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Dawn and Twilight.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

VIOLET mist in the morning,
Golden the growing light;
The day laughs low in the shadow;
Faded the gloom of night.

Life grows strong at the waking;
Love with the day is born;
And life and love are fairer far
Than the dawn of a summer morn.

Violet dusk in the evening;
Dreary the clouds and gray;
The night sinks low in the silence;
And dead is the summer's day.

Life grows faint in the ending;
Love died long ago;
Death and peace are waiting
In the long dim after-glow.

YESTERDAYS.

GANST thou forget the happy hours and long
That thou and I together whiled away?
Wilt call them back to thee in dreamy throng,
And live again the life thou liv'st today?

And if for thee the future doth unfold
Still brighter hours than these that we have met,
And life spins fairer days than these of old,
And I have left thee, wilt thou then forget?

These hours to thee seem little and are naught
But preludes to the life thou hopest to see;
Yet in that future wilt thou give one thought,
One little thought, to hours that were and me?

The fairest roses bloomed in yesterdays;
The fairest dreams turn backward to the past;
The hours that be grope slow through dreary ways—
Thou wilt remember, even to the last.

A Smoking-Room Story.

PAUL J. RAGAN, '97.

“YOU can all tell your stories,” said Michael, “but I have one here that will beat any of them. It was like this,” he went on, while the students all puffed vigorously at their pipes or cigarettes.

While I was in the preparatory school at Exeter my folks moved to Plymouth. I had never been in Plymouth and did not know anybody that lived there. During the session I was wondering how I should spend my Christmas vacation down among those strangers. In my class there were two students, who used to visit an uncle of theirs in Plymouth, and they knew a little about the town and its people. I used to go with these fellows a great deal to find out as much as I could about my new home. Well, they had stayed at the Monticello Club; they had eaten many dinners at the St. Charles and the Niagara hotels; they had been in the best opera houses of the town, and knew of all the principal places of interest. They told me of young fellows by the score who would be pleasant acquaintances. Among the young ladies that they met was one whom they doted upon. This was Miss Nellie Howe. They never spoke of Plymouth without mentioning this young lady's name, and assuring me that I would find her a very charming young person. You may imagine how interested I became in Miss Howe, and how anxiously I awaited the time when I was to meet her. One of these students had given me a letter of introduction to her, and when the holidays came I was more anxious to go to Plymouth than I had ever been to get back to my old home at Sandbank.

On December 20, I was at the train. There

were no other students going my way, and I was alone. I was as anxious to get on that train as a young boy that had never ridden on cars.

Well, we had gone about fifty miles and were past the town of Rochester. I had looked through all the Christmas papers that the newsboy left me, and was leaning back in my chair, when I heard the young gentleman in the seat ahead of me ask the brakeman what time that train arrived in Plymouth. About five minutes later I was in the seat beside him.

"Are you going to Plymouth, sir?" I asked.

"Yes." He answered.

"Well, I am going there too, and if you don't object, we may as well have a little chat to pass away the time while we are riding."

"Certainly sir, certainly. I always like to have a companion on the smoking-car."

"Is your home in Plymouth?"

"No; my home is at Rushville. I have been in Plymouth many times, however, and know the town pretty well. There are some mighty fine people down there."

"This is my first trip there. My father has taken up a residence in that city."

"Well, I think you will like your new home."

"I hope so; you say you are well acquainted in Plymouth?"

"Yes, I know the town pretty well."

"Did you ever meet any of the Howe family on Oakwood Avenue?"

"Yes, I have met the family."

"You know Miss Nellie then, I suppose?"

"Did you say that this is your first visit to Plymouth?"

"This is my first visit."

"Well, let me ask you how you ever heard of Miss Nellie Howe?"

"I told him then of what my friends at Exeter had said of her."

"You have never met her then?" he asked.

"No, I have never seen the young lady."

"Where do these friends of yours live?"

"At Hamilton, Vermont."

"And they know Miss Howe and spoke well of her?"

"Yes."

"They have told you what is right. I am very intimately acquainted with her folk, and am going to stay with them this week. The fact is,—I may as well tell you now—Nellie and I are engaged to be married."

I looked out of the window for a moment and then remarked: "It is strange that we should meet this way."

"Not strange at all that we should meet; but it is strange that you should be inquiring about my affianced bride. However, as you are going to Plymouth and will reside there, you may as well call to see us tomorrow. Do you know the number of the house?"

"714 Oakwood, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's the place; come over tomorrow afternoon and I will make you at home there."

"I thanked him for his invitation, and then we began to talk about old days at Exeter. He had been a student there himself about eight years before, and we found it an easy matter to pass the time away until the train stopped at Plymouth.

My brother and sister were waiting for me at the station when we arrived, so I did not delay with Mr. Warner. "Be over at three o'clock tomorrow without fail, for we may be out of the city during the next few days," he said as we left the car. I assured him that I would be on hand, and hurried away to where my sister was standing. As I was being driven through the streets of Plymouth, I was favorably impressed with the general appearance of the city. It was much larger than Sandbank, was well laid out, and the buildings there all had a new and modern appearance. Our house was on Cherry Street. I liked its location as soon as I saw the place. I congratulated my father on his selection of a residence, and said that I felt sure we would find it a very pleasant place to live.

Well, you fellows all know how you spend the first night of your vacation at home. It was as usual with me, except that I missed the old friends that used to rush in and greet me at Sandbank. I told my brother about the engagement I had for the next afternoon, and asked him if he had ever heard of Nellie. He said that he had not. But then he had been in the town only a short time and had not met many of the young people. Oakwood Avenue, he said, was a fine street, and all the leading people of the town lived there. I was somewhat flattered when I heard this, for I thought that by meeting Miss Howe I might easily find my way into the best society.

The next morning I went to see a few of the places of interest in Plymouth, and then after dinner made ready to call at Miss Howe's home. When I reached my destination, I found myself in front of an imposing stone mansion. I thought that the Howes must be very wealthy people. I rang the door-bell and waited nervously for some one to answer my call,—

expecting that perhaps Mr. Warner would come to greet me. Instead, the servant-girl came. I asked for Mr. Warner, and was told that no such person had been there. I inquired for Miss Howe then, and was told that she had not been there either. "Why that's strange, doesn't she live here?" I asked.

"No, sir," said the servant.

"Well, who does live here?"

"Mr. Conklin, sir."

As I walked down the street I looked well at the address on my letter of introduction. I had made no mistake; it was 714 Oakwood Avenue, the very place where I had called.

About six days later, as I was passing a cigar store, I saw Mr. Warner inside and went in to meet him.

"Hello! old man, did you see our friend, Miss Howe?" he asked as soon as he saw me.

"No," I said rather coldly.

"Why? didn't you go over there?"

"Yes; but I found no such person as Nellie Howe or you either."

"Did you go to the right place?"

"Yes, I did! I went where you told me that you would be, and I've a notion to thrash you for disappointing me, you infamous liar."

"Oh! pardon me, sir. I didn't know whether that was the right place or not. That was a little joke I played on you while we were on the train the other day. I have never met anybody by the name of Howe; but as you said you had not seen the lady either, I thought I would have a little fun at your expense. You see I'm a drummer, and drummers can not be relied upon for what they say. Here, have some good cigars."

"At first I was tempted to throw the cigars in his face, but then when I thought of how cleverly he had worked his game I took them, remarking that I thought that after all the joke was against me.

"So you did not find Miss Howe over there?" he said after awhile. "You had better look the matter up. Perhaps your classmates are fooling you worse than I did."

"He was right as I afterward learned. Mr. Conklin, who lived at 714 Oakwood Avenue, was the uncle of my two classmates, and there was no Nellie Howe. Now, boys, there is the story of my first visit to Plymouth."

"That sounds fishy, Mike," said the junior, who was puffing at a Pittsburgh 'stogie.'

"Well, replied Michael, I told you when I started that I could tell a *story* that would beat any of yours. Oh,—but you fellows are easy."

Yule-Logs and Embers.

RAYMOND G. O'MALLEY, '98.



THE bright glow of the Yule-log is quenched, and the darkling light of knowledge begins to shine alone. It is the habit of the age to overturn custom. When the world was beardless, feasts were fitly held; now the procession moves all too swiftly to be halted by childish observances. A great hill—we call it *time*—rises to a summit, which is the Christmas season, from eternity; then descends thither again. At one base stood the first breathing clay-form with his gaze fixed on the top; at the other the last of the race will halt and turn his eyes in the same direction. Our year resembles this—we fix trees by the way, so the peak is not seen till we near it. We come to the top of our little hillock apace.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Now the earth lies bare and naked. In the first days of the passing month a white cloak was covering nature; it was quickly thrust off. I like not this season without snow. The leaves and lifeless stalks and boughs lie about as corpses rudely thrown on the plain. Why are they thus uncovered? The hard, dry field stretches away as a great stone denuded of lichen. The pines hold their green heads high; all else is lifeless. Their lowest branches deflect the earliest sun-light to the burnt grass, and turn it to sad, brownish yellow; an underlying sheet of snow would make it beauteous with gold. The sun rises, a red ball in the east, and falls glowing in the west. A horrent picture these colors make on a dull yellow gray, fit only for a white background. The strong summer sun does well for the greens of the time; in the present the weakened sun-light might turn white snow-crystals to diamonds and emeralds, and the silver moon make opalescent gems from pale flakes were the material at hand. What a graceless thing is a "green Christmas!"

Imagine St. Nicholas coming a-wheel! Does he come at all now? I am told the youngest children hold this story a myth today,—present training unfolds all the mysteries that

formerly made childhood delightful,—we are grown so wise!

The spirit of charity is still abroad—thank Heaven! At this season the markets are flooded with gifts and intending givers. The laborer, artisan and professional man are in the throng. The crowd is joyful—there is a pleasure in making others glad; this is perhaps the only day in the year on which the cry for help is heeded by the most of us. What a panorama there is in the faces of the street! The hard, pinched face smiles in the only moment of pleasure it sees in the year; another striving to be stern, is glad because re-born love sheds a little light on his starving soul. Near a cake-filled window gather hungry youngsters. One little hand unconsciously scrapes the frost from the glass and carries in imagination a dainty to its owner's mouth. Why was so great power of fancy given to such an one? The chill soon discovers the delusion to him. Other windows are filled with happy eyes, and glad feet go everywhere. They are a motley throng. Are there any funerals on this day?

A crowd of Christians stood, one Yule morning some years ago, dismayed in the smoking ruins of their church which stood in a clearing: no service, no peace or joy for them, when all was glad; of a sudden a red-breast began a Christmas hymn—I never heard bird sing more sweetly—all took up the strain and sang praises to their Maker. There was a time when everyone went forth to sing Christmas carols. Later came the wandering singers, who chanted under the window. All are gone. It is not the only custom that has died. In the simple times the great men of the land prepared a feast for all who cared to partake of it. The most menial ate with the princely. A copper cent is the food we give our brother today. Here's a love for the dead Christmas customs!

The crowd that filled the streets on the eve of Christmas, presses in the early morning against the church doors. It is a day for Christians. If a man doubts the truth let him see if there is not peace and good-will among men on this day. It is a pleasant thought that all are disciples of Christ one day in a twelve-month. On this day the echo of the song the heavenly choir hymned to the shepherds at Bethlehem is heard. When the echo becomes so multiple the song is ever repeated, the world will be Christian.

How many homes are preparing to welcome the long-absent ones! Many will be gladdened

by the home-coming one. There is a crowd goes forth from here shortly to make jocund Christmas-tide in diverse parts. To all who may see the season let it be a joyful one! Perhaps you wonder what delight there is to the sad journeyman, who slowly bears his death-cold mother to her frozen bed today; he knows; he has not sorrowed in vain. One Yule-eve a desponding mother going into the street chanced upon the very trinket—some one let fall—her child desired; there were two happy hearts on the discovery of the stocking in the morning,—this was before we did away with *myths*. A little bitterness heightens the sweetness of a joyful moment. Heaven send the happy Christmases where they are most needed!

A Fable for Writers.

ON a high mountain sat the castle of the king surrounded by high walls. The king being just, and loving art and knowledge, had given to a certain old man, Genius, an exalted position, and did honor unto him.

There were many in the castle that coveted this position. Genius was fast becoming old and weak. Nevertheless, every morning at sunrise he would steal out under the portcullis, past the donjon-keep, and roam alone through the valleys and ravines of the mountains, stooping here to pluck a flower, pausing there to view the scene beneath him. When he wrote of the mountains and valleys and all the beauties of earth, everyone that read marvelled at the depth and beauty.

Now in the castle was a certain one skilful with words, who wished for the honor of this exalted position. He said to himself: "I can write smoothly; I shall write of the flowers and mountains and hills and people as Genius. He wrote for a long time, and waited for the death of the Genius.

In the castle was also a little deformed creature that did in part the duties of scullion. Some of the courtiers said in jest: "Why do you not write?" And in his heart he said: "I will." Thereupon he wrote in simplicity of the things of which he knew. On the day of trial he was in the kitchen sweeping. When the king read the work of the skilful courtier, he said: "He knows not whereof he writes." When he read the simple words of the scullion, he said: "This one sees the soul of things; to him shall the honor be given. Write as your own self sees."

Good Medicine.

A COMEDIETTA IN THREE DOSES.

FRANCIS J. F. CONFER, '97.

DOSE I. *Farmer Corncob's kitchen. Father Corncob is reading a letter. Mother Corncob is peeling a painful of potatoes.*



ATHER CORNCOB. Mariar, here be a letter from Josiar sayin' as haow he war-trubbled by a coald and as haow he owed a medical man twenty-five dollars on account of it.

MOTHER CORNCOB. Wall naow, the deer boy! Jeremiar, we've got to dew somethin' fer him right away! Mebbby he's gettin' the pendysighters. Them colleges is orful places, anyhaow.

FARMER C. Geewhillikens! and he moghtn't be able dew eny hayin' fer me next summer.

MOTHER C. (With decision, and a particularly warty potato in her hand) Jeremiar Corncob! this air no time fer loafin' an' dallyin' around! Go right out an' git tew work at thet hog-pen, an' I'll make Josiar a big bottle of my cough medicine an' send it tew him. Thet'll fix him shure. And Jeremiar! the minnit ever you get thet hog-pen finished you can just pack right up an' go fer to see haow the deer boy is gettin'.

DOSE II. *Josiah Corncob's room at Harvard, 11.30 p. m. Cholly Van Nyt (Law '99), Reggie de Bluff (Medic '00) and Josiah are playing poker. The red, white and blue are piled about the table and a bottle of cocktails on the side.*

REGGIE. My deal fellows. I say-aw, Joe, when can you let me have that-aw-twenty-five? My haiw dwessaw and cawset makaw aw pwessing me dewced hawd faw cawsh.

JOSIAH. I think I can fix you in a day or two. I braced the governor for some dough, and it ought to be along soon. Told him I had to pay a "medical man."

REGGIE. Vewy true, vewy true, he, he!

CHOLLY. Haw, haw!

Knock sounds at the door. Enter Farmer Corncob, accompanied by a considerable quantity of loose hay. Josiah starts up. By a lightning pass, Cholly and Reggie transfer the cards and chips to the bucket, the bottle is beyond their reach.

FARMER C. Wall, Josiar, haow be yew? Goshamity! but yew're fixed up tew kill here—better'n we be to hum. Yew don't look very sick, howsomever. But yew're mother would

hev me hitch up an' kum tew see yew the very minnit I hed the hog-pen finished, so here I be.

JOSIAH. Why-er-father, I'm glad to see you. The fact is, I'm a little better of my cold now. But let me introduce you to my friends, Mr. Van Nyt and Mr. de Bluff.

CHOLLY. Delighted, I'm suaw!

REGGIE. Chawmed to know you, Mr. Cawn-cawb!

FARMER C. Yew doan't say so! Josiar! what's in thet bottle on the table thar!

JOSIAH (*confusedly*). Why that's-er-why it's cough medicine.

CHOLLY (*To the rescue*). Ya-as, dewcedly good stuff for a cawf (*Fills a glass*). Won't you twy some, Mr. Cawncawb?

FARMER C. (*Smacking his lips after the draught*). I've often heered yew're mother talk of her cough medicine, but I never would have thunk that it war so good as this be. I reckon this orter cure eny coald.

CHOLLY (*Aside to Reggie*). I say, Weggie, couldn't we-aw get the old boy into a game?

REGGIE. I say-aw, Mr. Cawncawb, do you evaw play pokaw?

FARMER C. Wall, I did uster play keyards some little. Wher be the pasteboards?

CHOLLY (*Bringing forth cards and chips from the bucket*). Heaw we aw. Suppose we-aw-play pawdners,—you and Joe against me and Weggie?

FARMER C. Let er go. Naow just keep an eye on your old pap, Josiar. But gimme a leetle more o' thet cough medicine. I dew feel kind o' chilly this evenin'.

(*The four sit down to a quiet game, with the "cough medicine" on the side.*)

DOSE III. (*Same place. Four o'clock next morning, cocktail bottle empty. The red, white and blue all stacked up before Farmer Corncob.*)

FARMER C. Wall, if yew must go fellers, I'll trouble ye to cash in these heer chips. Twenty-five dollars, if I make it right.

REGGIE. Ya-as, that's right, but it will just make us even, as Joe owes me twenty-five. Good morning, gentlemen.

CHOLLY. Good morning. (*Exeunt Cholly and Reggie.*)

FARMER C. Wall, Josiar, thet coald of yew'r'n must hev kum from tew meny freeze outs. Whenever yew owe eny more money tow medical men jest let your old pap know. Wall, I guess I'll make tracks fer hum, an' let them hogs outen the pen afore it gits daylight. Thet sartinly war prime cough medicine, though. I'll hev Mariar make sum soon as I git hum.

The Light that Comes.

A PASTEL.

FRANK EARLE HERING, '98.



OFTLY the pinnaced clouds were
splashed with purple and orange.
The swart shadows of twilight
dimmed the woods; the slant
evening light sifted through the vine-girt
trees, and stained the autumn leaves.

Slowly they walked the silent aisles, treading
on many an unexpanded bud.

Tenderly she pleaded; for her soul was fettered to his by the gyves of love.

The solemnity of Nature brooded everywhere. The nightingale poured forth its music-panting
soul, and the unpremeditated notes filled the wood-cloisters and wrought far-off echoes.
The chaliced jonquils swayed their slender cups in rhythmic undulations, and the tranquillity of
Truth, immeasurable as God, crept into his soul. She understood, intuitively,—and prayed.
The orb'd moon shone faintly through a cloud-veil, and the last arrows of the sun shot from
the horizon's bow.

At the foot of a gnarled oak she stopped, and took his hand, for she had read his heart.—

"These mouldering leaves"—she touched them with her little foot—"were sea, and sky,
and earth, which God, with divine alchemy, transmuted into leaves. They filled their part
in the life of the tree, and now return to sea, and sky, and earth.

Waiting.

FRANK EARLE HERING, '98.

☪ O-NIGHT I stray

When life seems gray,
To watch the blue-capped waves that play
Upon the lake;
And let thoughts make
Their own sweet course, and memories wake
That long have slept, and gently take
Me back to some forgotten day.

As pure sun-rays
Can change the grays
Of cold, harsh skies into a blaze
Of light, that stains
The spiral fanes
Of gargoyled clouds; so old, sad trains
Of day-dreams run in sweeter strains
When set to music of forgotten days.

When thrushes trill,
And the fields are still
And mottled with the daffodil,
Then death is far
As some vague star
That spans the lake, with twinkling spar.
Tonight I look beyond the bar
And long to cross,—yet bide His will.

Keats.

FRANK EARLE HERING, '98.

☪ GREEK of after years. The flow
Of Pindar's verse; the lucent might
Of Lesbos' Bard; and Sappho's light
Alcaic strains and subtle glow
He had. With it the love that strains
To give each word its fitting place;
As in mosaics you may trace
The art of Memmling—and the pains,—
Greek of the Greeks, he knew their lore
And worshipped at the pagan shrine.
Apollo nurtured him on wine
That Bacchus brought from Chian store.

"You came from the Eternal Spirit, who gave
you to perform your part toward eternal
Perfectness. When that is done, you, too,
will pass, and be absorbed into the Heart
of God.

"As the elemental trinity, water, sun and earth,
is necessary to the perfect leaf; so the
divine trinity, Love, and Faith, and Hope,
is necessary to perfect love. Without love
we are tempest-tossed, drifting on the
vastness of Time; with it we are of God,
and slip into His charity like snowflakes
into the sea."

Quietly they walked the silent aisles, and list-
ened to the nightingale.

A few bold stars gleamed hyacinthine in the
woof of coming night.

The moon threw its sheet of shifting light in
strange-webbed fancies on the heedless
brook.

Happily they climbed a knoll, hand in hand,
fearless of the pall of gloom.

A star darted through the night into the
immensity of space; only God followed it.

Scott in "Marmion."

WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, '98.



HE spirit of romance has been the fountain from which gushed forth the beautiful and sublime thoughts of many a poet; but perhaps none have been so powerfully actuated by legendary lore and chivalrous sentiment as Scott was. He was the first great English writer belonging to the Romantic school, and he was the last and greatest of the minstrels who revived the heroic memories of the Middle Ages. This love for historical and legendary associations was early kindled in him by the romantic and beautiful surroundings of his youth. He was reared and he spent his life on the Scottish Border, where almost every spot teemed with associations of the olden time, and his powerful imagination once more peopled these regions with the heroes of the past. Near by, the song-renowned Tweed and Teviot wended their way through a picturesque country, and here in sight of these inspiring scenes all the latent powers of his soul were awakened to that genuine love for nature that constitutes the greatest charm and strength of his works. The sun setting behind the peak of a distant mountain shed its golden lustre on those spots made sacred by the songs of the minstrels, and the great "Wizard of the North" beheld in these scenes nature's fairyland, and presented them to the world as true and fresh as they were in his mind.

Although Scott's fame as the "father of the historical novel" somewhat eclipses the brilliancy of his poetical genius, nevertheless, his metrical romances elevate him to a high position as a poet. The intellectual power of many other poets is certainly not shown in the poems of Scott; but in beauty and strength of imagination very few have surpassed him. He is distinctively a master of narration and description. "Marmion" is, perhaps, the best type of his poetical works. It possesses great beauty of description, combined with a well-told and exciting story. The narration sometimes rises to a wonderful height of eloquence, and all the action is interspersed with beautiful and varied pictures of natural scenes. Of "Marmion," Scott himself says: "Oh! man, I had many a grand gallop among those braes when I was thinking of 'Marmion.'"

The characters in this poem are represented

as living at the time when Europe, with the exception of England, was swayed to and fro by the quarrels of petty barons who acknowledged no king but their own wild passions. Marmion is a true type of such a lord; but in the poem we find him humbly submitting his proud will to the King of England who had given the death blow to feudalism in that country. Marmion, although a villain in many respects, has the sympathy of all for his unshaken bravery and his heroic and tragic death on Flodden Field. Scott does not develop his character to any great extent, but prefers to present him on the march or in the heat of the battle. In fact, in all of Scott's works, action-painting takes the place of characterization, and the reader is almost continually led on through green fields, over rugged mountains, and in sight of camps and battlefields.

In the opening of the poem, Scott, by his vivid fancy for feudal picturesqueness, gives us a beautiful description of Norham Castle and its surroundings as the sun is sinking behind the peak of a western mountain:

"Day set on Norham's Castle steep,
And Tweed's great river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battle towers, the donjon-keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

"The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height;
Their armor, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back against the western blaze.
In lines of dazzling light."

Marmion, the rogue and hero, then appears, and solemnly enters the castle. He is a man powerful of frame and skilled in all the arts of warfare. He stands before the lord of Norham as a stern, proud, romantic figure, a true type of the warrior of the Middle Ages. The qualities that make up his character seem to us a strange mixture of greatness and depravity. It is noteworthy that in most of Scott's works the strongest and most conspicuous characters are heroic scoundrels.

During the journey northward, which is the most monotonous part of the poem, the weird tales of Sir David Lindsay serve to enlighten the otherwise tedious march. Now and then, however, Scott's wonderful descriptions of the historical objects they are passing brighten the pages like the momentary gleaming of the sun between dark clouds. This part is in harmony with the lonely moors through which they are passing. Marmion reaches the Scottish court

with his message, and he is royally entertained. When King James speaks to him of the invasion of England, the latter replies with biting sarcasm, and tells the king all that is in store for him,

"Ere Scotland's king shall cross the Trent."

The fervid powers of eloquence that Scott puts in the mouth of Marmion are electrifying. The famous scene between Marmion and Douglas is known by every reader. It thrills with the fire and passion of the warriors. The poet's true, artistic feeling for color is admirably shown in the scene where Marmion and Sir David Lindsay, standing upon a neighboring hill at sunrise, look down upon Edinburgh and the camp of the Scots. The morning beams shed a brilliant light on the martial show far beneath, and

"Northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil Mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst."

Next comes the description of the battle of Flodden. Upon this depends the greatest part of the strength and beauty of the poem. It would be very difficult to find a description of a battle so powerful and realistic as this. In this respect he is certainly the Homer of English literature. From beginning to end there is no halt in the fire and pathos of the battle scene. Clashing of steel, defiant shouting, and cries of victory and pain seem to be ringing in our ears. Marmion is seen at all times in the heat of the fray performing deeds of valor until finally he is slain. His death is related in a very pathetic manner, and our sympathy is with him to the last. After his death, Scott describes the remainder of the battle and the defeat of King James. Its power seems to calm down like the noise on the battlefield, until only the moans of the dying and the lamentations of the defeated Scots are audible. Ever true to his native land Scott laments the defeat of his countrymen, and in, conclusion, says in patriotic accents:

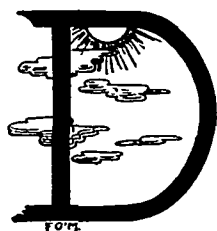
"Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield."

The moralizing at the end of the poem detracts from its strength. Whenever Scott enters the domain of philosophy, and endeavors to elevate the reader to the lofty conceptions of life, as Wordsworth and many of his contemporaries did, he is sure to make a failure of it; but in vividness and freshness of fancy he certainly stands among the first.

The Black Feet Circus-Poster.

FRANK W. O'MALLEY, '99.

To go and find out and be damned,
To go and get shot and be damned
Dear boys!
—Kipling's *The Lost Legion*.



DICKY Phelps surveyed the hopeless disorder of his room and smiled. "Pretty view you have from the table," he said to the photograph. "Never mind, Marie; things'll be straightened before you come next month." He rummaged round his room for a sound pen and some ink, and after a five-minutes' search he began a letter that took just two hours to finish. "The Black Feet," he wrote, "are gathering at the head of the Flat-Iron, and their ghost-dances are beginning to work them up so much that Colonel Judson has ordered our troop down there to quiet them. The War Department knows that *my* austere presence will have its effect! There's some danger—to the men, I mean—but you mustn't let that worry you. How *could* anything happen to *me*, girl, when we're to be married next month, and—" and Dicky gazed for three solemn minutes at the photograph for an inspiration.

The dawn was just breaking as Dicky rode away from the Post the next morning at the head of his fifty men. Already the snows on the peaks of Great Smoky across the valley were glowing in the morning sun like a white cloud, but the trail over which the troopers clattered was still in half-darkness. Dicky's head was bowed. He should have been thinking of his plan of action when he had reached the Black Feet camp; but he was only twenty-three, and he had a good horse under him, and the breezes that fanned his cheeks were scented with the pine: so he thought of a black-haired girl in a fluffy white gown instead. Probably Sergeant Crogan read his thoughts, for he rode closer to Dicky, and jogged along beside him in silence for some time.

"Ah—beggin' your pardon, sir," he began, "but you'll be wise to keep both eyes on old Crow when you're havin' your confab with him—a colt in each hand and a sabre between your teeth." Dicky smiled. "Don't think I'm presumptuous," Crogan continued, "but I'd like to tell you just this about Black Feet: I've had dealins' with every kind of Indians from Manitoba to Mexico, and the best of 'em ain't no Law and Order Committee."

"Thank you, Crogan," Dicky said lightly. "I'll watch him. He can't do anything, though. He wouldn't dare, you know."

"Dare!" The veteran laughed. "Why, old Crow, when the fever's on him, cares no more for you 'r me 'r the Great Father himself than he does for his thirty-second squaw."

Dicky was not wholly convinced, but Crogan's warning was not altogether wasted. During the next mile a wonderful confusion of the Black Feet camp, the fluffy white gown, Chief Crow and Sergeant Crogan ran through his mind, and then he raised his head.

"Feldman says they're camped near the first waterfall," he said, "so we'll stay at the ford just below tonight, and in the morning you and I'll ride up to tell old Crow that the Great Father would much prefer to see his children some place where he can put the screws to them than out here on the Flat-Iron dancing ghost-dances. Not exactly in those words, you know, because Crow might become offended."

"And leave the rest of the men down at the ford?" Crogan asked.

"Certainly. Things would happen, you see, if I brought fifty of Uncle Sam's cavalymen among several hundred half-crazy ghost-dancers too suddenly." Crogan did not see, but he thought he had made enough suggestions for an orderly.

The troop reached the ford of the Flat-Iron late that afternoon, and went into camp for the night. In the morning Dicky gave his men a few last words of instruction, and then he and Crogan rode round the bend of the river toward the Black Feet camp. As the first waterfall was but a short distance beyond the bend, the two men could soon make out the dirty-brown wigwams of the ghost-dancers. Even at that early hour some of the green and yellow painted bucks were stamping round the smouldering remains of the fires that had lighted the big ghost-dance of the night before, and as they drew nearer they could hear the monotonous *thump-thump* of the tom-toms. Then the thumping ceased suddenly, the bucks stopped dancing, and Dicky knew the camp was aware of his approach. He could see a nimble buck glorious in his paint and feathers, jump upon a horse and gallop across the clearing, presumably to gather his more distant fellows. They began to arrive round Crow's tepee even before Dicky and the sergeant had reached the edge of the camp. When the two men cantered across the clearing the crowd numbered about two hundred greasy, raw-boned wretches.

Old Crow lay on his back, eyeing the approaching troopers from under the upturned flap of his wigwam, and when they dismounted he did not deign to rise. Dicky could have kicked him where he lay, but under the circumstances that would have been very bad policy. He called the old chief to him, but Crow simply grunted.

"You—" Dicky felt the pressure of the sergeant's restraining hand, so he checked himself. "It is the wish of the Great Father," he began again, "that Chief Crow and his brave people return to the reservations at once. Otherwise he'll ("string up every beggarly thief among you," he wanted to say, but he thought it would not be diplomatic) he'll—he'll be displeased," he concluded impotently.

Now a Black Feet Indian is quick only when it suits his purpose, and he is not a brilliant conversationalist at any time. So Dicky waited patiently for some minutes.

"Well?"

"Me no talk English," Crow said, and he rolled over on his back lazily and grunted.

"You lie, you—" Crow was on his feet in an instant.

"Look!" he cried, and Dicky saw him majestically unfold a large sheet of paper. On it was the picture of a woman with wonderfully red cheeks and straw-colored hair, her body encircled with enormous snakes. Across the lower part of the lithograph, in large red letters, ran the legend:

MLLE. OLGA, SNAKE CHARMER,
With

Welsh Bros. Greatest Railroad
Show on Earth.

"The Great Manitou sent it in the night," Crow said simply. "You can not harm me or my people now."

"You insolent hound!" Dicky blurted. He felt the pressure of Crogan's hand again, but he paid no attention to it. "You may fool your ignorant crew with this rot," he continued hotly, "but you know that *you* don't believe in it and that *I* don't believe in it. *So much* for the Great Manitou's charm!"

Dicky was young and he forgot himself. There was a sound of paper being rapidly torn and the next instant the "charm" fell in bits round old Crow's half naked body like a flurry of snow, only the paper flakes were mostly green and red and yellow.

"Cut for it!" Crogan cried sharply, and before the Black Feet could recover from their surprise at Dicky's awful sacrilege the sergeant

had dragged him toward his horse, and the two men were galloping down the stony shore of the Flat-Iron.

"What—what are we running for?" the bewildered Dicky yelled to Crogan as soon as he could catch his breath.

"*That!*" was the answer, and the sergeant rolled from his saddle. Dicky caught a fleeting glimpse over his shoulder-straps of a blue-coated form quivering on the stones. The grey head and an outstretched arm lay in the shallow water, which was rapidly turning red when it lapped against the throat. He wanted to stop; but he heard the clatter of many hoofs behind him, and he thought of his troop and—Marie—and he pressed on.

Colonel Judson tried to make himself believe that he was bringing two troops down to meet Dicky "just to have some of the fun;" but he knew in his heart that it was his anxiety and his love for the boy. "Crogan will keep him out of mischief," he mused. "Dicky has a clear head on his shoulders, but he's young, very young and—" A surprised "Look!" at his elbow, interrupted his thoughts, and he raised his head. At first he saw only the grey-white trail stretching before him like a great serpent until it disappeared in a small wood about three-quarters of a mile away; but a second glance showed him a horseman galloping out of the wood, and several following as if in pursuit.

"My Gawd, it's Lootenant Phelps!" an orderly cried excitedly. The troopers did not wait for the command, but galloped forward in silence to meet him. Then as they drew nearer to the officer galloping toward them they saw his pursurers waver uncertainly on their shaggy little broncos, and then turn and flee for the wood. The foremost Indian, however, took deliberate aim at Dicky for a farewell shot, and the Colonel swore. There was a cheer and a momentary halt when Dicky rode up to them; but the Colonel pointed down the trail and the troopers rode on. Dicky slid stiffly to the ground, his uniform flecked with foam, and the Colonel waited in silence.

"They killed Crogan," Dicky was saying, "and they pushed in between my men and me and shot them or drowned them, and when I saw it was all up I—I cut for it, sir. I'm dying, sir, and—I'm a—a young fool."

"And I'm a *dam'* fool." The Colonel dropped on his knees beside the boy and took the small photograph that Dicky held toward him.

"T-tell—her," he said wearily. The Colonel understood.

Sidney Lanier, Poet and Musician.

THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98.



ALMOST every nation has its poets. Every age adds new names to the immortal scroll of the honored. The older the nation the greater her list of immortals. Yet America, just completing a material growth, which necessarily compels her to go higher in intellectual development, has a scroll of which to be proud. And none of her poets, except Longfellow, can claim a higher place than Sidney Lanier.

Seldom has a poet so skilfully combined technique with true poetic thought as Lanier had these. Lanier was an artist; and he had the substance of poetry. "He possessed both elements," as Mr. Steadman says, "in extreme conjunction." He was a musician and his poetry flows in the melody of a master-composer. He did not believe in the old method of scansion taught by the grammarians. He treated rhythm as the measurement of definite time, and he marked it by musical notation. The skilful variations of his vowels and consonants added richness to his tone color. Mr. William Hays Ward says of him: "We constantly notice in his verse that dainty effect which the ear loves, and which comes from the deft marshaling of consonants and vowels so that they shall add their suppler and subtler reinforcements to the steady infantry tramp of rhythm." Under this method of musical scansion, entirely his own, he wrote all of his poems; for Lanier, like Milton, held that music and poetry are inseparable.

Lanier studied poetry in terms of music. He wrote the most scientific analysis of English verse ever given to the public. This was published under the title of "Science of English verse," of which Ward says: "It is well within the truth to say that it is the most complete and thorough original investigation of the formal element in poetry in existence." In this work he proves the affinity of poetry to music; and music he believes is the primal art, for he makes one of his characters say, in "Tiger Lilies"—the only novel he ever wrote—"Late explorers say they have found some nations that had no God; but I have not yet read of any that had no music. . . . Music means harmony, harmony means love, love means God!"

From his earliest boyhood Lanier showed a

wonderful talent for music. It was his ruling passion. He learned with very little instruction to play the violin, flute, organ and piano. He loved best the violin, but his father induced him to exchange it for the flute. He carried his flute with him when he joined the Confederate army; he was captured and kept in prison five months; but when he was released he had with him his flute. For three winters he played first flute for the Peabody Symphony Concerts at Baltimore, and there his musical talent was recognized as that of a master.

Mr. Hamerick says of Lanier: "To him as a child in his cradle music was given—the heavenly gift to feel and explain himself in tones." Speaking of the flute when played by Lanier, he says: "Its tones developed color, warmth, and a low sweetness of unspeakable poetry. They were not only true and pure, but poetic, allegoric, as it were, suggestive of the depths and heights of being and of the delights which the earthly ear never hears and the earthly eye never sees. . . .—such distinction, such refinement! He stood, the master, the genius!" For Lanier music was the one essential. He says: "To make a home out of a household, given the raw material—to wit, wife, children, a friend or two, and a house—two other things are necessary. These are a good fire and good music. And inasmuch as we can do without the fire for half the year, I may say music is the one essential."

Lanier wrote his early poems in accordance with the old methods and requirements laid down centuries before. It was in his little song, "Special Pleading," that he began to show his confidence in his view of the principles of poetic art. Of this song he says: "I have allowed myself to treat words, similes and metres with such freedom as I desired. This was in the year 1875, and from this time he wrote all his poems under the conception he had of art and harmony. These laws he has brought to perfection in the "Hymns of the Marshes."

Music and poetry for Lanier meant love, and his lyrics abound in love songs:

"Go trembling song,
And stay not long; oh! stay not long;
Thou'rt only a grave and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love."

The "Song of the Chattahoochee" alone suffices to show Lanier's true poetic genius. This poem is often placed, and rightly, beside Tennyson's "Brook," as the two greatest models of English technique. These poems are frequently compared in the music of their rhythm. The song of the Chattahoochee runs thus:

"All down the hills of Harbersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried 'abide, abide,'
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said 'stay,'
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed 'abide, abide,'
Here in the hills of Harbersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall."

And the "Brook:"

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley."

"By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty throps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges."

"Till lost by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Which do you prefer? It is difficult to answer. You love both. Now that you know them, you would feel something missing within your heart if they had not been written. Can you find fault with either? No. Tennyson was a great poet, and the "Brook" is a work of his art at its highest. Then why not call Lanier a poet, and the "song of the Chattahoochee" a poem? It is. And as time goes on Lanier and his song will be more and more appreciated.

Lanier's poems abound in philosophical teachings; and at the same time a deep religious sentiment is contained in many of these. Let us but quote three short verses illustrative of both:

"Man's love ascends
To finer and diviner ends
Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends."

For a long time Lanier was undecided as to whether he would devote his life to music or to poetry; but the two seemed inseparable. His health was failing, and if he was to accomplish anything he must do it in a few years. His theory of music and poetry ever haunted him, and he attempted to prove it by his poems. He worked under great disadvantages: he was unknown, poor, and suffering from that dreadful malady—consumption. He died of this disease in his thirty-ninth year, just as he was entering the prime of life; but not until his theory had been demonstrated.

That Lanier was more than a musical versifier is easily seen in his poems, which are rhythmical and philosophical. He, as other poets, began to be appreciated after his death; and when the ideals of his countrymen shall be raised to the station to which he strove to lead them, his memory will be carved in bronze as the musician of poets.

Flirtations with Fancy.

"For a dreamer lives on forever,
But a toiler dies in a day."—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

ST. NICHOLAS smiled benignly, and the Cherubim
laughed with glee,
When they saw him flash, with a mighty crash, through
the gates of Eternity.
Over the shimmering Milky Way the Great Bear drew
his cars,
And Saturn's Rings, which he used for wheels, threw
sparks that were redder than Mars.

He stopped his steed when he reached the Earth, and
he gathered together the presents
The Christ-Child sent, the which were meant for children
of nobles and peasants.
And when he had given the last away he came to a
dying child.
"I'll give it a star from His Christmas-tree," and the
Cherubim heard and smiled.

The sun that lighted the Christmas morn sent a gleam
through a tenement-pane,
And it showed a face, without a trace of a tear; but
God! the strain
Of the week-long watch by her dying child was written,
and written for aye;
But her child was kissing the Infant's lips where 'tis
always Christmas Day.

F. W. O'M.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

THE wreaths of mistletoe are gone,
The furnace fires no longer glow,
Old grandpa shakes his head and sighs
"Not like it was long years ago."

Yet grandma comes with modest grace,
And sits besides the old man's chair,
Old tales of love she tells again,
And smiles beneath her silvery hair.

The happy children laugh and play
And gather at their grandsire's knee,
Each one with tales of Santa Claus,
And presents from the Christmas-tree.

The old man hears their simple talk
As tears of joy begin to flow,
Then whispers to his aged wife:
"Just like it was long years ago."

G. O. M.

A YULE-TIDE SONG.

WHAT matter how the night-wind blows
The Yule-log blazeth bright;
Good hearty cheer with old wine flows,
What matter how the night-wind blows,
Love bows to all, then laughing goes,
For this is Christmas night;
What matter how the night-wind blows
The Yule-log blazeth bright.

P. McH.

JEALOUSIES.

The Poet.

MONARCH of nations! Ruler of seas!
Men covet your septre—a mere gold rod.
Millions shiver whenever you sneeze.
Thousands do battle whenever you nod.

Sit in pomp on your gilded throne.
Your body is nothing more than clay.
My soul and art are all my own;
The wealth of kings can't buy them away.

The King.

Poor little body! a simple scribe
Who lives in a hovel dark and low!
Better my fool to jest and gibe
Than spend one's life in writing so.

To rule is dreary enough, I know;
Yet it seems to be the way of things—
Whether we merit the scorn or no—
To scoff at rulers because they are kings.

L. P. D.

TWO COMPLAINTS.

SAINT NICHOLAS, 'tis Christmas day,
And what have you brought me, I pray?
No present yet have I to show
Except that sprig of mistletoe,—
A worthless, faded, withered spray.

"Before the night had cleared away
You made all other people gay,
And why is it you pass me so,
Saint Nicholas?"

"Sir, false must be love's roundelay;
A maiden bade me,—'take that spray
And place it at *his* door, then go
Without a word, because he'll know
That it's from Bessie anyway,
Saint Nicholas."

W. B. M.

RONDEAU.

LONG years ago, with mirth and glee,
All gathered round the Christmas-tree,
Or whiled away the time in game
Before the blazing Yule-log's flame.
Then hours were fraught with jollity,
And laughter rang out merrily,
From bashful youths and maidens free,
For love and mirth were all the same
Long years ago.

Then why is it with you and me,
That Christmas drags so drowsily?
Is Christmas but an empty name,
Or are we not ourselves to blame,
That 'tis not what it used to be
Long years ago.

E. R. L.

A Christmas Story.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

It was two o'clock on the day before Christmas, and State St. was a confused mass of people, horses and vehicles. The holiday-greetings coated with mimic snow, that hung in the shop-windows and the brilliancy of the shop interiors contrasted with the mud and gloom outside. The atmosphere was mostly fog and a little smoke; so the row of lights on either side, instead of dispelling the exterior dusk, seemed little oases of brightness in a sombre desert. Over the entrance to the big department store that ran back into the fog and up into the smoke, was proclaimed in mammoth letters of arc-lights that here were Santa Claus' headquarters. Within there were detectives in plain clothes to guard against thieves.

The immense sales-rooms were crowded with eager purchasers. Every condition of society was represented, from the laborer who had taken a half-holiday up, or down, to the speculator who had grudgingly foregone the pleasures of 'Change to go through the formality of buying holiday gifts. The profusion of gifts perplexed the wealthy shoppers and embarrassed those of moderate means. They selected this and discarded that; they examined one thing and asked the price of another, till the patience of the salesmen was sorely tried. For most of the clerks Christmas meant no more than a day of rest, a compensation for confronting an impatient throng through longer hours.

Charlie Wilcox, over at the cutlery department, however, smiled cheerfully out upon his customers, forgot to look weary when they breathed on a blade to test its quality, and even allowed a ragged gamin—liberal valuation of assets,—ten cents to squeeze against the polished show-case and feast his eyes on a bowie worthy the hand of Jesse James. Why shouldn't he be happy? In half an hour an "extra" would take his place, and by evening he would be a sharer in good old rustic cheer, that would lose none of its charm by its novelty.

During the preceding summer he had renewed acquaintance with a distant kinsman in the country and had spent part of the vacation on his farm. Wilcox was delighted with this new life, and he roamed over his relative's land with his cousin Maggie, perhaps mentally cal-

culating how many department stores might be built thereon, each having a frontage of—at all events the place had a strong attraction for him. He was very affable to his host, always addressed him as "Uncle," and when bidding adieu to the family, claimed a cousin's privilege of demure, red-cheeked Maggie. They invited him to come again at Christmas, and often while Charlie was arranging the cutlery, his thoughts were of dainty spirals hanging from an apple's sweet circumference and a dextrous little hand guiding the knife.

Promptly at half-past two o'clock an extra man appeared, and Charlie took a street-car for his lodgings where he made such changes on his exterior as he thought would be likely to find favor in the hazel eyes of a rural damsel. In a short time he was struggling through a gate in the "Union" and entering a crowded suburban train. They moved slowly past the big buildings, one by one the viaducts swept by, and pretty soon the dull gray fields began to appear. Every stopping place received its quota of passengers, and at the end of fifty miles, the travellers in the smoker had dwindled to about a dozen of morose individuals who fiercely perused time-tables and railroad-maps, and a small coterie of travelling men, not as cheerful as men of that profession usually are, for their Christmas would be spent in the hotels of the next big city, and the merry greetings exchanged by people at the way stations irritated them.

It was raining hard outside and objects were invisible in the darkness, but Charlie knew that he was near his destination, and was wondering if anyone would meet him at the station, when the locomotive emitted a rapid succession of shrieks, and the next moment the cars shuddered from a sudden shock and came rapidly to a standstill. The drummer in the mackintosh, who went ahead to reconnoitre, returned with the information that the engine had struck a stray cow and they would be delayed an indefinite time for repairs.

Up to this Charlie had not spoken to them; but now, near the end of his journey, he felt more at home. So in his exuberance of spirit, he proposed a plan—he had read it in some story paper—by which tourists in this predicament had amused themselves; and, this being a fitting opportunity to put it in practice, proposed to the travelling men that each of the party should, in turn, tell a Christmas story.

"All right; it's your suggestion. Begin," growled the boot-and-shoe man.

This response staggered Charlie, and he was obliged to confess that he could not immediately recall anything suitable.

"Put him out!" demanded the man who carried a line of dry-goods. So he was hustled out to the platform, shown the semaphore lights ahead, and told in unmistakable terms to "go."

"It might have been worse," he soliloquized. "This is my destination anyway; but whether *she* will be favorably impressed by my drenched appearance is another question. I really mustn't let those country cousins know how I came to walk into town. They wouldn't give me any peace."

As he plodded along, his thoughts in this vein, he saw a man carrying a lantern crossing the field to the track ahead. Perhaps if he knew who it was he would have contrived to delay the encounter, but—

"Full oft 'tis seen our maims secure us,
And our mere defects prove our commodities."

When they met he saw with dismay that it was Uncle Richard. The young man did not have time to stammer out an excuse, for the kind-hearted farmer began at once:

"Wall I vow, Charlie, Jake went down to meet you with the top buggy. Just after he left Seth Schultz's boy kim over all out o' breath and said how No. 4 struck that ole red cow o' thern and throwed the train off the track an' killed some o' the passengers. The folks is all scart. Spechully Maggie. She takes on dredful, an' made me come over to see if you wuz hurt."

"I was afraid you might worry," promptly fibbed Charlie, "so I was in a hurry to let you know that I'm safe."

No one ever learned anything to question the truth of this statement, but a year later as portly Charles Wilcox—you would not recognize in him the thin, sallow clerk of former times—was standing behind his own counter in the neighboring town, chatting with his wife, a drummer with a case of dry-goods samples came in and asked to be favored with an order. The proprietor who somehow had an antipathy for people of that craft said brusquely:

"If you tell a good Christmas story, perhaps I may see what I can do for you."

The jovial salesman laughed, "Why that reminds me of a good one," he said. "About a year ago myself and some of the boys were delayed down the road here, and—ha-ha—a delicate young fellow made a proposition similar to yours, and—ha-ha—"

"I've heard that before," dryly interrupted Charlie.

The Short Story.

EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98.



IN a recent issue of a well-known magazine, a writer comments upon the rapidly increasing demand for the short story, and very sagaciously remarks that it might be profitable for those that have not made a marked success as novelists to give their attention to this new field of literature. Therein, however, he seems to imply that in the latter less talent and ability are required than in the former. In reality this is not the case. The production of a story, no matter how short it may be, is something more than a mere catering to public taste. It is a work that not everyone is capable of performing; and the writer that imagines but little effort is needed for its accomplishment will soon discover how greatly he has deceived himself.

Some men have shown themselves peculiarly fitted for this kind of work, and at the same time have failed signally whenever they attempted to write a novel. Although the wonderful success that he has met with everywhere has been designated as a sort of literary fad, it is almost without question that Rudyard Kipling is the best living writer of the short story. And yet it is notorious that, whenever he has crossed the boundaries that mark his own territory, his genius has seemed to forsake him. Nothing remains but the almost excessive originality that has gained him so many admirers, and he becomes like a mariner feeling his way through the fog and the mist of a strange sea.

The converse is in like measure true. Many a one that has gained fame as a novelist has met with a fate like Kipling's whenever the pen is permitted to stray from the path prescribed, seeking honors on another field. It is strange that such should be the case; for, when one stops to consider, it is hard to find the line of demarcation between the short story and the novel. They are the exact counterparts of each other, except that one is a miniature, while the other is a life-size portrait.

The same laws govern both; a lack of unity, probability, or completeness, will vitiate either. And on this account it is, if anything, more difficult to write a story that will violate none of the prescribed rules than to put forth a novel that is perfect in detail.

A well-balanced story is a thing seldom met with, and yet to be deserving of merit it must always be well balanced. In it any infringement of the law of unity immediately discovers itself, while, in the novel, this flaw may be concealed beneath an abundance of words, or smoothed over so as to escape observation. As a mere skeleton, artistically draped, the short story is ever present before the reader, exhibiting defects as well as merits. The slightest blemish is at once apparent. No long and careful study is required to separate its component parts, to pick out the kernel from the shell. It is an analysis in itself. There should never be any attempt in the short story at padding or digression. One superfluous word will mar it even though the work is otherwise perfect. Every sentence should bear directly upon the main action; and the plan of construction must be simple in appearance, yet carefully concealed, so that it shall not confront the reader at every page.

Probably the best examples of the short story have been given us by De Maupassant, than whom there has never been a greater master of the art. His "Necklace" is perfect in construction, and the few mistakes in minor details are offset by a keen appreciation of character, and a remarkable judgment and precision in the method of presentation. A disregard for probability, however, throws a slight blemish upon an otherwise flawless composition. He seems to be at his best when depicting incident, although many clever character-sketches have come from his pen, such as "The Coward," and "Pierre et Jean."

Another master of the short story, and one who is nearer and dearer to us by the ties of language and country, is Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. While he does not possess all the strength and keen discernment of De Maupassant, I would venture to say that in one respect at least he surpasses him, and that is in the sprightliness and perfect concealment of his *dénouements*. "Marjorie Daw," the best of his compositions, will compare favorably with any short story, and he has ably seconded it with "Two Bites at a Cherry," and "Her Dying Words."

There is at present among us one that bids fair to distance many a competitor in the race for fame. I refer to Mr. Stephen Crane. As it is, he has advanced with unusually rapid strides, and, moreover, he gives promise of some day achieving a noteworthy success. That clever piece of composition, "The Red Badge of

Courage," that brought him into prominence has probably not been equalled by any of his later works.

In "Gallagher," and the "Van Bibber" stories, Mr. Richard Harding Davis has exhibited an exceeding closeness of observation, together with a clear insight into character. The manner in which his subject is presented bears the stamp of a pleasing originality, and the freshness and vigor of his narration combine to charm and interest us. Perhaps, he betrays a tendency to disregard the essential element of naturalness in his portrayals; but taken all in all his works bear the stamp of true genius.

Among the romanticists, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins have both given their attention to this kind of composition. In "The Body-Snatcher" and "The Sire de Maletroit's Door," Stevenson has presented us with two admirable sketches of character and incident. The stories of the author of "Phroso" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" are especially remarkable for the brilliancy and perfect naturalness of the dialogue.

Mr. Stanley Weyman has also achieved considerable success in this field. And last, but by no means least, there remains Mr. Frank Stockton, the inimitable author of "The Lady or the Tiger." He moves in a circle that is altogether his own, or; if we were permitted to use the expression, he is in a class by himself. And it is only when he ventures to invade another's realm that we lose sight of the quaint beauty that delights and captivates us.

In all of these men that have gained fame and reputation as writers of the short story, we can not help recognizing a peculiar fitness for their work. The faculty of close observation seems to have been developed in them to an unusual degree; and the other essentials of judgment and skill in the presentation of the thought, a carefully constructed plan, and an almost instinctive perception of the beautiful, are everywhere in evidence throughout their writings. It is to their efforts that we must ascribe the recent awakening to an appreciation of the short story, and its reception into public favor. They have taken the part of pioneers in a new industry, contending with the ignorance and prejudice of popular opinion, and laying bare for those that may follow the difficulties that will beset their path. A small measure of glory and praise has been meted out to them; but it remains for succeeding laborers to reap the golden harvest that lies ready for the sickle.

The Broken Violin.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

EVERY morning the old man had climbed up the tenement stairs. Every morning during the school year he had met little Elsie on her way to school, and a fleeting smile crossed his sad face as he said "Good-morning." He lived up in "niggle-heaven" said Jimmie, and Jimmie knew, for he had explored the tenement from the weather-vane on the roof to the gas-meters in the cellar. Every day the old man had gone down to meet the postman and get his letter—the letter that never came.

Often in the still hours of the night those near him heard the plaintive sound of music pouring from his room. If you tried to describe it you would say it mingled the wail of a lost child with the complaining of a father, and—then you would cease in your vain attempt. At times, the low, sweet, querulous music swept into a volume of misery which overpowered the senses.

He had only one desire, and that was to hear from his son, his own boy who had gone to aid the Cubans in their struggle for their liberty and honor. That had been four years ago, and Cuba had just been freed. No word had come from his boy, and so his sorrowful heart expressed itself in the lifelike strains of his old Cremona—the only souvenir of his former happy life. Sometimes when his sadness softened for awhile he allowed the especially favored to touch the precious instrument, and twice he had shown the picture of "Frank and myself," taken after the boy's graduation from college.

He was always superior to his neighbors. His more refined language created in them a vague feeling of awe when they were talking with him. Instinctively he was appointed arbiter to settle all differences. He it was who decided the memorable contest between Mrs. Mulcrone and Mrs. Schwartz when the latter, with evil intent and malice aforethought, had destroyed the former's tub.

There was another side to his nature. When death visited the tenement house it was he who softened the pangs of sorrow. With the children he was especially a favorite. He showed this one how to spin a top. He helped another with the problem which reads: "If you had

five oranges which your mother gave you, how many would be left if you gave three away?" And the little one would say: "I'd eat the five and there wouldn't be any left."

"But if you did give some away, say one to Madge and two to Louise, because she's prettier, how many would you have?—One and two is three and three taken from five leaves two."

Then he would soothe the troubled mind of the boy when he said: "De guy wot wrote dis 'rit'metic is a jollier. Me mudder's dead, and if she wuzn't she'd bat me in de nut instead of givin' me somethin'."

Today, the one day of the year when the weary world rests, the old man was sad. It was Christmas, and the name recalled many a happy day of bygone time. For the last two days he had not been down for his letter. They would bring it up if it came, and he would not have Elsie's smile to cheer him. The air was cold and snappy, and for once the New York fog had blown away. Here and there a thread of black smoke marked the preparation of a Christmas dinner.

In the street below the dashing sleighs and the gay pedestrians made a kaleidoscope which took his fancy. Finally he moved from the window and sat down to his bowl of milk and bread. Even this light food was too much for him. It choked him, and he left it almost untouched. Then he let his head fall upon the table and even as he did so he sank into a day-dream.

Once again he was a boy at Exeter. He stood again waiting in the cold for the ball to be put in play. All around were grouped the boys of his form. There was "Skin" Jones who was now speaker in the House. Beyond him there the fellow with the curly black hair and the dreamy eyes at present the foremost man in America. Harry Faunceforth, or now Henry Faunceforth Secretary of State, hero of the American-Russian international intrigues; and there the fellow with the laughing blue eyes and yellow hair, he is the cynic, now author of "Woman's Wiles." Oh! there goes the ball. No more time to dream now.

Exeter's days are over. He is stroke of the crew at Harvard, victor for once over their old enemy, Yale. And now in cap and gown he is leaving his happy college days, eager to make his impress upon the great, cold, elusive world.

Manhood presses close upon youth. And then one of the happiest periods of his life, the time when he wooed and won his darling

wife. God have mercy upon him as he had upon her. May his soul be as spotless as hers. The touch of Irish blood in Mollie's veins gave her piquency, but it had put in Frank's soul a roving disposition.

Jean Frank, from the time of his baby days to his youthful manliness when he verified the old saying, "was a Danforth always, and ever an athlete." He was successful in athletics, and that was enough. These brought glory, and the "pater" could support him. Wasn't he a staid, senior partner of "Danforth and Stykes?"

Afterward came his first trouble when Mollie died, and Frank alone was left with the old Cremona to comfort him. Oh! how he had relied upon the boy while he waited for him to come back from his continental travels to succeed him in the business. Frank had just returned as the Cuban insurrection broke out; and, regardless of English policy, his heart fired with indignation, he had gone to aid the insurgents.

He went in spite of his father. And while his father was sorrowful, Stykes took advantage of Danforth's abstraction and defaulted. Then having sold everything to satisfy his creditors, Danforth was left alone with his violin waiting for his son.

How long ago it seemed. And he strolled to the window and mused, and his musings ran thus: "The sun looks on us all. It is the father of life. The sun setting there is just beginning to touch Frank's hair far away." And the thought seemed to please him, for he took down his violin and began to play softly, sadly, sweetly, "Home, Sweet Home."

Just at the line

"Be it ever so humble,"—

and God knows his home was humble enough,—a knock came at the door. A voice rich with brogue said: "Musha, Mr. Danforth, here's a letter for you, and I'm thinkin' there's a picture on the inside." Mrs. Mulcrone walked timidly in with the precious letter. With trembling hands he put the violin on the table by the picture of Frank and himself, and then cut the envelope. A picture, the counterpart of the one on the table, fell out and with it a note, and the note read:

"DEAR FATHER:—My last request has been granted. I have been captured and sentenced to be shot as—"

It was all the old man read. With a low groan he fell forward with a broken heart, and as he fell he broke the old Cremona.

Books and Magazines.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for December contains several interesting articles. "The War of the Worlds," the most strongly imaginative story written, I suppose, is finished, killed in their glory by earthly bacteria, the only terrestrial thing they were unable to conquer. It is a story of great dreams. Near the end the author says: "Dim and wonderful is the vision I have conjured up in my mind of life spreading slowly from this little seed-bed of the solar system through the inanimate vastness of siderial space." A story somewhat similar, but whose action and characters are confined to earth, is "A Brief History of our War with Spain." It is ingenious in portraying the events that would in all probability happen in a war of our day. "Men and Events," by John Brisben Walker, is a good sketch of the two great lives so recently ended. For description there are Russian Humanity and the Passion Play in Switzerland. For history there are the Loves of Goethe, and the relics of Rensselaerwyck. I. Zangwill is interesting in his review of the Month in England for his opinions of various men, Nordau, Du Maurier, James.

SELECTED LETTERS OF CICERO. By Frank Frost Abbott. Ginn and Company: Boston.

This edition belongs to the College Series of Latin Authors. Professor Abbott bases his text on the well-known editions of C. F. W. Müller and Wesenberg. A critical Appendix furnishes the usual amount of variations to the text. The introduction is particularly interesting. It describes in concise form the public and private life of Cicero. The paragraphs on language and style are calculated to furnish much desirable information to the student. In the notes, printed immediately under the text on the same page, the editor gives a careful selection of what the best commentators have written on the subject.

MASTER FRIDOLIN, THE THREE LITTLE KINGS. By Emmy Giehl.

BUZZER'S CHRISTMAS. By Mary T. Waggaman, Benziger Brothers. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

These little volumes may be of interest to the younger folk. They are all Christmas stories with plots much the same, and with little originality beyond the ordinary child's story. However, they are all very carefully written, and possess simplicity that makes them especially fitting for young folks. They are stories for children, and nothing else.

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THE next term will open on Tuesday, Jan. 4.

TO its hosts of friends, the Faculty, the students and the kindly readers who find some little pleasure in its columns, the SCHOLASTIC gives greeting, and wishes in all sincerity a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE Right Reverend Joseph Rademacher, Bishop of Ft. Wayne, visited the University during the past week. As usual, the Bishop's visit was much too short.

IT is somewhat late to speak of the lecture of Hon. William P. Breen on Montalembert, the great French historian. As it will be published in the next number of the SCHOLASTIC, we shall say nothing of its merit, which is in good quantity; but leave it to be praised by the readers.

WE of the board of editors are preyed upon by the quips and cranks of fortune just as any other workers. Sometimes, when we least expect it, a story or a verse will grow full and round and smooth under our fingers, with little exertion on our part. At other times this work under the light of the candle—lucubration,

philosophers call it—only makes us drowsy; and write as we will, the story refuses to shape itself, the rimes refuse to flow smoothly. Therefore, we send forth this Christmas number of ours with the hope that, as it is, it will not detract from the old-time glory of the SCHOLASTIC, and that those who read will remember that the Christmas "exams" are just before us, looking down upon us from a height almost sublime.

THE student has reached the last quagmire of the year, beyond which lie the holidays and a week or two of rest. If all the work of the year has been done well and thoroughly; if you have travelled the right road, you will find little difficulty in finding your way; but if you start from the wrong point you will flounder hopelessly. Nevertheless, the SCHOLASTIC wishes you all success, and trusts that everyone will find a solid path. As for the bright days beyond, word has already been spoken.

ONCE in round of pleasures some may find it difficult to go back again to the prosaic life of study. To bring into use the trite saying "Well begun is half done," it would be well for those who wish to finish the year well to return on the day the term opens.

THE University Band of this year has proven itself a good one. The concert was successful; the difficult overtures well played. In this season of well-wishing we can not forget the Band; and trust that in the days to come it will give more concerts.

AMONG these pages the SCHOLASTIC gives a review of the Varsity that fought the battles of the Gold and Blue upon the gridiron. Stalwart warriors have they been; brawn and muscle were theirs, but courage they had more than brawn and muscle. To the unknowing they may seem, some of them, to be little in weight and stature; but they have done big things. We who can only stand on the sidelines and give vent to our enthusiasm in cheers, are in duty bound to give thanks to these heroes of the mole-skins for giving us much to be proud of. To those of the Executive Committee and the Manager we must also give a share. They have little enough applause for their labors.



Notre Dame under the Snow.

WE of the colony of Notre Dame are very proud—and not vaingloriously so—of the beauties of our home in the springtime. Nowhere does life seem more fair. The withered, watery sod gives up to the sunlight its hosts of green lances and blades; the trees and shrubs break into buds and leaves; slender stalks come forth from the moist earth, and grow strong to bear the flowers of summer. And what a summer it is! The great

golden dome stands still and silent in the hot, hazy sunshine; Notre Dame, with deserted halls, is more beautiful than ever in the round rich fulness of the season of rest.

Everyone has returned by the time the green of the trees turns slowly into the golds and reds and coppery browns of autumn. There are the long, dreary days of the Indian summer. Then comes the frost; the curled leaves with ceaseless fluttering cover the fading sod, and we wade through them to hear the crash and rustle at every stride.

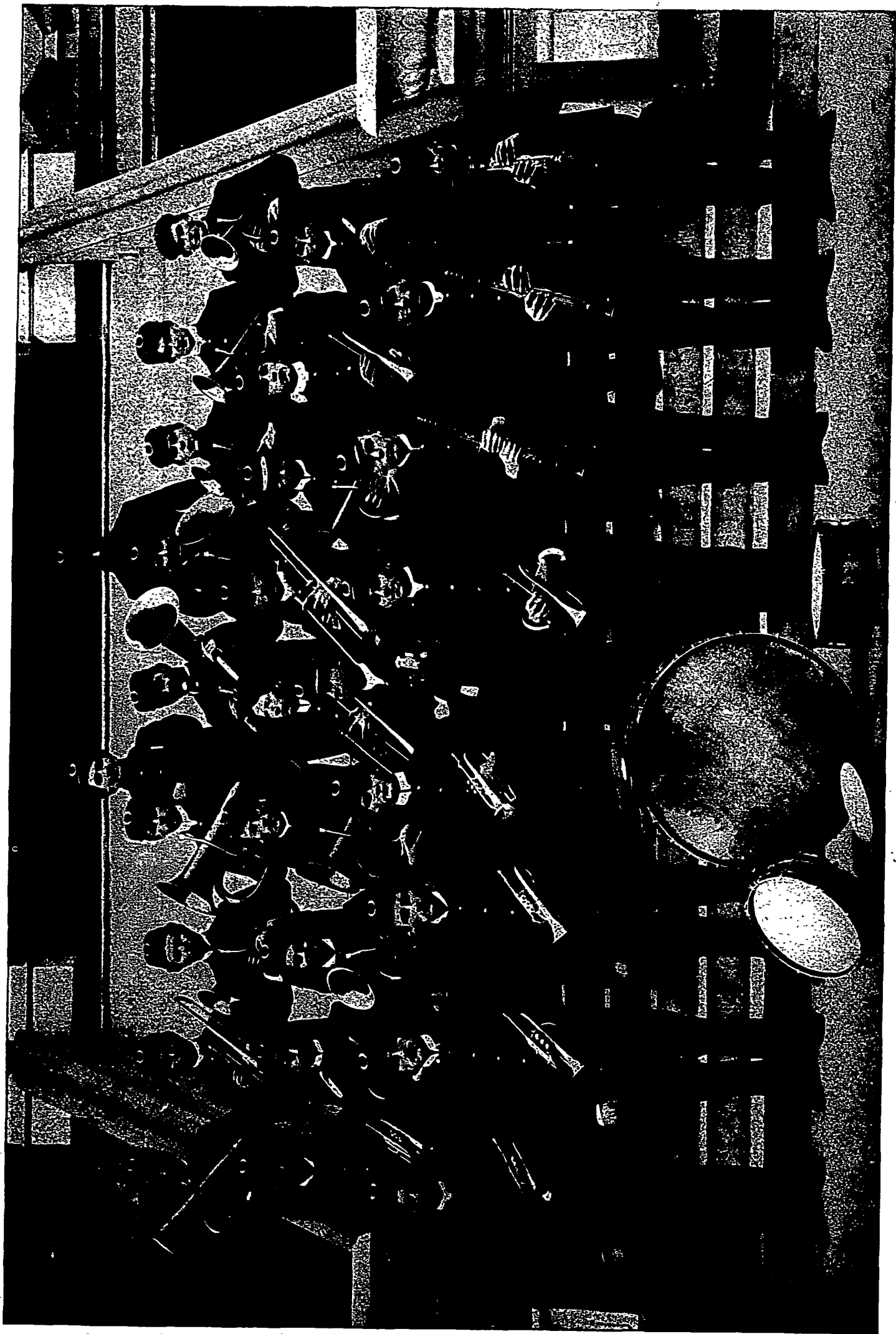
On one of these days the rain begins to fall slowly, as in a mist, and the day is cold and cheerless. The northwind steals slowly upon; a few scattered flakes flutter down only to melt on the wet earth. When the sun comes out the following morning, the little snow that lay in the corners where the wind eddies, melts away.

When the year strides toward its end; when the Christmas "exams" loom up before the unhappy student, we wake and at the first look see the snow heaped upon the window-hills. The gray buttresses of the church are capped with white; the nooks and crannies of the tower are filled; even on the gilded cross at the highest there is a fleck of white.

The photographer that pictured the beauty of the snow before the feet of wayfarers had tramped dark paths through it, is to be praised for his work. It must have been early in the day, indeed,—before the sun had risen high enough to disturb the white masses that weighed down the dark green branches of the pines, or the faint drifts on the gilded dome.

You have before you the morning after the fall, when the air is not too biting; just such a morning as you used to like when you found delight in racing through the softly-laying snow, and in hearing the crunch beneath your feet. After a while the wind blows colder; the snow drifts high in the corners; the 'sundogs' glow in the dull west; the crunch becomes sharp and harsh. But those days come after Christmas; when the long winter has just reached its turn; and begins the slow and dreary journey through storm and snow and sleet toward its end.





Their First Appearance.

THE Band had frequently played several marches and popular pieces in various halls; but not until December 8, did they show what they really could do. For weeks past the young men had gone to the band room each evening, and there, while Professor Preston's baton rose and fell, strove to master compositions from such artists as Rossini, Balfe, Verdi, Mascagni and other celebrated composers. Earnest work was the routine of each day, and when, on Wednesday evening, the Director stood before his players in Washington Hall he had prepared a programme such as no Band had ever played here before.

While the Band rested at intervals, Mr. J. J. Crowley sang one of his pleasing songs with violin *obbligato* by J. Rowan; the Mandolin Orchestra likewise favored the audience with a few selections, and the Vocal Quartette added new pleasures to the evening's entertainment.

That each player deserves credit no one will gainsay; yet we would make special mention of the work of Mr. J. Vick O'Brien, who played his difficult parts with grace and accuracy, notwithstanding the fact that he was ill at the time. All in all, it was an excellent concert; and when we consider that the Band has been together only three months, why then, all honor to Professor Preston, who has made so great a success of it. So many favorable comments have we heard that we refrain from saying more. We simply state that each piece was well rendered, and present our friends with the programme of the evening, and let them judge the merits of our musicians from that.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

March—S. I. B. A. *Hall*
Grand Overture—Light Cavalry *Suppi*
Polka Imitative—The Stage-Coach *Auray*
Tenor Solo—Happy Days *Strelezki*
Mr. J. J. Crowley.

March Characteristic—The Advance and Retreat of
the Salvation Army *Orth*
Rosinni's Stabat Mater—Inflammatus. Arr. by *Meyrelles*
Between Parts I. and II.—The University Mandolin
Orchestra will play.

The Sea Sprites—Concert Waltz *Preston*

PART II.

Grand Selection—Bohemian Girl *Balfe*
Cornet Solo—Annie Laurie *Snyder*
Soloist: Mr. J. Vick O'Brien.

Intermezzo from Cavaleria Rusticana *Mascagni*
Forsaken am I *Koschat*
University Vocal Quartette.

Mr. Jerome J. Crowley Mr. William C. Kegler
Mr. Frederick J. Schillo Mr. Thomas A. Steiner
Anvil Chorus—from II Trovatore *Verdi*
Finale—N. D. U. March *Preston*

The Varsity and what They Look Like.

"Criticism is the child and handmaid of reflection."

— RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE football season of 1897 is now a part of athletic history. Moleskin and canvas and the rest of the football players' paraphernalia are put aside. All that is left of the long

runs and the desperate plunges is the memory. So be it; but when another year rolls round and the season of drop-kicks and interference is with us again, the progress made by the men of this year will encourage those to whom the football honor of Notre Dame will be entrusted in '98. It is useless to conjecture who will compose that team; but we may feel sure of success if it has in its line a fair number of the men who played on the '97 team. This year, Mullen, Schillo, Kegler and Daly, formed the nucleus around which the team was built.

The task of evolving a football team is one rarely considered by the casual observer. In developing the teams of '96 and '97 at Notre Dame, the coach found unfavorable conditions that other colleges, with a student body as large as ours, do not have. The first and greatest disappointment was the complete dearth of players with experience among the students entering the college. In the last two years, with one exception, there has not been a candidate who had played football before entering college. This necessitated the spending of much valuable time in rudimentary work, which players on other college teams received in the High and Preparatory Schools.

Another drawback is the need of men with football experience to assist in the coaching. It needs the careful work of one man to develop a "scrub" team, but until within a month of the close of the season, the work of coaching the scrubs had to be done by Mr. Hering, which took away that much time from the Varsity. Angus McDonald kindly came to the rescue, and developed an eleven which, two days before Thanksgiving, made the best showing against the Varsity of any "scrub" during the last two years. At other institutions, which we consider our athletic rivals—Purdue, Chicago, Beloit,—they have an experienced player in charge of the second team, and the varsity receives the entire attention of one or more coaches, assisted by ex-players who are alumni. At one practice this year Chicago had nine coaches on the field; Purdue eight, and Illinois seven. The future of football at our

University demands that the regular coach be assisted by members of the alumni.

When the conditions affecting the '97 Varsity are taken into consideration, the result of the season's work is encouraging. The adoption of the rule requiring the members of the athletic teams to be *bona-fide* students in good scholastic standing, debarred several members who would have greatly strengthened the team, and, with a few exceptions, necessitated that the team be composed of young and inexperienced players. But no one doubts the wisdom of the step toward securing absolute purity in our athletics.

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM.

JOHN MULLEN (*Capt., Right End*).

Mullen is a reckless, aggressive player, who understands the end positions thoroughly. He is especially strong in defensive work, in which he has not met his equal this year. He well deserves the honor of being Substitute end on the All-Western team. Mullen's principal fault is a tendency to offside play when his opponents have the ball, but it is a fault due to his eagerness to be in the play. Captain Mullen is twenty-three years old, weighs one hundred and sixty-three, and stands five feet ten and a half inches.

JOHN FARLEY (*Left-End*).

Farley is fleet of foot and a hard man to tackle. His brilliant dashes for long gains will long be remembered. He does his work quietly and thoroughly, and is one of the most popular men on the team. Farley is slow in starting when carrying the ball, but improved in this respect as the season advanced. He follows his interference excellently. He is twenty years of age, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds and is five feet eight inches in height.

FRED J. SCHILLO (*Right Tackle*).

On offensive and defensive work Schillo has improved much over last year. His playing in the Chicago game was decidedly the feature. His work in general marks him as quite the most valuable man on the team, and we will miss him greatly next year. Schillo has been elected Manager for '98, and if he carries the qualities that made him successful on the field, into his new position, we may hope to see a strong schedule of games next year. He is twenty-one years old, weighs two hundred, and is five feet and eleven inches high.

WILLIAM C. KEGLER (*Full-back*).

Kegler's punting has been of great aid to the

Varsity, and his line-bucking has advanced the ball many yards. He does not get the ball away quickly, but he has good nerve, and seldom is a punt blocked. His general work was not of as high order this year as last,—the Chicago game excepted. His punting in the last fifteen minutes of that game, aided by Mullen's generalship, saved several touchdowns. Kegler is one of those players who are equal to emergencies, and the harder the game the harder he plays. His running and tackling are a little higher than desirable, but would be more conspicuous in a lighter man. He is twenty years old, tips the scale at one hundred and ninety, and is six feet.

MICHAEL T. DALY (*Half-back*).

Daly made the place-kick in the Chicago game—the first time that it was successfully accomplished in a game in the West. His work this year was not equal to that of last. His high tackling was especially noticeable in the Chicago game. He is twenty years of age, weighs one hundred and fifty, and stands five feet nine.

CHARLES M. NIEZER (*Left Tackle*).

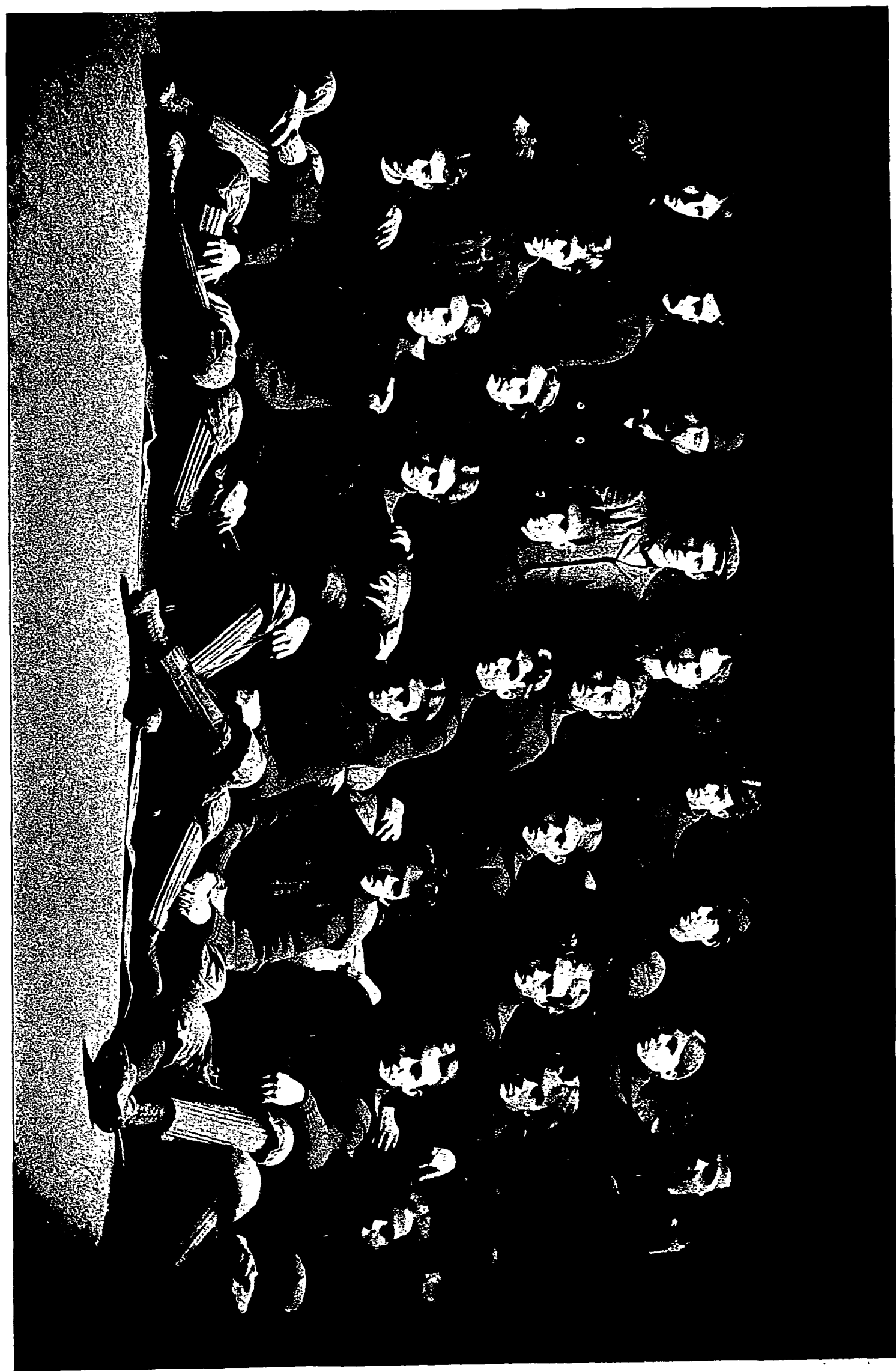
One of the most conscientious players on the Varsity, Niezer's work has attracted much favorable comment. On the offensive he is a steady but not a brilliant ground gainer. On defensive he is, next to Schillo and Eggeman, the best man on the team. His progress has been rapid, due, to quite an extent, to his careful study of the game and his receptive mind. His greatest fault is running high when carrying the ball. This is his first year on the Varsity. He weighs one hundred and eighty-three, stands six feet, and is nineteen years of age.

JOHN EGGEMAN (*Centre*).

Eggeman is an ideal centre. His great weight and height, his willingness to work, and his nerve, have carried him through every centre whom he has faced this year. Twenty-two years of age, six feet four and a half inches in height, he weighs two hundred and fifty pounds.

GEORGE J. LINS (*Left Guard*).

Lins should be a valuable man next year. With no experience he won his place on the team this year through perseverance. He is a nervy player, but does not play consistently hard throughout the game. He is a fair ground gainer. His principal faults are running and tackling high. His willingness to work makes him a valuable man. He is eighteen, weighs a hundred and ninety, and is six feet one and a half inches.



FRANCIS G. SWONK, (*Right Guard*).

All the football Swonk knows he learned this year, but he brought a big frame and lots of strength to his new lesson. He is especially good on the defensive, and experience is all he needs. He measures six feet; weighs one hundred and eighty-five, and is nineteen years of age.

FRED L. WATERS (*Quarter-back*).

Waters is an earnest player and has a cool head—two prime requisites for a successful quarter-back. He runs hard and tackles well. On the offensive, his work is praiseworthy in every respect. He gives the signals well, and gets into every play.

WILLIAM P. MONAHAN (*Half-back*).

Last year Monahan was a substitute; this year his plucky work won him a place on the Varsity. He is especially strong in line-bucking, and is a good tackler. Monahan is eighteen years old, weighs one hundred and fifty, and measures five feet ten.

THE SUBSTITUTES.

Much praise is due them for the persevering manner in which they stuck to their work, and the results which they, in a great measure, helped to achieve.

M. T. POWERS (*Half-back*).

Powers, through loyalty to his college, donned a suit when his aid was most needed. He runs with great dash, and is a good interferer. He weighs one hundred and sixty, and is five feet eight.

JOSEPH NAUGHTON (*Sub. Q. B.*).

Although light, Naughton has done satisfactory work. He is capable of better work than he did this year, however, and has in him the making of a great back. He is eighteen years old, is five feet seven, and weighs one hundred and forty.

EDWARD G. LITTIG (*End*).

Littig is admirably built for a player. He has dash and vim, and with more experience will make a valuable man for the line. He is nineteen, weighs one hundred and eighty, and stands five feet nine.

WALDO W. HEALY (*End*).

There is football stuff in Healy, and he needs only experience to develop it. His age is seventeen, weight one hundred and sixty-six, and is five feet ten inches.

JOSEPH J. MURRAY (*Guard*).

Murray is a conscientious player and did creditable work in several games during the season. He will be a valuable man next year.

He is nineteen years, weighs one hundred and ninety-eight, and stands six feet and one inch.

PETER CARNEY (*Sub. End*).

Carney is a new man at the game, and has not been thoroughly tried. He played end, and showed strong ability to break interference. With added weight he should be a strong candidate next year. He weighs one hundred and sixty, and is six feet one inch.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY (*Half-back*).

Fennessey is a light man and rather easily hurt, but he has good nerve and plays hard. His tackling is a little high, but he runs low and makes good use of his interference. He is seventeen, five feet eight, and weighs one hundred and forty.

FELIX BOUWENS (*Half-back*).

Bouwens did well in the games in which he played. He plays a hard, aggressive game and tackles well. His noticeable failing is running high when carrying the ball. He is twenty-two years of age, weighs one hundred and sixty-two, and measures five feet ten inches.

JOHN BOUZA (*Guard*).

Bouza is a heavy, aggressive player, and experience will overcome his slowness, which is his principal fault.

JOHN F. WILLIAMS (*Full-back*).

Although Williams came out late he improved his time and showed up well in practice. He runs too high and does not go with enough force into the line, but experience will remedy this. He tackles well, and breaks interference quickly. He is five feet eight, weighs one hundred and sixty and is twenty years old.

One of the most encouraging features of the work of the '96 team was its continued progression, and the '97 team has been as satisfactory in this respect. Every game was an improvement over the preceding one, and the Thanksgiving game was a fitting climax to the season's work. Here follows the schedule of games.

Oct. 13—Varsity, 0;	Ruch Medical, 0.
Oct. 23—Varsity, 4;	De Pauw University, 0.
Oct. 28—Varsity, 62;	Chicago's Dental College, 0.
Nov. 6—Varsity, 5;	University of Chicago, 34.
Nov. 13—Varsity, 60;	St. Viator College, 0.
Nov. 25—Varsity, 34;	Mich. Agricultural College, 6.
Varsity total, 182;	Other Colleges, 40.

To the Executive Committee and Manager O'Malley also must we give our thanks. To them comes most of the difficulties,—the arrangement of a schedule,—the long list of expenses. And now the Association is on a solid basis for the next season. X. Y. Z.

Exchanges.



O all our exchanges we extend a very Merry Christmas. During the session just passed we have read, and often re-read, with pleasure the many good things in the world of college journalism--the essays and stories, the breezy local squibs, and above all the dainty bits of verse. Especially are we thankful to our brother (and sister) exchange editors for the many complimentary notices of the work of the SCHOLASTIC's board of editors, and for their criticisms of the SCHOLASTIC's many defects. Criticisms of this kind are not always pleasant things to read; but we realize how well-meant and how beneficial they are, and so we are only too glad to receive them. Again we wish you all a Merry Christmas, and we hope that during the new year your papers will be as well-written and as meritorious as they have been in the past.

"Chimes are sweet when the metal is sound" is the legend that runs across the first page of the *St. Mary's Chimes*, and judging from the *Alumnæ Number* before us, it is the purpose of the editors to have the metal as sound as possible. We have read everything, from Miss Schoolcraft's graceful verses to the "Local Gleanings," with much profit, and we thank the contributors for the pleasure it gave us to do so. "Our Guiding Star" shows that Miss Schoolcraft has a warm place in her heart for every bit and patch of the beautiful convent across the way; and further, that she knows how to give voice to her affection in polished verse. The "Mosaics" contain many clever things, especially some of the bits of description. Miss Brown's "Greetings to the *Alumnæ*" is a thoughtful, well-written tribute to her *Alma Mater*, and the "Literary Jottings" are interesting and instructive. To give praise to whom praise is due, we should like very much to see the names of the editorial board published. One of our exchanges has suggested this before, and we think the *Chimes* would do well to follow the advice.

While we are speaking of compliments we should like to reprint here an extract from the *Union and Times*. We hope the exchange editor of *The St. Joseph's Collegian* will allow us to assume this "Narcissian mood" just once

more. The extract will give our verse writers a better appetite for their Christmas dinner, you know. Here is the paragraph:

The Notre Dame Scholastic seems to regard poetry as a creation beyond its power, and gazes at it from afar with a sigh. And yet the *Scholastic's* "Varsity Verse" is often superior to much of the volumed stuff that goes under the name of poetry on booksellers' shelves. Our friend is too modest, and needs a whiff of the Scotchman's prayer: "Laird, gie us a gude opinion o' oursels."

If the editors of *The Yale Courant* could but see the number of persons that invade our sanctum to ask the question: "Did you get the *Courant* yet?" they would feel very much gratified. Where there is smoke there must be fire, and this widespread interest in the New Haven paper simply shows that it contains some of the best short stories and verses published in any college paper today. Mr. Charles E. Merrill, Jr., has the happy faculty of writing polished, graceful verse, and of writing a great deal of it, too. Nearly every number of the present volume, we are glad to say, contains one, and sometimes two, of his verses. When we remember that the *Courant* is issued every other week we should expect to see signs of haste in Mr. Merrill's work, but so far there have been none evident. "The Fable of the Happy Pipe" is cleverly told, but unfortunately the author will not let us know his name. Most of the stories are well constructed and interesting, and few of them are amateurish, either in construction or style.

Under the heading "Our Policy," the editors of *The Purdue Exponent* tell us what they have done, what they are doing, and what they intend to do in the future. Now, they also invite criticism, so we should be glad to give them this bit of advice: never mind the "Military Day number," the "extra illustrations," and the "forty-eight pages each issue," but try instead to raise the literary standard of the *Exponent* above its present level. The number before us is attractive in appearance with its numerous illustrations and its neat cover, but this is almost its sole merit. In "Some Forgotten History," G. G. tells us that Shakspeare decided when a boy to attend Purdue University in order to improve his English. After reading such expressions in G. G.'s skit as "got onto the ropes," "got right into the swim," "take a bracer," and many more, we have decided that G. G. does not study English at Purdue.

Local Items.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR!

WE are thinking of assigning a special man to take note of the jokes sprung in the third French class.

PROFESSOR (Calling on Mr. Duffy to recite): "Mr. Duffy, please follow suit."—Mr. D.: "What's trump, Professor?"

MR. R.: "I expect to spend a fine time during the holidays."—Mr. S. (aside): "I'll bet that's all he will spend."

FRIEND: "Mr. Mott, why don't you explain the matter?"—Mr. Mott: "Explain nothing. After every explanation I have twenty-five more demerits than before I began."

ANY student going home for the Holidays wishing to avail himself of the concession granted by lines in the Central Passenger Association Territory for a ticket at one and one-third first-class fare for the round trip, can secure the necessary credentials by applying at Students' Office. The rate will be good from December 20 to January 10 inclusive.

"If it wasn't so far I would go home Christmas," said Tommy Burns, mournfully.

"How far is it?" asked Lottie Collins.

"Well, I don't know just what the distance is; but it would take two days to go and three days to come back."

"How's that?" asked Lottie.

"Why it's farther from Colorado to here than from here to Colorado."

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY held their fifth regular meeting Thursday evening; the subject for debate was: "Resolved, That the jury system should be abolished." McCollum and R. Barry made strong arguments for the affirmative. H. P. Barry and Malloy made stronger arguments for the negative, and the decision was awarded to them. Messrs. McDonald, Littig and Wilson also spoke. Mr. Oliver Tong was elected to membership. The work of the society is very promising. It has now thirty-five members.

AH, boys, what a joyous time is before us! It will soon be behind us; but there will be pleasure in the thought that Christmas did not go by without our knowing it. Yes, we shall know it. We shall know what those brand new creases in Fetherston's bloomers mean. We shall know that a big holiday is at hand when we discover that Big John has substituted an immaculate lay-down collar and "biled" shirt for that good old sweater. We shall know, too, that something is about to drop when young Doherty over in Brownson Hall puts away that "chocolate-drop" hat. We shall know why Cornell has had his hair cut, and why that cannon ball went down the

corridor with such hilarious rapidity. We shall know why Corby walks gallantly up to the different photographs in his room, and says: "I pray the pleasure of the next waltz, etc," and why Pete Carney produces smiles that can not be duplicated in any other country but Dahomey. We shall also know why Steiner is packing his oyster-shaped telescope, and why the three wise men are shaking hands so lovingly. Yes, we shall have an abundance of evidence.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE (A Story).—The clock in the *Tribune* store struck five and the minute-hand started toward six. Outside, the night was falling in dark blue gobs of gloom. Eddie, our hero, stood near the counter, an irresolute German smile on his face. "What shall I already get for her?" he said in English, "maybe a book ain't it?" And he patted himself on the back of the neck at the thought. "I a copy of 'The Story By an Untold Love' want," he said to the clerk. "Soon yet, please, for I must quick to the college get back, or the meat will have gone already the other way, don't it?" The clerk wrapped up the book for him, and he handed her a dollar bill. "Ca-a-sh! eighteen cents out of a dollar," she cried. Then under her breath: "Oh, you sweet thing!" But Eddie heard. "Is that so?" he said, blushing; and he bashfully nibbled a pretzel.

CHAPTER II.

The Sorin Hall lights had gone out, but our hero worked on in the darkness. He was writing a poem on the fly-leaf of the book, and he must finish it before the morning mail was closed. "She will the verses and book read once, and she will so soon yet understand," he sighed.

CHAPTER III.

"Ha!" Julius hissed in Spanish, as he reached for a book that was lying on the top of the Sorin Hall mail-box. He opened the novel, and his black moustache curled in a devilish smile of hatred as he read the lines on the fly-leaf:

"I lof you so, my dear Louise,
I lof you more as Switzer cheese;
So read this leedle book already,
Und try to lof your leedle Eddie."

"Ha!" he gasped again, this time in English. "Ha! He ees at my mercy! He hass sent her hees text-book on Valve-Gears by meestake, and left thees novel here. I will win her from him yet!" And he tittered a cold, hard titter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHATEVER Captain Bob's faults may be,—if he has any,—his private stock of drinking water is above reproach. Every night during the present session he has taken his pitcher and cantered joyfully to the pump, while the Thirsty waited for him on the steps. Often the pump would be frozen, but the Captain would stand near it until it had thawed out sufficiently, and then he would bring the water up in large,

juicy chunks. Just to show our appreciation for the Captain's many favors we publish here Mr. Cowyard Ripling's poem "Gunga Din"—slightly altered,—and we dedicate it to the Captain. In addition the residents of the Rue Ta Too will present him with a little Christmas present before he leaves next week. It will be something substantial, Captain,—a larger pitcher, for instance.

CAPTAIN BOB.

You may talk o' lager beer
Just before exams are 'ere,
An' you're wishin' for a bottle an' you've not it;
But in Competition's slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll bless the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now up in Sorin 'All
Where in winter, spring an' fall
There lives a thunderation of a mob.
On all the Rue Ta Too
The kindest lad I knew
Was a little dizzy blond named Captain Bob.
He was 'Bob! Bob! Bob!
You limpin' lump o' brick dust, Captain Bob!
Water up! All gone? Go get it,
For my whistle I must wet it,
So chase down with your pitcher Captain Bob.'

I shan't forgit the night
When I worked by candle light
With a book o' Logic lectures—what a job!
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
And the man I thought of first
Was our good old ginger, jumpin' Captain Bob.
'E was fast asleep in bed,
But I soaked 'im on the 'ead,
An' while I stood there drinkin' came a mob;
An' they kep' 'im at 'is door
Servin' drinks till 'arf-past four.
Then they sent 'im out for more, poor Captain Bob!
But 'e met the watchman's dogs,
An' they tore 'is bloomin' togs;
(But thank Gawd you spilled no water Captain Bob).

We shall have to wait until after the holidays to publish the rest of this beautiful poem. As we go to press the only other word that we can find to rime with "Bob" is "slob," which is unpoetical. During the Christmas vacation the board of editors will endeavor to complete the poem, rime or no rime, if they have to write it in Greek.

TOMLINSON has the Gym faculty. It is his duty to turn on the lights of the Gym after supper. A few nights ago he finished his supper and hastened out of the refectory to perform his duty. The night was dark, and a chill wind was blowing. A shadow across his path startled him. Strange thoughts passed through his mind. When he neared the Gym he became nervous. He could not account for the strange feeling; neither could he dispel the gruesome thoughts. He had seen several tramps around that day, and perhaps some of them would hold him up. He approached the door and struck a match; it was one of those slow burning matches, he groped through the darkness holding the match in the hollow of his hand. Suddenly his arms were pinioned to his sides. He was in the grasp of a ruffian of super-human strength. He struggled to free himself,

but as he did something cold was pressed against his mouth, perhaps the cold steel of a pistol barrel. It was two against one; he knew it was hopeless to resist. The robber thrust the cold thing to his mouth, and with his other hand rifled his pockets. A gold watch was taken, his purse, containing his money (fifteen cents) and a dandy jack-knife. When the foot-pads had filched him of his worldly goods they released their hold, and fled away in the darkness. He sank to the floor, and tried to call for help, but his voice came in gasps like the grating of hinges on a barn door. When the crowd came out they found the Gym dark, a light was struck, and in one corner Tomlinson was lying, in another corner crouched the ruffians with their plunder. In the light their identity was disclosed. They were Pim and Williams. When Tomlinson recovered he joined in the laugh, but his heart was not in the mirth. "I wouldn't have been scared if you hadn't put that gun to my mouth." Then the laugh became louder. The cold thing that sent terror to his heart was the plaster mit on Pim's hand, a relic of the football game.

THE editor gave out the announcement last week that he wanted a few good stories for the Christmas SCHOLASTIC. Now he's sorry he gave out the announcement. On the morning after the editor uttered the fatal words, a tremendous crowd of long-haired writers burst into his sanctum just as he was "boiling down" one of Shag's jokes in an attempt to find the point. Lan Jonders reached the door first (And in leaving also, he reached the door first, and without much exertion of his own either). His story was one of these "here and there" narratives: a little from here and a good deal from there, as it were. Of course, a great deal of it was original—at one time. As we said before, Lengthy left the sanctum at an early date.

John Bough had a strikingly pathetic story. It affected him so deeply that he was crying when he brought it to the editor (and crying when he took it out), for it didn't affect the editor in that way. Bill Sheehan presented a dissertation on Dante. He had to wheel it over in a wheel-barrow. Then going back, Bill was in the wheel-barrow. Mott wrote a short, but strong argument condemning rough-housing. He got "two bits" for it. He met some friends on the way out, and now he hasn't got the two bits. Albright wrote a marvellous ballade about the early bird gathering no moss, or something to that effect. He is a firm believer in early rising, and was himself a "rising young gentleman" shortly after he turned loose his ballade on the editor. Bob had one most appropriately entitled "Roped Because the Rope Slipped." The editor refused to consider Bob's work until that worthy ruralist had let down his suspenders a little. Then in came Mingee with an armful

of MSS. and a smile. The editor paid him to take away the smile, but returned the MSS. with thanks. Ray Giles told the editor that a truck was on the way with his wonderful Saga of nine million words. The editor swooned, but recovered in time to see Sam Palding walking briskly toward the office. To see Sam walking briskly was worth recovering. Fenessy followed with a Christmas carol, "Basket-ball Popular in Carroll Hall," but the editor said that that title had stood undisturbed at the head of the local column for two years, and refused to again insert it.

Then of a sudden a band was heard without. The inspiring strains of "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes," reached the ears of the editor. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and then a deep thundering voice, that sent a cold chill chasing up and down the back of the office cat, called out "Halt, halt, I say!" and behold, in walked "Willie," the genius of original thought. With one sweep of his mighty arm he cleared the office of its would-be story writers. He swept them aside with such terrific force that Bob was imbedded in the wall three feet deep. Mott fell heavily in the paste bucket, and a score of others were so tangled up, that Dewd said he couldn't tell which was himself and which was Bill Sheehan.

"See!" cried Willie, unrolling several yards of MSS. and shaking it in the face of the terrified editor, "Publish this." The editor merely saw the title, "Original Gleanings from the Black Cat," then reeled and fell, and with this falls the curtain.

Students Registered for the Christmas Examination.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Atherton, Arce, Brown, Brucker, Byrne, Corby, Carney, Cornell, Confer, Campbell, Dowd, Duffy, Duane, Daly, Delaney, Eggeman, Eyanson, Foulks, Fehr, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Fennessey, Falvey, Franey, Flynn, Gibbons, Geoghegan, Grady, Haley, Hartung, Hering, Johnson, Kegler, Kearney, Kraus, Landers, Medley, Murphy, Mott, W. Miller, J. Miller, E. Murphy, Mullen, Meyers, Mingey, J. Murphy, D. Meyers, W. Monahan, Morris, McGinnis, McConn, McCormack, E. McKenzie, McDonough, Ney, Neizer, F. O'Malley, R. O'Malley, W. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, Pulskamp, Palmer, Powers, Piquette, Reed, Rowan, P. Ragan, Sheehan, Spaulding, Schillo, Steiner, Stuhlfauth, Wurzer, Welker, Weadock, Wise, Walsh.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Adams, Armijo, H. Barry, Bohner, F. Boua, J. Bouza, Baab, Burg, W. Berry, J. Berry, Bouwens, Burns, Baloun, Burke, R. Barry, Bourns, Bommersbach, Blish, Callahan, Corby, Crowley, Cavanaugh, Condon, Crunican, Conway, Cypher, Crawford, Crumley, Collins, Dalton, Dominguez, Donahoe, Drejer, Dooley, Delaney, Donovan, V. Dwyer, Devine, T. Dillon, Duperier, Darst, Dreher, Dellone, Davies, Daly, J. Dillon, Desmond, T. Dwyer, Doherty, Ensign, Ellison, Fitzwilliam, Fetherston, Farragher, Farley, Foster, Fleming, Fadeley, Funk, C. Flannigan, Fischer, Fox, Eoley, M. Flannigan, Furry, Guerra, Glynn, Glasheen, Graham, Guilfoyle, Gainer, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gordon, Hay, Hoover, Harrington, Herbert, Hubbard, Healy, Heinemann, Hagerty, Hanley, Houlihan, S. L. Hunter, S. R. Hunter, C. Hunter, Hayes,

Howell, Hoban, Hermann, Henry, Hesse, Heffelfinger, Hering, Hennebry, Jennings, S. Jackson, E. Jackson, Jerrell, Kellner, Kehoe, Klein, Kuppler, Koehler, Kasper, Kangley, Kessler, Lins, Littig, Lampert, Longan, Leib, Merz, Metcalf, Mulcrone, Moorhead, Murray, Morrison, Morales, McKinney, McKenzie, F. McCallen, McDonald, McNichols, McCollum, McDonnell, Newell, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, O'Reilly, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, Otero, O'Sullivan, O'Connor, Pickett, Posselius, Pendleton, Pim, Powell, J. W. Ryan, J. F. Ryan, Rupel, Reuss, Reed, Reising, Revels, San Roman, Sullivan, Scheubert, Sauer, Shiels, Sherman, Sanford, St. Louis, Schwartz, Scott, Summers, Schermerhorn, Simpson, Spalding, Sossoman, Swonk, Smogor, Tomlinson, Tong, Thacker, F. Taylor, Tuohy, J. Taylor, Thams, Vogt, Van Hee, Wynne, Wiczorek, Watterson, Robert Wilson, Woolverton, Waters, F. Ward, Wheeler, Williams, J. Ward, Ralph G. Wilson, W. Ward, Wilson, Wagenman, Wells, White, Yockey.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Bloch, Britt, F. Brown Brann, Barrett, G. Beardslee, L. Beardslee, Bligh, Bellinger, H. E. Brown, H. Brown, Becker, Berger, Buck, Clement, Clyne, Carney, Crowley, Curry, Condon, Curtis, J. Coquillard, Cowie, A. Coquillard, Caruthers, Davidson, Dinnen, Donsett, Ellwanger, Edgerton, Elitch, Ernst, F. Flynn, A. Flynn, Fink, Furlong, Ferstl, Frank, Friedman, Fleming, Girsch, Gibbons, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hinze, Hickman, Hickey, Hogan, Hunter, Hoban, Hubbell, Jurelich, Joyce, F. Kasper, R. Kasper, Krug, Kirkland, G. Kasper, Kelly, Luken, Land, Leffingwell, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, Michels, McLernon, McConnell, McSheehy, Moxley, Morgan, Mooney, A. Mueller, W. Mueller, R. Murray, Morrissey, Maher, Meagher, T. Murray, McFarland, McSorley, E. McCarthy, T. McCarthy, McDonnell, McNichols, Nast, Nolan, Noonan, Naughton, Ordetx, O'Malley, O'Brien, Petritz, Padden, Phillips, Pulford, Page, Putnam, Quinlan, Ryan, Richon, Staples, Sibley, Smith, Stengel, Slevin, E. Sheekey, Schmitt, Shea, Schoonover, J. Sheekey, Spillard, Scheftels, Von Albade, Tong, Weidmann, White, Ward, Wheelock, Werk, Welch, Welman.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abrahams, Arnold, Abercrombie, T. Butler, W. Butler, Bernero, Blanchfield, Bosworth, P. Bortell, C. Bortell, Cressy, Casparis, Cunnea, Caruthers, Dougherty, Dyer, Downer, Dessauer, Donahoe, Davis, Ervin F. Ebbert, G. Ebbert, Frain, Frost, Fleischer, Fleming, A. Fuchs, C. Fuchs, J. Fogarty, F. Fogarty, Milton Flynn, Miles Flynn, Griffith, Guilbault, Huleatt, Houser, J. Hart, L. Hart, Hinsey, Hall, T. Jackson, G. Jackson, Jonquet, Kelly, W. Kellner, O. Kellner, Leclerque, Lawton, Lockwood, Leisander, E. Manion, P. Manion, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, McCarthy, M. McMahon, R. McMaster, B. McMaster, A. McFarland, C. McFarland, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, B. Nye, C. Nye, Nix, Paul, F. Phillip, G. Phillip, Robbins, Strong, Sinnott, Schonlau, Shields, Seymour, Shipley, St. Clare, Topper, Trentman, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, Veneziani, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Von Albade, H. Van Dyke, Wigg, Wilde, Weidman, Weber, Williams.

HOLY CROSS HALL.

Messrs. Barthel, Buse, Coyne, Crowley, DeLorimier, Dwan, DeWulf, Darron, Davis, DuGuay, Gallagher, M. Gorski, Hiss, Heiser, J. J. Hennessey, J. I. Hennessey, Long, Lavin, Murphy, Marr, Moynihan, McKinney, F. McKéon, Nieuwland, M. J. Oswald, M. Oswald, O'Brien, O'Connell, Ritter, Rees, Sutton, Sullivan, A. Sammon, Schumacher, Szalewski, Trahey, Walsh, Wlmsberg.

ST. JOSEPH'S HALL.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Benson, Brogan, Baldwin, Brand, Breslin, Clifford, Carlton, Cullinan, J. Corley, E. Corley, Crepeau, Dwyer, Dorian, Donahue, Doran, Fenton, Guiff, Hartzer, R. Jones, V. Jones, Kachur, Kelly, Lynch, F. Malloy, B. Malloy, Malone, Meighan, P. McElligott, J. McIntyre, R. McIntyre, McKeever, McDonald, Norris, Neville, Pieper, Power, Rinke, Rockey, Sullivan, Schwanz, Shields, Sherry, Van der Vennet, Wolf.