reign of Louis XIV., we can answer them by indicating the respect shown to Racine and Corneille, thereby proving that it was not because Molière was a dramatist that he was denied this last honor. The Church never fought against the plays of Calderon and Shakspeare, nor against any other production the tendency of which was to elevate, not to degrade.

The theatre itself sprung from religion, and was for a long time a teacher of morals. The ancient Greeks had their tragedies and comedies—mostly of a religious nature. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides produced pieces of which the very essence was religion. Although a pagan character pervaded these plays, many of them taught the most beautiful virtues, as that of self-sacrifice in "Prometheus Bound." The Roman drama, mostly comedy, flourished until the devastating invasions from the North destroyed the literature together with civiliza-

tion. The Church, meanwhile, was instructing the people in the belief in one Supreme God, and this teaching was afterwards supplemented by the Miracle-Plays. These performances were introduced into England in the twelfth century, and by the acting of priests and monks the people obtained a clearer knowledge of religious subjects. When in the course of time a worldly spirit crept into the treatment and themes of these plays, the clergy were forbidden to take part in them. Since that period the Church and the Stage have drifted away from each other; but the former has always taken a favorable interest in things dramatic, and by her influence has done much to protect the histrionic art from decay.

The Puritans, on the contrary, were very antagonistic to the theatre, and while they were in power in England all performances were for a time prohibited. When, at last, the drama had regained its ascendancy the immorality of the stage was shocking. That this was due mostly to the religious upheavals of the Reformation and the general moral relaxations of the time may be realized when we consider that in France, during the same epoch, the theatre was flourishing at its best. At that date, in fact, the French drama was less corrupt than our own in England, where women were just beginning to appear on the stage.

The theatre in ancient Greece took the place of the pulpit, the chronicle and the novel; the Greeks, consequently, received much of their instruction from their comedies and tragedies. In our day, however, the principal purpose of the drama is to amuse, and while it does this without vitiating morals and taste we require no more of it. How few, though, are the worthy pieces offered at the present period! True, we have the productions of Sardou, Ibsen and the like, but while these may possess great dramatic force in parts, they are proved to be of no interest or value except to the curiosity-seeker. No good thoughts are inculcated by such plays, and no one has loftier ideas of life for having seen such presentations; on the contrary, those who witness dramas dealing with the social evil go away from the theatre with a morbid sense of everything that should be most beautiful in life, and they become pessimistic with regard to their fellowmen. When the morals of the stage have reached so low a level it is proper that the Church should take a stand.

There are, also, nevertheless, at the present time a few productions which have a decidedly religious character, and it is to these, together

with the legitimate drama, that the people should give their entire support. The "Passion-Play" at Ober-Ammergau, which is presented at stated periods, is somewhat novel and attracts the attention of the whole world. It is the one remaining link between present and past, as the past was represented by the Miracle-Plays. Besides, there is now performing in this country a new drama, "The Sign of the Cross," which deals with the early Christians under Nero. It is to plays of this nature, replete as they are with beautiful thoughts, that we must look for the reformation of the stage. When we meet with such productions, which serve to raise the mind to higher ideals, the Church ought to give her sanction and encouragement to them, and she really does so.

Charles Kemble once said before the Committee of the House of Commons that they might build theatres at every street corner in London, but that actors were beyond the creative power of Parliament. There certainly is something of the divine gift in the power to portray in a talented manner the highest creation of the dramatists, and Catholics have always been foremost in the ranks of the histrionic art. To show that there is no inconsistency in being a good actor or actress and at the same time a devout Catholic, we have but to indicate a few of the leaders in that profession. Miss Mary Anderson was for a long time queen of the American stage and by her exquisite art charmed the people of two hemispheres. One has but to read her delightful autobiography to find out that she is bold enough in confessing her faith, and that while she was at the height of her power she always remembered the priest whom she had revered as a child. Miss Ada Rehan is also a good Catholic, and, surely, she needs no one to herald her praises, for her long series of triumphs speaks too well in her favor. Then, too, the Church proudly and justly claims as her children such artists as the great Ristori, Eleonora Duse, Mlle. Rhea, Helena Modjeska and, in light comedy, Misses Blanche Walsh and Grace Golden. Nor is the Church at all lacking in men who have gained a world-wide reputation in the actor's profession. The two Salvinis—Alexander, who died recently, and Tommaso, his father, who was great in the full sense of the word, especially in his delineation of "Othello,"—were among her most illustrious sons. Mr. W. J. Florence, a comedian of much power, was also among her most faithful adherents.

There are, however, stronger reasons for declaring that the Catholic Church does not discountenance the stage since, indeed, many of her clergy are frequent patrons of the theatre. Some of her bishops, even, and archbishops do not consider it below their dignity to sanction by their presence the performance of reputable plays, and Cardinal Vaughan himself has sometimes attended productions by Mr. Daly's company in London. The Catholic clergy in America show even greater favor to the legitimate drama, and many of them take a kindly interest in things theatrical, while they encourage the support of genuine comedies and tragedies. Nor is this at all surprising, since plays of good moral tendency are great forces in the education of people, who more readily understand that which is received by the sight than that which enters through the ear alone. The University of Notre Dame very judiciously awarded the Lætare medal to Mr. Augustin Daly, in recognition of his efforts to rid the theatre of all that tends to make it dangerous to morality. Mr. Daly has never catered to depraved public taste, and he has done much towards bringing the people to an appreciation of what is best in the drama. Surely such a man is deserving of all respect. Another instance of this friendliness of the Church was given when the Pope bestowed an honor upon Mr. Clement Scott—the greatest dramatic critic of England—for his active work in fighting against the immorality of the stage. From these few observations it may be understood that there is no antagonism between the Church and the theatre; that, on the contrary, the former is always prompt to approve of the good and true in the drama, and to recognize merit wherever it appears. Indeed, judging from the present outlook, we may expect in the near future a closer alliance between these two mighty powers, and, though they are derived from such vastly different sources as to prevent their coming within the same channel, we may at least look for a continuance of their friendly relations.

My Photographs.

These are things I hold dear,—
Are these photographs here—
They're reminders of days that are past.
In my heart's inmost cell
Reminiscences dwell
Of these legacies—long may they last!

D. C. D.

Varsity Verse.

THE HARVEST MOON.

THE tyrant night has triumphed o'er his foe,
And builds his throne above the sunlight flood.
The Sun-god, wounded, writhes in life's last throes—
The sky is crimsoned with his ebbing blood.

But, Banquo-like, he still must rise again
To haunt the victor in his revels gay:
Called Luna in the silent watch by men,
But 'tis the spirit of the God of Day.

J. F. C.

MEMORIES.

There's a sorrow sincere for the pleasures of yore,
That enters our spirits betimes,
That yearns for the past, as we blindly explore
The future's most hazardous climes.

A thought of a failure that happened when fame
Had centred upon its success,
Of misfortune that thwarted ambition's proud aim,
Are thoughts which we will not repress.

The mist which behind us for evermore covers
The scenes of our calm childhood hour,
And the follies and dreams we indulged in when lovers
Now often our feelings o'erpower.

But why should we dwell on the days that are past,
When tomorrows will be as today?

For Time has its pleasures and joys that will last,
And banish our sorrows for aye.

J. W. L.

SOLVITUR ACRIS HIEMS.

(Horace *Car. I., 4.*)

Before the breath of spring, cold winter flees,
And beached ships prepare to plow the main.
The flocks no longer loiter in their stalls,
Nor meads show fair in white and sparkling robes,
Nor sits the plowman by the cheerful fire.
Now is the time that Venus leads her bands
Of comely Nymphs, who with the Graces dance
Beneath the crescent moon, while Vulcan's fire
With glowing flame illumines the murky forge.
The time is come to anoint our locks, and gird
Them with a wreath of flowers or myrtle green,
Which now the frost-free glebe again upbears.
And time it is to sacrifice a lamb
Or kid to Faunus in the shady grove—
Pale death spares not the beggar nor the king,
But knocks alike at hut or regal hall.
This life, so short, forbids us hope for length
Of days and happy years, O Sestius;
Dark night with spectral shades in haste appears,
And soon you'll wander in the land of Dis.
No banquet there o'er which you will preside,
Nor will you love the youthful Lycidas,
Whom now his comrade youths so highly rate,
Whom maidens' hearts, ere long, shall have for love.

J. M. B.

SOCIALISTIC NEW YORK.

A new "social movement" chances
Now to rise in Gotham's whirl,
For at balls each young man dances
Tandem-waltzes with his girl.

C. M. B. B.

Seen by Lightning-Flash.

THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98.

It was a dark and stormy night in the month
of December, and we were sitting before the
fire in a room of a Southern home.

"I have had some wonderful experiences
with spooks in my time," said Colonel Wharton,
the oldest person in the group, "and, if you do
not object, I will tell you a true story, which I
have kept a secret for forty-five years;" and
without any further parley he began:

"I was in command of a company of sixteen
United States marshals and detectives, whose
duty it was to capture moonshiners and destroy
their stills. We were sent to the Cumberland
Mountains, and had been there but a short
time when we heard of one of those illicit stills
some forty miles away. We decided to raid it
the next day about dusk. We started out
early the following morning; it was up hill and
down hill all the way. Most of our journey we
had to ride single file, and sometimes we had
to dismount and lead our horses.

"We got along slower than we expected. It
grew very dark, and about nine o'clock at
night I had begun to mistrust our guide. Pres-
ently he told me that we were but half a mile
from the largest illicit still in the mountains.
He refused to go any nearer, as he said he did
not care to leave his mountain haunts, and that
he was not yet ready to die. However, he gave
me all the necessary information about its
situation.

"The 'Shiners,' as they are commonly called,
were located on a hillside about two hundred
yards from the banks of the Big Sandy River,
down which they would send their unlawful
goods on flat-boats to miners' camps near
Middlesborough.

"Lightning in the west and the sudden fall
in temperature indicated an approaching storm.
Anyhow, it was too dark to make an attempt
to raid the still that night, so we determined
to surround it and capture it at dawn. Every-
thing was ready. I was to go around the hill
and station myself in the most commanding
position so as to give the signal for the assault.
It was only a mile around the hill; but the
night was dark. About half way from my
station the road forked. Through evil chance I
took the wrong one, and when I thought I
was near the destined spot I was at least two

miles beyond it; and the black storm-clouds were hovering over the mountain tops."

Here the Colonel arose from his chair and stood facing us with his back to the fire. He was a man of fine physique and his hair was but slightly gray for a man of seventy-five. His military bearing would alone have gained him the title of colonel in Kentucky; but he had won his title on the field of Palo Alto and had sustained its honor through the four bloody years from '61 to '65.

"It now began to storm," continued the Colonel. "The wind blew, the lightning struck the tall mountain trees, and the rain poured in torrents. I was lost; but I could not stay where I was; I preferred to keep moving, ever in the hope of finding shelter. I turned my horse around once or twice, threw the reins on his neck, and let him pick his way as best he could. He carefully wended his way along the solitary mountain path for an hour. A flash of lightning disclosed a house a short distance in front of me. Still it rained; and at last I was once more on a public road. Another flash of lightning showed that the building in front of me was an old church, and the door was partly open. I hitched my horse, boldly walked in, went half way up the middle aisle and sat down. Presently the rain slacked its steady down-pour, and the great flashes of sheet-lightning lit up the whole interior of the church. One flash followed another, and I began to view the bare walls and empty pews of that lonely structure by nature's electric light.

"Finally, I turned my eyes towards the entrance of the church and waited for the lightning to flash. It flashed brighter than ever. Did my eyes deceive me? There was a gallery, and looking over its banisters at me was a woman: tall and ghastly, with one hand tightly twisted in her black, dishevelled hair.

"I was then a man of considerable courage and did not believe in ghosts; but for some reason—unknown to me—I started for the door. Another flash of lightning showed the apparition coming down the staircase. I made three bounds and was at the door; there she grasped me by the shoulder as I leaped into the darkness. Another bound and I was in the public road, and straight before me gleamed a light. The rain and wind had momentarily ceased, and the angry grumble of the water in the ditches on the road-sides, and my spasmodic bounds over the rough stones towards the light, were all that broke the stillness of the night.

"A flash of the sheet-lightning threw the shadow of the head and flying hair of some one almost even with mine, the thing was at my heels. A dog barked and a door opened. Several more mad bounds and I fell into the opened doorway, and a woman—spectre, or whatever it was—fell over my back and darted under the bed. When I got my breath, not to say my reason, two men were wrestling with the ghost; I gave them my hand-cuffs and immediately she became quiet.

"The mountaineer explained, as he poured out for me a drink of the white liquor—'the best stuff made in these parts'—that my ghost was a real woman, flesh and blood; but she was insane, and her hobby was going to churches and graveyards at night. I heaved a deep sigh, and gave the mountaineer a dollar to go and get my horse.

"I took another deep draught of this wonderful 'mountain dew,' and talked of things in general to these two sturdy sons of nature; and I dare say that I am the only United States marshal in America that has staid all night, undisguised, with the very men he was trying to capture.

The Reverse.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

All the afternoon the rain had beaten on the roofs and streets. Little puddles had formed here and there like traps for the unwary pedestrian. The sky was overhung with leaden clouds, which a cold northeast wind was now dispersing. The water on the trees of the park began to freeze, and when night finally wrapped New York with her dusky mantle the lower twigs of the elms glittered in the lights of the passing cabs.

In one of the fashionable mansions of the city, Reginald De Peyster sat smoking in his easy-chair. He had heard the present opera before. He was too lazy to dress for dinner; it was too much trouble. In order to have something to do he picked a book at random from the book-case and began to read. After he had read the first few chapters he looked at the title and said: "'Looking Backward'! It's strange, but the present conditions are the same as those described here. The great trusts and the masses must soon come to a general struggle. Already a few strikes are in progress, and it is but a question of time until the great crisis comes."

He threw down the book, smoked another cigar and then retired. The next morning was clear and beautiful after the storm, and so he walked down to his office in order that he might enjoy the pure air and the clear sky. He had not looked at the papers before he left his house, and until he reached his office he was not aware that a great event had occurred. He picked up a paper when he was seated. It was the *Morning Star* dated December 21, 1896. The first words he saw were two glaring headlines: "A great secret labor combination discovered. A general strike in all branches of trade to be ordered at once."

He looked at it mechanically, and then threw it down with the thought that it was simply a false report. Just then one of his friends dropped in to get some bonds which were in De Peyster's safe. The safe was one of those immense affairs which are set by clock work and which open but once in twenty-four hours. It was air-tight, and once closed upon a person death was sure to follow. He was at the farther end when he heard a far-away roar, and he turned in order to see what it was. Just as he did so a shadow fell on his face and he saw that the door was closing. He made one spring to reach it, and just as he placed his hand on it it clicked together.

He sat down in despair. He knew that before an expert could be secured the air would be exhausted, and that when the safe was opened there would be a dead body within. He jumped up and beat on the door in his frenzy. The veins on his forehead swelled, and he began to foam at the mouth. Suddenly a sensation of dizziness came over him, he reeled and fell to the floor in a cataleptic fit.

Suddenly a blast of air struck his face, he felt himself lifted, carried out of the safe and placed on a rough heap. He heard voices, but, strange to say, he could not understand the language they spoke. He opened his eyes and the sight that met his view astonished him. Where formerly had stood rows of office-buildings now stood heaps of blackened bricks. One of the men spoke to him in what sounded like this, "Bhdlamnt Sankdltei" and when he received no answer except an astonished stare he spoke to his companion who nodded. They lifted him up and threaded their way among the dense brush in what had formerly been Broadway.

At length they stopped before a house in much better preservation than the rest of the surrounding buildings. They knocked, the door

was opened, and De Peyster was carried in. For a moment he was bewildered when he saw that all the men were clothed in skins, and that the two who had carried him appeared to be brutal and degraded. They bowed down before the third, who was old and venerable and seemed to be some sort of priest.

He made a sign for the other two to go, and then spoke to De Peyster in the jargon which the other two had used. He saw that he was not understood; he then spoke in French, German and finally English. De Peyster was overjoyed. The first question he asked was:

"What is the time?"

"Counting by the old method," the other replied, "it is the 19th of May, 2001."

De Peyster looked at him in amazement. Then the old man continued: "We have been trying to open that safe for over fifteen years. But as we have no tools we had to wait for the air to corrode the iron and thus weaken it. Now, I suppose, you want an explanation. On the noon of December 21, 1896, a great uprising of the people took place. In their frenzy they killed all the rich citizens and destroyed all the buildings they possibly could. Then commenced a scene of rioting that was indescribable. Finally they began to fight among themselves till nearly all were exterminated. The few who remained descended to the level of brutes. I am a descendant of a learned professor who handed down his knowledge from generation to generation, and thus I am enabled to speak to you. About you I am ignorant."

De Peyster thought a moment, and then said: "I suppose I was thrown into a trance after having exhausted the air. There was no moisture in the safe to act upon me, and thus I was preserved until I was freed." After a long talk the old man said: "I forgot to tell you that the country is becoming slowly civilized. Some roaming members of another tribe whom we captured said that a nation by the name of China, which has attained a high degree of civilization, has already subdued the western portion of the continent." De Peyster said to himself, "How wrong Bellamy was!"

Silent Smiles.

How like the cold, clear, chastened light
Of stars—reflections of the sun's bright rays—
Are silent smiles which tinge the night
Of sorrow with the joy of other days!

T. A. H.

Books and Magazines.

FROM NAZARETH TO CALVARY. Published by the Catholic Standard and Times Co., Philadelphia.

In a folio of twelve sheets the publishers have given us the principal scenes of joy and sorrow in the life of the Blessed Virgin. "The Childhood of Mary" is after Müller; "The Annunciation" is taken from Deger; "The Marriage" from Raphael; "The Nativity" is copied from the canvas of Fenerstein; "The Crucifixion" is a reproduction in print of Peterssen's work; "The Three Marys at the Tomb" is from the well-known French artist, Bouguereau; "The Immaculate Conception" is from the Spanish master, Murillo. Those prints which have undergone a second coloring have suffered from the unevenness of the process; this is especially noticeable in the "Crucifixion" and "Nativity." A single treatment in sepia would give much better results. The pictures are suitable for framing.

—The firm of H. C. Heath and Co., Boston, seems to be indefatigable in publishing good texts in convenient form for students in the German classes. It is not only the standard classical German books, but books that present the everyday language as it is spoken, that receive proper attention. The notes are just sufficient to guide the reader to the perfect understanding of the text; thus the interest in reading increases, and the student is the gainer. *Der Schwiegersohn*, *Aus Herz und Welt*, *Plautus und Terenz* (an exceedingly interesting and humorous comedy), *Köpnickerstrasse*, *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, are among the latest published.

—There are, perhaps, few men in the United States who can speak on political questions with more authority than Mr. E. L. Godkin. His long connection with the *Nation* has so broadened his mind in this direction that he is able to take in at a glance the most extensive view of American political life. His paper on "Democratic Tendencies" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February shows the scholarship and the insight that comes from a deep study of his subject. The *Atlantic* has made a name for itself among American periodicals; it has outclassed all other magazines of its kind for depth of thought, clearness and elegance of expression, good taste and good judgment. We have no hesitation in saying that the *Atlantic* is the most literary magazine in America. The present number, besides Mr. Godkin's excellent article, contains much interesting matter. Prof.

Gildersleeve gives his impressions of Greece, under the heading "My Sixty Days in Greece." Mr. John Jay Chapman writes a clever paper on Emerson; Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson continues his attractive "Cheerful Yesterdays"; Charles Egbert Craddock and Mr. Paul Leicester Ford continue their interesting serial stories. A good appreciation of the work of Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library is given in an excellent article. The Contributors' Club is always interesting, a good dessert after a good dinner.

—"Passing Shadows" is one of the series of tales by Catholic writers that Benziger Brothers are bringing out. The scene of the story, which is laid in the east side of New York city, depicts the humble lives of persons who may be taken as types of everyday life. Of the young women who principally figure in the story two are destined for the convent and one for marriage. The difficulties that lie in the way of each attaining her desire are the shadows, which, though at times rather dark and long overhanging, are yet but passing. Gabrielle, the author's heroine, a dark, velvet-skinned brunette, is vivacious, impetuous, somewhat unthoughtful and selfish, but not without a certain amount of generosity. Agnes, the younger sister, is a blonde with the regulation reserve and calmness of character. With a motherly tenderness, caution and care for others, which make her superior in everything to her sister, she is destined, as is most fitting, to a higher state of life. In every instance in which the two girls are brought together, Agnes wins our sympathies and Gabrielle loses them; and we feel sure that, if she had not been called to a better sphere of activity, Agnes would make a more desirable wife than her sister Gabrielle. It is true that Agnes has no shadow of her own hanging over her life, but, nevertheless, if she had, we feel she would bear it much better than Gabrielle does hers. Though the delineation of the characters in this story is only sketchy, enough is given of that of Clara Harkins to entitle her to the first place in our esteem. She is the real heroine of the plot. The shadow over her life is the thickest, and the generosity with which she struggles to dissipate it raises her far above her two girl friends. But she loses much of our sympathy by her weakness in finally submitting to the cherished wishes of her worldly parents. We belong to God more than we belong to our parents, and His will is to be followed when it clashes with theirs.

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—Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, the distinguished Catholic bookman, who was to deliver two lectures here next week, wrote to Rev. President Morrissey a few days ago regretting his inability to fulfil his engagement. Ours is the regret, but we hope that before the end of the term Mr. Lathrop will satisfy our longings.

—It is gratifying to notice the generous donations made by the people of Chicago to the "Mayor's Relief Fund." The idea has long prevailed that the American people are somewhat inclined to be selfish and that they do not give sufficient attention to the wants of the destitute and indigent classes. We feel safe in saying that more time and expense is given to caring for the poor in the United States than in any other country. No man is allowed to go without food or shelter if his wants are made known to the proper authorities. Now, when the great financial depression has put many of our honest laborers out of employment, the rich are not unmindful of the fact that this will cause great poverty. It is to be hoped that the noble example of Chicago citizens in this respect will be emulated by those of other cities.

Two Lectures.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

The Honorable Washington Hesing, Postmaster of Chicago, a man on whom Notre Dame two years ago conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws, delivered Tuesday afternoon before the students of the University a very instructive lecture on "Municipal Government." A journalist for over twenty years, a foremost citizen in a large and ever-increasing municipality, a postmaster for some three years, and a man of broad observation and quick decision, Mr. Hesing can speak with authority on the needs of a great city. Those who expected high flights of eloquence, ringing periods and gracefully turned phrases last Tuesday afternoon must have been disappointed; for Mr. Hesing rather assumed a business-like attitude, spoke in a matter-of-fact way, and directed himself to reason. He does not hope that in our time cities will be ruled by a perfect system of government, but he sees no reason why the system as now applied should not be productive of more far-reaching results. He suggested many reforms—and Mr. Hesing is a reformer in the best sense of the word. He would introduce civil service rules in the management of cities, and thus, at one blow, kill the "machine," the "boss" and the "ward-heeler." He would have the mayor independent of "ring" rule, a man of business, above all, and a man who should at all times be accessible to the citizens whom he represents. He would have the length of the mayor's term of office lengthened; for he justly argues that, under present conditions, the mayor is just mastering the duties of his office when he is forced to retire. He would have the mayor's salary increased, for the reasons that good and capable men are unwilling to accept a position at once laborious and responsible in the highest degree, and that temptations of "boodling" would be reduced to a minimum. By the introduction of civil service laws, as Mr. Hesing very clearly reasons, the gross mismanagement, incapacity and ignorance now exhibited in most of the large cities of the United States, would be replaced by integrity, ability and intelligence; the taxpayers would have less reason to complain, and the citizens would have more reason to be proud of their cities, when uncleanness of all kinds would have been forced to take its leave.

FOUNDATIONS OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

In Washington Hall last Wednesday Right Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, D. D., the Bishop of Sioux Falls, addressed the Faculty and undergraduate body of the University on the "Foundations of American Citizenship." The speaker has been for years connected with various educational institutions and was recently associated with the Catholic University at Washington. Consequently, he understands fully the best method of addressing a college audience. His presence is striking and pleasing and his voice filled without effort the entire Hall. His style was not what would be called a literary one, for he had no written notes; but he spoke, with aptest illustration, beautiful words which went straight to the minds of all his listeners. According to the speaker the "Foundations of American Citizenship" are threefold, for it is based on history, on our Constitution and on religion. The historical causes which led to the peopling of America were set forth in a few brief sentences. The cause of the immigration lay almost entirely in the political maxim accepted during the seventeenth century by all the governments of Europe, *cujus regio illius et religio*. In America, among the Catholic colonists of Maryland, this maxim was first discarded, and religious liberty, the fairest gem in the crown of American citizenship, was founded.

The Constitution, which guarantees to all equal rights before the law, was cited as the second foundation of American citizenship. It first broke down the barriers of class and brought into practice the teaching of the natural law and the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. Religion was the third great force in moulding American character, for it made possible that equality which we all enjoy. Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation completed the work, and laid the key-stone in the arch of American citizenship.

Bishop O'Gorman's peroration was singularly striking. Looking into the future and seeing America spreading over all the world the benefits of her liberties, he said that we had nothing to fear, because, guided by faith and hope and watched over by Christ, the American ship of state bore the talismanic cargo of true liberty.

In manner Bishop O'Gorman is one of the most polished orators who have stood before us in Washington Hall. He has much force and depth, much originality, absorption and conviction. That Bishop O'Gorman may return again at an early date is the wish of all who heard him.

Various Things.

This is the motley-minded gentleman.—JACQUES.

There are still a few readers, critics even, who profess to book the short story as a mere side-issue in present-day fiction—as the bric-a-brac of literature. But, thanks to the talented men and women who have made this branch of writing their particular forte, such views are rapidly giving, in fact, have given, place to the conviction that the short story is not only worthy of attention, but has become a live factor in literary expression. Whatever may be the evolution of the short story it is with us to stay; it has become in the hands of skilled artists a distinct form of art which is capable of the greatest perfection. That point has been reached where writers, whose chief performances have been in this line, are recognized as is their due, and receive their proper place in that order of precedence which is as much a part of human affairs as is goodness and badness. The French have been prolific in good work of this sort,—witness Balzac and Guy de Maupassant,—but of late years the English-speaking people, particularly Americans, have carried off the honors. This is perhaps due to our magnificent magazines, which afford a convenient and lucrative medium for reaching the public.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, herself a favorite story-writer, pays homage to the short story by calling it one of the finest forms of expression, and says, "No inspiration is too noble for it." Then she adds,—“it is my belief that there is a future for the short story, which all our experiments and achievements are building with a gradual and beautiful architecture.” And who can say that these words are not true when we think of the exquisite art that Stevenson, Stockton, Hope, and a host of others, equally well known, have lavished on the short story? What could be more brilliant, or cleaner-cut than Stevenson's wild tale of the vagabond-poet Villon; and is not keen, thrilling humanity the very essence of the wonderful pastels given us by Kipling and Davis? The few who cling to the "old order" cry out "Interloper!" and say the new thing is but a concession to the restlessness of the age. But while they are speaking, their hearers smile and walk away, and the great world of readers turn to enjoy the goodies of fiction placed temptingly upon the well-spread mental board, with no fear other than the unheeded one of indigestion. Allah! Allah! great is the short story.

The star of chivalry is once more in the ascendant. The American stage is now in the throes produced by the flood-tide of romantic dramas. But they are pleasant throes, and in their favor it may be said that indulgence has no dreaded after-effects, for they are but tonics to the materially wearied senses to which they lend a sensuous enjoyment of color and fancy. Theirs is nearly always a healthy atmosphere. But "the play is not the thing" entirely, for we have many finely trained actors to don the boots and plumes of the cavaliers and they can handle a sword as though to the manner born. Who have seen Sothern or Hackett as Rudolph in *Zenda* know how the sluggish blood is made to flow faster by the quick, stirring scenes, the conflict of love, hate and duty, and the clashing of good swords. And now Sothern, the talented son of an illustrious father, has given us another successful drama in "An Enemy to the King," from the pen of Mr. Stephens, a newspaper man. Edwin Milton Royle, the author-actor, has produced "Captain Impudence," a Mexican play with picturesque environments, and the Lyceum Company is doing Weyman's popular "Under the Red Robe," made into a play by Edward Rose of *Zenda* fame. William Foversham, as the dashing, reckless swash-buckler hero, could not fail to make a success with Viola Allen in the support. Now our own "Stock Company" promises for the near future a drama, which, if not of the cavalier period, has much of the same romantic atmosphere surrounding it.

A year or two ago Guy Wetmore Carryl was writing verse, and good verse too, for *Truth* and other publications. His lyrical touch and quality led one to believe that he would develop something finer in a short time. But alas! he seems to have dropped into the cheerless desert of *Munsey's Magazine*, and bids fair to reach oblivion by the most direct route. Perhaps, however, he is only saving his strength for a fresh outburst. Or can he not compete with the vagaries of Yone Noguchi or Stephen Crane for editorial smiles?

A newspaper dispatch from London tells us that Mark Twain is there in poverty, obscurity and illness, and working harder than any ambitious young reporter, in an effort to complete his book. And when it is finished he will be no better off personally, for its proceeds will go toward cancelling an indebtedness which only his high sense of honor makes him respon-

sible for. It is certainly a pathetic spectacle—this gentle man nearly sixty years old and one of America's greatest writers compelled to spend his latter days in cheerless discomfort and laboring for a purpose which a less high-minded man would consider Quixotic to a degree. And its pathos is heightened by the knowledge that Mr. Clemens' pride would not allow him to accept the assistance of friends and admirers. And still the result of this man's genius has made other men rich.

A newcomer himself, *Sans Gêne* yet makes bold to extend a hand to the gentleman who has instituted the humorous column in the *Ave Maria*. His *première*, in last week's number, entitled "National Amusements," evidences the art that conceals art, for an unwary reader will be extremely apt to take seriously the writer's remarks on football, bull-fighting, etc. A less skilled humorist would undoubtedly have dilated also upon the advisability of American college athletes turning their attention to croquet or tiddlety-winks, and by this broad stroke have destroyed the delicacy and finesse which may be observed in the article's humor. Look to your laurels, Aldrich and Stockton!

SANS GENE.

Exchanges.

A number of our exchanges are devoting editorials to complaints that students do not support their representative papers as they should. In a great many cases the editors are justified in making this complaint, and the students alone deserve reproach. Still we have noticed that a great many of these exchanges which are all the time complaining of a lack of patronage from the student-body and from the alumni have none to blame except the editors thereof. The editors turn out a paper in which no student can take pride; and because every man in the institution does not run to put his name upon the subscription books, the students lack college spirit, and have no appreciation of their college institutions! We have often wondered how the publishers of some college papers can be so unjust as to impose upon the spirit of the students by forcing, or trying to force, them to take a paper which is not worth anything more than to start fires with.

By the way, one of our exchanges, which is all the time complaining that the alumni do

not support it as they should, recently published a letter in which an alumnus renewed his subscription. In it the alumnus, who must be a humorist, says that the paper does a great deal better than a certain other paper for the purpose of building fires and filling waste-paper baskets. The editors of this periodical evidently did not take the hint, for it still jogs on in the same old rut. And this paper actually publishes advertisements in the local columns, *a la* the country newspaper! Can we wonder, then, that the alumni and the students do not trample upon one another in a mad rush to subscribe for it?

* * *

In the latest number of the *Yale Courant* that picturesque tale, "The Island of Beria," which has been running since the beginning of the present volume, is brought to a fitting conclusion. The tale has been of absorbing interest throughout, and while we were rejoiced at its happy termination we could not help being a trifle regretful at the thought that we had seen the last of Edwin and Tesia. However, we trust that the "Island of Beria" will not be the last story by Mr. Tilney to appear in the pages of the *Courant*.

* * *

We congratulate the editors of the *Stylus* upon the good taste they have displayed in the selection of a new dress for their paper. The January number of the *Stylus* is thoroughly up to date, not only in dress and make up, but also in contents. The form in which the *Stylus* formerly came was anything but artistic, or convenient, but the new dress makes up for all the faults of the old. The change for the better proves that the editors of the *Stylus* are progressive men of modern ideas.

* * *

The *Maple Leaf* is an ambitious little paper published at Holy Cross College, Farnham, Quebec. It is partly French and partly English. The members of the Business Class are its editors, and while their paper is not up to the standard of the journals published by the students of larger institutions, still it is a credit to them and far superior to many papers coming from institutions which are larger, and which are supposed to be more advanced.

Personals.

—Rev. Dean McGinnity, of Janesville, Wis., was a most welcome visitor on Tuesday last. Father McGinnity has a host of friends at Notre Dame, who were delighted by his visit

and who trust that it may soon be repeated.

—Father Rahtz, of Batavia, Ill., and Father J. Clancy, of Woodstock, Ill., are always welcome visitors, and their visit during the past week was enjoyed by their many friends, who hope for a speedy repetition of it.

—The SCHOLASTIC tenders the Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, LL. D., '95, its condolence in his present bereavement, and bespeaks for his departed niece, Miss Mary A. Smyth, who died on the 22d inst., a prayerful remembrance from readers.

—Rev. John Guinan, S. M., Spiritual Director of All Hallows College, Salt Lake City, Utah, stopped off between trains last Wednesday to see his many friends at the University, where a cordial welcome always awaits him. A more extended visit is promised on his return from the East.

—Mrs. P. Cavanagh and her daughters, Mildred and Aileen, accompanied by Mrs. James M. Ryan and daughter Florence, of Helena, Mont., were the guests of Mr. T. T. Cavanagh on Saturday last. Their many friends at the University were delighted to see them and hope that their next visit will be a much longer one.

—John Schopp (A. B. '94) is rapidly nearing the end of his studies for the priesthood in Mt. Saint Mary's of the West Seminary in Cincinnati. While a student at Notre Dame Mr. Schopp displayed characteristics which prove that he will be a model priest. His conduct at the University was always exemplary, and he was always at the head of his class. We wish him every success.

—One of the most pleasant incidents of the Washington Hesing lecture on Tuesday last was the meeting between Mr. Koenig, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Hesing from Chicago, and the older members of the Community who were acquainted with him in his student days. Mr. Koenig was a student of Notre Dame in years long ago, and has several intimate friends among the older generation of the teachers of the University. He is at present on the staff of the *Staats Zeitung*, of which Mr. Hesing is editor. We trust that this may not be his last visit to his *Alma Mater*.

—We are happy to announce to his friends that Jobson Paradis (A. B. '90) has attained success in his chosen art. Mr. Paradis is at present in Paris, France, where he has been studying art. He has had two or three of his paintings admitted to the salon, and they have been praised by eminent critics. None of his friends can be more rejoiced at his success than those at Notre Dame. While here Mr. Paradis made hosts of friends by his gentlemanly disposition and his great talents. We trust that he shall soon be at the top of the ladder of art and that his fame may become world-wide.

Local Items.

—Lost.—A bunch of keys. Finder, please return to Alexis Coquillard, Carroll Hall.

—The Orpheus Club Minstrels will be presented on the afternoon of Thursday, Feb. 11, instead of the 10th as stated in last week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Heard in English History.—PROFESSOR: "Tell us all you know about Venerable Bede."

MAN FROM KENTUCKY:—"It must be pure rye made in Kentucky, and at least ten years old; all other is squirrel juice."

—In spite of the inclement weather on Thursday, the Fire Department was out for its regular practice. The pumps threw water to a height of eighty feet, through one hundred feet of hose, without the full pressure being turned on.

—John Myers has joined the Band. That is well enough. But some one said the other day, that, in a certain rehearsal, John played "to beat the Band." There must be some mistake, as we do not question John's ability to keep perfect time.

—A genuine gilt-edged joke was sprung in the Rhetoric class the day following Postmaster Hesing's address. In criticising the speaker some one said that Mr. Hesing being the postmaster of Chicago naturally had a "free delivery."

—Zaehnle and Davies were playing a quiet game of checkers when of a sudden both proceeded to "move" at the same time. It is not known positively who moved first, but at any rate, Davies "jumped" Zaehnle, cleared the board of checkers and won the contest.

—"Cigars care not who smoke them," said Gerardi, pointing to Conway who was puffing vigorously away at a negligee cigar of uncertain dimensions. "This is just a parody on a cigar," replied the man with the long hair. (The cigar laughed so hard that the wrapper unwound like a spring and blew away.)

—MR. EDITOR:—Is too much salt good for a man?—WISEACRE.

We have given the subject considerable attention, Stewart, and after mature reflection, we have come to the conclusion that too much of anything is liable to lead to an over-sufficiency, and is, therefore, injurious.—ED.

—M. J. McCormack, of Brownson Hall, has completed a large pen-and-ink drawing of President Elect McKinley, which will be forwarded immediately to Nashville, to be exhibited at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition. The work is artistically done, and affords an excellent likeness of the distinguished gentleman it represents.

—The South Bend *Daily Times*, for January 21, has this to say of the genial Dean of the Law School:

Colonel Wm. Hoynes indulged in some beautiful word-painting in his eloquent address before the Farmers' Institute, Wednesday evening. He has a very exalted idea of farm life, and his well-chosen words in picturing the advantages of man communing with nature must have made a deep impression on the minds of such tillers of the soil as may have become dissatisfied with their lot. The Colonel, though not often appearing in public of late years, has lost nothing of his old-time fire and eloquence. The *Times* congratulates Col. Hoynes on his admirable address of last night. It was truly eloquent.

—From comparative scores of the two previous games the Sorin Hall basket-ball team lined up against the Carroll Hall team last Sunday in fear and trembling. As soon as game began, however, it was evident that the Sorin men did not intend to allow a little thing like an expected defeat to affect their playing. Indeed, at the end of the first half, with the score three to nothing in favor of Sorin Hall, it looked very much as if they were going to win. Carroll threw five field goals in the second half, however, and Sorin threw but two from the field and one from a foul, making the score ten to seven in Carroll's favor. Sorin was unable to score again throughout the game, but Carroll managed to increase its ten points to fifteen before time was called. The final score was, therefore: Carroll Hall, fifteen; Sorin Hall, seven. Both teams showed the result of hard practice. The improvement in the Sorin Hall team was especially marked. Their team work was, at times, as good, if not superior to any seen at Notre Dame since basket-ball was introduced here. The Carroll men played with their usual snappy spirit. There is no doubt that many of the Carroll players will obtain positions on the Varsity basket-ball team when it is organized. Here is the line up:

CARROLL HALL.			
	G's from Field	G's from Fouls	Fouls
T. Burns	2	0	2
Cornell (Capt.)	2	0	1
Fennessey	3	1	2
J. Naughton	0	0	1
Herron	0	0	1
Total	7	1	7
Total number of points scored, 15.			

SORIN HALL.			
	G's from Field	G's from Fouls	Fouls
Steiner	3	1	0
Medley	0	0	0
Marmon	0	0	3
Atherton	0	0	1
McDonald	0	0	5
Sheehan (sub.)	0	0	0
Total	3	1	9
Total number of points scored, 7. Referee, Father Murphy; Umpire, Chassaing.			

—The second game of basket-ball between Brownson and Sorin Halls resulted in the defeat of the latter by a score of 12 to 3. Fox, a new man, so far as basket-ball is concerned, played very well for Brownson Hall. His three goals from the field was a good performance particularly as it was his first game. Sorin Hall played a clean game that was remarkably

free from fouls. It is unfortunate that so little interest is manifested by the students of Sorin Hall in matters of this kind. There are many of the young men who would undoubtedly make excellent players if they were only able to muster enough energy to don a uniform. As it is, there are only about fifteen or sixteen who attend the games. Captain Kegler and his men deserve a great deal of credit, therefore, for the excellent work they are doing in upholding the athletic reputation of the Hall. Just a few more men with the spirit of those whose names appear below, and Sorin Hall would have a team of which she might well be proud. Brownson played a rough game.

SORIN HALL.			
	G's from Field	G's from Fouls	Fouls
Steiner	0	0	0
MacDonald	0	0	0
Kegler	0	0	0
Atherton	0	0	1
Sheehan	1	1	1
Medley (sub.)	0	0	2
Total	1	1	4

Total number of points scored, 3.

BROWNSON HALL.			
	G's from Field	G's from Fouls	Fouls
Flemming	0	0	1
M. O'Shaughnessy	0	0	2
Fox	3	0	1
Donovan	1	0	1
Shillington	2	0	4
McCarrick (sub.)	0	0	1
Martin (sub.)	0	0	2
Total	6	0	12

Total number of points scored, 12; Referee, Hering; Umpire, D. P. Murphy.

SOCIETY NOTES.

ORPHEUS CLUB.—The Orpheus Club met last Sunday and elected the following officers: Promoter, Very Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C.; President and Music Director, Prof. Newton A. Preston; Vice-President, Louis H. Gerardi; Secretary, Frank J. F. Confer; Treasurer, Wm. C. Kegler. The President appointed these committees: Stage, Messrs. Confer, Marmon and Dooley; Entertainment, Messrs. O'Hara (Chairman), Kegler, Weaver, Rowan and Lantry. On motion the selection of a Board of Managers was left to the President, who appointed Messrs. Steiner, Chassaing, Dukette and Reed.

THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.—At the meeting of the temperance societies last Wednesday evening, the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Gorman, of Sioux Falls, addressed the meeting, speaking of the principles of total abstinence and the great need of temperance work in our land and time. He emphasized personal temperance as the duty of every citizen, and showed that total abstinence is the perfection of temperance. His easy and eloquent address completely captivated the audience. The talk was a treat, and the hearty applause which followed was evidence that the society fully appreciated it.

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY AND DRAMATIC

SOCIETY at its meeting Thursday evening listened to an interesting debate, the subject of which was: "Resolved, That the military drill should be enforced at all colleges." The affirmative side was presented by P. E. Follen and Alfred Duperier, and the negative by G. P. McCarrick and E. B. Falvey. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. A. V. Long read an interesting story entitled "The Piece of String," and J. Douglas Landers entertained the society with a recitation. A debate, the subject of which is: "Resolved, That street begging" should be tolerated," has been arranged for the meeting three weeks hence.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—The regular meeting for the election of officers of the Athletic Association for the spring term took place on Thursday afternoon, January 21st. As Colonel Hoynes could not be present, Mr. Daniel P. Murphy was elected chairman *pro tem*. The first election was that of a field reporter to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. John Miller. The candidates for the office were Mr. Arthur Stace, Mr. Louis Weadock, and Mr. Louis Gerardi; Mr. Stace was elected. A promoter, or chairman of the Executive Committee, was then elected; Rev. Father Murphy, who was the unanimous choice of the Association, will make an efficient officer, not only on account of his executive ability, but because of his great interest in matters athletic. The candidates for the Executive Committee were Mr. Thomas B. Reilly and Mr. John A. McNamara of Sorin Hall, and Mr. R. Emmet Brown and Mr. Charles M. Niezer of Brownson Hall. They were elected unanimously.

LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the Law Debating Society was held Saturday evening, January 23. The following officers were elected: Colonel Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department succeeds himself as President. 1st Vice-President, Mr. Magruder; 2d Vice-President, J. B. Quinn; Recording Secretary, P. E. Kearney; Corresponding Secretary, L. T. Weadock; Critic, O'Shaughnessy; Reporter, F. J. Corr; Treasurer, F. J. Confer; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. E. Crowley. Mr. Magruder favored the society with his favorite recitation entitled "The Ghost." Mr. O'Shaughnessy spoke at length on the advisability of the Law Department each year giving a banquet, the object being to bring about a closer bond of friendship between the classes of the Law Department, and of commemorating each year the lives of eminent American jurists. The chairman called for a special meeting so that the matter might be discussed. Mr. J. Francis Corr gave the opinions of foreigners on the Statue of Liberty. There will be a debate next meeting on the question of Negro Suffrage: "Resolved, That suffrage be denied the negro in the Southern States." Messrs. Magruder and Schermerhorn are for the affirmative and Messrs. Wurzer and Corr defend the negative.

—There was a fire in "curly-head" corner the other night. The fire didn't amount to much, but it created quite a stir within the classic walls. Monarch was responsible for the blaze, having attempted to warm a box of ancient shoe polish with a lighted match. The match set fire to some paper in the corner and then the fun began. "Rube" Falvey made a desperate attempt to rescue fair-haired Tuohy, but the latter got too close to the blaze and slightly scorched his voice, causing a notable fall in pitch. Pim stopped reading his yellow-backed pamphlet long enough to discover the cause of the trouble, but in the meantime Cypher awoke and drew in his lips sufficiently to allow Mueller to see without getting too close to the fire. Collins, in frantically swinging his left arm, accidentally hit timorous Judge Quinn in the face, scattering the latter's carefully trimmed moustache to the four winds. Featherstone started to tell how it happened, but Duffy broke in with a pristine pun, killing four outright and mortally wounding five others. Brucker looked up from his mirror just as a spark alighted in the jungles of McCarrick's whiskers. Myers thanked his stars that a spark did not imbed itself in his promising growth. Wigg, in turning his toes the other way, upset that convenient receptacle of Shilly's, causing the latter to open his mouth in amazement. The Volunteer Fire Department refused to respond saying that the location was out of their limits, and moreover that Cullinane had a tooth-ache and that Kearney had already retired. Gilfoyle and Crowley both said "Gol durn it," but it is needless to say who finished his remark first. Fair-haired Charley was too busy eating apples to look up, and Dukette was much the same way in an endeavor to restrain his boisterous neck-tie from yelling "fire." J. Douglas Landers arose in sections to bet "fifty cents" that he could draw a billiard ball out of shape in less time than it takes Kidder to comb his hair, but in resuming his seat poor John accidentally sat upon an upturned tack which some of his naughty neighbors had placed on his chair. All this time O'Shaughnessey was calculating how many boxes of blacking would be required to polish his shoes three more times, and Haley was looking for a celluloid collar-button which he swore he brought from home. McCormack and McGinnis were too busy arguing on "Predestination" to watch the proceedings. Monarch finally succeeded in extinguishing the blaze; the Prefect tapped the bell and silence again reigned.

Roll of Honor

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Brennan, Bennett, Barry Bryan, Byrne, Cavanagh, Costello, Confer, Delaney, Fagan, Fitzpatrick, Geoghegan, Golden, Kegler, Lantry,

Miller, Mingey, Medley, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, F. O'Malley, R. O'Malley, O'Hara, Piquette, Pulskamp, Reardon, Rosenthal, Ragan, Reilly, Steele, Sheehan, Sanders, Steiner, Spalding,

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Burke, Baab, Brucker, Barry, Bouwens, Baloun, Bombersbach, Bennett, Crawford, Corby, Campbell, Cypher, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, Collins, A. Casey, Cassidy, J. Cavanaugh, J. Casey, Dreher, Duperier, Dowd, Dukette, M. Daly, Donovan, J. Daly, Dooley, Desmond, Davis, Dixon, Ellison, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Fox, Follen, Fehr, Farrell, Franey, M. Flannigan, Falvey, Funk, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gilmartin, Guilfoyle, Guerra, C. Gray, H. Gray, Hoban, Hayes, Hengen, F. Hesse, Howard, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, Hermann, Haley, J. Hesse, Hessel, Hay, Hartung, Hurst, Johnson, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Kuerze, Koehler, Kuhl, Lyons, Landers, Lowery, Lutz, Lieb, Murphy, Meagher, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, Monahan, Mueller, Meyers, Monarch, Moorhead, Mingey, Maurus, Massey, Martin, Miller, McCarrick, McNichols, McCormack, McGinnis, McConn, A. McDonald, C. McDonald, McKenzie, Nizier, Nye, O'Brien, F. O'Shaughnessey, M. O'Shaughnessey, O'Hara, Pickett, Putnam, Pendleton, Paras, Pim, Quandt, Rowan, Reed, Rahe, Stearns, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Scott, Summers, Schermerhorn, San Roman, Shillington, Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Schubert, Thiele, Thams, Tong, Tomlinson, J. Tuohy, Toba, Vogt, Weadock, Ward, Wigg, Welker, Wiczorek, Williams,* H. Wimberg, Wynn, E. Wade, G. Wilson, E. Zaehne, O. Zaehne.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, R. Armijo, P. Armijo, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Bump, Brand, Cornell, M. Condon, T. Condon, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curry, Curtis, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Dugas, Delaney, Elliott, Ellwanger, Fennessey, Foley, Fox, A. Fish, L. Fish, Funk, Fleming, Friedman, Gimbel, Girsch, Hoban, Houck, Herron, Hanley, Heffelfinger, Herbert, Heinze, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Kilgallen, Klein, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Moore, Mohn, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, R. Murray, J. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, McCallen, McCarthy, McDonnell, McElroy, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, McNamara, Merz, Michels, McMauns, Nast, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Malley, O'Neill, Peterson, Pohlman, Pulford, Powers, Putnam, Pyle, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhouser, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheeky, J. Sheeky, Shiels, Slevin, Shea, Stengel, Sullivan, Swan, Szybowicz, Schwabe, Swiney, J. Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, H. St. Clair Ward, F. Ward, Waite, Walsh, Watterson, Wells, Wilson, Weadock.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Clarke, Casparis, Cressy, Cunnea, Coquillard, Cralg, Cotter, Dougherty, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Dessaner, Edgerton, Ebbert, Ervin, Engelmann, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Frane, Griffith, Garrity, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Hearne, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Leclerque, Lovell, Lawton, Leisander, P. Manion, E. Manion, McMaster, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, M. McMahon, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, F. Phillip, A. Phillips, Paul, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Ryan, Rees, Rennolds, Redpath, Steele, Strauss, Seymour, Shields, Strong, Trentman, Tillotson, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Veneziani, Welch, Wilde, G. Weidmann, F. Weidmann, Weber, Wigg.

* Omitted by mistake last week.