NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 14, 1899. No. 15.

Afterwards.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

GREY was the dawn when the bugle blew
And the bird songs rang out clear:
Wet was the grass with the June-day dew
That drenched the soldiers marching through
To death with a gladsome cheer.

Grey was the land 'neath the noon-day sun
Where drifted the battle smoke;
Wet was the grass when the day was done,
For the thread of many a life was spun—
Ah! comrade, why do you choke?

Wine-red the sunset glowed in the sky,
Wine-red is the field of fight;
Wet is your cheek where the tear drops lie;
Soft on the air the sad words die,
"Comrades, a long good night!"

Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound."

MICHAEL OSWALD.

SHELLEY during his life in Italy fell in love with the Greek poet and especially with Æschylus, the father of Greek tragedy. Among the numerous works of Æschylus is the famous trilogy embodying the crime, punishment and atonement of Prometheus. Only the second of these plays, "Prometheus Bound," has been preserved. Of the third, "Prometheus Unbound," a few fragments are still extant, while the first, "Prometheus the Fire-Bearer," is entirely lost. Shelley seems to have discovered the intellectual spring of Æschylus' mind, and from this the English poet drew a new creation of the "Prometheus Unbound." He not only put life into the scattered parts of the old tragedy, but he conceived in his own imagination an original form into which he moulded his drama, embellishing it with the most exquisite lyrics. Nor did he adhere closely to the interpretation Æschylus gave to the old myth concerning Prometheus, according to which the Titan was in the end reconciled with Zeus; far from simply wishing to restore the lost drama of Æschylus, Shelley was not satisfied with this weak catastrophe. "I was averse," he says, "from a catastrophe so feeble as that of reconciling the champion with the oppressor of mankind. The moral interest of the fable, which is so powerfully sustained by the sufferings and endurance of Prometheus, would be annihilated if we could conceive of him as unsaying his high language and quailing before his successful and perfidious adversary."

Like Æschylus, Shelley placed the interest of his play in the strong passions of gods and demigods. The coloring of language and the tone of thought are entirely his own, though his strength of expression he has in common with Æschylus. The poem was written in the last years of Shelley's life, among the picturesque scenes of Italy, where he listened to his inspiring Muse "upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air." "Prometheus Unbound" is one of his last and best works, abounding in charming imagery, sustained poetic diction and deep sentiment.

It is hard to appreciate fully the "Prometheus Unbound" at a first reading. The poet's imagination soars at times so high that the thought becomes unintelligible. In order to understand the poem clearly we must read it several times,—once to admire the music of

the language, again to know the story, and a third time to unite and appreciate both. A sufficient knowledge of the myth on which the play rests will help to make some of the descriptions and dialogues easier and more interesting.

We should read Shelley only when mind and body are at ease and disposed to dream but not to sleep. The enchantment "Prometheus Unbound" has for the modern reader is chiefly found in the power of its descriptions and in the melody of its lyrics. Shelley did not know the human heart as Shakspere did, nor could he probe so deeply into the mysteries of nature as Wordsworth; but he knew how to clothe his thoughts in the most brilliant garb of poetry. Like the skylark he could soar on high, and from the clouds sing his sweetest songs. His works are not so deeply intellectual as they are visionary. This is especially the case in the "Prometheus Unbound." In this play the poet's imagination is often too keen and abstract to render the meaning easy, even where his language is most concrete.

The opening of the "Prometheus Unbound" is intensely tragical, just as the entire "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, in which the victim of Jupiter's wrath is dragged by Cratos and Ria to a wild region of Scythia where Hephæstos nails him to a rock near the sea; then on account of stubbornness against his oppressor, Prometheus, in the midst of thunder and lightning, is hurled into the bowels of the earth together with the rock to which he was fastened. "Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours" elapsed, and at length the rock appeared again with Prometheus near the Indian Caucasus.

Here Shelley begins his drama. The scene is a wind-swept cliff looking out over the sea. Morning slowly breaks. Prometheus is discovered

> "Nailed to a wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
> Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured, without herb,
> Insect or beast, or hope, or sound of life."

He is still stubborn, defiant and revengeful, as is Satan in Milton's "Paradise Lost." His knowledge that Jupiter is soon to be cast from the throne makes him bold. Well might he say:

> "All is not lost; the unconquerable will
> And study of revenge, immortal hate
> And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome;
> That glory never shall his wrath or might
> Extort from me: to bow and sue for grace
> With suppliant knee, and deify his power."

In spite of his oppressor, he endures the intense torments that wring these words from his lips:

> "Ah me, alas! pain, pain ever, forever!
> No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure!
> . . . . . .
> The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
> Of their moon freezing crystals; the bright chains
> Eat with their burning cold into my bones.
> Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy [Jupiter's] lips
> His beak in poison not his own, tears up
> My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
> Mocking me. . . .
> And yet to me is welcome day and night."

Throughout this scene Prometheus assumes two distinct phases of character. Full of defiance against Jupiter, who excites him to the most passionate outbursts of hate and revenge, he is also in love with Asia, the daughter of Oceanus.

The chained Titan is, moreover, calm and gentle toward Ione and Panthea, the sisters of Asia, and the Earth, his mother, from whom he seeks sympathy. In the dialogue with the Earth he expresses the anguish of his heart:

> "Obscurely through my brain, like shadows dim,
> Sweep awful thoughts, rapid and thick. I feel
> Faint, like one mingled in entwining love;
> Yet 'tis not pleasure."

How different is the expression of his feelings when he summons up from Tartarus the Phantasm of Jupiter, and puts this curse in its mouth:

> "Fiend, I defy thee with a calm fixed mind!
> All that thou canst inflict, I bid thee do;
> Foul tyrant both of gods and human kind,
> One only being shalt thou not subdue.
> Rain, then, thy plague upon me here.

Scarcely has the Phantasm of Jupiter uttered this curse in the name of Prometheus, than the latter becomes softened for an instant even toward his oppressor. He says:

> "It doth repent me; words are quick and vain:
> Grief for awhile is blind, and so was mine.
> I wish no living thing to suffer pain."

When, however, the angry Jupiter sends his messenger, Mercury, and the Furies to torment the unfortunate victim, Prometheus quickly rises again into his fiery and spirited mood, strengthened by the thought that the revenge of the Supreme soon must

> "Sweep through vacant shades
> As rainy wind through the abandoned gate
> Of a fallen palace."

To the Furies he replies:

> "I laugh your power, and his who sent you here
> To lowest scorn."

After this terrible assault, the violent passions of Prometheus are again gradually calmed

until we find him toward the end of this act steeped in love, longing to see his "sweet" Asia. The Earth bids a Chorus of Spirits ascend from their caves to comfort him. Their messages of hope and final victory over Jupiter are beautiful examples of lyrics—melodious and charming. Especially exquisite is the characterization of Panthea and Ione in this act. Their occasional interruptions are sparkles of gentleness that soften the harsh tone of many speeches of the hero. At the close of this act Panthea goes in search of her sister, Asia.

The second act opens with a short soliloquy of Asia. Panthea enters and relates to her sister the condition of Prometheus, urging Asia to come to him. When Asia hears the oft-repeated Echo, "Follow, follow," she consents to go with her sister. She says:

"Come, sweet Panthea, link thy hand in mine,
And follow, ere the voices fade away."

Asia and Panthea then pass through a wild forest which resounds with the soft music of the spirits of the woods.

"The path through which that lovely twain
Have passed by cedar, pine, and yew,
And each dark tree that ever grew,
Is curtained out from heaven's wide blue;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain,
Can pierce its interwoven bowers,
Nor aught, save where some cloud of dew,
Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers
Of the green laurel, blown anew,
And bends, and then fades silently,
One frail and fair anemone."

Finally the two Oceanids come to the cave of Demagorgon, who is about to ascend to heaven to hurl the despot into Tartarus. Asia in her long speech to Demagorgon, enumerates the cruelties of Jupiter toward Prometheus, and eulogizes the latter for the great gifts he bestowed on mankind. The Spirit of the Hour then takes Panthea and Asia in its chariot. The car passes within a cloud on the top of a snow-decked mountain. One of the most beautiful and delicate passages of the entire play throws its splendor on this poetic soaring of fancy and genius. When the Spirit of the Hour approaches the throne of Jupiter, Asia breaks out into this sublime lyric strain, addressed to the voice singing in the air:

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm, conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, forever,
Upon that many-winding river
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A Paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the Ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound of ever-spreading sound.

"Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided:
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

"We have passed Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth to a diviner day;
A paradise of vaulted bowers
Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
And watery paths that wind between
Wildernesses calm and green,
Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
And rest, having beheld; somewhat like thee;
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously!"

The third act represents the dethronement of Jupiter and Prometheus' restoration to liberty. When the Chariot of the Hour has arrived in heaven, where all the deities are assembled, Demagorgon fearlessly approaches Jupiter and casts him from his usurped seat. A little connecting scene follows, in which Apollo informs Ocean of the calamity that took place in heaven. Meanwhile, the Spirit of the Hour brings Panthea and Asia to Prometheus. Prometheus is set free by Hercules.

Here the play is at its highest point. Till now the intensity of passion and interest have been steadily rising. In the fourth act the story begins again to dwindle away into the vague myth from which it sprang. The first three acts are like a violent storm, full of sudden flashes of lightning and loud thunder-claps; whereas the fourth act is like a beautiful auroral light seen on a peaceful evening when all storms have abated. This act is chiefly a rejoicing hymn in which we have a brilliant display of Shelley's purely poetic power. His imagination soars upward until the reader is lost in the ether of fancy and in an atmosphere of obscurity. The scene represents a forest near the cave of Prometheus. Panthea and Ione are sleeping. They are awakened by

the song of the Spirits that rejoice over the tyrant's fall and the liberty of the benefactor of mankind.

The words of the chorus and semi-chorus of Spirits that follow are beautiful for their lyric quality:

"'Tis the deep music of the rolling world
Kindling within the strings of the waved air
Æolian modulations."

The long dialogue between the Earth and the Moon is somewhat abstruse. When Panthea sees the vision of the Earth and of the Moon, she exclaims:

"But see where, through two openings in the forest
Which hanging branches over-canopy
And where two runnels of a rivulet,
Between the close moss, violet inwoven,
Have made their path of melody, like sisters
Who part with sighs that they may meet in smiles,
Turning their dear disunion to an isle
Of lovely grief, a wood of sweet, sad thought,
Two visions of strange radiance float upon
The ocean like enchantment of strong sound,
Which flows intenser, keener, deeper yet
Under the ground and through the windless air."

As this short description is most concrete and graphic, yet somewhat difficult to grasp fully at first sight, so also is the language of the Earth and the Moon. Each line is burdened with suggestive thoughts. At first reading, however, we see only a small portion of the true, poetic flashes of genius that try to evade all analysis by dazzling our minds. But when we study this little passage, and read it over and over again, and know its bearing upon the whole play, it reveals a thousand thoughts. The finely-wrought figures, similes and oxymorons, are so full of suggestions that the same description could not be told in other words without injury. No word could be added or taken away without seriously affecting it. As Shakspere has given us in eighty-five lines a better and more distinct characterization of Cordelia than another writer might give in eighty-five hundred lines, so Shelley has painted this picture with twelve strokes of his pen, whereas a weak writer might waste twelve pages to produce the same effect.

The richness of the sound, the ease of the rhythm, the sweetness of the air, and the delicacy of the similes of these lyrics are a source of delight to the reader or hearer. All our thoughts in this act are bent upon these charming songs. We think no longer of Prometheus. However, that all this lyric flow is intended to reflect upon the interest of the first three acts is indicated clearly in a number of passages, especially when Demagorgon appears at the end of the play and announces that the tyrant is dragged captive through the deep, and that

"Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings."

Throughout the entire play Shelley sustains a highly poetic diction. He also pleases the mind of the reader by the frequent change of metre, passing from dramatic to lyric forms. He produces the same effect by contrasting the deep and fiery passions of Prometheus with the tender and graceful pathos of the Oceanids. Moreover, the dramatic situation changes with each act. In the first act the action is wild and passionate. Some of the defiant speeches of Prometheus are purposely harsh and tuneless to imitate his convulsive pain. In the second and third act the action becomes less intense, but it is mingled with strange visions until Jupiter is dethroned. The fourth act is characterized by the lofty flights of the imagination into regions whither the ordinary reader can not follow. Even those that can follow Shelley in this bold soaring are often dazzled by the poetic light that shines about them.

The verse of the "Prometheus Unbound" is mostly dashing and forcible. The lyrics are marvels of poetic beauty. Shelley has painted wonderful pictures of the mountains, lakes, rivers and forests, along which Panthea and Asia walk. He has harmoniously interwoven the old Attic myth of Prometheus with his own conceptions, and has softened by his lyrical strains all that would otherwise show too hideous in the scenes. He pleases by the accuracy of details more than by the massive grandeur of his thoughts. It is not the object of this paper to criticise him as a man or a free thinker, but as the author of "Prometheus Unbound." Though the philosophical merit of his poems is small and his religious opinions have made him odious, still the elegance of his style, the exquisite descriptions with which his ideas are illustrated, and the finished grace of his versification have made him perhaps the most charming poet of the nineteenth century. He displays richness and fertility of imagination combined with great vigor of expression. His poetry seems to be rather spontaneous than artificial. It bursts at once into a blaze, and gives fire and energy to the language that expresses his sentiments. He

wrote with an unfettered hand and gave full scope to his daring fancy. Instinctively he blended together natural beauty and artistic form, literary skill and poetic inspiration, and all the higher qualities of workmanship. In places he is obscure, but it is the sublimity of imagination that makes him subject to this defect. Moreover, he often writes in elaborate figures—a characteristic of the poetic mind. Though too rich for many readers, he is the most enchanting poet to one that is endowed with a lively fancy. The "Prometheus Unbound" is like an immense ode, whose music is ever varying,—smiling and defiant, joyful and sad, tranquil and passionate, spirited and solemn, tender and sublime. Every page is spiced with an indefinable charm, and brightened by the frequent recurrence of beautiful lines and striking images.

Poetic Force.

JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND, '99.

Every poem as such must have certain qualities. Poetry must be essentially imaginative, concrete and emotional, and this is generally more easily felt than understood. Often we can instinctively tell whether a piece is poetry or only verse, but it is not so simple a thing to say why this is true. There is perhaps more difficulty still to point out what means are likely to produce poetry.

It is certainly out of the way to lay down rules for writing. Poets will naturally break forth into inspirations. Yet there are ways instinctively followed by poetic thought, which may be traced out to understand more perfectly why one thing is poetry and another verse.

In the first place we may have noticed that certain writers strike us as more forcibly than others. There is in their work a certain strength that "comes from the heart and goes to the heart." This can not be merely emphasis of thought put upon important or contrasted words. We should here be brought into the domain of elocution. Poetic force is less tangible. "It has its origin," according to Mr. Sherman, "in the enthusiasm or unction of the writer, called forth at the near approach of an ideal, and its end is to attain the sympathy of the reader." Accordingly it is a variable quantity, because it depends, to a great extent upon the disposition or prejudices of the one to whom the subject is proposed.

The ideal of force seems to be the sublime. If an author can carry away the emotions of his reader and put him into an ecstasy of wonder and sympathy, the highest point has been attained that can be desired by any art. Sublimity, subjectively considered, also varies with the disposition of the reader. As there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, we must enter into the spirit of such a passage and dispose ourselves for it; otherwise we may consider even the genuine as mere rant and bombast. This is, however, our own fault, and seems rather to prove real art than to disprove it.

I have often heard that Byron's "Address to the Ocean" is considered sublime, yet I have at times read it and considered it nothing very extraordinary. This happens because, on account of some old prejudice, I could not get into the spirit of the piece. It has taken a long time to lay aside these feelings of ill-will towards the author, but after much thought I have learned to appreciate him more.

I think that a great deal of this prejudice against great works comes from the fact that children in schools are too early made acquainted with what is beyond their sphere of appreciation. We sometimes find in school readers for children of ten, or even eight years, the poetry of some of our greatest authors. These works are read over and over again *ad nauseam;* finally, they are perhaps memorized till the child can sing them like a phonograph. No one admits that children appreciate what they learn. That would be foolish to think. Those that put these poems in the readers certainly do so with the intention of making the child early acquainted—at least mechanically—with what we esteem greatest in literature, that appreciation might grow with age. The intention is excellent and commendable; but it is generally noticed that there results the effect of creating disgust and prejudice against what is so hard to understand. These feelings last long and are with difficulty put away. There are other works beside the sublime and the artistically beautiful that might be put into a school reader with more profit. If the ghosts of some of their great poets were allowed to return to earth and behold that their best productions are treated like nursery-rimes, I think that they would not feel repaid for their efforts. Unlike Eliseus, they would not blame the children, but they would doubtless prefer that teachers be slightly scared out of their profanity.

Varsity Verse.

TO MY VIOLIN.

YOUR magic soul when softly touched awakes,
And music sweeter than the South wind's sigh
Or Eden's holy choir of Angels, breaks
Upon my soul impassioned deep, and I,
By your weird sounds of death and southern clime,
Or northern martial music full and grand,
With love bow down at your celestial shrine,
And offer incense with a willing hand.

Your soul vibrates for all; that lyric sound
Which leaves its signet on the hearts of kings,
Or twines in mystic spirals round and round
Their palace walls,—that very song you sing
Unto the peasant. Sweet and full and great,
Your soft vibrations soothe the heart's deep dole;
The merry songsters strive to imitate
That sweet libation from your God-like soul.

J. J. S.

TWILIGHT.

The sky from golden sheen to crimson turns,
And shadows gather deep at ebb of day;
The twilight faint in mellow softness burns
With gentle gleam, then melts and dies away.

On earth a solemn silence quickly falls,
And sadness holds o'er every soul its sway;
The dreamy past or fancy's charm enthralls
With magic spell, as sinks the dying day.

V. D.

GLOOM AND GLEAM.

I.

The sun its golden rays to rest has taken;
The air is stained and fading dark.
The angels to their silent choir awaken,
And lo! appears the twinkling spark.
Evening has begun.

II.

The grey and chilly mists of night are lifting;
The hoary brow of dawn appears.
Behold! the golden crescent early sifting
Its myriad beams through nature's tears.
Morning has begun.

F. X. Mc.

NOCTURN.

"I'm a musician, Madame," he said,
"Thirsty, cold and in want of bread,—
Nothing to eat for a day or more,
For a piece of pie I'll play a score."
The woman smiled a cheerful smile,
"Truly," she said, "you have no guile,—
Now to the woodshed go a-hoppin',
And I'll gladly listen to your Chopin."

J. J. M.

WAR HEROES.

I.

"Oh! I'll be a great fighter,"
Said a blossoming youth in his teens;
"I'll get command of a lighter,
And write for the magazines."

II.

In olden times they fought for smiles,
From those within the moats,
But now to war they go with wiles,
To get the people's votes.

J. J. M.

Foiled Again.

JAMES F. MURPHY, '99.

"Sixty years old to-day," muttered Jim Clark as he finished washing his supper dishes and sat down by the fire to have a smoke.

Bachelor Jim, as the neighbors called him, had lived in this little shanty for over twenty years. His sole companion during the greater part of this time was a shaggy looking dog. It was Christmas night; and as he sat there quietly smoking and thinking of his past life, he grew somewhat sad. Jip had nestled at his master's feet for a nap. The wind whistled through the leafless trees, and blew the falling snow against the rattling window panes. Jim buttoned up his coat and settled back in his chair to continue his reverie.

The logs in the ingle creaked and cracked, and the flames danced merrily about as if mocking him in his loneliness. His thoughts travelled back over many years of his life, and he imagined himself once more in his native land. He was sitting in a room filled with people. The music began. Gay couples were gliding over the floor. His arm stole gently around his *mavourneen*. Only a few minutes before she accepted his proposal. No happier man could be found in the house that night. He paid little if any attention to his surroundings. His thoughts were of the future. He pictured to himself the many long years of happiness that were in store for him. Visions of a cozy thatched cottage on a green sward overlooking the sea, passed before his mind. While the turf blazed in the grate, he could hear the soft notes of *her* mellow voice filling the little home with the joy of a contented heart, as she went carefully about performing her domestic duties. He could not tell her what he felt in his heart, but nevertheless she saw and knew, and he was happy. Shortly his betrothed espied a flower lying on a table near by.

"Would he get it for her?"

"Certainly."

He leaned over to reach it. His chair slipped from under him and he came to the floor with a crash—instantly transferred from the ideal to the real. His dog, startled by the noise, sprang to his feet. The logs in the ingle creaked and cracked, and the flames danced merrily about as if mocking him in his loneliness.

The Word "Great" Has Something to Say.

THOMAS J. GRAHAM.

Our once peaceful home in the Unabridged Section, is now in the throes of fratricidal strife. We no longer live in the quiet comradeship that we used to enjoy, and all my brothers and sisters say that I am the cause of all the trouble. I may be, but I beg of you not to judge too hastily until you have heard my story.

I came into the English language many, many years ago, having been torn from my Dutch and German homes, where I was known as "groot" in the former and "gross" in the latter. For many years I have borne without a murmur all manner of usage, but now I feel it my duty to protest, and to protest vigorously.

This English language makes me feel weary. A poor, unassuming word like I am, can be, and is brought into such horrible usage. I am neither vain nor haughty, so I do not mind who handles me as long as I am handled in the right manner.

I am sometimes proud of my associates, especially when I am placed before my brother "Man," or before my sister "Mind." I love to be in close companionship with "Opportunities." There are hundreds of other combinations of my brothers and sisters in which I do my little, all to make things sound imposing.

Herein lies the difficulty. I absolutely refuse to be used in any manner akin to "Slang." In spite of my honorable old age, some people want me to associate with the class of plebeians to which "Nit" and others belong.

Terrible is my anger when a Notre Dame Junior, after puffing a cigarette, says, as he exhales the smoke: "Oh! but it's 'great'"; or when some young sport says, after an enjoyable event: "Oh! we had a 'great' time."

These are only a few of the ways in which I am misused. It is "great" here and "great" there until I grow sick at heart at the sound of my own name. My brothers and sisters tell me that I am too aristocratic and blue blooded, simply because I rebel at having my name associated with those of the "Slang" family.

Now I beg that the readers of this will look at my side of the case, and see if I am not in the right. While I recognize the constitution of this country, I claim the right to choose my associates; and until I am in full possession of that right, I will keep the Unabridged Section in a constant turmoil.

Via Dolorosa.

JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99.

I KNOCK, O Lord! but none there is to deign
Uplift the veil that hides Thee from my sight:
Alas! is this the dark and starless night
Amid whose shadows I must grope, who fain
Would mount steep crags or tread the narrow lane
For one short hour on Zion's sacred height,
Where Thou, the font of wisdom's crystal light
And well-spring of eternal life, doth reign.

A voice replies: "Forbear, impatient child!
What claim hast thou to enter here or sing
My praise, till I be pleased to ope the gate
And bid thee welcome home? If wise and mild,
Receive with love this answer of thy King,
Whose will is done, if thou but stand and wait."

A Monologue by a Postage Stamp.

SEDGWICK HIGHSTONE.

My birthplace was the capital of the United States, the famous city of Washington; but my sojourn there was very brief, as I was soon forwarded, together with an innumerable number of my kinsmen, to a post office in Denver, Colorado. On reaching our destination, we were counted by the stamp clerk and placed in a narrow drawer beneath the stamp window.

Day after day, my companions decreased in number; and I dreaded to hear voices above me, for I knew this indicated the removal of more of my companions. I grew morbid and melancholy, and often desired to cry out for some kind person to purchase me; and at last my wish was to be granted.

One day I heard a gentle voice say, "Five two's, please;" then the drawer was quickly opened, and I thought the clerk would pass me by, but no, I was taken out with four other stamps and given to the possessor of that melodious voice, a lady of grace and remarkable beauty.

I saw my four companions one after another moistened by the lady's sweet lips, and adjusted in the right-hand corner of four pink-tinted envelopes. "Oh! how stupid of me," she said, "I thought I had five letters, but I'll save this extra stamp and write a letter to dear old John." I was then placed in a delicately-chased stamp box and thrown into her shopping bag. She left the office and entered her carriage.

"To the library," was her order; and in a

few minutes the carriage drew up along the curb before the library, and she alighted with feminine grace stared at by a crowd of street urchins, who stood on the pavement admiring the two spirited black horses caparisoned in silver. She was deeply engaged in reading a critique in one of the late magazines on the father of English poetry, Chaucer, when she was interrupted by a young lady friend, who requested the loan of a postage stamp; thereupon my lady opened the stamp box and kindly gave me to her friend.

I was moistened by the pressure of her friend's lips—how it infused me with joy—and placed on a white linen envelope, which bore in the upper left hand corner the motto, "Facta non Verba." I was deposited in a mail box, and it grieved me somewhat to be separated from this beautiful damsel; but I soon cast aside my despondency; for what did this patrician young lady care for a postage stamp of the plebeian order?

I remained in this receptacle several hours; but towards evening I was removed by the mail carrier, and transported to the post office. Here I was treated with the utmost cruelty and barbarity; in fact, had I been an anarchist in the domain of the Czar, no greater punishment would have been inflicted upon me. I was beaten several times with a hammer, capped with a rubber stamp which seemed to be wielded by some modern Achilles. After this process had been completed, a great transformation was visible in my appearance: my brilliant pink coat was blemished by streaks of mottled black, and the profile of Washington, which had hitherto appeared upon my surface, was now scarcely discernible. I was placed in a mail-bag, and after several days' journey—which was very monotonous to me—I reached the destination which my address indicated.

The recipient of the letter was a handsome young gentleman, of fine physique and aristocratic bearing, who, after reading the perfumed pages of the delicately written epistle, tore me off and kissed me, soliloquizing to himself: "Ah! her fair lips have been in contact with this bit of paper, therefore I shall cherish it for its associations." So I now dwell in great splendor in this young man's mansion, surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can procure. Of my numerous kinsmen that left Washington with me I have heard nothing since we separated in Denver. I fear that only a very few of them have been so fortunate as I.

To Chicago.

HARRY V. CRUMLEY.

The Vine Street entrance to the Arcade is located in the business portion of Cincinnati, and is always crowded by persons waiting for a car, or by those for whom the show-windows have a fascination. On the particular day which I have in mind, a young lady, with a mass of golden hair, and a music roll under her arm, was the centre of attraction. She was very pretty, neatly dressed in a cycling costume, and many were the envious glances cast at her by others of her sex, who were less liberally endowed by nature.

About a block up the street in front of Billingheimer's saloon, another person was the centre of attraction. He was a tall man with large black eyes and a coarse beard which appeared to have been dyed. He wore a black silk hat, patent leather shoes and a Prince Albert coat. Those that were attracted by this man could be heard to remark, "How much like Svengali he appears." He certainly resembled this much-hated person, both in features and action.

He stood apart from the rest and appeared not to notice the curiosity he was exciting. As the Carew Building clock struck three, he started down Vine Street toward the river. Those that were watching him followed, for they expected he would cause some excitement. He did, but not of the kind they had anticipated.

The girl with the music roll had evidently tired of waiting for the car, for she was coming down the street and had already met the vanguard of "Svengali's" troops. Suddenly "Svengali" shot a glance of his maniacal eyes at her. Apparently she had not as yet seen him, but the moment his eyes fell upon her, she shuddered. Looking up at him, she stopped and turned pale. At this the onlookers were greatly surprised.

Then this unknown man, in an attempt to smile, displayed a row of teeth like those of a wolf-hound. His victim's eyes were now fixed on him with a glossy stare, and her face had lost all its natural color. He started to move around in a kind of ring and the girl followed. Round and round they circled, the girl coming closer and closer as if irresistibly attracted. The crowd by this time was enormous, and it was in vain that the gripman sounded his

gong. The policeman, seeing this great mass of people, loosened his club and hastened to disperse them. But he was human, as most policemen are, and he soon opened his mouth and gazed on with the rest.

The circle was now very small. Suddenly a pair of hands shot out and began gesticulating in every conceivable way. The girl gasped and sank half way to the ground. The smile, or rather the grin, on "Svengali's" face was fiendish.

The crowd thought that it had gone far enough, and soon a threatening murmur arose. Some called on the police to stop it. They, however, showed no inclination to bother "Svengali." Cries of "mob him" were started, and the crowd swayed forward. Then "Svengali" made one quick pass with his hands and the girl straightened up. Her music roll was open, and the crowd sent up a disappointed groan, as they read: "Take the Big Four to Chicago."

A Story by a Bass.

ROBERT A. KROST.

"I have been living for many years," said the Bass to the Sunfish, "but I never was insulted before as I was this morning. As you know, I am rather proud of my fine shape and my superiority over other fish.

"Well, this morning I was quietly swimming along the banks of the lake, when I saw a fine frog dangling over my mouth. I said to myself, this frog may be all right, and again, he may be fastened to a hook. But no matter, I will try him. I then made a quick dash for him. As I might have known before, I swallowed a hook. But this, however, did not bother me, as I had often done it before; and in my conceit I did not think there was any fisherman who could pull my six pounds of muscle out of the water.

"I was mistaken, however; for although I twisted myself around a stake at the bottom of the lake, after a game fight I was hauled to the surface. Well, thought I, my end has come. What was my surprise to see in the fisherman's face a look of disgust, and I heard him say: 'This fish is so large it must be a dog fish'; and with this he threw me back in the lake, more injured in pride than in body. Just think to be taken for a dog fish! But then there is one consolation, he was a Chicago amateur fisherman.

Books and Magazines.

LONGMAN'S "SHIP" LITERARY READERS—BOOKS I., II., III. New York: Longmans, Green and Co.

The multiplication of school readers is the surest sign that educators are alive to the importance of the "reading" class and to the necessity of supplying children with readers that are instructive, entertaining and suited to their comprehension. In the three numbers of the "Ship" series the compiler takes children by the hand and teaches them to be carefully observant of the things around them; and when he has directed their attention to note keenly every detail of domestic animals and the common things in nature, he pauses in his work of instruction to tell them a story with a good wholesome moral, not obtruded but skilfully insinuated. Children are soon surfeited by "goody-goody" stories, but they like tales of courage and sacrifice and manly virtues told in a manly way. This the compiler has admirably succeeded in doing.

Since the "Readers" are titled literary, one naturally looks to find more of the lessons taken from the works of authors who have won repute for pure English. It is to be regretted that selections from Ruskin's charming fairy tale, "The King of the Golden River," and from other stories like it, could not have found a place in the series. Only one of Longfellow's, and only one of Eugene Field's poems are used.

—"A Klondike Picnic," the story of a day spent near the sea-shore not far from Philadelphia is from the pen of Eleanor C. Donnelly. The story takes its name from the place where the picnic is held, while several letters read during the day from the original Klondike serve to transport the would-be gold-seekers in spirit to the land of Alaska. The book is published by Benziger Bros., New York.

—Among the most pleasing and attractive Christmas magazines that have reached us are *Harper's* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Both are neatly arrayed in Christmas covers, and present a very attractive appearance. The interior contains reading matter well in keeping with the bright and comely covers that enclose it. The only thing to be missed from *Harper's* are the beautiful drawings of Mr. Gibson, now employed exclusively by *Life*. Both magazines came to us early, but as we issued no SCHOLASTIC last week, previous mention was impossible.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 14, 1899.

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

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

Terms, $1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

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

—The SCHOLASTIC bids the old students a welcome, and is glad to hear that they all report a happy vacation. The newcomers will do well to introduce themselves to the place as soon as possible and get started at their work. All we need to do is to put a little oil on the machinery and everything will be running smoothly in a few days.

—Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, hats off and bow low to the worthy Seniors, for their hour of triumph is near at hand. They have run the course at a good pace and are starting on the home stretch with a winning lead. Gentlemen of the class of ninety-nine, this is your year, and the eyes of the University are upon you. Brush your gowns and get ready for the finish. We hope these closing days of your college life will be the most successful and happy of your University career, and that each may receive the promised sheep-skin when the June-day arrives.

—Yes, of course, you had a very nice time. Old Santa Claus was good to you, the "governor" was exceedingly generous, and, all in all, it was a happy vacation. But then, do not sit down and tell us about it like this. Get a pen and write something about your visit and give the old SCHOLASTIC a little help. That clever joke you made use of when you presented her with that handsome Christmas gift would read very well in print; and that little story you were just telling about that New Year's party would amuse our good readers very much. We might have enjoyed ourselves more if we had been with you that night that you were with the boys; but then, you have not forgotten what that jolly, good-natured fellow told you. Just let us have a few snatches of his stories—it doesn't take much to fill a column,—and our subscribers all will bless you for your thoughtfulness. Come, now, let every one of you that has anything interesting to tell sit down and write, for our contribution box is empty and we have no waste-basket.

—There is no time for talking now; we must start earnest work. We have to win the track and field championship this spring, and, moreover, we must be with the first teams in baseball. Last year we worked in the old, smoky gymnasium where the men had to fall over each other to find room to practise, and yet we came out successful. With our new gymnasium we have opportunities to train our athletes such as no other college in the West has. Everything is in readiness now if the men themselves are ready. Therefore, let every man that has the interest of old Notre Dame at heart wake up and push things along. We want baseball candidates and track team candidates. We want three hundred energetic and active men to try for the teams. We want a Varsity nine and a reserve team; we want runners, jumpers, pole vaulters and hurdlers. Every man at the University can help the work along by getting a suit and training. Remember that Captain Macdonald and Captain Powers are the most impartial of men, and that the most worthy candidate is sure to win. Come out right away and start early. We are not going to coax anyone, for we do not wish men to run unless they have the old college spirit to do it of their own accord and for the glory of Notre Dame. Let us have a hundred candidates for the ball team and as many more for the track team. The captains and coaches will help you as much as they can, while the managers will make things as comfortable and convenient as possible.

The Flower.

A flower may be defined as that part of a plant to which the organs of reproduction are confined. Many think that the colored leaf-like expanses, called the sepals and the petals of our ordinary flowers, are the principal parts. These, as a matter of fact, are no more essential than is a coat or a pair of shoes to the nature of man. Hence, it often happens that many mistakes are made in determining what part of a plant is its flower.

The essential parts of every flower are the organs of reproduction, and in many cases there is nothing present besides these. This is a general rule in plants that have no leaves at all. When a plant is differentiated into leafy stem and roots, the parts of a flower are modified leaves, and the flower itself is a shortened branch. An idea of the nature and origin of an ordinary perfect and regular flower can be had by imagining a stem shortened so that the leaves stand near each other and have changed their color and shape to suit a new purpose. The topmost leaves of this stem will then arrange themselves to form a covering for the one or more cells that arise from the leaf margins and now become ovule-sacs. The next envelope of leaves will fold in apically at its two margins and develop a similar covering for the pollen-grains that arise after the same manner of the ovule-sacs. After these stamens come the petals. These modified leaves retain their original shapes to some extent, but they are generally colored other than green.

The sepals are next in order. They are green in typical flowers, and their resemblance to foliage leaves is very marked. These are the four parts common to a perfect regular flower; any one of these, however, may be absent. In fact, the nature of the flower is not lost as long as only one, either stamens or pistils, is present.

After the sepals there may be one or more other sets of envelopes, but these are not considered parts of the flower proper. These are bracts. They bear the nearest relation to leaves. In many cases we may be able to trace the gradual evolution of pistil and stamen from the common foliage leaf. In the fern family reproductive cells are borne on common leaves. We may take as a good example of this evolution the common water lily.

The floral parts that may be called sepals are green outside and white inside. Their shape is oval and bears some resemblance to the leaves which are round. The petals are numerous, and those next to the sepals have not entirely lost their green color on their outer sufrace. Then, as we pass from one set of petals to the following, there is a gradual transition into the stamens. In fact, the last petals are long and slender, colored like stamens, yellow, and some even have sterile anthers.

As already mentioned, one or more of the parts of a flower may be absent, and different circumstances, as manner of growth, or mode of securing fertilization, may change the forms of the various parts. This gives rise to the variety of form and beauty that we find. Form, color, smell and size, are only accidents, and help the essential parts in securing fertilization. If the flower is showy in color, sweet of smell, or both combined, we may conclude that insects are the agents of cross-fertilization. If on the contrary the flower is small and not easily seen and devoid of smell or attractive colors, the plant depends, as a rule, upon the wind to carry its pollen. However, when great abundance of pollen is produced, the wind almost invariably is the agent of fertilization.

Sometimes the shortening of the flower necessary to its development is accompanied by the shortening of the common axis of a number of flowers. The result is a compound flower or the head of florets. In general these individual florets resemble simple flowers. Sometimes, however, the parts of the corolla, which are always grown together in compound flowers, grow only on one side forming a long blade like a single petal. It is really a growing together of several petals. We have a good example in the chrysanthemum, some asters, and the daisy.

The study of the flower is one of the most useful means of obtaining a habit of observation. It forces us both to observe minutely and to reason carefully. It is only after studying flowers for some time that we begin to find how difficult it is to tell the parts of a flower, their origin and their nature. Shape and form have little value in classification; nature and origin are the important considerations. The flower, as a rule, determines the class of a plant. Realism is here most strictly required, while nominalism is artificial and unsatisfactory.

J. A. N.

Mr. Hummer's Success

Every old student will be pleased to learn of the success of Mr. John S. Hummer (LL. B., '90, Litt. B., '92), recently appointed Master in Chancery. After his graduation, Mr. Hummer entered the law office of Judge Prendergast in Chicago, where he worked until two years ago when he began business for himself. His thorough knowledge of legal principles and careful attention to business soon won him a large practice. He has worked in every field of law except practising in the criminal courts. The Chicago *Law Journal*, in speaking of his appointment, says:

"The members of the Chicago Bar recognize that Judge Dunne made a most judicious selection in appointing Mr. Hummer a Master in Chancery for the circuit court, which appointment was not only unsolicited but unexpected by the deserving recipient."

Mr. Hummer is a highly esteemed and loyal son of Notre Dame, and holds the office of President of the Notre Dame University Association. We predict a bright future for him, and trust that he will be as successful in his new field of labor as he was at the University.

Our New Musical Director.

Our friends that love music will be pleased to learn that the new director of the Music Department has arrived. We are going to start the new year with bright prospects for a good season in this department. Mr. James J. McLaughlin, Jr., is the gentleman that will be our director. Mr. McLaughlin comes from the city of culture—Boston,—and has made a thorough study of music in the conservatory at that place. He has been associated with many of the leading musicians of the country, and was a student under such men as G. W. Chadwick, Director of the New England Conservatory, Carl Fælten, Ferruccio Busoni, Edwin Klahre, Frank E. Morse, George E. Whiting and J. Wallace Goodrich.

He has given special attention to the study of vocal culture, and will give a great amount of his time to furthering that branch of music at Notre Dame. The choir will be furnished with a large repertoire of first class church music and started to work at it immediately. The first rehearsal of the year was held last Wednesday evening, and the members are all enthusiastic and anxious to work with the director in making the choir as good as possible.

Mr. McLaughlin will have charge of the band, orchestra and all musical clubs at the University. He has done considerable work along these lines, and his thorough course in harmony, counterpoint and composition will make him capable of bringing these organizations up to a high standard. Though a first-class pianist and organist, the new director will perhaps spend little time on these branches as his other duties are so numerous as to require nearly all his attention.

There will be a change in the class of music played here. Up to this time we have had a great deal of popular music with only a touch of the classical. We may now expect the reverse—a great deal of classical with a smaller assortment of popular airs. There can be no doubt regarding the wisdom of this change. The repertoire of college music should not be confined to the riff-raff trash that is whistled and sung by every street walker. Moreover, there is nothing in this class of music that would justify a professor in giving it his attention. Any person that has any small amount of talent can pick this up for himself. We shall have some popular music, of course, for the sake of variety, but no attention will be given to teaching it.

Mr. McLaughlin is not familiar enough with the students' ability to say definitely what his plans for the future are. He hopes above all, however, to receive the hearty co-operation of all the students toward organizing a rousing

good glee club. This ought to interest every one at the University. We need a good chorus here to sing at our entertainments and to have concerts on the campus as well as in the opera house. We have been sadly wanting in this so far. Now let every one that can sing join with the director and give us a rollicking good glee club, and let us hear some of those jolly songs for which college organizations are noted. The director will do his share, and, with the co-operation of the students, will give us some good music in the near future.

Exchanges.

To glance at the magazine from the University of Minnesota, one would not imagine that it was a college publication. In every way it has the appearance of a general magazine, and a very good one at that. The illustrations are well selected and often very beautiful, and the prose and verse are of a high standard.

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Many of the Christmas numbers of the exchanges have arrived since our last issue; but as the Yule-tide is now past and gone it is late to give each special mention, and we content ourselves with complimenting generally the very successful effort of our contemporaries in placing before their readers beautiful and interesting Christmas numbers.

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In the Holy Cross *Purple* for December we notice a contribution that recalls to mind the Blahah letters that frequently appeared in our last year's local columns. We do not like to say that this "Bill Brown" letter in the *Purple* is an imitation of our famous Blahah communications, for if we did, truth would force us to remark that it is a very weak imitation. The Blahah letters were humorous, but the Bill Brown effusion—well, Bill may be a very decent fellow and a good Christian, but he is not a humorist.

Things of this sort to be clever must be spontaneous; they can not be ground out as one grinds out a column of exchanges. Speaking of exchanges, the *Purple* lacks an exchange column, and we would suggest that the Editor recall Mr. Brown from Dakota, and put him to work at writing exchanges. Bill would make an ideal exchange man, and the letter from Deadwood would not be missed. If the *Purple* will not follow our advice in this matter, but persists in publishing letters from Bill, we beg to make another suggestion, namely, that the letters be placed, as were our Blahah, in the local or funny column instead of being set in the first form wedged in between essays on the Greek Tragedy and ballades on the Deep Blue Sea. If this change is made even the uninitiated may appreciate that Bill intends to be funny, and they will no longer take him seriously as now they are apt to do.

But we fear that we are beginning to say mean things. We hasten to apologize to Bill, and to explain to him that class has just started, and as yet our spirit has not been calmed by our usual study of Equity and other kindred soul-taming subjects.

Personal.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Akins, of Denver were among the holiday visitors at Notre Dame.

—Rev. D. A. Tighe, Pastor of Holy Angels' Church, Chicago, is fast recovering from a severe attack of the grippe.

—Mr. John Stanton of Berlin, Ohio, a former Notre Dame student, was a visitor at the University for several days of last week.

—Rev. President Morrissey will deliver a sermon tomorrow at the Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago, the occasion being the celebration of the Feast of the Holy Name.

—Thomas Ewing Steele, A. B. '84, has formed a partnership with the Hon. Ulric Sloane, a distinguished lawyer of Ohio. A Columbus newspaper speaks of the new firm as being one of the strongest in Ohio.

—Mr. William Ellwanger, a former Notre Dame man, is becoming prominent in the business circles of Dubuque. He is Secretary of the Commercial Men's Organization, and holds several other important positions.

—Mr. Frank Ward O'Malley, student '95–'98, has made a very successful start at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. His work was so superior to the average that he has been rapidly promoted, and now is drawing from life.

—Rev. Luke Evers, A. B. '79, has been appointed Pastor of St. Andrew's Church, New York City. Father Evers when at Notre Dame was a great Greek scholar and also a successful musician. He was for some time the leader of the University Band, and the band in his day was famous. Father Evers was very popular while at college, and since then he has always kept in touch with Notre Dame, and he has many friends here, all of whom are happy to learn of his new and more important appointment.

Mr. Studebaker's Gift.

The University was recently the recipient of a very appreciable present, the gift of Mr. J. M. Studebaker of South Bend. The following letter, that accompanied the articles in question, will best explain the value and nature of them.

SOUTH BEND, Dec. 23, 1898.

VERY REV. ANDREW MORRISSEY, C. S. C.,
President University of Notre Dame, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I am today sending you as a present to the Museum of the University a cabinet of specimens of natural woods, fifty-eight different kinds procured by me while on my visit a year or two since to South America, woods native to the Argentine Republic; and twenty-seven different kinds in duplicate specimens of woods native to our own state of Indiana. I think that you will be interested in these specimens, and I beg your acceptance of them, in the hope that they will serve a profitable purpose for inspection on the part of the students of the University.

The South American specimens were presented to me by Señor Dr. Don E. S. Zeballos, of Buenos Ayres, ex-Minister to the United States from the Argentine Republic. I felt highly complimented by the gift to myself; but the purpose of my friend in bestowing it will be more fully realized, I am satisfied, by placing the specimens with the University than if retained as a private collection.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. STUDEBAKER.

These specimens are all nearly the same size, nicely planed and varnished. They can be found in the Museum at Science Hall, where each specimen hangs in the cabinet just as presented. Mr. Studebaker has the thanks of the University for his kindness.

Local Items.

—Long faces are all the rage this week.

—LOST.—A fountain pen. Finder please leave it at the *Ave Maria* office.

—Wonder when the new fireman at Sorin Hall will come out to the smoking-room and dance for the boys.

—Shane is a believer in co-education. So much so that his room in Sorin Hall is facing the Academy.

—We failed to give one man a cigar last Tuesday, and since that day no one has called to wish us a Happy New Year.

—Lottie is back. Judging from the smile that lights up his countenance his lot has been a pleasant one this vacation.

—The new Gymnasium is filled with a crowd of hard workers every afternoon. We may look for some good athletic exhibitions soon.

—When you have time call over at Murphy's room and ask him to let you see his Christmas present. It is a statuesque novelty.

—After Sweeney returned from Chicago he took an inventory of all his possessions. His coat and his integrity to heaven were all he possessed.

—It might be noted that the Xmas holidays are welcomed by everyone. They fill the heart with joy and, correspondingly, the pocket-book with wind.

—The Columbian Society will hold its first meeting next Thursday evening. All members are requested to be present. New officers will be elected and matters of business straightened up.

—The man that has the audacity to wager with a fellow biped, that he will finish first in a ten-mile race and then hire a horse and buggy to make the trip, is only fit for strategy and spoils.

—Baer says he never knew that there was so wide a gulf between Dives and Lazarus until he spent his last dollar in Chicago. Verily, he believes that the dollar is an Archimedean lever that was to move the universe.

—Returning students modestly assert that they were obliged to travel long distances without good accommodation, and that the fatigue naturally accounts for the young moon under each eye. Of course, we were born yesterday.

—Several students formerly, of Brownson Hall, have gone over to live with the Sorin crowd. Baab is among them. He says he has many kind reminiscences of his sojourn at Brownson, and will never lose his love for the place.

—Farley has a prize story. The title is "Meet me at the Stile." It is a great favorite among students of our sister institution.

Cyrano de Bergerac?—Yes, I've read it. Everyone but the rustic has it. Even E. C. Brown has a copy in cheap binding.

—Rumor has it that Notre Dame will present a laurel wreath to the winning team in the coming track meet. This would be appropriate. During the days of Roman greatness and Grecian glory, their athletes fought desperately to win the crown of laurel.

—The arrangement and construction of the crib in the church is excellent. The matter was in the hands of Bro. Albert, C. S. C., who is an artist and knows how to arrange things nicely. He was assisted in his work by Masters Strong, Giffin and McNamee of St. Edward's Hall.

—Yockey was telling his friends that Escanaba is one of the most flourishing centres in the neighborhood of Wak-e-chauck. He reports a two-story block to be in process of building and that Squire Bluegrass has annexed a wing to his chicken establishment.

—It is perfectly legitimate to speak of the good times you had during vacation, but there is a limit to all such descanting. Not a few people seem to think that the climax of this Christmas romance should be reached only when their auditors have succumbed to the magic of Morpheus.

—The track team ran to the red mill the other morning. Manager Eggeman rode behind them in a carriage and wore a smile on his face as much as to say: "Oh! but it's a cinch to be at the head of this thing." He had a good horse but, for all that, Crunican ran all the way to the mill and back before John could get his horse turned around the pine tree in front of Sorin Hall.

—The holidays at Notre Dame were passed in good cheer. Few students, whose pleasure it was to be under the protection of the Golden Dome during this festive season, have anything but the very best reports of the pleasurable times they enjoyed. Christmas was peaceful, quiet, serene. Perfectly in unison with the spirit of the great day, and tending to turn the troubled heart in the direction of the all-merciful Babe.

—O'Riley and Crumley came back together. They struck a "rube" on the train that was easy. He let them show him a farm down near Elkhart where they used to work, gave them his seat in the car and was as courteous as his rustic nature would permit him to be. He left the train at Mishawaka. Recent reports indicate that Crumley's diamond shirt stud and O'Riley's Waterbury ticker left the train about the same time. A close study of this narrative provokes the old saying that there are none so easy but you will find others easier.

—The Philopatrians held the opening exercises for the session of '99 last Wednesday evening. Father Morrissey was elected Honorary President; Father Cavanaugh, Critic; Bro Cyprian, President; Bro Alexander Promoter; Prof. McLaughlin, Musical Director; W. W. Bellinger, 1st Vice President; Alexander A. McDonald, 2d Vice-President; Daniel O'Connell, Treasurer; Henry Fink, Recording Secretary; James Morgan, Historian; Joseph Clyne and George Moxley, Censors; Vincent Brennan, Sergeant-at-Arms. Before the meeting adjourned, Messrs. Schoonover, Van Dyke and Sherlock were admitted as members.

—Another proof that our friends in South Bend are not so hospitable as they might be is the pathetic and heart-rending story told by a certain good-looking, well-mannered young man of Sorin Hall. With all due dignity he was making his way through our neighboring city falling over not more than every third person, when, in accordance with time-honored custom, he found it necessary to "have another." He proceeded to the walnut colored slab, put down a nickel and tried to make the bar-keeper understand. The red-nosed man behind the counter had money enough, and rejected the nickel—likewise rejected our friend. This is "the firsht time in hish life that he wash ever refushed a drink." Surely this is an outrage on our honorable society, and the matter should be investigated at once.

—Some of the boys saw a great many funny things while they were away for the holidays. "Shag," the First, erstwhile manager of the ball team, went to Chicago. He paid a nickel to ride the street car and see the Van Buren street tunnel. The car was loaded when they got at the lowest point, so in order to make the work lighter on the trolley pole, "Shag" kindly consented to get out and walk up hill, giving the car an occasional push now and then, to help it along. Eggeman saw "Uncle Tom's Cabin" three nights in succession. The first two times he cried all during the performance, but the last time he thought it was a kind of chestnut. Halee saw "Kerry Cow." He says Joe Murphy is the greatest singer on the stage today, and when he thinks of that famous song, "A Handful of Mud from the Wagon Wheel," a tear slowly wends its way across his rosy chin. Weadock saw the man with the big nose at the Chicago Museum. Brucker saw a five dollar bill on a counter; the proprietor saw Brucker and Brucker saw the judge the next morning. Ahrens saw two trains go through his town in one day. Wynne saw everything there was to see in Covington, Ky., except where his money went. Hartung saw his girl. Reed saw a fellow that looked like Baldy Dwyer; Powers saw his finish and came back to the University.

—Indoor baseball started with a slap, jamb and a rush last Thursday, when Sorin Hall walloped the Brownson team 48 to 15. It was the first time in the history of athletics that Sorin Hall ever won a game of anything, but they did it this time, and are disporting themselves with becoming dignity. McDonald pitched for the Brownson team—with all due respect to the gentleman who can play football to make a person dizzy and can play baseball with a hard ball, but he essayed to pitch in this game, and we did not do much to him (rather they didn't do much). He was easy picking on the Brownson team. Guerra and Morales played a star game, and it would be a wise move to retain these two men and secure seven new ones. Sorin Hall was somewhat handicapped also. Gibson tried to catch Powers. I said tried? Yes, he tried; but he just stood there and threw the ball back. O'Shaughnessy was a mistake in the field. Baab will take his place next week; and Tommy Dwyer, who had a reputation in the East, will be given another chance as substitute. If he can not do well in that position, John Byrne will don Mr. Dwyer's uniform. Brucker and Pulskamp are out for positions,

and will give some of the team a chance to hustle or get out of the way.

—An entertainment for the benefit of the Never Tumble League will be held in the Sorin smoking room next week. The league has been on the verge of collapse on account of the scarcity of balls, and it is intended that the proceeds of the entertainment will secure a permanent fund for their purchase. Secretary Cornell has arranged the following program, and gives positive assurance that it will be carried out to the letter:

(No. 1.) An Exhibition game of Handball—three hours duration—Yockey *vs.* Grady. Umpire, Corcoran; Linesman and scorer, Eggeman.

(NOTE.—The outcome of this game will determine the Presidency of the League.)

(No. 2.) Solo—"Get Your Money's Worth." Willing Warbler O'Brien.—Accompanied on the fiddle by John Mullen.

(NOTE.—The audience is requested to join in the chorus singing in Minor *g* so as not to drown the voice of the star.

(No. 3.)—Characters from real life in Pantomime statuesque Tableaux (Red light effect.)

Mr. Fennessey.....Impersonating a man
Mr. Ball D. Dwyer.....An Athlete
Mr. Nash.....A Sport
Mr. M. Ikey Powers.....A Singer
Mr. Duperier.....An Orator
Mr. Reed.....A Student
Mr, Weadock.....A Lawyer
Mr. Haley.....A Musician

(No. 4). Debate.—Subject, Resolved: "Shall we teach the young men how to shoot, or should the game of craps be expurgated from the roster of American sports? Affirmative, Mr. Medley of Kentucky; negative, Mr. S. Brucker of Germany.

The decision will be *ad referendum* the audience. Those that pay at the door will be entitled to two votes. Those voting for the affirmative shall hold up their right hand, for the negative, the left hand. Mr. Medley shall not be limited as to time. Mr. Brucker may speak twenty miuutes or less.

(No. 5.) Chorus by the Never Tumbles. "Please get off the alley and give us a show,"—refrain of "Home, Sweet Home."

The entertainment will not consume more than nine hours and the audience is requested to stand quietly and applaud with the hands only.

—When the grateful residents of Sorin Hall presented Mr. O'Brien with the customary Christmas purse shortly before vacation, they little knew that they were enjoying that honor and privilege for the last time. And they little knew, too, that that purse would indirectly be the cause of one of the tightest, most determined and deplorable freeze-ups that Sorin Hall has ever undergone, and, to use the words of Cyrano, Jr., in the *London Times*, "She has undergone one or two." Not one grain of steam found its way into the steam-pipes during the entire vacation. Icicles formed and were reformed on McGinnis' warm collection of cigarette pictures, and swear-words in frozen syllables could be found all over John Byrnes' room. Even the bed springs in the hall froze up, and St. John O'Sullivan, who attempted to deliver a temperance lecture at the Salvation Army headquarters, was called a hard drinker and other disrespectful names on account of his illuminated nose. Arce went about crying and blowing on his fingers to keep warm, and Raymond looked so cold and benumbed that people down town called him a "Frost." Medley made a pair of ear-muffles out of two striped horse-blankets and fastened them under his chin with a trunk strap. Mullen led the orchestra at the Auditorium most of the time, and on New Year's Day he parted his hair in the middle and furnished violin music at several "Pink Teas." Consequently, he did not have that cold, left-out feeling. Kraus tacked burlaps and asbestos very neatly on the inside of a soap-box and slept comfortably o'nights. B. Dwyer was mislaid after the first night's freeze, but he has again reported at the University. He froze his ears standing in front of the Y. M. C. A. one night, but is otherwise uninjured. McGinnis, thoroughly chilled, went down to see "The Belle of New York" as an antidote, and he reports a very warm time. Baldy's head won for him the best seat in the house that night. McCollum and Duperier attended several summer picnics and ice-cream socials. They also gave box-parties at the theatre and smoked cigarettes. In fact, they were real devilish. The ladies never tired of hearing of Mac's gallantry at the High School he attended, and Dupe always listened very attentively and wished that he had gone to the High School too. Powers and Gippie started on a trip to Chicago and Fort Wayne. They got as far as Chicago and then came back. Big John had intended to show them a little Fort Wayne life, but they preferred Sorin Hall.

But to return to the atmospheric conditions of Sorin Hall. One day Mr. O'Brien, winner of the sweepstakes, came back. He doesn't know how he got back, but at any rate he made his return known by nearly blowing up the house. Everyone was given a terrible shock and much coal gas. The flues were blown out, and Arce hasn't been able to find his eyebrows since the accident. The cold then set in, and the students again set out. They have all returned by this time, however, and McGinnis reports a pleasant interview with Professor Doctor D. H. Cornstalk, a D. D., who lives down the road. The first anniversary of the Christmas Freeze will be held during the next Christmas vacation.