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Our Flag.*

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

WELL chosen they, our fathers, that defied
The power of tyranny, and backward hurled
Our Liberty's oppressor, fought and died,
And all that Freedom's banner be unfurled
And float before the nations of the world.

They've done their duty well; God willed it so,—
That they should fight and die,
Giving their life on battlefields,
Living a life of misery and woe
To save their right,
To build our nation many years ago.

War's glory theirs, for ours it can not be.
Out of war comes peace;
To die in war was not our destiny;
Bloodshed must some time cease.
Yet be it so.
It was not willed our lives be idle lives,
Because our fathers gained our liberty.
Peace brings its duties hundredfold;
Our lives are never fancy free
'Tis rightly told.
Use well the gifts thy God has given thee.

A Bohemian Gathering.

J. A. M.



WITHIN the Empire Theatre it was five minutes of midnight. Strange as the fact may seem, it was also the same time on Broadway outside. Three-quarters of an hour before, the scene had been a gay one, bright lights were everywhere,—beautiful women listened and laughed to handsome men with the accom-

paniment of sensuous music. Smiles and costly jewels mingled in an intoxicating flash. Color and life filled every spot where the eye might rove.

But all this had now disappeared. The men and women had gone their various ways, and were working out the personal drama of their hates and loves and hopes, more intensely absorbing than the one they had but ceased to watch from across the footlights; while in the darkness of night one day was turning into another.

Within were rows of silent, empty chairs which gave no token of the whispered secrets they had but just listened to, and the double-bass occupied the orchestra pit, dignified and in solitary grandeur.

All life, however, had not departed, for on the stage were two figures who, for the present, spoke no word. The curtain had been raised, and the great gallery of the Cardinal's Palace, which had witnessed its descent, still remained in position. In strange contrast to the grim austerity of its walls were numerous modern pieces of furniture,—great leathern and velvet-covered chairs and luxurious couches piled high with cushions surrounded a small table on which sat a dainty boudoir lamp and a much-used instrument of torture, the chafing-dish.

If Louis the Just had come to visit his Minister in the midst of such a state of affairs, His Eminence might have found no difficulty in wringing concessions from the king either through the peaceful ease of such luxury or the terrors of the chafing-dish. What an aid to his schemes did Richelieu lack in not having the many and devious ways of the chafing-dish at his command! We can imagine the Cardinal's salon filled with courtiers surrounding the great man in silent admiration, as he skilfully manipulated the instrument,—cajoling

* Poem read at the Flag presentation on Washington's Birthday.

this doubtful friend with a delicacy, and ridding himself forever of that enemy by a liberal application of Welsh rabbit.

But the Cardinal was absent from the present scene which discovered a man and a woman, the latter arranging the lamp shade, while the man lazily smoked a cigaret. They were Gil de Berault and Renee de Cochefort, who, although happily united at last, were beginning to be somewhat bored with life at the Empire, and secretly each wished for fresh excitement—most anything, in fact, but the *régime* of a Frohman or a Daly. Hammerstein's *Bal Champêtre* dazzled them for the time.

"It seems to me," said Renee, "that our friends are somewhat late this evening. There is no sign of them and it is nearly twelve."

"Well," answered de Berault, "Rassendyl probably stopped to have a social glass with Black Michael after leaving the Lyceum, and the Lord only knows what Svengali is doing with Trilby and Little Billee."

"Yes, dear, and it is too bad to think of all the trouble our Zenda friends are having. Black Michael is a hypocrite, and while he is very complacent, I know instinctively that he means mischief." She paused a moment, while Gil continued to make smoke circles in the air. "I don't exactly approve of that Trilby; she has had a great vogue and all that, but she has been a common washerwoman, or even worse, and, at times, she is positively vulgar. Fancy me exposing my foot as she does!"

"But, my dear, she is always so charming, so unconventional. You have the usual prejudices of blue blood."

"I can't for the life of me see what you men find in her," retorted Renee somewhat warmly, "she is not pretty and has no style at all."

"Hush, here comes some one," exclaimed the cavalier rising and peering into the shadowy darkness surrounding the circle of light. Two figures came swiftly along the side aisle of the auditorium and passed behind the boxes. A moment later was heard the cheery cry: "Milk below!" and Trilby appeared in the proscenium box followed by Svengali who was evidently in a bad temper.

"So glad to see you, dear," said Renee kissing Trilby as she stepped on the stage. "You are prompt. It is just twelve. And you, too, Svengali."

"Oh yes!" laughed Trilby, "but I thought we should never get here. Svengali is very tiresome when he can't talk of anything but how much I ought to love him. We left Little

Billee in Taffy's dressing-room talking art and Spanish troubadours. He'll be along presently. Now, Svengali, you run along and play with de Berault."

"Mon gott! is it thus you treat me who love you? Nefer mind, some day you will know Svengali better. Gil, haf you a cigaret of the Caporal?"

"Yes," continued Trilby, "it is positively shocking the way Flavia is carrying on with Rudolph and Black Michael—and her husband away off in Ruritania ruling his kingdom like a good, sober husband."

"Renee, my love," interrupted de Berault, "what on earth did you do with the alcohol? I can't make a successful rabbit with nothing but a match."

"Oh my! I forgot Richelieu was using it to melt the mucilage on his imperial."

Just at this instant the sound of loud voices disputing was heard, and from the stage door in filed Flavia and Little Billee and behind them Rassendyl and Black Michael. Greetings were exchanged, and the women withdrew a little to gossip, while the two last comers continued their altercation by angry looks.

"Well, I say, are we all here?" piped Billee. "No, all but Richy. Where is he?"

The object of the inquiry here emerged from the wings bringing with him the missing spirit lamp.

"Well, my children," he said, "I am glad to see you. Tell me the latest news. Any new conspiracies of late?"

"Nothing but the old gags," answered Rassendyl, "unless Svengali has a novelty up his sleeve."

"Now that you are here," put in Gil de Berault, "I may as well announce that I am going to treat you to—a Welsh rabbit. I flatter myself upon possessing considerable skill in that line." And he looked around proudly.

Somehow, the statement did not seem to create the expected favorable impression. A dead silence fell, and each one of the party failed miserably in an effort to look pleased. They had evidently been there before.

"Bah!" grunted Svengali breaking the silence.

"I think," faltered Little Billee, "that I am not very hungry—dinner late this evening, you know."

"So sorry I can't enjoy your cooking tonight," chimed Trilby. "My doctor has forbidden late eating entirely."

As for Flavia, her consternation was visible. The Cardinal grinned satirically and re-

marked: "The party doesn't seem to be overjoyed at the prospect, so I suggest that we send out for some Budweiser and rye bread in its place."

"Yes, that will do," they all cried, and as Gil in his disappointment overturned the chafing-dish with the hilt of his sword at this moment the matter was settled.

Little Billee was selected to go, and some one foolishly asked Svengali to play. As there was no piano at hand, he hypnotized the one in the orchestra up onto the stage. Favoring the party with a greasy leer he fixed his gaze on Trilby and erupted.

Trilby gave a contemptuous toss of her head and turned her attention again to the conversation which had become somewhat personal.

"As I was saying," continued Rudolph, lighting a short, black pipe and stroking all the Elphberg red out of his beard, which had been allowed to grow again, "it is extremely annoying to have the brother-in-law of the woman who loves you continually dogging her footsteps under the foolish impression that she cares for him."

"There are still a few gigantically conceited asses outside of Ruritania and Boston" growled Black Michael.

Flavia only smiled and looked impenetrable, while Trilby had the bad taste to laugh. "You don't know how to handle men," the latter exclaimed. "Now, I manage to keep a half dozen at my feet all the time, and no one of them ever says disagreeable things except Svengali, and he can't help it."

"How do you do it?" asked Renee.

"Oh! I just put my foot on anything like that. And speaking about feet, I have just jollied Dan Frohman into letting one wear sandals. I'll make them all the rage in New York."

Svengali began to play so loudly as to interfere with the conversation, so the group broke up into pairs, which was evidently much to their satisfaction. Gil de Berault looked fearfully at his wife and captured Flavia from her two satellites, and Renee soon found herself on the opposite side of the table with Black Michael. As for Trilby, she took a perch on the Cardinal's property throne, and allowed Rassendyl to admire her shapely foot. They all seemed very well satisfied save Richelieu, who retired with a sardonic smile and the side remark that "here was a glorious chance for a few choice conspiracies."

Little Billee came in with the lunch in a few moments, but no one paid any attention to him;

so after vainly trying to join the different *tête-à-têtes* he gazed sadly at Svengali and consoled himself by opening a bottle.

Svengali's playing changed to pianissimo, and Black Michael was heard declaring to Renee in passionate tones that for her he would stir up a brand new revolution in Ruritania and seize the throne of King Rudolph, if she would only smile on his suit. No one seemed to mind it, but when Trilby said to Rassendyl that she adored red hair and would so much like to see "dear old England" again, Little Billee swallowed a sandwich whole and had to open another bottle to recover himself.

Svengali glared and hit the keys with a bang. When he had subsided Flavia was saying with soul-inspiring voice to de Berault, her stock phrase: "Ah! if love were only all."

At this moment a boisterous voice came from the foyer singing—

"Quoi de plus doux
Que les glougloux—
Les glougloux du vin à quat' sous. . ."

and a second later Zouzou's jolly face appeared and he leaped upon the stage in full zouave regimentals.

"Peste! mon garçon," he cried, slapping Svengali upon the back, "eez it zat you will nevaire queet your noize? Bon soir, ladies and messieurs." The women immediately deserted their partners, and flocked around Zouzou, who greeted them caressingly and at the same time rescued the remnant of the last bottle from Billee.

When he had finished it with a grimace, he exclaimed: "I haf had ze bon fortune to make one touch, as you call it, from ze manager. Will ze ladies help me to celebrate ze occasion wiz ze sparkling wine of France?"

"Well, I guess," was the concerted reply, and Zouzou, unmindful of the men's black looks, immediately carried them off to Sherry's.

Little Billee had in the meantime sunk peacefully to sleep, and after Zouzou's party had gone, the men held a consultation. At the suggestion of Rudolph, the three decided to adjourn to de Berault's dressing-room and discuss woman's perfidy with a fresh supply of small bottles.

Dr. Claudius came sorrowfully through the wings and was invited to join them, which he did in a humble manner at being favored with the companionship of such successful persons.

So they turned the light low and left Little Billee asleep in a corner, while Svengali continued to play and, in lieu of a better subject, to make faces at himself.

Our Hero.*

EDWARD E. BRENNAN, '97.

If any one before me this afternoon were to enter the home of a friend and find there a child whose amiable modesty was altogether captivating, his first thought would be that the child had been brought up in an atmosphere of refinement; that it had been the constant observer—I draw especial attention to this—the constant observer of good example.

This afternoon I wish to take you into the heart of our nation. I wish to let you observe for yourselves the conduct of her children, while I make you more intimately acquainted with the father of that nation, whose birthday we are commemorating.

Now, if the actions of a child will so move the heart of maturity, how much more will the actions of maturity influence the impressionable mind of the child? If we wish the generation following us to be men, we ourselves must be men; if we wish civilization to thrive after we are dead and buried, we must give it the necessary impetus; if we wish our government to be a recognized influence among the powers of the earth, we must be the ardent advocates of good example.

These were the sentiments so tenderly cherished by George Washington when he entered upon the untrodden ground of American statesmanship as first President of this great Republic. "There is scarcely an action," he said, "the motive of which may not be subjected to a double interpretation. There is scarcely any part of my conduct which may not hereafter be drawn into precedent." And like the ideal statesman that he was, when he was called upon to act as the chief executive of our nation, he took up his duty with an earnest but a heavy heart. The confidence placed in him by the people was a source of pain, not of pleasure. He feared that the hearty manifestation of love and zeal which was then so generously showered upon him, would turn to scorn and disdain when he proved himself incapable of fulfilling the duty which was forced upon him.

Not all the pompous welcome which was tendered to the great Napoleon when he marched through France after victorious conquests, could equal the honest, affectionate reception, with which our own Washington was hailed at

every stage of his journey from Mount Vernon to New York. People gathered in throngs to see him pass, not as mere sight-seers, but out of pure love for the man whom they had chosen as their leader. Refined women transgressed all laws of etiquette to meet him in the open road, put their daughters forward to strew roses in his way; and when he witnessed this, the demonstration seemed to come as from lover to lover, and his eyes filled with the tears that his nature could not suppress. He marched on with a swelling heart, little realizing that he was destined to prove himself the foremost man of what, in less than a century and a half, would be the greatest nation that the world had ever known.

Unlike Napoleon, he was ignorant of his true worth. "Modesty was hidden in the rubric of his cheek." From the first he sought not to elevate himself, but rather to ennoble the position which he honored. In forming the character of our nation, he looked to the leaders of other peoples. He looked toward England and saw Alfred, and long before his time the almost fictitious Arthur. In France he saw the warrior-statesman Charlemagne, whose name will be the vitalizing spirit of the work he began, and whose work will be the spirit of that nation as long as France is France. Washington then bethought himself of the great duty which devolved upon him. He realized that it was for him to set a precedent for a nation which he hoped would some day find itself pre-eminent among the powers of the earth. His policy was to be in everything above reproach; not to have one course for public life and another for private life. How well he chose his policy is shown by the fact that the present policy of the United States is the policy of Washington. He wished that America should have prestige from the first, and when Count de Maustier, the French Minister to the United States, claimed the right to deal with the President in person when conducting his diplomatic business, he was very properly rebuked.

To demand intimacy was to intimate superiority, and Washington's reply drew from the Count an instant apology. Washington gladly admitted that America had good reason to hold France in loyal affection, "but "France," he said, "must approach the President of the United States as any other country did. If there are rules of proceeding, which have originated from the wisdom of statesmen, and are sanctioned by the common assent of nations, it would not be prudent for a young

* Oration delivered in Washington Hall, February 22.

state to dispense with them entirely." Here we see the deep natural dignity of the man; the character imbedded in the hero whose genius first came to light in the boom of the cannon and the flash of the gun. He commanded a little troop of Virginians with such skill and integrity as to attract the attention and force the admiration of all the colonies.

I do not wish this afternoon to dwell on his military exploits, you know of them too well; but let me speak of that phase of his character which is of even more moment. Let me continue to speak of his ability as a statesman. He was the one man after the revolution

"Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet."

He was a man of the same keen intellectuality and marvellous observation which characterized Napoleon. He was the most pitiless oppressor of statecraft, and the most vehement enthusiast in the cause of statesmanship. On innumerable occasions he held the welfare of a nation in the hollow of his hand, and had statecraft not been adverse to the nobility of his character, he could have had honor and promotion from the English, but he rather chose immortality from the Americans; and he who would not accept the dignity of a king at the suggestion of his soldiers, was chosen by the acclamation of the people to be the first President of a great republic.

When the French implored the coöperation of young America in her combat with our conquered enemy, the generous-hearted public had not forgotten the services of La Fayette, and were only too eager in their thoughtlessness to aid the French in their strife for liberty. But that deeply prescient intellect of Washington rose above the folly of the people, and convinced them that "every true friend to this country must see and feel that its policy is not to embroil ourselves with any nation whatever, but to avoid their disputes and their politics, and if they will harass one another, to avail ourselves of the neutral conduct we have adopted. Twenty years of peace with such an increase of population as we have a right to expect, added to our remote situation from the jarring powers, will in all probability enable us in a just cause to bid defiance to any power on earth. I want an American character," he cried, "that the powers of Europe may be convinced we act for ourselves, not for others." Here we find the identical principle to which we have given the misnomer, the Monroe Doctrine. It should be

called the Washington Doctrine, for it was he who first gave expression to it. He did not glory in the pompous aristocracy of the English. Aristocracy he believed in, to be sure; but it was the aristocracy of the intellect, not of the purse. He believed that the deeds of our ancestors were examples, not boasts, for us. It is the deeds that we ourselves perform that make us worthy of a nation's love.

Let us now consider our hero in the light of a civilian. We have noted men who have attained eminence in public life by their great zeal in the cause of honor and justice, and we have seen those men whose very name suggests an ideal government of home and family; but when these traits are combined in one man, then is he truly great. But in no one do we find them more harmoniously blended than in George Washington. He was not only a model for all future statesmen, but an ideal administrator in his domestic affairs. After spending eight years of his life as chief executive of a nation, he cheerfully surrendered the celebrity of public distinction to go back to his humble home at Mount Vernon, where he led the life of a well-to-do country gentleman. He evinced that same sterling integrity and love for justice in his home dealings that he did in his national undertakings. The widespread reports of his veracity did not originate without cause, nor was it only among his own people that his name was synonymous with truth. The flour and meal which he sent to the Bermudas was permitted to pass unexamined by virtue of its bearing the seal of Washington.

"His character," says Irving, "may want some of those poetical elements which dazzle and delight the multitude, but it possessed fewer inequalities and a rarer union of virtues than perhaps ever fell to the lot of one man."

Even in his death he evinced those qualities which made him so loved during life. When he had scarcely strength enough to rise in bed he found fault with his servants for being too attentive. And when he went to his eternal rest he yielded up his soul with the calm assurance of a man who had run well his course and now passed modestly up for his reward.

The loss was not that of a nation alone. It was a loss of a world. Washington has been an example of true statesmanship as well as of true citizenship; and if his precepts are followed in the future as well as they have been followed in the past, we can be more proud to say, "I am an American citizen," than were the heroes of old to declare, "I am a Roman."

Varsity Verse.

ON A FRIEND DECEASED.

BRAVE was he ever,—no soldier
 Was truer of heart than he;
 No knight in the lists was bolder,
 No host in his halls more free.
 Alas that such men should perish—
 Perish as weaklings do!
 There's only his memory to cherish,
 There's left but a past to view.

But rays from the Throne enfold him—
 Ineffable light of grace—
 And I in the shadow behold him
 Entranced by the Heavenly Face.
 And this is the balm of my sadness,
 And this is my joy of soul:
 He is there in unspeakable gladness
 Ever untouched by dole.

J. B.

WHO KNOWS?

A sculptor carved a cross. That night asleep
 In dreams he sailed across the stormy deep.
 And when in fear he prayed to God for aid
 He saw a light—the cross that he had made.

So may it be with you in after days,
 Some little act of yours may bring light's rays;
 The smallest act of kindness or of love
 Is well remembered by our God above.

J. F. C.

STILL GETS THEM.

One Thursday morning, blithe and gay
 A roguish student "skived" away;
 He met the Prefect—sad to say—
 And got six notes.

Again one night, this student bold
 Retired where Brother Hugh patrolled,
 But from his coat a big stone rolled—
 He got six notes.

One day when on the campus green,
 This student met a "fairy queen,"
 He chatted—but alas! was seen
 And got six notes.

Then off he wandered to the "stile,"
 Saw the angels pass in single file;
 He stopped and talked a little while,
 And got six notes.

His happy college days are o'er;
 "Notes for the past week" come no more,
 But to him clings that same old bore—
 He still gets notes.

L. C. M. R.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

He never thought much of music at all
 In his youth; now he would thank his stars
 If, ridding himself of his chain and his ball,
 He could manage to worry through three short bars.

C. M. B. B.

Fortune's Helper.

WILLIAM C. HENGEN, '97.

John Winstar and Bob Tranly had been chums all through their college days. They had fought each other's battles, quarreled and made up, braved the examinations side by side, downed one another in moot-court, gone out the same window after the doors were locked; and now when their paths were to divide in the great struggle against the enmity of the world, they understood fully what it meant to be fast friends and yet be obliged to part.

Because their natures and habits were much alike, they were linked close together in many ways, and when they parted, with their diplomas safe in the bottom of their trunks and the world staring them in the face, they promised that they would ever keep in touch with each other, and when fortune smiled upon them they would honor each other with a visit.

"I'll receive you in my private office," said John.

"You mean in your *waiting-room*," Bob added in his droll way. "Good-by, old man."

After a hearty hand-shake John simply said, "Good-by."

Several years had passed and they had kept their promises faithfully. Their correspondence to each other was no task, for John and Bob alike considered it one of their most pleasant privileges; and it would be hard to say which of them awaited more anxiously the mail which would bring the other's letter. Their communication was of such a character that thoughts and feelings were exchanged freely; so they still shared each other's trials and pleasures.

John Winstar was a handsome fellow, tall and of fine figure. The college men used to admire him greatly because he had made some of the best records in athletics, being able to run a hundred yards in less than eleven seconds. Then, too, he wrote verse worthy of publication in the college paper on the celebration of such occasions as St. Valentine's Day.

Although admired much for his general ability and amiability by his fellow-students, he was much more popular among the fair sex. He was too interested in his work to waste much time, as he said, "guessing conundrums."

Bob Tranly was a plain, blunt fellow and had ever been proud of having John as his best friend. Bob noticed lately that John had, in

his letters, often written of a young lady. At first he only mentioned her in an indifferent manner, but soon such passages as the following were frequent:

"Bob, I have a lady friend with whom I take long walks, read aloud, talk to about you and *other* things. I tell you she is most interesting and has good notions about almost everything. She's the kind of girl one rarely meets with. She is my ideal."

John became bolder and more open on the subject, and Bob wrote some clever letters to bring his friend out on the question. Bob knew that Winstar never went into anything in a half-hearted way; he knew well that if John fell in love he would do it in the same complete manner, so he hoped the girl was worthy of his friend.

Finally, after many letters containing more or less of what she said and did, how she looked, etc., there came a letter which contained a full confession of his love for the "ideal" young woman. He wrote:

"I have wanted to tell you about it for a long time, but I thought I would wait until I knew that she returned my affection. However, I could not wait for that,—if I did, I fear I would never tell you. Then, I had to tell it to you, for I am miserable without your advice in this matter. Of late she seems indifferent to my advances, and a certain coldness has sprung up between us. You see, Bob, the worst of it is I have a rival, who, I'm afraid, has the lead. He could never make her happy. Yet he plays a bold front, has money, belongs to a good family, and at present he makes believe that he is as good as he seems. I fear that 'My Ideal' thinks him so. Confound my luck! fortune never seems to help me out. He takes her driving and they go to the theatre together. Had I time and money I might have some show. Oh! but I would be happy if I could win her. Why, man! when in her presence, I lose all courage. I might be able to bridge the break, but I get tongue-tied and say things backwards. No doubt, she thinks I'm uncouth. Yet when I first met her I did not feel awkward, and we used to enjoy many pleasant hours together."

This letter did not surprise Bob much, for he had been expecting something of the kind for a long time. Bob laughed heartily at Winstar.

"The idea of that great big John becoming nervous in the presence of a girl—that beats me," said Bob.

One evening after Bob had received this

letter, he was invited to the home of his friend Miss Merrill, to meet Miss Myrlan, a visiting cousin. He found her to be a most charming young woman, one of her chief characteristics being that she differed from the dead-level, average girl. Bob became interested in her, and they talked and acted like old friends. It was a joy for him when the young ladies asked him to be sure to call again soon.

Miss Myrlan was a blonde, tall and graceful, her features regular, and her voice was low and soft. At first meeting one would not say she was beautiful, but her bearing was such that the more one saw of her the more attractive she became.

Bob called again as soon as the rules of propriety allowed, and he and Miss Myrlan talked of many things of interest to both. Of course, Bob did not fail to tell her of his friend Winstar, and Miss Myrlan rather encouraged the subject. She would drop a gentle question now and then and Bob would proceed. There was much uneasiness in her manner when they spoke of Winstar, but Bob did not notice it.

"I don't think I ever saw such devotion as you seem to have for your friend," she said.

"Well, you see," said Bob, "there never was such a good fellow; he's a man all through, and I can always depend on his fidelity. Just at present I fear I am going to lose him, but I fear more that I won't lose him."

"How is that?" asked Miss Myrlan.

"Well, you see, he has fallen in love with some girl; he always writes of her as 'My Ideal,' and he's afraid he can't win her. In case he wins the girl, I suppose I shall lose him, and if he loses the girl it will break his heart."

"What is her name?" she asked.

"Well, I should imagine from his letters it was Miss Ideal, but really I don't know. I never asked him and he never wrote it."

"What does he say of her, Mr. Tranly?"

"Oh! he raves like a madman about her depth of character, her beauty, her charms, etc., etc. If I had the letter here I would give you an idea of what I call a desperate love affair."

"That would be interesting. I have a curiosity to know what young men say of their girl friends."

After Bob had gone to his room he thought over the drift of the conversation with Miss Myrlan, and decided he must have been very tiresome. "Why, come to think of it, I never talked of much else but John. Still, she seemed interested, but that, I suppose, was politeness on her part."

Miss Myrlan, however, when she had gone to her room and thought over the conversation, did not dismiss the subject with the same coolness as Bob did, for it was of very great interest to her; but she had kept that from Bob cleverly. She went to the mirror and looked at herself, wondering if she had betrayed to Mr. Tranly the emotion she had really felt when they had spoken of John Winstar.

"The fact was that Miss Myrlan was the 'ideal' of which John had written. Bob did not know it, or even think of such a thing. She had for a long time loved Winstar, but she had had the same misunderstanding as John,—she mistook diffidence for coolness.

"I used to think he cared for me," she mused: "but for some time he has been so quiet when in my presence, and he seemed to avoid me."

Miss Myrlan had fears that John meant some other girl when he wrote of his "ideal," yet she did not know any reason to suppose that.

She had a vague notion that she must be the one, yet she dared not think it for fear she might be disappointed.

"I can easily tell when I hear that letter," she thought.

The next time Bob called, during the course of the evening, when Winstar was mentioned Bob held up the letter and Miss Myrlan recognized the handwriting,—what would she not have given to read it? Bob read a few sentences from it, and enough, too, that Miss Myrlan understood that she was the one referred to in John Winstar's letter. With an effort she controlled her emotion, and laughingly said:

"I should think you would ask your friend his ideal's name;" adding "he must be a queer fellow to have so little confidence in himself as a lover,—I like your friend."

Once in her room she sat near the open window and the soft night wind fanned her flushed cheeks; and as she looked out into the night a happy smile lit up her face; but we must leave her to enjoy those thoughts in secret.

Some time had passed and there came a letter from John Winstar, which opened the eyes of Bob Tranly. It read:

"Why did I never tell you her name? It's Miss Adelaide Myrlan. Haven't you met her? She is visiting friends of yours. She has been away from here a month, and it seems a year."

Bob did not know what to do.

"I'm a numb-skull," he said. "So is she the same. By George! I'm clever, I am."

That evening Bob hurried over to see Miss Myrlan. When he met her in the drawing-room

the expression on his face was so strange that she exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Tranly! what is the matter?" and then she laughed merrily at Bob's expense.

"Miss Myrlan, where do you live?" he blurted out rather curtly. "I thought you lived at Harmon, where Miss Merrill's other cousins live?"

"Oh no!" she answered; "I live at Ogden."

Bob blushed and added: "Then, you have been deceiving me. You had no right to do it."

"I beg your pardon, you have only deceived yourself, Mr. Tranly."

Miss Merrill had been in the secret, so she entered the room just as affairs were becoming serious. Miss Merrill laughed heartily at the situation, and presently the others joined her. Then the difficulty was pleasantly talked over. Bob was much relieved to learn that by his bungling he had bridged the break John thought impossible for himself to do. The young ladies then instructed Bob not to tell John what had happened, for it would do no good and might spoil the fun.

It was not long before Miss Myrlan returned to Ogden, shortening her visit for reasons of her own. Five years later Bob Tranly made a visit to Ogden. He was greeted at the door by Mrs. Winstar with a little child at her side, who, when she saw him, cried: "Hello! Fortune's Helper."

Bob grabbed her up in his arms and said: "By Jove! You're the very picture of a used-to-be Adelaide Myrlan."

A Token of Gratitude.*

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

Our college life is like the course of a mighty river sweeping on ever to the sea, and each of us is but a drop of water brought by one of the many tributary streams to mingle with the swiftly flowing tide. As we go we gather from our professors, who are the banks that guide us on our way, the silt of knowledge, which we either bear on with us to the end, or else deposit on our course in shoals and bars to serve as warning for those who will succeed. The river flows on forever, but the water which is passing is not the same. Mingled with a group of other drops, we are borne through one of the many mouths that cut the delta at

* Address delivered on the morning of Washington's Birthday on the occasion of the Flag presentation.

the river's end and disappear in the broad sea of life. The banks alone remain the same, but not for always; and when we have long passed by, our memory only lingers as the phantasms of a dream.

To keep more firm the memory of the water that has passed, the classes of our great universities are accustomed to leave behind them, when they go, some token with their *Alma Mater*. The Class of '97 is going like a wave along the stream towards the river's mouth. Soon will we too have passed, and our memory, lingering a little longer, will follow in our wake. We plant no memorial ivy to wreath and twine itself over some gray wall and thereby keep our memory green, but we wish to leave behind us a souvenir that shall bring us sometimes back to mind.

Meet is the token we have chosen; for we have learned from you, our revered instructors, the honor that we owe our country at the same time that we learned the duty that we owe our God. And each time that our gift flings its folds to greet the morning sun, it shall stand as a reproach to those misguided men who say that a Catholic can not be a patriot, and shall proclaim to all the world the heroism of those Catholic men, who, on every battlefield of our republic, have offered up their lives for the priceless treasure of united liberty.

When future classes stand as we do now and look back, with their course almost run through, upon the past and gaze out upon the trackless future, we hope that they will call to mind the classes that have gone before, and will accord some modicum of thought to us of '97. Not that we wish to be forever cherished in memory; let each succeeding class reign as it should and will. But while the crowd is crying the death of the old monarch and heralding the crowning of the coming king, we would wish to be recalled as a shadow of the past.

Fellow classmen of '97, may this flag be another tie to bind us yet closer to dear old Notre Dame! Let this token, which typifies the union of our nation, represent as well the union and fellow-feeling that exist among us, and may this latter bond be as firm and lasting as the union of our nation.

Before another year has run its course we will all be scattered through half as many states as the stars upon the flag, and shall, perhaps, begin amid the turmoil of life to lose the memory of '97 and even of Notre Dame. But let us all remember that a college gentleman cherishes his own honor above all, his country's

honor next his own, and the honor of his college next to the honor of his native land. And each time that we in future years see our country's emblem floating proudly, let us recall *our* flag, and remember for awhile our college days at Notre Dame.

Uselessly should I essay to tell what other motives of gratitude and love prompt us in the giving of this little token; for had I the seventy thousand tongues of the angel in Al Koran, I could tire them all in singing the well-won praises of old Notre Dame. Each star upon the offering we bear is a blessing that we wish you, kind Fathers and professors, for the service you have so well performed in fitting us for our coming battle with the world. When our gift brings our memory to mind, may the recollection be one of pleasure unalloyed; and may the future cast so softening a light upon our record here that our defects will fade away and only our good points be seen, when you look back through the vista of time upon the present and regard it as the hallowed past.

Reverend Father, as the representative of '97, I present to you—our *Alma Mater's* honored representative—this flag as a token of our gratitude, respect and love.

Magazine Notes.

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS.

The February number of this magazine—the first since Christmas, and, by the way, it would be pleasant (for editors) to take a vacation for a month or so to recruit in—the present number of this magazine is not less bright than its predecessors. The *Bachelor* has his eye continually on college life, wherever lived. In the present number we are presented to the people who make Berlin what it is; to the gay, rollicking, irrepressible students of the German capital. We are also made acquainted with Canada's colleges in a very able paper. Margaret Crosby has a word to say about fiction, and lays down the following as the three attributes of a good novel: "It should tell a story; it should represent life, and it should entertain." The criticism in this paper is acute and evidently well considered. "Merimée as a Critic" is an excellent paper. The great creator of Carmen is certainly receiving—and justly so—the praises of all men. "A Story of Skyscrapers" is a very pretty narrative. By far the best verse we have seen in the *Bachelor* is that in the February number on Phillips Brooks.

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Reporters.

—Tomorrow, which is Adoration Sunday, will be celebrated here with all the grandeur and devotion possible. The Very Rev. Provincial Corby, C. S. C., will act as celebrant at Solemn High Mass, and after Benediction the Sacred Host will be exposed for forty hours. We are close upon the Lenten season, and there is no better way of beginning that time of prayer than by paying a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

There are times when even the most reserved is bound to speak; there are often conditions which call for immediate comment. These columns have rarely been used as a medium of invective, but the conduct of certain students of the University of Notre Dame on recent occasions, which it is unnecessary to specify, calls for instant protest. The Minims did not misbehave—they are too well trained for that; the Carrolls, too, although they understood little of what was said, had the goodness to remain at least quiet; the Sorinites, or the few of them who were present, were severe and attentive; the students of Holy Cross Hall and of St. Joseph's Hall were on their usual good behavior; but there were some present who are a disgrace to the hall in which they reside.

Father Mullaney's Lecture.

The students and several members of the Faculty had the pleasure of hearing the founder of the Catholic Winter School, the brother of the late Brother Azarias, on Thursday evening in Washington Hall. Like his distinguished brother, Father Mullaney is much interested in the educational problems of the day, and has already done much in the cause of what he calls University Extension work. He is now on his way to New Orleans, where he will attend the second session of the Catholic Winter School, which it is open next Sunday. His lecture was intended mainly as a means of enlisting the sympathy and co-operation of his audience in the higher university work so auspiciously begun a few years ago.

Father Mullaney, who is very modest in appearance, prefaced his lecture by complimenting Notre Dame University and its professors on the greatness of the work they have done and of the work they are now doing. Nowhere, he said, was the greatness of that work recognized more clearly than in the Empire State, in which the reverend lecturer resides.

He spoke principally of education, of the good results already achieving in Catholic schools, academies and colleges, and of the need of further effort on broader lines. He had a word to say about the public school system of the United States, and, after quoting various authorities among Methodist, Episcopalian and Christian Union educators anent the secularization of the public schools, he corroborated their testimony, and came to the conclusion that the public school, as it now exists, is not a representative American institution. He then went on to show that there is nothing in our Catholic institutions incompatible with republicanism; that, in fact, a study of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas and of the American Constitution will reveal the fact that both work from the same principles; that, in short, the latter is based on the former.

Finally, he hoped that the schools would some time be universally denominational; then the irreligious spirit now permitted to take hold of the young would give place to a true knowledge of the ends of life and a firmer faith in religion. The deplorable condition of students of State universities would then be remedied, and the State would ultimately reap the harvest of these results.

The Washington Celebration.

Could George Washington have seen the exercises in his honor at Notre Dame last Monday he would have felt flattered indeed. Patriotism and reverence for the Father of his Country may decline in the selfish, struggling world without, but the hearts that beat under the Gold and Blue are ever fired with love for country and the men that made it free. Of late years Americans have shown more spirit in the observance of national holidays than was their wont a decade ago. For some time, relations between Uncle Sam and his esteemed contemporaries have been tempered with stiff-backed civility. The Monroe Doctrine and kindred laws have been enforced with unequivocal readiness, and the powers beyond the sea have come to respect, if not to fear, the Stars and Stripes. This, perhaps, is the reason we make our joy more positive than we did in more tranquil times.

The day was auspiciously begun in the church where at eight o'clock all the students heard Mass, which was celebrated by the Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C. At ten o'clock Washington Hall was crowded, when the Class of '97, in cap and gown for the first time, entered and were greeted with applause. The occasion was

THE PRESENTATION OF THE FLAG

to the University and to the students by the Class of '97. The University Band had played a medley of national airs, and the strains had died away when Mr. Charles M. B. Bryan, the man whom '97 chose as their representative, left his seat among his classmates and took his stand upon the stage beneath the flag he was come to present. In another part of the SCHOLASTIC we give the text of his presentation speech, and we only add here that Mr. Bryan spoke in his own graceful manner. He had paid his final tribute to our *Alma Mater* when the band struck up the air of "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," and the whole audience stood up and caught the strain. Mr. Elmer J. Murphy then came out upon the stage and read from MS. a poem prepared for the occasion, which poem occupies the place of honor in this week's SCHOLASTIC.

After Mr. Murphy had retired Col. William Hoynes entered bearing in his hand a sword. In a few eloquent words, full of patriotic feeling, he explained that the sword, which was a present from Prof. Green, would be given to the University's Battalion of Cadets, and would

be worn by the Captain of that company which should show the greatest ability in competitive drill. This sword will be contested for at stated intervals, and at the end of each year it will be handed over to the Captain of the best-drilled company, and will be worn by him during the following twelve months. The contests for this trophy are to be entirely independent from the competitive drills held in each company for gold medals. It is meant to be an inducement for greater exertion among the companies of the battalion.

After Colonel Hoynes had handed over the sword to the battalion the audience again joined in the chorus "America," opened by the band. A college song was afterwards sung. That over, the Reverend Vice-President stood up and, in Rev. President Morrissey's name and in the name of the Faculty, accepted the gift of the Class of '97.

The afternoon celebration was a splendid success. Washington Hall was filled to overflowing, and the ushers, who did their work well, were kept busy. South Bend's society was there, and many of the University's friends from afar added color to the occasion. Gay flags,—the red, white and blue, and the gold and blue—hung in graceful folds from the gallery. The Orchestra played its liveliest airs, and Mr. Edward E. Brennan, '97, mounted the stage as the orator of the day. He treated his theme in a well-written oration and his delivery was easy and deliberate. His speech may be found in another part of the SCHOLASTIC.

THE STOCK COMPANY,

in its presentation of "The Corsican Brothers," was, of course, the chief attraction of the afternoon. There can be no question as to the excellence of the acting done on that occasion; it was the result of much innate ability in the actors, but more particularly was it the outcome of careful training. Father Moloney has worked hard with the Stock Company, and has introduced new ideas and modern "business" into local theatricals with much effect.

"The Corsican Brothers" is not the kind of play that suits the local audience. It is poorly constructed. The unities of time and place, which are unimportant, as a rule, are reversed in this play to the detriment of the action. The "hen" scene is not introduced naturally and stands out too prominent. As it was acted, it was almost farcical, and it can not be excused on the ground that it was meant as a relief or a transition.

The acting, however, made up for the defects of the play. Mr. J. Francis Corr, despite occasional stagy flights, was very effective as leading man. He is strong, intelligent and easy. He knows when to be impressive and when to allow his support a chance to display their talents. Mr. Joseph A. Marmon had an excellent part, which he acted with boldness and firmness. Château Renaud lost none of his interest in Mr. Marmon's representation. Cool and resourceful are the adjectives which best describe his work. M. Alfred de Meynard was faithfully reproduced by Mr. Elmer J. Murphy. His generosity was well brought out with accuracy and gracefulness. Le Baron de Montgiron received added charm in the hands of Mr. William A. Fagan, than whom there was no easier personality in the play.

Mr. John H. Shillington as Griffo the servant and as the woodcutter was inimitable. He is well fitted for light parts. Mr. Brennan acted an excellent Baron Martelli. Mr. Roy A. Crawford as Signora Savilia dei Franchi, mother of the Corsican Brothers, did careful work. Emilie, the heroine of the play, was well acted by Mr. Peter M. Kuntz. Emilie is no easy part to play, but Mr. Kuntz deserves great praise for his interpretation. Mr. George P. McCarrick as Marie, the dei Franchi maid, was well "made up" and did his part without reproach. Mr. W. Burnett Weaver as the surgeon was true to his adopted profession, and Messrs. Bryan, Lowery, Gerardi and O'Hara acted their several parts with ease and often with brilliancy. On the whole, Mr. Corr was supported as no other actor has been supported on the local boards. The play was a great success, considering the difficulties which surrounded it, and the work done by the actors deserved every whit of the applause given. The Stock Company is a recognized power, and we heartily wish that it will soon favor us with another entertainment.

We can not let this occasion go by without giving a word of praise to the various musical organizations that assist at the entertainments in Washington Hall. Last Monday witnessed the graceful willingness of the University Band and of the Orchestra; and it might be whispered to a few of our fellow-students that if they were somewhat more attentive to the music and less inclined to what they evidently consider "fun," they would not only profit much during the intervals between the acts, but confer a great favor on the rest of the audience.

BASKET-BALL.

When the supple, well-built band of young men who had come from Fort Wayne to play our newly organized Varsity basket-ball team stepped upon the floor of the Carroll "gym" on Wednesday night, the hearts of many of our "rooters" were filled with misgivings. The misgivings were short-lived, however, for scarcely three minutes of play had elapsed when Shillington tossed a goal from the field, and from that on it was plain sailing for Notre Dame. Shillington threw two more goals, and then Cornell began an exhibition of goal tossing that caused every one, from the dignified men with the mortar-boards down to the smallest Minim, to strain his vocal cords to the utmost. All that was necessary was to get the ball into Cornell's corner and he would see that it found its way into the basket. Naughton and Steiner also threw with accuracy, and Herron, although not in a position to score any points, aided the others to do so by his strong playing. Martin, who took Herron's place in the second "half," played hard and watched his opponent closely. Kegler, Donovan and Burns, the other substitutes, also distinguished themselves and were frequently applauded. For the visiting team Wilson and Loveless carried off the honors. Individually, the Y. M. C. A. men played a fast game, but their lack of team work placed them at a disadvantage. About two hundred and fifty spectators saw the game, among whom were several ladies. It is hoped that a return game will be played in Fort Wayne in the near future. Following is the score:

NOTRE DAME.			
	G's from Field	G's from Fouls	Fouls
Herron, G.	0	0	0
Steiner (Capt.) G.	1	0	0
Naughton, C.	2	0	1
Shillington, F.	3	0	0
Cornell, F.	6	0	0
Martin (sub.)	0	0	0
Kegler (sub.)	0	0	0
Donovan (sub.)	1	0	0
Burns (sub.)	0	0	0
Total	13	0	1
Total number of points scored, 26.			

FORT WAYNE Y. M. C. A.			
	G's from Field	G's from Fouls	Fouls
Kensill (Capt.) F.	0	0	0
Wilson	3	1	0
Aldrich, C.	0	0	0
Loveless, G.	2	0	0
Shepard, G.	0	0	0
Tegtmeyer (sub.)	0	0	0
Zurmuehlen (sub.)	0	0	0
Alringer (sub.)	0	0	0
Total	5	1	0
Total number of points scored, 11; Referee, Hering, Notre Dame; Umpire, Jones, Fort Wayne; Time, three twenty-minute "halves."			

Various Things.

THE WEDDING.

This is the motley-minded gentleman.—JACQUES.

A pastelette in blue and green (or any old color.)

The hour was 5:15 in the afternoon, and a solemn hush, as when Rosey is being touched for a cigaret, hung in the atmosphere almost obscuring the church clock. The ground was sloppy: it was February and in Indiana. No human soul stirred save Barney, who stood on the Hall steps looking for inspiration and a chew.

Suddenly the silence was reft. Through the gateway dashed two cabs drawn by foaming steeds. The horses and vehicles were covered with mud. In the carriages sat people. The first contained four—two men and two women. The clock in the tower gurgled a heave. The carriages dashed to the front door of the church—and Barney forgot about the chew.

The occupants of the first alighted. They were a sight. The two couples walked to the door. Alas! it was locked. They were a bridal party. The men were dressed in black with white ties and a rose in each lapel. The women wore dresses.

The party stood motionless, undecided, and tried to think. The men looked sheepish, one woman indifferent, and the bride gazed soulfully off into the misty horizon, exclaiming fiercely in her heart: "Am I to be foiled after all?" while the cabbies swapped plugs and swore. "Never!" she cried to herself, "but I must act or all will be lost."

A window in the Hall opened gratingly and a face peered out. They were discovered. Could it be? Yes; it was none other. The bride was the Girl of the Yellow House.

A shudder ran over the earth like the swift forerunner of awful calamity—like an earthquake's voice. It was only Kegler removing his feet from the radiator.

The bridal party, like conspirators, moved quickly to the carriages. They entered and were driven hurriedly around the corner, but during an instant was seen a pale face pressed against the pane, and in it was the desperation of despair.

From a cracked piano in the Music Hall came the strains of the "Honeymoon March."

Her soul cried: "Is it but a mocking of fate?"

Again she alighted, and—oh joy!—the side door was open. They prepared to enter. It was

a critical moment. Were they to be observed?

Ha! what is that jangling noise that grates like the tearing of a heart in torture? It is 5:30; and from still another direction the tower clock clears its iron throat, like a singer ready for action.

The bridal party is entering. A figure appears upon the front porch, then another; while the Hall aroused by the face at the window gives up its inmates. The cohorts are in motion, and from two sides advance upon the scene.

The scene changes.

Within the lofty edifice stand the bride and groom, while at their side are the attendants. The enemy have entered, but stand off in awe at the sight.

The bride appears calm, but in her heart rages a volcano. Success is about to be hers.

Now swiftly enter two more figures. They advance quickly for a few steps, then slink into the semi-darkness of a corner. They are Hunter and Tommy.

The ceremony is progressing. It is concluded. The Girl of the Yellow House is no more. In that moment of her triumph two dark faces peer from behind massive pillars. Their eyes glare and with a single accord each hoarsely hisses "Foiled!"

Once more the party enter the carriages. The multitude surround them. They are friendly, however, and from them rises three hearty cheers. The crowd disperses and the drivers lash their horses. They disappear in the distance.

Peace reigned.

All is stillness again, and Barney once more searched for a chew.

A dog howled in the distance.

SANS GENE.

Exchanges.

Being "Personally Conducted" through our sister institution is a pleasure rare "as a day in June," but such is the pleasure afforded to the fortunate reader of the *St. Mary's Chimes*. The young ladies who act as our guides upon this tour point out every object of interest, and relate all incidents connected with it in such a bright and natural manner that our enthusiasm never flags. The guides are delightful entertainers, and as we pass from hall to hall our only regret is that the trip is so short. After enjoying the "Personally Conducted" tour we

can read Dante's *Paradiso* with more appreciation, as we have a more vivid conception of the great epic. The other articles in the *Chimes* are up to the high literary standard of the *Chimes*, and from the melody of the verse and the true ring of the prose articles we are sure that "the metal is sound." Three prose poems in the February number show thought and true poetic feeling. We would like to mention each of the other articles separately but space forbids; however, they possess the same general characteristics—good style, correct taste, and true literary feeling. We congratulate the editors and contributors of the *Chimes* upon the excellence of their paper. Since its first appearance it has steadily improved in quality, until now it is a model academy paper, and one which is a credit to St. Mary's and her pupils.

* * *

Talk about ungallantry! If there was ever a worse example of it than the poem entitled "Pandora" in *St. Vincent's Journal* we have failed to see it. While most of our college poets use their poetic gifts to sing the charms of maidens fair, this iconoclastic wretch actually has the ingratitude to use the gift of the Muse in calumniating the sex of that much-abused lady. He has the effrontery to say that when man sinned the gods sent woman to him as a punishment. If that is not calumny we do not know what calumny is. It is a shame that the author of "Pandora" should have used his art to such a base purpose, for the poem shows that he has the ability to handle metre in a clever and pleasing style. We think that the poets of the *Journal* have displayed good judgment in choosing modes of treatment of subjects in conformity with their ability. They evidently realize that they are not future Dantes and Miltons, and consequently they have not emulated the style of these great masters. As a result they have produced verse which is at least pleasing if it is not inspiring.

* * *

Although the *University of Virginia Magazine* appears to be handicapped in many ways, yet it never fails to present its readers with something worth reading. The January-February was delayed by some local trouble, but when it finally did appear it made up for its tardiness by the excellence of its contents. Its contents are made up mainly of short stories and verse, but nevertheless there are in it a couple of thoughtful, well-written essays which are worthy of being studied.

Personals.

—Mr. Naughton, of Chicago, is visiting his sons and friends at the University.

—Ernest and Graham Dugas enjoyed a pleasant visit from their mother this week.

—Mrs. C. D. Wells, of Chicago, was one of our most welcome visitors during the week.

—Mrs. Steele, of Chicago, spent Washington's birthday with her son Victor, of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bode were the welcome guests of their sons and friends at the University on Washington's birthday.

—Martin Howard, of Grand Rapids, who was connected with the University in the capacity of a teacher in '66-'67 was the guest of the University on Wednesday.

—Master Francis Welsh, of the Minim Department, entertained his mother and sister-in-law on Sunday and Monday. The ladies have many friends at the University to whom their visit was a rare pleasure.

—The Misses Katherine and Margaret Barry, of Englewood, Ill., were the welcome guests of their brother Robert on Washington's birthday. The young ladies are graduates of St. Mary's Academy, and have made many friends at Notre Dame, who trust that their next visit will be a much longer one.

—On Monday next wedding bells will peal again to announce the marriage of Dennis A. Hanagan (student '92) to Miss Emily Cullen, of Chicago. The ceremony is to take place at St. Vincent's Church, Chicago, at five o'clock on Monday afternoon. Mr. Hanagan was a popular student at Notre Dame in '92, and has a host of friends among the members of the faculty and the students of that year. He is at present the efficient manager of the Feely Jewelry Company of Chicago. His bride is a most popular young lady in her social circle, and is highly cultivated. The SCHOLASTIC joins with the friends of the happy young couple in wishing them many years of wedded bliss.

—Students of '81-'82 will be interested in the following item which we have clipped from the *Rochester Sentinel*. It concerns Dr. S. P. Terry, who was a well-known student of the University during the years mentioned. While at the University he was noted for the interest he displayed in the sciences, and many good stories are told of his original investigations in the realms of chemistry.

Some weeks ago Dr. S. P. Terry was invited by the faculty of the Indiana Medical College to deliver a lecture before the students of the college. He accepted and went down last Monday. After his lecture the officers of the institution unanimously urged him to become an associate member of the faculty and lecture once a week, and he accepted. The position is not only profitable, but one of honor, and Dr. Terry is to be congratulated for achieving such prominence so early in the practice.

Local Items.

—Lost.—A gold ring. Finder, please return to Eugene A. Gimble, Carroll Hall.

—The bulletins showing the results of the recent examinations will be sent out next week.

—Lost.—Gold tie pin during Crescent Club hop. Finder, please return to Henry Taylor, Brownson Hall.

—The members of the Fort Wayne Y. M. C. A. Basket-ball team were shown about the grounds Thursday morning by the Fort Wayne students.

—The Stock Company will soon put in rehearsal a comedy written by one of its members. The date of the performance has not been decided upon. Admission will be by tickets, and the proceeds will be given to the Athletic Association.

—The Stock Company is indebted to Messrs. Conway, Koehler, Monahan, Fadeley, Tuohy, Welker and G. Krug for kind services last Monday. They also return thanks to Messrs. Tesscher and Wyman, of South Bend, for the loan of furniture for their setting in the 2d act.

—"Yes," said Grady, as the boys gathered around him, "I was once in a thrilling runaway myself. You see I was driving a spirited horse attached to a sulkey. The animal suddenly took fright and darted off. The first thing I knew, the back wheels struck something, and—" "Hold on here," interrupted Mueller. "Do we look green?" (Grady tumbled.)

—A raffle of a bicycle for the benefit of the Athletic Association will take place next month. The wheel put up is an excellent one and will attract all the lovers of cycling. Moreover the cause is a worthy one, and those who are interested in the successful outcome of athletics at Notre Dame should secure tickets at once.

—The practice of whistling and cat-calling at basket-ball games should be stopped at once. One would get the impression that a lot of rowdies were in attendance at the games instead of college men. A crusade should be organized against the practice at once. Cheering but not whistling should be indulged in. Brownson Hall take notice.

—The attendance at the basket-ball game last Wednesday evening showed that this kind of sport is in favor at Notre Dame. If the same audience would gather at the regular games between the different halls more enthusiasm could be aroused and better results expected. Any of the games between local fives is better than the one played Wednesday.

—"I heard some one say that the members of the Class of '97 already had their mortar-boards," said Fox, as he replenished his plate with beans. "What do you mean by mortar-boards?" queried his sweet-faced neighbor, Summers. "Don't show your ignorance," replied Fox, the mortar-boards are articles to

be used in the enlarging of Sorin Hall."

—"The Ticket of Leave Man" has been adapted for the Columbians and will be given for the first time at Notre Dame on March 17. Rehearsals have already begun. The Columbians have some capable actors and have an especial advantage in being trained by their director, Father French. Their appearance on St. Patrick's Day will be looked forward to with eager expectation.

—The following are candidates for places on the Varsity: Emmett Brown, John Hesse, W. Hindel, F. McNichols, A. McDonald, T. Martin, E. Chassaing, L. F. Sockalexis, W. T. Daley, G. Wilson, J. Shillington, J. C. Murphy, W. Grady, C. Fleming, C. Leib, N. Gibson, F. E. Hering, W. Fitzpatrick, T. Medley, F. Dreher, P. Follen, M. O'Shaughnessy, E. Gilmartin, G. McCarrick, A. Duperier, J. Marmon, J. Conway, W. Powers W. O'Brien.

—Many of the law students complain to the librarian that students are in the habit of keeping law books in their rooms for several weeks. One young man took out six books early in December and has not yet returned them. We do not wish to mention his name, but we will publish the list of books he took as a hint to the young man to return them. They are "Golden on the Silver Question," "Murphy on Potatoe Culture," "Byrne on Fires," "Kegler on Bottling," and "Cypher on Mathematics."

—Alterations for the benefit of the base-ball men in the Brownson gym are being made very slowly. The extra light necessary above the cage has not been admitted. If the carpenters do not hurry the work the candidates will be on the field before that sky-light is finished. An apparatus for practice in sliding to bases will soon be put in, and the candidate who manages to slide the farthest in the Thursday practice will be given a private bat and bag. Every encouragement is being offered to the men to get themselves ready for the first game.

—At the conclusion of the basket-ball game with the Fort Wayne Y. M. C. A., last Thursday evening, a reception was tendered the visitors in the Brownson reading-rooms. The address of welcome was delivered by Charles M. Niezer. Professor Loveless, a member of the Y. M. C. A. team, responded for the visitors in a neat address in which he sincerely thanked the students of Notre Dame for their kindness and hospitality. Mr. Daniel P. Murphy and Charles M. Bryan were called upon to speak, and each responded with a few brilliant remarks. Upon request, Mr. J. Francis Corr recited the "Dandy Fifth," and was followed by Mr. Bouwens, who sang "Alma Mater," with piano accompaniment. A picked Mandolin Club discoursed sweet music during the evening. At the conclusion of the exercises, three rousing cheers were given for the visitors, who then left the hall feeling that they had found a new friend in Notre Dame.

—The following is a portion of an exaggerated letter written by a Brownsonite to one of his young lady friends. The part enclosed in parenthesis is what the young man thought but did not say:

"Oh, by the way! I wish you would send me a cushion for my room (It is also every one else's since it is the study-hall). You know you promised to send me a cushion. . . . Have just returned from a pleasant visit to the city (nit), where I go frequently (twice a year). The past week has been especially lively here (had a fire). On Tuesday evening I attended a hop given by the Crescent Club (they give two a week like this one). We tripped over the floor (because it wasn't waxed) until a late hour (comparatively: 'twas eight o'clock). The last cab ('twas also the first, having merely conveyed a passenger to the depot) did not depart until the dawn of day. We will shortly have a banquet (or stage line-up in the gym), and hope to have considerable pleasure (eating striped candy) Well, I think I will close (if I don't I'll get notes as the bell just rang). Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, etc.

—Bones is a little black dog with an abbreviated caudal appendage which materially helps to unbalance his otherwise uncertain equilibrium. One of the many idiosyncracies which he occasionally exhibits is a desire to wallow in the melting snow and then to scamper to his bed in the trunk-room. Erratic tracks of dirty water mark the route of his flight, and an extensive puddle is generally to be found in the vicinity of his bed, which at present consists of Brother Bruno's best summer duster. Not infrequently his youthful temper is sorely tried by his larger brother "Frank Hering." This canine, though he was ushered into dogdom simultaneously with little "Bones," is his superior both physically and morally,—owing probably to the fact that he has never been caressed—and starved by the Sorin Hallers. The other day "Bones" and "Frank" were engaged in a pitched battle in which "Bones" was getting decidedly the worst of it. Escaping from his antagonist, he might have got away, but he ran into a clump of bushes, and here again there was a "touchdown in the old woman's feather bed." When released, the little fellow looked surprised, and did not appear to know "where he was at." Then of a sudden he ran toward "Hering" who was standing hard by in satisfied contemplation of his apparent victory. But poor "Bones" was destined to come to grief again. Just as he made a last daring leap to pounce upon the body of his adversary, his luckless legs tied themselves into an inextricable knot and he took an inglorious tumble into the snow. That settled his dogship, and he skulked away to the trunk-room, vainly endeavoring to get his departed tail between his legs. As we go to press he is still endeavoring.

Roll of Honor

SORIN HALL.

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