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The Two Views

MATTHEW A. SCHUMACHER, '99.

NO work of man presents one only side.
We know full well that not a single thought
Can stand supreme, not one ideal sought
Can live, unless we chose to make it 'bide.
In all we think or do we ne'er can hide
The truth that lasting good alone is wrought
By sternest toil, e'en as no joy is brought
To man ere sorrow has him sorely tried.

The world long since forgot the ways of truth,
When sorrow's Man appeared; to open doors
Fast barred He came, to bring us hope above.
To wayward man His suffering Face in ruth
Now speaks, but *then*, at judgment, on the shores
To come, His Face will know no more of love.

Poet and Playwright.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

THE critics are delighted. They have discovered a poet, and a dramatic poet at that. His name is Edmond Rostand, and the play that is making him famous in two continents is "Cyrano de Bergerac."

M. Edmond Rostand is still a very young man, and therefore the more interesting, for he has a future before him; and who knows but that in the fulness of his future power he may accomplish great things. He is a Frenchman, and his verse is in the language of Hugo and Dumas. Born in Marseilles in 1868, M. Rostand has but just passed his thirtieth year. From his boyhood his passion has been for poetry, romance and the stage. When eighteen he composed his first metrical comedy, "Les Romanesques," which was accepted by the Comedie Français, but which was not produced upon the stage until 1894. This play was fresh in its thought and composition, and it was well received by the French critics. Several plays followed close upon "Les Romanesques," each in turn showing maturer and better work; and thus M. Rostand established himself in the favor of the Paris theatre-goers.

It was late last winter, however, that the young playwright's star rose in the ascendant, when he produced "Cyrano de Bergerac" both in London and in Paris. Paris was not surprised, for its people had had a foretaste of Rostand's work, and knew that his ability was above the average; but London was carried away by the wave of enthusiastic approval that greeted the production of the play. The splendid combination of wit and romance, worked into a skilfully drawn plot and told in cleverly turned verse, was as refreshing for both audience and critics as a delightful shower of rain after a long summer drought. And it was generally agreed that "Cyrano de Bergerac" was the most brilliant play that had been produced for years. Last fall the play was given in New York and it is being produced now in different parts of the country and enthusiastically received. Mr. Richard Mansfield's production is undoubtedly the best, and it is the acknowledged dramatic event of the year.

The hero of the play is Cyrano de Bergerac, prince among wits; a gallant, brave and generous fellow and prime favorite of his corps of Gascon Cadets. Cyrano adores his beautiful cousin Roxane, but he is cursed with a fatal nose that so mars his personal appearance that he feels it impossible for his cousin ever to love him. Roxane enjoys his merry jests; but her eyes have looked with favor upon Christian, a handsome young soldier who, although he worships Roxane from afar, yet fears to declare his feelings, appreciating that he lacks

the grace of wit and words to win her. Cyrano knows that Roxane longs for Christian's wooing, and undertakes to teach his friend the art of gallantry; and he writes for him the most beautiful love letters, pouring into them his own passion for his fair cousin. Roxane is delighted by the depth of feeling displayed by Christian and by the beauty of his words. One night, while leaning from her balcony, Christian wooes her in the words whispered in his ear by Cyrano, and finally he steps aside while Cyrano, imitating Christian's whispering tones, pours forth his soul in grandest eloquence. The lady is conquered, and Christian climbs up to receive the kiss won by the pleadings of Cyrano. By the contrivance of the noble fellow the lovers are secretly married, but immediately after Cyrano and Christian are ordered to the war.

The fourth act opens with the two friends in camp with the army that is besieging Arras. Hither comes Roxane, drawn to her husband's side by the beautiful letters written by Cyrano. She tells Christian that ever since the night of the wooing under the balcony it has been his soul, not his beauty, as before, that she has loved. She declares that she would love him just as much were he ugly, even hideous, for never could he be hideous to her.

Christian is overcome, for he realizes that it is Cyrano's soul, not his, that Roxane loves, and that the part he is playing is a false part. He goes to Cyrano, tells him his feelings, points out that the secret marriage could be annulled, and urges his friend to go to Roxane, tell her all and let her choose between them.

Christian then walks out on the ramparts, and Cyrano goes to Roxane. While debating with himself whether or not to confess everything to Roxane, word is brought that Christian has been mortally wounded by the enemy. Together they hasten to him, and Cyrano stoops and whispers to his friend the noble falsehood, "I have told her all; it is you that she loves," and Christian dies in Roxane's arms.

The last act of the play is fifteen years later in a garden of the convent where Roxane, still mourning for Christian, has lived in retirement. Cyrano comes once a week to bring her the news of the world and to brighten her with his drollery and merry jests. One day he is wounded by a billet of wood hurled at his head, but, hiding the severe hurt, he keeps his appointment with Roxane. They sit together as the day fades and talk of the happy time gone by. She shows him the last letter that Christian had written her before he died, and asks him to read it to her. Cyrano reads aloud the familiar words, and as he reads the light fades and twilight makes all dim. Unconsciously Cyrano reads on, for the words are engraven in his heart, and he repeats them without looking at the pages of this his own letter. Roxane watches him with astonishment. Suddenly the whole truth bursts upon her,—it is Cyrano that all this time she has loved. But Cyrano's wound is fatal and he succumbs. He murmurs to her:

"I would not bid you mourn less faithfully
That good, brave Christian; I would only ask
That when my body shall be cold in clay
You wear those sable mourning weeds for two,
And mourn awhile for me in mourning him."

And thus the noble fellow dies, and Roxane cries,—"I have loved but once, and twice have lost my love."

This, in briefest outline, is the plot of the play. Its production in France, England and America has been for each country the most notable dramatic event for years.

As a drama for staging, "Cyrano de Bergerac" is a decided success. Its plot is well worked out. It moves rapidly, and tells the story of this reckless yet noble and unselfish man who defies the world, cares not for patrons or the help of friends, but trusts to his sword to protect him from his enemies; a merry fellow, quick of wit and always ready with a jest; seemingly light-hearted and gay, yet concealing through it all a noble passion, which for him is a never-forgotten sorrow.

Such a character as Cyrano can not but draw to himself the intense sympathy of an audience, and his words and deeds from first to last can not but awaken the liveliest interest. The romance of the play is genuine. It is the good old romance of "The Three Musketeers," the romance that can never grow tiresome, but which is always fresh and new.

From a purely literary standpoint "Cyrano de Bergerac" is also a notable production. The critics long have been searching for a poet, and in M. Rostand they have found one. His verse shows the touch of a master-hand, and some of his passages are genuinely beautiful. The balcony scene, for instance, contains lines of real poetry.

M. Rostand has struck the right chord at the right time; and one can with certainty predict that he has before him a brilliant future, and that in all probability his name is destined to be linked with those of the immortals.—*Catholic Columbian.*

The Dead Year.

RAYMOND G. O'MALLEY, '98.

Despite common report I doubt that the year dies; yet I am not altogether incredulous. Formerly I believed the contrary as firmly as I hold any truth today. Alas, for early fancies that are not born of reality! The decay of the faith of little children makes far more for unhappiness than aught I know of; unkindness troops close at the heels of unbelief. This simple trust that the young put in all things is so often abused, I fear infants shall soon be our greatest sceptics,—I lately saw a child prick a dog with a pin, presumably to learn whether it was a dog indeed. Certainly we must outlive many impressions; yet, may we retain a few is the wish I make,—would that I had not lost my belief in the year's mortality.

On the last day of one December I watched, with a hope that is foreign to me now, and in a trembling delight, the hands of a clock move slowly up to the midnight hour. I was confident I looked on the death of the Old and the birth of the New Year. Nothing occurred to break the calm, strange stillness of that winter night save the loud clanging of the bells that rang out the departed year and rang in its successor. To my sorrow and disappointment the next day was the same,—"these hands are not more like,"—as its dead brother. Men were changed not at all, and nowhere did I find any thing new,—I fear now I looked for a new world. When we look with new eyes we see new sights, and only then; yet I searched then in vain. It uprooted my faith in calendars and almanacs, and filled me with distaste for all man's reckoning of time.

I am uncertain that the nicest calculators agree in their computations of time. Farther back than our knowledge reaches lie unmeasured hours and more. What, too, of the leaky clepsydra and hour-glass! Where are the moments they robbed us of? How amusing it is to think of Alfred the Great and his followers with their candles sputtering and melting the hours away! Your modern time-piece must tick the seconds, every one. All this is well enough; but what of the days and hours we must add and subtract to make our calendars balance. A twelvemonth is but a twelvemonth, and when it is finished another begins. To speak of the year's death savors too much of the abstract. The years are man's work, and affect the course of time not at all; no more than do the sticks that float upon the stream record its gentle flow.

The days and seasons are a reality to me. I can see the changes that they bring. Though I never "saw the skirts of the departing year," I enjoy watching the birth or death of any day. Never have I beheld two alike, though I have viewed the beginning and the end of many days. There are new lessons, new delights and new beauties in each. Many times the splendour of the rising and the setting sun occasions me thoughts that are pleasing beyond words, and again "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

A few nights ago I saw the old year die almost with unconcern. I could not shake my firm doubt nor arouse myself to a proper understanding of the fact that a year was passing. I follow the common measure only from necessity. If the world should agree that the sun be our only time-piece I should not be unhappy.

There are more suggestions of death than life in this new year, for nature now shows a very sad face. There is not the hearty look of winter nor yet the lively one of spring on it; but it presents rather a sombre, withered, almost ghastly appearance. It is a countenance,—if nature may be said to have a countenance,—"more in sorrow than in anger." The wind, too, moans, but does not whistle. What is there in this January to suggest infancy? I can not believe that these melancholy colours of field and hill symbolize sorrow nor that this winter rain means tears for the dear departed year,—this is all too fanciful. I can not weep for the dead twelvemonth nor could I sorrow for a friend were his days fixed even before he began life. It is all too unnatural. The very uncertainty of the time of our leave-taking raises hopes for the accomplishment of all our desires and increases the zest of living. Very often, indeed, the suddenness of our "going hence" deepens the bitterness of our loss; but to have the number of our days determined so that by no possibility could we shorten or lengthen them is all too mathematical and uninteresting; it is not even conceivable. Just so seems the life of the year to me; but I could endure it today, and almost believe the old year died and a new one was born were the earth covered with snow.

Your modern winter is not the artist those earlier ones were. The difference is much the

same between them as it is between Shakspere and the modern author. Those were real, finished, one and in all respects delightful; this is broken, with snow only occasionally. What beauties, then, in the smallest snowflake that glistened in the sunlight! Then we went with little specks of white falling before our eyes and scattered all about that gave back the primary colours and combinations infinite. What dazzling, blinding delight, that made it impossible to see anything but colours for a moment, even after we were within doors! I find the later winters all too cheerless in comparison with the earlier ones.

Whatever may be said from a childish displeasure at the failure of materializing the abstract term time, our year is too tangible an entity to go or come without notice. The world turns a leaf in its history, and it must be for this reason we rejoice,—surely we would not exult over the dead year. What though the page we scrawl in ninety-nine be similar to that of ninety-eight; must not the book be filled? I trust this shall be for you, gentle reader, such a New Year as I wish you.

The Worship of Mammon.

J. CLYDE LOCKE.

Man must worship something. Out of the deepest needs of the human heart arise prayer and praise. Man's instinct tells him of his own insignificance, tells him of a power higher than his own, tells him that somewhere there must exist an infinite mind to which he must show obeisance; and if he be in ignorance of the existence of the true God, he must needs give form to his own spiritual ideas, and worship the works of his own hands. Thus it is that today in the darkness of heathendom, men set up their gods of wood, or of stone, or of metal; and grovelling upon their face and knees in the dirt and filth before them, millions of humanity pour their prayers into ears that can not hear, appeal to a mind that knows no existence.

From the lofty eminence of our Christian civilization, we look with pity upon such scenes as these. The blessed repose of our confidence in God is interrupted now and again by the murmuring of the pagan as he appeals to the gods of his own creation. Far across the expanse of seas we send a warning cry. In our moments of wrath at the reckless indulgence of his practice, we would even hurl down the images from their pedestals, and mingle their fragments with the dust at their base. But ah! in the resentment of another's error, we forget that the first great sacred law thundered down from the summit of Sinai, was not limited in its application to the idols to which the heathen pays homage. We forget that in America, as well as in all civilized lands today, there is an idol far more hideous than ever heathen hands set up; an idol at whose feet the millions are kneeling. Before us, like a god of the nether world, clad in golden attire and shining in yellow lustre, sits the idol—Mammon.

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific!"

This love and worship of riches, then, is the spirit that today characterizes not only America but every civilized nation. It is a spirit that knows no race, no religion, no nationality and no time. It is the same spirit that, six thousand years ago, entered the sacred precincts of the patriarchal home and robbed Esau of his birthright. It is the same spirit that the Saviour scourged from the temple where it discounted the sweat of Judean labor. It is the same spirit to which is traced the decay of nations and the death of civilizations.

But it must not be inferred that when we point out the folly of avarice and the iniquity of money worship, we overlook the fundamental necessity of wealth. Wealth has often been characterized as the life-blood of commerce, and commerce is at once the product and pioneer of civilization. In itself it means neither food nor clothing nor shelter. In itself it creates no joy, yields no comfort, mitigates no pain. With it alone, man would be as desolate as Crusoe among his sacks of gold before he found the single grain of wheat that contained the promise of food and life and wealth. Yet, without money, the complex mechanism of commerce would stop, and the vast fabric of what we call business would fall to atoms, and the world would relapse into barbarism. Money is to every occupation that enlists the energies of man what the plow is to the farmer, the pencil to the painter, the chisel to the sculptor. The real wealth of the country lies in the school, the library, the church, and all agencies for the culture of the race. The dollar is simply a means to conserve these blessings.

But today the relations are reversed, and the dollar is the object, not the instrument, of commerce. Instead of being the useful servant of man, it has become his master. The dollar rather than the highest human happiness is becoming the standard of our civilization. It is against this spirit of avarice, this tireless strife for wealth, that society must struggle.

Whenever we think of the demoralizing effects of money worship, we think of them as applying to the individual and to the community, or to the nation; and when we speak of its demoralizing effects upon the character of the individual, we have in mind no certain class of individuals,—no particular few. The man that eats his frail meal of bread and sits before his humble hearth, if his end in life be money, is just as debased morally, is just as great a menace to ideal society, as the man that tosses upon his luxurious bed and worries over the millions which he fears may slip from his grasp. The young man entering life with no loftier purpose than his material profit, will be of no greater service to the world than the haggard miser, who, in his solitary chamber, counts his gold in the lonely midnight hour.

Thrust out into the world, the young man comes face to face with material aims and ends; and of such aims and ends money is the universal equivalent. His one idea is success, and success is money. Money means to him power; it means leisure; it means display; it means self-indulgence;—it means, in a word, the thousand comforts and luxuries which, in his opinion, constitute the good of life. He believes the rich are fortunate, are happy; that the best of life has been given to them. He has faith in the power of money, in its sovereign efficacy to save him from suffering, from sneers and insults. He believes it can transform him, and take away the poverty of mind, the narrowness of heart, and the dullness of imagination, which make him weak, hard and common. But alas! only too late he finds the money world visible, material and external. Whether his early hopes prove delusive, or whether he realize all his youthful ambitions; whether in the end he must lean upon the beggar's staff, and expose his grey locks to the pitiless wintry winds, or whether it be his lot to seek the comfort and luxury of a mansion—in any case a blight has fallen upon his nobler self, and his service to the world has been idolatry. The young man of such great promise is now the hoary-haired old man—lost to morality, lost to all that is lofty and noble. Crippled and maimed, he can only hope to hobble upon golden crutches across the few remaining years that separate him from the grave.

But great as is the demoralizing influence of avarice upon the character of the individual, it is not there that its base and sordid nature is most clearly revealed. If avarice is to be deplored in its influence upon the character of the individual, it is more deeply to be deplored in its influence upon the character of the nation. Like a starved beast of prey maddened by the taste of human blood, it springs with gleaming eyes and dripping jaws to crush the vitality out of the nation. The bane of the nation today is the rush and clamor of money-getting. Classes of men, made strong by the impious agent of the purse, arise and constitute the dreaded money-power. It is this power that confronts the nation today. It is this power that looks upon government simply as an instrument of self-aggrandizement. It is this power, that, by executing the corrupt conceptions of selfish minds, can control the price of commodities. It is this power, that, at its own will, can build a bridge of gold across channels of just opposition, and precipitate itself into the very halls of our legislatures. Once there, it can legislate in its own interests, careless alike of bankrupt industry and outraged patriotism. Once there, it loses sight of the manhood and womanhood of the nation. Once in control of the reins of government, the few reap where the many have sown; and gather where the many have planted.

This injustice of legislation is loosening the ties that bind a brave people in respect and reverence to their government. It is breeding selfishness in the favored class, and exciting the hostility of their victims, and inviting all the penalties of trespass.

Now, we bear no malice toward the wealthy of this land. We are not advocating a division of their wealth. We want not one dollar that they call their own. But civilization based on wealth alone can not continue: the eternal laws of the universe forbid it, and the witness that is in every soul testifies that it can not be. Those that believe that the business of a government can be thus demoralized, and the general mass thus oppressed with fortunate and peaceable results, have read to no purpose the history of civilization. Is it a light thing that the masses should be robbed of their earnings through corrupt legislation, while greed rolls in wealth? May not we also say: "After us

the deluge?" Nay, the pillars of state are trembling even now, and the very foundations of society begin to quiver with the pent-up forces that rage underneath.

Then while the dark clouds gather along the horizon portending danger, we turn with anxious thoughts to the land we love. We hope that this land of freedom, purchased by no greater sum of gold than the purse of Morris which sustained the straggling band of patriots at Valley Forge, will long continue to exist. We hope that the volley, which long ago severed our bonds with the greed and avarice of another nation, will re-echo throughout coming ages. Yea, we hope that when the shrill blast of the archangel's trumpet declares that all things earthly have their end, that only with the shock of earthquakes upon that awful day, will the starry emblem of freedom, liberty and justice go down. But if this government of the people, by the people, for the people should become a government of wealth, by wealth, and for wealth, then the time may come when Almighty God in His wisdom may decree that even America shall cease to exist. Then the Capitol shall crumble, and the ivy will creep over the mouldering marble. The serpent will lurk there, and the owl will cry in the darkness from the dismantled columns. Then an invisible hand will come forth and inscribe across the mouldy portal arch the ominous words—"God hath numbered thy nation, and finished it; thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." And the burden of the night-winds, as they moan through the lonely and deserted corridors, shall be: "Ye can not serve God and Mammon!"

He Came out All Right.

JOHN J. HENNESSY.

In my youth I read many stories about the sea and the men that ride over its great waves. My dreams were fraught with visions of gallant sailor laddies in gay blue costumes, romping and clambering about the decks of majestic steamers. The sea had many attractions for me, and my greatest ideal was to become a sailor.

When I had reached my eighteenth year, I thought myself capable of assuming the responsibilities of my chosen profession. As is usual with most young men, I considered that I was a pillar of wisdom, though, as a matter of fact, I possessed few characteristics of a sage. In the month of August, by much pleading, I gained my father's consent to go whither my heart longed. My mother was greatly opposed to my plans, but for all that my mind was made up, and nothing could hinder me from going ahead.

It was the fifteenth day of the month when I left my home and started to walk to the harbor ten miles away. Eight of the ten miles were soon left behind me, and my heart throbbed with joy as I looked toward the sea and beheld a large number of mast-heads towering toward the sky. I met an old and careworn sailor attired in a bright navy suit, and asked of him what prospect there was for securing a position on one of the ships. He looked at me for several seconds and then asked if I was thinking of becoming a sailor. When I answered in the affirmative he tried to change my mind on this matter. He was an old neighbor of ours who had known me when I was in the cradle. He saw that I was determined to follow out my plans, so he said half sadly and as kindly as his gruff voice would permit: "Well, my boy, have your way; but let me, as an old sailor, give you a piece of advice. Do your duty and you will come out all right. If you shirk, your lot will be miserable."

It was near eight o'clock when I arrived at the harbor. A ship had just been unloaded and the sailors were walking around idly, smoking or chewing tobacco. I asked one of them to show me the captain. "Wait here just a minute," he said, "and he will be along. If you see a big fat man, looks something like a beer barrel on skids, has a deep scar on his right cheek and two fingers off the left hand, that's him. He'll be here soon." I was not waiting long until I heard a gruff voice say: "Hello, Cap! there's a young kid here that wants to see you." I told the captain what I wanted, and he said that he was just in search of a cabin boy so I might try that position.

After eight days, our ship, the "Victoria," set sail. During the first few days I got along very nicely as everyone was kind to me and showed me what to do. Soon, however, things changed. The sailors swore at me, ordered me about here and there, and blamed me for anything that went wrong. I was growing despondent when the advice of my old friend, "Do your duty and you will come out all right," braced me up. I did my best to please the men, but even the captain turned

against me and alluded to me as a good-for-nothing rascal.

We were at sea two weeks when a great storm arose. There was little rain, but a hurricane of wind sent tumultuous waves dashing against the boat on all sides. Every man was at his post. The captain went about the boat in a cool, collected manner, and gave orders with his usual firmness. The wind grew stronger. About six o'clock a general sense of alarm took hold of all aboard.

It was necessary for some one to go up the mast and cut loose the main sail. The sailors all refused to undertake this task and there was mutiny in the crew. The captain roared out his orders, but no one obeyed them. At last he turned to me and said: "Jim, you go up and cut that sail." This was not part of my work, but the words, "Do your duty," resounded in my ears and I decided to go. Putting my knife between my teeth, I clambered to the top in the best manner I could. When I had reached the desired place I took my knife in one hand and sawed at the ropes, while I clung to the mast with the other. The sail soon fell and my dangerous task was nearly finished.

But how was I to get back down? The mast was slipping, and tossed violently about in the air, so that I could not loose my hold without danger of being pitched into the sea. I was not long thinking about this when there was a crash, a quick lurch of the ship and I was in the waves. I found a piece of timber that had been torn from the boat, and to which there was some rigging left, and tied myself fast to this. I heard a few cries about me, but as it was near ten o'clock at night and pitch dark, I could see nothing.

I drifted about in the waves until daybreak. The storm was over. I could see no trace of our ship. About noon a vessel passed near enough to see me, and I, cold, exhausted and hungry, was rescued. I was dazed for sometime after being picked up. When I had been cared for and brought back to my senses I was told by the mate on the vessel that some twenty miles back he had picked up a sealed packet that was floating in the sea, and discovered that the "Victoria" and all aboard were lost. You may imagine my feelings about this time.

The boat that picked me up was an American merchant vessel owned by a rich man of New York City. When we landed in New York harbor two weeks after my rescue, I met the gentleman that owned the vessel. He seemed greatly moved when I told him of my experience, and asked me to walk to his office with him.

We had a long chat, mostly regarding the ill-fated "Victoria" and the great storm that caused her wreck. I explained that it was my first trip and if I could help it, it would be the last. The gentleman saw that I was in need of help as I was young and penniless. He said if I desired to stay in New York, I might start to work for him in a few days. I gladly accepted the position, and wrote to my folks that I would stay there, at least for awhile. I liked my work very well, and, moreover, liked my employer. I used frequently to go home with him to dinner and stay for the evening. His wife and daughter were very kind and the latter never tired of hearing my story of the "Victoria."

I need scarcely follow this narrative any farther than to say that I made the best of these new circumstances into which I found myself thrown. About three years after I had started to work in New York there was a marriage celebrated, in which my employer's daughter and I took the principal parts.

Some few days after I was married I was working in the office when a rugged, heavy-set man walked in. I was surprised to find in him the Captain of the "Victoria." The ship had gone down as the sealed message picked up by the merchant vessel had stated, and all hands were lost except the captain and engineer who were saved in much the same manner as I myself had been rescued. They were picked up and carried to Liverpool by the steamer "Clementine." Only once after that did they cross the ocean and that was when they were brought back to their homes in Brooklyn.

The captain said he knew where the engineer was as they lived close together in Brooklyn. He promised to bring him around to call on me in a few days. About a month later the two men called at the office. The old and careworn engineer shook hands warmly with me, and said: "Young man, be thankful that you are alive and all right. You had a thrilling experience." His apparent interest in me surprised me, and for a minute I could say nothing. I looked at him closely and recognized in him the old sailor that I met when on my way to the harbor on the eventful morning when I engaged myself to work as cabin boy on the "Victoria." He was the one that said: "Do your duty and you will come out all right; if you shirk your lot will be miserable."

Varsity Verse.

ESTRANGED.

IT rains today; a dull, dark, heavy sky
Shuts out the light; the world seems all amiss,
And gloomy meditation's dread abyss
Yawns through phantasmal terrors; with a sigh,
Weird fancy's funeral album I descry,
And search each page, each loved face gently kiss—
Save one. Estranged remembrancer of bliss,
Thou here? And we were one! Estranged! oh, why?

Dim token of my childhood, of that dream
Which shed upon me—though unprized forsooth—
The calm effulgence of a light divine,
Illume my soul with but a spectre gleam
Of sweetness: thou my image art—in youth
Untarnished ere I went astray, yet mine.

A. M.

CROSSING THE FERRY.

Over the river so peaceful and still
Booms the dear notes of the sad Whip-poor-will,
Answer the echoes along the green shore
To the faint swish of the ferry-man's oar.

Soon we shall be on the opposite side,
Free from all care of the time and the tide;
Back in our homes again, back with our friends,
Back to each pleasure that happiness lends.

J. M. L.

HER GRAVE.

In mem'ry scenes now gather round,
And to my ear there comes a sound
Of her sweet voice; a sigh of pain
Escapes my lips, but I would fain
Prevent this grief by solace found.

But o'er the book of Life all browned
By care of years, my thoughts do bound,
And youthful days are seen again
In memory.

And naught can ever heal the wound,
For lifeless in the cold, cold ground
They laid her there, and still the pain
O'erpowers my mind: I can't refrain
From kneeling now at that same mound
In memory.

J. L. C.

RONDELET.

Why dost thou weep?
When Death hath ta'en thy little one,
Why dost thou weep?
If He hath rocked thy babe to sleep,
Know well thy God's will hath been done.
Then if a crown from Him is won,
Why dost thou weep?

B. S. M.

A PEARL OF PRICE.

A picture of Marguerite
Stands near me while I'm working.
'Tis of a maid most sweet,
This picture of Marguerite.
Her blue eyes seem to greet
Me now. My toil I'm shirking,
For a picture of Marguerite
Stands near me while I'm working.

E. C. B.

The Lyric Poem.

JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99.

Countless cherubim and séraphim hovered about the hallowed throne of the Triune God, singing hymns of praise and love to the Holy Three in One. In these realms all was light and glory, but beneath the floor of this superb mansion lay another land—a mass of confusion and chaos. "The earth was void and empty and darkness was on the face of the deep." "Let there be light," said the Father, and instantly the mist and fog gave place to a light from heaven that cast its dazzling rays on the gloomy countenance of the earth. For five days the Supreme Artificer continued to regulate and beautify the chaotic heap; on the sixth day He stamped His work with the impress of His own eternal image by creating man, whom He placed in a delightful garden, where the celestial and terrene seemed to meet and to blend in perfect harmony.

This masterpiece of the creative act soon forfeited his happy home and lost all claim to the earthly paradise by a sin of disobedience. Henceforth he must labor patiently beneath the terrible anathema: "Cursed is the earth in thy works; . . . and in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread." Here is the fountain, the well-spring of all our sorrows. Our mother brought us forth in sorrow, and with thorns and thistles shall we be buffeted, until we return to the dust whence we came. Our hearts from infancy are filled with the germs of sorrow, which develop and grow stronger in proportion as we are subjected to the reverses of life, and made to feel the frailty and inconstancy of our human nature.

When death separates us from a good parent or severs our union with a generous friend, our sympathy is aroused, and bitter tears alone can moderate our grief. Even our Divine Lord, in His Humanity, experienced the keen pangs of sorrow, and He, too, wept when He beheld the obduracy of those He loved so dearly: "O Jerusalem! if thou hadst known the things that are for thy peace; but now they are hidden from thine eyes."

There is a supernatural, a divine element in real sorrow, and a "love for it is one of the greatest graces of the redemption. . . . Christ and His Mother were steeped in sorrow. We are redeemed with sorrow; and if joy were better than sorrow, we should have been redeemed

with joy." When the soul is overwhelmed with grief, it naturally turns toward God, and at such moments it gives utterance to the most sublime sentiments. Hence, in sorrow we find the source of all lyric poetry.

The lyric poem, in its perfection, is pre-eminently a poem of sorrow, and ever finds a responsive echo in our souls, since it touches the most tender chord in the human heart. Read the "Lycidas" of Milton, the "Adonais" of Shelley, or Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; read any one of this grand trilogy, and see for yourself how naturally and spontaneously they flow from the human breast whither they unconsciously return like the mighty wave rolling back into the ocean's bosom.

Lyric poetry is purely subjective, and expresses the poet's personal feelings and emotions. It reveals his heart, and places before us the workings of his soul—its joys and sorrows, success and disappointment. We are ushered into the richest chambers of his heart, into which the most passionate affections and the noblest aspirations of his poetic soul are ever emptying, and whence flow strains of unseen beauty, more pleasing than the melodies of earth's sweetest lyre.

As I have already stated, the essence of the lyric poem is sorrow. Whether we meditate on the beautiful thoughts of "In Memoriam," and follow Tennyson in spirit as he wandered among the poetic cliffs and dells of England; whether we seat ourselves on the burning sands of Arabia, and mourn with holy Job; or lastly, should we stand near the Mount of Olives and weep with David—in all three cases we shall find the expression of a soul in sorrow. And, in fact, as a literary critic of our own day has said: "All great poetry is sorrowful, all great poets are sorrowful. Shakspere, Dante, Firdousi, Æschylus, Homer, are normally sorrowful, bitterly sorrowful."

Mark well, however, that this is not the weak, artificial, and sentimental sorrow that disfigures the productions of many modern poets and novelists. The sorrow of the great lyric poem is supernatural, and is an outpouring of the soul, not toward man, but toward God. It is the intense grief of holy Job: "My face is swollen with weeping, and my eyes are dim;" it is the penitential cry of David when the bitter pangs of remorse sting his once pure soul: "I have become like the pelican of the wilderness, and as the night-owl on the housetop." In fine, it is the sorrow of Tennyson when writing these verses:

"So find I every pleasant spot
In which we too were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber and the street,
For all is dark where thou art not."

The grief of the great lyric is far from being artificial; it works marvels in the soul, raises it above mere human sentimentality, and places it in closer union with God. It fertilized David's soul for the seed of true repentance—a seed that sprouts on earth, but blossoms in heaven; and it so strengthened Job's faith, that, in the midst of his anguish, and even when sitting on the dung-hill scraping his sores with a potsherd, he ceased not to bless the Name of his Lord.

But what is, perhaps, more astonishing than all this, is the wonderful effect this strong and genuine sorrow had on Tennyson's weak faith He tells us himself that "his mind is clouded with a doubt," and yet the intense grief that he experiences at the death of his bosom friend, Hallam, works so efficaciously on his wavering mind, that a livelier faith takes possession of his soul, and he is no longer willing to sanction his former skepticism.

Though "In Memoriam" may be looked upon by some critics as "the voice of the nineteenth century marked by the accent of doubt and faith, science and culture," it is still a lyric poem whose Calvary has a bright Easter. The beginning of the poem is marked by a sensual sorrow, and as the poet advances on the ocean of tears, the waves of doubt and materialism threaten to sink his fragile bark. In despair he cries out:

"Behold we know not anything!"

Suddenly the billows cease to roar and the angry waves recede. The clouds of darkness disappear, and a mysterious hand removes the veil that hides the eternal light from the poet's soul. The sorrow that at first was sensual has become spiritual, and his once dwarfed soul is expanded, elevated and illuminated by the light of faith—the fruit of his intense sorrow—and he frankly exclaims, after the victory has been won,

"My own dim life should teach me this:
That life shall live for evermore."

THE prettiest flowers do not become the best fruits. If this were not true also morally and intellectually, we should very often be constrained to place our hopes of success in the student that goes home from college with his waistcoat covered with medals.—*A. J. N.*

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—Each morning of the past week the students of the University *en masse* have repaired to the college chapel to offer up their prayers for the speedy recovery of our Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher. We hope that it may please Divine Providence to restore the health of our good bishop and permit him to remain with us for many years.

—We are forced to announce that the SCHOLASTIC'S contribution box is not as well filled as it should be. Now, men of Notre Dame, shake off that lonesome feeling that you had after returning from vacation, and write something for your paper. Good articles are needed, and it is in your power to supply them, if you will only interest yourselves in this regard.

—There is a bright outlook in the athletic department. Track men and baseball men in good numbers are out working hard for their positions. It is too early to pick out dark horses, but nevertheless there are some men that sat on the benches all during last season, who are out now in baseball and running suits, and it would be well for the old men of the teams to keep their eyes on these fellows or they may find them in their way when it comes to filling up the teams for the coming games. This is what we want. The old men were good, but if the new candidates prove to be better, they should have the place.

—In the chapel at the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio, the Stations of the Cross are said to be the finest of any to be found. The statues are carved in wood. They were made in Europe and rest on Gothic pedestals. Thirteen of them have been dedicated to prominent Catholics, whom it is desired that those making the Stations will remember in their prayers. Among the thirteen tablets bearing the names of those to whom the statues are dedicated are two, one of which bears the name of Gen. W. S. Rosencrans, Lætare medalist '96, the other the name of our late beloved Provincial, Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., Chaplain of the Irish Brigade during the civil war. We are glad that those in charge of the chapel have thus remembered Father Corby, for if any man was deserving of loving remembrance in our prayers, it was he. The solemn Requiem High Mass in the Church of the Sacred Heart last Thursday morning was offered up for his benefit, in anniversary of his death.

—Last Thursday the members of the executive committee of the Athletic Association were elected. The retiring board, Messrs. Follen and Wurzer of Sorin Hall, and Messrs. Farley and Macdonald of Brownson, have performed their duties in a manner satisfactory to all. The duties of the committee men are not as trifling as some persons might suppose, and the men upon whom their performance falls should be men that have the confidence of the association. The retiring board had that confidence and, we are happy to say, the new board is ushered into office with the same trust upon their shoulders. For the coming season Messrs. Follen and Steele are the representatives of Sorin Hall, and for Brownson Hall, Messrs. Farley and Dillon. The selections were well made. A vacancy in the office of Vice-President made it necessary to choose a man for that position. Mr. Louis T. Weadock was unanimously elected and installed into the office. The SCHOLASTIC is glad to indorse the election of all the new officials, and trusts that the association has put itself under the care of competent men.

An Inherited Custom.

Old Union Hall on Wayne Street is a shabby building with no ornaments whatsoever. The brown, weather-beaten sideboards give evidence that they have withstood the wind and storms of many seasons. The interior of the building is one large room with a small platform resembling a stage in one end of it. Along the sides of the hall and under the old-fashioned high windows are rows of chairs. From the ceiling hang two quaint, large hanging lamps. Some plaster has fallen from the ceiling; and the walls are covered with brown striped paper. This is Union Hall. It was built for dancing and entertainments. The small platform at one end is where the orchestra sits to play for the dances. The chairs along the side serve a twofold purpose. They are for the people to sit on during intermissions at the dances, and at entertainments they are swung around to answer the purpose of seats in an opera house.

Though this hall is old fashioned, royalty and chivalry were combined in the crowd that glided merrily over its waxed floor at the New Year's carnival. Standing on the platform behind the orchestara while they played the "Queen's Favorite Gavotte," one could discern among the merry-makers the faces of Lady Mary and Lady Catherine together with their sister, the queen regent; likewise the beaming countenance of Princess Edna, the fairest damsel at the court. The gallant Charles, one of her majesty's retinue and the bravest knight in the whole kingdom, bowed graciously, and smiled as he gracefully led his partner through the dance. Prince Harry Frederick and his bosom friend, Lord James, were there. Lord James was a direct descendant of King Timothy, a monarch very much beloved in his time, and the only one of that name that ever sat on a throne. Peter, the queen regent's chief adviser, and a man much admired at the court, was present, and seemed greatly pleased at the gaiety and good spirit exhibited by the dancers. It may seem strange that this assemblage of notable personages should meet in so commonplace a building as Union Hall. There is a little history, however, connected with this carnival and with the building, too, that will explain matters.

About two hundred years ago, in the days of old Thomas of Piper, there was a great clash between the House of Piper and the House of Reed. Each family had, by inheritance, an equal right to the throne of Lucas, though at the time of the dispute it was held by the Pipers. When Graham, the last king of Lucas, died, he left no child to wear his crown, and the nearest heirs were his two nephews, Thomas of Piper and Douglas Reed. The former took possession of the throne against the protest of his cousin. This gave rise to a great insurrection, as both Houses had a large number of partisans. The Reeds congregated in the northern section of the kingdom, while their opponents took the southern part.

Two immense armies were hurriedly assembled and drilled. Each party had all his forces together, and the fate of the kingdom seemed to be hanging on the issue of one great battle that would take place when these foes met. The archers of the southern army were vastly superior in skill and numbers to those of the opposing force. This was counterbalanced by the fact that the Northerners were well adapted to the use of the spear and axe, and on their forces in this line they depended for victory.

There was a great deal of skirmishing on both sides, yet the men never came close enough to engage in a great contest. Each side was confident of victory, yet careful in meeting the enemy, and watchful to take them unawares if possible. In the meantime, however, the business of the country was going to ruin, the land was untilled while its occupants were in arms, and soon starvation and desperation made it necessary to force the conflict and allow the men that survived to return to their homes. Piper was reluctant to engage his forces at this time, as his best general, Lord McCutcheon, was very ill and unable to lead his men. It was evident, however, that he would have to proceed.

The two armies moved toward each other for the fray. At the centre of the kingdom was an old barracks called fort Meigs. The armies met here, and the engagement commenced early in the morning. Reed at the head of his followers dashed toward his opponents with a spirit of courage and bravery that filled his men with the greatest determination. The Southerners poured a volley of swift-speeding arrows at them, and many an axe-man dropped from his place as the fight proceeded. Until midday it seemed that neither side could gain any advantage. The army of the king stood firm at their place and withstood the

fierce rushes of the spear-men without giving way a foot.

It was too savage a contest to last this way. As the afternoon wore on, the stout men from the north fought with the same dash that they had at the outset. Gradually Piper's men fell back, and the tide of battle was against him. In desperation, and as a last resort, he sent a party for General McCutcheon to come from his sick bed and if need be to perish with his king.

When the grey-haired veteran heard the news he arose, gathered his henchmen, and started toward where the battle was raging. The army had been forced back to Waterville when he reached them, but were still fighting desperately. Dashing to the front he roared to the soldiers to brace up for a final rally and save their king from the impending defeat. At the sight of their old general the men took new courage, exercised all the energy they had left, and charged at the enemy with full force. Reed soon fell, and this formed the turning-point of the contest. Without their leader the northern men fought in confusion, and wasted their strength with little effect on the other side. They soon began to give way, and Piper's men rushed after them with a strength born of new hopes. Back and back past Fort Meigs they went, until finally, as the night set in, they were forced from the field in defeat.

There was great rejoicing and merriment at the king's castle that night when the news of victory was reported. It was supposed that the trouble was all over, and that Piper could rule without further disturbance. Short-lived, however, was this jollification. Scarcely had the king returned when he learned that the army of the north, though defeated, were not disbanded. Lady Ellen Reed, sister of the fallen leader, rallied them together, and they had determined to fight under her banner and bring the crown to the House of Reed. King Piper was much perplexed and alarmed at this report. Though he had won the last battle there was little left of his army, and his brave commander, McCutcheon, had perished from the effects of his great work at the engagement. There was no fund in the exchequer to hire forces, and he felt sure that the next battle would bring the downfall of his House. The wise men of the court were called together to deliberate on the matter. It was decided after much consultation that it would be foolhardy to rest their cause on the result of another engagement. Ambassadors were sent to the leaders of the enemy to interview them in behalf of effecting a compromise.

When the king's messengers reached the northern headquarters they found the leaders of Lady Ellen's forces much opposed to another war, but still resolute to defend their cause. They would not let Piper sit on the throne peaceably unless some assurance could be given them that their claims to the crown be recognized. Thus the parties began proceedings to arrange a compromise satisfactory to both sides. The only way out of the difficulty seemed to be to unite both parties with equal rights. How to effect this union was the difficulty. After much deliberation it was decided that all other parties save King Piper and Lady Ellen should abandon their claims to the throne, and that these two should unite in marriage and let the crown go to their offspring. As Douglas Reed had fallen in battle and Lady Ellen was the only claimant of his House, this seemed to be the best way to unite both parties and end the feud.

King Piper and Lady Ellen were informed of this transaction, and each of them readily agreed to the terms. Arrangements for the marriage were soon completed, and in a few months that great event took place. It marked the end of all feuds between the two Houses.

At that time Union Hall was just completed and was regarded as a most imposing edifice. It was only a short distance from the king's castle. Thus when the marriage feast was celebrated it was decided to make the first use of this Hall to hold a grand ball and peace jubilee to mark the union of the two Houses. From this event it received its name of Union Hall. All the notables of both parties were there, and the carnival was a memorable occasion. It occurred on New Year's night. Thomas Piper, king of the land, and his queen, Lady Ellen, were the first couple to march across the floor. It was decided by all present that, to keep up the friendly relations between the two Houses, an anniversary ball should be held in Union Hall on each following New Year's day, and that all the royalty of the kingdom should attend. And this is why you find these royal personages at Union Hall at the New Year's carnival; and for the same reason you may find them there year after year, gliding over the floor where king Piper and his queen danced, until old Union Hall is so shabby that it must give way to a new and better building.

P. J. R.

Exchanges.

We have become very much interested in our Canadian exchanges, and in none of them more than in the *Acta Victoriana* from Victoria University, Toronto. The *Acta* is fortunate in having a staff consisting of men that do their best to make their paper interesting and to push it to the front. And that the *Acta* has such a staff, the character of its work gives proof. The latest number before us is an especially elaborate one, filled with illustrations, many able essays and good verse. It is an alumni number, and we do not attempt to criticise it further than to commend it.

Last fall we noticed in the *Acta* an account of a ceremony called—if we remember—the "Bob." As the "Bob" is something strange to us, and probably is indigenous to Victoria University, we beg to request that some one familiar with local tradition will contribute to the *Acta* a paper explaining the history, the meaning and manner of carrying on a "Bob."

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To those familiar with college publications it was no surprise to learn that young ladies from our women's colleges carried off all the honors and several handsome prizes in the literary contest instituted by the *Century Magazine*. For the young ladies in our academies and colleges do very excellent work, and they put forth some of the best amateur magazines in the country.

One of the best of the women's college publications is the *Sibyl* from Elmira College. The December number contains several essays, a great deal of verse, many little sketches and a charming farce. Miss Wixon contributes an appreciative and delightfully written paper, half biographical, half critical, on Eugene Field, whom she fittingly styles "the friend of all, but pre-eminently the friend of children." Miss Corey writes an interesting article on Edward Fitzgerald, and she touches critically upon his rendering of the Rubáiyát. In likening Fitzgerald to Omar she truly remarks: "He must be a twin-soul, a second genius, singing the same song, the same melody in a new key with a new world of notes." In lighter vein is Miss Clarke's Farce which is very clever and shows exceptional skill in dialogue writing. The verse in the *Sibyl* also shows skill above the average.

Personal.

—Mrs. A. F. Hodgins, of Winona, Minn., spent several days of the past week at Notre Dame.

—Father Henneberry, of Tasmania, Australia, was the guest of the President for several days last week.

—Mr. J. H. Becker, of Hendalville, Indiana, was a recent visitor at the University. He was accompanied by his son who has entered in Brownson Hall.

—Rev. Philip Burk, O. S., Chicago, Rev. J. T. McEwan, St. Paul, Rev. George Lauer, Ligonier, Ind., Rev. Francis Faust, Ege, Ind., and Rev. Brother Joseph O'Callaghan, Cork, Ireland, were among the recent visitors at the University.

—Mr. Walter William Marr, B. S. '94, C. E. '95, has been appointed one of the Assistant City Engineers of Chicago. The appointment of as young a man as Mr. Marr to a place of such importance certainly speaks well for his ability, and the SCHOLASTIC congratulates *Das Kind* upon his success as an engineer.

—Dr. Henry B. Luhn is practising medicine in Spokane, Washington and has been very successful. His brother, Mr. William Luhn, is at Manilla as Adjutant of the 1st Washington Volunteers. We are glad to learn from a letter written by Dr. Luhn to a friend here that he still cherishes fond recollections of *Alma Mater* and that he looks forward to a visit here in the near future.

—Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, have issued cards of invitation to the marriage of their daughter to Mr. Ernest Ferdinand Du Brul, which will take place on Wednesday, February 1, 1899. Mr. Du Brul took his bachelor's degree in Letters in '92, in Arts in '93, and he also received a Master's degree from the University. While in college he was a prominent member of the Varsity football team.

—Mr. Thomas T. Cavanagh, A. B. '97, who is attending the Harvard Law School, in a recent letter to a former classmate, tells of a very pleasant gathering of Notre Dame men held not long ago at his rooms in Cambridge. Among those that were present were Mr. Francis McManus, LL. B. '96, who is practising law in Boston. Mr. Alexander Carney, student '95–'98, who is doing special work at Harvard, and Mr. Jacob Rosenthal, B. S. '97, who is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and was at Cambridge with his football team. The boys talked over the good old days at *Alma Mater*, and all agreed that these were the happiest, and that there was no place like Notre Dame.

Local Items.

—LOST.—A copy of Dante's *Inferno*. Finder is requested to return same to F. C. Bouza.

—It never occurs to some people that there is such a word as punctuality in our language.

—The students of Carroll Hall that have military suits are requested to wear them at drill.

—A man has never had an introduction to himself until some one tells him what he thinks of him.

—Shane has returned with the effects of a pleasant vacation still visible on his smiling lineaments.

—"Lexy" says that he has a "cinch" on second lieutenant in Co. B. He thinks Stories will get first lieutenant.

—WISE MAC.—"Svensden, what percentum did you get at your bath?"

JOHN.—"I got my dip."

—Padden says that the barber that cuts Morgan's hair charges him extra because he takes the temper out of the scissors.

—Anyone desiring to learn how to tie the Gordian knot on a bath-robe should ask Farley. If you wish to learn how it is opened ask Kinney or H. P. Barry.

—Shag says he would rather be right than—than centre fielder. Some persons have that peculiar power of turning a sentence, already uttered, into an entirely different mould, when they have gone half way and discovered an obstruction.

—The latest novelty in art at Notre Dame is Bill Dalton's collar. Every one that saw it wishes to see it again. Griesheimer bought it in Chicago. Ward paid two bits for the privilege of wearing it one hour. Then Dalton got his comprehensive artistic orbs on it and leased it for one week.

—The first meeting of the Glee Club will be held this evening at 7:30 p. m. in the Music room of the Main Building. Now let everyone that has any musical talent, instrumental or vocal, attend. We can get up a rousing good glee club here, and are lacking in college spirit if we do not. It will be an honor to belong to this organization, so be up there tonight and start at the beginning:

—The maiden stood near the promised land
The youth held her hand awhile;
Said she to the youth with a laugh forsooth,
"I do not like your *stile*."

The prefect came from the neighboring field
And watched the two with a smile,
And said to the youth with a laugh forsooth,
"I do not like your *style*."

—The play to be given on Washington's birthday ought to be a great success. Prof. Carmody has taken considerable care to select a play that will be suited to the varying abilities of his students, and also one that will have the utmost interest for the audience. The play is entitled a "Pair of Spectacles," and is written by Sidney Grundy. The parts will be taken by Prof. Carmody's elocution students, and under his careful training a very enjoyable entertainment may be looked for.

—A little gleam of summer in the nest of winter occasions as much joy as the turkey dinner of last Sunday. How our thoughts turn back to hazy August when we wandered through the deep green meadows with "Sue dear!" Eggeman still remembers the moonlit evening, the star-decked dome, the balmy zephyrs that bore these cruel words from her roseate lips, as she sat forcing the milk from the distended udders of Brindle:

"I ken not love yer yet, Jack,
Tho p'raps yer heart it be a dandy.
To college you must go right back,
And then you'd shake poor old Mirandy."

—The Philopatrians held their second regular meeting for the session of '99 last Wednesday evening, January 19. Although several of the members were absent on account of sickness, the meeting was a very enjoyable one. Mr. Trentman's story about his spending the holidays was very amusing. Mr. Brennan favored us with a song. Mr. McGrath read a humorous story in the Irish dialect. Mr. McCormack and Mr. Bellinger gave descriptions of their visit to St. Mary's. Messrs. Bender and Stich were admitted as members. A very interesting program has been announced for the next meeting. The society is going to give another reception to the Faculty before the Lenten season begins.

—The antiquarian societies of Brownson Hall in making researches in the archives of Notre Dame have discovered what Mr. Dillon, the director of the society thinks is a remnant of an epic poem. The fragment is eloquent, pathetic and at the same time majestic—a fact that leads Mr. Dillon to think that if the remainder of the epic is discovered it will rival Paradise Lost. The one thing which puzzles him badly is, why the name Herr Schubert be attached to it, since he recognized the style as belonging to the bard, O'Shaughnessy. The poem evidently was written by a rejected suitor, or against some marble hearted-maiden, for it runs in this strain:

She's a little dark-eyed fairy,
With a saucy glance contrary;
And her smile
Is so impressing
It keeps me guessing
All the while.

—Sorin Hall has lately been highly honored by the arrival of some new men. When went there by a time since Bob Franey's era that its proud walls encompassed such a distinguised name as Sandwich Highstone? What

musical soul has ever turned so many rivers from the eye as has our funny man, whose very name is sung from morning to evening over the rolling sheep pastures? What orator of historical fame could stand before that mighty triumvirate "Burdock, Berry and Dupe," and hurl his overcharged phrases, like Jupiter's thurderbolts, at the shivering pelts of the heavy three? Nor is Shamus number three a character of less importance. How could D. Myres and Disken, the man of the green-sock fame, learn the addresses of their Lulus without the aid of this South Bend dictionary? And then there is George Zero, the man with the pensive soul.

—The unfed literary enthusiasts of Sorin Hall at last have their gnawing passion for the ludicrous thoroughly satisfied. A new college sheet abounding in nothingness from cover to cover has been launched on the journalistic sea. The following dedication is appropriate: "To the cherished memory of our deep-browed Missouri friend; to the hero who so relentlessly threw his life at the feet of sweet Pegg; to the temperance agitator; to the Shakspere reader and poet, this little patch of simplicity is respectfully dedicated." The paper will be supported by the great, sonorous, uplifted but seldom thinking "Heines." A society organized for the more successful perpetuation of—shall I call it refined nonsense? No; that epithet would perhaps be too complimentary. At all events, the intention, if they have any, and if they have not it amounts to the same thing, is to bring before the public a superior compilation of fun, foolishness and folly. If you wish to subscribe, change your wish and take a new one. If you desire to read it shut your eyes because the illustrations and "sesquipedalia verba" will leave non-corrosive after images which may at any time haunt you in your midnight reflections. A person may be permitted to listen to its grandiloquous rantings because the jaw-displacers alluded to above will certainly clog in the delicate auditory passage and leave the remaining material to take a bath.

Withal, however, the little youngster is certainly novel. It has that liberty of hitting a person wherever it likes without being hit back. It exercises free will, and has no guardian to apply the hair-brush when it errs. The managers expect a large circulation from all persons in insane asylums. The profits, if there be any, shall be consumed in purchasing cigarettes and dime novels. The headquarters will be under Power's room. Address all communications to "Nobody in particular," Room 110, Sorin Flat.

—The man that spends a great deal of his time and labor in preparing these local columns, desires in behalf of himself and the reporters as well to insert this note. Do not take the local columns too seriously. The incidents recorded therein are not such as we would be prepared to verify under oath. Hence readers at the University and outside as well, are kindly requested not to accept as gospel truth all statements made in these columns. The students that occasionally find their names in connection with the locals are also kindly requested not to "get mad," or feel in any way offended. We do not wish to harm or insult anyone in the little comments and notes that are to be found each week in the closing columns of this paper. In writing our locals we have always used this saying as our guide: He that can take a joke well is a better man than the one that tells it well; and again, the man that laughs when the joke is on his friend, but gets ready to fight when it is on himself, is not deserving of a place among good fellows. And we have trusted that you will look at it in this way, for we must mention you now and then, or else drop these columns entirely. We can not fill them with air; and notes about athletics or the various departments of the University would prove all too dry and uninteresting if we crowded these and nothing else upon you.

This above all: for heaven's sake do not rummage through this department of the SCHOLASTIC for its literary merit; what little merit it may have in this line must be looked for in the foregoing columns. We regret to learn that one innocent person—we have heard from only one—was scandalized at the appearance in our last week's issue of certain words that have been denounced as slang. We were informed by this person of the exact meaning that these words have. It was a very kind act to tell us, else we might never have known their meaning. Still, is the use of a slang word now and then, when you indicate that you are fully aware that it is slang, and when you use it with due caution and to express some special humorous or ridiculous meaning that custom or usage has given this particular word, an offence against the moral law?

It occurs to the writer that there is small cause of scandal in so doing; at the same time two old sayings occur to his mind, viz.: "To the pure all things are pure," and "Evil be to him that evil thinks." Hence, if any of our readers appear to find in these locals anything that savors of immorality it will cause us regret, not for the poor quality of the local, but for the poor conscience of the reader. For these really innocent people we publish this advice. First: Look back over your own history and see where you stand before you criticise others. Second: It would be wise to look out for the eagle of Jupiter or you may be carried away like that good little boy, Ganymede. Third: When you are walking down the street take care lest you stub your toe, or you may take a jump right "up in the air" away from this debased world.

—John Embirnes sat silently brooding over his studies; a gentle breeze was then blowing through the open window and it stirred into motion the sprouts of hair on John's head and sent dainty ripples over the water in his wash-pitcher.

"Ah!" sighed John, as he crossed his legs and then uncrossed them again, "this is a sad, sad world."

Then he meditated in silence a few moments longer, looking blankly at the picture of Williams' shaving soap that hung on the wall. Of a sudden he jumped up, swung his arms three times above his head, and then, clasping his hands, cried out:

"Oh, for something exciting,—romantic! That is what I want. This humdrum, stifling life is sucking out my young existence."

After a pause—"Ah! I shall consult my faithful friend, Sinjen." And with this he dashed out of his room, slamming the door so violently that his Sunday trousers in the wardrobe shook with terror and his shoes under the bed clattered noisily.

Sinjen was found in his room deeply absorbed in a Greek play. He too had been feeling a little restless, and thus they were both ready to do something desperate.

"Say we go to the Stile and wave our handkerchiefs," said John, highly delighted.

"Capital!" said Sinjen, and he took from his dresser a handkerchief with a swiss cheese border, and, putting a little cologne on one corner, started for the door.

On the way to the Stile John grew so exuberant that he kicked his heels in the air and fairly screamed with delight, and Sinjen was so happy he began to climb a tree. When the Stile was reached they looked in vain for some fair maiden, and then their faces wore a disappointed look. Presently John thought he espied in the distance some fairy flitting from "The Umbrella" to the Main Building. She looked very minute in the distance, but John was delighted and he began to wave his handkerchief furiously. Then he jumped behind the gate-post and giggled, and told Sinjen to wave more gallantly and not as though he were trying to flag an express train.

They kept waving, and giggling, and jumping behind the gate-post and out again, having a high old time, when their attention was suddenly arrested by a passer by, who, coming closer, proved to be an influential gentleman over at Sorin Hall. Sinjen and John grew terrified, and their limbs shook so violently that a passing farmer thought they were dancing a clog for the gentleman. They pleaded, and cried, and said they were only waving their handkerchiefs at the policeman across the Stile, but the influential gentleman merely looked from beneath his heavy eyebrows, and smiled a mocking smile. They are both back again in their rooms. John says he has had enough excitement, and Sinjen has again gone to work at his Greek play.

—The following works have lately been placed on the shelves of the Lemonnier Library:—Integral Calculus, Murray; Treatise on Statics, 2 vols., Minehin; Walls and Dams, Merriman; Theoretical and Practical Graphics, Wilson; Manual of Surveying from Government Printing Office; Handbook of Corliss Steam Engines, Schillitto; Mechanical Engineer's Pocket-Book, Kent; Water-Supply, Mason; Construction of Cranes, Glynn; History of Mathematics, Cajori; Mechanics of Hoisting Machinery, Weisbach and Hermann; Revised Text-book of Geology, Dana; Birds of the United States, Apgar; Chemistry in Space, Marsh; Education of Central Nervous System, Halleck; Mental Development in the Child, Preyer; Social and Ethical Interpretations in Mental Development, Baldwin; Physiological Psychology, Ladd; Origin of Human Reason, Catholic Philosophy and Psychology, Maher; History of Greek Art, Tarbell; Modern Greek Mastery, Stedman; Dictionary of English and Modern Greek, Januaris; Manual of Greek Archæology, Collignon; Handbook of Greek Archæology, Murray; History of Ancient Greek Literature, Murray; History of Ancient Sculpture in two volumes, Mitchell; Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens, Harrison; Manual of Greek Historical Inscriptions, Hicks; Early Greek Philosophy, Burnet; Essays on Art of Pheidias, Waldstein; Schliemann's Excavations, Schuchhardt; Handbook to Modern Greek, Vincent and Dickson; Handbook of Greek Sculpture, Gardner; Introduction to Greek Epigraphy, Roberts; Die Akropolis von Athen, Boetticher; Der Parthenon, Michaelis; Olympia, Boetticher; Geschichte der Architecture in 2 volumes, Lübke; Geschichte der Griechischen Plastik in 2 volumes, Overbeck; Meisterwerke der Griechischen Plastik, Furtwängler; Die Sladtgeschichte von Athen, Curtius; Handbuch der Neugriechischen Volkssprache, Thumb; Katechismus Kuntsgeschichte, Bucher; Pracktisches Lehrbuch der Neugriechischen Volkssprache, Weid; Thukydides in nine volumes, Boehme and Widman; Die Anfange der Kunst in Griechenland, Milchhoeffer; Die Stadt Athen im Altesthum in 2 volumes, Wachsmuth; Wie Spirchtman in Athen? Januaris; Die Gipsabgüsse Antiker Bildwerke, Friedrichs; Griechische Kunstgeschichte in 2 volumes, Brunn; Studien zur Geschichte des Griechischen Alphabets, Kirchhoff; Geschichte der Baukunst im Alterthum, Reber; Rausaniæ Græciæ Desriptio, Hitzig and Bluemner; Atlas zur Archæologie der Kunst, Beck; Insriptiones Græciæ Antiquissimæ, Roehl; Meisterwerke der Griechischen Plastik, Furtwängler der Parthenon (atlas), Michaelis; Die Propylæen der Akropolis zu Athen, Bohn; Handbuch der Klassischen Altertums Wissenschaft in 17 vols., Müller.