

THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

• DISCE • QVASI • SEMPER • VICTVRVS • • VIVE • QVASI • CRAS • MORITVRVS •
F. X. J.

VOL. XXXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 3, 1898.

No. 13.

Will-o'-the-Wisps.

FRANK F. DUKETTE.

COMPANIONS of idle dreaming,
I wonder where do you go.
You leave me now in my weary way,
And the things you promised for me one day
Are gone forever, I know.

You said I'd live to be happy,
To find that your word was true;
But the Love, the Peace and the Fame to be,
Foundations of Hope, that you promised me,
Are treasures I never knew.

Yet, friends, I cherish no hatred,
But bear you all good-will;
You cheered me during my boyhood years,
You steadied my heart 'gainst growing fears,
And for this I love you still.

I know you were false and fickle,
But the world has much of this;
So I count you comrades among the rest,
And I wish you always may find the best
Of health and peaceful bliss.

The Drama up to the Time of Æschylus.

EDWARD T. LONG, 1900.

THE drama," says Anthon, "owes its origin to the principle of imitation that is inherent in human nature. Hence its invention, like that of painting and sculpture and the other imitative arts, can not properly be restricted to any one specific age or people. In fact, scenical representations are found among nations so totally separated by situation and circumstances as to make it impossible for any one to have borrowed the idea from another."

The drama, at the time it was in great repute and much appreciated in Greece and Hindu-

stan, was entirely unknown in Arabia and Persia. From time immemorial, the Chinese, who generally are far behind the advance of civilization, possessed a regular theatre. Among the ancient Peruvians, tragedies, comedies and interludes were well known. The savage and solitary islanders of the South Sea had their rude kind of play, as is testified by the navigators that discovered them. Each of these peoples must have invented the drama for itself; hence we conclude that the elements and theory of the drama are common to every nation, and that the rudest person has an innate love for the beautiful in art.

The age that furnished most material for the drama is to be sought in prehistoric time. Dramas and dramatists have existed ever since the creation of the world. That religion which has something of the divine in every action was admirably suited for the early Grecian drama and tragedy. The drama had its chief instinctive from the feast of Dionysius, the Grecian god of the fields and vintage. In this festival the people would gather together and recite verses composed for the occasion. This was the rude and first acknowledged form of the drama.

As music and poetry advanced so did the drama. On the feast of Bacchus (this is the same god as Dionysius, but he was so called in another part of Greece), instituted after that of Dionysius, a regular set of singers entertained the people. These actors, for the amusement of the people, recited ludicrous pieces and sang comic songs. During the banquet held immediately after the performance of the actors, all drank freely, and finished the festivity with a procession, in which every debauchery took place. Usually before the banquet was the dithyramb. This and the procession constituted the worship proper.

Another form of worship that contributed much to the rude drama is the festival called

Dionysia. Dionysius, or Bacchus, hated the goat because it is most injurious to vines, and, consequently, the Fauns and Satyrs, the attendants of Dionysius, were always arrayed in the hide of the goat. The Fauns and Satyrs, no doubt, were the first idea of imitated characters. Aristophanes, when writing his wonderful comedies, adopted them.

As the Greeks progressed and cities began to build, emulation was excited among the inhabitants. Poets from every part of Greece wrote for the goat, the bull and the basket of figs—rewards respectively for a satirical composition, the dithyramb and the phallic song. The Greeks appeared to prefer the dithyramb.

In its youth the Grecian mind was cultivated. The Dorians especially loved the solemn dithyramb and under their protection it flourished. "The dithyramb chorus, in the sublimity of its odes and the splendor of the accompaniment, became one of the most imposing shows among the public spectacles of Greece."

In the meantime the satyric chorus had undergone a great change. It was formed into a regular company. Many men made this work their profession. The satyric chorus, like the dithyramb, was highly esteemed by the Dorians, and in Philis, a town of Scyon, was it especially cultivated. This foundation was the nucleus of Grecian acting.

The singers of the dithyramb were mere choristers. They assumed neither characters nor imitation. The performers in the satyric chorus had a part to sustain. They were actors. In their extemporaneous outbursts of description, remark, jest and repartee, a kind of irregular and, no doubt, wild dialogue was introduced. Here then, in this simple acting and reciting, which many commentators of the drama call the satyric, dithyrambic and the phallic drama, we have the elements and essence of the art of drama.

In 600 B. C. Thespis, a native of Icaria, an Athenian village, added many improvements to the satyric chorus. He observed that the ribaldry and jesting of the Satyrs were becoming very disgusting and tiresome to the spectators. He accordingly deviated from the satyric rule and came forward in person. From an elevated stand and with proper articulation and gesticulation he described some mythological story. The wisdom of the Greeks would not allow any vulgar subject for the drama. They knew that the drama must have refined and cultured characters to be a work that would last. Thespis then allowed

the chorus to recite a narrative with spirit and action.

After observing for a long time the success of his work, he next came forward as an actor proper. To disguise his features and to produce a certain degree of kingly and godlike appearance and, above all, historic illusion, he first smeared his face with pigment prepared from the herb purslane, and lastly he contrived a rude mask made out of linen. He also invented dances for the chorus.

The works of Thespis were written in the trochaic measure, since the idea of the drama was still ludicrous, and because this rhythm is best suited for light subjects. The subject-matter was always fantastical, but not vulgar; hence much buffoonery was witnessed in the early drama. All of his writings have unity, dramatic plot and dialogue. Since Thespis invented the first actor he is justly considered the father of the drama.

The success of one man always excites the ambition of others. The novelties of Thespis aroused the Grecian dramatists to action, and then began the work of perfecting the drama. Athens, the city and cradle of all arts, was destined to be the home of the pure drama.

The satyric chorus had been admitted into Athens at an early date. Already she harbored the chief men of letters in Greece. The success of Thespis set Phrynicius, the son of Polyphradmon and pupil of Thespis, to dramatic action. Personally Phrynicius hated the satyric and bacchanalian songs, but loved the solemn dithyramb. He dropped the farcical cast of the Thespian drama and introduced serious subjects. He often allowed female characters in his dramas, consequently he has the honor of introducing the greatest and most fascinating factor in the ancient and, still more, in the modern drama.

It is said Phrynicius is indebted to Homer for his ideas of the drama and tragedy, and for the inspiration to introduce feminine characters in his works. Immortal Homer then is famous and glorious for inspiring all great poets and artists that have succeeded him. True art can not die though it may be unrecognized. The odes of the chorus were sweet and musical; the dances skilfully and scientifically given; but they too often contradicted the episodes of the actor and threw them into comparative insignificance. In short, the drama of Phrynicius was a serious opera of song and dance, not a tragedy of artful plot and interesting dialogue.

Between Phrynicius and Æschylus, two minor dramatists, Choerites and Pratinas, intervene. The former is known only because he contended in dramatical composition against Pratinas, Phrynicius and Æschylus at Olympiad 69 or 70, 499 B. C. He wrote one hundred and seventy pieces, not a fragment of which remains. Pratinas was a genius of a higher order.

Æschylus, son of Euphorion, a nobleman, was born in Attica in the fourth year of the sixty-third Olympiad, B. C. 525. The legend of his boyhood is that one day while watching the clusters of grapes in a vineyard, Bacchus appeared to him and bade him to give his attention to tragical composition. To the same origin, no doubt, can be traced the common account that he wrote under the influence of wine.

Æschylus is the author of the fifth form of drama. He added a second actor to the locutor of Phrynicius and Thespis, and made the odes and dances subservient to the plot. Under him a regular stage with scenery was invented. The actors were furnished with proper costumes, and the heroes and heroines were always becomingly dressed. Above all, he is famous for the rule that ever afterwards was followed: that all deeds of bloodshed and murder should be removed from the public eye—a rule that even the Romans obeyed, for Horace says:

"Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scænam, multaque tolles
Ex oculis quæ mox narret facundia præsens."

"Æschylus," observes Schlegel, "must be considered the creator of the tragedy; it sprang forth from his head in complete armor, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. He clothed it as became its dignity, and not only instructed the chorus in the song and dance, but came forward himself as an actor. The buskin of Æschylus has, as it were, the weight of brass; on it none but gigantic forms stalk before us. It almost seems to cost him an effort to paint men; he frequently brings gods on the stage, especially the Titans, the rulers of Tartarus."

In the sad history of his life, in the firmness of his character and in the peculiar strangeness of his imagination and expressions, Æschylus is similar to Dante and Shakspeare. Æschylus is a genius of the same order, though not of the same merit, as the two greatest immortals. Æschylus is known today because he left true art and a great factor in art to posterity; Æschylus is immortal because his work is true art, and true art can not die because the great Artist is immortal and unchangeable.

Wild Pearl.

FRANK O'SHAUGHNESSY, 1900.

"General Moore's old race-horse, Wild Pearl, died this morning. She was kicked by a young colt a few days ago and the blow resulted in her death."

When I read this item from my home paper last week I sat down and wrote to Frank Moore at Ann Arbor expressing my sympathy.

It might seem strange that the death of an old horse would occasion a letter of condolence; but when the history of the horse is known I think that it will justify what I did.

During a vacation I spent with Frank, his father, the General, took me over his farm, which was well stocked with horses and cattle. In a wooded pasture were a number of horses grazing, and leading in that direction we came up to the group. The old man went over to one and began stroking her forehead.

"This is Wild Pearl," he said. "Next to my family she is the dearest treasure I have."

The name seemed to hold a strange fascination for me. Her coat was a dark bay; on her forehead was a small white spot and her feet were white. Her shapely head and her well-formed legs were in marked contrast to her gaunt and shaggy body.

"How old is that horse, General?" I asked.

"Eighteen years," he replied. "When she was three years old her equal in beauty was never seen, and a deer could not match her in speed. I am afraid," he went on, "that another winter will kill her. She is breaking fast, and I would give half I own to keep her."

When he finished I saw a tear glisten in his eye as he gently placed his hand on her neck. We walked back toward the house; the horse following like a child. When we came to the pasture gate the general turned and spoke to her:

"Go back, Pearl, go back into the shade of the woods; the sun will hurt you." The horse stood looking after him for awhile; then walked back slowly and with apparent effort. The General went into the house, and Frank and I sat under the trees to smoke.

"Your father seems to have a very strong affection for that horse, Frank," said I.

"Yes, he has. Wild Pearl was a great-race-horse in her day, and father owes much to her—in fact, he owes all he has to her. I can see by the expression of your face the ques-

tion you would ask. Well, I shall tell you; for although it exposes a weakness of the Governor it will show you the intensity of his devotion:

"When grandfather died he gave to father a young Kentucky thoroughbred horse named 'Pearl.' When the war broke out he was given command of a regiment in the Confederate army, and Pearl was his war horse. In the battle of Franklin he was under General Cleburne. If you remember, the Union redoubts were carried by the Confederates.

"Cleburne at the head of his column charged the right, and as his horse leaped upon the breastworks, the rider was struck by a volley that riddled him. His death threw the Confederates into confusion. Father was advancing on the left, and when he saw Cleburne fall he ordered the bugler to sound a rally; then putting spurs to Pearl he dashed toward the entrenchments, followed by his men, who wanted mighty badly to even up the death of Cleburne. When the bank was reached Pearl cleared it with a single jump, and the Confederates were right after her. They landed on the men inside the works, and the rout was complete. It was father's regiment that won the day, and his reward were Cleburne's Brigadier stars.

"When the war ended father returned home to find himself almost a bankrupt. Everything about the place had been carried off. He sold one half of the land to pay the debts, and the remainder he mortgaged to start anew. He was to have been married the year the war began. The delayed wedding took place, and father and mother began life under the most hard luck. Pearl was all they could really call their own.

"Wild Pearl, the horse you saw today, was her colt. The colt was the exact image of her dam down to the spot on her forehead. When Wild Pearl was two years old, Colonel Quirk of Kentucky visited us. He had been in father's brigade during the war and they were warm friends. The Colonel had a large stock farm, and he devoted himself to raising race-horses. When he saw the colt he simply cried out:

"General Moore, you have a fortune in that colt! She must be trained."

"Father protested, but it was no use. The Colonel would have her if father would not undertake the work; and as no amount of money could buy her, the Colonel took her for two years to train as a race-horse.

"After the first year the Colonel's letters to father gave glowing accounts of the horse.

The following season she was to be run at Sheepshead Bay; but before the summer came the Colonel died, and the horse was sent home and turned into the pasture. Some of father's friends heard of it and urged him to enter her at the county fairs, but he would not listen to it. Finally the trainer that had worked for Colonel Quirk came to our place to ask permission to enter her in the sweepstakes at St. Louis. Father wouldn't hear of it; but the trainer, who knew the history of the horse and her mother, appealed to his pride. He consented, and the horse was entered. The purse was six thousand dollars.

"As the time of the race drew near the Keytesville people became worked up over it. Some of them had been to St. Louis, and had talked with the trainer. He was sure she would win, although the odds were on Bingen, a famous horse. The race became the central topic of the corner gatherings; then they began to wager money. The owner of Bingen heard of the betting and came to Keytesville with a roll of money. When father heard of his arrival he was hot. It was like throwing defiance in his face. He felt that it was an open affront to Pearl and to Pearl's colt, which he loved almost as a child. He had worked for fifteen years to lift the mortgage from his farm, and now it seemed that this was to be accomplished. Two thousand dollars were in the bank, and the remaining three thousand could be raised from the cattle he had to sell.

"The stranger had placed one thousand dollars among the townspeople at odds two to one on his horse; then he sought father, and stated the purpose of his visit. Father's first inclination was to strike him, but, checking himself, he asked:

"How much money have you to wager, sir?"

"I have two thousand dollars to bet against one thousand that my horse will win," he replied.

"Is two thousand dollars all the money you have?" asked father.

"A telegram will bring me three thousand more in an hour," replied the stranger.

"Then, sir, meet me at the bank tomorrow with five thousand dollars, and I shall make the wager dollar for dollar. I refuse to accept any advantage."

"The reply startled the stranger, but the two met at the appointed hour, and the money was placed in the banker's hands. In two days the race was to be run.

"When my father told mother she got pale

as death. She thought of their years of struggle, their saving and penury to pay off the mortgage, and now their entire earnings were staked on a horse race, but she said nothing.

"Father saw the intense agony on her countenance, and he almost cried.

"'Margaret,' he said, 'forgive me, but you know how I love that horse, and I could not see her go undefended.'

"That night he went to St. Louis to see the trainer. When they parted, father told him that if Wild Pearl won he should have a thousand dollars as a gift, and he promised the jockey five hundred.

"'I shall go home now,' he said, 'and I shall not return for the race, but send a message to me when it is ended.'

"The night he was away mother spent most of it actually praying. She knew that the loss would kill him.

"The day of the race came and father went to town. He had a boy at the station waiting to receive the message. That afternoon he walked the streets in feverish impatience, stopping now and then to talk with a friend, then leaving him abruptly. The court-hosue clock struck five and he knew that the race was over. Suddenly a horse was heard galloping on the clay road leading from the station. Presently, at the far end of the street, a rider swung round the corner, coming at break-neck speed, waving an envelope over his head. Father rushed out to meet him. The boy pulled up the horse beside the excited crowd that gathered in the street. He reached out the message to father who took it, but his hand trembled so he could not break the seal. With an effort he calmed himself, and the quiet was like death. He tore open the corner, and fixed his eyes on the message; his cheeks paled, and he stood as if frozen to the spot. A wave of doubt swept through the crowd.

"Read it aloud,' some one shouted.

"When he spoke it was as faint as a whisper:

"'Wild Pearl won.' Then he staggered into the arms of his friends:

"That night he dispatched a message to the trainer: 'Send Wild Pearl home; she shall run no more.'

When Frank had done I looked toward the pasture where the feeble old horse stood with drooping head, and my thoughts flew back to that afternoon when the sweat-flaked colt swept down the track amid thundering cheers to win glory for herself and to save the home that was staked upon her.

Varsity Verse.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT. (La Fontaine's "La Cigale et La Fourmi.")

THE grasshopper sang
The whole summer day;
And when the frost came
He still made his lay.
But soon he discovered
That under his wings
His ribs were nigh bear
For want of good things.
He went to the ant,
Who worked all the while,
And asked her to lend
From her bounteous pile.
"I'll pay you," said he,
"When the springtide is here,
With interest high
All my debt, never fear."
Now the ant may work hard
And store her goods well
But, she given to lend—
Who ever heard tell!
"Pray, tell me, dear friend,
If I only dare ask,
When summer was here,
What then was your task?"
"Through the long sunny day,
And every night,
I gave you with song
The sweetest delight."
"Oh! you sang," said the ant,
"Well, here's a good chance
To warm up your bones:
Let us see how you dance."

E. A. D.

THE TRUCE.

A fluttering flag of white
On the enemy's fortifications,
A signal to rest from fight
Is that fluttering flag of white.
'Tis a flash of heavenly light
To the soldiers at their stations,
That fluttering flag of white
On the enemy's fortifications.

J. P. S.

AUTUMN.

The glen is no longer green
But a mass of russet and gold;
For the blasting winds are risen
And the knell of summer is tolled.
Underfoot the leaves are crackling,
And the lonesome grasses quiver,
And the cold wan sun is setting
O'er the still pools of the river.

J. M. L.

THE TIDE OF MAN.

Along this valley flows a stream
Onward to its steep descent
With reckless tide;—and I deem
Along this valley flows a stream
Of idle men, half in a dream,
Not thinking of the time that's spent,
While 'long this valley flows the stream
Onward to its steep descent.

J. L. C.

A Little Crooked.

PATRICK J. CORCORAN.

It was a dark, rainy day in Michaelstown. The thatch hung heavy on the little dwellings, and the reeks of turf were black and sodden; but there was a knot of old cronies gathered in Mrs. Keenan's "shebeen" to whom the weather was welcome, for it freed them from the monotony of their ordinary tasks. The cabin was full of memories for them. That clumsy pike by the fireplace had a history that it warmed the blood to tell, even in those degenerate days. The little crepee, minus a leg, that clung to a beam in the loft, was a veteran too, for, as everyone in Michaelstown knows, it was the same that Larry Donovan threw at the peeler the night that Sweeney's twins were christened.

The loungers formed a picturesque group as they sat puffing their "dudheens" and playing Forty-five at a table in the corner. There was none of that stolidity about them that we usually associate with peasants. The most taciturn was an auburn haired giant who sat in the shadow. One would travel for days, even in the motherland of athletes, before meeting a being cast in a more heroic mold. A chest so massive, rising and falling like the imperceptible heave of the sea, the suggestive outlines of titanic shoulders impressing themselves so strongly even through a frieze coat, so well poised a head, so firmly formed features could be found in Ireland, but they would probably be found united only in the person of Barney McGlone, for so his companions addressed the giant who rested his beam-like arms with an easy grace on the table in Mrs. Keenan's "shebeen" in the village of Michaelstown.

Little Mike Bresnan who tended sheep for the "Masther," had just joined the circle, and, on the strength of a pint of porter which he had ordered, was beginning a dissertation on the merits of his collie, when attention was diverted by the entrance of a recruiting sergeant. The newcomer greeted everybody affably, and soon came to the purpose of his visit.

"Did anyone wish to join Her Majesty's army?"

He dilated awhile on the sunny side of soldier life and concluded by informing his auditors that, as a further inducement, he was authorized to give a bounty or free gift of a crown to everyone who grasped this opportunity to enlist. No one showed any enthusiasm at this

manifestation of the government's liberality. The sergeant's eyes were becoming accustomed to the gloom, and after a rapid survey of the group, his eye fell on the huge trunk and pillar-like arms of Barney at the card table in the corner. He looked fit for the "Queen's Own" as he sat there with careless dignity in the act of raising a tankard of porter to his lips.

To the importunities and compliments of the officer he returned only a shake of the head. He was studying the cards that he held, and seemed indifferent to what was said to him. The sergeant kept on with his solicitations, and the giant's indifference gradually gave place to interest. Finally he spoke:

"Buy th' dhrinks fur th' byes, Capt'n, an' I'll take your crown."

The "byes" were soon reducing Mrs. Keenan's stock at the expense of the queen's representative, who waited reluctantly till they had finished, and then called to McGlone to accompany him.

"Not yet, sor, I won't lave this table fur all the sojers in the kingdom till I spind me last crown."

There was no use in being impatient, so the sergeant waited with an ill-assumed air of gaiety. At length McGlone had no further excuse for remaining. He expressed himself as ready to go, thrust out from under the table a foot turned inward at an angle of at least thirty degrees, and called for his stick.

"What the devil sort of a game is this!" exclaimed the dumfounded soldier as he caught sight of the deformed member. "Why didn't you tell me you were a cripple? There isn't a worse club-foot in all Ireland."

"Why didn't ye say ye wouldn't ha' me at the first? It's not me fau't that me leg is not as sthraight as some. An' as fur sayin' that it's the worst in Ireland, if the misses 'ill thrust me I'll wager this crown agin another wan, that I can show ye a worse fut in Michaelstown in tin minutes."

The sergeant was nettled at the slow, confident tone of the cripple. He resolved not to be intimidated by the idle talk of the braggart, and the wager was made.

Barney raised himself lazily on his left foot and dragged the right foot slowly from the concealment of the table. The sergeant looked down for an instant, then up at the giant, and walked out into the rain with a chagrin that was not in the least mollified by the triumphant laughter that came out to him over the half door.

The Problem of the Novel.

WILLIAM D. FURRY.

According to etymology, the word novel means a "new thing;" but in the realm of art it has come to mean a tale or narrative that professes to give a picture of human life in some of its varied aspects, more particularly to give the natural workings of the human heart. Thackeray, speaking of the novel, said: "Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the times, of the manners, the merriment, the pleasure, the laughter and the ridicules of society."

We admit that it is the problem of the novel to give us just what Thackeray said he got from it. But we do not get such knowledge from the novel, as a whole, today. We do not find such expression of the life of the times in "Romola," "Silas Marner," or "Robert Elsmere." Rather from such books, we get an expression of the individual life within, of the problems that men's minds of the day were grappling with, of ideas unattained or crushed, or of sobs and sighs, not of society but of humanity. The modern novel is not, as Thackeray said it was in his day, "an expression of the life of society," but it has become the novel of humanity. It strikes down deep into the heart for its material and its inspiration. There is no problem of the human mind, nor emotion of the human heart that is not reflected in its pages. The modern novel may well be compared to a vast mirror that reflects the whole trend of human life, its thoughts, emotions, aspirations and revolutions.

But is it the problem of the novel to do this? Is it the problem of the novel to give such knowledge as the modern novel seeks to give us? Has the novelist no higher mission than that which one class of novelists appreciates in writing at present?

The problem of the novel is to teach us what "Life" is; and we can learn what life is only by living. What George Eliot says of words and their meanings is true of life and its meaning. She says: "We learn words by rote, but not their meanings, that must be paid for with our life-blood, and printed in the subtle fibre of our nerves." We can know what life means, not by any study whatever, neither of psychology, sociology nor political economy, but we can know its meaning just through living.

Now, the problem of the novel is to help us know what life means. Of ourselves we can live but one life, and therefore from our own experience could know but little of life. But the great novelist can make us live through many different lives if he will. He can make us indeed, at least for the time, different persons. He can make us view life from whatever view-point he chooses; and can therefore, enable us to see and bring us to feel and act as no other artist can. We, like many others did, may have turned a deaf ear to what ministers like Henry Ward Beecher, lecturers like Wendell Philips, editors, like Wm. Lloyd Garrison and poets like Longfellow and Lowell, told us of the oppression and degradation of slavery; but when we read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," our blood boiled within us, and we became defenders of the oppressed in all ages. In this great novel, Mrs. Stowe made every reader live such a life, and see and feel and act as they would never have seen, felt and acted, except through her novel. To see ourselves as others see us would be a great gift, but it is a greater one to see others as we are accustomed to see ourselves. And to make us do this is the problem of the novel. Romney's criticism of the weakness of woman is applicable to the whole of humanity:

"The human race

To you means such a child, or such a man,
You saw one morning waiting in the cold.

.... All's yours and you—

All colored with your blood or otherwise
Just nothing to you. Why, I call you hard
To general suffering. A red-haired child
Sick in a fever, if you touch him once
Will set you weeping. But a million sick—
You could as soon weep for the rule of three."

The Burglar.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

To know Miss Anteck you would only have to see her room. Everything had a special place. Here stood a pin-cushion, and here her work-box, and there, always in the same place, the little mat on which she knelt every night to look under her bed for burglars. On one side stood a life-size painting of a military hero—one eye had been cut out. Whether or not this was done to make the picture look more military, nobody knew.

One night while sitting in her rocking-chair, Miss Anteck glanced into the mirror; she

started, but quickly composed herself. From the mirror she could see the painting behind her; it no longer contained one eye but two. "That must be the eye of a burglar," she thought. "I shall faint!" Then aloud: "I think I'll go down stairs and get my jewels. They need cleaning badly—anyway, I can leave them in the dresser over night."

Saying this she walked toward the door, expecting every minute that the burglar would grab her. At last the door was passed, and Miss Anteck ran at full speed into the parlor of the hotel. She had only enough breath left to exclaim: "A burglar! and then fell, taking good care, into the arms of the gentleman nearest to her.

At the word "burglar," the men looked brave and the women crouched close to them. In a minute she had told her story. Several youths who were continually telling of their adventures out West, looked scared and volunteered to find a policeman. Before anyone could prevent them they were gone. The remaining men, some with pokers, a few with chunks of coal, and two or three with revolvers, reinforced by a dozen porters, armed with brooms and clubs and followed by the women at a safe distance, marched up to her room.

When the door was reached, each tried to crowd behind the other. At last an old bachelor, who had had designs upon Miss Anteck, matrimonially, stepped forward, revolver in hand, and said that he would be the first to enter. All looked aghast at sight of his bravery, and many shuddered when he jumped into the room. The three that followed him hid behind the bed. The bachelor pointed his revolver at the painting and ordered the burglar to surrender. No response came. "Bang!" went the revolver; the eye disappeared. The women in the corridor screamed; some fainted. Men rushed into the room and upon the picture expecting to find the mangled form of a burglar—but what! nothing was there. "I saw his eye," shouted one of the bravest! "and I also," said another brave fellow. A hurried search, and the bachelor picked up something. "What is it?" cried all, as breathlessly they clustered round him. "A glass eye," he said. The truth flashed upon them and they laughed heartily. Miss Anteck felt smaller than she really was and sincerely wished that the eye had been a burglar.

How the glass eye came there had grown into a mystery, when one day, the ex-bachelor—for he had married Miss Anteck—said to a

party of friends: "Boys, I know a fellow out West who was deeply in love with a woman. He proposed to her and was rejected, but he did not give up hope. One day she called him into her room to hang a curtain for her. With his usual amount of curiosity he let his eyes wander about, and, among other things, he saw a life-size painting of a military hero with one eye out. A happy thought struck him. "I shall place a glass eye in the painting," he thought, "and stay in the hotel all day with a revolver in my pocket. She will notice the eye, think it the eye of a burglar, and scream, then I shall rush to her aid and shoot the painting. After she discovers that it is a trick played on her, she will think nevertheless that I am a brave fellow; and when I propose again she will, out of gratitude, accept me. I waited patiently—no, I mean that fellow—he waited patiently all day in the parlor of the hotel. At last his chance came; he rushed up-stairs, followed by twenty others, burst into the room, killed the painting, and now he is married to that young lady."

A Thanksgiving Turkey.

PETER E. FOLLEN.

On the bank of a lonely stream stood a little hut, the last relic of the early pioneers. The pleasant memories that were once associated with that cabin have long been forgotten. Rain and snow have worn away all its beauty, and there, like a skeleton, it remained for years. Mice from the adjoining corn-field have made cozy nests beneath its rotted foundation; old rags replace the windows, and the crevices between the logs have been replastered. Jeff, a negro veteran, has lived there for a year. The slow increase of chickens and turkeys about Jeff's home led the farmers to believe that he was an honest man. He was as lazy as most niggers, and his greatest trouble was to get work—for his wife. He was one of those men that are always in the way; but he knew every farmer for miles around, and he was very willing to assist at butchering.

After a good supper at some farmhouse, he would come home in the evening and eat the scanty meal of hoe-cake and coffee with more eagerness than the hungry children. Then the table was cleared and the light placed in the centre of the room. Jeff was ready to take his place by the stove; he managed to get

nearer the fire than the old dog, and the rest of the family gathered about as comfortably as possible. He and his wife, Liza, usually told stories to the children about the war, and they often sang plantation songs to them. This night, however, their silence made the children's eyes grow heavy, and with a mother's care the six heads were laid on one straw bolster, while a shawl served as a blanket.

The conversation became more confidential as the snores broke forth from a corner of the room. The great festival was but a few days distant, and no turkey for Thanksgiving.

"Num min', Liza, I hab de turkey 'gaged a'ready. I visit'd neighbo' Hopkin' udda da', an' he has a hundud or mor'." Dis lyeh easie' than Squir' Long' place."

Monday night made no change in the programme at the cabin. Jeff related his experiences of the day, Liza sang the old songs with as much fierceness as ever, and the children added their laughter. The customary dumbness came over the family and Jeff made preparations for departure. When the snoring was loudest, he stole away and followed the road to neighbor Hopkins.

There he found things favorable; the dog knew him and made no noise. He went directly where the turkeys were roosting. The nigger stood a moment as if posing in the darkness, and flashed his eyes about the barn-lot. A big gobbler was perched upon the gate-post, but he was quickly pushed into a coffee sack.

Next morning, the children stole a look at the turkey that was tied in the front room. Hopkins arose early to go to town and the first thing he missed was the gobbler. When he drove past Uncle's place he eyed the cabin well. His suspicion was aroused as he saw two black faces watching him from the corner of the house. Then did he regret giving consent to allow such a family to live near him.

"I'll have that bird yet," thought he, and he planned to catch the thief. Before returning home, he purchased some presents for Uncle's children. He brought them to the house and entered without an invitation. The commotion of the children and the dog aroused the turkey and he began to gobble.

"What's that, Uncle?" asked the farmer.

If old Jeff were not black he would have turned pale with fear.

"Uh! dat's a present from ole masta'. He neba forgits to sen' me a turkey on Thanksgiving'."

As the door was opened the turkey raised

his head, shuffled his feathers, then greeted his master by gobbling. Jeff's color again saved him, for Hopkins could not see the blood rush to that nigger's face. The turkey's wings were partially raised as if to exhibit the red spot that shone brightly between the black feathers. The red piece of flannel served as a mark for Hopkins to claim his turkey. When the enraged farmer walked away taking his bird with him, Jeff stood motionless. As he recovered from his surprise, he looked at Liza and said:

"Num min', I take off de dangeh signal next time."

Books and Magazines.

ILLUSTRATED EXPLANATIONS OF THE HOLY SACRAMENTS. By the Rev. H. Rolfus, D. D. Benziger Bros.: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

This is the right sort of book prepared in the right manner. The practical knowledge of religion makes the practical Catholic. Without entering into disputed questions, or losing time at scholastic disputations, the author has presented a complete yet succinct explanation of the sacraments and the sacramentals that will furnish wholesome material for reflection. The statement of the doctrine of the Church in clear, simple language, the close adherence to the recognized theological authorities, give the reader the assurance of a safe guide, and make the book a valuable vade mecum for the intelligent layman.

—"Let no Man Put Asunder" is a story of the present day in which the interest is kept up from beginning to end. The author, Josephine Marié, has drawn, with strong lines, the perfidy of an unnatural brother and the beautiful example of fidelity to the marriage bond on the part of his spouse. The book is published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

—Excellent church music is furnished monthly in the "Supplement" to the *Cæcilia*. The quality is in the strictest sense Cæcilian. The contributions are timely and suited for the festivals occurring during the month. Besides, there is a pleasing variety of "Tantum Ergo" and "Salve Regina" compositions that can not fail to meet with general approval. "The Liturgy and Contemporary Music," by Canon James Connelly, and "Is the Mass to be a Concert?" by the Rev. M. Arnoldi, are two papers replete with solid food for meditation.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, December 3, 1898.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at B. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

The Board of Editors.

PAUL J. RAGAN, '97;

SHERMAN STEELE, '97; THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98;
RAYMOND O'MALLEY, '98; F. HENRY WURZER, '98;
JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99; JOHN J. DOWD, '99;
EUGENE A. DELANEY, '99; EDMUND C. BROWN, '99;
JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99; MAT. A. SCHUMACHER, '99;
JAMES F. MURPHY, '99; JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND, '99;
JOSEPH F. DUANE, '99; LOUIS T. WEADOCK, '99;
LOUIS C. M. REED, 1900; FRANK O'SHAUGHNESSY, 1900;
THOMAS J. DILLON, 1900; ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN, 1900.

F. X. MCCOLLUM,

H. P. BARRY,

HENRY S. FINK,

} Reporters.

—The Board of Editors are kindly requested to have their contributions for the Christmas SCHOLASTIC ready by next Monday or Tuesday. Handing them in later means to rush the work toward the close of the week, and thus cause many typographical and even rhetorical errors to appear.

—There will be no SCHOLASTIC next Saturday. We have so much copy (?) on hand . . . ! ! ! . . . that the editors will be busy for the next ten days making an invoice of their manuscripts, so as to be ready for the closing sales at Christmas. Come around on Dec. 17, and we will offer you some surprising bargains.

—There is cause for rejoicing in the football campus over the re-election of Mr. John Mullen to the office of captain. Mr. Mullen has been very successful in directing the team during the past season. Moreover, he is a fearless player, a hard worker and a conscientious, aggressive leader. The SCHOLASTIC compliments "Captain John" for his past work and predicts that he will be at the head of a winning team next season.

A History of the Emmet Family.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the recipient of the Lætare medal the year before last, has sent to the library a copy of his history of the Emmet family. The book is a quarto of over 400 pages, richly illustrated. One hundred and thirty copies were printed for private circulation. Dr. Emmet is the grandson of Thomas Addis Emmet and the grandnephew of Robert Emmet. His father was Dr. John Patten Emmet, Professor in the University of Virginia for many years.

The history of the family has much more than mere private interest connected therewith, because of the worth of Robert Emmet, the most illustrious martyr for liberty in modern times, not excepting our own Nathaniel Hale, and of Thomas Addis Emmet, a remarkable patriot and jurist, whose glory is overshadowed by the brilliancy of his brother Robert's death.

Dr. Emmet has printed in these memoirs for the first time the diary of Thomas Addis Emmet, kept while he was in Paris treating with the French government. This valuable document was discovered only recently. It shows the true history of the Irish movement of '98 in its connection with the French government under Napoleon I. As Dr. Emmet says, "It fills a most important gap in history, as it exposes the full degree of treachery shown by the French government to the Irish people."

Dr. Emmet has in MS., we understand, a history of Ireland in modern times which we shall wait for impatiently. We should like to see a complete biography of Thomas Addis Emmet, not only because of his own worth as a man but because of the newly found journal.

As we said, the history of the Emmet family is extremely interesting to an outsider. A long list of brilliant men and women is met, apart from Robert and Thomas Addis Emmet. It is to be regretted that Dr. Emmet's modesty has kept his own biography down to a few dates and bare facts. There has been no greater physician in America than Dr. Emmet, none better known in Europe, and his sons must see that his life is written.

The portraits are impressive in many instances. There is a very "convincing" death mask of Robert Emmet that should be published. The picture in the book that gives greatest pleasure is that of Dr. Emmet's mother: she must have been one of the most beautiful women of her time in Virginia.

President's Day.

When the students left their cots last Wednesday morning, a clear and beautiful day was awaiting them. Usually St. Andrew's day comes attended with squalls of snow, or a cold, drizzling November rain. This year the weather man favored us; and as the students left their various departments with Gold and Blue ribbons fluttering on their breasts, they were happy. It was President's day, and all Notre Dame made ready to offer greetings to the head of her faculty. As usual, the festivities were begun with Solemn High Mass, Father Morrissey celebrating, assisted by Father French as deacon, and Father Regan as subdeacon. Rev. Father Crumley preached the sermon,—a masterly discourse on the influence of example, and on the grand model left by St. Andrew.

About ten o'clock the band appeared at its accustomed place in the rotunda of the main building. The familiar face of Professor Preston, who directed the band for as many President's days as the present student body can remember, was missed from the group. Nevertheless, the music makers sustained their part in the day's program in a very satisfactory manner. The new director Mr. Verweir is rapidly bringing the musicians back to their old time excellence, and we may expect a concert from them soon.

The banquet was what it always is—a feast enjoyed not so much for what was spread

before us, as for the old friends that always gather around the table to do honor to the President. The next step after the banquet was the entertainment in Washington Hall. This was the event of the day. After the students and friends from South Bend were seated, Rev. Father Morrissey, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Zahm and others, entered the Hall greeted loudly by the college yell. Mr. Dukette

raised his baton, the first overture by the orchestra was being played, and soon the echoes had died away in the gallery. Mr. J. F. Fennessey stepped before the curtain to offer the best wishes of the student body to Father Morrissey. Mr. Fennessey's voice was excellent, his delivery graceful and the earnestness of his words was well brought out. His address was as follows:

FATHER MORRISSEY:
At times we may not put into words the feelings of the heart. Often the thought that trembles at our lips must be left unexpressed, although not forgotten. Our most grateful thoughts are those that are known to ourselves alone.

Flattery is displeasing to every self-respecting man. It is unfortunate that, lest honest praise should be mistaken for flattery, custom restricts us to chill platitudes. Our true opinion is seldom expressed; the

most we can do is to point at the works of him that we judge.

For fifty years Notre Dame has kept clear the path of learning for the student. For fifty years the Fathers of the Holy Cross have held out a helping hand to seekers after knowledge. It is a trying burden to accept the fruits of a half-century's labor and the responsibility for future success or failure, yet you have never flinched; and the least we may say is that the great work begun by Father Sorin has been worthily carried on during your presidency.



REV. PRESIDENT MORRISSEY.

It is not, however, this phase of your life I wish to throw into relief. To offer congratulations upon success is no hard task. Too often we overlook what may more deserve our praise. Too often modesty shrinks from the light, and we do not see all the cause that actuates self-abnegation. This, however, we may express with hearty earnestness—that although a college man is frequently friendless, such is not the case here. Every man may truly say, "I look upon the President as my personal friend."

In the class-room and on the campus the bonds of friendship are made stronger by your kindly interest in each student's well being. To you we may turn for advice when we are in doubt; your kindly words are always of assistance and are a stimulus to us. Therefore, it is but fitting that on one day of the year we should openly give a token of our appreciation. The men of the past have done so. It will be an easy duty for those to come to repeat the good action. Today it is a pleasure to me to give you greeting on behalf of the student-body.

the remodelling, and was very successful in his work. There seems to be some unkind fate ruling over the workings of the St. Cecilians, for every year they are beset with difficulties in producing their play. Two years ago they lost their principal actor just one week before the entertainment was to be given. Last year they lost two men, and this year, only two days before the play was presented, one of the chief players was taken sick and forced to withdraw. Mr. Carlos Hinze was called upon to take the place left vacant. Although it was a difficult undertaking Mr. Hinze went through without a flaw and deserves the highest commendation for his successful work. All in all, the entertainment was one of the most successful the St. Cecilians have ever given. The



THE ST. CECILIANS, '98.

Following Mr. Fennessey's address came the greetings from the Minims. Master John Abercrombie, with a grace and confidence unusual in one so young, delivered the verses in honor of the President, and, it is safe to say, that through him the honors of the day were won for St. Edward's Hall.

The St. Cecilian Society of Carroll Hall, following in the footsteps of their society of other years, undertook the task of presenting the play entitled "Botany Bay." Many changes had to be made to adapt the plot to a cast of male characters. Bro. Cyprian, we believe, did

program will be found elsewhere in these columns. We deem it no more than just to make mention here of the work of Messrs. Slevin, Murray, Mulcare and Krug. Their parts were well rendered, and reflected much credit on Professor Carmody, the director of the society.

When the play had finished, Rev. President Morrissey gave a brief address thanking the St. Cecilians, the orchestra and the student body for the excellence of the entertainment afforded, and also expressed his gratitude to the many friends that had come from South Bend and elsewhere to honor the occasion.

The Minims' Greeting.*

I.

The marshalled potency of war
From age to age has thrilled the world;
Thrones trembled when the Conqueror
Stood nigh, his flag alone unfurled.
Thrones tottered, and each vanquished king
Made Rome with exultation ring:
Thus did his servitude proclaim
The victor's triumph—and his fame.

II.

The swift-winged words of eloquence
That speed from inspiration's lips
Have roused men from calm indolence
Ere some great shadow should eclipse
The nation's glory—words that thrill
The wakened slumberer, and still
From treacherous foes and threatening fate
Preserve the majesty of state.

III.

Of these the hero-lover boasts;
Of these the poets all have sung—
The chieftain of victorious hosts,
The master of the gifted tongue.
Some happy chance had they to change
The mould of empires; 'tis not strange
That men should reverence each name
Thus blazoned on the scroll of fame.

IV.

And so the world reveres the brave;
The world reveres the eloquent;
The world a thousand triumphs gave
The man who to his country lent
The vigor of a mighty arm
To keep his native land from harm—
The vehemence of mind and soul
Responsive forces to control.

V.

And now the burden of this song,
That hero-worship has inspired,
Finds echo in the listening throng;
With love each beating breast is fired.
With love is nourished friendship's flame.
Love bids us reverence thy name.
Love like a precious link must bind
Heart unto heart, mind unto mind.

VI.

We love; we do not stand afar
And look into the silent night
For some remote, uncertain star
To cheer us with its feeble light.
We do not stand afar, for thou
Whom we would seek art with us now;
No hero-worship can transcend
Our steadfast love for thee, dear friend.

VII.

And yet, indeed, if happy chance
Has made the men whom we call great,
Thou too in some such circumstance
May mould the majesty of state;
For here the nation's builders stand;
They heed thy voice, and by thy hand
Are guided. Time will ever tell,
Dear Father, thou hast guided well.

Exchanges.

The Thanksgiving University of Chicago *Weekly* is the best football number we have seen for many a day. It is beautifully gotten up, and contains many appropriate illustrations including a likeness of the great Mr. Stagg. The cover design is especially striking. "On the field and off the field," a before-and-after pen drawing, is an exceedingly fine bit of work both as to its general effect and as to its technique. Mr. John Meredith's clever sketch, "The place kick," is well written and interesting, and altogether the editors of the *Weekly* are to be congratulated upon their successful number.

* * *

The *University Cynic* is an excellent publication that comes once in three weeks from the University of Vermont. In glancing over the *Cynic* one can not but remark the good taste shown both in its mechanical make-up and in the matter found within its covers. "A Thanksgiving Romance" and the "Tragic Death of a New Woman" are two bits of fiction that are above the standard of the average amateur's work, and the page of "Cynic Verse" contains a pleasing variety of rather promising poesy. An occasional essay would add to the completeness of the *Cynic*, for, to our mind, there is something lacking in a college paper, general in its purpose, that confines itself exclusively to fiction.

* * *

The DePauw *Palladium* suggests that there should be a closer friendship between the colleges of Indiana, and, in this connection, remarks:

"There is no reason why I. U., Wabash, Butler, Earlham, Notre Dame, Purdue, DePauw, and all the colleges of the State, can not be sources of help to each other and co-operate in the most friendly manner."

The *Palladium* has always done its share toward the fostering of the right spirit among our colleges, and this, its latest effort in that line, is to be commended. Among the Indiana colleges there undoubtedly is lacking the close friendship that should exist, and which, if it did exist, would benefit all. It is to be hoped that before long there will be a close and cordial relationship established between our colleges, and that their contests, whether upon the field, track or debating platform, will always be characterized by manly spirit and kind feeling

* To Rev. President Morrissey, Nov. 30, 1898.

Personal.

—Among those present at the President day exercises were the Rev. Fathers C. A. McEvoy, Villanova, Pa., P. A. Baart, Marshall, Mich., C. A. Cullinane, Niles, D. J. McGlaughlin, Hillsdale, F. Wm. Schæper, Mendon, Mich., Dr. Zahm, T. Vagnier, T. Maher, W. R. Connor, F. Johannes, N. J. Stoffel, J. W. Clarke, D. A. Tighe, Dean Oechtering, D. J. Hagerty, J. Paanakker, and Dean O'Brien of Kalamazoo; Col. Abercrombie, Chicago, Mr. Clem Studebaker, Judge Howard, Messrs. Tong, O'Brien, Dr. Berteling, Brick and Clark of South Bend, and Mr. D. V. Casey of the Chicago *Record* staff.

—The Misses Barry of Chicago were among the Thanksgiving visitors at Notre Dame.

—Mrs. Alice Newman of Des Moines was the recent guest of her son, Mr. Newman of Brownson Hall.

—Miss Ragan of Maumee, Ohio, was a recent visitor at Notre Dame, the guest of her brother, Mr. Paul J. Ragan.

—Miss Schoolcraft of Chicago spent last Wednesday afternoon at Notre Dame, the guest of Mr. Haley of Sorin Hall.

—Miss Anna Wurzburg and her sister, Mrs. Hudson, were recent visitors at the University being the guests of Bro. Leander.

—Mrs. Sweet of Los Angeles, accompanied by her son Mr. George Sweet, student '95, has been visiting at Notre Dame during the past week, the guest of Brother Alphonsus.

—Mr. Frank M. Byron of Chicago, and Mr. J. P. Hagerty of South Bend, both of whom are prominent officials of the Lake Shore Railway, recently visited the University and called upon the President.

—Mrs. G. F. Krug, of Dayton, Ohio, was a very welcome visitor at Notre Dame during the past week. Mrs. Krug was the guest of her son, Mr. Albert Krug of Carroll Hall, and attended the President day exercises.

—Miss Broughton, Paw Paw, Mich., Miss Theo Heneberry, of Peoria, the Misses Hamilton, of Omaha, Miss Foley and Miss Healy of Chicago, all of whom were guests at St. Mary's, were among the President day visitors.

—Mr. F. Henry Wurzer, LL. B., '98, was a prominent figure at the convention of College Republican Clubs held last week at Indianapolis. Mr. Wurzer called to order the convention of the State League, as it was largely through his efforts that such a league was organized. At the close of the State Convention, Mr. Wurzer attended the convention of the National League of College Clubs, of which organization he was unanimously elected secretary. He also was placed on the Committee on Resolutions, and had the honor of drafting the resolutions that were adopted by the convention.

Local Items.

—Professor Carmody and the St. Cecilians are all right.

—Guilfoyle says that he is not himself. Will somebody please tell him who he is?

—Mrs. Margaret E. Ward and her son Walter of Chicago visited friends at the University this week.

—The St. Cecilians tender a vote of thanks to all those that helped to make their entertainment a success.

—Baab and O'Reilley are going to have their pictures taken together and present them to the museum.

—Gibbons and Shane are still discussing the "gold pin." Gibbons admits that his heart controls his head.

—McNichols, second baseman of last year, spent Thanksgiving here visiting his brother and old acquaintances.

—Look out for the Christmas examinations, fellows, or your Christmas present may be a permit to stay in your class another session.

—"Lobstah" had better wear a cast-iron shirt in the future if he paid the slightest attention to that threat at the theatre on President's day.

—McGinnis says that if he had been on the stage last Wednesday that infernal Sidney Cartin would not have carried on the way he did.

—Professor.—What is the official dose of Spiritus Frumenti?

Mahoney.—I think it is a free and unlimited quantity, Professor!

—Miss M. L. Powers and Mr. Jas. J. Ryan, of Chicago, spent Thanksgiving at the University and called upon Mr. Mahoney of Brownson Hall.

—Mahoney has promised a surprise after Christmas vacation in the shape of a number of Chicago speedy amateur cycle racers for the Varsity track team of '99.

—Holland found it pretty cold in his room last Saturday night, so he took his pillow and went over to sleep with Neville. Now he can't see what the kick is about.

—Lemonnier Library is indebted to Father Cavanaugh for Collingwood's Life of Ruskin in two volumes and also for Mary E. Wilkin's little play entitled "Giles Corey."

—Bro. Basil, C. S. C., presided at the organ during the services on President's day. The march played while the priests were entering the sanctuary was very inspiring.

—1st Philopatrian.—I repeat what I have just said, that Chinatown in San Francisco is the dirtiest place in the United States.

2d Philo.—I do not see how that can be, for the Chinaman is always washing.

—The basket-ball team of Carroll Hall was

organized for the season of '98 last Tuesday. Mr. Higgins acted as chairman; Mr. Murray was elected captain; Mr. Fortin manager, and Mr. Ellwanger was chosen to do the scoring.

—We have another new man for the track team, Mr. Josie Rousseau of Mexico. He is considered to be one of the fastest men of his country. He has a record of 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ for 100 yards. This man will make it interesting for Barry and O'Brien.

—ED. SCHOLASTIC—Dear Sir:—The green sock inquired about in last week's SCHOLASTIC has been in sight. It was seen hanging over the top of O'Reilly's shoe. The said claimant, Diskin, may have it providing he pays for the steel facing on the toe and heel.

—I wonder if Weadock thinks he can work a pull with the President by discarding his golfs and replacing them with a pair of brand new, dark striped trousers? Everyone notices that this surprising change took place the eve of the President's feast day. In consequence of this reformation Mr. Weadock was plainly the lion of the evening at the Sorin Hall ball.

—Football is over. The track work is the next in order of college sports. Let every student come out and try for some event. If not speedy enough for the sprints you may have the long runs. There is a vast field open in the hurdles. Last year at Indiana there were only five entries. If you do not make the team you will store up energy—the men of energy rule the world.

—A certain student in Sorin Hall received a box with a turkey in it last Friday morning. Of course he decided to wait till Saturday to eat the fowl. His room was warm, so he placed the turkey out on the window-sill to keep it in good shape. When he awoke Saturday morning he was surprised to find that his next door neighbor did not care to go to breakfast and that his turkey disappeared.

—What ever happened our Mexican friend in Niles one thing is certain, that he returned to the University slightly distorted. The shape of his figure, and his studied, mechanical, snail-like action, would lead a person to think that they used him for a sledge hammer. Joe says he does not care for the bruises, but to be so incapacitated that it became necessary to keep a valet is rather offensive to him.

—The Brownson Hallers went to the game Thanksgiving with ribbons and pins and pennants, and much other college paraphernalia. But the South Bend girls saw them coming, and said to themselves: "O girls, what a harvest we have here!" And it was true. The ribbons, pins and pennants are scattered throughout the whole town, and in consequence of this there are many new tobacco beggars on Brownson Hall campus.

—Johnson had his feet dangling out the window the other morning and his head tied up in a pillow case resting on his desk. Our

reporter called to see him and get his opinion on the territorial expansion question. Finding him in the above mentioned uncomfortable position the reporter asked what was the trouble. He was informed that a necktie party had been held in Rome, Ga., recently, and that three negroes had furnished the amusement. Mr. Johnson's invitation to the party had been delayed, and consequently he missed the "blow-out."

—The feast day meal, was such as would make the palate of old Nero waddle with joy. Inspiring music floated melodiously over the rose-scented atmosphere, and midst the joyful hum of voices and the merry ring of laughter, there was no time or place for the slightest frown. Pat Diskin laughed so loud that his teeth got the ear ache. Errins spoiled his best Sunday coat trying to carry away the remnants of the turkey. He even went so far as to fill his vest pockets with dressing. Shag, too, left the refectory with a satisfied smile and bananas over both ears and one in each of his top vest pockets. The arrangement of the whole affair was unique, and reflected no small amount of credit on the man at the helm.

—The following is the programme given by the St. Cecilians last Wednesday.

PROGRAMME.

Address for the students.....Mr. J. F. Fennessey, '99
Address for St. Edward's Hall—Master J. J. Abercrombie

ORCHESTRAL SELECTIONS.

BY THE UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA.

"La Gazelle" (Dance Characteristic)—Theo. Bendix
"Corps de Garde" (two-step).....D. S. Godfrey
"Pet of the Regiment".....Edward Holst
"The Anniversary March".....George Rosey

BOTANY BAY.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

PRESENTED BY THE ST. CECILIANS OF CARROLL HALL.

Cast.

Bill Jarvis.....Albert L. Krug
Sydney Cartin.....Joseph E. Mulcare
James Cartin.....Thomas Murray
Dick Hazeltin.....Carlos Hinze
Andrew Hazeltin.....Arthur S. Friedman
Dr. Jeremiah Lillyvick.....Spalding Slevin
Florian Wayne.....Thomas E. Noonan
Pat Dolan.....J. P. Sherlock
Sergeant Flint.....Frank J. Petritz
Bill Hawkins.....William B. Land
Walter Featherston.....William Hickey
Joe Featherstone.....Leo J. Kelly
Gregory.....John M. Quinlan
Soldiers—Alexis Coquillard, Maurice, Cooney, Harry B. Warner.

—Our sprinters for the track team will have to take extra precaution and much heavier training this year, as Mr. Duperier, the famous Louisiana fast man, will exhibit his tawny limbs among them. Mr. Duperier has been under practice all winter. Most every evening when he would fall asleep after writing some love-laden metre to his golden-haired, his melodious nasal flute would play so loud that he would awake suddenly, recite a few mouthful

of the ravings of Ward McCollough, and then take his nocturnal run. He has formed a track around his room, and here he chases himself, ever trying to catch the tail of his flying night-gown.

—Powers has recently subjected his musical soul to such an extent that no matter what tunes the innocent mandolin produces, they are simply enchanting. "O would that we could do likewise!" The other morning he got up at sunrise and with his mandolin in arm, his feet playfully dangling from the window in the pearly air, and, with the nasal rumblings of near and distant sleepers as an accompaniment, played a matin hymn. The rising sun tipped his toe-nails with a ruddy golden flame, and as he sat there like a child of the Muses, with eyes extended toward the "New breathing morn" his inspiration was suddenly disturbed by the appearance of a profusion of tin pans, bottles, cuspidors and cigarette butts. Fred was indignant.

—The Sorin Hall smoker on the eve of President's day was a huge success. There was only one little mishap to mar the evening's entertainment. That happened like this: Hartung had never smoked before, but he swore that he'd be gol durned if he didn't get his money's worth this time. So he waited patiently until the cigars came his way and then picked one out of the box. It took four matches to light it, and then the fireworks began. He thought it would be nice to see the smoke come out of his nose, so he asked Meyers how to perform that feat. Meyers told him to swallow the smoke. Paul misunderstood him, and thought he said he should swallow the cigar. He did so; now he swears that the cigar must have been loaded.

—We are going to have a combination operatic and vaudeville show in the smoking room next Sunday evening. The tickets are all complimentary and have been going at the rate of four dollars apiece. Each ticket is good for a seat and standing room besides. A number of stars have been engaged for the performance to pass water and sell tickets for the benefit of the "Old Maidens' Society for the Culture of Higher Education of Bachelors." Mr. Singer Farce Bauwens is expected to open the program with his famous vocal selection "Mulcahy's Sooner Dog." John Mullen will play his violin solo on "How We Won the Game We didn't Lose." Thomas alias Baldy, will give an imitation of "How to Touch a Man when your Tobacco is Gone." Powers will sing "I was Drunk in Old Kentucky," while Grady recites his little verse about "Take Your Clothes and Go." Haley and O'Sullivan will be behind the scenes, and O'Brien will sit in bald-headed row. Gilbert and Brucker will dance the "Rough Rider's Gallop," or "How Davila got down to Prayer." Murphy will make a speech if his friends

let him. Cuspidors have been reserved for Weadock and Eggeman.

—The SCHOLASTIC sent out some letters asking the different luminaries of the University for their opinions regarding the territorial expansion question. The following communications have been received.

Mr. Yockey.—I don't think we want territorial expansion. It has proved disastrous in the past. If we did not annex Louisiana and Texas we would not have such men as Duperier and W. C. Brann in this country. If we try to get too much land we will be like Maloy trying to eat a twenty-five pound turkey. I tell you, sir, the good men of the country have far enough to go to get to Escanaba without looking for such places as the Philippines.

Mr. Murphy.—I have just one argument in favor of expansion, but that argument is a whopper. It is a plug of Battle-ax in your pocket when your friend regretfully tells you that he "hasn't a bit." It is a solution of this problem that I discovered last summer while I was thinking about where we would be eighteen hundred years from now. This is the argument, and I know you'll say she's a dandy. We need more room, sir, more room. Chebanse is growing every day, and it will crowd Chicago into Lake Michigan pretty soon, if we don't get Cuba or Porto Rico, or some place, to lay out our potato patches.

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE LAW DEPARTMENT.—The law class met again last Saturday evening, and after a thorough discussion by Messrs. Weadock and Duperier and Messrs. Rahe and Yockey, it was decided that a policy of territorial expansion would not be beneficial to the United States. Mr. Paul Ragan, as critic gave an intelligent and discriminating criticism of the debate. Messrs. Pickett, Murphy and Steele also delivered interesting impromptu speeches on the subject. Before adjourning, President Hoynes gave out as subject for debate at the next meeting, "Resolved, That the welfare and happiness of mankind would be subserved by the disarmament and disbandment of the armies of the world." Mr. O'Malley and Mr. Steele will hold for the affirmative, and Mr. Ragan and Mr. Weadock for the negative.

THE PHILOPATRIANS held a very enjoyable meeting last Tuesday evening. Most of the time was spent in debating. Three debates were to be contested, but owing to the fact that several members were in Chicago, one of the debates was postponed. Mr. McGrath was admitted as a member. The first debate was: "Resolved, That education is more useful than wealth." Mr. Fahey and Mr. Giffen upheld the affirmative side, and Mr. Ellwanger and Mr. Higgins the negative. The arguments were very strong on both sides, but the affirmative side had a shade better of the contest. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.