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Bethlehem.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, '97.

IT WAS the middle of the night-time, in December
chill and cold,
And the world slept 'neath the shadow of a year
fast growing old.

Round about the town of Bethlehem, like dewdrops
on a flower,

Hung moonbeams fraught with quiet,—silence of the
midnight hour.

In a shepherd's rock-hewn stable stood a manger old
and brown,

'Twas the only place of shelter to be had in Bethlehem
town.

Thither came the Virgin Mary, for the time was near
at hand

When the Christ-Child, God incarnate, should be born
upon our land.

That day had lived its measure; time begot another
morn,

And the next day just beginning saw the Infant newly
born.

In the manger bed they laid Him, near the ox and
near the ass,

While the angels sang hosannas, that the Word had
come to pass.

'Twas the birth of joy and happiness, the dawn of
Peace and Love,

When the shepherds saw His star break through the
fleecey clouds above,

In the middle of the night-time, in December chill
and cold,

While the world slept 'neath the shadow of a year fast
growing old.

Mr. André's Dream.

THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98.



AFTER reading Mr. Andrew Lang's book, "Dreams and Ghosts," one can more easily see the probability in some of the stories that are wont to disturb the peaceful slumbers of children. Certain stories contained in "Dreams and Ghosts" are hard to believe; but there are others that would seem equally improbable if it were not for the fact that they have been verified by persons of undoubted veracity. A few of the stories in Mr. Lang's book are of very recent date, and have their foundation in this country. The history that I am going to relate is just as probable as either the story of the "Murder of Lord Percival," or "Lord Broughm's Ghost," and it was related to me by one whose truth and veracity I can not doubt. My informant was a granddaughter of the principal actor in this story, and I write, in substance, as it was related to me:

A short time after the Revolutionary war, Mr. André emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky. It was his custom, after coming to Kentucky, to visit his relatives in the "Old Dominion" every second year, and in pursuance of this custom he left home about the middle of December, 1804. The route to Virginia in those days lay over the Cumberland Mountains, and the trip was always made on horseback.

The mountainous regions of Kentucky were then very thinly inhabited. You could ride for miles without seeing the slightest sign of civilization. There was, however, a road over the mountains, which crossed a ford in the Big Sandy River at Cumberland Gap. Mr. André



had been told of a new house near this ford where he could obtain lodging for the night.

When night fell the full moon shone brightly, and the ground was covered with snow. It was not very cold, and, in fact, it was an ideal night for riding. Suddenly Mr. André's horse pricked up his ears as though some one were near, and in a few moments André saw a horseman riding towards him. He reined up his horse, and the other horseman did likewise. After the usual greeting, each inquired of the other his destination. When Mr. André told the stranger that he was going to put up for the night at the small tavern near the ford, the stranger asked him if he had ever stopped there before, and to an answer in the negative, the stranger said:

"My friend, I am sure you will not like that place. I took supper there, but the looks of the host and hostess were too much for me, and—"

"Well," interrupted Mr. André, "I have been riding all day, and find myself, as well as my horse, pretty well worn out, so I will have to put up with these suspicious persons for tonight."

They soon lost sight of each other among the shadows of the great forest trees; and in a few moments the only sounds audible to either rider were the dull thuds of his horse's hoofs and the occasional rustle of the west wind disturbing the twigs and branches of the giant oak and ash trees.

Clouds were gathering in the west, and the wind was getting higher when Mr. André dismounted in front of a lonely mountain tavern, hitched his horse to a sapling beech tree, and walked up the well-beaten path to the door of the tavern. His knock was answered by a half-grown negro boy, who ushered him in and gave him a chair near the fireplace. The tavern keeper came in a few minutes later, and when he learned that Mr. André was going to stay all night with him, ordered his wife to prepare supper for their guest. Mr. André and the tavern keeper took the tired horse to the barn, and when they returned supper was ready.

It was near eleven o'clock when the host showed Mr. André to his bed-room. The bed-room was upstairs. The stairway was uncovered, and built outside the house, in much the same manner as a modern fire-escape. Mr. André was very tired and sleepy, and consequently the rough, savage-like countenances of his host and hostess, so in keeping with the warning the horseman in the forest had given him, did not cause him to remain

awake any considerable time after he had retired. About two o'clock in the morning Mr. André awoke from a very realistic dream. He had dreamt that his life was in great peril, and that a man, a woman and a negro boy, were standing at the foot of the stairway. The man tightly gripped a long butcher knife in one hand and in the other a blanket; the woman held a lighted candle in her right hand and shaded its light with her left, and the negro boy carried a bucket. The appearance of the three persons exactly corresponded in every particular with his host, hostess and the negro boy who had answered his knock at the tavern door. Mr. André, though somewhat startled at first, soon fell asleep again; for he was a firm disbeliever in dreams.

Mr. André had not been asleep very long, however, when he had another dream, corresponding in every particular with the first, except that the man had started up the stairway, and the woman and negro boy were following in the order named. He again persuaded himself that it was only a dream and soon fell asleep for the third time.

It was not very long until the sleeper dreamt a third time that his life was in great danger; and this third dream only differed from the second in this, that the three persons had almost reached the door leading into his room. He was greatly excited when he awoke from this third dream, and, almost unconscious of the fact, he hurriedly dressed himself. He was about to open the door, when again his manhood, as he said, revolted against his prying into anything of a superstitious nature. Feeling somewhat chagrined at, as he called it, his very childlike actions—now that the mental agitation of this third dream had cooled down—he resolved to lie down and sleep until a very late hour. But of a sudden, there was a noise on the stairway. He was sure that this was no dream, for he was wide awake. At first he thought it might be some hungry rat making a trip toward the kitchen for his nocturnal meal. He soon changed his opinion, however, for the character of the noise did not justify his first surmises. Mr. André listened. Some one was ascending the stairs. Grasping his revolver, he swung the door open.

"Stop!" he yelled in a savage voice, as he levelled the revolver at the breast of his host. "What are you doing here?"

The man said nothing. The hostess turned pale, and the negro boy stood breathless. And there they were just as Mr. André had dreamed.

Lazarus Awakened.

RAYMOND G. O'MALLEY, '98.



GRIEVED procession passed out from the gate of Bethania to a cave a little beyond the village. Mary and Martha, her sister, wept; their brother was asleep and still, in the cave.

To the northwest and distant less than two miles, rose the temple and city of Jerusalem whither the other women of the group looked. There were their homes. They had come to console the sisters, bereaved of their brother, and had followed, weeping.

The disciples of the Nazarene,—driven from Judea two days before,—nervously took away the stone that covered the cave.

The sound of a pebble falling into the cave and the blows that loosened the stone echoing from the hill, alone broke the awful stillness.

The sun shone on the up-turned clay; reflected from the tools the light dazzled the eyes of the on-lookers. The mouth of the cave was lighted and showed a dull, yellow-brown that grew darker as the cave opened, and beyond it was dark, black.

Mary drew nearer and peered into the tomb. Her hair hung loosely, and half hid her face which was pale and drawn. Her eyes were lighted for an instant by hope, then lowered and closed. Sickened by the horrent odor of the grave she turned away sobbing dryly. From the parted lips of the Lord escaped a groan, not loud but melodious,—the fundamental in the infinitude of tones that compose the one plaintive note of earth vibrating forever at the Word.

With uplifted eyes,—all-seeing eyes, dimmed with tears,—which saw, through the stellar space, beyond the discovered, and farther, Light and Life, He stood by the cave in the sight of His Father.

They that stood by marveled, trembling.

To the grave of Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha, He turned and called, "Come forth!" Out from the cave glided the image of death.

The women and the disciples drew back affrighted from the figure wrapped in grave clothes rigid before them.

Quaking and blundering, they unwound the robe of death from his arms; from his face they took away the cerecloth.

The imprint of their fingers was on his arms that were relaxed and lifeless. His hair stood out upon his head dry and loose. His lips, that were black, changed to a natural red and closed over his teeth. His face became blood-red and flushed with startled life. The purple and black of his forehead, ears, arms and legs changed to flesh color. His eyes that were cold and wrinkled brightened.

Mary called, "Brother! Lazarus!" threw her arms around him, looked into his eyes, living yet strange, and pressed her lips to his that were warm and alive.

Her friends forced her away from him.

He looked on those about him, and his eyes, filled with mystery, rested neither on Mary nor Martha, his sisters, but on Him whose voice had just now reverberated through the night of Hades.

Beati Mites Corde.

EUGENE A. DELANEY, '99.



I.
HE peasant prayed; within his lowly cell
The murmurings that stirred the quiet night
Laid bare a soul that humbly strove to tell
Its woes; here Faith yet lived to lend its light.

Among the angel-choirs around the Throne
Of Love the music of the prayer found voice
To sing in praise; but, in the cell, alone,
The peasant's burdened heart dared not rejoice.

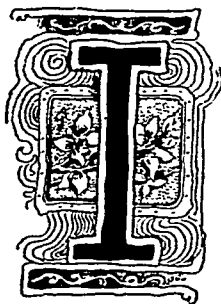
II.

The prince was dead; his royal face yet shone
Defiant of the foe who closed his day;
They placed a victor's garland high upon
His brow; close by his hand, his good sword lay.

Before the judgment seat, amid the hosts,
A naked form approached and stood to hear
The awful sentence; now, bereft of boasts,
It trembled in confusion and in fear.

A Yellow Leaf.

F. HENRY WURZER (LAW), '98.



IMAGINE myself sitting beside Ik Marvel, the Bachelor in the garret, in just such a chair as he occupied. The maid has just placed the anthracite on top of the sea-coal in the fire-place. I turn and look down into the street of the large New England city. Crowds are thronging up and down either side of the street with a number of parcels under their arms. Keeping company with the bachelor I also fall into reverie. My thoughts naturally follow the crowds of people and the many different and odd-shaped packages they are carrying. It is not hard to guess that very few of those who pass by loaded down with their purchases have articles that they intend to keep for their own use, for it is close to Christmas. Everyone is buying for some one other than himself. How many minds in that throng are not even now debating whether this or that present will please and satisfy? Each one is seeking to bring happiness and joy to others. But, after all, how many will create only unhappiness, and how many will be dissatisfied? It seems hard if that must be the rule of the world: for to be happy is really the only reason for existing.

But just now, as the anthracite is blazing into a bright, steady glow that makes each crevice in the garret radiant with its warmth and cheerfulness, my soul is also lit up with a bright and happy solution of this dilemma. I feel it, I read it in the gassy flame,—it is contentment; for, like the anthracite, contentment throws forth a constant, warm and tranquil light not only to him that feeds that flame, but to everyone that stands by.

Contentment is, indeed, abstract in every way. Like the cooling summer breeze, we feel and enjoy its gladdening influence, but we can not grasp it. It can not be made by the owner of rare ingredients; it can not be bought, and yet every man can acquire it by self-cultivation. And this absence of materiality clings to it even in the conditions that bring it. Wealth and position can not give it; for "the Kingdom of God is-within,"—and Shakspeare says well:

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Nor decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy."

Contentment alone is the soul and substance of happiness; and he that is without it seems to me much like the yellow withered leaf that I see down in the street. It is one of the last that remain of the summer's growth. It greened perhaps on the topmost branch of an oak that towers high into the ethereal space. Spring had given it birth and revealed to it the many joys of youth and the beauty and grandeur of nature. It could look far and wide over the city and over the fields. It stood in a line with the crosses on the church-towers. It was the first to be kissed by the morning sun and the last to yield to the veil of night. It heard the merry song of the skylark and the oriole, and gave shelter to such distinguished songsters from rain and storm. It was shielded from the sight of midnight crime, and looked only heavenward to the stars and to Him that guides them. But a dark cloud comes over it; the summer sun has lost its warmth; it is bitten by the frost, and the first blast of the autumn brings it to the ground. There it lies in the moss, the plaything of the wind, trampled on by those that looked up to it before.

How like this leaf is not the greatest of men when he can not be content? He, too, is born high in position and station of life. He may enjoy the pleasures of youth which he is taught to see. He may look over his fellow creatures, and stand among the leaders of men. He may even be in the care of a tender mother who seals each day with a kiss on his brow. He may listen to the golden tales she has to tell, and give ear and soul to the many heart-pleasing songs of love that come with the spring. But with the first disappointment he is bitten with the frost of discontent. He changes his moral color, and all his empty joys come to the ground. He becomes the plaything of whim and fancy.

The man that is content is like the edelweiss on the Alpine hills,—his life and his hopes are always green, ever blossoming into flowers of happiness. For him contentment kindles the cold anthracite into a warm, glowing coal, and gives lustre to the ashes; it gives glass the water of diamonds, and iron the glitter of gold. With it the pattering of the dreary, drizzly rain becomes like the song of birds, and the snowflakes, riding before the cold, blasting, winter wind like the apple blossom, whose falling indicates an abundance of good fruit. It brings sunlight into the dungeon, and turns this garret into a costly and luxurious alhambra.

On the Manchester Coast.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

Βῆ δ' ἀζέων παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.—Illiad I. 34.

CAUNT and grim rise the brown
 rocks as the tide ebbs. The russet
 rock-weed floats sinuously on the
 grey waves. One ray of the sun
 gleaming on the water makes a golden
 road down the bay, out by the black
 light-house, out into the sunny days of
 spring. A cloud floats across the sky, and
 again the day is dark; but I have sped
 along the sunlit path and wander beneath
 waving palms 'mid glowing flowers . . .
 look! was that flash of red a paroquet?
 At the water's edge a dash of spray falls upon
 me, and reluctantly I move back a step.
 The grey waves roll swiftly in, topple,
 and break angrily in great white lines
 along the stony beach. The tide has
 turned, for the last wave crept around my
 feet. The next will fill my footprints and
 the third will wash the sand smooth.
 Back and back I am driven—why does the
 water toss so restlessly?
 Boom-oom-om-m! Listen to the siren far down
 the bay! The wind comes from the north-

east. God help the ships along shore to-
 night! Old ocean will gnaw at their ribs
 tomorrow. That long note means snow.
 Far out two gulls chatter noisily as they skim
 the restless waves. How shrilly they cry!
 Look!—another—and another. Seal Rock
 will be white with them in an hour.
 Up the bay tug two fishermen at their oars—
 up—down. Now on the crest, now in the
 trough! A fog bank sweeping up the bay
 hides them for an instant. There it lifts.
 Dimly I see them straining at their oars.
 Down shuts the fog and swirling in shore
 it wraps me up.
 The voices of the fishermen sound through
 the mist. I wish I could see them strain
 at their oars. Gaunt and grim the brown
 rocks sink in the rising tide. How shrilly
 those gulls cry! I stumble over a broken
 spar, and sadly I struggle up the beach,
 ankle-deep in sand. Home I go through
 reeking fields, but my mind goes on to
 sunny days of spring.

A Legend of the Holy Night.

ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN, 1900.



THE night was dark and cold the wind
 That moaned about the cave
 Wherein the One that saved mankind
 Sweet joy to Mary gave.

Before the Kings from Eastern lands
 Had travelled from afar
 To Bethlehem o'er desert sands,
 Led onward by the star;

Before the gladdened shepherds sought
 To find the Saviour born,
 Urged on by news the angels brought—
 Glad tidings of the morn,

The kine that near the manger's side
 Were feeding on the hay,

With heads hung low, and placid eyed,
 Looked on Him as He lay.

And when the chill of night had lain
 Upon the Holy One,
 While Mary held Him close in vain
 Its cutting edge to shun,

A slow-eyed ox of those that fed,
 With swaying step and mild,
 Moved closer to the manger-bed,
 And breathed upon the Child.

And thus, 'tis said, the breath of kine,
 Which eased the Mother's cares,
 Was perfumed by the Child divine,—
 And still its fragrance bears.

Because of a Cat.

JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99.

MANY years ago Jack Strongbow and Harry Winters, two amateur insurance agents from Carson City, Nevada, stayed at my hotel in St. Louis during the Christmas holidays.

The former was a light-haired, corpulent fellow of excitable disposition. He was somewhat eccentric, at times, and always enjoyed a hearty, good laugh. The latter was tall, muscular and adventurous. His predominant fault, as he frankly admitted, was an excessive love for the Indian's "fire-water." He seemed to take the world easy, never worried about the morrow, and often told me that his fortune lay hidden in Klondyke.

This particular evening Jack and Harry, greatly fatigued by their long journey—they had walked nearly thirty miles that day—went to bed at an early hour. At about one o'clock next morning the two agents were awakened by the "meow" of some neighboring cat. Each thought that the cat was in the bed-room, and both secretly resolved to kill the miserable animal. So noiselessly did each steal from his couch that neither knew the other was in search of the unwelcome visitor.

When Jack crept out of bed, he armed himself with a heavy, hickory cane, and thus prepared to meet his adversary, he cried "meow." The cry was instantly re-echoed from an adjacent corner of the room; but as the night was pitch dark, Jack could scarcely locate his opponent. This difficulty, however, did not discourage him, for he had often found himself in circumstances more perplexing than those of the present. Therefore, taking a firmer hold on his weapon, he crawled on his hands and knees in the direction of the "meow." Another "meow," and he knew that his victim was close at hand. Jack was naturally intrepid, but the present situation caused his courage to waver. His imagination is highly worked up; it is now a bright mirror that reflects his past deeds, especially those dealings with the many honest persons whom he persuaded to take out a heavy insurance on their property. Strange visions loom up before his "mind's eye," and the voice of conscience seems to tell him that his future will be one of eternal exile. The vision grows brighter, and as he draws nearer the glistening eyes of his oppo-

nent, the latter appears incredulously large for a cat—in fact, it is larger than a young tiger.

"What if I fail to floor the brute?"

The silence of death pervaded the room, and Jack's heart had all but ceased to beat. Stepping back a little he took steady aim at the monster's savage countenance and succeeded in landing a terrific blow on Harry's bald head. The very thought of this midnight slaughter made him so nervous that he could not find a match with which to light his tallow candle. He concluded to leave the dead cat where it had fallen till morning.

The victim of Jack's vicious blow fell to the floor unconscious, where he remained until four o'clock that morning, when he recovered sufficiently to scramble into bed. Here he rested until awakened by his comrade who was so elated over his victory that he could scarcely contain himself for joy. He was somewhat startled, however, when he perceived that the dead cat was missing.

"Harry," he exclaimed, "I have been sadly disappointed; but I must confess that never before have I had a dream so vivid as the one I had last night."

"Well, Jack, I can sincerely sympathize with you, for I am also laboring under the effects of bitter disappointment. My adventure with a cat last night nearly cost me my life. About one o'clock this morning I heard a cat cry "meow." I jumped out of bed, seized a small hatchet and began to search for the disturber of the peace. Just as I raised my hatchet to annihilate the brute, I received a stunning blow on the top of my head. Then—"

"Then—I—I—" cried Jack in a trembling tone of voice.

"Be patient, Jack, be patient, and let me finish my story first. For an hour or so after I fell on the floor, I neither saw nor heard anything. Life itself seemed to have left me, though I was denied entrance into Paradise. After regaining consciousness, I scrambled into bed as best I could, where I soon fell asleep and began to dream. Oh! what a horrible dream! I thought that I was crawling around the room in search of a cat, and at the very moment I made ready to sink my hatchet into its skull, I saw you in the act of striking me with your cane. I tried to ward off the blow, but could not; you had gained the day."

"Undoubtedly, Harry, I had gained the day; and I now add emphatically that if I had *your* weapon last night, you would never "meow" again."

In the Rain of Christmas.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK (LAW), '99.

WHEN the thin snow reaches the pavement it is swallowed up in the heavy shadows. No white is on the street, nor on the sidewalks, nor on the roofs—the wind has swept all clean, and now into the bare blackness silently drips the rain. There is no strife in the windless night, and on this Christmas eve the rain falls noiselessly in straight lines. Out of this sodden web and woof the street itself lies like a gleaming ribbon of cloth of gold, yellowed and shimmering with ten thousand lights. The skies hang over the city in a dank pall, but below, where on other days men buy and sell and hate, tonight, in a luxury of warmth and color, they are content and happy.

The rain does not hinder them. Laughing they fill the theatres, the clubs, the restaurants. Laughing they venture into the rain and regard it not. Laughing because they are forgetting; forgetting yesterday and tomorrow, living only in the rainbow-hued today. And all the street is flashing light and life and glow.

Out in the rain, never laughing, never smiling, stands an old man, his shrunken fingers outstretched for an alms. No one heeds him. His deep-sunk eyes gaze hungrily into the brilliantly-lighted *café* where the white shoulders of the women and the eager faces of the men rouse him to impotent fury. He can almost taste the wine, and then, in fancy, the goblet is snatched away. The lights torture his old eyes, the low, sensuous music maddens him.

Cold and sick at heart he turns away into a dark, narrow lane, leaving behind the lights and the music and the flowers. He passes thin-clad women carrying bundles accompanied by men of careworn faces where now there is a touch of tenderness. A rough cab-driver smoothes the steaming coat of his patient horse. A policeman has a bit of holly in his button-hole, and his rubber coat glistens in the lamp-light as he passes, tapping the awning posts with his night stick and humming softly. The wanderer does not notice all this, but remembering the *café* and the theatres he

says bitterly to himself: "The rich man's Christmas!"

The steady rain chills the old man, and he creeps for warmth to a half-opened church door. Before him is a shadowy throng of kneeling worshippers. Above and beyond them, the high altar is ablaze with light. The golden vestments of the priests and the sheen of countless candles glisten through clouds of incense. Under the groined roof thunder the mighty peals of the organ mingling with the reverent voices of the multitude. "O Salutaris," they sing, "O Salutaris Hostia."

The splendor and majesty of it all carries the beggar out of himself. Behind him the storm of sin and hate; before him the beauty of truth and love. He does not understand; but as the organ sobs a last grand amen, and at the tiny tinkle of a bell, the church is hushed, the old man, with an unspeakable calm in his heart, bows his head before his God—the God of both rich and poor.

Out in the sad night, silently falls the rain.

New Year's Eve.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

THERE'S a dismal drone in the wind tonight.
Around the turrets it whistles shrill
With a shuddered whisper and human thrill.
'Tis demons' curses and angels' prayers
Mingled together the wild wind bears,
As it moans out under the soft star light.

Slow the sad old year is dying.
All his pleasures, hope and pain
Swell the murmuring refrain.
'Tis the requiem of the year,
'Tis the chant around his bier,
That we faintly hear at fitful moments flying.

Sweep on, O wind! in wild career.
In mocking tones you speak to me
Of what has been and what might be.
Those withered fancies once were bright
That ne'er came true. Alone tonight
I mourn another passing year.

The Patron of Lawyers.

JAMES F. MURPHY, '99.



ON one of the windows in the college church at Notre Dame is a picture of St. Ives, commonly called "The advocate and lawyer of the poor." He was born of a noble family near Tréguier in Brittany in 1253.

His early school-days were spent in his native town, and at the age of fourteen he was sent to Paris where he studied the liberal arts and divinity. Some ten years later he took a course in civil and canon law at Orleans.

During his school-life he was very industrious. His only recreation consisted in visiting hospitals and caring for the sick. After leaving college he was ordained priest; and some years later his bishop made him the civil and ecclesiastical judge of the diocese of Rheims. While serving in this high office his impartiality and unswerving fidelity made his name famous throughout the land. He labored unceasingly to protect the poor and the homeless, and he would often step down from the judicial bench to plead a poor man's cause in another court. His judgments were pronounced only after long and deep reflection. The spirit of fairness that penetrated his whole being was so evidenced in all his decisions that the losing parties to a suit were seldom dissatisfied. Few ever left his court without feeling that their rights were duly protected. He considered his office only as a trust placed in his hands. And he always kept in mind that some day his decrees would be reviewed by a higher court,—by the Supreme Judge. In 1285, he was appointed rector of one of the richest parishes in the country, where he served till his death, which occurred May 1, 1303.

In St. Ives we have an example that modern lawyers might well follow. He regarded the practice of law as something separate from other social actions, and as sacred in itself. In it he could find no room for political aspirations. While performing the duties incumbent upon him in this occupation, he cared little whether he made friends or enemies, as long as justice was subserved. The emoluments, or the honor, or the blame that the office might bring him were entirely unnoticed by him.

We are told that he would never accept a

fee for his services. This, no doubt, is the reason he was chosen by the lawyers as their patron. Modern lawyers are more exacting. They are willing to serve their neighbors, providing these neighbors pay well for the service. This rule, however, does not apply to all. There are some, like St. Ives, that take pleasure in defending the weak and poor, but such lawyers can be easily counted. The majority of the lawyers of today regard the fee as one of the principal factors in the case. Their ambition to acquire wealth closes their hearts to the wailings of the unfortunate. Yet, it is hardly just to single out the legal profession for this fault. The same is true of nearly all other professions. It is the spirit of the age. Yet, were the lawyers to follow St. Ives' example, one profession at the least would rise above this modern tendency, and stand prepared to deal out equity to all deserving it.

We are told that while St. Ives occupied the judge's bench, he always took plenty of time in making his decisions to meditate upon the merits of the case. He considered this deliberation a most solemn duty, and always kept in mind the words of the holy Scripture: "He that is spiritual judgeth all things." Were this example followed by our judges, would not the work of the appellate courts be considerably diminished? Politics would be banished from the court-room. The judge would have a higher appreciation of the momentous duties before him. He would be more cautious in delivering opinions. And he would be impartial alike to friends and foes.

St. Ives followed another practice that is very rarely met with at the present day. He always tried to reconcile the parties to an action, and to settle their disputes without going into court. In this manner he succeeded in decreasing the litigation of his diocese, and in establishing a closer union among the people. He made it his duty, so far as it lay in his power, to repair shattered reputations, to patch up broken promises, and to restore family ties. If unable to do this as a lawyer, he did it as a priest. On one occasion, finding it impossible to make peace between a mother and her son, he offered up a Mass for them. On the following day they came to an understanding and lived in perfect union ever after.

Charity was the virtue that St. Ives especially practised. After every harvest, he distributed his crop among the poor; and, despite the protestations of his friends, he kept nothing

for himself. A neighbor once said to him: "I have gained a fifth by keeping my corn." "And I," returned the Saint, "have gained a hundredfold by giving it away." He ate nothing himself until the poor were satisfied. In addition to this he built a hospital for the sick, and supported it until his death.

This noble exponent of charity and devotion to high principles met his death when he was but little past the midday of life. The unflagging industry and perpetual mental strain to which he subjected himself wore heavily on his health, and he passed away in his fiftieth year. He realized that death was near for many months before the end came. His friends advised him to rest from his labors and attempt to build up his health. This he refused to do. His last days were the most active of a busy life. On the last Thursday that he lived, he said Mass and preached to the people of his parish when he was so weak that he had to be upheld by two men. After this he announced his willingness to give advice to any that wished it. Many profited by the opportunity, and the words of counsel offered then were the last they had the privilege of hearing from their beloved pastor and judge.

Would it not be well, not only for lawyers, but for all business men to follow in his path? How few men are willing to give even a hundredth part of their income to the poor. Some men make large donations to hospitals and asylums, but they too often do this for fame. They are preceded by heralds and followed by others. The real difference between these men and St. Ives is, that they practise philanthropy, while St. Ives practised charity. His gifts were prompted, not by a desire for fame, but by true Christian motives. As a lawyer, judge and man, this illustrious Breton has few equals. All law students should study the life of this great saint whom "the lawyers have taken for their patron, if not for their model."

The Explanation Suggested.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

DO you know why it is that when club men assemble
For a jolly good, rollicking bachelor spread,
They call it a "stag," though they do not resemble
That beast in the least from his hoofs to his head?

You don't! my dear fellow, the reason is plain:
Just think of the forest all carpeted green.
Ha! I see in your face that it's entered your brain—
A stag party's one where there's not a dear seen.

Johnny.

EDMUND C. BROWN, '99.



JOHNNY, let me see your hands. Now, the idea of going to school without washing! And your hair—it looks as though it had never been combed! Go wash yourself this minute and then come here." Mrs. Pierce sighed as Johnny threw his hat into a corner and left the room. He was her only son, but he caused her an endless amount of trouble. He was not a bad boy; but he carried carelessness to such an extreme that he made his mother's life almost a burden. She tried in vain to keep him clean. Every morning the same scene took place; and even then she could imagine visitors at the school asking: "Who is that dirty little boy?" Mr. Pierce had been dead for a number of years; and the only punishment Johnny ever received was from his mother. Some evenings, when he returned from school long after supper with his hands and face dirty and his clothes torn, she would whip him severely. He would cry bitterly and promise to be better; but on the next evening he would become interested in a game of shinny or war, and would again be late. In school he would spend hours at a time drawing pictures of the teacher—whom he hated—teasing some of his schoolmates or day dreaming; and in his examinations he was invariably at the bottom of his class.

One day, however, a change came over Johnny. It was springtime, and the damp snow made excellent snowballs. Of course, Johnny was late for school. When he took his seat, he saw with surprise and delight that there was a strange girl in the seat just in front of him. He noticed that her long black hair hung down her back in a single braid. This was just what he wanted; and at his first opportunity, he tied the braid to his desk. When the girl leaned forward, of course her hair was pulled. This was one of Johnny's old tricks, and every time he had played it his pleasure had been marred; for the girls invariably reported him to the teacher. The strange girl merely looked around and untied the string. Johnny was abashed; but he was determined to have some fun. He took some snow and dropped it down her neck. She flushed slightly, but did not say a word. This was completely.

beyond Johnny's comprehension, and he asked her name. It was Ethel.

Before long Mrs. Pierce noticed that Johnny was more careful when he washed, and, on several occasions, she could trace a vestige of a part in his hair at noon. One day she saw him put perfume on his handkerchief, and one evening he washed his hands with warm water and rubbed them with glycerine without being told. He even went so far as to blacken his shoes and ask his mother to tie his necktie. At night he came directly home from school; his trousers were no longer covered with mud—the result of playing marbles. Mrs. Pierce wondered at this change, but she was too pleased to inquire the cause of it. The teacher was more surprised than Mrs. Pierce, especially when she saw that Johnny was so influenced by Ethel.

Johnny watched the other girls and boys talk to Ethel, and he was envious; for he could not muster up courage to do so himself. Sometimes he would ask her where the lesson was; but his hand would tremble and he would blush violently. In class, he would sit with his eyes on her and with his mind far away. One day she remained after school to study; Johnny did the same; but he did little work. The teacher was dumfounded. Johnny seldom studied during school hours, and he had usually remained after school only when forced to do so.

When spring came, Johnny was the first to bring any wild flowers to school. All the girls, with the exception of Ethel, crowded around him; but he saved the prettiest flowers hoping that she would ask for them. After school was called he threw them at her, one by one, and, when she put them into a waste paper basket, he almost cried with disappointment. He ceased to bring flowers to school.

The teacher was both surprised and amused at Johnny. In all her experience as a teacher, this was the first opportunity she had had for observing a young boy in love. On former occasions, Johnny teased the girl in front of him so much that the seat was usually vacant. Ethel, however, did not complain. In fact, Johnny had changed from the worst into the best boy in school; but in the examinations his averages were lower than ever.

As spring merged into summer, Johnny's heart was gladdened by the announcement that Ethel had moved into a house a block from his home. When the "Maine" had been blown up, Johnny had organized a company

called the "cadets." Every evening for a week he marched his little company by Ethel's home; but as this had no effect, he became despondent, and much to the surprise of the cadets, resigned his office. After this, he could not be induced to play when school was out. He always went directly home. He did not dare to walk with Ethel, but stayed a short distance behind with her small brother or with some friend. One day she stopped to talk; Johnny invented some excuse and stopped too. His companion urged him to hurry, but Johnny delayed. Overhearing their dispute, Ethel looked around and said:

"Oh! I know Johnny is waiting for me."

"Ah! go on," said Johnny, as he hastened away. He feigned indifference, but blushed so violently that his companion accused him of being in love; then there was a fight, and Johnny was the victor.

The next day he came to school in anything but a pleasant humor. He had been punished for fighting both by his mother and by the big brother of the other boy. He knew that Ethel was the cause of it, and he determined to have revenge. He tried to tease her, and she became angry and reported him to the teacher. Johnny was furious; and when his most bitter enemy came and sat with Ethel, his rage knew no bounds.

The next day was Saturday, and by Monday Johnny's anger had cooled, so he took some flowers to school to give to Ethel. On his way he met another girl, and much to his surprise, she walked with him. She had heard of the fight; and expressed her sympathy for Johnny and hatred for the other boy. Johnny was charmed, and, when she asked him for some flowers, he gave them all to her. He noticed that she was very different from Ethel, and he even wondered whether she was not prettier. Just then he saw Ethel with his enemy; and as he compared his companion to Ethel, he was sure that Margaret was far better looking.

When school was called, he was surprised to see Ethel take her books out of her desk. He thought she was going to change her seat, and he was glad; for Margaret's seat was very near the door and, perhaps, she would take Ethel's. Ethel, however, put a strap around her books and left the room. That noon, as he walked home with Margaret, he found out for the first time that Ethel was going to move from the town, and it did not cause him a single pang.

The Bark of Peter.

MATTHEW A. SCHUMACHER, '99.

FOR ages now, O Bark! we have seen thee sail
The troubled waters of a mighty sea;
We have seen thee rocked so oft in the
hellish gale

When sunk in angry depths all barks save thee,
And thou dost still sail on.

A thousand waves have lashed thy sacred sides,
Have thundered death to thee with fury's might,
And yet thy stately form the billow rides
With grace and ease; e'en in the darkest night
Thou dost, O Bark! sail on.

The raging sea and foaming waves have rolled
And roared, have compassed thee on ev'ry side,
Till prophets, not a few, in gladness told
The foolish crowd thou canst no longer 'bide;
And yet thou dost sail on.

Blow winds, and rend the quaking earth in twain;
Till ye disturb the depths, unearth the dead,
Till ye have pierced the vault of heaven again,
The Bark will still sail on.

Be cold, O sun, and moon withdraw thy glow;
Ye stars, no longer crest the hills, and tears
Ye heavens drop, and fill the earth with woe,—
The Bark will still sail on.

For years we saw the waters' might supreme,
We saw one phantom float and disappear,
Another came and passed into a dream,
And so with all; but hope o'ercame our fear
When, Bark, thou didst sail on.

O Christ, we knew Thee not that lone, still night
When Life and Death embraced and stood as one!
Ungrateful we that dared not see the sight,
The angels saw, and loud proclaimed the Son,
Whose Bark will e'er sail on.

We know Thee now, O Christ—Thy Bark we know
That sails secure on waters ruled by Thee;
"Oh ye of little faith," why tremble so?
For Christ, when storms arise, will calm the sea,—
His Bark will still sail on.

MAN is like a meteor that flashes across the
sky of life. He shines more or less brightly,
but he always leaves some smoke and dust
after him to tell where he passed.—J. A. N.

A Change of Mood.

LOUIS C. M. REED, 1900.

WHEN Martin Lewis and three
of his college companions
agreed four years ago, while in
school at Harvard, that the first
man of the four to wed should
give a sumptuous dinner to the
other three, they little thought in their own
minds that anything would ever come of it.
First, because not one of the four seemed in
the least susceptible to the wiles of Cupid, and
although the walls of their college rooms were
covered with the photographs of fair friends,
yet their private opinions and ideas on the
fickleness of love, often interchanged among
them as they sat smoking on quiet evenings
together, led each to think that they were all
destined for a life of single blessedness, or
unhappiness, as you may see fit to call it.
And then the course of a few years can reveal
so much that is unforeseen. The grave might
nullify their compact. The wide ocean might
separate them, and make their meeting impos-
sible, even should one of them bow to the
power of love.

Thus when Lewis tore open a telegram,
received that morning, and read that "Dick"
Heames had been captured, he leaned back in
his chair and laughed heartily. What a foolish,
silly boy was Dick, he thought; but at any
rate he would go on to Detroit to attend the
dinner, which the telegram stated would be
held on Christmas eve. And he and the others
would drink to the unfortunate young man's
happiness, and in merry toasts wish him end-
less joy and success in his new life.

When the fast train that bore Martin Lewis
to Detroit ran into the Union depot, he de-
scribed in the hurrying, baggage-laden crowd
a broad-shouldered, handsome young man.
He immediately recognized in the man his old
college chum, Dick Heames, the victim, and it
was not many moments before the two were
grasping each other's hands with all the
warmth and fervor that mark the meeting of
college friends. Their cab was near at hand,
and as they passed arm in arm out of the
noisy, busy station, they made a remarkably
fine appearance. They were driven direct to
the Cadillac hotel where Dick was making
his temporary home.

It was Christmas eve. The happy reunion and the revival of old college days would take place that night. And what a shower of jovial reproof mingled with good wishes awaited the victim! How they would all laugh when they would recall to his mind his very decided views on love, so often expressed!

It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when Lewis and Dick Heames walked arm in arm into the club *café* to fulfil their obligation. They had just returned from the Christmas-eve ball at the Detroit club,—the most noteworthy event of the social year. A few moments later the remaining two of the compact, Griswold Chesbrough and Walter Boynton, arrived. Chesbrough was the same handsome fellow that he was at college. Boynton had grown stouter, and appeared decidedly like a Frenchman with his closely-trimmed, pointed beard and black hair.

At the ball Lewis had met the young bride, tall, graceful and beautiful, and countless other charming women; and he had danced and talked and complimented in his graceful, effective way until he had become a favorite. But now as they sat down to the banquet table he seemed somewhat quiet—just slightly; but amidst the merry clicking of glasses that followed, and the full, joyous laughter and jests of the others, the trivial change in his mood was not noticed, and even he himself joined in the merriment, and wished Dick joy and blessings without end.

And so the hours went by; the glasses were filled and refilled, and the laughter and general good feeling became more generous as old times, old promises and old stories were revived.

Then at last Chesbrough rose from his chair. "Fellows," he said—his face reflecting the sublime delight that his heart must contain—"we once held like views on the question of love. We compared it to the mercury in the thermometer that is governed by the conditions of the atmosphere. Mood governed love, we thought, and often we laughed at the possibility of a man, much less one of us, remaining in the 'love-mood' long enough to swear to his sincerity without gross fabrication. And while we give to our gay-hearted Dick the credit that belongs to courage, yet I am happy to say that I follow him a close second. My views on this subject have been happily altered, and Dick may ere long descry on the matrimonial sea, a little, unpretentious bark manned by

none other than your humble servant; for, boys, my heart has at last felt the fulness of love."

A moment's pause followed. And then such a hand-shaking, and laughing, and open demonstration of good fellowship was never witnessed before. And Boynton in the midst of it all was waving his hands in the air and trying to make himself heard.

"Fellows," he cried at the top of his voice, "I, too, came here to-night prepared to divulge the secret of my heart. I am to be married next month!"

The hand-shaking was renewed upon Boynton's announcement, and then all eyes turned to Lewis.

"Where's your bark, old man?" said Boynton slapping him good-naturedly on the shoulder.

"Not built yet, I surmise," laughingly responded the other. "But rejoice while you can, boys," he added, "for when once married it becomes you not."

They all laughed, and Lewis, under the guise of a smiling face and delusive words, had concealed the true sentiments of his heart.

Martin Lewis sat alone in his richly furnished bachelor quarters in Lawtondale. It was Christmas night. But a few hours before he had returned from Detroit—from the banquet, from his companions, from that scene of pure, incessant happiness that greeted him on every hand. The slight check that his gay, independent nature had received on the night before developed rapidly into serious meditation. Somehow, the sight of his happy friends was unpleasant to his senses, and he had left that morning for his home, stating, as his excuse for his hurried departure, that he had promised to spend Christmas night with friends in Lawtondale.

Thus he sat alone in his great arm-chair, idly fondling his pipe and gazing thoughtfully into the fire. He turned over again in his mind all the events of the past two days. How he had laughed when he received the telegram, and had called Dick a foolish boy. For what? Because he had stepped from the slow, careless, unsympathetic, unloving life that he was leading into a higher and nobler and grander sphere; because he had chosen to love and be loved and to receive the graces of a holy sacrament; because he had found in the world one who would share his sorrows as well as his joys, who would grieve when he grieved, rejoice when he rejoiced, and who would comfort and console him when

the world saw him not. And he thought of the anxious crowd that awaited the arrival of loved ones at the great station in Detroit, and the happiness that was theirs on that Christmas eve when they beheld once more the faces of those they loved. Then he thought of the tall and stately Mrs. Heames, of the beautiful women at the ball, of the brilliant ball-room, of the genuine happiness that filled the hearts of his college companions at the banquet table when they arose to tell of their coming joy. And here he was,—alone, unloved, unthought of in the lonely, oppressive silence of his own apartments. Was this the single blessedness and comfort that he had always hoped for, and had always talked of? Was this the extent and fulness of the victory he had gained over his companions? Yes, this it was; and such as it was, the credit was his.

Thus he sat silently meditating, brooding, when he was startled by the sound of something falling from his mantelpiece. He jumped up suddenly as if aroused from an unpleasant dream, and looked half-dazed about him. In the dim, flickering light he saw a photograph lying on the floor almost at his feet. He picked it up and brought it nearer the fire until the golden light fell full upon it. Then he bent his head down until his eyes met the face portrayed. He drew back suddenly—fearfully.

"Nora!" he muttered, and his hand began to shake violently. Then a feeling of bitter shame and reproachfulness came over him. He saw once more the girl whose holy love he had rejected. He heard her voice, he felt her touch; he saw her face, her form, her eyes—those great, earnest brown eyes that had once spoken the pure, holy love of a trusting heart. They were upon him. He felt them burning deep into his guilty soul. They laid bare the anguish, the guilt, the shame of his heart, but they soothed it not. Their pity, their comfort, their softness was gone!

With one quick impulse he thrust the picture from his sight. Then he felt a dizziness come over him, and he reeled and fell back into his great arm-chair. He gazed blankly about him for a moment, and then the torturing bitter tears of regret burst forth.

The fire in the grate burned lower. The last dying ember cast a shadow on the prostrate form in the chair, and then flickered out. Martin Lewis was alone—forsaken.

The old town clock spoke the midnight hour—and Christmas night had dipped into the past.

Another Year.

JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND, '99.

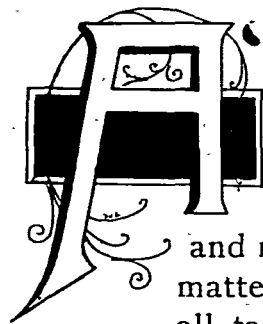
ANOTHER year has gone for aye,
As a raindrop in the evening gray
That falls upon the stream below
Is lost forever with its flow
Where waves of boundless ocean sway.

Some flowers bloom no second day;
But once they glow in the morning ray:
So many a heart shall never know
Another year.

Death plucks the rose-buds on his way,
And lets the wilting blossoms stay
To waste their fragrance where they grow.
Us too, He fain would take, although
The recording angel grants delay
Another year.

Polly.

THOMAS J. DILLON, 1900.



ALFRED MORROW certainly never expected to fall in love at first sight. In fact, he was rather sceptical about the existence of such love, and never bothered himself about matters of this kind. His time was all taken up with writing "clever" things. Of course, in his book the characters loved much; but they did it according to rules; and when Morrow saw them out of their difficulties he let them drop, and thought no more of them or of their loves.

The little book of verse he had published suddenly became very popular, causing his circle of acquaintances to broaden considerably, which flattered his pride. Incidentally his purse kept apace with his fame. This explains how and when he met Polly.

A popular author will lecture,—this is one of the immutable laws of nature—and Morrow found lecturing an extremely profitable occupation; not that he was by any means an orator, but because persons will pay to see a famous author the same as they will pay to see a strange animal. Then having, as they think, made the acquaintance of the author, they will buy a complete set of his works bound in morocco.

In taking a preliminary glance at his cultured

audience one night, while they were still applauding him, he accidentally caught sight of an old school chum, Charlie Manning, whom he had not heard of in years.

The applause ceased and the lecture began. Everybody drew in a long breath, and resolved to remember some remark or die. As the time passed, Morrow warmed up to his work, and had just finished making a two-armed gesture that included the universe, when he noticed a very prepossessing young lady sitting beside Charlie Manning. This formed the first chapter of the romance to follow.

After the performance, Charlie sent his card around. There was no reason on earth why Morrow should have been so elated on receiving that card. True, they were old chums; but men, as a rule, do not go into ecstasies over one another. He wrote on the back of the card "I'll be with you in a moment."

Morrow got in front of the theatre just as Charlie was helping his mother and sister into a carriage. Mrs. Manning was "delighted" of course, and Miss Paulina Manning vouchsafed the information that she had read all Mr. Morrow's books, and was just in love with them. This was said with an entirely unnecessary smile. In the course of the confidences they learned that they were staying at the same hotel, and then drove off together.

When they were sitting in the parlor of the hotel, Mrs. Manning complained of the heat. Miss Manning requested Charlie to have a bell-boy get her fan which she said was in room 45. Charlie got up and went towards the button, but suddenly changed his mind and went after the fan himself. Now this was noticed by Morrow, because Charlie had been noted for his laziness at college. But all this was soon forgotten in his conversation with Paulina—"Polly," as her mother called her.

When Morrow was given the key to his room he noticed that it was number 47.

"That's next to hers," he said aloud; and the diamond bespattered clerk smiled a cynical smile.

In passing down the corridor Morrow allowed himself the privilege of muttering these words: "I think that I had better be quiet tonight. I wouldn't disturb her sleep for worlds."

In his room he lit a cigarette, and, like many another very young man, he gazed at the moon, the refuge of the newly smitten, and the good-natured moon assumed the features of "Polly" Manning. He had been dreaming this way for a short time when he heard Charlie's jolly

voice—not very distinct—but he couldn't avoid hearing it.

"Hello! Polly."

"Oh! gwon 'n git next t' youself!"

Ye gods!—that dignified young goddess saying "git next t' youself."

Morrow's brain whirled and the moon spun round in a circle before his eyes. His romance and poetry were irreparably smashed, and after Charlie slammed the door, Morrow collapsed as he heard "Get Your Money's Worth" whistled in a very spirited manner.

Well, his love dream had come to a sudden end. He said that he was a fool, and he repeated it with emphasis again and again. He could get no sleep that night, and he tossed around in bed in utter disregard of his promise not to disturb his neighbor. The worst cases must in the end succumb to sleep, and toward morning Morrow forgot the troubles of this disappointing world.

About nine o'clock he got up and dressed, wrote an excuse to Charlie, and was just preparing to leave when he met Manning in the hall-way.

"Good morning, Al; you look tired. Too much work? By the way, come here and I'll show you something."

Saying this he turned the knob of room 45. Somewhat amazed, Morrow looked through the open doorway and then burst into a fit of laughter, and in a few seconds was madly shaking Charlie's hand.

"Isn't she a dandy? Hope she didn't disturb you last night. We have to keep her in a room by herself as she is not well educated, are you, Polly? Polly looked at him in the sarcastic way that parrots can, and merely remarked "Git next t' youself."

A Yarn above the Clouds.

JOSEPH F. DUANE, '99.

WE had been sitting there a long time—that old man and I. The golden light shone full upon him; and his figure against the intense blue sky showed in every line, from his white hair to his sandals, peace, holiness and simplicity. I had been telling him the last remarkable incident of my life. He had followed me attentively, when I described to him how an old college professor and I had journeyed to the roughest part of the Sierras,

prepared to spend two months away from the haunts and artifices of men, and to delve at will into the beauties of Nature. It surprised me that one of so great learning listened to my tale with such evident interest. I told him how one day I had wandered from my companion, and was amusing myself by loosening large rocks from their places and watching them go bounding down the mountain side, now tripping on uncertainly, now stopping as though to rest, and then on with renewed impetus, down, down, beyond my vision. Not by a single smile did he comment upon my childishness, but listened in silent deference, with that evident interest I had before noticed.

"I had passed perhaps an hour in this way," I continued, "when a sharp, agonized cry of distress broke upon me and was re-echoed back and forth among the crags. No sound followed it, but the many reverberations made it impossible for me to locate the place whence it arose. I had thought that there was not a human being within two days' journey of us; but that cry had broken upon our solitude, and it startled me.

Troubled in spirit, I set out determined to find its cause. I searched the mountain side for three hours, but with no result. Tired and somewhat depressed, I resolved to give up and return to ask the advice of Professor Merton. I was standing near a narrow ledge, and I stepped out upon it to take one last look down the mountain before relinquishing my search. I screened my eyes from the dying sun and strained to find any thing in that awful solitude but rocks and gullies.

"Yes, a few yards below me to the right crouched a figure in the descending gloom. I hurried nervously down to it. A lighted match revealed to my frightened gaze the blood-smeared face and head of a young Indian. I hastily sought his pulse, but death had long since rendered it inactive. Puzzled to account for his death, I was about to look around me for signs of an encounter, when of a sudden it flashed upon me. He had been wandering along through the passes when one of the rocks started by me had struck him. Wrapping my coat about his body, I placed him in a cranny of the rocks, and with a troubled mind, hurried back to camp and the Professor."

There I told him of my misfortune, and his old gray eyes glowed with sympathy. Professor Merton was one of those mild altruists that are continually seeking to do good, yet he did not hold his goodness up and ask you

to behold and admire. He was sorry for the poor red youth and sorry for me. However, he did not rebuke me for my carelessness by a single word or look, but left me for the night with the remark that the tribe from which the Indian came was probably friendly, and that we must try to find them in the morning.

When on the morrow we rose, we saw a thin line of smoke, some miles to the south. We made a litter of boughs and a blanket, and carefully placing the poor youth upon it began our journey. During the long march hardly a word was uttered except concerning the direction we should take. Toward the middle of the afternoon, at a winding in the mountain, we could discern an encampment about a mile away. There were the dead youth's people. His body was carried to the chief's tepee, whither we were also summoned to follow. Professor Merton was about to explain the misfortune, but he was informed by a gesture to be silent.

One by one the old men of the tribe glided in, until the tepee was filled. The youth's remains were placed in a gaudy blanket in the centre. Then the chief motioned the Professor to speak. He briefly and simply related how I had indirectly been the cause of the youth's death. At the end of the narrative, the Indians showed no signs of sorrow, but sat in solemn dignity. For an hour they talked among themselves, and having apparently arrived at a decision, the old chief arose. In broken English he said that the dead had been his boy, and pointed out his only remaining son, who, I remembered, had glared fiercely at me while the Professor was talking. Then after a long enumeration of the virtues of the dead youth, he concluded by saying that it was resolved that his boy could not go alone to his Manitou, and on the following day, at sunrise, I should follow him.

Before I could form words to reply to the horrible plan, I was hurried from the tepee and conducted to a wigwam at the extreme south of the encampment. A guard was placed over me, and for three hours I lay there, not able to realize the terrible truth. Toward dusk, I was awakened from a troubled sleep and led back to the chief's tepee.

Before it stood Professor Merton, and as I came up, he held me by the arm, and said he would speak to the chief alone. Then with a strange, calm light in his eyes, he grasped my hand and passed in. After a half-hour, two

Indians glided out and led me to a narrow bridge over a deep cañon. Then one pointed toward the north and said: "Go." I endeavored to ask him why I had thus been liberated and what of the Professor; but, beyond the monosyllable "Go," I could get not a word from him. So, wonderingly, I crossed the bridge and walked about a mile in the twilight. Bewildered I sat down and reflected upon it all. It was strange, certainly very strange. And why had not the Professor been set free with me. So I sat wondering until a few stars appeared to magnify the blackness of the night. Suddenly, as one of those distant stars flit into existence, the truth flashed into my mind—he had sacrificed his life for mine. As I hurriedly retraced my way, I understood that look in his eyes and why he had pressed my hand so hard. It was intended for his last farewell. Such had been his heroic intention, but I would save him yet.

Soon in the still night I heard the water rushing over the rocks down deep in the cañon. After groping about in the dark for a full hour, I found the bridge. I stopped and listened, but no sound issued from the encampment opposite. Fearfully I began to crawl across. The sharp rocks bore painfully into my hands and knees. In a few minutes, however, it was over, and I was just breathing a prayer of thanks, when I felt myself suddenly grasped by a pair of sinewy arms. I instinctively knew it was the chief's son. I struggled, but my strength was as a child's compared to his. High into the air he lifted me, and walked out a few steps on the bridge. He hesitated a moment, then, whispering into my ear "He will not be alone," hurled me headlong down that almost bottomless cañon. My whole life flashed before me as I fell. I caught a glimpse of a light in the encampment, and though I knew it was my last view of life, I was happy. I knew that by my death the red youth would have a companion and that the Professor was saved."

But you, incredulous reader, with your ready logic, ask how I could be telling this, if the Beyond had claimed me? But that good old man, silently listening to my tale, did not. His simple faith would not permit him to doubt me, and even if it did, he would have been interrupted; for at that moment the Heavenly A. D. T. returned. He helped me on with my wings, for I was not used to such things. Having adjusted them, I bade "Good-bye" to St. Peter and passed within the golden portals.

The Cynic's Christmas Eve.

FRANK O'SHAUGHNESSY, 1900.



HE club rooms were as empty tonight as the purses will be tomorrow. I could scarcely walk along the street from the jostling of the crowd. The blazing store windows were piled with toys and candies. It seems the people never outgrow the childish notion of Christmas; even the old men bent with age must have a Santa Claus. The notion of men—grown men and women—squandering their money on foolish trinkets to give to friends, expecting, of course, something more costly in return! It is all a sham, look at it as you will. I shall have nothing to do with it.

The money that is spent for candy tonight would build half the railroads in the State, and yet, poor devils working for a miserable salary will throw away their sweat-grimed wages on this vile stuff, and on worthless toys for noisy youngsters to break on the heads of one another.

The children must go half clothed to school that the saving shall make a holiday of Christmas.

A bachelor's life for me—a quiet room and an hour with De Quincy is better than all this dross.

I am getting drowsy,—another cigar, and I shall read until twelve.

Bah! De Quincy is as bad as the rest; there is too much milk in his nature. Was there never a consistent bachelor? or am I the first to stand out boldly against the follies of the world? Well, it's all the same. I do not need their support. The trouble with them is their memories go back too far,—back to their silly boyhood. Memory is a treacherous thing, and they have not the courage to resist its weakening influence. Even if I was a boy once, I can hold out against that. Now, thank God! I am a man, and I have done with boys. We had our sports the same as they; we swam and coasted and skated, but what of that?

I could skate better than any of the others on the mill-pond. My skates were made by my father from two old files, set in blocks of wood. I got them in my stocking one Christmas morning, and I foolishly went into ecstasy over them.

I got a pair of red and black striped mittens the same Christmas. My mother knitted them

while I was asleep, for fear I should see them; she might have left off the frills, they would have done as well. I was conceited enough to think they were prettier than those of other boys.

Mary Golden was the best skater among the girls, and because I could cut her name on the ice she would skate with no one else, neither would she coast unless I guided the bob-sled. Girls are frivolous, and continue to be so even after they reach womanhood.

In a spelling-match I won a book entitled "The Heart of Myrrah Lake." I wrote a silly verse on the fly leaf, and gave the book to Mary on Christmas. I remember the verse.

Mary, you stood next in line,
But I spelled you down on *anodyne*.
The prize is not for a boy to take,
So I give you "The Heart of Myrrah Lake."

She made a pair of wrist-bands to match my mittens, and gave them to me on New Year's day. I think they are still in that box on the shelf. I shall see,—yes, here they are, very common things, too. I wonder I should ever have felt proud of them! No, I shall put them back—there is no need of burning them.

Like all girls she learned to dance, and insisted that I should learn too. True, I was foolish enough to waste an entire winter under her instruction until my clumsy feet could go through the manoeuvres. I gave her a plush box with a celluloid comb and brush that Christmas, and she—gave me a pipe, and cried because she saw me smoking it. She said boys always tried to be as wicked as they could.

That was the winter I went into the lawyer's office. When I tried my first case, Mary was there. She said mine was the best speech she had ever heard at a trial; she said she was sorry she had never heard lawyers talk before.

I gave her a—ring that Christmas. I put it on her finger as we walked home from church.—That light makes my eyes water. I must see the oculist.

Her cousin sent her a copy of "Baskett's Poems." I called them abominable. The cousin had wretched taste. She was unwell the next time I called—and the next time.

I went to the Legislature that year. My practice became large, and I was kept busy. She told some one I was becoming proud. I won the Perley case and made five thousand dollars. The next Christmas she sent back the ring.

I spent my evenings at the club, and occasionally went to the theatre. She sat in the orchestra circle with a grocer. They were

married that year. I read the announcement in the paper.

The grocer's business became involved, and I was the attorney for the creditors. I saved my clients from loss, but the settlement left the grocer a bankrupt. He died shortly afterwards. They had one child, a girl. She is six years old now. The widow is a dressmaker living poorly in a rented house. I was talking with a merchant today when she came in to buy a doll. When she saw me her face became very red.

I should not have left that window open. I have caught a cold, there is a swelling in my throat. No, the window is closed.

Surely that ring is not lost, I put it in this tray. Ah! here it is—age does dull the lustre of a diamond.

I went without an overcoat the winter I bought this ring. She had a small finger; it is larger now, and probably sore from needle pricks.

She bought a cheap doll—twenty-five cents, I believe. The merchant paid me a fee of five hundred dollars. I have thirty thousand in the bank, and—The clock is striking twelve. It is Christmas day. A tear that?—and I a man? No, O God! no—I am a brute.

Loose Thistledown.

When we criticise the first poets in any literature we usually admire them, not so much on account of their intrinsic good qualities, but because they were the first. In spring, we think that crocuses and tulips and daffodils are the prettiest of flowers, and this because there are no roses with which to compare them.

The lukewarm astronomer if asked what he knows about the immensity of our universe will answer, that the earth travels around the sun in a path with a radius of 93,000,000 miles, and still it is so mechanically exact in its motion that the length of the day has not changed the one thousandth of a second in a thousand years. He will tell you that to add to the complication the sun with the whole system of planets is sweeping through space at the rate of twenty-six miles a second—more than eighty times faster than the swiftest projectiles of our improved guns. How strange and stupid that it never occurs to him whence all this immensity and force can come! J. A. N.

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Remember the place and the date,—Notre Dame, January 5, 1899.

Pin on a bunch of holly and get ready for the holidays. The SCHOLASTIC comes out with a branch of mistletoe and extends to all the compliments of the season. We could not allow this period of best-wishes to go by without offering the right hand of good fellowship and giving the old-time cordial greeting. Gentlemen of the Faculty, fellow students, friends and readers all, we take great pleasure in wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

In athletics, everything is lively; our track team has heard that certain fair maidens in Indianapolis are working on a fancy silk pennant for the champions of the next inter-collegiate meet. If they once make up their minds to take a walk down to the capital city and secure that pennant, it will be all off with others that have like aspirations. Put on your running shoes, gentlemen, and go after it. We have already told the young ladies to use gold and blue thread and work a large N. D. on one side of the banner.

The examinations next Monday and Tuesday will bring to a close a successful session in the University's career. If we can foretell by judging from the past, we may expect the next term to be one of the most active in the history of Notre Dame. In debating, oratory, elocution, and in all class work, the progress of the students has been most gratifying. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates itself on having come across a few men in Brownson and St. Joseph Halls that may write very clever verses and sketches for our columns next season. It is to be hoped that the Christmas holidays may bring them inspiration for future themes. Heretofore the work has been left almost exclusively to the men of Sorin Hall. There is no reason why this should be the case. Our columns are open for contributions from any student that has ability enough to write them. Residents of Brownson and St. Joseph Halls ought to try to represent their departments as much as possible and contribute anything in the line of verses, sketches, personals, essays or stories. They will be dealt with impartially, and any merit in them will not be overlooked.

The SCHOLASTIC takes the words of our Rev. President, and says to the students going home for the holidays, "the greatest pleasure that you may have while at home will not be as great as we would wish you to have." There is something about the short vacation that we have at this season of the year that makes it dearer to the student than the long vacation in summer. It can scarcely be said that Christmas holidays appeal to one class of people more than to another. Christmas is the one universal day of joy and festivities for old and young alike. However, to the college student returning to home and friends, it seems to be more welcome than we can describe. All the victories and defeats of the football season—the greatest season of college life—are lost in the merry roll of the Yule-tide. It is well that it is so. The short and gloomy days of winter would drag wearily enough were it not for this time of well-wishing and happiness. Have a rollicking, jovial good time, then, while you are away. Though the old boisterous jollity around the Boar's Head has been abandoned, there is an abundance of good fellowship in the world, and may you have the best of it. Good-bye, fellows, and let us be the first to greet you on your return.

PAUL J. RAGAN

The School of Journalism.

READERS of this journal will remember that last summer, the DAILY SCHOLASTIC announced the organization of a course in journalism at Notre Dame. The prophecy is now approaching fulfilment. A draft of the new course has already been made, and a full description of it will soon be published.

The course extends over the four collegiate years, and it is at least as difficult as any of the other curricula leading to the academic degrees. Those studies which look most directly towards the work of the newspaper man—English, the modern languages, philosophy, history, political economy, etc.—are specially emphasized, and to them is added a thorough training in those special matters that most college graduates are obliged to learn for themselves in newspaper offices, under discouraging circumstances and in a strange environment. It is no longer necessary, as Horace Greeley used to think, that the journalist should have begun his career as a printer's devil, sleeping on newspapers and eating ink. It is possible for the college to fit him not only with academic knowledge and skill in writing, but even (in the case of a college like Notre Dame) with actual experience in journalism.

The standard of the course will, above all things, be high. The school of journalism must make its reputation within the next five years, and no student that is not likely to shine in the profession will be encouraged to continue in the course. Certainly none such will receive the diploma of the school. The degree given to successful candidates will be the same as that bestowed in the English course.

Banquet of the Notre Dame University Association of Chicago.

ON the night of Tuesday, December 6, a large number of the "old boys" that make up the Notre Dame University Association of Chicago, assembled at the Tremont House for the first annual banquet. Among those present were many eminent clergymen; many that have made rapid strides toward the front in the legal profession; some that have been chosen to preside on the judge's bench; others well advanced in the medical field, and more that

have been successful in commercial life. Many of the men have not seen the University since the fire swept away the old buildings in 1879; others have been here but a few times since their graduation, and are nearly strangers to the present faculty and student body. But the same old Notre Dame spirit was enlivened in every breast as the old days of their college were talked of, and everyone sat down to the well-spread tables as much a college man and good fellow to all present as he was in years gone by when he took his place in the Brownson refectory.

Twelve large tables nicely decorated with chrysanthemums, carnations and roses were laid in the big dining-hall. At nine o'clock when the feast started there were few vacant places left. After the first two courses had been served, Hon. Carter H. Harrison, mayor of Chicago, entered the hall amid rounds of applause. He was soon followed by Colonel Marcus Kavanagh, lately appointed judge of the Illinois bench. Both gentlemen came as honorary guests in response to an invitation extended to them by the association. Mayor Harrison had left a party at his house to be present at the banquet, and for this reason was unable to remain until everything was over. After the eighth course, John S. Hummer, president of the association, and toast-master of the occasion, introduced the mayor to the members, and Mr. Harrison made a brief speech expressing his pleasure at being present, and extending a cordial greeting to all those from outside the city.

The remaining courses of the feast were soon disposed of and the toasts were in order. Mr. Hummer first introduced Very Rev. Father Morrissey, President of the University, who responded to the toast "A Message from *Alma Mater*." Father Morrissey made an eloquent address telling the alumni how much their efforts are appreciated by their *Alma Mater* and how glad Notre Dame is to count them among her sons. He expressed a desire to see the association grow larger with each year and be successful in the work that it has marked out to accomplish. He was followed by Hon. John Gibbons who responded to the toast "The Practical in Education." Mr. Gibbons said that the best education to give a man is moral training. Let the heart be trained as well as the mind and we will have men that will make good citizens. Lack of public conscience is the greatest menace to our country's welfare today.

The Hon. Wm. P. Breen, of Fort Wayne, was next introduced to respond to the toast "The Good Old Days." Mr. Breen, like all college men, regards the days spent at the University as the happiest of his life. With graceful delivery and flowing language he recalled many instances of his college life, as vividly as though they had occurred but yesterday, and paused now and then to pay a tribute to some noble professor or kind prefect for whom he has many tender remembrances. The eloquent gentleman was frequently applauded during his address, which abounded in witty remarks and humorous allusions to the days when he and his companions were participants in college tricks.

In response to the toast "University Training and the Professions," Colonel William Hoynes, Dean of the University Law school, made a brief address pointing out the importance of education in the professions. He said that the day is past when a young man, after spending a few months in an office, could become a successful lawyer or physician. The rapid advancement of the last few years makes it necessary for a man to have a thorough training before he can compete with men already established in the professions.

Col. Marcus Kavanagh, replying to the toast "The College-Bred Soldier," said that in the late war many of the bravest soldiers were those that had received a college education. There was no regiment in which there were not privates that had received university diplomas. Among them were many from Notre Dame. The higher a man's ideals, the better his patriotism; and the college man, well educated and patriotic, shone pre-eminent in the work of defending his country.

Mr. Hugh O'Neill, of the Chicago bar, the association's prophet, not without honor, etc., pointed out a noble work for the educated man to accomplish in the future. The educated, he said, were the ones that built up Greece and Rome; they wrung the Magna Charta from King John; they drafted the American Constitution. America needs learned and great men, and she must look to her universities and colleges for the highest and noblest types of citizens.

Mr. Kickham Scanlan was then called upon for a few remarks, after which the entertainment closed. The committee on arrangements and the association is to be congratulated for the successful and enjoyable manner in which everything was conducted. P. J. R.

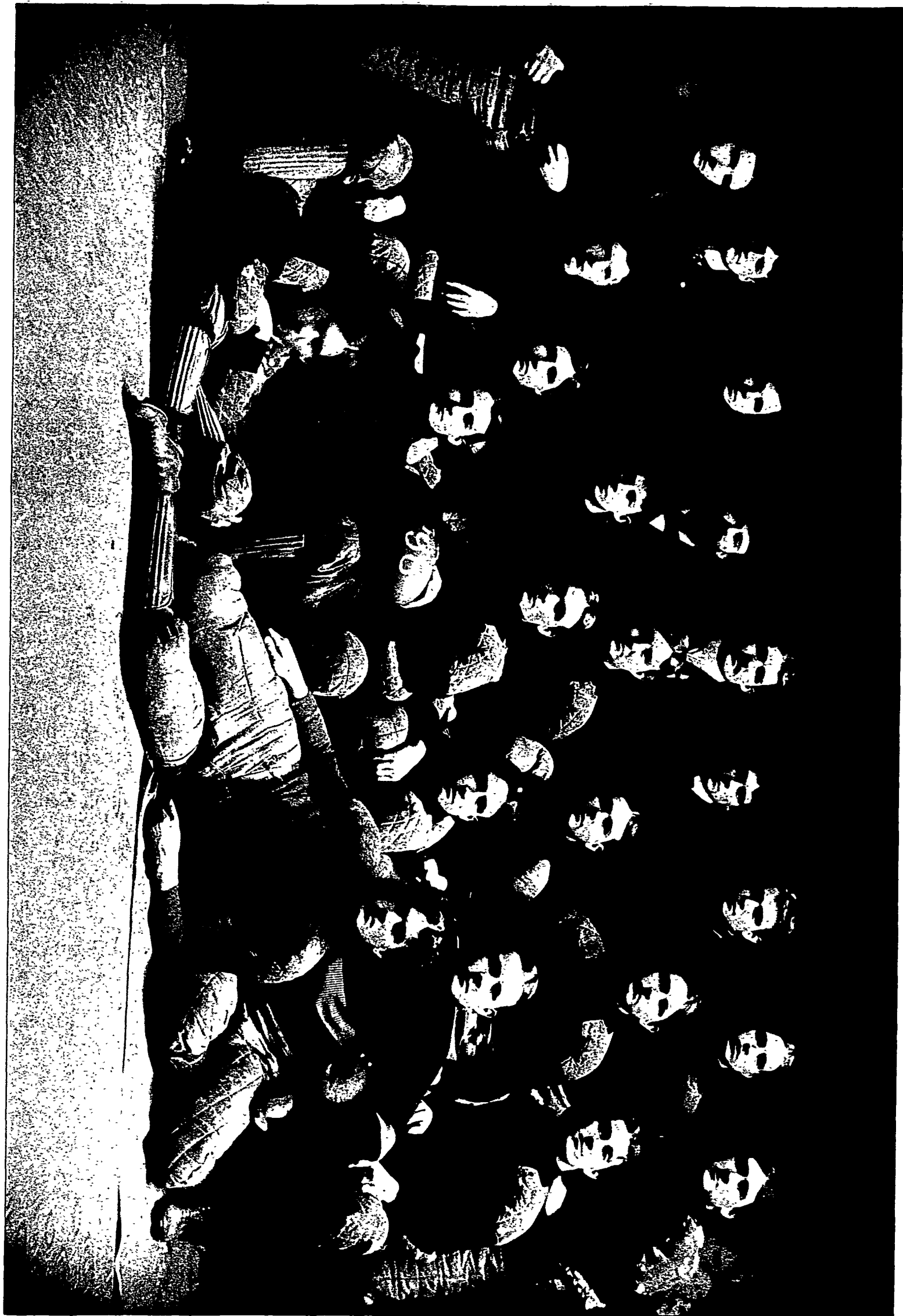
The Men that Fought our Battles.



HE bumps and bruises, the spirited dashes, the heavy plunges at the line, and the weary hours of training that went to make up the football season of '98 came to a close Thanksgiving day. The victories of our team,—pleasant topics for conversation—and the defeats,—stinging, some of them,—have all been talked about in a manner that betokened the keen interest the students took in watching the progress of their team. In the rush of the season the game itself was the all-engrossing subject that occupied the attention of the enthusiast. Now that the excitement has subsided, it is right that we set aside the play for a time and talk of the players. The Christmas SCHOLASTIC does itself the honor of presenting the photograph of our admired and plucky athletes, and thus the humble scribe sits himself in his chair to scribble these few lines of explanation and review of the men and their work.

The Varsity of '98 was a success. We lost some games, it is true; but what would be the sport of playing if we could hang about the training quarters confident of vanquishing every opponent? It is the fate of all gamesters to throw the unlucky dice sometime. If we would be classed among worthy rivals we must expect to meet some more powerful than we. For the games that were lost—they were lost to good teams. For the games won, the Varsity has already received its credit.

We had many difficulties to encounter. In September, when Coach Hering and Captain Mullen called for candidates, only five of last year's team were here. The new material was anything but promising and consisted of light and inexperienced men. The same old tactics of other years,—work hard and do the best you can,—were employed, and the result was all that could be expected. McNulty, Fortin, Bennet and Kuppler proved to be good men. From the time of the first game and victory at Illinois, till the last down was called, everyone did his best, even though the team seemed to be working against harder luck as the season advanced. There were no accidents, thank Heaven! but still there were other drawbacks. Some of the older men on whom we based our hopes were preoccupied with their studies, and found it impossible to play. Captain Mullen and Farley were out of games on account of illness, and Eggeman, our mainstay, left the



Infirmity to fill his position in the Indiana game. This is not a hard-luck story, but simply a recital of some of the obstacles that had to be overcome by the Coach and the Varsity in their work of the past season. Taking all things into consideration, Notre Dame has no reason to complain. Our Varsity of '98 was all right. Now let us make you acquainted with the men.

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

Captain Mullen is a typical football player; one that plays for the game itself, and loves to be mixed up in every rush that is made. He takes good care of his end of the line, and it is seldom that an opposing team can gain a yard around him. He is the equal of any end in the West in getting down the field under a punted ball. He understands the game and his players as well, and is in every respect a competent captain. He is twenty-four years old, weighs a hundred and sixty pounds and is five feet and ten inches tall.

ALBERT C. FORTIN (*Right Tackle*).

Fortin is the youngest man on the team. When the Illinois and Michigan games were played he was only sixteen years old. His age is the only drawback to his work. When he is older and stouter he will be able to handle any opponent. A quiet, plucky worker, and a conscientious player, he never shirked a severe practice or a hard tackle. Fortin ought to be one of our best men next year. He weighs a hundred and seventy-eight pounds.

ANSON M. BENNET (*Right Guard*).

Bennet never played football before this year. At the opening of the season he went out with the candidates, and it was not long before he was assured of a place on the team. He plays hard and fast, and with more experience will make a good man. He is five feet nine and a half inches in height and weighs a hundred and eighty-seven pounds.

JOHN W. EGGEMAN (*Centre*).

"Big John" made his reputation as a centre rush last year. In both seasons he has been handicapped by having new and inexperienced men as his guards. Nevertheless, when he gets in front of a play it's all off. His favorite game is to throw his opponent out of the way with one arm and tackle the runner with the other. He is a tower of strength in the line, and visiting full-backs have had trouble trying to pass him. He is twenty-two years old, six feet and four inches tall and weighs two hundred and forty-eight pounds.

JOSEPH J. MURRAY (*Left Guard*).

Murray played his second year on the Varsity. He is young, but an aggressive player. Once or twice he was unfortunate enough to be offside, but as a rule he is careful and watches the play closely. He did his best playing in the Illinois and De Pauw Games. Toward the end of the season a bad knee kept him from practice. He is nineteen years old and weighs one hundred and ninety-eight pounds.

MICHAEL P. McNULTY (*Left Tackle*).

"Mac" was our find of the season. With some experience before entering the University he had no trouble in securing a position on the team. On defensive work he was the peer of any man on the team, and when our side had the ball a mass on tackle at his side of the line was always good for a gain. He manages to keep in every play, and is always right after the ball. He weighs one hundred and eighty-eight pounds and stands five feet and eleven inches.

JOHN F. FARLEY (*Left End*).

Farley, the "Tiger Lily," is the pride of the rooters. Whenever a good long cheer came from the side lines it was invariably caused by one of Farley's long dashes for forty or sixty yards. He is a quiet, hard worker and a sure tackler. He follows his interference the best of any man on the team. He is twenty-one years of age, weighs a hundred and sixty-five pounds and measures five feet and eight inches in height.

CHARLES FLEMING (*Quarter Back*).

Fleming played his first season and proved to be a good man. His only fumbles were in the Michigan game when the ball was water soaked and heavy. He is a sure man at the kicking game. His place-kick at Champaign won the game for Notre Dame. He missed only two goal kicks in the whole season. Fleming is twenty years old, five feet and eleven inches tall and tips the scale at one hundred and forty-six pounds.

GEORGE J. LINS (*Right Half Back*).

Lins played first-class football all season. When he carries the ball he is a hard man to stop. He is not afraid to dive into the mass, and knows his game well. He is one of the hardest workers and steady players on the team, and plays at tackle as well as at half-back. His weight is a hundred and seventy-eight pounds, height, six feet one and a half inches, age, twenty years.

GEORGE KUPPLER (*Left Half Back*).

Kuppler deserves great praise for his conscientious training and hard work. He played throughout every game this year. During the early part of the season his anxiety to get away too quickly caused a few fumbles. Later on he became a sure man and could be relied on to make good gains. He played his first season with the Varsity. He is eighteen years old, weighs a hundred and sixty-eight pounds and is five feet and nine inches in height.

WILLIAM P. MONAHAN (*Full Back*).

Monahan, weighing a hundred and forty-five pounds, is perhaps the lightest full-back on the gridiron. What he lacks in weight is made up in pluck, ambition and a thorough knowledge of the game. Though light, he hits a line hard and carries the ball well. In the Illinois game he made ten successive plunges through centre, guard and tackle for a total of sixty yards. He is nineteen years old and measures five feet ten.

ANGUS D. MACDONALD (*Qr and Half Back*).

Macdonald is the same favorite on the gridiron that he is on the baseball field. It was late in the season when he began to play, but his work was of the best. He carries the ball well, plays a good defensive game and is the best punter on the team. He is the only player that ever carried the ball for a touch-down from the kick-off on the Notre Dame field. He is six feet and one inch in height, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, and is twenty-one years old.

ARTHUR HAYES (*End*).

Hayes played his first year and won his position through pluck and perseverance. He is eighteen years old. During the early part of the season he tried for half-back position, but later on changed to end and was successful. He keeps in the play well and tackles hard. He is five feet eleven inches in height, and weighs a hundred and sixty-five pounds.

FRANK WINTER (*Guard*).

Winter came late in the season and played his first game against Indiana. He had some experience at playing before entering the University, and in a few practice games attracted the attention of Captain Mullen, who picked him to play on the team. He is seventeen years old and weighs two hundred pounds.

JOHN K. O'BRIEN (*Sub. Tackle*).

O'Brien practiced hard all season, and would have been the first man to be picked to play tackle if occasion required it. He should make the Varsity next year. He is eighteen years old and weighs a hundred and seventy-seven pounds.

FRANCIS MCCALLEN (*Sub. Full Back*).

McCallen is the hardest and most conscientious trainer of any of the men outside of the regular team. He is a hard line buckler and understands the game well. He weighs a hundred and sixty pounds and is eighteen years old.

PETER B. LENNON (*Sub. Half Back*).

Lennon came late in the season after the Varsity was chosen. He played hard in the practice games, and will have a good chance of being on the team next year.

Team work was a feature of this year's Varsity. Everyone worked together, and to this the success of the season is due. To Mr. Hering, the coach, to Manager Schillo and to the executive committee, much thanks is due. They fill positions that usually bring only the complaints and grumblings of those that fail to see the difficulties with which they have to contend. Their work was well done. Of course, there may have been some slight mistakes; be it so, they have been duly criticised, whereas, the worry and trouble, the hard work and accomplishments have been left unspoken. Give them the credit they deserve; and, in reckoning the merits of the team examine the following schedule of games played:

- Oct. 8—Notre Dame, 5; Illinois, 0.
- Oct. 15—Notre Dame, 53; Mich. Agri. Col., 0.
- Oct. 22—Notre Dame, 0; Michigan, 23.
- Oct. 29—Notre Dame, 32; De Pauw, 0.
- Nov. 11—Notre Dame, 5; Univer. of Ind., 11.
- Nov. 19—Notre Dame, 60; Albion, 0.

* *

This is the last word about the football season of '98. It has come and gone; Notre Dame sustained her part on the stage of action, and retires satisfied with the outcome of the play. The SCHOLASTIC, that has watched play and players from beginning to end, leans out of its sanctum window, calls three last, lusty cheers and a rousing old tiger for the Varsity of '98, and wishes every member of the team and of the reserves a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

PAUL JEROME.

Exchanges.

THE St. Mary's *Chimes* for December contains so many things that are good that one can not say too much in praise of it. The opening verse, "Mater Purissima," is beautiful in thought and form, and the leading essay, Miss Meibergen's paper on Lowell, is an appreciative treatment of America's "one man of letters." Miss Quinlan writes interestingly of her trip to the Grand Opera, and she gives a clear and critical *resumé* of "Barbiere di Saviglia" and "Faust." The exchange column is written with a freshness and grace of style that seldom is found in that department of academic publications. The same is to be said of the "Literary Jottings."

The *Red and Blue* from the University of Pennsylvania is a good type of a college magazine. So many college publications of late have confined themselves to fiction that it is a pleasant change to read one that contains an occasional essay. And the *Red and Blue* always contains one or two good essays. The paper on Stevenson in a recent number is a careful study of the great writer's poetry and prose. Fiction and verse also have a place in the *Red and Blue*, and the stories are illustrated by a man that draws like Gibson.

The Harvard *Lampoon* and the Princeton *Tiger*, both jolly, careless beings, have enlivened the serious task that has been ours for the last few months. Their pages have been varied with many good and often very amusing drawings, and their many trifles in verse and prose have been very clever.

The December number of the *Brunonian* is the first copy of the famous Brown University paper that we have seen this year. It is the first number, too, that we have seen since the *Brunonian* changed from a weekly to a monthly publication. The change, by the way, is a happy one; the new and larger size and magazine shape is more in keeping with the character of the paper than was the weekly form. But it is the same old *Brunonian*. The change is but an accidental one; in essentials it is the same—the style, manner and many characteristics that make the *Brunonian* every inch the *Brunonian* are unchanged, and "Brown Verse" and "Under the Elms" and all the rest are not missing. "The Shrine" is the best bit of prose

in the number, and, excepting some of the Yale *Courant's* matter, it is the best bit of fiction we have seen this term in any of the exchanges. Its form is half story, half sketch or reverie, and the choice of form is a wise one. An amateur's attempt to write a set story, say in the third person, with changes of scene and time, is nearly always a failure. As a rule, it is little more than a skeleton of a story that needs the art of suggestion of a professional to give it flesh and blood. "The Shrine" is more than a mere sketch, as I say, it is half story; but its style is sufficiently that of a sketch to keep it within safe limits and to render it complete and better rounded out than it would have been had its author tried an out-and-out story form. In expressing our approval of Mr. Clarke's choice of form we do not wish to reflect upon the rest of the fiction in the *Brunonian*. Every bit of it can with honesty be complimented.

We have received the very attractive Christmas number of the Yale *Courant*, but too late to give it the extended mention that its cleverness merits.

As we write the last lines of the exchange column for this term and look back over the past three months we can not but feel that as exchange man we should have accomplished much more than in reality we have accomplished. There are great possibilities open to a person that has at his disposal a column in his college paper which he can make a speaking tube from his own college to all others and from all others to his own. We confess that these possibilities have gone ungrasped by us. True, there has been little need for our operating our long distance telephone. The Peace Jubilees seemed to have had an effect upon our exchanges, and even the *Index* admitted, though not without reluctance, that our Lafayette number was creditable. The *Acta*, it is true, confused us with the *Chimes*, and, of course, we had to make a show of indignation at the reflection on the *Chimes*. But the *Acta* man understood that secretly we were flattered and pleased by his mistake, and the duel never came off. Some remarks in the Beloit *Round Table* drew forth an answer from us to which the *Round Table* replied most kindly, and as a result the best of feeling exists. Altogether, we have had a very lovely time of it, and we approach the Christmas holidays with a clear conscience and a light heart.

SHERMAN STEELE.

The Philopatrians at Home.

The Philopatrian Society of Carroll Hall assembled together, prepared a very neat and pleasing little program, and were at home to their friends in the University parlors last Wednesday evening. The young men of this society have been having regular meetings every Wednesday evening, and were so well satisfied with their progress that they decided to entertain the members of the University that have not been privileged to attend their meetings. The association numbers about fifty young men, all enthusiastic and eager to make their society as popular as any at Notre Dame. Invitations were extended to members of the Faculty and many of the students in the higher classes. A good crowd responded, and at 7.30 p. m. the exercises were commenced. Mr. W. Bellinger gave a word of welcome to the visitors, and told them that if the Philopatrians could help them to enjoy a passing hour, the society would feel that its work was accomplished. He talked with as much ease as some of the men of the higher debating clubs. The musical numbers were very good.

As a solo player and an accompanist Mr. Ellwanger does very well. Mr. Krupka played his violin solo "Dancla" very accurately and well, while Mr. Nissler was not at all behind him with his flute solo, "Sicilian Serenade." He was ably accompanied by Mr. C. Rush. Mr. Brennan's vocal selection was very pleasing. Messrs. Swan and Fink did very clever work with their declamations, and Mr. Best with his humorous recitation kept the audience in continuous laughter. Very Rev. President Morrissey made the closing remarks, thanking the society for the entertainment and complimenting them on their success. Father French and Father Regan also addressed the young men. Professor Greene very kindly entertained the audience with his gramophone at the closing of the exercises. After the entertainment was over, refreshments were served in the Carroll refectory. Bro. Cyprian, director of the Philopatrians, who worked hard to make the evening a pleasant one, and the whole society, are to be complimented. The Philopatrians will be called on after Christmas to give more of these receptions. If the young gentlemen keep up the good work they have been doing thus far, we may look forward to a pleasing entertainment when they make their appearance in Washington Hall next spring.

Personal.

—Mr. J. P. Donnelly of Bay City, Michigan, was a recent visitor at Notre Dame.

—Professor Lauth, of Chicago, was a very welcome visitor at the University last week.

—Mr. W. C. Foley of Chicago, spent a day of last week with his son, Mr. Charles Foley of Sorin Hall.

—Dr. Quinn, the eminent Greek scholar, formerly of the Catholic University, was the guest of the President on Tuesday last.

—Mr. Constantine Ryan, of Philadelphia, was a recent visitor at Notre Dame, the guest of the Rev. Martin J. Regan.

—Mr. and Mrs. Nash, of Omaha, have been the guests for the past few days of their son, Mr. Louis C. Nash of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Edward E. Brennan, Litt. B., '97, has returned to his home after several months campaigning in Porto Rico with the Indianapolis Light Artillery. Mr. Brennan's athletic training while in college served him well in his career as a soldier, and we understand that he was very successful in showing the Spaniard how an American college man puts the shot.

—Mr. M. F. Hennebry, LL. B., '95, of Wilmington, Ill., has been elected Representative from his county by a majority of 1500 votes. He had the further distinction of being the only Democrat elected in his county. Mr. Hennebry was an earnest student and a very popular fellow while at Notre Dame, and his friends here are confident that he will make a name for himself in the legislative halls of Illinois.

—A recent letter from far away Arizona brings word that the Notre Dame men out there are becoming prominent in business and professional life. Mr. William D. Fisk is connected with the largest merchandise firm in the state; Mr. Porter W. Fleming is District Attorney for Gila County, and Dr. Elmer Scherrer is government physician at San Carlos Agency. These gentlemen were students here a few years ago, and the SCHOLASTIC is pleased to learn of their success.

—It was a genuine welcome that was extended on all sides to Mr. Daniel V. Casey, Litt. B., '95, of the Chicago *Record* staff, upon his recent visit to Notre Dame. During the last two years of his course Mr. Casey presided over the editorial board of the SCHOLASTIC, and besides his excellent literary work, he played upon and was captain of the football team. Mr. Casey has established himself in journalism by his successful career as war correspondent for the Chicago *Record*, and after a short vacation he has returned to Havana, and will continue to supply the *Record* with his interesting communications from that field of action.

SHERMAN STEELE.

Local Items.

—Crunican is thinking of starting a soda-water fountain in his drug store opposite the fort.

—McCarthy fell in the lake, but the water was so hard that "Mac" has a blue halo around his left eye.

—Do not go home without taking a few copies of the Christmas SCHOLASTIC along for your friends.

—We expect soon to see a notice in the Cleveland papers to the effect that "Charley Burke is in town."

—Students desiring to have University calendars sent to any of their friends should leave orders at the Students' Office.

—"It is good to be children once in awhile, and especially at Christmas," said Lobstah, as he opened a box of Havana cigars.

—That verdant garment appertaining to Mulcrone would form a very pleasing color contrast on any person else than "Mul."

—Lottie and the waste-paper basket have dissolved their lately-formed partnership. The basket is doing business at the same old stand.

—Among the gifts which Rev. President Morrissey received on his feast-day was a grand floral Cross from Mr. Albert Fuchs of Chicago.

—"Gil" and "Mendota" will wear football suits home, as they prefer to take no risks in jumping from a car that's in a hurry. Trains do not stop at their town.

—If this steady freezing weather keeps up, the students that stay here during the holidays will have plenty of sport skating on the lakes. It is a favorite pastime now.

—Smiling 'neath the mistletoe

Stood the Boston maid with spectacles;
He dared it and lo!

On his beard were pendant icicles.

—It is rather late to speak of the St. Cecilians' play. In our last issue, however, we neglected to mention the names of Mr. J. P. Sherlock and Mr. A. S. Friedman who deserve special credit for their clever work.

—A collection will be taken up in Sorin Hall to buy razors for some of the unfortunates that have not been shaved for the last month. The men will all take gas before the operation of removing the jungle commences.

—We are willing to admit that we know no more about sailing the ship of state than a senator, yet we feel that if Gibbons would discard that military hat, the peace commissioners could come home for Christmas.

—Yes, Brother Hilarion is still the same good Samaritan. The other day while the boys were skating he kept them well supplied with

nice, juicy, warm coffee that he pulled up through a hole in the ice at one end of the lake.

—The Centurion swatted the prætorian guard a resounding swat, and exhorted him in choicest Ciceronian terms to brace up. You will readily see the wisdom of this proceeding, when you remember that the centre was weak, and the other side was bucking the line hard.

—O'Brien is going to Stillwater, Minnesota, Christmas. Stillwater is a penitentiary town, and convicts are noted the world over for the shortness of their hair. From this you will see that there are many things that must needs be explained in a round-about manner.

—"The way of the transgressor is hard," remarked the judge to the culprit. The prisoner was audibly affected. This arose from the fact that the prisoner was in doubt as to whether the judge was merely in a reminiscent mood, or was giving him a broad hint that paving-stones were about to be agitated.

—There are some persons on this little globe of ours that claim that a college education availeth not in the mad race for shekels. This may or may not be true, but anyway, Shag—he of the cap of many colors,—received a sample copy of an agricultural paper the other day—all of which shows how far a healthy college education will reach.

—That all the world is a stage is one of the tenets of Joe Sullivan's creed, and he lives right up to his creed. Every night just about the time the moon begins to get homesick Joe starts. His repertoire is something immense—comedy, tragedy, vaudeville. Doubtless, many of his realistic poses are lost in the darkness—at least we hope so. Some people might not be flattered with the applause he receives, yet its heartiness and spontaneity can not be questioned.

—Help! help! shrieked the drowning man in agony. The angry torrent bore him along at a terrific pace. Down he sank to appear again only for a moment. Brave men sat on the bank and groaned. Once more he rose. Help! help! he cried, holding a five-cent plug high in the air. With a wild cheer O'Reilly leaped into the rushing waters, and struck out at a good gait, got a chew and swam back. The next day some fishermen found a body on the shore.

—Those that have never seen a South Dakota tree claim, can get an idea of what it is by looking at Kaftan's moustache. You will need a microscope of one hundred diameters; this may be difficult to get, but you will be repaid for your efforts. The microscope will show that the sprigs of hair are set out in rows running in right angles to each other. This prevents one hair from choking his fellow-hair. Kaftan will be on exhibition in the museum during the holidays.

—Brucker looked gleefully at his pocket-book, smiled a big yellow smile, and said to the picture on the wall: "Aha! my good angel, I won't be there to buy you any present this time. There is no use of hanging your sock on the chandelier, for St. "Nick" won't find it. I'll blow that whole fifty cents for myself, and gee whillikens! but I'll have a roaring old time for a whole week. Think of old Joe, and kiss yourself for me on Christmas night.

—McNichols:—Say, Murray got anything to read?

Joe (slumbering):—Eh!

McNich.:—Got a novel?—anything will do.

Joe (awakening):—Naw, I haven't any novels.

McNich.:—Gimme something; my intellect craves excitement.

Joe (desperately, throwing him Macbeth):—Read that and let me sleep! I've got my Geometry to learn. (McNich. reads, comes to the dagger scene, his lips pale, eyes glisten, beats a lively tattoo with his feet and flourishes a ruler.)

McNich.:—Gee Joe, ain't this a peach? Who wrote it? (Curtain falls with green light playing on Murray.)

—Tuesday, December 13, the Rev. Doctor Daniel Quinn entertained the Freshman and Sophomore classes with an interesting talk on Greece, Greek manners and literature. The Doctor enjoys an international reputation as a Greek archæologist, and the expectation of the students was at the highest. The easy, clear exposition of the subject-matter, interspersed with bits of personal experience, the entirely impromptu character of the proceedings, the more familiar conversational tone, created an atmosphere of sympathy between the learned Doctor and his eager listeners, and added decidedly to the interest. The Freshman and Sophomore classes hereby wish to express their thanks to the learned Doctor.

—At the regular meeting of Notre Dame Post, No. 569 G. A. R., held this 15th day of December 1898, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Commander,	William A. Olmsted, C. S. C.
Senior Vice-Com.,	James McLain (Bro. Leander)
Junior Vice-Com.,	Mark A. Wills (Bro. Chrysostom)
Adjutant,	Nicholas Bath (Bro. Cosmas)
Quartermaster,	James Mantele (Bro. Benedict)
Surgeon,	William A. Olmsted, C. S. C.
Chaplain,	Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C.
Officer of the Day,	James Malloy (Bro. Raphael)
Officer of Guard,	Ignatz Mayer (Bro. Ignatius)
Sergeant Major,	John McNerney (Bro. Eustachius)
Q. M. Sergeant,	Joseph Staley (Bro. Agatho)

Delegates to Department of Indiana G. A. R. Encampment, William A. Olmsted, Post Commander; Rev. P. P. Cooney, Alternate; James L. McLain (Brother Leander) Trustee of Post, Comrade Junior Vice-Commander, Mark A. Wills (Bro. Chrysostom). Trustee of the Relief Fund, Comrade Senior Vice, James L. McLain (Bro. Leander).

—A few thinks garnered from the thoughts of Smart Wisched:

The man that promises the same diamond

to two young ladies is killing two birds with one stone.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; a soft snap turneth away labor.

The resolutions most often kept are the ones in the obituary column.

A billiard player is like a man from Boston: uses his English, don't you know.

Don't count the presents that you will make before you count your cash.

If she is not satisfied with the ring, send her a Christmas SCHOLASTIC.

Don't trim your whiskers while the moon is behind a cloud.

—Old Sorin Hall is not the hall it was in days gone by, And we realize it sadly as the holidays draw nigh; For although our men are splendid men and real good fellows too,

Yet we have no Tommy Cavanagh,—we have no staunch Boru;

We have no Hunter Bennet, with his calm, persuasive ways,

We have no Thomas Reilly to cheer our lonely days; We have no anxious Fagan, dodging deftly here and there,

We have no fleet "Doc" Brennan dodging deftly *everywhere*.

And even coming down to times of just a year ago, Our hearts go pit-a-pat to find that we're forsaken so. For where is Captain Franey with his customary smile?

And where is old Bill Sheehan who with Dowd did haunt the Stile?

And where is good Lan Johnnders,—the pride of Sorin Hall—

Who used to always linger near the patient billiard-ball?

Ah! fellows, Sorin Hall is not the hall it used to be, Although our men are splendid men, and as good as men can be.

—Ah! yes, we had great sport, thanks to Bro. Cajetan. The Minims were working on their theses for the examinations, and the toboggan was turned over to the Sorin Hallers. Eggeman went over with a pair of new mittens and a determination to go down the darn thing even if he had to walk. Powers didn't understand the slide very well; he was having lots of fun by himself sliding down the back stairs. Duane put Meyers on his back, sat on him and coasted down. Kegler's sled got away from him, and he tried to run down the toboggan after it. He got it, oh yes! he got it. Gilbert was pretty near the bottom, and going like Teddy Roosevelt, when his hat blew off, and he jumped off to get it. He didn't slide any more. Geoghegan thought it was more fun to sit down and slide without a sled; he took his trousers to the tailor shop next day. Mullen just got there when Bauwens was going down. He was afraid Felix might get hurt, so he ran out to stop him. Bauwens escaped all right; Mullen is expected to recover. O'Brien started to walk up, singing "Get Your Money's Worth" just as Hartung started down; they got it. Haley and Fox are over there yet, if the toboggan is not worn out. Yockey is still looking for himself over there, and swears that he fell somewhere near the bottom.

—The following dropped into the box the other day. If you see anything in it that you like, appropriate it at your pleasure:

WHEN I COME BACK.

When I come back, you'll surely see
The wondrous change that's wrought in me.
My time upon my books I'll spend
And on the narrow path I'll wend,
My way, till I may sign A. B.

Each morn at prayers I will attend
And strive that none I may offend.
A perfect model I will be—
When I come back.

And here I vow on bended knee
With cigarettes I'll disagree,
And all my ways I will amend,
That each and all may be my friend,
When I come back.

—The Columbians listened to a very pleasant and entertaining program at their regular meeting on Thursday evening. The character of the work of the various members that took part in the program, showed a serious and careful preparation, and we hope it will be even better after the holidays. Mr. Lennon opened with a short reading, entitled "Ancient History," which was very appropriate, and won the appreciation of all. Mr. Shane followed with an able declamation. An impromptu address by Mr. O'Neill on the "Origin of Thanksgiving and its observance at Notre Dame," was delivered with Ciceronian eloquence. A lively and well-contended debate was the absorbing feature of the program. The question: "Resolved, That the United States should adopt a policy of territorial expansion," was fought hard by Messrs. Bouza, Schwab and Rincon on the affirmative, and by Messrs. Smith, Kennedy and Collins on the negative. The victory was won by the negative side, principally owing to the prowess and skill with which Collins distinguished himself. The criticism of the meeting by Mr. Ahern was heartily admired by everybody, and we were firmly convinced that he understood well how a speaker should conduct himself on the floor.

—THE LAW DEPARTMENT:—The fall term has been a successful one for the law department. With a large and industrious class and an ever-willing teacher, it has concluded the half year's work with great achievements. Professor William Hoynes introduced the Harvard system of teaching in the work on Sales, and the same system was used by Mr. Hubbard in the study of Code Pleadings. The fundamental idea of this system is to submit to the student for analytic study cases bearing on the subject. International law was given a thorough treatment in a series of lectures by the Dean. Constitutional Law, Equity Jurisprudence and Equity Pleading have also been covered.

The Moot-Court has also been of value. The case of Charlotte Brooks was in particular very interesting. This woman was indicted for the

murder of a servant girl in her employ, but after a well-conducted trial, lasting two weeks, she was acquitted. The prisoner was defended by Messrs. Hoban and Weadock, while Messrs. Ragan and O'Malley appeared for the state. In the case of Schroeder V. Sandiland the jury disagreed. The plaintiff's attorneys were Messrs. Meyers and Duperier, and the defendant was represented by Messrs. Brucker and Ducomb.

—John Byrne recently received a friendly letter from Admiral Dewey, in which the Admiral asked Mr. Byrne's opinion concerning many things. With the permission of this gentleman, we take much pleasure in announcing to SCHOLASTIC readers some of the great plans of the Admiral. He wished to know that if he should run for President at the coming election, could Mr. Byrne swing the college vote in his favor. He sought also the sage's opinion as to whether it would be advisable to follow such a course of action. He then closed his remarks by beseeching Mr. Byrne to be candid and plain in his answers, and send him his unprejudiced opinion. Whereupon Mr. Byrne with an ostentatious smile and a ten million dollar pose wrote the following:

"DEAR CHUM GEORGE:—Your friendly letter I perused with wide open mouth, while my ears were actually clapping together at what I read therein. You say your corn still bothers you. In your last letter to Vinne Dwyer you said that the ointment Pat Diskin sent you was a great pain killer, but was not very healing. Now I have been troubled of late with Staphylococcus Pyogenos Aureus on my Adam's apple and two doses of this remarkable medicine removed the apple.

"Now to the point. I think I could easily control the college vote for you with the exception of one O'Shaughnessy and a certain McDowd. These persons being confirmed A. P. A's are apt to waive their red underwear quite freely. How nice it would be to see you in the chair of state. I would never cease writing Latin and Greek verses in your honor until your fame would be assured a lasting remembrance to all coming ages and to all people. I have only one regret to make, providing you should receive the high honor, and that is, I can never be your Secretary of State. No, dear George, I love seclusion; my fort is Philosophy, and I will ever be ready and willing to give you assistance on any great question which you or yours may not be able to solve.

"Wishing you a delightful Xmas and an over-prosperous New Year, I will close this letter by reminding you that I wish ever to be considered as the same old, rollicking unproportional."

"JACK."

"P. S.—Address your next letter to the 'Get your Money's Worth Hotel,' Mishawaka, Ind., as I intend to spend my holidays there."