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Sunshine and Shadows.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

ADVESPERASCIT.

GOLD sunrise and the morning light,
As my ships wear out to sea,
Lit dipping sails all low i' the west,
Slipping away in eager quest
Of a life more full and free.

Wild sunset and no evening star;
The winds with the tide make strife;
My scattered ships return no more,
Their driftwood lies along the shore,
And ended the dream of life.

MARY OF MAGDALA.

Forget my past, and all its wasted days;
Life seemed so fair and good, while Thou wert naught
But some vague dream. The fancied joys I sought
In those dead years; the charm of eager praise;
The vice-gloomed hours; the low, enraptured gaze
Of all the world—how sweet! I never thought
That Thou, O Lord, couldst care for me—so fraught
My soul with sin, and lost in shadowed ways.

The pleasured walks, renounced with bitter fight;
My wavering heart and the long watch kept in pain,—
Think not of these; but at the last dread call
Remember that I sought Thee through the night,
And, minding not the storm, nor gleam, nor rain,
I found, I loved, and, loving—gave Thee all.

THE MOODS OF A DAY.

Silvered gleam and shadow;
Songs of a summer day,
The wild rose nods in dreaming
And death seems far away.

Whitening waves in the afterglow;
Moon-paths on the sea;
Out from night-gloomed waters
The past comes back to me.

Shattered dreams of youth-time
Steal through a fading light;
Out in the long, grey shadow
Death waits and the gloom of night.

My Garden and My Flowers.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

MY flower garden is not fair to see; yet I would wager that it has flowers as varied and as charming as any placed by Nebuchadnezzar in the hanging gardens he reared to please the fancy of his queen. Nature has sown my garden, and has used, in scattering her seeds, all of the wondrous art that she alone possesses. Yet my flowers are not all perennials, for some have blossomed but for a single season beneath my watching eye. Many houses both ancient and new, with their threatening, grimy chimney-pots look down upon my flowers from every side, and seem to ask in a confidential way: "Why, what does so queer a thing as a flower garden in a place like this?" But I do not mind the presence of the houses, nor even their rudeness to my garden; for the sombre blackness of some of the dwellings (as, for instance, the unpainted ugliness of the house across the way) serves to bring out in relief more bold the brightness, life and color of my blossoms. Then, too, the dwellings shelter my loved ones when the storms are blowing, and were it not for their kindly service, I fear my garden would be scantly stocked. For this fairy garden, that I have said so much about, is merely the city street as it stretches out beneath my windows —yea, an hundred feet of city street with dwelling houses on either hand and motor cars clanging down the middle thereof,—that is my flower garden.

I never yet saw garden more conveniently at hand than mine; for I have only to draw my easy-chair near the window and I can look down into my garden and see my flowers as

they pass. I am often thus, and when my mother—a fair rose amid my fairest flowers—sees me sitting idle and smiles to see me spinning filmy day-dreams, she little thinks that I am looking past the half-closed book and am in my garden with my flowers,—my human blossoms; for the flowers that grace my tiny plot are merely the passers-by to whom my fancy has given names.

Would you like to see my garden some day with me? Then come early and place your chair near mine, close to the window. It is scarcely seven o'clock in the morning now, and though we may have missed some very early risers there is no fear that we have lost the gems of the collection. Even those that left their couches early may appear before us as they return from walk or swift ride or drive. The season is springtime, early May; for in this month my flowers are stirring most, and I wish you to see my garden at its best. You may find summer flowers and winter ones as well, but never mind the incongruity; this is a fairy garden, you must remember, and all things take place in fairy tales.

There comes the first flower; see her tripping down the steps yonder fresh as the new day. She is going around the corner to see her dearest friend; both will return together presently, for the friend has an early breakfast. What flower is she? Can you not guess by looking at her wealth of golden hair and her sprightly step as she moves along? She is a crocus or a jonquil, surely, and I call her my jonquil, for she is never blue as your modern cultivated crocus sometimes is.

Look now at the little fellow skipping gaily along, whistling as though to mock the birds and moving as if he owned every foot of ground he treads on. That is the Johnny-jump-up of my garden: call him pansy or hearts-ease if you will, but these are names that do not fit him. He is an old-fashioned Johnny-jump-up with the same saucy look that this flower has. Scan closely his little face with its deep brown eyes and fringe of tousled golden hair and you will see that I am right. I have pansies in my garden; this is only a Johnny-jump-up.

Here is a whole group of my best flowers; watch them very closely lest some of them escape your view. See those two little girls, walking, or rather dancing, hand in hand; they are two daisies, just as fresh and sweet and with hearts as golden and as true as ever daisies had. They are friends that do not leave me, for they are just as fresh and lively in the summer when they look almost angelic in their pretty, white beribboned frocks, as they are in winter when, with cheeks aglow, they pelt each other with white snowballs.

That tall girl just behind the daisies—she with the pretty face and scrawny figure—is my hollyhock. Is she not aptly named? Her pretty color and her dark black hair are really charming. What a pity she is so attenuate! Just like the hollyhock her beauty is not one of anything but face. Never mind that, though, she is at the awkward age of early girlhood now; full curves will come with time, and then many a youth will sue before her shrine.

Close behind the hollyhock is another pretty face—a marigold is this one; for that face has no perfume of intellect, no gleam of soul behind it to give it added charm. She is passing fair despite it all, and many men will love her for her face and despise her lack of soul. Thank heavens she is only negatively bad, for she is weak! She can do no evil that is positive; her sins will be all of omission not of trespass.

Near the marigold is my snap-dragon—a rotund little German with a face like that of the moon when it looks down full sized over the tree-tops. I love my kindly snap-dragon, for a warm heart is throbbing beneath his queer blue coat. See that little dog leaping and bounding all about him as if he wished to show his master how glad he is to see the sunshine. Good old German Fritz picked up that dog as a puppy in the street, set tenderly the legs the trolly car had broken and nursed him back to life. Do you wonder that the grateful creature adores the very ground Fritz presses with his broad-toed shoes?

Take away your eyes from that group and do not follow them too far, else you lose the sight of many other blossoms. Yonder around the corner is coming again my jonquil. Her friend is with her now, and I am sure there could not be a much more perfect contrast. Surely there is something in the fact of electric science that only unlike poles attract, for my jonquil and her brunette friend are truly a woman's edition of the old-time fable of Pythias and Damon. The dark girl is my poppy, for she strikes with her beauty all aflash as does the flower, and there lurks in her deep brown eyes an intoxication just as subtle as the flower's heart contains. See the girl to whom these two flowers are speaking; she is one of my roses that budded but this season. Look at her and you can tell that she has blossomed forth beneath the chandeliers; for, as

she looks up, you can almost see from here how dark are the rings beneath her pretty eyes. Too much society does not agree with her, and I fear that two or three more years of it will spoil the beauty of this my "la France rose." I am surprised to see her out thus early, but May is not all gayety, and she perhaps spent more than half last night at home.

The young man who has just joined company with the "la France" is one of the blots upon the beauty of my garden. His sallow face, his languid air and perpetual cigarette have won for him the honor of being the dockweed of my garden. He had a sister, though,—poor little Pearl,—whose beauty was as tender and as fragile as the flower whose name she bore, for she was my lily-of-the-valley. She lived in the sombre house across the way, and I always looked expectantly for her smile when she tripped down the steps and sped away to school. One day, though, I missed her; and my heart was heavy when I saw the doctor's carriage stopped before the door. A little bit of crape told us, four days after, the end of her sad story, and I noticed that all my flowers, even to my Johnny-jump-up, gloomed awhile their brightness when they saw that sign of woe. Nature has never wafted another such a lily into my garden.

Here now is a group of my homely old-time flowers. These laughing, chatting negroes are my pansies, portulaca and ragged pinks. That little lad behind them with the flaming hair is my carnation, to be sure, and the blue-eyed girl across the street, who never fails to smile in passing, is my forget-me-not.

That is a lily yonder, tall, and graceful brunette that she is, but wanting in fire and spirit. No tiger-lily she, but rather the tender calla or the flowers of the Bermudas that bloom at Eastertide. But there behind her is another rose; I must be going now, for she is my "American beauty," and I can not let her pass. I am rude, you say—well, but you must remember this is a fairy garden, and all things can have place in fairy tales. Come again tomorrow after luncheon, and I will show you my other flowers.

At the Opera.

JOSEPH A. MARMON.

WIND and rain from darkly-threatening skies make the electric lights gasp for life and cast grotesque shadows. A regiment of coachmen, drivers or night hawks—each delivers up his load of soft, fluffy fur and broadcloth, receives a number and drives off into the darkness muttering curses under his breath. Some shabby passers-by stare fascinated into the vestibule full of light and warmth and then move awesomely by the group of giant officers into the shadow where they lurk awhile.

The procession of men and women alighting from monogramed carriages seems never to cease. It is a kaleidoscope. The story of life is in the succession of ever-varying faces. It is fascinating. It is passion, which means life, and it is death.

Past the ticket-taker, a harsh bit of color in the brilliant picture, and into the foyer, where lights,—thousands of them,—twist and glare and throw themselves mercilessly into the eye. Sparkling of jewels resting like a caress on the soft bosoms of fair women help to intoxicate the sight. Every passion of earth is there masquerading in smiling decorum.

From the ugliness of life into a fairy-land of color. It is champagne to the soul and senses. Sorrow and pain are there, but dulled, as by the poppy flower. Men and women throw aside care and deliver themselves up to the frenzy of forgetting. What matters it if the daylight must bring back the horrid gray of living!

Men, sombre figures in black and white, are foils to the gentler colors of their companions' gowns. The white gleaming flesh of the women's necks and shoulders, with the multi-various light playing upon them, breaks the harshness of faces and gives them a beauty which they have not. Strutting and ogling one another, they parade and chatter until the high-priced singers are ready to engage their attention.

In the conductor's seat, the taciturn Italian casts one last glance at those behind him and raises his baton. A hundred musicians, with eyes fixed and breath half caught, await its

fall. When it comes they cease to be individuals; they are parts of a wondrous monster breathing forth harmony. A hush falls over the great chamber, and the buzz of voices is resumed only in spots.

The overture is finished and the great curtain disappears into the roof. Perhaps the opera is "Cavalleria," and the great stage is empty while the invisible tenor sings his impassioned song of guilty love. Possibly the tragic trifling of Bizet's dark-skinned courtesan is thrilling some thousand hearts: or it may be the "Huguenots," with its gorgeous scenes and mighty, stirring choruses. Whatever name we give it, it is still music; music that affects the soul of man as it is not possible by any other art.

There on the stage are men and women who have devoted lifetimes in learning how to move the human soul and senses. But we do not consider that—we think only of their glorious voices, rising or sinking in divine melody, and their story of love or hate or war.

The tenor and soprano are singing of their passion to the wailing of the strings and the hushed breathing of listeners. Their voices burn with fierceness of feeling and rise in grand crescendo as if they would reach beyond the limits of human understanding. They pause, for an instant only,—and the silence is broken by hundreds of soft gloved hands, while in the galleries above, those who have come solely for love of music, hiss out imprecations at the fools who know not when to be silent. Once more those wonderful throats burst forth, and when they cease again, the people have gone mad. Men and women spring to their feet in frenzied enthusiasm, while the artists bow smiling thanks to the accompaniment of "bravo! brava!"

For the last time the curtain descends, and the singers, hand in hand, have passed across the stage and are disappearing into its mysterious depths. The audience, now a surging mob, promptly dismissing all they have just heard, talk a hundred things small or great, and noisily depart their many ways. But a few there are silent, who move still in the fancies of the music that has stirred their hearts. Many of these do not enter carriages, but draw their wraps a little closer and pass by into the night, thanking God for the gift which enables them to throw aside pain, and revel for the moment in dreams of what might be.

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And in that unknown region across the footlights is more comedy—and tragedy too. Everything is apparent confusion—singers, dancers, supers and stage hands seem to be an inextricably confused mass of shouting, noisy creatures. But a quiet little man in evening dress has his finger on the pulse of it all, and soon his generalship appears in the dismantling of the king's palace or the disappearance of a dense forest into the flies above. The principals stroll easily from their rooms clad now in the conventional dress of society. Dark, handsome foreigners are these great artists mostly, and they have now resumed their natural characters of refined cosmopolitans. Smiling, chatting in French and Italian, nodding to acquaintances here and there, they hasten to meet their fellow singers or friends and spend an hour over rich dishes and rare wines.

But the men and women of the chorus and ballet,—well, they do not do these things. Groups of them, repulsive in rouge and grease, gesticulate picturesquely, or sing, softly, snatches from the finale. Born under southern skies, they have spent their lives in singing, and could do nothing else if they wished. Superstitious they are and like children. When they reappear from the dressing rooms the garb of courtiers or grand dames has given place to shabby, threadbare habiliments, and left them dreary-featured men and women to whom the comforts of life are things to be dreamed of, never known.

Perhaps, as often happens, the course of affairs has not been smooth, and disaster threatens their meagre means of living. The men curse with soft Italian oaths, while the women call upon their favorite saints for help. From all sides come smothered cries, the evil eye—*il jettatura!* Then, some with laughter born of hope or despair, and others cursing in their hearts at fate, they move off into the chilly rain to their dismal lodgings. One sad-faced woman stares dry-eyed at the vision of home and family, thousands of miles across the sea. A handsome girl with black eyes and weary mouth turns from the darkened stage through the narrow exit with a reckless, mirthless laugh at the thought of her beauty—that will keep away starvation if it comes to the worst. And, after all—who will care?

Concerning the Nineteenth Century.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

IT is generally admitted that the material progress made during the last one hundred years is the most remarkable that the world has ever seen, and nowhere are its effects more strikingly shown than in this country of ours that has barely rounded out a century of national existence. This young republic has long been a favorable field for progression, possessing, as it does, a great cosmopolitan population in which is concentrated, in one sturdy mass, the talents of all the world. Here, too, was to be found wide territory and vast resources and a government that gave equal chances to all men; and here, consequently, do we trace with wonder and admiration the rise and growth of the epoch-making nineteenth century.

In 1800 the United States had a firmly established existence as a nation, and its government was strong and respected at home and abroad. Thus far it had, politically, made a great step forward, but the social progress, which has today reached so high a state of perfection, did not make a marked start until we were well into the present century. In 1800 the social condition of our fathers was extremely crude; their cities were what we would term primitive towns, without water-works, drainage or any of the countless conveniences which are everywhere enjoyed today; and in these same cities, owing to their condition, disease was a widespread and harassing enemy that laughed at the futile efforts to combat it. Afflictions that today are rare were, ninety years ago, so ordinary as not to cause much notice; even yellow fever, we are told, visited, year after year, the larger cities of the East as far north as Philadelphia. Today the unbridled course of contagion has been effectually stemmed by science, and such afflictions as small-pox are extremely rare, while yellow fever, in the North, at least, is entirely unknown.

In the house of a prosperous latter-day mechanic, one would likely find as many if not more comforts than, a hundred years ago, would be seen in the homes of the wealthy; for such things as furnaces, gas for lighting and, of course, all plumbing appliances, were then unknown. As for the poor people, their lot was hard. With long hours of labor and small wages, with no public charitable institutions or asylums, the life of the poor man was extremely arduous and his standard of living extremely low. The field of business was narrow; the tradesman lived above his little shop, did his own selling, wrote his own letters with a quill pen, and paid an exorbitant postage for sending them; he had no great Sunday newspaper in which to advertise, but trusted entirely, I suppose, to his "loving friends." Transportation from place to place was slow and enormously expensive; so the average person was shut up in his own locality and seldom got beyond it. It seems incredible that only a few generations ago so very crude a state of society existed here, and it is indeed "hard to realize that the great grandfathers of many of us were men who never in the whole course of their lives struck a match, or used a postage-stamp, or heard a steam whistle, or saw a pane of glass six feet square, or a building ten stories high."

To these same men, however, and those who followed immediately after them, we are indebted for much that we enjoy today. For they were not the sort to sit idly by, but were moving slowly but surely up the road of progress and improvement. First, came the great march westward, than which there has not been in modern times a greater or more important migration of people; and soon along the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi there was building a great nation. Those who had stayed in the East were not long in beginning their work of commercial and social improvement. There came first the system of turnpikes, then the canals, and finally the steamboat ploughing the river and bringing into communication parts that before had been entirely separated by great distance. The inventive genius once turned loose was not slow in developing, and in course of time came the railway, the telegraph and finally all the other wonderful appliances of electricity and steam. Vast territories, year by year, have been settled and cultivated, and all distant points connected by the network of railways that cover the land. The hidden powers and resources of a prolific earth have been searched out and put into use, and in a thousand ways, unnecessary to mention, has our country been so improved that we are now a mighty nation enjoying the numerous benefits of a high civilization.

But the question is often asked, have we made progress in any but material things? In things of the mind are we not far from even

proximity to high civilization? This point is doubtless well made, and should be remembered by those who, in their admiration for modern progress, are inclined to sneer at people of earlier ages because they lacked latter-day ideas. It is well, for instance, for us to remember that today we have nothing in art or literature that can be compared with the masterpieces of old, nor have we men who, without the aid of modern discoveries, would equal in science or philosophy an Aristotle or a Plato.

But giving to all times their just dues, one must be blinded by pessimism that does not notice, right here in our workaday world, a marked progress toward a higher intellectual and moral civilization. Judging again from our own country, we find, besides the material improvements, that there is a hopeful onward movement toward the betterment of the higher part of man. In the first place, we are fostering among us a humane spirit that is most becoming to Christians: all the land is dotted with institutions, kept up by private or public charity, where the afflicted, the poor and the orphan are nursed and cared for; and so wide is this spirit that it extends even to brutes, and societies for the prevention of cruelty to beasts are a familiar institution. Criminals are no longer looked on as soulless beings; but efforts are made to turn the erring from the downward path to the way of righteousness, while the children of neglectful parents are looked after and taught the principles of right and wrong. Churches fill the land; men are permitted freedom of conscience in worshipping God, and in every city, town and district are found schools where all may acquire knowledge and develop their minds. In short, without enumerating more, it can be seen that we are progressing towards this higher and truer form of civilization despite the materialistic tendency and extreme practicability of the age.

In order to continue this work of spiritual betterment, to make men true men, and to realize any approach to a Utopia in this material world, the Christian churches—would that I could write *church*—will have to do great work and make the doctrines of Christ a living question, and one that will be felt in society. To Christianity it belongs to inculcate love for God and charity to fellowmen; and the Christian churches must stem the dangerous tendencies of the time and better the spiritual part of man.

To this work the Catholic Church has long devoted itself, and from its pulpit, in its schools, by its priesthood and sisterhood have ever been taught and practised the noble precepts of Christ. Much must be done by the other denominations, and indeed most of the Protestant churches are doing their share of the work; but some of the sects, I am sorry to notice, are taking up the task in a very tame fashion. It should be remembered that the pulpit is not the place to read Sunday newspaper editorials, or to discuss the benefits of bicycle riding, or even to reprove a lady for giving a fancy ball; and a man calling himself a minister of the Gospel who conducts his services by reading "chats on the social events of the week," is perverting the pulpit in which he stands and the position he claims to hold. When a preacher devotes his Sunday sermon to vituperation of another denomination, when discord is carried so far, the so-called minister should be ejected by the respectable members of his congregation; for he is inculcating hate which comes from the devil, not love which is of God. Strength is in union; and if the Christian churches want to present a strong phalanx to infidelity, they must unite in that desire and work together for that end. The outlook in this regard, I think, is very promising, and before many years bigotry and even prejudice will become unpopular and gradually disappear; and Christianity will then wield a more powerful influence in the march toward higher civilization.

After religion the great factor in our civilization is education, which, in this country, is becoming so general. Here another question confronts us, and it is one which is worthy of thought and consideration. In passing let me say that I am not of those who are fearful of the result of general education on the industry and contentment of the lower classes; nor do I see how it will affect, harmfully, the conditions of the times. Knowledge in any condition of life is much bettter than ignorance, and a certain degree of learning may, and soon will, be extended to all classes of society, not to make them indolent, but to enable them to appreciate, at least to some extent, the wonders and beauties of creation.

And so I am rather hopeful of this wicked old world of ours, which is standing in the evening glow of this remarkable century. Probably it is the freshness and beauty of spring which drives away all pessimism. And then this is Eastertide, and that recalls to us that Christ died to redeem the world, and therefore He loved it—but what God loves must in itself be good.

Green Hills and Gloomy Walls.

JAMES BARRY, '97.

DESPITE his ill luck (as he called the disappointment of the previous evening) Maurice Devereux answered his mother's gentle command to arise by rubbing his eyes, then dressing himself hastily and entering the kitchen, which Mrs. Devereux had already swept with scrupulous care. The floor, made of the largest and the smoothest flags that the quarry could produce, was "as clane as a new pin." The cheery turf fire in the open hearth threw beams of light round the whitewashed walls, and on the neat dresser, on whose shelves were displayed not only the traditional broken tea-cups "wisely kept for show," but a not insignificant array of chinaware.

"Ate something, Maurice asthore," urged the gentle voice which had broken in upon his sleep. "The day is long and the hay in the 'Black Acre' is very heavy this summer. Here, dhrink another cup o' tay." But Maurice had already risen from the little round table, having eaten little of the hot griddle-bread so temptingly laid before him.

Mrs. Devereux leaned over the half-door, and, with a puzzled expression on her thin countenance, watched her son as he went out of her sight on his way to the "Black Acre" in the valley below. She took in for the thousandth time the stalwart build of her "little Maurice"; she noticed with great motherly pride the suppleness of his body and the lightness and elasticity of his step. Her eyes shone as she saw him vault, with the ease and grace of his own Irish greyhound, over the stone fence that separated the pasture land from the meadow; but when she reflected upon the apathy he had shown for her little kindnesses at breakfast, and when she recalled the fact of his silence and gloominess—conditions that she knew were entirely foreign to his nature—she became very much puzzled indeed.

"He didn't whistle or sing at all this mornin," she said to herself reflectively, as she pushed back under her neat linen cap a strand of hair already turned to grey. "It can't be the rint that's throublin' 'im," she thought, "nor the Land Lague nayther, for he'd tell me so if 'twas. Maybe 'tis sick itself he is." With this reflection she knotted the neckerchief at her throat and went about her household duties.

Maurice was not ill; it was not his nature. Eviction had no terrors for him, for the rent was paid up to the last "gale" day. Though an ardent Land Leaguer, he feared not the anger of Dublin Castle. He was not, however, in his usual good spirits—that was evident; and had his mother witnessed the scene enacted the previous evening at the "stile" of the haggard near a little farmhouse on the opposite hill she would not have had far to look for the cause of her son's disquiet.

Now and then at the end of a "raheen," which he mowed with the ease that comes of skill and strength, Maurice turned his grey eyes, as though against his will, toward the green slope that skirted the far side of the "Black Acre." Almost daily for half a dozen years he had been accustomed to see a lithe figure cross the "stile" beneath the hawthorn and wander over the field. With the years she had grown beautiful, until at last he could scarcely believe that she was the same girl that once called him nicknames and maliciously threw daisies at his head.

He edged his scythe at the end of the wide swath, and, in spite of himself, he looked toward the little thatched farmhouse. Was she ever to come out upon the hill? But what was it to him?—he thought. He had no right to see her or to hear her voice. That was all over now, and his hopes were as nothing. He had heard last night the words that put an end to his dreams, but his love, he was sure, would endure, though she refused him a thousand times.

Just as he was giving the last stroke to the narrow tip of the blade he looked again toward the hawthorn. The sight which met his glance almost caused him the loss of a finger, for there on the hill was Nora, and with her, in his trim blue jacket, whose sleeve was resplendent with the three V's that characterize the dress of a police sergeant, stood his rival. Despite the natural enmity that existed in Maurice's mind against Sergeant Feeley of the Royal Irish Constabulary, he could not conceal from himself the fact that he presented, even at that distance, a very fine appearance. He wore his shallow, round cap daintily poised on the left side of his head, in the fashion that prevailed among his class. His jacket was buttoned to the throat and was encircled at the waist by a broad leathern belt from which, above the left hip, depended a sheathed bayonet. His calves were incased in lacquered leggings that shone brilliantly in the soft sunlight. He was a giant in height and a miserably handsome fellow,

Maurice jealously thought. While Maurice was surveying with varied emotions the scene before him, the gallant sergeant plucked a blossom from the hawthorn and placed it in Nora's hair. If Maurice had been close at hand he would have heard the policeman's request and Nora's reply.

"I may come again this evening, Miss Brady?" he asked.

"As you please," Nora replied.

"But don't you wish it?" persisted her anxious lover.

"Ye-es," she assented saucily.

"Good-by, then, till tonight," and with that he passed over the stile and disappeared beyond the hill in the direction of the barracks. Nora took the blossom from her hair and turned toward the "Black Acre." She seemed debating with herself how to dispose of the flower, and then, seeing Maurice looking at her, she turned and entered the house.

After the long twilight that lingers over the Irish hills, Maurice set out to attend a meeting of the local branch of the Land League. The meeting, which was held in an empty barn far beyond the barracks, was adjourned about midnight, and Maurice returned home alone. His way lay across the Brady farm, and on crossing the lane that leads to the Brady cottage he thought he heard a groan proceeding from the ditch. He hurried toward the spot whence the sound came and in the dim light saw to his horror the prostrate form of a man. He stooped over the body and recognized Sergeant Feeley. He took in the situation at a glance. The "Moonlighters" were again abroad and they had nailed their man. Maurice saw the blood flowing from a wound in the head and he mentally exclaimed, "God save poor Ireland from her friends! The Land League will be blamed for this too." He had no love for his rival in Nora's affections; but he pitied him in this sad plight, and he was too charitable to pass him by. The policeman was still alive and he might be saved. Maurice, therefore, picked him up and carried him to Brady's house.

The Brady family were much alarmed; Nora seemed to Maurice to be beyond all consolation. The priest and the doctor were sent for. The priest arrived first and administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. The doctor examined the wound and declared the case hopeless,—the skull had been fractured; and even if his life could be saved, there was no hope that the young man could ever regain the use of his reason. At this dictum Nora swooned in her mother's arms, and Maurice, seeing that he could be of no further assistance, went home. Sergeant Feeley died in a few hours.

The news reached the barracks and suspicion at once settled on Maurice. He was arrested and lodged in the county jail. The case was brought before the Assizes, and witnesses swore that Maurice Devereux had repeatedly uttered threats against the policeman. His connection with the Land League, to which all the crimes and outrages committed in the country were atttibuted by the authorities, was proved. His well-known rivalry for Nora Brady's hand was brought forward as a strong argument. It was evident that Maurice Devereux had, with a club or other weapon, murdered Sergeant Feeley for two reasons,—first, because Sergeant Feeley had several times broken up meetings of the Land League, of which the prisoner was a notorious member; and, secondly, because Sergeant Feeley had supplanted the prisoner in the favor of a certain young woman. The fact that Devereux carried the wounded man to Brady's house and called in a physician only showed the cold-bloodedness and deliberation of the deed and the confidence of the prisoner in the result of his well-directed blow. These arguments were used with great effect by the counsel for the Crown, and Maurice was convicted of murder and sentenced to death.

It is needless to mention Mrs. Devereux's faith in her son's innocence. She only sobbed and prayed and trusted in God's goodness to clear him. Nora never doubted him, but she was smitten with remorse at the thought of how she treated him on the night before the murder. She had ignored his suit out of pure coquetry, knowing well that when she would she could beckon him back. She had merely toyed with and flattered Sergeant Feeley, and when she recollected this she felt in a sense responsible for his murder. She argued that his presence in the lane that night was due to her cajolery and—bitterest thought of all—that Maurice's arrest and conviction and death, which was only a matter of time, were the result. Her thoughts these days were punishments, perhaps too severe. She never knew till then how much she loved him. She remembered his devotion, his gentleness, his patience—his love for her. She wished to see him and tell him the truth—that she loved him; to beg his pardon for her pretended indifference, but that was impossible now; he was behind the bars in a gloomy prison in a large city waiting for the hangman's rope. A few weeks, a few days, and he should be for-

ever beyond the reach of her self-accusation,—he should be murdered on the scaffold. She cried out in the agony of despair:

"O Maurice, Maurice, Maurice!"

The day of execution was drawing near; the scaffold was erected in the jail-yard, and everything was in readiness to send Maurice Devereux out of existence. He was entirely reconciled to his fate and fortified by the consolations of the Church. He regretted,—as who would not regret?—to leave the world, especially because it contained his mother and Nora, and because he had been happy in it in his time. He would gladly have convinced Nora of his innocence and won back her love, but that could not be,—the time was too short and the opportunity unavailable.

There was but one day left for him to live, and his mother was allowed to enter his cell. Maurice tried to console her, to strengthen her against her sorrow. He tried to converse cheerfully with her, and before he knew it he was bidding her good-by.

"And, mother," he said, "when you see Nora Brady tell her to think of me sometimes and to pray for my soul."

"She is praying for you always, Maurice asthore. God knows how much she is changed. I'm sure her heart will break."

"May God reward her!" was his only answer.

Just then a turnkey threw back the heavy bolts, and Mrs. Devereux thought that her visit must come to an end. The door, however, was opened to admit Father O'Neill, Maurice's confessor. A glance at his face brought hope to Mrs. Devereux's heart, and before she had time to speak the priest turned to Maurice and said:

"Maurice, the Lord Lieutenant has been requested for a reprieve. I was in the workhouse hospital today attending to some patients in Father Keane's absence, and fortunately I came upon some information that may be useful. A typhoid-fever patient, named Crowley, was raving about murder, and after awhile I could distinguish the names of Feeley and Carroll. Your name was muttered among others. Doctor Kelly and myself telegraphed for a reprieve, and there may yet be hope. So cheer up, Maurice; all may be well."

The reprieve was granted, and when Crowley regained consciousness he was forced to divulge his knowledge of Sergeant Feeley's murder. A "moonlighter" named Carroll committed the deed. Maurice was released and—the fence which separated Devereux's farm from Brady's was removed the following winter.

Concerning the Great English Odes.

JOSEPH V. SULLIVAN, '97.

AN ode, according to Mr. Edmund Gosse, is "any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme." Enthusiasm, therefore, is essential to an ode, and in order that this quality may be present it is necessary that the writer be affected in a high degree by the sentiments he expresses. Besides, an ode is, as its name signifies, a song,—a poem intended to be chanted to instrumental accompaniment. In the early centuries, it began its growth in Greece, where, through the successive changes made by Archilochus, Alcman and Stesichorus, it developed into the more exact form of Sappho's verse. The completed poem consisted of a strophe, which was answered by an anti strophe and closed by an epode. The ode rose to perfection in the almost sublime skill of Sappho and Pindar; among the Romans, Horace did most to give this form of verse a high standing in literature. At first, the ode was a nation's expression of reverence for the gods. It was sung by a trained chorus, and was used chiefly to celebrate victories at the great games which brought together at stated periods a whole widely scattered people. Now, however, the ode has become one of our most perfect forms of verse-construction. The audience is, of course, more limited, but not less appreciative, than were the thousands that listened to the singers of old.

In the English language we find that the first great ode has much of the form and spirit of the ancient Greek choric song. Spenser's "Epithalamium," or marriage ode, is, perhaps, the very best of its kind; the song of the happy bridegroom in praise of his betrothed is exquisitely rare, and almost matchless for power of expression. The fervor of the great Sappho breathes through the entire piece, and yet the stately tread of words reminds one always of "The Faerie Queene." Milton, too, deserves a high rank among the writers of this form of poetry. In his ode, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," we admire the beautiful word-picture of the peace that reigned on earth when Christ was born, the description of the shepherds when warned by the angels, and the account of the overthrowing of the pagan gods

and oracles. The poem glows with much of the Grecian ardor, and is, perhaps, unrivalled in our language for majestic grandeur.

How faultlessly elegant is Dryden's expression! In the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," which is somewhat irregular in form, the linked melodies are so tuneful that we can almost hear the music of the piece. But in "Alexander's Feast" the poet is at his best. There is nothing of the heavy and dignified march of words that we find in Milton; but the whole piece speaks harmony and flows along without effort. "The thoughts that breathe and the words that burn" are everywhere felt, and the power of music is almost experienced as described by the writer.

Thomas Gray spoke truly when he said that his own two greatest odes, "The Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard," were Pindaric; they are perhaps the most famous of that kind in the English language. Both odes are full of historical references, and the latter, especially, is very impassionate, yet graceful. How genuinely pathetic is that passage, for instance, in which are described the last days of King Edward, when

> "No pitying heart, no eye, afford
> A tear to grace his obsequies."

Gray followed the Horatian manner of stanza arrangement, and his odes are excellent specimens of Dorian harmony; and it is due to his carefulness and to the no less meritorious work of Collins that the ode now holds such high rank. "To Evening," by the latter poet, is a rich picture: the birds seek their nests, and all nature sinks to rest,

> "While now the bright-haired sun
> Sits in yon western tent."

Many of the odes of Collins have delicate touches of pathos and a most pleasing manner of expression.

Mr. Edmund Gosse says: "With the romantic revival the serious ode became a less elaborate and sedate instrument in the hands of a warmer generation of poets." With the advent of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, the form of the ode was made more arbitrary, and the poet gave free rein to his inspiration without being guided by the bounds of the early choric song. "Intimations of Immortality," by Wordsworth, is a most dignified poem, imaginative, and enriched with noble thoughts. Coleridge, in his ode "To France," which Shelley thought the finest in our language, treats a lofty theme in a most noble manner. The poem, in fact, on account of the sustained exhibition of power, reminds one of solemn music with its slow and stately movement.

When we come to the work of Shelley and Keats—those inseparable names—we meet with something more free from rhetorical flavor and heavy expression. "To the West Wind," by Shelley, is an impassioned song; it is, like the first breath of spring, light and enlivening, and in almost every stanza we discover lines as beautiful as those wherein the writer, addressing the wind, says:

> "Thou on whose streams, 'mid the steep sky's commotion
> Loose clouds, like earth's decaying leaves, are shed,
> Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
> Angels of rain and lightning."

In "The Skylark" we find the same glad strain as is used by Keats in "The Nightingale." The former of these two poems possesses the more genuine exuberance of feeling, as though the poet were pouring out his whole soul in response to the bird's song. In the latter there is not the same ecstasy; the writer addresses the "light-winged Dryad of the trees" in a manner that bespeaks a heart heavy with sorrow, or at least with melancholy. Yet these two poems, taken as companion-pieces, are among the most delightful of our odes. And what tender memories are awakened by Keats in his "Grecian Urn!" How inspiring is the creative power that presents the scenes among which this ancient relic was wrought! How like a rare old song it is!

Since the time of Keats we have had few worthy examples of this highly wrought species of composition. Tennyson has left us an ode "On the Death of the Duke of Wellington," which is very strong. Coventry Patmore will be remembered particularly by one poem of this class, "The Unknown Eros." In "The Ascent of the Apennines," Mr. Aubrey de Vere has exhibited a pleasing grace and power that will always secure for him a high place among the great ode-singers of the world.

The evolution of the ode from the grand trumpet-like choric songs of Sappho and Pindar to the soft, rapturous melodies of Keats, is indeed wonderful. Few other species of composition have passed through so many changes; still fewer have endured so many alterations and yet remain intact in what is essential. The ode, however, even in its most irregular form, has always retained the very necessary element of enthusiasm. It is, perhaps, owing to this quality that the ode is so popular and lasting; men love to be carried above the ordinary things of life, and they find nothing in poetry so elevating as the writer's exulting over the beautiful in nature.

The King and the Miniature.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

A Pastel.

THE KING sits in the April sunshine. The fresh, warm breeze of spring steals in through the open window and stirs lightly the heavy, richly-colored, embroidered curtains,—lifts up the corners of the sheets of paper upon the table, which waver and fall back again. Even a lock of the king's hair flutters—a lock which has felt the pressure of the crown of a great nation.

Beside the king, upon a table upheld by the four fierce, carved dragons, is a little casket brilliant with emeralds and opals and diamonds that scatter about the shattered sunbeam.

The king looks out through the open window, over the fields just growing green and dotted here and there with grazing sheep; over the peasants creeping down the brown squares of broken glebe; over the bare tops of the budding trees of the forest by the castle. The birds twitter joyfully in the park below; the little fountain in the court-yard babbles noisily, merrily.

Yet the king seems not to see all these; for his eyes are wistful and fixed, and do not change their gaze to the dotted fields or budding forest. They seem to look into the depths of the blue, clear sky, infinitely deep—into infinite nothingness.

Anon the king sighs, turns slowly and opens the casket that is on the table of the four dragons. From it he takes a miniature attached to a heavy golden chain which scintillates in the sunlight.

What can this picture be?—some princess, perhaps; some queen of a great people? It seems to be a mere peasant girl; there are no jewels, no necklaces; the long hair falls loose over her shoulders. How beautiful she is! No wonder the king sighs as he looks into her eyes.

As he gazes at the fair face, the birds twitter in the trees of the park below; the doves coo dreamily and contentedly, and flap their glinting wings softly among the spires and copings of the castle; the little fountain babbles on musically, now loud, now hushed, just as the breeze now skips in through the open window, and anon stands without like a pouting child.

While the king, with the miniature in his hand, gazes out over the green and brown squares of fields, over the tree tops, some one lifts aside the heavy curtain and says: "The queen is waiting for your Majesty. It is time to proceed to the ceremony."

The king starts from his revery, brushes the tears from his lashes, and says, "Yes, yes; I shall come in a moment."

Hastily he presses the miniature to his lips and locks it in the little jewel-studded casket again. He sighs as he rises; for the king loves to sit in the April sunshine.

Despair.

THE dreary wind soughs fitfully beneath a leaden sky,
The cold and winter linger still, no glad sun shines on high,
I would that I could bow my head and die.

The night comes down to close upon the gloominess of day;
The morning brings no gladness, only dreariness alway!
O take me, Death, I would not longer stay.

I hear the fiends' black laughter through the shadows come and go;
They come to me in restless dreams, to torture me, I know.
I would my peaceless life were ebbing low.

The days roll on in agony as waves upon the sea,
No spark of hope, no ray of peace, has ever come to me;
I struggle on in ceaseless agony.

E. J. M.

Vernal Musings.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

MY VISITOR.

FOR twice twelve moons in Yankee land
I've dwelt, O maiden, though I spanned
In thought each day the dreary space
Between my native dwelling-place
And N. D. U.

Peculiar are the hours I've kept,
For while all others thought I slept,
In fact, I was at home and paid
My court unto a beauteous maid,—
(I'll not tell who).

Though triple dear this maid I hold,
I must admit that she is bold,
For often when I close my eyes
This maiden comes, to my surprise,
And visits me.

'Tis true I summon her; perchance,
She through, politeness, merely, grants
My favor,—since she ne'er was prude
And hates naught worse than acting rude
Or spitefully.

But then she often comes unbid,
And is discovered nicely hid
Between the pages when I seek
To con a task of French or Greek
Or other lore.

And oftentimes when I essay
To drive her with hard words away,
She still remains my work to plague,
So I acquire but ideas vague,
And nothing more.

Princess, your heart is kind, I know,
So if this boon you deign bestow,
And when I'm busy ask this maid
To stay at home, you shall be paid
By love most true.

You say that it is fickleness
To promise thus, when I confess
To hold this other maid so dear;
Nay, my intruder,—lend your ear—
Is, lady, you.

THE DYING DAY.

Grieve not, though the day be dying,
Bask ye in the setting sun.
When the day's short course is run,
Night will not delay for sighing.
Catch the pleasure that is flying,
Live your life e'er it be done;
Grieve not though the day be dying,
Bask ye in the setting sun.

Life was never made for spying
Bitter ends to pleasures won.
Do not spoil the draught begun
By its scanty size decrying.
Grieve not though the day be dying,
Bask ye in the setting sun.

My Rival.

JOHN A. MCNAMARA, '97.

THERE was no doubt about it, I was in love with Kittie. For a long time I had tried to believe that I was not, but all to no purpose. Every day I became more and more impressed with the fact that I was in love with her. I cannot say that the knowledge of that fact was especially disagreeable to me, for Kittie was certainly one of the prettiest and sweetest girls imaginable. When those merry brown eyes of hers looked out at you from beneath a wealth of wavy black hair, you could scarcely help falling in love with her. At least, I found it to be that way; for she had only looked at me once when I succumbed.

Yes, I was in love, and those merry brown eyes were the cause of it all, and, better still, it often seemed to me that those same brown eyes on several occasions had beamed upon me in a very affectionate manner. Although such an assumption may have been entirely unwarranted on my part, still it caused me to live for a time in a sort of ecstasy. When she showed by a few words and actions that I was by no means an object of unconcern to her, I felt more convinced than ever that my first assumption was correct, and consequently I became almost intoxicated with happiness.

Alas, for my hopes! I was doomed to meet with disappointment, and to undergo all the pangs of jealousy. I had to endure all the torments of having a rival. One day a certain Herr Hartzberg came to Kittie's house, and came to stay. He was a yellow-haired German, possessed of considerable musical talent and was what would generally be called good-looking. I was very jealous of him, and my jealousy was by no means lessened when I saw how easily he became on good terms with Kittie. Then I scarcely ever visited Kittie that she did not speak of him or mention him in some way. She often described him to me, and was very anxious that we should meet each other, but the anxiety was all on her side. As long as I could, I avoided meeting him, and I always made it a point to call on Kittie at a time when I thought he would not be around.

For quite awhile I was successful in my efforts to avoid Herr Hartzberg, but at last my good fortune deserted me. One day I happened to call on Kittie quite unexpectedly

and found her and my German rival together. This time I could not avoid him, and choking down my jealousy as best I could, I tried to be as pleasant as possible. To do Herr Hartzberg justice, he undoubtedly was very clever; but he took up altogether too much of Kittie's attention to suit me, and that in itself was more than sufficient to cause me cordially to hate him. Indeed there was no love lost on either side, and Herr Hartzberg did not hesitate to show to me that he didn't care in the least for me. He would never speak to me. Even the first time I met him he did not speak, but merely nodded his head. Perhaps it was because he did not understand English that this was the case. Kittie, I know, told me that he could neither speak nor understand English. I both understood and spoke German, but my jealousy always prevented my uttering a word to my light-haired rival. Kittie, however, made up for this by speaking German all the time to him. She said she did not want him to learn English, and so much attention did she bestow upon him that she often nearly drove me frantic. Just when I wanted to talk to her most, was exactly the time she would choose to inflict her German upon Herr Hartzberg, and he, as if inviting her to continue to my discomfiture, would always pay the closest attention to what she said. And thus affairs went on for awhile.

There was one little incident that occurred which exceedingly aroused my jealousy. Having called one morning at Kittie's house, I found her standing under a large cherry-tree that grew in the back yard. As soon as she saw me she exclaimed:

"O Jack! do come here right away! Herr Hartzberg is up in this tree and he won't come down for me. You know he's not a bit used to trees (I didn't know anything of the kind.), and if he should fall and get hurt I don't know what I'd do. Won't you try to coax him to come down?"

I flatly refused to have anything to do with Herr Hartzberg, and told her so. If Herr Hartzberg understood English he certainly would have taken offence at what I said, but as he understood not a word that I said, perhaps it was just as well. He still remained in the tree, not heeding in the least the appeals which Kittie made to him in German, English, and pantomime. In my jealousy I thought she was neglecting me, so with a curt "good-morning" and wish that the young German might get a fall and thus acquire some sense, I withdrew and tried to assuage my injured feelings.

I loved Kittie more than ever, now that I saw my rival getting more of her attention than I thought he deserved. I had intended for a long time to speak to her upon an all-important subject—the bestowal of her entire affection upon me. An event that occurred a few days after the cherry-tree episode brought matters to a climax. I happened to pass by Kittie's house while making a business trip. Kittie and Herr Hartzberg were out on the veranda and the light-haired German was warbling a song. When he had finished, Kittie, taking his head in her hands, kissed him and bestowed on him loving words of praise, and so engrossed were they with one another that they failed to notice me observing the whole scene.

Of course, I could not endure such a condition of affairs as that, and I determined to speak to Kittie at once and find out upon which of us she intended to bestow her affections. Accordingly that very night I went to see Kittie, and succeeded in settling everything to my own satisfaction if not to hers. While I can not repeat all she said, I may say that she willingly gave all I asked for, even herself, and when all was over she exclaimed:

"Now that I am yours, Jack, tell me why you and Herr Hartzberg were so jealous of each other?"

"Well," I replied, "I can't answer for Herr Hartzberg, but I did not want to see you wasting your affections on him, and I suppose he reciprocated my feelings."

"Then," said Kittie, "you ought to go and make friends with him, now that you have been successful."

"Let us both go," I answered, and off we went to tell Herr Hartzberg the whole story. To my great surprise he not only made friends, but seemed glad to hear that I was successful in gaining all of Kittie's affections. He even began to sing, and when he had finished Kittie turning to me said:

"It's really too bad, Jack, but I think that after this I'll have to keep Herr Hartzberg in his cage. It will be too much trouble to keep an eye on both of you."

So after that the poor little yellow-haired musician from the Hartz Mountains was kept in his cage, and Herr Hartzberg, Kittie's pet canary and my only rival, was kept a close prisoner and allowed no more freedom. There is no more occasion for jealousy on my part and Herr Hartzberg seems contented.

The Captured Mail.

WILLIAM CHARLES HENGEN, '97.

OROTHY, where have you been for the last two hours? Your face is flushed and you look so untidy," said Colonel Norlan, as his daughter entered the library in a somewhat undignified manner.

"Oh, I have been up in the garret turning things upside down looking for that old brass candlestick Aunt Mary told us about at dinner last evening! I couldn't find it; I think some collector must have it by this time. But you can't guess what I found? In overhauling your old papers I came across a letter written by a rebel soldier in July, 1864, while Sherman was making his march to the sea. The letter is so touching, so manly, just the letter of a homesick boy to his mother. It is most interesting,—I wonder you never told me about it. On the envelope is written, 'Captured at Roding, Mississippi, July 21, 1864, with a large rebel mail.' It is directed to Mrs. Henry Darlang, Shirley, Georgia. Oh, it's a long letter! He was a brave, good fellow, but he was not fond of war."

The speaker was a young girl of seventeen, bright, graceful, even beautiful; her features were very perfect, her hair blonde and wavy, and the expression on her strong, intellectual face showed that she was in complete sympathy with the tone of the soldier's letter. Her sweet, womanly manner and the corresponding, gentle graces, gave one at first acquaintance with her a lasting and most favorable impression.

The father had laid aside his paper to listen to the low music of his daughter's voice as she enthusiastically told the story of the letter, thinking more of the beautiful picture she unknowingly presented and of the great comfort she was to him in his old age, than of what she was saying.

"Tell me about the capture of this letter, father," she said.

"My dear, it is so long a time ago I don't remember the circumstances clearly. We captured a large rebel mail and the letters were scattered among the soldiers as souvenirs. This one came in my way and I sent it home as a curiosity. I had forgotten all about it."

She had found out all her father knew of the matter, and so Miss Norlan went to her room to reread the letter which had touched her heart. And she wove a pretty romance about the writer of this manly letter.

"I wonder what was the fate of this noble fellow?—he may be still living," she mused. Then she murmured aloud, half-startled at the thought, "I'll write to him. No; that would be unmaidenly! But surely I can send the letter to his poor old mother. Let me see,—oh! I know what I'll do. I'll write to the postmaster at Shirley; he'll tell me if such a person lives there. It's not impossible."

She hastened down to the library and wrote the note saying she wished to communicate with the person concerning an incident of the late war. It was not long before she received a reply—very brief—from the soldier's brother saying: "My brother George was killed at Atlanta, July 23, 1864."

On comparing dates she found that the boy was killed two days after the confederate mail had been captured, and this letter was the last, loving message of the soldier to his mother.

If my readers will trust this kind, beautiful woman to do all in her power to make persons happy, leave her for a little, and let us see the Southern home at Shirley.

"Well, Fred, this is strange," said Mr. Darlang as he sat down in an easy-chair.

"What is it, father?"

"Thirty-three years have passed since my brother George was killed at Atlanta, and here is a note that the postmaster gave me."

"Let me see it, father? I'm interested. Are you going to answer it?"

"I have already written and told her that he was killed at Atlanta."

"I'm glad you answered the note," said Fred; "who can tell what may come of it!"

The father and son talked about the dead man, who had been a victim of the rebellion, and Fred asked his father many questions concerning the war. Mr. Darlang was a widower and Fred was his only son. He had been very prosperous in business, yet he had never enjoyed the ease and luxury that was all about him. For many years past he had become so taken up with his mad race for wealth that he neglected his Church and all his Christian duties and had even lost all faith. This had grieved Fred very much, for the young fellow had a devout heart.

Although the note which Mr. Darlang had written, was short and chilly, Miss Norlan wrote to tell the brother about the captured letter, which she had in her possession, and she asked if the mother was alive. She wrote: "I

will gladly give up the letter that I have. I am sure that it will be a great comfort to friends of his, for it is beautiful in its sincerity and simplicity."

Mr. Darlang, when he had received the first note of the girl, was suspicious that some one wished to extort money from him, but the tone of Miss Norlan's reply moved him somewhat, and to Fred it was a sweet, tender letter, and he began to have a strong desire to know the girl with such a heart as the writer of the letter must have. As Fred read the letter it dawned upon his father what a manly, whole-souled fellow his son had become. After Fred had read the pages he looked up and said: "Say, father, let me answer this, will you?" then added, not without showing his pleasure, "I think the author of such a letter must be more than ordinary, and I am completely interested."

"Yes, Fred, I think you are right,—answer it." Fred wrote Miss Norlan a long letter and told her much of the life and character of his uncle George, and that his father said that he was the image of his uncle. It was a gracious letter and one that made Miss Norlan feel that she was well paid for her trouble. Fred had not long to wait before he received his uncle's letter and a brief note from Miss Norlan.

Summer had nearly passed since the incidents above related had taken place, when one evening, as Fred was reading "The Reveries of a Bachelor," his father came into his study and said: "Well, my boy, how would you like the idea of taking a trip North? I have some business there that must be done, and it will be fine fun for you."

"Just the thing! I'm tired of doing nothing, and you know how I like to travel," Fred replied.

"Well, then, be ready to go next week.'

Fred was delighted at the thought of visiting the North, and was especially interested, since he found out that his business would take him to the state in which Miss Norlan lived.

Fred made the journey, and after he had finished his father's affairs, he made a special trip to Ashley, for he had determined to know Miss Norlan. Fred wrote a note telling her that he had come North on business, and had stopped at Ashley purposely to call on her, if she would grant him the pleasure.

Miss Norlan had often thought of Fred and was no less pleased to meet him than was Fred to meet her, and having her father's permission, she invited Fred to call. The following evening, when Fred was ushered into the drawing-room, Miss Norlan received him kindly, saying, in her quiet manner, "Mr. Darlang, you don't look at all as I imagined you would."

"Then, you are disappointed in me!" said Fred laughingly. They shook hands as old friends might have done, and they were not long in getting acquainted.

Fred told Dorothy all about his home, and they found many subjects of common interest to chat about. The evening was spent most pleasantly and passed all too quickly.

"How long are you going to remain in town, Mr. Darlang?" asked Dorothy, as Fred arose to say good night.

"I think I shall leave tomorrow. I am through with my business. I shall probably spend a few days in Chicago. I suppose I'll not have seen the North unless I see *Chicago?*"

"Oh! don't think of going so soon,—why the idea of such a thing! Stay and see our city. It's far ahead of any city in the North."

Before Fred went back to his room that evening he had promised to stay, nor did he need much coaxing to help him make up his mind to do so. Colonel Norlan and his daughter had greeted Fred so heartily that he felt he was quite welcome. Fred and Dorothy were together much of the time, and Fred never spent so happy a week in all his life,—the truth was that before the end of the week Fred loved Dorothy beyond measure. When he left he promised to visit his friends again at Christmas time.

On Fred's return to his home he had much to tell his father of the Norlan family. Nor did it escape the notice of Mr. Darlang that very often there came in the mails neat, well-filled envelopes addressed to Mr. Fred Darlang.

At Christmas time Fred made his promised visit to Ashley, and when he returned to the South he told his father of his engagement to Dorothy. They were married quietly on the Monday before Ash-Wednesday in the parish chapel, and Dorothy, anxious to see her new Southern home, said good-by to her friends, and they were soon on their journey.

Fred's father was delighted with his son's choice, and it was not long before he thought there was no one in the world quite as charming and beautiful. By her kind, loving manners and the true devotion for her Church, Mr. Darlang, Sr., was influenced, to the joy of all, back to his old faith, and has resolved at Easter to kneel at the altar rail with Fred and Dorothy.

The Rising Sun.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, '97.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE rising sun was throwing streaks of gray,
That robed the reddening sky in purple-white,
While leaden clouds that hovered low all night,
Had somewhat loosed, and fast were drifting 'way.
The Roman soldiers gladly greet the day,
And hail with joy the cheerful morning light,
That slowly creeps o'er Calvary's rocky height,
And falls upon the tomb where Jesus lay.

Then suddenly the lingering morning gloom
Is shaken by a mystic light, and all
The perfumed air with music seems to ring.
The mighty stone uprises from the tomb,
And terrified the soldiers prostrate fall,
Before the Life-crowned risen Saviour-King.

FLEETING THOUGHTS.

The snow fell thick on the mountain side,
Where the frost-killed foliage lay,
But 'neath the sun of the warm spring-tide,
It withered and faded away.

Thus many a thought from brilliant men
Falls light on the youthful mind;
It glistens a moment, it shines,—and then,
'Tis gone like a breath of the wind.

HORTUS INCLUSUS.

An humble lily graceful drooped its head,
While fast the clouds were forming blackest night,
And o'er the lake, in savage wild delight,
The roaring waters quick and madly sped.
It seemed as though the cruel waves would tread
And crush the tender bloom; yet with the light
Of morn, the waters calmed, and strangely bright
The lily nodded on the glassy bed.

Thus meek and mild our Saviour came on earth
When bitter storms of sin and sorrow raged,
And bowed beneath the scornful hate of men.
His beauty, all obscured e'en from His birth,
Shone brighter when the saving strife was waged,
And man was made the heir of Heaven again.

MORNING PICTURES.

In winter time when the morn was cold,
And the frost lay thick on my window-pane,
The sun traced pictures in greening gold,
Surpassing all dreams of the artist's brain.

There were armies arrayed for a bloody strife,
Cities besieged by an enemy's host,
Mail-coated heroes contending for life,
And the blood-stained field where the battle was lost;

Beautiful meadows and gardens in bloom,
Lilies, carnations and heliotropes,
Grass-covered hills far away in the gloom,
And the sun falling over the western slopes;

Delicate shadings of purple hue,
Blending in turn with a misty gray,—
These are the pictures the frost king drew,
On my window-pane, at the break of day.

In the Realm of Reverie.

JESSE WILLIAM LANTRY, '97.

A QUIET summer's evening, when the moon rises above the trees and allows her gentle rays to barely touch the earth, and when all nature seems to be charmed by the beauty and stillness that surround her, is indeed an ideal environment for dreaming. In such a surrounding, as Ik Marvel says, "no man's brain is so dull, and no man's eye so blind, that they can not catch food for dreams." They are very fascinating in themselves, and nothing is more pleasant than to spend an idle hour away from the monotonous activity of worldly cares, and renew or improve the air-castles we built when children.

It is difficult to define reverie, or to give an idea of the numberless subjects that lie within its scope. Some writers limit the word to the simple working of the fancy, while others more correctly extend its compass over all unrestrained thought. It works continually, and very often reverie is but a succession of pictures formed in the mind with little or no connection, and resting on a weak foundation of some pet ideal. This ideal may be science, mathematics, revenge for some injury, love; in fact, anything that will bring success or satisfy a wish. The Century Dictionary says: "The mind may be occupied according to the age, tastes or pursuits of the individual, by calculations, by profound metaphysical speculations, by fanciful visions, or by such trifling and transitory objects as to make no impression on consciousness, so that the period of reverie is left an entire blank in the memory."

When reverie first occupies our mind it is simply a means of enjoying an idle moment. It is agreeable, and we allow it to work its own way, occasionally suggesting a new subject for it to develop, and bring to a pleasing *dénouement*. At first it is rather encouraged by those to whom it presents itself; gradually it becomes a habit, and finally its control is so blended with our feelings that it becomes a second nature. When it has reached this stage, reverie is, like all other habits, almost beyond the strength of its victim, and it is able to lead him from the most urgent duties in life.

In the realm of Reverie everything is conformable to her wishes, and, somewhat like a fascinating woman, she holds absolute sway

over all within the reach of her charms. She dwells in luxury, and it is often the men who can satisfy every whim that are her most faithful subjects. She uses their leisure at will, inducing them to follow her through the brightest parts of the future, or resting in ease to view the pleasant scenes that she paints in their imagination. Reclining on a hammock in the cool evening of a summer's day, or near the fireplace in winter, she amuses the reverist with interesting stories, and deftly places the picture of the one he loves in every graceful curl of smoke as it rises slowly from his pipe. He delights in her entertainment, and spends hour after hour listening to her telling his fortune and carrying him through regions of perfect happiness.

In literature, reverie plays a very important part, but it must be remembered that all imagination is not necessarily reverie. The distinction is not very clear, but we may understand it better by examining different kinds of writing. The pictures in the epic require too much labored thought and deliberation to be called the effect of mere dreaming, while on the other hand, the romantic compositions are mostly the result of fancy. Novelists often found their works on some observation they have made in real life, and then allow their thoughts to drift whithersoever reverie chances to lead them, probably restraining it now and then to prevent the whole from appearing too unreal. Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, under the *nom de plume* of Ik Marvel, has done the best work to illustrate the natural trend of human fancy. "The Reveries of a Bachelor" contains several different thoughts running, as it seems, at different angles. I think that the interest which the author excites lies in the charming method he has of adapting ideal pleasures to real life; these he intersperses with "sweet sorrows" to relieve the monotony, and finally duty is introduced to show the necessary relation between obedience and human existence. It is amusing to note the wonderful extremes to which he leads his readers, and yet they have not the slightest objection to following him further if he would desire it.

Another reason for the great success of his work is his descriptions of the various moods of man in which reverie is most favored; he has carefully observed the most agreeable thoughts that course through the mind during those periods, and he arranges these in a way that captivates the admiration of those who like to dream. He assumes the happiest associations of musing, and then allows his imagination to wander among the usual vagaries of a bachelor's mind. The book is divided into four parts which treat of love and sorrow with their effects in four different ways,—as compared with a wood-fire, a coal-fire, a cigar, and his dreams beside an old favorite stream. They are perfect reveries, and the art of the writer lies in the hidden skill with which he maintains in his writings the naturalness of his dreaming. The one "Over his Cigar" is very interesting, and his comparison of the gradual burning of a cigar to the joys and trials of one in love is something exquisite. However, I think that it is surpassed in some respects by the last one of the series, in which he starts with morning, representing the past, glides onward to the present, noon, and then through the future in the mild surroundings of evening. It is a complete little novel, and embraces his life from when he was a mere schoolboy until he has a home of his own and has shared the sorrow of loss; in fact, it carries him through most of the trials of boyhood, college, love, and marriage. It is a book that appeals to every one; we find passages in it scattered here and there that are so akin to our own feelings that we can not lay the book down without praising the author for his admirable portrayal of them.

In "Dream Life," another work of Mitchell's, he pictures a human existence by the four seasons. It contains a complete plot in which the hero passes through these four periods and tells his experiences both joyful and sorrowful. I do not consider it near so strong as his "Reveries of a Bachelor," and many of its sentiments are borrowed almost directly from the latter book. It is lighter in thought as well as in style, and on this account it is preferred by those who do not care to follow the author through his more profound musing. Yet we must not infer that although "Dream Life" is inferior, it is not a clever work. The characters and incidents he introduces are natural, and we feel every movement in the story as though it were an event in our own lives. In these two books we have an example of reverie as it really exists. It is not a mere abstract thing, but purely concrete, and it generally rests on some fact that the reverist has either experienced himself or seen in the life of another. Its effects on the imagination and temper are, as a rule, trifling, but it is an active agent on the will. In time it will have an almost absolute control over our leisure, and what serves as a pleasant pastime easily becomes a despicable habit.

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IT is not all a nightmare with the Editors. Sometimes they dream pleasant dreams, when the printer's imp—to put it mildly—leaves off pounding their door-panels. One bright morning a fortnight ago they were in an unusually merry mood, because spring was at hand and copy was forgotten; and with minds relieved they paid their respects (but the bills are still due) to the photographer. It was one of those days that, in the language of the spring poet or the woman novelist, thaw the icicles in man's heart, that put buds on the trees and green blades upon the sward. Their likenesses are here reproduced, and so they go in person to present this SCHOLASTIC (bearing in its front the colors of their *Alma Mater*) with their compliments as an Easter offering to their friends within and without the sanctum.

MR. MARMON and the University Stock Company will, in a week or so, place us under great obligations for the composition and production of a three-act comedy, called "One Way to Make a Fortune." It is Miss Mollie Elliot Seawell's story, "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac," done into a play. The central idea remains the same in the drama as in the story, and the moving forces are identical in each, but the *dénouement* is a departure from the lines set down in the original. The incidents of the story are not slavishly followed in the play, but the principle of selection has been carefully observed. Mr. Marmon, who, by the way, is a member of the Staff, has made a special study of the history and the technique of the drama, and hence much is expected of him. He will act the principal part in his own play, and for these reasons we await a notable entertainment in Washington Hall.

A LECTURE by the Bishop of Peoria is a joy to look forward to. Wherever Dr. Spalding goes, he creates an atmosphere; and the young man who lives in it even for one brief hour is the better for it his whole life long. It is not simply that his utterances are thoughtful and thought-provoking; it is that, once heard, he remains a perpetual stimulant and inspiration. We believe we are expressing the judgment of all who have ever heard him at Notre Dame when we say that no other speaker in the hierarchy—or out of it—attains such complete mastery over the hearts and minds of young men. The qualities that fire the youthful imagination are most happily blended in him. He represents the ripest fruits of culture; his personality is charming and despite a long experience of men and policies, he is still fresh-hearted and enthusiastic. His lectures in Washington Hall—all too rare—have come to be looked on as an established institution, and the year that should pass without at least one talk by Bishop Spalding would lack one distinctive charm of our college life. All at Notre Dame—professors and students alike—are proud of the Bishop's oft-proved interest in *Alma Mater*. For the sincerity and honesty of his character, the depth and breadth of his scholarship, we have the highest admiration; for his warm personal friendship and generous loyalty, we have affection and gratitude.

THE Varsity Baseball Team deserves to win next Wednesday in the contest with Michigan. It is composed of the best players we have, or of those, at least, that have shown the greatest ability in practice. A good, honest trouncing to Ann Arbor, boys, and your success during the rest of the season is assured! You have strong teams to struggle with before the end, and we wish you luck.

J. B.

Our Newspapers.

THE American public is very fond of the word "liberty," and a word against the unbridled liberty of the press seems almost traitorous. Nevertheless, we are forced to add our voice to the chorus protesting against the liberty of the "new journalism." Liberty of the press is a good thing; but liberty of the press no more means immunity from law, and license to infringe upon the rights of individuals, than does the liberty of a nation mean that there shall be no law in that nation. An editor who prostitutes his talents to the love of wealth and notoriety does a thousand times more harm than does the poor sinner at whose crimes this same editor holds up his hands in hypocritical horror. This editor tells us that he is working for the betterment of mankind. In this he reminds us of a certain pious saloon-keeper that, after filling up his patrons with liquor, gives them a lecture upon the evils of intemperance, and then sends them home with an invitation to come around the next night. It is time that a firm stand should be taken against the sensational paper, and college men should be the ones to inaugurate the crusade. If the American public has not the manhood and virtue to repudiate these papers, and force them to suspend from lack of support, then those who have the welfare of the nation at heart should devise some means to overcome the evil and to protect the morality of the children of the nation, and in so doing to protect the morality of the nation itself.

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We are sorry to note the fact that denominational newspapers are inclined to follow the lead of the sensational papers in the matter of catering to the depraved tastes of their more narrow-minded subscribers. It is bad enough for a secular paper to lower its standard to win the applause of the rabble, but when a religious paper does the same thing it is an appalling evidence of lack of true Christian spirit. We do not say that these papers are sensational in the ordinary sense of the word; but we do affirm that they habitually publish articles which tend to inflame the passions of their readers. Religious bigotry is not yet dead. It has declined of late years, and in some places it is now unknown; but if the religious papers follow out their present policy it will soon be revived among the various sects with all the old-time animosity. This charge of fostering bigotry can be brought against religious papers of every denomination, and we must confess that some of our Catholic papers are among the worst offenders. Of course, there are many denominational papers that are above such work, just as there are secular papers which would not stoop to print objectionable matter; still the number of absolutely blameless religious papers is far in the minority. A few years ago there was inaugurated in this country an un-American, un-Christian movement against the members of the Catholic Church. This movement soon won for itself the condemnation of all liberal minded men regardless of their religious beliefs. The movement has practically died, and yet almost every Catholic paper you may pick up will be found to contain some article harping upon that almost forgotten agitation. Now this constant goading on of the more prejudiced and more ignorant of our people can not but result in harm to them and to the Church, if a stop is not put to it at once. These inflammatory articles estrange neighbors, and cause the Catholic to look with suspicion upon his Protestant friends. "Blessed are the peace-makers" is a beatitude which seems to have been forgotten by many of our Catholic editors. They accuse others of being bigots without examining their own consciences to see if they have the right to make such a charge. They do not teach the doctrine of Christ: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." Christ taught a religion of peace, and we do not see how a Catholic editor can consistently keep up the disgraceful war of words which has been raging for the past six or seven years. It is no excuse to say that the enemies of the Church must be answered in their own manner. "If one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Let our Catholic editors publish papers worthy of themselves and the Church; let them edit a sheet which a Catholic can put into the hands of a Protestant friend without the least fear that the friend will find therein an insult to himself or his religion, and they will increase their subscription lists. Let them seek to please the tastes of the more educated of their readers, and they will gradually educate and refine the tastes of the less fortunate of their readers. In following out this policy they will be setting a good example to their contemporaries of other denominations, and will gain the approbation of all Catholics.

A. W. S.

To Lovers of the Game.

ON Wednesday next the local baseball season will be formally inaugurated. The Gold and Blue will battle for victory with the Blue and Yellow, and may the better team win! It is two years since Notre Dame and Michigan last met upon the diamond, and since that time athletics in both institutions have undergone great changes for the better. Two years ago both teams had about them a tinge of professionalism; now both are strictly amateur, and composed of *bona fide* students of the two institutions. This year the teams will be on a more equal footing than they were when they last met. Both have had the advantage of indoor practice; both are in the pink of condition, and both are just beginning the season. Under these circumstances the team that wins will have to work hard for victory.

The team which is to uphold the honor of the Gold and Blue among the Western colleges for the season of '97 is one of the strongest that has represented Notre Dame in years. It required a great deal of sagacity to pick a team out of the abundance of good material with which we have been blessed this year; but that Captain Powers has made a wise selection a glance at the following make-up of the Varsity will be sufficient to prove:—Powers (C), Murphy, Gibson, Fitzpatrick, MacDonald, Hering, Shillington, Brown, Follen, Daly, Fleming, Hindel. These men are subject to change at any sign of weakness on their part.

Our schedule embraces some of the strongest teams in the West, and our standing at the end of the year will be a fair indication of our place in Western college athletics. Now, men of the Varsity, prove that our faith in you is not in vain. Do your best not to betray the trust placed in you, and play with such vim that at the end of the season you may be truthfully hailed as "Champions of the West."

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If we wish our team to be victorious throughout the coming season we must give them strong, hearty encouragement at all times. If we can not get on the field ourselves, we can at least show the men who are representing us that we realize that they are working for us and for Notre Dame. Our cheering and hearty support will give the members of the Varsity an enthusiasm that will make them strain every muscle to win their games. From Minim to Post-graduate, every student of the preparatory schools and of the University should get up and cheer for the Varsity, and demonstrate his friendliness towards the players one and all. They should stick to it through thick and thin, and if the game should go against us the encouragement should become only stronger. Many a disheartened team has gained renewed courage from the knowledge that the "fellows" are still with them. A man who will cheer as long as the Varsity is ahead, but turns traitor as soon as fortune goes against the team, is a despicable cad, and should be ostracised by his fellow-students. The college cheer should be given loud and often, and every good play should meet with merited applause.

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But while enthusiastic support is expected of the "rooters," it is not expected of them that their efforts to encourage the men of the Varsity should take the form of an attempt to "rattle" the members of an opposing team. Noisy rooting, intended for the sole purpose of "rattling" an opposing team, is growing out of favor among the larger universities of the country. The passing of professionalism from college athletics has left room for a spirit of fair play. Those who favor clean athletics no longer consider barbaric attempts to shatter the nerves of an opposing team as an exposition of true college patriotism. Here at Notre Dame a visiting team rarely receives an appreciable amount of support from the spectators, while the entire student body is behind the Varsity. Under these circumstances it is cowardly, uncourteous, unmanly, and unsportsmanlike to take advantage of numbers, and raise pandemonium every time the home team goes to bat. Give both teams a fair show, and let the Varsity do the rest. We have a team this year that is able to win its own games without any illegitimate assistance from the "rooters." Hearty, sincere support is all that the men of the Varsity require of you. They feel confident of their ability to win their games fair and square, and they realize that there is no glory in a game won by the "rooters," and that there *is* disgrace in a game lost after the "rooters" have made an attempt to steal it. Next Wednesday let us give the Varsity the support that is due to them, and let us at the same time see that fair play is given to the visitors. Let our cheers be lusty, and heard at every stage of the game; but let us treat our opponents in a clean manner. If we win, all the more glory will be ours, and if we lose—well—we do not expect to lose.

A. W. S.

Our Champion Basket-Ball Team.

BASKET-BALL has been played for many years in the preparatory schools of the University, but nothing like systematic work was done in this department of sport until last January, when Mr. Hering started the game in real earnest. The students of Carroll Hall were familiar with the first principles of the game, but those of Brownson Hall and of Sorin Hall were the veriest novices in this branch of athletics. Three teams were organized,—one in Sorin, one in Brownson and one in Carroll Hall, and a series of interaulic games was arranged for the championship, the proceeds to go to the Athletic Association. There is nothing that arouses hall spirit to so high a pitch as contests among the halls, and the enthusiasm displayed at each of the meetings, from the very inception of the game to the final contest, was of the warmest kind. As the proficiency of the teams advanced, the contests became more serious, and the Carroll Hall Team won the championship. Theirs was no doubtful success; they won *every* game they played, and won them by no small margin.

Each member of the team is in himself a brilliant player, but there was no attempt at "star" plays; team-work only was their object, and the result proves the wisdom of their training. Their vigilance in a game never left them, and they are responsible for less roughness than either of the other teams, although Sorin Hall pushed them closely in this respect; while their average score is almost double that of Brownson Hall and more than treble that of Sorin Hall.

Their success lies in the fact that they were quick in taking advantage of opportunities, and that they were possessed of surpassing agility. It was these qualities which recommended Naughton, Cornell, Herron and Burns to positions on the Varsity.

CARROLL HALL BASKET-BALL TEAM.

F. E. HERING (coach) D. P. MURPHY (manager)
THOMAS D. BURNS J. B. NAUGHTON (capt.) E. D. HERRON
T. V. WATTERSON (sub.) FRANCIS R. WARD (sub.)
J. F. FENNESSEY F. B. CORNELL

Team, whose photograph the SCHOLASTIC is proud to present, will not, with one exception, be able to vote for the next President of the United States.

Joseph B. Naughton, whose age is 17, weight 146 pounds, height 5 feet 8 inches, is captain of this plucky team and plays Centre better, perhaps, than any man he has met this season. He has always enjoyed the confidence of his assistants, and has been very successful in the management of his team.

Frank B. Cornell, the Left Guard, is small in stature, but his shoulders would do credit to a six-footer. He is only 5 feet 5 inches in height, weighs 150 pounds and is 17 years of age. He is especially noted for sure throwing to the basket, having made nearly half the goals from the field credited to Captain Naughton's team.

John F. Fennessey has played Left Forward the whole season, and is remembered for his watchfulness and attention to the opposing forward. He always stuck to his man and followed the ball carefully throughout his territory. His age is 17, his weight 146 and his height 5 feet 9 inches.

Thomas D. Burns was very efficient at Left Forward. He is a quick player, handles the ball boldly and with confidence and throws with accuracy. He confesses to 17 years, weighs 145 pounds and stands 5 feet 7 inches.

Edward D. Herron, the Right Guard, is the big man of the team. He weighs 195 pounds, is 6 feet in his shoes and his age is 18. He was a constant thorn in the side of his opponent, and aided very materially in keeping down the score of the opposing team. His place on the team prevented him from scoring himself, but he sent the ball with force and accuracy to his friends at the other end of the field

There are two substitutes who were always ready to fill a place in the team. Theodore V. Watterson showed up well in practice. He is the direct antithesis of Cornell in appearance, weighing 130 pounds—rather lean, but ever so active—and reaching 6 feet into the air. He is only 16 years of age.

Frank R. Ward is of the same age, is 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 140 pounds. He, too, worked hard and earnestly, and deserves a place in the photograph of the Champion Basket-ball Team of Notre Dame.

The members of the Carroll Hall Basket-ball Team will be here for some years to come, and there is no doubt that their influence will be felt in local athletic contests.

J. B.

Various Things.

This is the motley-minded gentleman.—JACQUES.

AN idle half hour can be spent in no more interesting way than in looking over the old files of the SCHOLASTIC printed back in the ages when most of the present Staff were engaged principally in the occupation of making life hideous for our nurses. Twenty years ago, when our paper had already reached its tenth birthday, its make-up was substantially the same as today, the most notable sameness occurring in the local columns which, heading and all, might be transferred to the next Saturday's edition, and pass muster without comment. Opening the volume to the number preceding Easter in '77, the locals lead off with the startling announcement that there are "two weeks more of Lent." The SCHOLASTIC of those days contained many excellent leading articles of literary and general interest; but so many of them are unsigned as to give rise to the supposition that they were not written by students. Human nature was the same then as now, and young writers are none too anxious to hide their literary light under a bushel. An interesting feature of that time was a column of brief comment on the art, music and literature of the day. Notre Dame did not lack for dramatic talent at that time, and on Washington's Birthday we find the Thespians giving a double bill—"Julius Cæsar" and the "End of the Tether"—tragedy and comedy, not to speak of choruses, orations and instrumental music. Among those taking part we find the names of Rev. N. J. Mooney, Rev. Luke Evers and Professor Ewing, who delivered the prologue. Hon. W. P. Breen was kept busy with the *rôle* of Metellus in Cæsar and the leading one in the comedy after-piece as well as the delivery of the epilogue, a sort of thing which seems to have been quite the fashion. St. Patrick's Day of that year was celebrated by the Columbians, who presented an Irish drama, "Robert Emmet," and the criticism records that Mr. Regan was a "capital comedian, flowing over with fun." Commencement in the '70's was an even greater occasion than now, and this particular year is memorable for having the late Hon. Frank Hurd as the orator of the day. The boat races and an alumni poem, occupying three columns of small type, were well in evidence. The programme of St. Mary's exercises discloses nine beautiful essays

sandwiched in between musical numbers; so it is evident that time can not crumble the good old customs.

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Max Beerbohm has a new book out, "The Happy Hypocrite," and the critics are already having a merry squabble about it. What a combination it would be if he and Israel Zangwill were to join forces, and what a delightful head scratching time of it readers and reviewers would have, while the writers chuckled in unholy glee at the result of their work!

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Serial stories in the magazines are the bane of many readers' lives, and now is the particular "winter of their discontent." Imagine the woful perplexity of one mind trying to follow "The Martian," "Soldiers of Fortune," "Hugh Wynne" and "The Story of an Untold Love" in the big four, not to speak of novels by Marion Crawford, Rudyard Kipling, and several others in the *McClure* and *Cosmopolitan* class. All of these stories are works of the best novelists, and one would be delighted to read them in book form; but by the time they are printed, the literary rush of events will have made them, in a measure, out of date. Paul Leicester Ford's "Story of an Untold Love," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is creating a great deal of well-deserved interest. It is wonderfully appealing for a work of its introspective kind.

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What time more fitting than the joyful season of Easter for a reconciliation between those who have not had good-will toward one another? So be it known to all who care to read, that Touchstone and Sans Gêne have decided to put aside all differences, bury their resentment, and live henceforward in peace and amity;—which, after all, is a matter not difficult of arrangement under the peculiar circumstance that they are the same person. This disclosure will, no doubt, shock greatly those sweet, gentle, malicious souls who patted Touchstone slyly on the back, saying, "Go in! hit hard! them's my sentiments!" and adding *sotto voce*, "There's nothing like having another to do one's dirty work." It has all been a sort of Giroflé-Girofla affair—or shall we say "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde?" for while Sans Gêne hardly claims to represent the former, Touchstone was certainly a rude, bad creature, and moreover, he now deserts his friends in their hour of need. And it was a funny spectacle, too, from a certain view-point,—this standing aside and watching the fish amble up o take the hook. The other side is not so humorous, of course, but life teaches us that there is always a thorn lurking around ready for business in the vicinity of the rose. So instead of crying with Bailey Prothero's mockery, "Fools! fools! my pretty fools!" let us merely write the admonition for the future: Do not be so hasty to jump at conclusions, and be more—charitable.

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The rather questionable proceeding of attacking oneself was undertaken as a little joke on the good public, which public is so temptingly easy to fool, and incidentally to study certain phases of human nature. As has already been mentioned, the joke was quite enjoyable—to the perpetrator—but the developments in human nature, while amusing in a cynical way, were not calculated to develop abnormally the love of one's fellow-creatures. It was really too bad that so many respectable persons were recklessly accused of being Touchstone; they certainly are entitled to an apology for this defamation of character. If all of such suppositions were true, Sans Gêne would be in a really pitiful predicament—between several devils and a whole bunch of deep blue seas. These jocular doings on Sans Gêne's part may be considered a trifle erratic, and so they are; but I modestly consider that part an indication of good philosophy, for after a man discovers that it is not his mission to reform the world, then comes the better idea of having some sport at its expense.

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The management of this little vaudeville show beg to announce that the present joint appearance of Touchstone and Sans Gêne will be their farewell performance—for a time, or until they can prepare a new act for the public. So while the orchestra plays "They Are not the Only Ones, Oh Dear! No," and the little boy in green with brass buttons changes the proscenium numbers, we bow our thanks to the applause (?) of the audience, and retire gracefully to the wings. Touchstone, in his individual capacity, begs to thank heartily all those persons who were so kind as to second his views, from dislike or apprehension of Sans Gêne, and he regrets deeply that he can not continue to be their mouthpiece. I—that is, we—take a tearful farewell of our good friends and trust that they will not be too angry with themselves at being jollied, to speak colloquially, and still less that they should bear resentment to the meek and humble scribe.

JOSEPH A. MARMON (*Sans Gêne*).

Exchanges.

WE have often sounded the praises of *St. Mary's Chimes*, but never yet have our laudatory criticisms been inspired by aught save spontaneous appreciation of the excellence of the contents of that dainty publication. It is always with a thrill of pleasure that we pick the *Chimes* from among our numerous exchanges, for we are always sure of finding in it much deserving of commendation. The general tone of the paper speaks most highly for the literary training received at our sister institution, and it is indicative of the thorough culture which always distinguishes the daughters of St. Mary's Academy. The choice of subjects and their mode of treatment shows that the contributors to the *Chimes* are well informed upon all subjects pertaining to a refined education, and that they know how to set forth their thoughts in graceful and easy language. The verse in the April number is far above the ordinary. It is scattered throughout the paper in little bits of musical rhythm, but one page in particular attracted our attention. It is entitled "Maiden Efforts of the Senior Class." The title in itself is ambiguous, but after reading the verse we came to the conclusion that only one meaning can be taken from it; for the verse betrays too much knowledge of the art of versification to be taken for the first ventures of the poetic maidens. A clever review of the "Princess Aline," of Richard Harding Davis, demonstrates that the fair reviewer is able to pick out the good points of a story, and to sum up an entire plot in a few well-chosen words. "Two Clever Booklets" is the title of a happy critique of the humor of John Kendrick Bangs. Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is treated in a sympathetic manner by an admirer of the great Scotch Poet. The collecting manias which afflict various people are wittily treated by an entertaining satirist in an article entitled "The Collecting Fad." "Easter" and "An Apple under Investigation" are also deserving of mention. The editorials, "Literary Jottings," and "Local Gleanings" are up to their usual mark, and that is a sufficient guarantee of their worth. Taken as a whole, the April number of the *Chimes* is most creditable to the young ladies who have contributed to it, and we congratulate them and their efficient teachers upon the high grade of the work they have offered to their fortunate readers, among whom are ourselves.

Since the *Holy Cross Purple* began to print its competitive stories the entire magazine has taken upon itself a more attractive appearance. We have always admired the work done by the contributors to the *Purple*, but we thought the contents a trifle heavy at times. It was too much on the plan of the *Forum;* it lacked imagination. We do not think that the stories so far published can compare in excellence with the essays; but that is doubtless due solely to lack of practice, and the faults of the inexperienced young story writers will become fewer as time goes on. The story in the last number contains too many unimportant details, and an air of crudity mars the effect of the whole. The plot is excellent, but we wish that the writer had saved it until some future time when he would have been able to do it more justice. The verse in the same number of the *Purple* proves that the offering of material prizes often brings out better work than does the mere prospect of glory. An exposition of the Jesuit system of education is an exhaustive treatise on a most interesting educational topic. It is, in our opinion, the best article in the present number.

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We congratulate the ladies of the University of Vermont upon the success of the Women's Edition of the *University Cynic*. They have done themselves proud, and, though our congratulations are a trifle tardy, we trust that they will be none the less welcome. We enjoyed the stories, found many new thoughts in the essays, and could not help being pleased by the verse. We wish that more of our exchanges which come from co-educational institutions would give the ladies a chance once in awhile. By chance—or impelled by some unseen force, for it was a women's paper—we turned over the last page of the *Cynic*. There we found advertisments for friendship rings, engagement rings, and wedding rings. Did the fair editors intend that as a hint to their readers?

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If we can judge by the last number of the *Purdue Exponent* the students of Purdue University pay more attention to science than to literature. In the literary part of the paper there are only two articles, both of them stories. One of these stories we have read before, and we do not think that it was in the *Exponent* we read it. As no one is credited with its authorship we can hardly call it a plagiarism, but, nevertheless, the paper from which it was taken should receive some mention; otherwise

it is a theft pure and simple. The other story is dull and arid. It has little or no plot, and lacks imagination. As it is also unsigned we can not tell whether or not it is the product of a student of Purdue. The Department Notes, the editorials and the Athletic Column are the redeeming features of the paper, for they are all interesting and well-written.

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The *Minnesota Magazine* approaches nearer to the conventional magazine, both in arrrangement and choice of subject-matter, than do any of our exchanges. It mingles the serious and the light, prose and verse, fact and fiction, in just the right proportions to turn out a most readable magazine. In the last number we enjoyed the "Story of a Freshman," "The Kidnapped Orator;" an essay on William Morris, and an article on College Songs. "The Value of Physical Training to the Student" is the title of a well-written paper which should be read by every college man.

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It was with a sigh of regret that we read the farewell message of the retiring members of the board of editors of the *Yale Courant*. We have so long enjoyed the verse, stories, and department notes of Messrs. Munger and Tilney that we are afraid we shall sadly miss them. However, the members of the new board, who have now assumed active control of the *Courant*, have demonstrated in the issue for the fourth week of March that they have the will and ability to keep their sprightly paper up to the high standard to which their predecessors raised it. In all respects, save the department notes, the number spoken of is fully equal to previous editions of the *Courant*. In the different departments the editors have displayed ability and strength, and we hope it will be only the matter of a short time before we see them equal and surpass the efforts of the former conductors of the "Bachelor's Kingdom" and "The Round Table."

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The first article in the last monthly magazine number of the *Oberlin Review* is an erudite discussion of the relation of Goethe to the political controversies of his time. The subject is treated in a manner which indicates that the writer thoroughly understands the political condition of Germany in the time of Goethe and the motives which prompted him to act as he did. It is a clear exposition of the character of the great poet, and a strong defence of his actions in relation to politics. A. W. S.

With Our Friends.

MR. RAPHAEL DOMINGUEZ, of Vera Cruz, Mexico, was the latest student to enter Brownson Hall.

MRS. ANN CRAWFORD recently visited old friends at the University, and at the same time entered her son, Allan Pinkerton Crawford, in the Minim Department.

WE were grieved to hear of the illness of our friend, Dr. Thompson, of Chicago; we are pleased to announce, however, that he is now on the road to recovery. We trust that his recovery may be speedy and permanent.

AMONG our other welcome visitors of the past week were Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Flynn, Washington; Mrs. T. J. McNichols, Mrs. French Moore, Mrs. W. S. Tillotson, Mrs. E. J. Monahan, Mr. P. L. Garrity, and Mr. Frank Ewing.

MR. JAMES O'NEILL, of Monte Christo fame, accompanied by his wife, was a welcome visitor on last Sunday and Monday. Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill have many firm friends among the members of the Faculty, and judging from the reception Mr. O'Neill received from the student body on Sunday evening he has many warm admirers among the students of the University. We trust that their visit may be repeated in the very near future and that they may be able to stay with us longer next time

OF last year's Board of Editors, all but four are still at Notre Dame. The four who have departed to other fields are Daniel V. Casey, Francis E. Eyanson, William P. Burns, and Richard S. Slevin.

Mr. Casey, whose graceful pen charmed many a reader of the SCHOLASTIC in years gone by, is at present on the reportorial staff of the *Chicago Record*. His style is as easy and pleasing as ever.

Mr. Eyanson has turned into a pedagogue, and is Assistant Superintendant of the High School at Columbia City, Ind. Dame Rumor has it that he intends soon to embark in kind Hymen's craft. We wish him joy.

Mr. Burns is studying Law in the Catholic University at Washington. According to the Washington *Post*, he and Mr. Frank Bolton, '94, are two of the most prominent men on the baseball team of the Catholic University. At present Mr. Burns is trying to steal enough time from his Blackstone and baseball practice to write a poem descriptive of Indiana's only lake port. We hope to publish the poem in the SCHOLASTIC when it is completed.

Mr. Slevin is studying medicine at Louvain, Belgium, and is now conducting "A French Correspondence" of his own. To all these gentlemen and to former members of the Staff who are still with us, but not of us, the Staff of '96–'97 sends Easter greetings. A. W. S.

Local Items.

—Company A has received a consignment of new accoutrements from the State.

—John Thiele, of Brownson Hall was called home Thursday. His mother is very ill.

—LOST.—A gold ring with opal setting. Finder please return to W. Fitzpatrick, Room 53, Sorin Hall.

—The Carrolls met and defeated the far-renowned Law School nine on the 7th by a score of 16 to 3.

—CHUB.—"How are these Gold and Blue sweaters made,—by machinery?"

CHERUB.—"Nit."

—James H. Brown was called suddenly to his home in New Bedford, Mass., Saturday last, owing to the critical illness of his mother.

—The design for the cover of this Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC is the work of Mr. E. A. Hake, of the commercial department.

—Many improvements are being made on Carroll campus. All the diamonds are being scraped and rolled and the soft spots filled in.

—The *Working Boy*, a weekly periodical published in the East, reprints from the SCHOLASTIC Mr. James D. Barry's sonnet entitled "The First Easter."

—Probably every one has heard of the "Whig Movement," but Brownson Hall owns the distinction of having practical demonstrations of this important historical question.

—A new bicycle room has been built in the gym. Each bicycle owner has been assigned a certain stall, where he is expected to keep his wheel during the time it is not in use.

—The Carrolls held two athletic elections during the past week. At one, Edward Herron was elected captain of the special baseball team, and at the other W. McNichols, captain of the anti-specials.

—Emmet Brown is said to have heard Fox and Hanhouser discussing the merits of different pen-drawings. "Why," he said, "you people can't draw. I drew a sweater in the raffle last fall." "Here—now—stop—please."

—With battle cry and war whoop the ex-Minims met their comrades of last year on the diamond. They defeated the St. Edward's, 23–22, in a game, the feature of which was a neatly executed triple play.

—Last week for the first time the Carrollites gathered together their bicycle toys, greased their chains and sallied forth to the St. Joe Farm a-hweel. They returned from their ride in the afternoon well pleased that they arrived alive.

—Now the Brownsons disport themselves on the tennis court, and many are the remarks which are made by the onlookers. Gerry has offered to bet fifty cents that he can put more English on the tennis ball than on his essays.

—In order to meet the demands of subscribers of the SCHOLASTIC for extra numbers, this edition will consist of thirty-five hundred copies. There are few college journals in the United States with a clientele out-numbering the SCHOLASTIC's.

—Notre Dame is enjoying a tennis revival. A court has been erected at the southeastern end of the campus, where at any "rec" hour students may now be seen chasing the sprightly ball. A reorganization of the Tennis Club will be held some time next week.

—The competitions will be held April 23 and 24. The Senior class should remember that these examinations are large straws pointing to so many degrees or,—well, the burials will be private, and there'll be no flowers. Students not Seniors would do well to remember that the bi-monthly exams are no perfunctory rites and are usually difficult. Prepare for them!

—The additions to Sorin Hall are being pushed forward as rapidly as the weather will permit. The foundations for the north wing are already laid, and the masons have begun those on the south side. Forty-two more rooms will be ready by next September for upper classmen. Already there is a demand for places, and the hall next September will be filled to the garret.

—A meeting of the wheelmen of Brownson Hall was called last Sunday morning for the purpose of organization, but the election of permanent officers was postponed until the next meeting, to be held next week. Brother Hugh, who acted as temporary chairman, briefly outlined the purpose of the club, which, if successfully carried out, will be greatly advantageous to the members. Before adjournment each member was assigned a stall for his wheel, in the new bicycle room.

—The Infant Classes of Sorin Hall are enjoying themselves in various ways during these bright spring days. After the close of the marble season they found a great deal of fun in throwing eggs at the workmen engaged upon the additions to the hall; and the innocent shouts of boyish glee that rent the air when the festive egg went home were good to hear. Later on little Jack Countlets tried to introduce a game called "Vancouver Sock-Ball," but as he could get no one to join him he had to content himself with standing against a brick wall and throwing tennis-balls at himself. Now they have taken to "Duck-on-the-Rock," and Willie Fagan, "Goldie" Walters, Eddie Brennan, Willie McDonough and Giley O'Malley have become very proficient at the game. Last Sunday "Goldie" Walters and several of his playmates went over toward the river in search of "ducks." While out on the excursion they were fortunate enough to meet six or seven sweet little,—but that is another story.

—Several of the students of Sorin Hall met in the reading-room on Saturday night last to organize an "Anti-Cigarette League." There were about fourteen students present—Post-graduates, Seniors and Juniors,—and all of them pledged themselves to give up cigarette smoking themselves, and to try to prevail upon the other residents of Sorin Hall to follow their example. Mr. Sherman Steele was elected temporary chairman. He announced to the students the object of the meeting, and after he had concluded Mr. Charles Bryan made a few remarks about the evils of the cigarette habit. The following officers were then elected: President, Sherman Steele; Vice-President, E. Erasmus Brennan; Secretary, William Fagan; Treasurer, John Miller. Between the "rounds" of its fight with Nicotine the club intends to find time for social pleasures. The cigarette "fiends" of Sorin Hall should all join the League immediately. They will find that there is no difficulty at all in giving up cigarette smoking, if no one is smoking around them.

—The robins were chirping blithely; Vic was asleep, and the last guileless maiden had tripped home from church when Wiglets and Haul Partung decided that their wheels needed exercise, and forthwith sallied out astride the iron steeds. At some distance down the road they encountered somebody who thought he recognized them, and thereby hangeth the mysterious part of the story. Now it happened that F. Poward Him had all the afternoon been playing tennis, and so rapidly did his racket flit about in pursuit of truant balls, that his numerous wheels were set in motion. Like good wheels that they were, however, they stayed right with Poward, and not until the supper bell had tinkled in the vesper air did they and their owner venture to leave the white-lined court. But next morning Poward's wheels were asked to give an account of themselves, and explain how the yellow clay got on their bearings. In vain did Poward maintain that said yellow clay was a product of the tennis court; to the questioner's eyes it looked more like turf from the thumb-hand side of the Niles road. Men of known veracity—Landers, Jake Fisher and Brucker—were brought to testify as to Poward's whereabouts on the previous afternoon, but affairs still wore a dark green look, when all at once Wiglets winked out loud, and there was something familiar in the freckles on Haul Partung's cap, and—the mystery was solved.

—In spite of a January cold snap and a March gale, the Varsity played a snappy practice game with the Senators on Tuesday last. The Senators are professional ball players, but they were not the equals of the men of the Varsity. Their defeat was due in part to their lack of practice, but even more to the strong team work of the Varsity. The home team played as a unit, and demonstrated that team work will be the strong point of this year's Varsity. The high wind and biting cold caused a number of errors which would not have been made on a favorable day. The splendid showing made by the men of the Varsity has made every man at the University feel more hopeful concerning the outcome of next Wednesday's game. The features of the game of Tuesday were the pitching of Gibson, the batting of Daly, and the base-throwing of Powers. All the men played their positions well, but the outfielders were seriously handicapped by the wind, and the in-field were too much benumbed by the cold to do any gilt-edged playing. The game showed off the batting abilities of our men to good advantage. The number of sacrifice hits made shows that the men are working for runs, and not for individual glory, or large batting averages.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fleming, l. f.	5	4	1	0	1	0	1
Hering, 2d. b.	5	3	0	0	2	4	2
Brown, 3d. b.	5	3	0	1	0	2	0
Powers, (Capt.)	5	3	0	1	9	0	0
Daly, c. f.	5	3	3	0	2	0	0
Hindel, r. f.	5	1	0	1	0	0	0
Shillington, s. s.	5	1	2	0	2	2	1
MacDonald, 1st. b.	5	0	1	1	5	0	2
Gibson, p.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	44	18	7	4	21	8	6

SENATORS	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Neenan, r. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Cross, 2d b.	4	0	0	0	1	1	1
McCabe, l. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
Genet, c. f.	4	1	0	0	1	0	0
Smith, c.	4	1	1	0	10	0	1
Arndt, s. s., p.	4	0	1	0	0	1	1
Cassidy, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	1	1	1
Canalle, l. b.	3	2	1	0	7	0	0
Auer, p., s. s.	3	0	0	0	0	2	3
Totals	34	5	3	0	21	5	8

SUMMARY: Earned Runs—Notre Dame, 3. Two base hits, Smith, Arndt. Three base hits, Fleming, Daly, 2. Home run, Daly. Stolen bases, Fleming, Hering, Hindel, Shillington, Genet, Smith, Arndt. Bases on balls, off Gibson, 2, Auer, 8. Hit by ball, MacCabe. Struck out by Gibson, 9; Auer; 5, Arndt, 2. Passed balls, Powers, 1; Smith, 1. Wild pitches, Auer, 2. Time of game, 1: 45. Umpire, Cullinane.

—On the evening of Sunday, the 4th inst., the Carroll and Brownson branches of the Temperance Society convened in the Columbian room, and were addressed by the Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh, his subject being "Father Matthew." The well-known ability of Father Cavanaugh, both as *littérateur* and orator, drew a large and appreciative audience. After tracing the growth of the drink-evil in Ireland and discussing its causes, the Rev. lecturer sketched lightly the early years of Father Matthew, and then went on to describe the almost miraculous success of his crusade against liquor, dwelling with particular interest upon his famous tour of our own country. The motives which influenced Father Matthew, and the benefit of abstinence to all classes, but more especially to young

men, were eloquently set forth, and the speaker concluded with the impresssive statement that if he were asked the surest criterion of the success of a young man starting out in life, he would answer in two words—total abstinence. The lecture was a masterpiece of wit, humor, pathos and eloquence, and a more delighted and enthusiastic audience never filled the old historic hall. Father Burns then introduced Col. William Hoynes, who made a brief but stirring speech, and ended by "bringing down the house" with one of those anecdotes which only the genial Colonel knows how to tell. It was a red-letter night in the work of the Temperance Society at Notre Dame.

List of Students Enrolled for the Second Term—1896-'97.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. J. Arce, C. Atherton, J. Barry, H. Bennett, E. Brennan, C. Bryan, J. Brown, J. Byrne, T. Cavanagh, M. Costello, F. Confer, E. Crilly, E. Delaney, W. Fitzpatrick, W. Fagan, W. Geoghegan, W. Golden, N. Gibson, F. Hering, W. Kegler, J. Lantry, J. Marmon, T. Medley, J. Miller, E. Murphy, J. Murphy, A. Magruder, E. Mingey, W. McDonough, S. McDonald, J. McNamara, M. Ney, F. O'Hara, F. O'Malley, R. O'Malley, R. Palmer, E. Pulskamp, C. Piquette, M. Powers, P. Ragan, J. Rosenthal, P. Reardon, T. Reilly, J. Sullivan, S. Steele, S. Spalding, J. Sanders, F. Schillo, T. Steiner, W. Sheehan, A. Stace, W. Weaver, F. Wurzer.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. J. Armijo, H. Arizpe, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, J. Burke, C. Baab, S. Brucker, R. Barry, S. Bouwens, H. Boze, J. Baloun, J. Bennett, J. Bommersbach, A. Crawford, T. Cavanaugh, J. Corby, A. Carney, E. Campbell, G. Cypher, J. Cuneo, W. Crowley, W. Cullinane, J. Conway, E. Collins, A. Casey, J. Casey, J. Cavanaugh, F. Dreher, A. Duperier, B. Davies, F. Dukette, J. Dowd, M. Daly, P. Duffy, J. Donovan, J. Daly, T. Dooley, W. Desmond, H. Davis, S. Dixon, J. Ellison, L. Fetherstone, L. Fadeley, O. Fitzgerald, H. Foster, R. Fox, C. Flannigan, P. Follen, C. Foulks, A. Fehr, J. Farrell, R. Franey, M. Flannigan, E. Falvey, J. Fischer, C. F. Fleming, W. P. Grady, R. M. Garza, C. Garza, E. Gilbert, E. Gilmartin, L. Gerardi, W. Guilfoyle, E. Guerra, H. Gray, C. Gray, T. Hoban, W. Hengen, F. Hesse, E. Howard, E. Hake, G. Hanhouser, L. Hake, W. Hermann, J. Haley, J. Hesse, J. Howell, E. Hessel, E. Hay, P. Hartung, H. Henry, W. Hindel, O. Hurst, A, Jelonak, J. Johnson, L. Jurado, T. Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, J. Kraus, P. Kearney, J. Konzon, R. Kuerze, J. Koehler, J. Kuhl, A. Lyons, A. Long, J. Landers, T. Lowery, F. Lutz, A. Lichtenwalter, C. Lieb, J. Murphy, J. Meagher, J. Mullen, W. Morris, C. Mulcrone, W. Monahan, H. Mueller, J. Meyers, M. Monarch, H. Moorhead, E. Maurus, W. Massey, T. Martin, W. Miller, G. McCarrick, M. McCormack, C. Murphy, F. McNichols, A. McMillan, J. McGinnis, E. McConn, A. McDonald, J. McKenzie, C. Niezer, H. Nye, W. O'Brien, F. O'Shaughnessey, M. O'Shaughnessey, T. O'Hara, B. Pickett, J. Putnam, A. Pendleton, C. Paras, R. Powell, F. Pim, J. Quinn, O. Quandt, E. Reinhard, J. Rowan, L. Reed, H. Rahe, A. Rupel, H. Stearns, H. Speake, F. Smoger, G. Stuhlfauth, H. Scott, F. Summers, C. Schermerhorn, J. Shillington, J, San Roman, F. Schuite, C. Singler, R. Spalding, C. Scheubert, J. Thiele, J. Thams, H. Taylor, O. Tong, C. Tuhy, C. Tomlinson, J. Tuohy, J. Toba, F. Taylor, C. Vogt, L. Weadock, W. Ward, M. Wigg, V. Welker, L. Wieczorek, J. Wimberg, E. Wade, H. Wimberg, J. Williams, P. Wynne, G. Wilson, F. Werner, E. Zaehnle, O. Zaehnle, R. Dominquez.

CARROLL HALL.

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

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters J. Abercrombie, L. Abrahams, A. Allyn, C. Arnold, J. Atkinson, G. Beardslee, C. Bode, F. Bode, A. Bosworth, T. Butler, L. Burton, W. Blanchfield, K. Casparis, R. Clark. P. Cotter, G. Cowie, J. Coquillard, C. Cressy, J. Cunnea, H Craig, A. Crawford, G. Davis, J. Dorian, G. Dugas, P. Dougherty, W. Dessauer, F. Ebbert, H. Engelmann, J. Ervin, A. Edgarton, J. Ellis, T. Fetter, W. Frost, N. Freeman, F. Frain, B. Graham, J. Griffith, L. Garrity, W. Hall, L. Hart, L. Hubbard, E. Hearne, J. Hinsey, M. Jonquet, R. Kasper, C. Kelly, J. Lawton, W. Lovell, G. Leisander, R. Leclerque, P. Manion, E. Manion, J. Munroe, H. Munroe, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, T. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, H. McConnell, M. McMahon, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, S. Monahan, E. Monahan, H. McMaster, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, C. Paul, A. Phillips, F. Phillip, G. Quertinmont, E. Quertinmont, H. Rees, H. Rennolds, R. Ryan, T. Redpath, W. Robbins, D. Spillard, V. Steele, S. Strauss, J. Shields, G. Strong, G. Seymour, W. Tillotson, S. Treniman, L. Van Sant, R. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, G. Van Dyke, L. Veneziani, F. Welch, G. Weidmann, F. Weidmann, G. Wilde, L. Weber, C. Wigg, J. F. Moore.

HOLY CROSS HALL.

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