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Time's Changes.

GOLD and crimson leaves were falling
On that bright October day,
We were children blithe and happy,
Romping through the woods at play.

Time slept not; the changing seasons
Came and went in rapid flight.
Years passed by before we knew them,
Like mere phantoms of the night.

Other children have our places,
Other feet and other hands
Pile the leaves up by the wayside,
Build up houses on the sands.

Golden hair is white and faded,
Careworn wrinkles dent our brow,
Another autumn is upon us,
And the leaves are falling now.

Savonarola—in Romola.

HUNTER M. BENNETT, '97.

THE character of Savonarola in "Romola" is the most interesting George Eliot ever attempted to describe, not only on account of the monk's historical importance, but also because he affords us the best example we have of her wonderful powers of discernment and observation. She has created several characters of a similar nature; but he is the only one taken from real life that professed, with any probability, that he received his power of prophecy from God. He is so interesting to her on this account that she gives room for adverse criticism by devoting so much, and seemingly unnecessary attention to a description of him and his career.

Indeed, the first impression we receive from "Romola" is that the unity is seriously impaired by the importance given to the historical part of which Savonarola is the central figure. It is not wrought into any vital, organic relation with the story, and Savonarola himself might be done completely away with so far as the development of the plot is concerned. It is true that Romola was braced by the strength of the Dominican's influence to the performance of heroic deeds of self-sacrifice; but long before she reached perfection under his guidance her confidence in him was weakened, and the only noticeable effect his influence over her has on the action is that he induces her to return to Tito whom she had left in a fit of passion.

But we should not altogether condemn the unity of the story before considering thoroughly the main idea the author seems to have had in view. Although Savonarola was no doubt very fascinating to George Eliot and afforded an excellent opportunity for exhibiting her powers of observation on a larger scale than she had hitherto attempted, still it is not likely that she would devote so much time and attention to him as she has done without having stronger reasons than this for doing so. There undoubtedly must be some connection between the two parts of the novel; and this connection, I think, is found in the development of the careers of the two principal characters.

The author says in "Adam Bede," "our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds;" and she makes this the moral lesson of "Romola." It is well illustrated in Tito, who is probably the most artistic creation of her imagination. His character is of too exaggerated a type to have any claims to realism; but still this exaggeration serves to exhibit more strongly the moral lesson of his life. He occupies the position of a criminal

in the novel; but it is not as a criminal that he appears to the reader. The principal characteristic that stands forth in him is the desire of his own immediate welfare, which at critical moments overcomes all the feelings of gratitude in his nature, and leads him to commit deeds that eventually cause his destruction.

When he was first placed in the dilemma of renouncing his father or leaving him in slavery, his better feelings predominated, and he decided to go to the rescue of the old man as soon as he had sufficient evidence of the escape from drowning. Any thoughts he may have had upon the inconvenience this course of action would cause him were then scattered and interrupted; but no sooner had a final decision become necessary than these obstacles were combined with such force that he was too weak to resist them, and he heartlessly left his father to his fate. The little rills of selfishness which had hitherto flowed harmlessly in him now united into a torrent, and henceforth his course of action became irresistible. He sought, above all, his own welfare, and for awhile his efforts met with success; but it was only a matter of time until retribution overtook him, and then he paid the penalty of his misdeeds with death.

It cannot be an accident that there is a moral lesson contained in the development of his career, for if this were so there would not have been sufficient reason for the subordination of Romola, who is nominally the principal character. The author must have had some idea, the presentation of which she thought necessary to preserve the unity of the novel when she made the story deal principally with his faults as affecting himself and not his wife. This idea naturally corresponded to her treatment of the historical part, and we find what it is when we see that she has applied the moral lesson of Tito's life to Savonarola.

This is a unique view of the causes operating to influence Savonarola's actions; but an application of it to the historical facts of his life serves to remove much of the obscurity with which the disputes of historians and biographers have surrounded him. George Eliot could above all appreciate human nature; and without going to any extreme, she conclusively shows that being a man he was liable to err, and when he had once erred the conditions so created determined his future action. He may have been sincere at first in the policy he outlined; but he supported it so vigorously and stubbornly, it became necessary for his

own preservation that he should continue to uphold it even when it was proven to be evil. If, then, he was knowingly guilty of any misdeed it was not necessarily the result of his own intention, but the force of circumstances in which his misjudgment had placed him. This view of Savonarola naturally brings forth a vigorous denial from both his supporters and enemies; but, I believe, a short consideration of his life and the things he had to battle against will prove that it is correct.

Before we can arrive at a proper understanding and appreciation of his career we must be fully acquainted with the circumstances and conditions of the century in which he lived. Any preconceptions we would form when judging him from a nineteenth century standpoint would be erroneous, since it was the age in which he lived that developed his character, and all his actions must blend in harmony or stand out in sharp contrast with it. It is probable that if he had lived at another time his life would never have been a subject of dispute, for it required the disorders of the fifteenth century to enkindle and set in action the fires that smouldered in his breast. Some of the most violent commotions that ever shook the foundations of society were then taking place, and strong men were needed to resist the demoralizing tendency of disorder.

The mediæval period in the world's history, after a long decline, was at length reaching its close, and men, breaking loose from the restraint to which they had been subjected during earlier ages, were fast overturning all the existing order of society. The passing of feudalism, the great schism between the Eastern and Western Churches, and the captivity of the popes at Avignon, were all the results of this new-found freedom, and the magnitude of the changes they involved naturally caused confusion in the political, social, and religious worlds. The fierce and bitter contests between the fast accumulating powers of monarchy and the weakened feudal code made war an almost perpetual condition, while the troubles within and without the Church led to demoralization and laxness of religious discipline.

The condition of Italy was especially deplorable at this time. Her close connection with the Church made that country subject to any vicissitudes it might experience, and when the Great Schism had very seriously injured ecclesiastical unity, and the subordination of the popes to the French king had impaired the influence of Rome throughout Christendom,

Italy likewise suffered a corresponding loss in position and in power. War was also more prevalent there than elsewhere, because there was not only contests between the feudal lords, but also, between the kings themselves. Italy was composed of many small and independent states, and their ambitious rulers were ever anxious to extend their power. Each monarch tried to strengthen himself with his subjects by giving free rein to their vilest passions, and whenever he felt sufficiently secure of their allegiance he immediately began a war of conquest upon some of his weaker neighbors.

But the religious and political troubles of Italy were not the only things that caused disorder and confusion in society. The sins that were perpetrated in the name of the movement called Humanism, or the revival of ancient literature, were of greater danger to the state than war, and to the Church than all her external troubles. The revival of letters was also a revival of paganism. All that was degrading and demoralizing in pagan worship and customs came in with the beauty and art of the decadent classicism. Men not only went mad over the poetry of the ancients, but they also adopted pagan morality. All the restrictions that Christianity had placed on the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato were taken away, and the scholars of the day idealized heathen views of life. Chief among the leaders of the new thought were Lorenzo Valla and Antonio Bicchadelli Panormito; the former was patronized by King Alfonso of Naples; and the latter by Cosmo de' Medici of Florence.

In his work "On Pleasure," Valla defends the Epicurean doctrine that pleasure is the sole aim of life. Virtue for him is simply pleasure, "whose good," he says, "consists in gratification of mind or body from whatever source derived," and by doing away with the radical distinction between it and vice he attempts to destroy the whole foundation upon which Christian morality rests.

Bicchadelli, in his "Hermaphroditus," which is a collection of obscene epigrams glorifying and praising the immorality of the ancients, even surpasses Valla. Louis Pasto, in speaking of it, says: "The most horrible crimes of heathen antiquity, crimes whose very name a Christian cannot utter without reluctance, were here openly glorified," and continuing he declares that these crimes "raged like a moral pestilence in his time in the larger towns of Italy, especially among the higher classes of society. . . . The corrupting effects of the prof-

ligate Humanism, represented by Valla and Bicchadelli, made themselves felt to an alarming extent in the province of religion as well as that of Ethics. The enthusiasm for everything connected with the ancient world was carried to such excess that the forms of antiquity alone were held to be beautiful and its ideas alone to be true. The ancient literature came to be looked upon as capable of satisfying every spiritual need and as sufficient for the perfection of humanity. Accordingly its advocates sought to resuscitate ancient life as a whole, and that, the life of the period of decadence with which alone they were acquainted. Grave deviations from Christian modes of thought and conduct were the necessary consequences of such opinions."

Thus we see the spirit of resuscitated paganism corrupting the very soul of human society. It was not only among the common people that its degenerating vices found a foothold, but the scholars and the clergy were also affected. Men holding the highest positions in the Church scandalized the faithful by their conduct; and in Florence, where the teaching of Bicchadelli had had its greatest effect, paganism almost completely occupied the vacant throne of religion. Nowhere was ferocity and sensuality more dominant over all classes than here, and nowhere did reform look so difficult.

The patronage of paganism was continued under Lorenzo de' Medici, and the tottering footsteps of Christianity seemed to have reached their last stand. Now and then there was a redeeming feature in the literature of the times, as there were still left men who could appreciate the beauties of the ancient classics without adopting their foulness and vices. Sometimes men of holy lives and heroic zeal would appear championing the cause of religion and giving beautiful examples of piety and virtue; but they were borne down in the vast onward stride of disaster and corruption, and their efforts were lost in the general confusion.

All seemed dark for Christianity unless some man should come forward strong enough to bear back the tide of unbelief. Only the fear of punishment could make them withdraw from their pursuit of pleasure, and it remained to be seen what man could by his sincerity convince them that they were about to receive the wrath of God. False prophets had arisen, but they only served to excite ridicule by their lack of sincerity. What was needed was a man confidently believing in his mission from God

and intellectually capable of impressing his belief on the minds of the people.

Savonarola had from an early age wrought himself up to believe that this mission was his, and he fashioned his life from the very beginning toward the accomplishment of this end. His childhood was spent in Ferrara, then one of the most profligate cities of Italy, where the practice of the fatal Humanism had, by its enervating luxury, destroyed all the moral sentiments of the people. He was remarkable even then for his gravity, composure, and devotion; and as he grew older the profanity and immorality surrounding him only served to increase the melancholy tendency of his temperament. He became profoundly convinced of the vanity of all earthly honors and enjoyments, and at the early age of twenty-three he decided to join the Dominican Order at Bologna. His decision was made not only on account of the fact that his surroundings would be more congenial, but also because he recognized that he would have a better opportunity there to accomplish the object of his life.

His biographers tell us that his conduct within the cloister was marked by an obedience to the vows he had professed that had never before been surpassed in the order. All of his leisure time was devoted to the study of Christian philosophers and scriptural theology which he had substituted for the ecclesiastical theology then in vogue in the Italian schools and colleges. At the age of thirty he preached his first sermon in the Church of San Lorenzo in Florence, and we learn from Burlamacchi that it was an utter failure. He made several attempts, after this, as he had been deputed to preach during the whole of Lent, but his delivery, style and voice were all against him; and before Lent had passed his audience had dwindled almost entirely away. He was so discouraged by his failure that he determined to quit Florence, and at his request his superiors sent him to San Gimignano, a little republic among the Sienese hills. The people there had not yet been affected by the Humanism which had spread over all the southern part of Italy, consequently they were still able to appreciate his rough eloquence which was void of the artificial graces of classicism.

He was sent after this to preach in various cities of Lombardy and Brescia, and he obtained such success, that the attention of all Northern Italy was attracted to him. In 1480 after he had preached the Lent in Genoa his

return to Florence was decided on, and he accordingly started for that city to enter upon the most unfortunate mission of his life.

The magnitude of the task before him would have appalled another man, but it only strengthened Savonarola's determination to accomplish it. He outlined his policy from the first, and all his efforts after this were directed towards its success. He did not think it sufficient that he should merely proclaim the truths of Christianity, but that it was also necessary that he should go to the root of the evil, and make open war on all those whom he considered responsible for the demoralized condition of the city. This was not to be a war of compromise, but a war of extermination. He recognized that the evil lay deep in the social body, but he thought that it could only be reached through the government by which it had been implanted. His success, therefore, required that he should obtain its services, and he decided that the destruction rather than the conversion of its members was necessary. Henceforth there was war to the knife between him and the authorities.

This was a fatal blunder on his part, and was the indirect cause of almost all the difficulties he experienced. He was from this time on engulfed in the vortex of political intrigue, and his actions were ruled not by himself but by the necessity of circumstances.

His natural ability soon gathered around him a large number of enthusiastic followers, and it was not long before they gained the popular ascendancy in Florence. The politic Lorenzo de' Medici saw the drift of public opinion, and tried by every means in his power to gain the friendship of the gifted friar. But all in vain. Savonarola would have none of him. He held him responsible for the condition of Florence, and he persisted in his unrelenting hostility to Lorenzo even to the day of his death.

Piero de' Medici succeeded Lorenzo, but he soon showed that he was entirely lacking in the abilities that had distinguished his father. The party of which Savonarola was the animating spirit soon succeeded in banishing him, and substituted in his place a remodelled republican form of government. Here the real troubles of Savonarola began. Although he was not ostensibly connected with the government, he was, as it were, the "power behind the throne," and the people considered him responsible for all the public acts. For awhile everything went well, and under his influence

there was a wonderful change in the morality of the city. But he had made many enemies by his high-handed conduct, and they now united in an active opposition to him. The adherents of the Medici, the old aristocracy and the libertines of the city, were all against him and were ever ready to take advantage of any mistakes he might make. The political condition of Italy was growing more complicated every day, and it was not long before his enemies had an opportunity of stirring up dissatisfaction with his rule.

Charles VIII. of France laid claim to the throne of Naples through the house of Anjou, and had descended into Italy to establish his alleged rights. Savonarola saw in his invasion the fulfilment of his prophecy that the wrath of God would fall upon the people of Italy, and he had not only encouraged him to come, but had also promised him the friendly co-operation of the Florentine republic. Thus Florence alone of all Italy became the ally of the invader, and the only recompense she received for her friendship was very ungrateful treatment at his hands. Her commerce was destroyed, her possessions were lost, and for awhile her very independence was threatened.

This step marks the beginning of the downfall of Savonarola, for it strengthened the influence of his enemies at home, and placed him in open opposition to the rest of Italy. The machinations of his opponents succeeded in entangling him in a web, and he was compelled for his own preservation to act on the defensive. Through the influence of the Medici the Franciscan monks were prevailed upon to denounce what they termed Savonarola's fanatic, licentious and democratic doctrines, and the pulpit became a place of controversy for both political and ecclesiastical questions.

Meanwhile Savonarola became bolder and bolder in his denunciation of both clergy and laity, and all the warnings and commands of the Roman Pontiff were not sufficient to stop him for any length of time. Alexander VI., who at that time occupied the Chair of St. Peter, tried by every means in his power to silence him, first by conciliation, then by command, and finally by excommunication. Still Savonarola continued in his defiance, and it was only when the Pope threatened Florence with an interdict that the signory forbade him to preach. As George Eliot herself says, "there was no denying that toward Alexander VI. Savonarola was a rebel, and, what was much more, a dangerous rebel. Florence had heard

him say, and had well understood what he meant, that he would not *obey the devil*."

But when Savonarola's voice was silenced his enemies began to gain strength, and it only needed the fiasco of the trial by fire—the failure of which was attributed to him—to set his popularity with the people on the wane. They were discontented with the part he took in it, and the Medicians seizing their opportunity, incited a mob to attack St. Mark's convent where he resided. A guard from the signory placed him under arrest at the conclusion of the assault, and conveyed him to prison. His enemies were in power at this time in Florence, and he was speedily brought to trial on some absurd charges, and condemned to death. While in prison for the last time he attempted no vindication of his innocence. He said of himself only, "God placed thee in the midst of the people even as if thou hadst been one of the excellent. In this way thou hast taught others, and hast failed to learn thyself." He did not consider himself a martyr. On the 23d of April, 1498, the sentence was executed, and Savonarola passed from the scene of his labors.

When we look back into the past and picture to ourselves the figure of this gifted monk battling so bravely and faithfully against the corruption of his time, our sympathies go out to him, and we would fain overlook his faults in consideration of the good he has done. To him more than to any other person was due the gradual re-establishment of Christianity, and for this alone we owe him a debt of gratitude that no weakness of his can efface. If he committed any faults they were faults of judgment rather than of purpose. Evidence is not wanting that the latter part of his life was marked by acts of self-interest, but they were the necessary outcome of the entanglements into which his errors had thrown him. He had accumulated many kinds of hatred on his head in his opposition to iniquity and his zeal for the cause of purity; and he is not to be blamed if this hatred drove him to acts of self-preservation that were not compatible with his profession. In view of the fact that he sought to bring about a radical reform at a time when the corrupt leaders of the people were averse to such reform, it would be little less than a miracle if he escaped without making some blunders. George Eliot rightly says: "Whatever falsehood there had been in him had been a fact and not a purpose; a gradual entanglement in which he struggled, not a contrivance encouraged by success."

Varsity Verse.

IN AUTUMN DAYS.

WHEN the leaves begin to flutter
 To the ground and boughs are bare;
 Then I lock my office shutter,
 And I clean my gun with care;
 For the breezes soft are blowing
 In the land where I am going,
 And the golden-rod is growing
 Wondrous fair.

There is just myself and Rover;
 So we wander far from men,
 And we search the country over,
 Through the woodland, field and glen.
 But at hunting I'm not clever,
 For no game-bird whatsoever
 Can I bag;—I swear I'll never
 Hunt again!

Oh, at sunset how unpleasant,
 When I think not even one
 Unsophisticated pheasant
 Dropped to earth before my gun!
 Never mind, there's no use sighing,
 Rover dear; for homeward hieing
 I shall buy more game than's flying
 'Neath the sun.

F. W. O'M

AN ILLUSTRATED MISTAKE.

When Willie first essayed to play
 The game of football on that day,
 It seemed a "cinch," and Willie's way
 Looked
 Like
 This.

But ere a fortnight had gone by,
 A "charley horse" and blackened eye
 Proved his surmise to be a lie,—

The Road was Rough.

In fact, 'twas soon poor Willie learned
 That laurels are not quickly earned,
 Nor mountains quite so easy turned
 Up-side down.

F. J. F. C.

AN UNWRITTEN LAW.

"This rule is law," the trainer spoke,
 "Let those beware who doubt;
 The Football men must cease to smoke."
 And so, their pipes went out.

F. O. S.

CYCLER'S TROUBLES.

The poor man sighed,
 His good wife cried,
 They couldn't pay their house-rent;
 For on that day
 They had to pay
 Their bicycle installment.

L. C. M. R.

Did They Know?

FRANK J. F. CONFER, '97.

It was an evening in May. Half a dozen academy girls at the edge of the grove gazed idly across the valley to where the declining sun had left a golden-red halo about the group of long, low buildings which constituted old Saint Francis' College.

"Quaker meeting," murmured one, and then they all giggled.

"I wonder what the college boys are doing?" exclaimed Valetta Phelan, a statuesque beauty of eighteen summers.

"Why don't you ask them?" chirped Kittie Walsh.

"I only wish I could," was the reply, and then they all giggled again.

No one spoke for a moment; then Margaret Vesey gave utterance to a very audible "Oh!"

"Did a mosquito bite you?"

"Was it a bumble-bee?"

"Did you see a man?"

"Or swallow your gum?"

"Girls," said Margaret, ignoring the questions, "I have an idea!"

"Oh!"

"Yes: suppose we try the echo?"

"When?"

"How?"

"What echo?"

"Why, don't you see? College Hill is over half a mile away; it presents a plane surface that is almost perpendicular, and should therefore echo any sound made at this point;" and Margaret felt conscious that her eight months in elementary physics had not been wasted.

The girls exchanged glances, and several of them looked very wise, but all became attentive as Margaret continued:

"Get ready, now, and when I count three, all shout 'hello' together."

"We're ready."

"All right. One! Two!! Three!!!"

"Hello!" they shouted in shrill feminine chorus.

Ears were strained for a moment, and then came the answer from the opposite heights—

"Hello!"

"Isn't it glorious!"

"Perfectly delicious!"

"Let's try it again!"

"Hello!" shrieked the excited maidens.

More quickly, it seemed, than before came the answering "Hello!" and an instant later it was followed by a second "Hello!" not quite so loud as the first.

"A double echo!" cried Valetta.

In the excitement of the moment the girls had failed to notice the approach of Sister Xavier who now stood behind them; but a chorus of delighted "oh's!" died on their lips as she sternly asked:

"Girls, what is the meaning of this unlady-like conduct?"

The girls looked blank for a moment, and then the irrepressible Kitty came to the rescue.

"Oh! Sister, we've found the most beautiful echo! Haven't we, girls?"

Encouraged by their murmurs of assent, Kitty continued:

"Just listen, Sister. Come on, girls!"

Kitty's "Hello" was resolute enough, but the other girls read signs of a coming storm in Sister Xavier's countenance, and their effort was a weak one. Not so the echo. Clear and loud from the opposite hill came the first "Hello!"

"Listen, Sister, there is another."

A moment passed, two, three, but no second echo. Sister Xavier looked puzzled, and the girls exchanged glances in silence. Just then the clock in the college tower struck seven, and the girls hurried away to May devotions, glad of some excuse to escape the reprimand which they felt sure Sister Xavier had in store for them.

At the southern end of the college campus, romantically named "Flirtation Hill," Jack Connor and Roy Repper, leaned over the old board fence, and discussed their after-supper pipes. Through the rings of pale blue smoke, floating lazily off toward the east, they could see the forms of half a dozen girls in the academy grove, their white dresses plainly outlined against the dark green foliage.

"What do you suppose those girls are up to?" queried Jack, half to himself.

"Give it up," said Roy after a look across the valley.

Just then a faint treble "Hello!" was wafted to their ears on the still evening air.

"Hello!" yelled Jack in his stentorian bass, even before he realized that the sound had come from the girls in the grove.

"Do you suppose they are shouting to us?" he asked, turning to Roy; but the latter only pulled at his pipe, and looked across the valley.

"There they go again!" he exclaimed, as a second "Hello!" trembled on his ear.

"Hello!" shouted Roy, dropping his pipe over the fence.

"Hello!" bawled Jack. "I wonder if they are trying to flirt at long range?"

"Shouldn't be surprised: those girls are crazy enough to do anything," was Roy's philosophical reply.

"If they shout again, we'll answer together."

"All right."

A few moments later the opportunity came, and the boys gave vent to a "hello!" that resembled a cross between a locomotive whistle and a college yell.

"That must have scared 'em," remarked Roy as the white dresses disappeared in the grove.

"Guess it did," assented Jack; and then they remembered that the clock had struck seven, and hurried off to avoid being late for prayers.

Long after the girls had gone to bed that night Sister Xavier paced up and down her cell, turning over in her mind the events of the day. Something seemed to puzzle her. After a time she opened her cell door, and, stealing down the long corridor, passed out into the cool night air. Down the gravel walk she hastened until she reached the edge of the grove. Here she paused and looked about her. All was silent. The crescent moon peeped around the old windmill and threw her slanting beams over the little valley. Little feathery clouds sailed off toward the west. No one stirred. Making a trumpet of her hands, Sister Xavier turned toward the distant college, and uttered a prolonged "O—h!"

The wind soughed uneasily through the trees, a dog barked, and then all was still.

"As I thought," she muttered. "I wonder if those girls knew?" And the stars twinkled merrily, while the man in the moon winked his other eye.

In the Narrow Days.

RAYMOND G. O'MALLEY, '98.

A few days ago the harvest-moon glittered in the full sight of the sinking summer sun, and on the morrow his face was bedimmed with rain. Nature's messages to her creatures are quiet and plain, and the chill of that day was a warning to all. The house-fly ceased its hum and sought the warm corners; the quiet

of summer ended; the sadness of fall began. In the shadow of the silver moon the frost steals on the green; it does not glisten as the dew did so shortly ago, but leaves the flowers drooping. In the wood the brisk squirrel glides to its home with its treasure, and stores it up for the cold time; the farmer goes a-field, brings in his harvest, and leaves the meadow a lone, black spot.

Out in the corn the hungry crow finds its last plunder. The songster is still here, but his tone is not glad; there must be sadness in his heart. Many birds have left, however. A short while ago a flock started near me for new homes. A few notes lingered among the brown-red leaves, then all was quiet. Farther south the song was still heard, then farther and farther. All is silent now, for the year is fast growing old. The sad flow of that farewell song still runs along the fields. One half thinks some birds could have cause for sorrow at parting; this land is not the one they knew. They came when all was changing green, and they lived through the time of yellow fields; but on the frost-white meadow and naked trees they can find no home.

There is beauty in the change. True, no music remains to delight the ear, unless it be attuned to love the sighing of the wind; but how delightful is the autumn to the eye! Variety in nature is the key-note of its beauty. It is the dark cloud touched with the golden glory of the setting sun more than the vast blue that is beautiful. So, too, is the change of green for that of many colors pleasing to the eye.

Lately as I walked I caught a leaf that changed its green for a golden-brown, the first of the season. There is an oak standing near the grave of my earliest friend; it resembles this one. I remember when we laid him there, as the first black clay fell softly down, a golden-brown leaf fluttered in, and I waited to see it covered. Others fell, and so softly that they did not disturb his slumber,—they keep the cold away.

There is beauty in the wood, whether in the deep, dark, old forest, or in the quiet young grove. Even in one lone tree there is much that is charming. Its solitariness serves rather to bring out more clearly its real beauty. That gives it individuality. It imparts a sort of personality to the tree that attracts your attention, and often makes it almost a friend. If you have no friends among men try to find a sociable tree; one that is alone and seems to need

your company. It will prove trustworthy. You may tell it your very secrets with perfect confidence, and you may trust it will never betray you. It has no personal interests that are above friends; no family to set before companions; and it is not always dull, but whispers ever on in the same gentle voice. It will listen quietly to your troubles and calm you, too; it will weep with you, and if you come with a merry heart it will make you gladsome answer.

I have such a friend and more, standing quietly in the meadow with nought but grass about it. We are not alone, there is a robin, and we three are fast friends. Nothing ever comes between us. Once a villainous cat sought to break the ties,—on solemn days we sing over that cat's grave. We grow more intimate year by year. In the cold time we separate, but on the morrow we meet again and all is summer.

Our tryst is in a vale, away from the noise and hurry. I have gone there many a bright young morning, when the summer sun was laboring over the distant hill, and hurrying night was fleeing into the west. Yet the robin was there before me. Together we watched the low-drooping branches of the elm kissed by the moist lips of the red clover. Then there was scolding by Robin; the soft breezes fled; we were again friends, and the robin went merrily on with her song. And all this before the impudent blue-jay came to scoff, or the inquiring cow to gaze and listen. Again we separated till the sun crept slowly down and left all the world solemn. We minded not the chirp of the cricket. There are other trees I call friends, and each has its own peculiar charm. One especially stands alone, yet it is near a wood and points a long finger to it. You need no introduction, for there are many arms outstretched to receive you, and you may wander and cull beauty in quantity.

It is always silent among the trees; for there is the home of secrets. The shy songsters unfold their hearts to the leaves that brush lightly against them, and the struggling stream, perhaps, journeys for many miles through varying scenes to leave the burden of the wood's song in the turbulent city. There is no sameness in nature; everything approaches a type peculiar to its class; yet in such infinite progression there is no monotony. Out in the avenue fringed with trees, the many-colored leaves drop quietly down, in symbol of those who are no more with us. Many with Kent "have a journey, sir, shortly to go." Others are gone—who will say whither?

Chateaubriand.

J. B. FILLAUDEAU, '99.

Napoleon once said, speaking of Chateaubriand's style: "It was not the style of Racine, but of a prophet; nature has given him the sacred flame, and it breathed in all his works."

Praises so high coming from so great a man are deserved, say the sincerest critics; and the words that Napoleon pronounced almost a hundred years ago, remain true at the end of this century. Chateaubriand is believed by many to be the greatest prose writer France produced since Voltaire and Rousseau.

The French Revolution in overthrowing the throne and the altar had plunged France into a social disorder that weakened the minds of her people and rendered them unfitted for any serious mental work. Chateaubriand was the man chosen by Providence to infuse new vigor into the literary life of his country. While in England he published his first work "*Essai Historique, Politique et Moral, sur les Révolutions Anciennes et Modernes considérées dans leur rapports avec la Révolution Française.*" Though not entirely destitute of merit, this essay is weak, and it betrays the youth and inexperience of the writer. In his attempts to compare the events of the French Revolution with those of Greece and Rome, the author displays a rich imagination and marked power of description, but his judgment is often at fault.

In "*Atala, ou les Amours de deux Sauvages,*" Chateaubriand discloses his poetical talent. He is at his best in describing the grandeur of the immense American forests. The imposing scenes of a profuse nature had made a deep impression upon his mind and contributed to the development of his imagination. This little romance is singularly attractive because of the beauty of its magnificent descriptions—some of which, as the description of the Mississippi River, are famous—and of the highly poetical sentiments it contains. The only reproach that can be made to "*Atala*" is the voluptuousness of some passages that make its reading a danger for young readers.

"*Le Génie du Christianisme*" is Chateaubriand's best work. The author proves that Christianity no less than Mythology affords ample matter for poetry, and he compares the Christian religion with paganism; Christian poets and orators with Grecian and Roman.

The book was intended to be an apology of Christianity. The author well understood that the different systems of apology hitherto employed in the Church were not adapted to the nineteenth century. He saw clearly that no one after the Revolution would have the courage to read any deep and dry treatise on Christian mysteries and dogmas. He resolved to present to his readers the poetical side of Christianity. Chateaubriand was a great poet, and could read as no one else at that time in the living book of nature. He felt the harmonies existing between it and religion. Young, sympathetic, and enthusiastic, his fervid pen sets forth the beauties of Christianity in so captivating a manner as to gain the hearts of all sincere readers.

"*Les Martyrs*" is a delightful romance, the subject of which is taken from antiquity, sacred and profane. The author in this work had the same object in view that he had in writing "*Le Génie du Christianisme.*"

The "*Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*" is, after the *Génie du Christianisme*, the best of Chateaubriand's works. Everything in it tends to make it attractive and interesting—a most elegant and cultivated style, vivid descriptions, a sound judgment, a thorough acquaintance with antiquity. Among the literary productions of Chateaubriand we must not omit "*Les Natchez*" and "*Le Dernier des Abencerages,*" two short romances no less famous than *Atala*, and "*Mémoires d'Oùtre Tombe,*" a picture of the author's versatile life.

No man in France during this century had a more beneficial influence upon his countrymen than Chateaubriand. His advent was truly providential. The revolution had swept away the old creed; everything belonging to religion, everything holy was despised and hated. The Church had lost her prestige under the attacks and satire of her enemies, and priests were held in execration. Chateaubriand braving the scoffs of his fellowmen, and not fearing unpopularity, devoted his eloquent pen to the defence of religion. He succeeded where any other man might have failed. He won his readers by the attraction of his magic style, by his grand conceptions, his powerful imagination, and his eloquence. When the "*Génie du Christianisme*" appeared men were surprised to learn that the Church was stronger than ever; then admiration followed surprise; the religion of Christ, which had been so generally ridiculed, began to appear in a new light, and many believed.

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The University was highly honored this week by the visit of such distinguished men as the Right Reverend Bishop Cotter of Winona, and the Very Reverend Monsignor Nugent, former editor of the *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

--From Oct. 29 to Nov. 1 we will have our annual retreat. Father Doyle, the Paulist missionary, will conduct the exercises. To the old students nothing need be said about the matter; to those, however, who are spending their first year here, we would say a few words. Too much importance cannot be given to the making of a good retreat. In a Catholic institution, where the benefit of religious instruction is sought after as well as that of book lore, poetry, art and science, it is fitting that the students themselves should give at least a few days to serious consideration of their spiritual needs. At no other time will they have as good an opportunity to look into themselves and discover in what things they are wanting. It is to be hoped, then, that all will enter into the retreat with the proper spirit, and strive to derive the greatest possible benefits therefrom. Classes for the Catholic students will be suspended, so that each may give all his attention to the work set before him by the able instructor who has charge of the exercises.

--While the death of Charles A. Dana is still fresh in our minds his great abilities and noble qualities are best appreciated. Now more than ever before, when we look back over his life, we see that his position as head of the American newspaper men was not merely nominal, but well earned and firmly established. He clearly understood the mission that a cosmopolitan newspaper should accomplish, and his whole energy was given to raise journalism to its proper plane. For him the newspaper had a nobler work to perform than to be the organ of any party or political organization: it was the instrument of the people, great and small alike. Through the columns of his journal, Mr. Dana sought to keep his readers in touch with all the leading questions of the day, and to guard them against the frauds of political bosses; he chose to give information and instruction rather than amusement. In this way he made his paper worthy of the community which it represented.

This trait, above all, is noticeable in the great editor's career,—nothing could ever induce him to work against principle. He considered Right and Justice as the wards of his pen, and no influence was ever powerful enough to sway him from what he thought his duty. On one occasion he made this remark to a friend: "Thousands of dollars would not make me change a single headline if I was convinced that it was right." This was the spirit which he put into all his labors. It is no wonder then, that he, being a versatile and learned man, when thus firmly adhering to principle, should rank foremost in his profession.

Mr. Dana should be made a model by all college editors and rising journalists. For if there is any paper that should hold fast to principle and stand up for the right it is the college paper. It is the medium through which the people at large are kept informed of the work that is being done in our institutions, and of the training that the rising generation is receiving. There are plenty of newspapers whose columns are devoted to worthless and almost nonsensical matter. There is, or at least there should be, no room for such writings in college papers. It is to be hoped that the young men who compose the staffs of various college journals will not permit anything to appear in their publications which will not reflect honor on their *Alma Mater*. If they follow in the footsteps of the great Eastern Journalist in their work, they will succeed in making their paper an honor to themselves and to their institution.

A Suggestion.

The habit of study is no man's inheritance: it is won by personal effort. Once formed, however, it remains a source of pleasure, not less than of profit, forever. The training of the mind—so that it will have suppleness and elasticity, so that it will respond immediately to whatever call is made upon it, so that it will play over the whole field of knowledge—all this is the work of our college years. But the strengthening of it so that it will have the power of sustained effort,—this is the work of no year or of no period, but of a whole life.

Our suggestion lies here. It is the custom—by whom introduced or for what reason sustained it is impossible to say—for students to loaf away *all* the hours of recreation in smoking, walking or gossip. There seems to be an unwritten law that the student who encroaches in the least degree upon the recreation hours is a plug or a grind. Why should this extraordinary feeling obtain among college men? We do not mean to decry reasonable exercise: to neglect that would be even more culpable than to neglect the training of the mind. But are not the hours of recreation really intended for relaxation? And if a student finds that after taking brisk exercise for a quarter of an hour his body and mind are refreshed, why should he not devote the rest of his free time to a favorite author? To your true book-lover there is no pleasure in life to compare with reading. While others gossip or smoke he relaxes his mind with some soothing, restful bit of literature. His recreations are at least as enjoyable as those of the gossip and the loafer, but this is not all. At the end of a few years he finds that by spending a part of his daily recreation with the immortals, the geniuses, the men of all time, *he has managed to read all the classics of the English language.*

It is said of Gladstone—one of the most forceful intellects of the century—that he always keeps three books at his elbow. One is a Greek classic; another is a volume of philosophy or history; the third is a novel. When he wearies of Homer he takes up Gibbon, and when the fibre of the brain demands more rest he recreates himself with a book of fiction. There is wisdom in this course. Rest does not necessarily mean lack of employment, but change of employment. Why should not the tired student refresh his mind with the work of some literary genius?

M. O'S

Elocution at the University.

Every effort is being made this year to stimulate the work in elocution. A resident teacher has been employed, and the hours for class-work have been so arranged that nearly all may be accommodated. An appreciation of this effort seems to be widely felt among the student body. The classes are already of moderate size and enrollments are still coming in, while other students have expressed their intention to take up the work.

The courses outlined are greatly varied. They are intended to cover nearly the whole field. For the Brownson and Carroll Hall students courses that are designed to impart strength and fulness of tone with ease and dignity of movement are being conducted. It is hoped that by this means, that timidity which blights the initial career of so many young men will be removed, and an intelligent self-confidence substituted. For the Sorin Hall students the work is more advanced. The purpose here is to exemplify the rules and apply the principles taught in the courses mentioned above. To do this the students will be drilled in a correct reading of at least two of Shakspeare's plays in which the sentiments are so varied and the passions so intense that every quality of voice will be exercised and every mode of gesture employed. It is believed, moreover, that the intelligent reading of two of Shakspeare's plays will not only furnish the best kind of elocutionary training, but will also give additional zest to the great author's works, and furnish a strong incentive for their continued perusal. Other courses of a different character will be given in the second session, but the courses above described should be taken as a preparation for them.

Every student should avail himself of this opportunity to acquire a knowledge of public address, and accustom himself to public speaking. They are tasks which every intelligent business and professional man must some time learn—either at his ease in college or to his infinite chagrin and embarrassment in public life. In after life failure from the very beginning means a great deal. There is no chance for rehearsing; no audience to sit patiently until we become accustomed to speaking. From the time we start out to the end we must be at our best; and before starting out in the world—the highway of life—let us learn not to falter.

Our Editors, Past and Present.

As an encouragement to our young writers, we would call attention to the success which many of our staff members have met with since they left their *Alma Mater*. Casey, '95, has charge of an important department on the *Chicago Record*, and so good a critic as Miss Starr has said of him, that it will be interesting to watch his future career. Marmon, '96, has already been given a position as a staff member of the *Chicago Chronicle*. Reilly, '97, has an essay in one of the summer numbers of the *Catholic World*, which has received favorable comments from many critics. One man, in an editorial in the *Midland Review*, places him on a level with such critics as write for the *Bookman* and the *Month*. Bryan, '97, is working on a leading paper in Memphis, Tenn. Many of our present staff members have had articles of theirs accepted by the *New York Sun* and other standard papers.

Football.

This afternoon the Varsity plays its second game. Our opponents are the strong men of De Pauw, and though we may have to play hard we should win. The football squad now numbers thirty men, most of whom are very light, some inexperienced, but all of them willing to learn. At any rate, they are working with the right spirit, and it is hoped that the results they achieve will bring additional glory to the Gold and Blue.

Captain Mullen, Daly, Kegler, Schillo and McDonald are the only men now in training that played last year, and all of them are performing nobly. Mullen has still much of the daring that characterized him last year, and besides this he is playing a careful game when that sort of game is required. The team acted wisely in selecting fearless John Mullen as leader. On the offensive, Daly is the same "Mike" for whom the side-lines yelled themselves hoarse last fall, but his tackling is not up to last year's standing. Kegler is doing fairly, and Schillo carries the ball well. McDonald is troubled by his ankles, and when he gets out will strengthen the team.

Of the new men, Farley is entitled to the praise he has received. Fleet of foot and quick of eye, his playing is always conscientious. For

quarter there are several candidates. Waters has been doing most of the work, but Monahan is working hard, and the successful man is not yet chosen. Eggeman's 250 pounds was in evidence in the Rush Medical game, and his work since then is improving steadily. Eggeman is an earnest worker and a valuable man in consequence. Niezer's conscientious training is showing well in the good work he does in the line. Swonk, Bouza, and Lins are all heavy men, but Swonk is slow and Lins would profit by more ginger. All are handicapped by their lack of knowledge of the game; but that this is no obstacle to their success, witness Moritz, Hanley and others of last year's eleven. Then there are Kearney, Littig, and Healy who are doing good, earnest work; and Hoban, Callahan and Fennessey should not be forgotten. Littig especially is doing good work. Howell, Pim and Powers are in practice. The latter is rapidly becoming acquainted with the game, and his strength will be a factor in many games this season.

There is always a chance for a good man. The substitute of today may be the regular of tomorrow, and while there is a dearth of heavy material, Coach Hering and Captain Mullen have confidence in the squad. To each man that gets out every day, works hard and trains faithfully too much credit cannot be given. Notre Dame is proud of such men, whether they be on the Varsity or in the ranks of the scrubs.

Now, a word as to our expectations. Of course we want this year's eleven to win many games—we shall be disappointed if it does not. But we should remember that the team will be composed, for the most part, of light men and men that are new to the game. Taking this important fact into consideration we must govern ourselves accordingly. It will not do to expect too much of the men. Of one thing we are certain: Coach Hering and Captain Mullen are giving their best attention to the work, and the men themselves are working with a will. If team-work and earnest endeavor will accomplish anything, we shall have no cause to be ashamed of the Varsity of '97. Let us support the team with the same feeling of loyalty that spurred on the eleven of last season. We can afford to overlook minor defects when we remember that the men are doing their best. What more can men do?

L. T. W.

Exchanges.

Among the "Athletic Regulations" in *The Northwestern* for October 14, we notice the certificate of eligibility to be signed by all candidates for the athletic teams of Northwestern University. The player, among other things, agrees to "return to the manager of said team at the close of the present season all clothing and accoutrements furnished me by said manager during the season." Now this is a thing that a college player should do of his own free will, if he would show the proper spirit toward his *Alma Mater*; but unfortunately there are many that think their college owes them something for their athletic services. True, a member of an athletic team gives much time and labor on the field, and he deserves all the glory that he receives. Many, however, seem to forget that they are only doing their duty, and that the honor of a position on the Varsity is its own reward. College athletic associations are, as a rule, about as impecunious as any organization on earth, and they cannot afford to fit out their teams at the beginning of each season. If players would but realize this, there would be fewer sweaters and uniforms missing at the end of the year.

* * *

We notice in the football notes in *The Pennsylvanian* that one of our old Varsity men, Mr. Jacob Rosenthal, '97, is playing centre on the University of Pennsylvania scrubs. If "Rosy" tries hard enough we should not be surprised to see his name on the Varsity line-up next year; for he has all the qualifications of a football player.

* * *

How that greatest of all college games, football, could have been unplayed at Fordham for a period of nearly four years is hard to understand. *The Fordham Monthly* is jubilant, however, over the fact that the game has been brought to life again. We wish the new team success; for the life of the college man is indeed hard if he does not hear the cries of "tackle low!" floating across the campus during the autumn months. This number of the *Monthly* contains a comparative criticism of the "Legend Beautiful" and the "Vision of the Monk Gabriel" that is cleverly done. There is also an interesting letter from Miss Donnelly to the writer of the criticism.

Our Friends.

—Mr. W. Burnett Weaver, '97, is studying medicine in Cincinnati.

—Mr. Edward E. Brennan, '97, has entered the law department of the University of Indianapolis.

—The friends of James J. McAuliffe, A. B. '93, tender him their sympathy in the death of his mother, which occurred on Sunday last. May her good soul rest in peace!

—Mr. Hugh Mitchell, C. E. '95, has entered the post-graduate school of the Catholic University, and is taking a special course in civil engineering. His many friends at Notre Dame wish him success.

—Mr. J. M. Flannigan, who was graduated some years ago, sends his best wishes to his friends at Notre Dame from far-off Stuart, Neb. Mr. Flannigan, by strict attention to business, has become one of the most valued employees of the Citizen's Bank of Stuart, and is now cashier.

—Charles Toner Cavanagh, A. B., '91, was married on Wednesday last to Miss Agnes Coleman of Sheffield, England. The ceremony took place in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago. The University was represented by the Rev. President. The SCHOLASTIC tenders to the young couple its best wishes for a prosperous and happy life.

—Mr. William Wabraushek, a student here in the eighties, was a welcome visitor to his *Alma Mater* some days ago. Will was a popular boy in his day. He belonged to the Study-Hall Faculty, and hoisted the sphere in many a closely contested game when the "Juanitas" struggled for the pennant against the "Excelsiors."

—We have learned that Hon. Thomas F. O'Mahony, who was a student here in '69 and after, is now sheriff at Leadville, Colorado. He served two terms in the state legislation in a very creditable manner, and at the conclusion of the second term he was elected to his present office. The voters of Colorado acted wisely in their selection of a sheriff.

—Last Wednesday was a cloudy day, but a ray of sunshine stole through the October gloom as Mrs. W. J. Quan and her son Henry '75, of Chicago, announced their arrival at the University. The smile of welcome that beamed on the countenance of many an old liner that greeted them showed that they were not among strangers. It was with regret that their friends permitted them to depart so soon, for it was impossible, in the short time spent here, to see all the improvements made at the College since their last visit some twenty years ago. They were accompanied by Mrs. Quan's daughter, Alice, and Miss O'Donahue of the Greater New York.

Local Items.

—Hand-ball has resumed its supremacy in Carroll Hall.

Lost.—A razor. Please, return it to Prefect of Brownson study-hall.

—Dwyer's hair and whiskers have an even start. The finish will be interesting.

—Pim's tandem came last week. He thinks he will have more fun now than anybody.

—"South Bend on a busy day," said Dowd as he marched up and down the corridor with grip in hand.

—Tom Murray and Will Shea have dissolved partnership. The mysterious disappearance of their stock-in-trade caused the trouble.

—The Union High School *Courier* arrived in the last mail, and Klondyke will have no time for his friends until he finishes reading it.

—Mr. Pat Sheekey wishes to announce to his many admirers that the "Bullet-Stoppers" have reorganized, and are called "Sheekey's Colts."

—Thursday morning many Carrollites were surprised to see Mooney calmly letting hook and line down the chimney of the gym. We will endeavor to find out what he was fishing for.

—PROFESSOR (who had asked a student to consult various dictionaries as to pronunciation of certain words): "Mr. M., whose dictionary did you consult?"

STUDENT: "Why, it belonged to a fellow named Murphy."

—The dedication of the new cuspidors of the Sorin Hall smoking-room was held last evening. Brucker, Sheehan and Murphy—all old timers—conducted the exercises. A "touching" scene followed, and greetings were showered upon the new receptacles.

—Coach McDonald of the Scrubs has developed a new play that stamps him, as a man of originality. It is this, the ball is passed to the full-back who catches it in his teeth, and springs from the shoulders of the quarter-back, as in leap-frog, and clears the line on the other side.

—An Italian vender by the name of Mottenzo, living down on Rue Maison Reuf, is a source of great annoyance to the peaceful residents of that section. He is in the habit of giving vent to the most blood-chasing shrieks at the most unseasonable hours. Friends have advised Good's Sarsaparilla.

—The "Compendium of Humor" and the "Side splitters and Coffin Fillers" will soon be shelf-ornaments. Peter's new book is "crammed, jammed and heaped up with rib-tickling, side-splitting matter, the very juice and cream of fun, wit and humor," and it will be in the hands of every student.

—Eggeman was convicted of manslaughter

and given a sentence of twenty years at hard labor. Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Hering arranged with Sheriff Brucker to parole the convict until after the football season. He will be permitted to play the game with a ball and chain attached to his leg.

—The peculiar nature of the mail matters that Tommy B—— receives has been the cause of much wonderment by his friends. Every week he gets a bundle of dress potteries, fashion plates, cloak catalogues, dry-goods and millinery price lists. After careful inquiry it was discovered that he is studying the art of dressmaking, and will soon open a studio as a man milliner.

—Vice Commodore Touhy entertained the members of the Tennis Club at their last smoker, with a discourse on the art of yachting. His lecture was illustrated by some newspaper pictures, a photograph of himself in yachting costume, and a white duck cap bearing a strange monogram. At the next social meeting of the club, Ensign will give a description of a man driving a delivery wagon which will also be illustrated by photographs.

—The new furnishing goods store is open and the trade has been good. This will solve the next question of where to get money for our athletic teams. Now that an auxiliary fund has been created from this store it should be a matter of pride for the students to pay their dues promptly and insure a successful season. The income from both the dues and the store will not leave a surplus, as the expense of equipping a team is considerable, and all the money that is delinquent in dues should be paid, so that the management will not be hampered.

—Mac seems to have a great fondness for firearms and dangerous weapons of all kinds. At the head of his bed there stands an awful looking double-barreled shot-gun. On the table near by he keeps a dangerous looking 32-calibre bull-dog revolver with the barrel facing this way. A glistening stiletto, a keen-edged butcher knife and a vicious looking hatchet, may be discovered without much search in different parts of the room, to say nothing of the bomb-shells, cartridges, jack-knives, cannon balls, fire-crackers, soda crackers, and torpedos, that lay scattered about the floor. We are afraid lest a repetition of the didn't-know-it-was-loaded story follows this tender fondling of "not-to-be-monkied-with" articles.

—A certain Sorinite, while down town lately, hailed a man who was selling rugs, thus: "I say, old man, what do you sell your rugs for?" "For cash," was the abrupt reply. The student blushed, his friends laughed and a passing policeman gave him the "ha-ha." When he returned to Notre Dame, the student, seeking revenge, secured the man's address and wrote a letter purporting to come from another student, in which the old man was requested to come

out to the college where he would be able to sell one or more rugs to the undersigned. The rug dealer upon his arrival soon learned that the letter was bogus. The joke, however, seems to be on the student, for the old man sat with clinched fists at the entrance of Sorin Hall all that afternoon waiting for the young man, who, in the meantime, was very uncomfortably concealed under a dry-goods box down by the "shops." He missed all of his classes, got notes for his absence, got notes for skiving to town on the day above mentioned, soiled his only collar, caught a "nawsty" cold, and was frightened out of a year's growth. He also received a severe raking over for signing his friend's name to the letter, and is still in mortal fear of the rug man again turning up. Now, will he be good?

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE ST. CECILIANS held their fourth regular meeting, Wednesday evening. The program was very well rendered. The debate: "Resolved, That New York is a greater city than Chicago from a commercial point of view," was decided in favor of New York. Messrs. H. Brown, J. McSorley and T. Quinlan were elected to membership.

LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—At the meeting of the Law Debating Society held two weeks ago the subject for debate was: "Resolved, That the annexation of Hawaii would promote the welfare of the United States." Brucker and Crowley made strong arguments for the affirmative, and the decision was awarded to them. Barry and Burns appeared for the negative. Messrs. Weadock, Magruder and Confer also spoke. Last Saturday night, woman's suffrage was discussed, and it was decided that the right to vote should be extended to women. Corby, Campbell, Confer and Dalton were the principal disputants and the affirmative was victorious.

In Moot-Court Wednesday, Frederick Hall was convicted of manslaughter. The jury asked that the full sentence be given him. Mr. Hoban spoke for the prisoner Wednesday, and was followed by Mr. Weadock for the State. The Moot-Court work of the Law School is very popular, and much interest is taken in it. Joseph Corby is Clerk of the Court and S. J. Brucker, Sheriff.

—The students of Sorin and Brownson halls assembled in the reading-room Thursday night in response to a call from the Athletic Association. The Rev. Father Cavanaugh opened the meeting with an eloquent speech on the college spirit and devotion students should have for their school. He was followed by F. E. Hering, who made an announcement on behalf of the Reverend President Morrissey, that a store would be opened for the sale of men's furnishing goods, and that twenty-five per centum of the receipts would be contributed

to the Athletic Association. The students received the announcement with enthusiasm. Mr. Hering closed with an appeal for recruits to aid the Varsity team in practice. Speeches were also made by Manager O'Malley and Captain Mullen of the football team, and Captain Powers of the baseball team. Jerome Crowley delivered a very excellent humorous recitation, after which the Chairman announced that through the courtesy of Professor Edwards, the dance of the Crescent Club for that evening would be complimentary to all the students.

It happened in this way: they wanted to go somewhere, as the rent of the tandem had been paid and the wheel must be used. So it was suggested that a little party be formed and ride out into the country where the fresh air and green fields were. The party was made up of five. One owned a wheel, one rented a wheel, a third borrowed a wheel, and the other two rode on the tandem. It was Friday; there was no school. The sun was shining, the sky was blue, and everything was just as it ought to be, when the little party wheeled out of the grounds and rode away with great speed. Mile after mile was clipped off until the cyclometer of the tandem registered three long miles from home, just as the spinwheel of the cyclometer sprung three, something dreadful happened. A little carpet tack had got through the interference, and broke up the play of the tandem. Immediately, monkey wrenches, screwdrivers, rubber paste, words, phrases and clauses, which in print are indicated by dashes and exclamation points, were used. The injury was repaired, or at least thought to be, and the party went wheeling along. Three more miles were told when the puncture burst again. Dispair was behind them, miles—three miles—in front of them. A train would depart in an hour that could carry them home, and this they must reach. The two ran and walked and ran again. The big double barreled machine weighed much, the revolving pedals struck them on the shins, and the blue that was in the sky paled to milky whiteness in contrast to the air around them. When two miles had been covered in this laborious manner, a small boy drove past in a wagon; he was hailed and a deal was struck to haul them to the city. They reached the main street three minutes before the departure of the train. They came home, but not the happy party that wheeled out so gaily a few hours before. Sorrow and fatigue was upon them.

—The attention to the Varsity practice had become listless and the long Sunday afternoon wore wearily on. It was almost sunset, when in the south a thin streak of smoke arose, seemingly from the earth, gradually widening until it clotted the air with its noxious odor. There was fire somewhere and no mistaking it. The students looked at one another in fear and

trembling. Then the cry rang out that froze their hearts. "The hedge is on fire!" What! perhaps our dear old hedge, the one we all look across, and wonder how it would be to stand on the other side, the one that divides two worlds, the inner and the outer worlds! Save it? Well, I guess so; a rush was made. It was not our own but another down the road. Taylor led the crowd with his hand on his chest, right where the monogram was. He cleared the hedge in a leap, Eyanson at his shoulder. Van Hee's trousers caught under his heel and he plunged headlong into the fence. Fatty Wilson bounded high in the air, but gravitation had such an extensive space to operate on that it jerked him downward when he was but half over; he landed astride the fence, projecting thorns puncturing him in many places. "Wow," he cried, "save me and I will pay you well." Fitzwilliams pulled out his jack-knife, and in a jiffy had cut out a chunk of fence and released the sufferer. A salvage corps was on the spot battling with the ravishing flames that wrapped their fiery tongues about the roots of a stalwart fence. How to quench it? Wheeler's voice was heard above the tumult. He came from Iowa where hedges grow. He would have the crowd divide on either side and blow it out. Wynne and Duane volunteered to blow against the others. The crowd had confidence in Wynne's ability and he was accepted. "Sen Sen" Willie was also pressed into service, and the two were thrown over the fence. A man from the East came running up. He had seen such fires before. It was Klondyke. He gathered up a handful of dust and threw it upon a little flickering flame and the flicker ceased. Mulcrone saw him and did likewise. With a wild cry the crowd took up the work, and smoke and dust ascended upward in great volumes. "Sen Sen" Willie was not onto the new game and was down on his hands and knees "blowing to beat the band," when Ensign let go a shovelful of dust that struck "Sen Sen" full in the features. Ex-Chief Confer, of a real fire department, burst upon the scene like a giant fire-cracker, and told the fellows to throw on more dust. But the fire was out, and, the fence saved, the crew disbanded; and two hundred students as dirty and mud-colored as the extinct clay-eaters of Boston returned to their own grounds.

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