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Keats "On a Grecian Urn."

THE vision blurred, our will is led astray;
Our blindness holds us back; we cannot feel
Those higher things which men have called ideal.
Now, doubly blessed, of double worth are they
Who saw not merely form, but far away
The spirit-type, which, by its mute appeal,
Makes sympathy. Those Greeks with pain conceal:—
Soul-bare they talk like Dante in his lay.

Ah well! they touched beyond the frigid stone,
Beyond those human forms in marble wrought
The beautiful. How well they trod the road
Of truth. The depth of life, true love alone
Can last, they knew. From out this silence fraught
With music strange, Adonis carved an ode.

F. E. E.

The Literature of Crime.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.



REMEMBER one evening that I stood watching a great steel furnace at work. The steady roar of the blast drove the sparks up high against the evening heavens, and the lurid glare of the flames mocked the glory of the sunset. I saw the rough ore, gathered from a score of mines, placed in the huge vessel, and as I waited, the fully refined mass was run out from one blower and moulded into the ingots of perfect steel. I have often thought since then how faithful a picture that scene was of the process of true art creation. The artist gathers his materials from many sides and fuses them in the crucible of his soul; where all impurities are removed and the varied parts commingled in a perfect whole. It is the fire of inspiration that does it all. If this is wanting the artist will give back

to the world only the materials he has drawn from it; and if he does but this, he has failed to create aught artistic, and proved himself unworthy of his trust.

Art is the sublimation of all the higher powers of the human intellect; and art that does not elevate is not true art. This power of elevation is the test of the artistic and the character that distinguishes real art from mere technique. Work that displays skill and ingenuity excites our wonder and surprise, pleasing us thereby for the present moment; but the contemplation of the artistic, whether it be poem or painting, building or statue, must inspire in us a deeper, lasting love of the good, the beautiful and the true.

Art deals ever with ideals, and it is merely the method chosen to express them that decides what kind of artist a man will be. The beautiful must always be the aim of the artistic, and the greater power a man possesses to distil the beautiful from nature the more is he an artist. The ultimate criterion of all art is reproduction of the absolute beauty, which is the assemblage of all the attributes that we conceive as existing in the absolute Good,—God, the Archetype of excellence. The contemplation of beauty such as this will fill our souls with the inspiration of the artist, and lead them to expand beyond themselves toward the infinite.

Since this is the aim and end of art, it is difficult to see how evil can ever be the object of artistic labor. Evil, indeed, as such, can never be this object; it is the beautiful—the inherently beautiful—hidden away amid the evil of which the artist treats. It requires far greater genius to mould from such materials a perfect whole; just as it demands more energy to crush the gold from the surrounding quartz than to glean the scattered grains from the sands of the river's bed; but if the genius have

the power to refine the material he touches, his finished work will possess a beauty as sublime and lofty as that which has been drawn from purer sources. He who holds himself by a slender line above a precipice in order to gather from cracks in the mighty cliff flowers of that self species which adorns its brow, may come back scathless from his perilous descent, but he will not possess so fair a burden as his less adventurous brother who has labored safely amid the rich profusion of gay blossoms on the plain. The artist who toils suspended in the abyss of crime may secure some treasure; but he will never cull there beauties such as those he would have found had he but spent equal labor on much less dangerous fields. For great must be the genius that can make of crime the subject of the artistic; and he who seeks to create true art will do well to choose from sources much more fruitful. Despite this fact there is a vast literature of crime, which, taking as its material the baser passions of mankind, endeavors, with varying success, to draw therefrom true beauty.

Genius is not a plant that flourishes extensively on earth, and most of these hardy adventurers into the realms of crime, deprived of the guiding light which genius alone can furnish, draw forth no beauty from the depths, and only drag their readers with them through the sickening slough. Thus the ordinary romance of crime does not lead us to higher and purer thoughts, but rather exerts its influence to make us imitate the vice of which it treats. Even the penny-dreadful, with its lurid scenes and distorted, oftentimes grotesque, descriptions, inculcates criminal desires in the impressionable minds of many youths. It is not, however, works bristling thus with Indians and desperadoes that effect most easily man's moral ruin. We soon learn the falsity in all their scenes, and the influence of the books fades with our increasing knowledge. It is the careful subtlety of the skilful writer who mingles truth with error and paints vice cleverly—as he well knows how to paint it—that, with deep insidiousness, corrupts even the intelligent. For my part, I know that Bulwer's dashing highwayman did me more harm than any tale of the daring bandits on our Western plains. Paul Clifford, the polished, brilliant robber, was truly a character to seize on a young fancy, and make vice seem not repulsive but agreeable.

There is a complete school of works like this in the literature of Bulwer's age, when there

seemed to be a tendency to glorify robbery as a trade pursued by gentlemen of culture and refinement, who stole merely because society had forced them to thieving. Thackeray attempted, in a work which unfortunately was never finished, to counteract the influence of such false ideas; but this influence endured for many years, and criminals became so much the public heroes that their captivity was sweetened by the cares of countless visitors, and their executions were bewailed by a sympathetic concourse. Indeed, the traces of the evil that such false portraiture produced linger even to the present day, and many a revolting deed can be attributed directly to the influence of the glamour literature has cast around and over crime.

Such glorification of crime can never be artistic, for it is not true; and all art, idealism though it be, must rest on nature as its basis. To idealize is to gather beauties from many objects and fuse them all into one whole. This creation may be above nature, but it is not unnatural, for verisimilitude is essential to true art. Yet verisimilitude itself is never art, and cannot justify a work that is a distortion of nature's beauties. Not delusion but illusion is the province of the artistic; though the artist may idealize, he can never show us what is false and still remain an artist. And the more this falsity assumes the traits of truth the less does it approach true art; for it deceives in proportion as the lie is hidden, and thus tends always to degrade—a thing true art can never do.

Nor do the works that boast of their unvarying copy of nature as she is, display more art when they treat of crime. They may be valuable for sociological study, or as a contribution to the science of criminology, but they are nothing more; and he who reads them for other purposes than scientific research, and draws pleasure from their pages, is either morbidly affected, or else a brute in sympathy with the deeds of which he reads. Life as it exists can never furnish the material for the artist, and its portrayal can never be artistic; for the inherent goodness of all nature is so obscured amid the grossness that the beauty does not move us to rise above ourselves. Not to show us nature as she lies before the ordinary gaze is the duty of the artist. We can all see this much without his aid, and if this be all he do, his labor is superfluous. He, with clearer insight, must teach us how to strip away the envelope of

grosser things and perceive the beautiful that hides in places where we, unaided and untaught, would seek in vain to find it.

To see more clearly the influence of crime in literature let us turn now to those works which deal with illicit love. Vast as is the literature of all other crime it cannot compare in volume with the works which treat of this one vice alone. For, while illicit love has held a place in literature since its inception, the works pertaining to other crimes are of comparatively modern origin.

Man is naturally prone to yield to the seductive influence of the flesh, and crimes of impurity are much more common than any other species of misdeed. However lofty a man may be, his passions are tempters that do not leave him free, and men who are criminal in other ways are almost sure to offend against modesty as well. He, therefore, who will pander to man's depraved tastes and baser instincts, is always assured a multitude of readers and a certain popularity which some consider fame.

Thus the works of Boccaccio—all interwoven with impurity though they be—are spoken of as the quaint old tales of the Italian master; and Gil Blas and Pantagruel are exalted to the rank of classics. Perhaps I utter a literary heresy, but I must confess that no one of "this grand trilogy of masterpieces" was able to hold so strongly my attention, that I could wade through all its filthiness unto its close. There is a charming naïveté of style and a certain quaintness of expression in the Italian tales (even in the translation), but I do not take my poison any the more readily if the pill containing it be sugar-coated. Not only among the Latin races have works as these acquired a lasting reputation, for in our own literature are many chronicles of filth, that, handed down from age to age, have lost no tittle of their pristine lustre.

Of our English "classic" novels I shall myself say nothing, for a champion of purity has been found at last in a modern critic; in one who righteously condemns the grossness of Smollet, Richardson and Fielding. Sidney Lanier says: "I protest I can read none of these books without feeling as if my soul had been in the rain—draggled, muddy, miserable. One who studies the tortuous behavior of men in history soon ceases to marvel at any human inconsistency; but so much as I *can* marvel I *do* daily, that we regulate by law the sale of gunpowder, the storage of nitroglycerine, and

the administration of poison, but are absolutely careless of these things—so called classics—which wind their infinite insidiousness about the souls of our young children, and either strangle them, or cover them with irremovable slime before our very eyes, working in a security of fame that is more effective for their purpose than the dark."

These are hard words, but they are well deserved. True art is made for all time, and can never perish with an age; yet endurance can never be made the test of art. That mankind remains for centuries in error can never prove error to be right. Fame often comes undeservedly, and the neglect so long accorded many masters proves that merit is not always recognized. It is easier to degrade men to do evil than to raise them to do good; it is easier to gratify by sensuality than to please by art. But sensuality is never art, however cleverly it be gilded, and the lustre lent by years is no more effective than any other kind of skilful varnish. Such work gratifies only the medium through which it passes—sense. It is as wine, which, gratifying the palate, produces an artificial excitement of the mind; and the pleasure such work gives can no more be compared with the enjoyment true art creates than the stimulus of wine can.

For my part, I believe that it is merely a certain grace of style and charm of manner, coupled with a popularity that has scarcely waned throughout the passing ages, that has led the critics to rank these works as highly as they do. Critics are never so independent as they claim to be, and when they see mankind for centuries enjoying a book and revelling in it, they dare not say that all this popularity is due to other than good causes. They have not the courage to declare that all these generations have been in error, and have praised the art of these productions only to excuse themselves for wallowing in the sensuality thereof. Man is not good by nature; and when judges, that should be able to pronounce authoritatively, tell him such work is art, he permits himself to enjoy it to his full, convinced that the sensual gratification he feels is the moral and spiritual elevation that true art produces.

Nor is even the literature of our own age devoid of pleaders in the cause of these time-hallowed sensualists. These critics urge the specious plea that the impurities in the old works are faults not of the man but of his age. Every artist, they avow, must, more or less, reflect the morals of his age; and if these

morals be all lawless he is only to be pitied that he had so poor a picture to reflect, not blamed because he did so.

We must repeat, though, that the artist is something more than a mirror that gives back only nature, or a clean, clear glass through which we gaze directly. An artist does not draw his material from his age. He weaves his fabrics from the beauties of his soul, and if he himself is pure, his work will be so likewise, despite the corruption that surrounds him. It is merely because the grossness of an age usually affects, to some degree, the morals of its writers that their works reflect the impure manners of their times. Shakspeare, the immortal, placed gross jests in the mouths of many characters, not because he lived in an age of loose morality, but because he himself bore some taint, and that not slight, as his poems testify, of all the grossness that he saw. This grossness is a fault even in Shakspeare; for he is not perfect because he reached a plane above all other writers.

We cannot say, of course, that an artist is as wicked as the vilest character he draws, nor is he, oftentimes, so pure as his most pure creation; yet no man who produces characters that are gross can be completely stainless. He who characterizes rightly enters for a time into the soul of the person he creates; and if man often drags his soul through miry places by descending to the vile and mean, he must leave some blotch upon its purity. If a great man has succeeded in being great despite his impure passages, we should not condone his faults on that account, or set up his example for imitation.

The glory that works of the classic writers have acquired, and the eager praise of critics, all too lenient of the impurities these works contain, have incited many modern writers to imitate ancient precursors. As was the custom in Quintillian's day, the latter-day men have followed but the faults of genius; and they have done more than imitate, for they have far surpassed the baseness of their masters. The gross passages of the old novels are so bestial that no man of any delicacy can read them; the filth of the modern novel is so cleverly concealed by tricks of style that we note not its presence until we have already trodden through some part. Insinuation is employed to its full strength, and one of art's noblest powers is thus degraded to serve the basest end. Yet if the work does harm, if souls are corrupted by its taint, the author dares to offer

in defence the lie that the reader has read the immorality into the page. If art were only what is represented, it would be, indeed, a sorry form of beauty.

The artist must not only show us the beautiful that he has gathered, but must inspire in us thoughts which lead us on through realms of beauty, truth and goodness. As Saint Beuve has it: "The poem which suggests the most is the truest and noblest art." If the suggestions are of beauty, the author has the credit of every precious thought his work has led us to conceive; if they are vile, he is responsible for the criminal and base ideas to which his work has given rise. Immorality insinuated is worse than that which speaks out plainly: one is the adder that, unwatched for, unexpected, bites and slays; the other is the rattlesnake which warns before he strikes. But whether the sensuality is dissimulated or concealed, works that tend to glorify impurity can never be artistic, for they are not true. And to cast a glamour thus over impurity is much more base than to deceive in regard to any other crime; for the exaltation of impurity destroys one of man's most noble and most pure ideals.

Love is not blind because the Greeks placed a bandage over the eyes of Cupid. Not love is blind, but passion; and he who sees not in his yearning, and is not ruled in love by head as well as heart, feels only the fires of passion and not the chastening warmth of love. "God is love" has always seemed to me one of the sweetest precepts our religion teaches. He is the infinite love; and the infinite good as well; and if our yearning is not good, it is not love; for it is not a copy of the Infinite. Love can never be the source of what is vile and base; it must always elevate, and give us purer, nobler feelings. Love makes the soul expand toward virtue, not descend to vice; and he who loves seeks always to deserve his loved one by his merit, not to possess her by his wiles. Love's yearning is not purely one of sex; it is the reaching out of soul for its companion soul. Nor is love ever a source from which can arise suicide or murder, for true love is never selfish, ever trusting. It affects the soul very much as God's grace would do; and for my part, I believe that human love is itself a kind of grace that God bestows on those who have His favor.

Love such as this is not a flower that blossoms in the garden of every person's heart. The genial Stevenson has shown most lucidly just how the average man is affected when he

seeks to wed. His feeling is a kind of preference, nothing more; and he would content himself most easily with a substitute should his loved object be beyond his reach. Such is the kind of longing that we see most often in our literature, disguised with many a brilliant ornament, yet having that feeling of self at the bottom. This they call love, but it is not love; and whenever man paints it as such his work cannot be art. Art must be true, and when one distorts nature, making what is pure the sources of the vile and the hideous, he can never be an artist. What though the world be in error with him, his mission is not to shine dimly in fogs, but to clear away the mist of error and show forth beauty in its splendor. The artist who shall picture love as it really is, will, indeed, be a master workman; his field is thickly strewn with gems of beauty, and could he but garner all, his creation will be of such a loveliness that all the world will wonder.

The influence that the leniency of critics has exercised unwittingly in preserving illicit love in our literature, has been already shown; but there remains a still more potent factor to consider. "Formerly," the Abbé Roux remarks, "literature was an art, finance a trade; now it is the reverse." The Abbé speaks all too truly. Indeed, we are heavily burdened now with a class of writers who seek only the financial part of literature. Fame they may desire, but only secondarily, because the lustre of fame is usually accompanied by the glitter of gold. Reputation, notoriety, with them is everything. for notoriety advertises and reputation sells.

Man can never be a true artist when he writes from necessity, not from choice. Every man, if he but continues labor long enough, must produce some little that is good, and rise in some part above the plane of mediocrity; but he who measures his works by the thousand words and his verses by the yard, will never reap a lasting harvest of anything but of gold, and seldom even that. Fame will never come down to his level and place her undying wreath upon his brow. Those men who hold that bread, butter and a home are necessary, or even worth thinking about, will never become great artists." Yet did the "hack" only thus fail the attainment of true greatness, his labor might be overlooked; for it is not given to all men to succeed, and life must be sustained by work of either hand or head; but these writers, as a rule, pander to depraved taste, and seek to acquire an audience by gratifying the passions of their fellows. Immorality is easier than

purity, and greatness does not pay so well as grossness does. So these writers foist upon the public works made but to sell—and works that are made to sell by the grossness they contain. Of this class of writers by far the greater part are realists. Let us look, therefore, on some of the reasons they allege for calling their labor art. We deal here solely of the realism of illicit love, not with the realism of aught else.

A favorite saying of the whole class is that "all things are pure to the pure." Yes; but for how long? There is a sentence much more authoritative: "Those who touch pitch shall be defiled," and he who consorts long with the impure characters of a novel soon imbibes some portion of their filth. Nor is there such a thing as "art for art's sake." Things earthly are not good for themselves. Christ never performed a miracle for its own sake, nor did aught without a reason for His deed. Art is not lovable as art, but because it portrays the beautiful, and leads us up by successive stages to the throne of God.

Nor can the realists take refuge in the statement that their work has a moral end, and aims to discourage immorality by showing the hideousness and direful consequences of such a vice. Literature that excites disgust is never art; it may be good as a tract or treatise, but cannot find a place amid the artistic. And such a method is a poor way indeed to inculcate morality. As an eminent French author remarks, in a work which is itself a good example of the impure novel: "To teach men to practice virtue as its own reward is poor policy. Tell them plainly that vice is pleasant, but that their reward in heaven will be higher because it is harder to lay aside these pleasures—virtue is never expediency." Realism of this kind is usually analysis, and this is not the process of true art. Art is synthetic; it puts together two tones "to produce, not a third tone but a star." If a work seeks to inculcate moral principles directly, and not through disgust, it is still less artistic. Didactic works are never rightly classed as art, and didactic works on morality are no more favored than any other kind.

"Impure women writers," so the Abbé Roux avows, "are usually immoral"; and the history of the female Georges—Sand and Eliot—and the lives of scores of others, bear out his statement. Be this as it may, I can but think that some self-interest is usually mingled with the pleas, put forward by realists in defence of

impure art, and oftentimes in the cause of impurity itself. And it shows not well for the morality of nations when the favorites are authors such as Hardy, d'Annunzio and Zola. All critics have agreed in saying that the true artist can never deal with subjects that arouse horror or disgust. I would include impurity as one of the forbidden topics; for it requires too great a genius to treat it properly. Even those who can draw from it scanty beauties would glean their harvests much more easily in other fields.

Virtue is the highest beauty, for it is a copy of the All-beautiful—God. He who can portray virtue rightly will be the world's greatest artist. We need images now, for man's essence is not pure, but is compounded of slime and spirit. When we are in the infinite beauties of paradise, beauty will flash upon our souls directly, and lose none of its lustre by passing through the senses. Till then let us stand boldly forth against the coming tide of sensuality and admit no grossness in our art: "For the poet (or artist) is not only the maker and seer, he is also God's almoner of the beautiful to us who stand without the gates."

A Fable for Dreamers.

In the days of chivalry was a prince who dwelt in a beautiful castle in a beautiful valley. In this valley were held tournaments by the king on the first day of each of the four seasons. The young prince one day looked upon the gay knights and said within himself: "One day I shall grow up, and upon a coal black steed ride forth and do battle for the princess Clothilde who lives in the castle upon the mountains." My panoply shall glitter like gold and shall be strong as steel. The plumes at the head of my steed shall be of scarlet, and the plumes on my helmet shall be the color of gold. At the shaft of my lance shall be the colors of my lady the princess. One by one shall the knights come forth and fall before my point. The people will shout their praises: but I shall bow only before Clothilde, my lady. Each day he said this as he fell to dreaming. Day thus followed day, and the years crept by.

Several knights stood around the corpse of the king. One of them said: "He has fallen by the lance of a weakling. He never fought; not even in the valley by the castle."

Varsity Verse.

MISS HEYER'S MISHAP.

HERE once was a maiden named Heyer,
Who swept 'long the street like a feyer;
On a pretty red bike
She'd skim o'er the pike,
And nobody else could pass beyer.

Now it happened this bicycle fleyer
Once punctured her pneumatic teyer:
She hit a stone wall
That was twenty feet tall—
And Miss Heyer slid off in the meyer.

When I laughed at this accident deyer
Her eyer got heyer and heyer,—
"Thou lovest me nit!"
She gave me the mitt,
And no coaxing will e'er pacifeyer.

F. W. O'M.

A HOWL.

The days of football come once more;—
With broken leg and battered nose,
With muscle strained and shoulder sore,
The days of football come once more.
And while the rooters loudly roar,
"Get in the game and do not pose!"
The days of football come once more,
With broken leg and battered nose.

J. F. F.

WOES OF A RIMER.

It's easy to scribble o'er many a page
In honest and tractable prose,
But the words to the thoughts are much harder
to gauge.

When you set them in hrythmical rows.

J. J. D.

SOMEWHERE.

Over the hills,
Over the gray-gold, sun-swept hills,
Where the summer haze hangs low,
Where the shadows gather and sweep and grow,
And the evening sky with colors fills
From the sinking sun,—
Over the mountains and plains and seas,
Where the shores where night is begun—
The round sun sinks when the day is done,
Beyond things all that eye can see
Lies peace,—
The verdant, longed-for land of peace.
Somewhere beyond the tattered edge,
Where the trees lift up their branches to the sky,
Beyond the mountain's ledge
That looks down into eternity,
Lies the land of dreams,—
The golden, sun-swept land of dreams.

A. L. M.

WHERE IT ORIGINATED.

When Nero climbed upon the hill to see
All Rome ablaze with fire which he did light,
He tuned his violin and sang, "There'll be
A hot time in the old town tonight."

J. J. D.

A TRAVESTY.

The modern knight in padded pants
Would give "The Cid" a thing to do;
Although he might not break a lance.
He'd surely break a bone or two. F. O'S.

The Fallen.

—
JOHN J. DOWD, '99.
—

Nestling among the hills of good old Dutchess County, and not remote from "the pleasant banks of the Hudson," stands, or used to stand, the farm house of Abraham Jocylyn. No cornice or useless ornament marred the simplicity of its exterior, but the structure was neatly painted in white; the floor of the side porch and the steps leading to it were scrupulously clean. Everything, in fact, from the well-trimmed hedge in front to a row of glistening pails and pans on a bench at the rear, testified to the tidiness of the residents, and hinted that the superfluous decorations were omitted through design rather than carelessness.

The large snug out-buildings made almost as much pretension to elegance as did the house. Indeed, the Dutch roof of the barn, although not surmounted by a cupola, boasted a weather-vane; but this was probably upheld as a purveyor of useful information; and, besides, it could be cited to the younger members of the household as an example of the worldly-minded, who shift with each evanescent doctrine, till finally comes a blast ruder than the rest; the slender tie that held them to the truth is broken and they go down to destruction.

Yet the place was by no means a desolate one. It was a pleasure to pass by on a fine day and see the flotillas of fat ducks and geese in the pond beside the dairy. In the yard broods of chickens cheeped contentedly; in front of the barn a mother cat purred in the pride of an undiminished family, and every now and then a flock of sandy pigeons swooped down beside the granary, reminding one of a shower of gold.

Altogether it was a typical Quaker home, and Abraham Jocylyn was a worthy occupant. Sixty toilsome, frugal years were but beginning to bend his shoulders and turn his long black hair to gray. His deep blue eyes were as full of earnestness and benevolence as ever. At times they brightened up with a sort of quaint humor, too; for the Quaker was fond of a quiet joke, and many stories of his wit were current in the locality. Once a niece of his, through the inquisitiveness of her sex, or maybe for private reasons, sought to slyly obtain a knowledge of his affairs and at an unguarded moment asked:

"Uucle Abe, if anybody ask me what thee is worth, what should I tell them?"

The old man looked cautiously around, and, bending down, whispered:

"Tell them thee don't know."

But it was not on account of his drollery that the "squire," as they called him, was so popular in the neighborhood. His goodness and charity were proverbial. He rigidly followed the principles of his sect, and fondly adopted every castaway horse or dog that he encountered. His thrift, however, kept pace with his generosity, and after some forty years of toil on the old homestead he had succeeded in laying by a small competency, though it often grieved him that his means were not greater and his capacity for doing good not so circumscribed. He frequently expressed this desire to his old friend and neighbor, Israel Haight, when the latter spent an evening by his fireside.

"It 'pears friend Israel," he would say, "as though the Almighty might often put His gifts in better hands. It is seemly that the elect should toil here below in expectation of their eternal reward. Yet it passeth me why the vicious and foolish-minded should so often receive an excessive share of this world's goods. They use them for their own frivolities and iniquities, thereby causing the evil one to boast, instead of helping the unfortunate, which is the most befitting way to glorify God. See all the money and brains that are wasted in fine churches and in splendid carriages and like vanities. If I had some of it I would put it to better use."

"Pooh! pooh! what would thee do with money?" neighbor Haight would chaffingly rejoin. "Thee wouldn't know any more what to do with it than thee does with the stones in the field nigh my wood lot."

But Abraham was always serious, and he continued:

"If I had a plenty of wealth, first I would put a wing to the dairy and cow shed; then I would give thee, neighbor Haight, the money to buy that ten acres which the highway cuts from West's farm, so thee would have a cozy place; after that my money would be spent in building hospitals and relieving the necessities of the poor."

One evening in late autumn the squire retired to bed after a conversation like that above, but could not sleep. He tossed restlessly about, and thought of the world's unrelieved misery and unsatisfied hunger, and of its grandeur and hoarded wealth. He could not compose himself. Even the moonbeams, that

stole through the narrow window-panes, had no sedative effect. Finally—for probably the first time in his life—obeying a strange impulse, he rose and dressed quietly, then passed out into the tranquil moonlight, and, without a moment's hesitation, started for the stony field next to Haight's woods. This patch had long been judged worthless. It was a little hollow of about five acres and completely filled with "nigger heads," cobble-stones, slate and sandstone lumps. It was strange that the squire should direct his steps that way. He thought so himself; and once, as he passed the out-buildings, was about to turn aside and see if, mayhap, some pilferer were at an unloaded wagon of corn. But something constrained him to go forward, and yielding to the mysterious force that guided his actions, he seized a spade that lay just inside the door of the corn crib, and walked briskly up the crest of the hill that overlooked the stony field.

Moonlight on a rugged landscape beckons forth strange shadows and is capable of fantastic effects; but even unromantic Abraham Jocylyn gasped out a cry of admiration as he looked below him. The little hollow glimmered almost like a river; but the larger stones were brightest and the color of the reflected beams was yellow. It required but a hasty investigation to show him that by some incomprehensible agency the stones in the little field had been transmuted into gold.

Perhaps the time had come when the Lord was to reward him, and make him the medium through which riches would be properly dispensed. It was singular that the Quaker did not think of this as he hastily set about to secrete the precious metal. It was stranger still that when his spade turned up not stones and gravel but gold that he did not pause to thank the Giver. He had no room for such thoughts now. Passions that had never before made their presence known, began to cry out for mastery, and demand that the wealth be devoted wholly to their gratification. Avarice here found its proper element, and, with its attendants, Fear and Hate, soon ruled supreme. Jocylyn dug fiercely, and muttered imprecations, even, because the very superabundance of riches made concealment impossible. What if he were discovered and killed! Never before had that sturdy heart trembled with fear. Then Distrust and Hate whispered that no one must see him there. No one may share in this secret and live; no one must obtain so much as one pebble of this hoard.

But the night passes on apace, and this vast treasure must be covered deep ere daybreak. It must be hidden elsewhere than in this enchanted spot, for every stroke of the spade only discovers a concealed store. He, and he alone, should know of this hoard in the hollow. With hands almost palsied by his recent labor, the old man seized a boulder and attempted to drag it up the hillside. He tugged for awhile with all the energy of covetousness and despair; but the efficacy of any stimulus has a limit—even that of the acquisition of wealth—and he fell exhausted and senseless in the midst of all his gold.

It was not yet dawn when the squire woke and found himself in his own room. Nothing was disarranged, and he experienced no sense of bodily weariness. The incidents of the night, must have been a dream. But it was a very vivid dream withal, and the squire was not assured of its unreality till he had stolen out to the kitchen where, by the light of a tallow candle, he examined his boots for traces of fresh dirt. Often things as shadowy as dreams that work no change on material surroundings, make a deep impression on the brain, and linger there long after outward evidence has done its best to eradicate them. So it was with the squire's vision. It had wrought up his placid mind, and given him an entirely different view of life; a view in which ambition and unsatisfied desires held the foreground, while contentment seemed dim in the perspective.

Probably he did not know what motives they were that prompted him to seek the stony field that morning. They may have appeared as unintelligible to him as the ones that controlled him in his dream. Perhaps he had a feeling of being accompanied by unaccustomed and terrible companions. Certain it is that had a spectator been present, and watched him as he glanced fearfully about, and glided stealthily along to avoid detection, he would have taken Abraham Jocylyn for a thief about to make away with something belonging to the honest Quaker.

The setting moon threw the shadow of Haight's woods across the hollow, and the place was dark and forbidding as the squire entered it trembling with expectation. Reaching down he grasped what might be a nugget, and held it up in the better light. It was still a cobble-stone, and he was dazed for a moment. Then he raised his eyes to the stars and fervently ejaculated: "Thank God!"

Books and Magazines.

A MANUAL OF COMPOSITION. By Prof. Baldwin. Longmans, Green, & Co.

In this little handbook the author aims at supplying for the first term in college such elementary instruction as is often necessary in reviewing and supplementing the work of preparatory schools before proceeding to more special courses. To this end the manual deals exclusively with expository structure as being at once more obvious, more useful, and less artistic than the other kinds. The principles that underlie the sentence, the paragraph and the composition as a whole are considered in detail, and each is practically elucidated by reference to quoted extracts. The use of these rules is confined principally to revision; for to pause in the process of composition to apply rules is absurd; but to rewrite by rule is to follow the sure method of progress in every art.

—"The Lamp of the Sanctuary," by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, is a story of unusual interest and will be relished by young and old alike. The scene is laid around the village church where the attempted sacrilege is averted by the child of the misguided wretch who attempted the unholy deed.

—"By Brauscome River," by Marion Ames Taggart, is a juvenile story dealing with the boyhood of two orphan children, one of whom sacrificed his life to save his companion from a watery grave, while the other lives to see his early struggle rewarded by the turning up of a rich relative. The heroines are endowed with many traits worthy of every child's imitation.

—"The Illustrated Prayer Book" and "The Little Path to Heaven."—Both of these are pocket manuals for children and contain the customary prayers. The printing in both is distinct. The first named has special devotions for the young. The prayer books as well as the two stories above are from the Benziger House, New York.

—*Harper's* for October.—It is very fortunate that magazines such as this can be bound and kept for the years to come. It is not like a newspaper skimmed over in a moment and cast away. It is rather for those weary mortals who would search for something to do; for those who are fond of lying in some shady alcove with a book. Yet, it is not for those alone. One number would be of interest to nearly every kind of reader. It is fortunate

for us of this latter end of the century that printing has been developed so far that we can have, every month, fresh from the press, some new stories of beguiling interest, and illustrations in black and white by the most able and skilful workers. It was not very long ago when people looked upon books as the tools of scholars and churchmen; and it is not far beyond our memory, when books were put upon the table in the parlor and carefully dusted every week, but seldom read.

Now we have *Harper's*. The October number is full of wisdom and interest. Moreover, its pictures are drawn by the most noted and able illustrators,—F. de Myrbach; A. B. Frost, with his favorite golf-pictures; C. D. Gibson, with two pictures people usually call "stunning;" Peter Newell, W. T. Smedly, Albert E. Sterner. These are sufficient to justify the name "art number," if anyone should use it. *Harper's* has been making rapid strides in the perfection of its illustrations. Formerly it was quite inferior to the *Century* in this regard; but now it certainly lies even with, if not above the plane.

William McLennan opens the number with a serial which will be watched with interest, Spanish John, being a memoir, now first published in complete form, of the early life and adventures of Col. John McDonell, when a Lieutenant in the Company of St. James', Regiment Irlandia, in the service of the King of Spain, operating in Italy. A. T. Mahan, who has written a successful life of Nelson, writes of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. Caspar Whitney gives the history of the conquest of golf over America, which is, indeed, most thorough, and will be, seemingly, everlasting. Bangs outdoes his usual self in his story. There also ends *The Kentuckians*, rather disappointing to most readers and a little crude. The other articles are clever and interesting.

—*Popular Science* is a magazine that has been making much progress of late. It is not a journal for specialists or even students of science; it is for the people at large. The various subjects are not discussed technically. Everything is simple and interesting, and the variety of subjects prevents monotony. The first article on Alligators and Crocodiles, describes the haunts, appearance and habits of these animals and tells us how to distinguish the one species from the other. The alligator, it seems, is confined to America. There is also an instructive life-history of the Day Humming-Bird Moth. The Notes are short and crisp, on many matters of interest to all people.

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—The days for football will soon be close upon us; and those who are not in position to do battle in sweater and canvas must take upon themselves the duty of making the game go merrily with their "rooting." Those who represent us will be encouraged by our cheers. Therefore we cannot stand idly by the sidelines with gaping mouths, when a cheer or two at the right time will rouse the flagging spirits.

Better no yell at all than a weak, rambling one. Those who are new among us, who do not know our yells, must be taught; for on October thirteenth we *must* win. On Monday last, with the whole student-body to give it, the yell was a failure. One that did not know stared at another one that did not know it, and shouted "Hooray!" The yell as it stands is this:

N. D.—Hurrah! D. U. Hurrah!
The Gold—Hurrah! The Blue—Hurrah!
Hoop-a—ra-hoo—ra-hoo—ra-hoo!
Notre Dame! Notre Dame! N. D. U.!

This is not all. Leaders should be appointed and yells rehearsed. Let those whom the muse has favored give time to a song or two which all may sing, and sing with a will, so that when the day of trial comes, we may be ready at the moment to tear holes in the heavenly blue—as a SCHOLASTIC reporter once said. With this word we give the matter over into the hands of the "rooters."

A Distinguished Prelate at Notre Dame.

Although the Right Rev. Dr. John Clancy, Bishop of Elphin, Ireland, was able to spend only a few short hours at the University, in that time a most heartfelt welcome was given him, and the good will and good wishes of all—both students and Faculty—were made unmistakably plain to him.

On Monday afternoon, when the class-rooms were filled, the big bell, in its thunder-like tones, announced the arrival of the Bishop. Then everything was hum and stirring; and shortly afterwards the students assembled before the main balcony, with the University band at their head. When the band finished *La Fièsta*, Mr. Paul Ragan came forward and, addressing the Bishop in behalf of the students, gave him this greeting:

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP:

We are very happy to offer you our greetings today. Your visit to our *Alma Mater* is a real pleasure and an honor to us. The distance which separates your field of labor from ours has made it impossible for you to see and meet us before; yet, though you come among us for the first time, you come to those not wholly unacquainted with you. From far across the ocean word has been brought to our land of you and of your zealous labors in the cause of Christianity; and as we cherish the faith of Saint Patrick, so do we cherish the men who follow in his footsteps, and keep alive that faith in the island where he left it centuries ago.

We have all heard of the noble warriors, the brilliant statesmen and the eloquent orators of Erin, but more than this we have heard of her Christian scholars, and we hail you as being one of these. A scholar from the "Land of Scholars," a bishop from Christian Ireland—these are your titles, and no titles are more fitting to ingratiate you into the affection of the students of Notre Dame.

It is the work of Christian institutions like this to train their students to seek for higher ideals, and to throw aside the artificial for the true. Hence, when we find a man that has devoted his entire life and energies to this cause, it matters not to us whether he be of our own country or not, we stand ready to greet him with open arms. This is the spirit of Notre Dame—the spirit of America.

It is my privilege, then, on behalf of the students of this University to bid you, Right Reverend Bishop, a most cordial welcome to Notre Dame.

Then the band broke in again with bits of national airs of both Ireland and America, and the Bishop stepped forward and made answer to the address of the students, and gave thanks for the welcome he found at Notre Dame. His fine ringing voice and his dignified manner made his words most impressive; they will remain for a long time in the memory of those who heard them.

VERY REV. FATHERS AND MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

A distance of about four thousand miles intervenes between Ireland and the place where I now stand; yet I feel that it has been worth my while to traverse this immense tract of sea and land to enjoy the pleasure and the honor that I am sharing in today. When I mounted these steps this morning and found the green flag of Ireland

tinguished President and professors, I felt that I was shaking the hands of brothers, and that the welcome I received from them came from their hearts. But when I came out here on these steps, and listened to the stirring strains of music from your band, and to the ringing cheers that greeted me from this immense crowd, I felt that I was receiving a welcome that came not from



THE RIGHT REV. DR JOHN CLANCY, BISHOP OF ELPHIN, IRELAND.

hanging side by side with the Stars and Stripes of America, I recognized that there is a strong bond of union between the two countries, and that the welcome that awaited me could not be mistaken. When I entered the hospitable halls of this world-famous University, and received the warm grasp of friendship from your dis-

your University alone, but from every part of America; for I have learned that there are students here from the various states of the Union (Applause). I therefore deem it a great honor, as it is an inexpressible joy to me to be here today.

It is some five or six years since I first became inti-

mately acquainted with the work that is being done at Notre Dame University. About the year 1889 I had the pleasure of travelling across the Irish Sea with a member of the teaching staff of this house. He explained to me the nature of the institution and the work that it is doing. From that moment I conceived the desire and the ambition of one day coming to this great seat of learning and seeing its students massed before me as they are now. My ambition has been gratified today.

I have read year after year since then, with both pleasure and profit to myself, a periodical that emanates every month from this distinguished institution. I have had opportunities of meeting from time to time men who were educated here. I have perused a history of this University. The more intimately I become acquainted with it, through these sources, the more I recognize the obligations of America for the work that is being done here, and the greater becomes my ambition to grow more closely acquainted with your admirable system. I feel that in coming here I am enlarging my views and heightening my ideals of true culture and refinement, and that I shall be certain to derive profit from my visit for myself and my people in distant Ireland.

In Ireland we have many difficulties to contend with in the work of education that are unknown to you here. Our country is poor; opportunities for acquiring the higher branches of knowledge are not given to the masses of our people, and there are many impediments in the way of our young men before they can enjoy the privileges which you enjoy here. Yet I feel that though our country is poor, though our young men are thus hampered in the great work of education, they form, when they come to America, a great power in the work of progress. They have been the foundation-stone in the grand edifice of American liberty that is being reared throughout the United States today (Applause). The cause of liberty and progress upheld in America has been won by Irish blood, which has been shed upon a hundred battlefields of this country. The Irish flag* that is preserved in this University as a most precious relic has been dyed with the blood of Irish soldiers, and should therefore be kept as a noble trophy in these halls along with the Stars and Stripes which represents the liberty it has won (Applause).

When I go back to Ireland—as I hope to do in a few days—I shall have many things to say that will give pleasure to my friends regarding the state of society and the condition of education in America. But there are few things that I can tell that will bring more widespread gratification than the account I shall be in a position to give of the splendid educational spirit of Notre Dame University.

I have here before me, I understand, young men from every part of the Union. They are the young men that are to build up the America of the future. They are the young men that are to keep up the standard of Christian civilization, the correct ideas of Christian morality. Therefore it is an honor and a privilege to be before them and to address them.

Your genial and kind President has told me that this University includes not only those of my own religion, but also those who are outside the Catholic Church; and I imagine that in speaking to a mixed body like this I may be permitted to express thoughts that would be out of place elsewhere.

We who come from Ireland are often misunderstood. There is a large amount of prejudice to be overcome.

* The flag of the famous "Irish Brigade."

Sometimes when we appear before those who are outside the Church they look upon us as enemies of civilization, as men who are opposed alike to culture and the spread of scientific knowledge. But when you go abroad from here and become the great men of America in future, you will bear away the conviction that Catholic priests not only are the strongest bulwark of Christianity, but are also the most broad-minded men, the men who cultivate, who advance all the principles of civilization, who walk on the broad lines of the emancipation of the human race from social and intellectual slavery, and who are not bound by those fetters of prejudice and ignorance for which we sometimes get credit from the enemies of our faith.

These, my dear friends, are truths that it is well to remember. When I go back to Ireland I shall say that I have seen in this University, which includes boys of many religious denominations, a genuine spirit of culture, a broad, intellectual toleration, which will become the foundation of the Church of America in the future. In return for these services to American interests I trust that America will one day become the protectress of the Catholic Church wherever her Stars and Stripes float upon the breeze.

I am exceedingly grateful to you, my young friends, for the kind welcome that you have accorded me, and also for the flattering remarks—altogether undeserved on my part—that the eloquent young man who has spoken the address has uttered in reference to me. I trust that one of the fruits of my coming here today will be that when you feel proud of this glorious country, of its unparalleled progress in wealth and commerce, and especially of its educational, political and religious institutions, you will cast a glance of sympathy beyond the seas to the "Land of Saints and Scholars," to which you owe so much (Applause).

I trust you will remember that though we are poor, yet we are prepared to continue the great work that has been done by our ancestors. If we are poor, if we have been persecuted, if we have been driven into exile, it seems to be the dispensation of Providence that all these afflictions should come to us in order to send us forth as apostles and evangelists wherever our children have settled. And this, please God, will be our mission also in the future.

I shall bear back grateful feelings when I return to Ireland, and I trust that on your part, you will remember the Irish prelate who unworthily represents that country, and who utters for you the sentiments of its episcopate and people beyond the seas—a cordial blessing to this great seat of learning, and a hope that it may continue to be the pride and honor of your country. *Esto perpetua.*

To this the students responded with the college yell and the band struck up a rousing march. Then there was a little hurried consultation between the guest of honor and President Morrissey, and the Bishop stepped forward to announce that classes would be suspended for the rest of the day. Cheers were again given; the crowd of students melted away, and the reception of Dr. Clancy was over.

A tour of the buildings was made, and one hour afterwards Notre Dame relapsed into its accustomed life, and Bishop Clancy had already left the golden dome far behind.

The Work of an Old Alumnus.

On Sunday last there was dedicated in Chicago one of the most beautiful churches in the West, if not in the United States—the Church of the Holy Angels. The energetic pastor, the Rev. Father D. A. Tighe, who has labored so earnestly to complete his church, is an alumnus of Notre Dame, so there were many at our University that were personally interested in the work. Very Rev. Provincial Corby and President Morrissey and Rev. Father Kirsch attended the dedication.

Several hours before the time set for the ceremony a large number of persons had assembled at the church entrance on Oakwood Boulevard, and by the time the dedicatory services had begun every seat in the large edifice was taken. The church was dedicated

by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, assisted by four bishops and over sixty priests. The clergy formed a procession, with Archbishop Feehan at the head, which first passed round the exterior of the church and then on to the interior, sprinkling holy water while the choir and the congregation chanted the Litany of the Saints. At the completion of the dedication a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated. The Right Rev. Bishop Burke of St. Joseph, Mo., was celebrant; Rev. Hugh McGuire of St. James' Church, Chicago, was deacon, and Reverend Father Coughlin of Philadelphia was subdeacon. Very Reverend President Morrissey and Reverend Daniel Riordan of Chicago were the deacons of honor. The masters of ceremony were Rev. Father Mooney and Rev. Father Gill. Right Reverend Bishop Clancy, who visited Notre Dame on Monday last, preached an eloquent sermon.

At the conclusion of the Mass Father Tighe invited the visiting Bishops and priests to a repast in the basement of the new church. After the dinner, addresses were made by the bishops, who congratulated Father Tighe upon the success of his twenty-five years of labor.

The ceremonies of dedication were brought to a fitting close in the evening, when Pontifical Vespers were sung by Bishop Clancy in the presence of a congregation that filled the church. The Right Reverend Bishop Spalding preached a sermon that was deeply religious and eloquent. During the morning and evening services the music was of a very high order. There was a quintet of the best soloists in Chicago, a chorus of one hundred and twenty voices, the grand organ and an orchestra.

The new church is undoubtedly the most beautiful house of worship in the West. The stained-glass windows, the paintings and the wood-carving around the altar are the creations of some of the leading artists of the world. The altar, which cost \$7,000, is of pure Carrara marble. The building is of Bedford stone and is an architectural ornament to the city.

The congregation of the Church of the

Holy Angels is now one of the best in Chicago. Throughout the work of building the church they have responded to any call for aid made by their Reverend pastor, and it was through their co-operation that the new church is a reality. We at Notre Dame have been unable, of course, to render him the practical assistance that he has received from his flock; nevertheless, we have had his work at heart, and he has our best wishes for continued success.



REVEREND D. A. TIGHE.

In connection with this subject it will be of interest to all at Notre Dame to know that the first child baptised in the Church of the Holy Angels was the new son and heir of Mr. John S. Hummer, who graduated here, Law '90, English '91. The boy was named after Brother Paul Hermit, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, and Judge Prendergast of Chicago—Richard Paul Hummer. Judge Prendergast was one of the sponsors. So while we are sending our best wishes to Father Tighe, we also thank him for the honor he has conferred upon an old Notre Dame boy, Mr. Hummer, in allowing his child to be the first to be baptised in the new church.—*Ad multos annos!*

Local Items.

—Hotel D'Haney is once more a favorite rendezvous.

—The four-oar crews selected as captains Robert Franey and W. T. Morris.

—Collins is back and will try for his old position of tackle on the Varsity.

—The Engineering Class can now resume field-work. Geoghegan is here to carry the chain.

—We are glad to see Jamie with us again. The uncanny Scot has many friends among the boys.

—The attempts of Girsch to pull on a pair of number elevens amused many Carrollites Thursday.

—Bob Fox has sold Brother Leopold a lable of ginger biscuits designed after Taylor's monogram.

LOST.—A two-blade knife with black handle. Return to John Cavanaugh, Brownson Hall, and get reward.

—"Jim" Brown, Law '97, who has been spending the summer in Paris, expects to sail for America next month.

—The Volunteer Fire Department has again reorganized. Thursday morning they were out—rubber boots, helmets and all.

—Carney and Foulks are exercising on a tamdum preparatory to enlisting in the phantom double at the Mishawaka meet.

—Jenaro Davilla, of Mexico, while on his way to the Boston School of Technology, stopped off to see his friends at Notre Dame last Sunday.

—Brother Hugh has placed a bulletin board outside the reading-room where the returns from games and presidential elections will be published.

—Several boxes in the upper corridor are becoming an eye-sore to every passer-by. Such places should not be converted into store-rooms.

—All the students who have not athletic membership tickets will be charged admission to all games. These tickets must be presented at the first game.

—The Director of the Historical Museum requests us to thank Mr. William J. Ferstl of South Bend for a Bavarian Infantry Helmet and an antique German rosary.

—Tom Cavanagh, '97, passed through South Bend last Sunday on his way to Harvard. Several of the boys were at the depot to greet him. They report Tom well, fat and happy.

—Some of the younger Carrollites are inquiring after the Philopatrians. And desire to know why they are to be reorganized. Will some one give them the desired information?

—"Ah," sighed Dowd, as he and Sheehan

leaned over the stile to watch the girls on their morning promenade, "would that I were a bird, enshrouded in yon foliage."—"Here likewise," echoed Bill.

—The Executive Committee of the Athletic Association met last Friday evening and elected John F. Fennessey Treasurer for the fall term. He needs no introduction at this late date. He is known.

—The Carroll Specials played the ex-Carrollites an exciting game of football, Thursday morning. The points of interest were the end runs of Becker and the tackling of John Kuntz. The score was 0 to 0.

—While hunting among the relics in the Library, recently, Andrew Jackson Magruder discovered a sweater which he claims was worn by Julius Cæsar when he used to play hide-and-seek with Mark Antony.

—Now is the time to procure a copy of "Don't," and save yourself much confusion and chagrin when in the company of those who act the gentleman in everyday life. Learn what to do, how to do it, and then do it.

—William Robert Miller, Sorin Hall, Room 83, just across the avenue from Charlie Foulks. Members of the tennis club desiring instructions in the loffar and overhand throw will please call before breakfast. Don't knock.

—"There's no use going to Haney's now," said Niezer as he started back to the University.

"Why not?—I'm so hungry," responded Eggeman dolefully.

"Well, because I just saw that man Haley coming from there. He got there first. It's no use, I say."

—For the convenience of students and the local letter-carrier, students should have their mail directed to their respective halls. It is superfluous to have South Bend put on letters or packages as there is a government post-office on the University grounds.—Notre Dame, Indiana, is sufficient.

—Manager O'Malley of the football team has made arrangements with the liverymen of South Bend to have a number of wagonettes, run to the games, carrying passengers at a low price. This will increase the attendance at the games, as the poor hack service heretofore lessened our patronage.

—The Diminutive Col., a former student, has returned to pursue his studies. The Colonel is now located on the third flat, but announces that he is going to carry his bed down a few flights. A gentle zephyr blew him out of the window of his room the other day, and he landed on the rough side of a century plant.

—NOTICE.—Students of Sorin, Brownson, St. Joseph, and Holy Cross halls desirous of making a purchase in the stationery line should remember that the "office" is open to them every morning, Thursday excepted, from 9:30 to 10:00. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons

from 4:00 to 5:00 are reserved for the Carroll Hall students.

—A lonesome feeling unconsciously steals over the student as Heiney Leip stalks out on the gridiron clothed in the padded armor that once enveloped the huge form of Tommy Cavanagh. May his shadow live! And to this end it is suggested that Heiney have the slack filled with pillows. It would also serve him well in shock of battle.

—A meeting of the students of Sorin Hall was called last Wednesday evening to make arrangements for providing the reading-room with the different magazines and periodicals, as is customary. The cold winter evenings are in this way pleasantly and profitably spent by Sorinites. S. J. Brucker and Col. McKenzie were elected assistant librarians to Bro. Gregory.

—The S. M. S. of '67 will be a red-hot team. They have already organized, and will soon issue a standing challenge to all the football teams on the face of the earth. Of course Boru is not here to rattle off his algebraic signals and fumble the balls; but Fennessey is not scratching his curls in a meditative mood for nothing, and something entirely original in signals may be forthcoming.

—The members of the Law Class of '98 met and organized last Wednesday evening. The following officers were elected: President, F. Henry Wurzer; Vice-President, Jos. S. Brucker; Secretary, Joseph A. Haley; Treasurer, Joseph A. Corby; Historian, Francis T. Dreher. The question of wearing cap and gown was discussed, and it was decided that the members of the Class of '98 appear in them, wearing the royal purple tassel.

—With slow wiggledy-waggledy, zig-zag movement his whiskers,—those that last year made every whisker-raising Brownsonite green with envy,—are again popping out on his rounded face. Indications, however, point to a change of color. When fully developed, they will most likely be of a dark-brown color, shading gradually at the tips into a phosphorescent reddish hue. With his face as a background, the effect will be stunning.

—These jokes are the first of the series from Landers Compendium of Humor which has now suppressed itself:

The Engineering class must be enthusiastic golf players. Why? Because they carry the links with them.

McCarrick would be a funny fellow if he chewed tobacco and didn't have that Mc to his name. What difference would that make? Why, don't you see? He would be Carrick-a-chewer? (Caricature.)

—The contestants who were debating the question could not agree as to the sides they were to take. Suggestions were offered by many, but it remained for Duperier to settle the question. He arose, trust his hand deep into his trouser pocket, and brought out a coin.

Holding it up to the view of all he said in stentorian tones: "Mister President, there is only one way to decide this question, that is to flip up a nickel. I move sir, that we flip." And then all was peace.

—A tall, angular fellow of quiet, noble mein strolled into the training room one day last week, adorned himself with a football suit and went out upon the gridiron to play the game; when he returned he felt himself fatigued, likewise bruised, and he permitted the trainer to apply the necessary treatment. During the operation the trainer, to his own great surprise, discovered in this embryo athlete, some muscle, and thereupon advised him to have it developed, which the athlete concluded to do. Peter Kearney will become a candidate for a position in the Varsity team.

—Sorin Hall has a ghost—a real ghost, that works in the night, and pounds mysteriously in some one's room. Medley heard it at midnight for the last three nights, and the others who are near him also say they heard it. Precisely as the clock tolls out the twelfth hour from the tower, muffled groans are heard distinctly. Then there is a dull thud as if a body fell upon the floor from the bed. A dull, wheezing, grating sound follows, as if some one were sawing a bone in the flesh. Then silence comes again, and Medley returns to the land of slumbers. Some night a squad of watchmen armed with clubs will remain awake to look into matters. Heaven help that ghost if it is discovered!

—Last Thursday Jamie—our Jamie—shone resplendent in a golf suit and red cap; "hit up a pace down the piker," and smiled as if his head would break. When he returned he was weary and the red cap was a wee bit dusty. "Gee whiz!" he said as he sank down upon the seat. "Gee whiz! I never saw such a crowd before,—and the fakirs! One fellow was going to cut a kid's head off, and he was sellin' soap. Another fellow beat the whiskers off the hoosiers on a roulette wheel. Another man exhibited a calf with eight legs. Gee whiz! What funny things a man sees at the county fair." And Jamie readjusted the red cap on his curly locks and went on murmuring in an undertone; "Gee whiz!"

SOCIETY NOTES.

The ST. CECILIANS held their first meeting of the year on Wednesday evening. After the election of officers, the Rev. President made several brief but interesting remarks. All of the old members were present, and the outlook for the society is very encouraging. The St. Cecilians expect to be more successful and to have a larger membership than ever. A committee was appointed to report on a suitable pin for the society. After a program was arranged for next meeting, adjournment took place. A full list of officers will appear in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

MOOT-COURT was convened for the first time this term on Thursday. The case before the bar was one of murder in the second degree; and owing to the large amount of evidence introduced, court was adjourned after a session of two hours to meet next Wednesday. Prosecuting attorney Weadock and assistant Hering are acting for the State, while Messrs. Hoban and Rupel are the defence for the prisoner.

THE LAW DEBATING SOCIETY met Saturday night for the first time this year with Colonel Hoynes in the chair. The following officers were elected for the current year:—Promoter, Rev. Father Morrissey; President, Col. Wm. Hoynes; 1st Vice-President, Francis O'Shaughnessy; Second Vice-President, Paul J. Ragan; Recording Secretary, Benjamin Pickett; Corresponding Secretary and Reporter, Louis T. Weadock; Critic, A. S. J. Magruder; Treasurer, John Eggeman; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank E. Hering. In the debate tonight, the subject of which is, "Resolved, That labor-unions are promotive of the welfare of workingmen," Niezer and Duperier will uphold the affirmative, and will be opposed by Wurzer and Eggeman.

—During a moment of leisure, a SCHOLASTIC reporter happened to pick up a copy of the *Penman's Art Journal*, wherein he found a little story which is notable for the difficult pronunciation of its words. He conferred with the Managing Editor in regard to giving a "Pronunciation Test" to the students, and the editor made the following inducement:

To all those students of the Preparatory Departments who are able to read the following article, pronouncing correctly and without hesitancy all the words contained therein, will be given *free*, one term's subscription to the SCHOLASTIC. Contestants must call at room 5, main building, at seven o'clock this evening. Come prepared. Father Moloney has kindly consented to act as judge.

"The plot is as follows: A reputable man of national fame once occupied a suite of rooms in San Jose. He was a great financier, a man of industry and patriotic spirit, conversant on all questions of nineteenth century civilization. He had a fine physique and a dark moustache. His wife was a notably decorous society woman who felt it obligatory to extol people instead of using contumely.

"Their beloved children were mischievous and given to all kinds of juvenile chicanery and subtle tricks, when not with their comrades.

"They could tell you stories of dogs, calves, donkeys, or ostriches, describe the Arctic glaciers, the Chinese or any of the antipodes, also Calliope or the Naiads. They were fond of almonds, licorice, syrup and desserts. When ill with diphtheria, bronchitis, erysipelas, neuralgia, or an epizootic, their mamma or aunts gave them half a spoonful of genuine morphine, cayenne and water, alternately. The daughter, although an amateur pianist, could play either Mozart, Hayden or Chopin in exquisite taste.

"Monsieur's demise occurred one February afternoon. On inquiry a deficit of eleven hundred dollars was found in the treasury. After the obsequies the remains were taken to a cemetery in Missouri. The relatives left for Iowa and Arkansas."

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Atherton, Arce, Brown, Brucker, Byrne, P. Carney, Corby, Campbell, Confer, Cornell, Dukette, Duane, Delaney, Dowd, Duffy, Daley, Eggermann, Falvey, Fennessey, Fitzpatrick, Fehr, Foulks, Grady, Gibson, Geoghegan, Haley, Hesse, Hartung, Kegler, Kearney, Krause, Landers, Magruder, Minge, McDonough, Medley, McKenzie, McCormack, McGinnis, W. Murphy, J. Murphy, Meyer, Meyers, McConn, Mullen, Mott, McCarrick, Niezer, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, Piquette, Pulskamp, Powers, Rowan, Rahe, Reed, Steiner, Sheehan, Spaulding, Weadock, Wurzer, Welker, Walsh.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Adams, Armijo, Burns, Babb, H. Barry, Blish, J. Bouza, F. Bouza, W. Berry, Berg, Burke, Bowens, Baloun, R. Barry, Bourns, Callahan, Crowley, Condon, Cavanaugh, Crunican, Cypher, Conway, Corby, Crawford, Crumley, T. Dwyer, Donahoe, Dooley, Delaney, Dalton, Donovan, V. Dwyer, Drejer, Devine, Duperier, F. Dillon, Darst, Davies, Dellone, J. Dillon, Daly, Doherty, Desmond, Eyanson, Ensign, Farragher, Farley, Fetherston, Fitzwilliam, Foster, Franey, Fleming, M. Flannigan, C. Flannigan, Funk, Fadeley, Follen, Fox, Fisher, Foley, Guerra, Glynn, Glasheen, Guilfoyle, Gainer, Graham, Garza, Gilbert, Herbert, Harrington, Hubbard, Hoover, Healy, Heinemann, Hagerty, Hay, Holahan, C. Hunter, P. Hunter, D. Hunter, S. Hunter, Hayes, Howell, Hermann, Hesse, Heffelfinger, Jennings, Jackson, Kehoe, Kellner, Kuppler, Klein, Koehler, Lins, Lampert, Longan, McKenny, McCallan, McKenzie, McNichols, McDonald, McCollum, Merz, Miller, Metcalf, Mulcrone, Monahan, Morris, Moorehead, Murray, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Reilly, O'Connor, O'Brien, Pickett, Pendleton, Pim, Rosselins, J. Ryan, F. Ryan, Reuss, Reed, Reising, Revels, Scheubert, Shiels, Sullivan, J. Sanford, Sherman, St. Louis, Sauer, Stuhlfauth, Schwartz, Summers, Schermerhorn, Scott, Spalding, Simpson, R. Sanford, Tomlison, J. Taylor, Thams, Vogt, Van Hee, R. Wilson, Watterson, Walters, F. Ward, Wynn, Williams, Wheeler, J. Ward, M. Wilson, G. Wilson, Wells, Wagenmann,

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Block, Britt, H. Brown, F. Brown, Braun, Barrett, L. Beardslee, G. Beardslee, Bligh, Becker, Bellinger, Berger, Buck, Clement, Crowley, Clyne, Curtis, Carney, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Duggan, Davidson, Dinnen, Dousett, Edgerton, Ellwanger, Fink, Furlong, Ferstl, Frank, Freedman, Fleming, Girsch, N. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gibbons, Hinze, Hickman, Hickey, Hogan, Hunter, Hoban, Hubbell, Joyce, Juretich, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, F. Kasper, R. Kasper, G. Kasper, Krug, Kirkland, Kelly, Luken, Land, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, Michels, Morgan, Moxley, Mooney, A. Mueller, N. Mueller, R. Murray, T. Murray, Maher, Morrissey, Meagher, McFarlane, McConnell, McDonnell, J. McMahon, E. McCarthy, T. McCarthy, McSorley, McNichols, Noonan, Naughton, Nolan, Ordetx, O'Malley, O'Brien, Petritz, Padden, Phillips, Page, Putnam, Quinlan, Ryan, Richon, Sebby, Smith, Stengel, Slevin, Shea, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Schmitt, Schoonover, Spillard, Scheftels, Ward, St. Clair, Wheelock, Weidmann, Werk, Welch.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abrahams, Arnold, Bosworth, P. Bortell, C. Bortell, T. Butler, W. Butler, Bernero, Blanchfield, Clark, Cunnea, Casparis, Cressy, Davis, Donahoe, Dyer, Downer, F. Ebbert, G. Ebbert, Frost, Fleming, J. Fogerty, F. Fogerty, A. Fuchs, C. Fuchs, Frain, Griffith, Guilbault, Hall, L. Hart, J. Hart, Hinsey, Huleatt, Houser, Jonquet, T. Jackson, G. Jackson, Kelly, W. Kelner, O. Kelner, Lawton, Leclerque, Lockwood, McCarthy, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, A. McFarland, C. McFarland, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, M. McMahon, B. McMaster, E. Manion, F. Phillip, G. Phillip, Paul, Robbins, Strong, Sinnott, St. Clare, Seymour, Schonlan, Trentman, Topper, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, Veneziani, Weidmann, Weber, Wilde.