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## The Sleep of the Flowers.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

**U**T in the tangled grass  
Under the snow  
Where the field mice pass  
To and fro,  
Sleep the sweet wild flowers  
Through the cold, dismal hours,  
Deep in the tangled grass  
Cowering low  
From the chill winter blasts  
Where the field mice pass  
Under the snow.

When the Spring comes again  
And soft breezes blow,  
They will awaken then,  
Laugh at their foe;  
For the sweet wild flowers  
Through the cold, dismal hours  
Lost to our ken  
Had a protector when  
Under the snow.

## The Piano Recital.\*

**I**HAVE been asked to explain in outline some of the compositions presented in this recital, so that those who lack technical knowledge of music may have some appreciation beyond the pleasurable vibration of nerves. Since, however, as much delicate intellectual effort may be expended in the comprehension of music as in the study of any other art, I may try your patience to little effect. It may be possible later, with the assistance of Mr. McLaughlin, to make clearer the meaning of certain musical forms.

\* Talk on music and forms of musical composition given by Dr. O'Malley at the pianoforte recital on Monday evening.

The ignorance of music shown by persons otherwise well educated is astonishing. Tennyson in "Maud" has an orchestra composed of flute, violin, and bassoon—an orchestra that would delight a Salvation Army captain. An American novelist of note informs us that his hero habitually played Beethoven's symphonies on a violoncello, no trivial feat: it would be just as easy to play the overture to the *Meistersinger* on a tambourine. Mr. Brander Matthews writes of a certain "Mendelssohn's Moonlight Concerto"—he probably meant Beethoven's second "Sonata quasi una Fantasia" which is popularly called the "Moonlight Sonata." Ouida tells us that one of her heroes played for hours at a session "the grand old masses by Mendelssohn." Mendelssohn was a Jew, and he never wrote a mass in his life. What wonder, then, is it that the leader of a band recently wrote to a musical publisher for the score of "Mozart's Twelfth Massachusetts."

Music, as commonly spoken of, has two great divisions: the popular and the classic. Popular music in this signification, is the music of the street and the variety theatre, and with it should be classed the sentimental melodies from many operas like "Il Trovatore." The public call all more pretentious music classic, whether it is classic, romantic, or absurd. Popular music is like popular literature, and has the few narrow gradations that lie between the dime novel and Miss Marie Corelli's creations; classic music—using classic in the popular sense—is like genuine literature, which the public commonly finds stupid if that literature is at all subtle.

The music presented in this recital is romantic—we may, perhaps, call romantic even the Beethoven sonata chosen, in the sense that we say Shakspeare is a classic romantic writer. The distinctions between the classic and the

romantic in music are exactly the same as those drawn in literature. I have not time now to explain these distinctions, but one quality of classicism in music, as in literature, makes it conservative, especially of form. It sacrifices, in the hands of men of meagre gifts, matter to form. Romanticism, on the contrary, in both these arts, is impatient of restraint, bold, wayward, progressive. Romantic energy and independence when controlled by the restraint of classic conservatism, as reason controls imagination in the well-ordered artistic mind, gives the best results: we have two distinct phases of the same art-process working in harmony. The quarrel between the Romantics and the Classicists is as groundless as the quarrel between the Idealists and the Realists. Men that take sides in these fights show they do not understand the foundations of criticism.

The compositions of this recital, for the most part, follow forms, but forms in which much freedom has been usurped by the writers; even the Beethoven sonata here is unusual, but we shall speak of that separately.

The first work, as you see from the programme, is Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, a fantastic rondo. The rondo is a form, when more strictly followed, often found as the final movement of a symphony or sonata. It was probably invented in music by Buononcini. The verse form called a Rondeau suggested it. In the musical rondo the recurrence of the emphasis of the refrain in the metrical form is imitated by the repetition of a certain melodic passage after each new episode has been worked out. The triolet is, however, a much better exemplification in verse of the musical rondo than is the metrical rondeau itself. The men of the literary courses are acquainted with these forms as is evinced by outbursts in the Varsity Verse column of the SCHOLASTIC. A musical rondo has three parts, with a recurrence of the refrain passage before each part, and the triolet falls into three parts by the recurrence of its opening line, that is, a three-fold repetition of the theme is followed in each case by new episodical matter. This Rondo Capriccioso by Mendelssohn is in three parts, not unlike the three-part song form used in his songs without words. The second part is in sharp contrast with the first, and the third part reverts toward the theme of the first part.

In any musical work, according to the teaching of Gluck, who first classified forms afterward perfected by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and others, there should be uniform or

contrasted rhythms, relationship and enchainment of keys, elaboration of phrases, and occasional recurrence of phrases. These laws are observed here by Mendelssohn. You will hear a prelude to the rondo proper, and the rondo itself is unusually rapid. The prelude is in sharp contrast to the first movement of the rondo. I suggest that you look for these contrasts, and for the recurrence of certain passages. There will be a short pause between each division of the rondo.

Following the rondo is a group of four minor pieces of which I may not say more than a word. The first composition is a song with an accompaniment that imitates the droning of a spinning wheel. The second composition is Mr. Joseffy's paraphrase of a dance from Gluck's opera, "Iphigenia in Aulis." The third is a chain of seafarers by Mr. Paderewski. The peculiar underlying rhythms of this pretty melody is that of a steamship moving steadily in a smooth waterway. The fourth composition is a graceful study that suggests the fluttering of butterflies.

Before the second part of the programme I shall say a few words in explanation of the sonata form.

#### PART II.

In his story "Ein Glhlicher Abend," Wagner tells us: that which music expresses is ideal. "It does not give voice to the passion, the love, the longing of this or that individual, under these or other circumstances, but to passion love, longing itself." When the one proper musical setting is given to a particular verbal expression which nature intends for that group of words, the music effects a deepening of signification in those words. The result is like a portrait in oils as compared with a portrait in black and white. Purely instrumental music does not speak English, French, German: music is like the underlying spirit of pathos in a sunset, which Wordsworth or Turner could express, and which we all feel more or less vividly, but can not put into words or upon canvas. True music is not vague: misunderstanding arises from the weakness of our interpretation. We hear music as we see light, but we understand neither. We know that there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of harmonies running beyond the appreciation of our gross nerves; therefore, I deem it possible that music will be the art of the next life, that we see here on earth only a trailing of robes. Sound is certainly a mode of motion; light is probably a more rapid vibration in the same mode.

After death, then, why may we not hear color and light, as spirits hear, catch the full harmony of a sunset, and the melodies of dancing stars? Light even now may be the overflow of the music of the dead coming back to us. These thoughts are fanciful, but music starts strange thoughts, for it is the highest of the arts since even poetry is only a part of music.

The spiritual quality of music must not be lost sight of, because such forgetfulness leads toward materialistic interpretation, to an attempt to make violins, or the wind in a pine wood, talk English, to attempt foolishly to write programmes for absolute music. Music is, as Mr. Herbert Spencer says: "A language of feelings which may ultimately enable men vividly and completely to impress on each other the emotions they experience from moment to moment." Poetry is the language of emotion in words; music is the universal harmonies that underlie divergent forms of speech, which are deeper than speech.

When we hear music that is fundamental, which is not interpreted by stories, in song, by catch-words, realistic mimicry, we have absolute music. Such music awakens emotions like those that come after contemplation of physical beauty, but the beautiful object itself is not depicted by music. Such music is an emotion existing, as it were, apart from a subject, drifting about, until it finds the proper receptivity in some hearer, and at once this hearer feels the emotion, without the action of an ordinary cause of such emotion. In that condition we have a partial explanation of the existence of child musicians, and of that almost perfect interpretation of musical works often made by a sort of instinct; hence also the danger in sensual music which creeps into even the church, and produces the effects of an unseen poison.

Chamber music is a species of absolute music. Formerly all music not intended for the church or theatre, except open-air music, was called chamber music. Now the representative compositions of chamber music are written for strings almost alone—trios, quartets, quintets,—but with the strings are sometimes associated a pianoforte, or one or more of the solo wind instruments. The audience for such music, it is supposed, is capable of judgment; the work is to show great accuracy in drawing since it has not the color of full orchestration to assist it. In this chamber music we look into the intellectual depths of music. Beethoven, the master musician, gave

up the last three years of his life to the creation of such art. There is no attempt at programme work in genuine chamber music.

Programme music, broadly speaking, is music that makes an evident effort to depict scenes or emotions to which the composer adds explanatory titles, or for which he points out a poem that suggested the musical thoughts. The term Programme is, of course, technical. Programme music has been so much abused that we find many compositions which remind us of the stage in Shakspeare's time where instead of scenery a tawdry curtain bore the legend, "This is the Forest of Arden," or even of the child's pencil-drawing, fearfully and wonderfully made, whereunder is the inscription for our enlightenment, "This is a man." Notwithstanding that abuse some of the greatest music in existence is programme music.

There are four groups of programme music as enumerated by Mr. Kherbiel:

"I. Descriptive pieces which rest on imitation or suggestion of natural sounds.

"II. Pieces whose contents are purely musical, but the mood of which is suggested by a poetical title.

"III. Pieces in which the influence which determined their form and development is indicated not only by a title but also by a motto which is relied upon to mark out a train of thought for the listener which will bring his fancy into union with that of the composer.

"IV. Symphonies or other composite works which have a title to indicate their general character, supplemented by explanatory superscriptions for each portion."

I can not go into an explanation of these forms, but I draw your attention to them because the Sonata of Beethoven, to be played next, is programme music. This particular composition is popularly called "The Moonlight Sonata." It is an excellent work upon which to try the amateur's faculty of interpretation. It appears to be easy of interpretation, and when you have built up a beautiful vision you will be surprised to find that Beethoven never thought of what you see. For example, you have heard the catch-word, "The Moonlight Sonata." As the first movement begins (which, by the way, if I may use a Gasconism, is really a second movement), you will see the harvest moon glittering and quivering with the light of heaped diamonds as it does when caught among the boughs of trees, then it will sail free into the open upper deeps; immediately it

drifts behind a cloud; thereafter it emerges, and moves onward steadily and peacefully.

In the second movement, the streets are filled with people wandering up and down in glad converse, and once you hear a group of dancers.

The third movement opens with a sudden rumble of thunder down near the horizon, in a moment the sky is overcast, and then falls the chiming of heavy summer rain shot through with the lightning and the crash of thunder.

All this will be very plain to you, and I am almost sorry to tell you that Beethoven never called the composition "The Moonlight Sonata," and that the inspiration for it is Seume's poem "Die Beterin," the pleader, wherein a daughter prays for her father, who has been condemned to death.

I obtained a copy of Seume's poem too late to make a metrical translation of it, but the prose version of it is as follows: "At the altars the maiden kneels; her face aglow; her soul's anguish has drawn her to the feet of God. Her fevered hands tremble; the fearful, tear-blurred eyes are fastened on the Saviour's thorn-crown; she pleads for mercy at the Father's throne. Mercy for her father, whose torment has blighted every bud of peace her youth's green springtide knew. Safety for him that upbuilt the palace of her soul's graces, her guard, her whole of life, now touched with the breath of death. Her sobbing, her burning prayer, ascend as incense-smoke; cherubim bend down to her aid. Bring, O ye angels, your tears to appease our God; holier weeping was not Mary's above her dead Son's wreath of thorns. But lo! into the maiden's face streams peace and holy rapture. Tears overpass, hope falls upon her, and she leaves the shrine. Tears are granted me, too. O Father, give her back her father! Fain would I meet death, did she but for me thus pray."

Here you have an example of how true programme music is a suggested train of musical thought, not a mimicry. The first movement is a prayerful adagio, the last is the girl's passionate pleading; but I confess I can not understand the second movement which is practically a Scherzo.

The sonata in general is one of the cyclical forms in music, and these forms are commonly programmatic. Symphonies, which are compositions for full orchestra, concertos, where a solo instrument is accompanied by an orchestra, the groups of works that are oftenest found in chamber music, such as trios, quartets,

quintets, are different expressions of the plan which is called the "Sonata Form." A sonata is a piece of specific character for a solo instrument like a pianoforte, or for a violin or similar instrument with piano accompaniment. There is a plan which gives unity to the sonata.

Commonly a sonata, or a symphony, has four main parts called movements, although the sonata played to-day has three movements, and the Sonata in C minor, the last Beethoven wrote, has only two movements. The first movement in a complete sonata is usually the principal movement, and it is an *allegro*; then follows a slow movement; next a third movement which is a minuet, or some other old dance melody; and the *finale*, the fourth movement, is often a *rondo* and rapid. These four movements are held in unity by the keys chosen, and by the correlated emotions shown throughout.

The first movement of a sonata or symphony has three parts, which expose the themes, illustrate them, and repeat them. These parts may be compared to three scenes in an act of a play. In the first part of the first movement a melody in the original key is presented, or at times several melodies, but all in the same key. A second melody or set of melodies in the chief alternate key of the original key constitute the second part of the first movement. This second set of melodies is usually in sharp contrast with those of the first set. The second part, the illustrative part, is called the free *fantasia*, the *Durchführung* or working out, and in it the composer shows his fancy and intellectual power. The part commonly runs through a chain of keys. In the third part the music goes back to the primary key, and recalls the melodies of that first part together with those of the second part, but all these last are transposed into the primary key. Sometimes a resuming *coda* follows this third part. You will not find this plan in the first movement of the sonata played this afternoon. That movement is in a three-part song form, not in the three-part form of a sonata's opening movement. The first movement of a sonata would be *allegro*, but this movement is *adagio*.

The second movement of a sonata or symphony is slow. It is commonly called *adagio*, but it may move slower than *adagio* (*largo*), or faster—*allegretto*. The *adagio* is usually sad or solemn, like an exalted hymn, and it may be in form a theme with variations. The second movement of the composition played in this recital is *allegretto*.

The third movement is called the *Scherzo*, since Beethoven substituted that form for the Minuet used by the older sonata writers. The *Scherzo* is a playful composition, but Beethoven often puts in it a grim, comic spirit that suggests the comedy in a Shaksperian tragedy. A *Scherzo* is in triple time; it has a part called the *trio*, and this *trio* commonly begins with a change to a major key from the minor of the main part of the *Scherzo*. The third part of the sonata played this afternoon is really the *finale*. This "Sonata quasi una Fantasia," then, is properly a sonata lacking the first movement.

The fourth or last movement of a typical sonata, the *Finale*, is an important part, and it is frequently in *rondo* form, but it may be reared on the plan of a first movement, or it may be a theme with variations.

Of course much more could be said on these cyclical forms, and comment on the Chopin pieces that follow might be of use, but I fear I have already trespassed too much on your patience. To those that may be interested in these matters from an amateur's point of view I recommend Mr. Khrebiel's book, "How to Listen to Music," and Sidney Lanier's "Music and Poetry."

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#### At the Fair.

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EUGENE A. DELANEY, '99.

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Thursday of fair week was a time-honored holiday with the Clark's Valley folk. Everybody went to the fair. People long ago declared that there was nothing new to be seen, but this was not discouraging. Old people went to keep up customs; young people went because others were there. The Mitchell Farm was not more than three miles, by way of the wagon road, from the fair grounds; and a path over the fields and through the wood was even a shorter way. Young Dan Mitchell rose early on this Thursday morning, met his comrades at an appointed place, and together they took the path over the fields.

The boys were happy when they saw the pennants flying from the weather-worn exhibition buildings. Inside the fair ground all was gaiety. Carousals, fakirs and prize pigs mixed their many noises. More noise was heard when a big red wagon, filled with Riverton boys, rumbled over the race-course. These town boys had been announcing their presence at all points along the country road. Once at the

fair they started on their round of merriment and deviltry.

Mitchell and his companions often met this gang of boisterous fellows, and more often avoided them. At every meeting of the two groups, there was an exchange of bad compliments, and invariably a prudent retreat of the Mitchell crowd. Dan did not admire the bravado conduct of the town boys, but he kept good counsel, and refrained from expressing himself. Once, however, he broke silence. This happened in a tent where the customary "unseen-before" wonders were exhibited for public inspection. Mitchell and his companions were gathered round the snake-charmers' table, when sudden shouts outside the tent announced the presence of the rollicking gang of the red wagon. This noise bade ill for the side-show management, because the intruders were almost sure to interfere with the performance. They did interfere and were interfered with. One fellow of the gang went straight toward the fuzzy-haired snake-charmer. He thought there would be fun in climbing the green-covered box and assisting the girl with the snakes. The fellow was about to leap upon the box when he felt an arresting hand from behind:

"Don't go up there," said Mitchell, as he released the fellow who now turned upon him.

"What have you got to say to it?"

"Nothing, only you stay down."

This short dialogue attracted general attention, and the town boy's friends were soon with their comrade. But the town boys were few here.

"Paste him, Bill," came from one. Bill forgot about the division of his company and attempted to "paste," but his aim was poor and his arm was slow. He missed the mark.

Mitchell was inactive and silent until one of his friends became engaged while defending his leader against an attack from behind. Then the combat took well-defined sides and ended with a complete thrashing, well delivered on the part of the farmer boys and ill received on the part of the advanced town youths.

Dusk was falling when the red wagon left the fair. Dan Mitchell and his company had gone earlier. They wanted to walk home by way of the wagon-road; and with the hope that future conflict with their antagonists of the show-tent might be avoided, they started homeward early in the evening.

At the bottom of a hill, where the road came close to the river, Mitchell with two of



his friends, sat perched upon the top rail of a fence. The other boys that walked to the fair stopped off, one by one, at their homes along the road. The remaining three rested by the roadside, and were recounting the adventures of the day when the red wagon, with its occupants more hilarious than ever, came suddenly round the bend at the top of the hill. Mitchell gave a start when he recognized his foemen. This start the two boys on the fence mistook for an effort toward flight. They quickly disappeared into the field. Mitchell hoped that the feeble light would conceal his identity. It did not, for the wagon stood empty at the bottom of the hill, and Mitchell was soon in the midst of a howling mob.

"What'll we do with 'im?" said one.

"Oh! you're the fellow that loved the snake-charmer, are you?" said another.

Mitchell remained silent.

"Well, say fellows, what can we make him do?" said the fellow that kept his hand on Mitchell's collar.

Mitchell's feet were tired, so he had taken off his shoes, and his coat hung on a fence post. He feared his bare feet would suggest a punishment.

"Let's make him ride one of the horses into Riverton—what do you say, Bill."

"No," said Bill, "we'll duck him in the river, that's what we'll do. He done me today, now we can do him."

All moved toward the river. The Riverton boys were not in a thoughtful mood, or they might have wondered at the entire absence of reluctance in their prisoner.

"One, two, three," and Mitchell seemed to fly from his captors into the dark water.

"Now, maybe we'll help him out, if he asks kindly," said one of the boys on the bank, while the others laughed, and waited to see Mitchell come to the surface. But he did not come. The last laugh died away, and yet there was no gasping mouth spouting water and calling for help. One fellow said that Mitchell must have escaped a little farther down the stream—the darkness was thick now. Matches were struck, but no marks were seen. Then another fellow shouted. No answer came. One among the crowd almost ventured to dive and examine the bottom where Mitchell disappeared, but he soon backed down.

In summer, a farmer boy is not wont to burden himself with unnecessary clothing; and Mitchell, who was an excellent swimmer, without coat and shoes, gloried inwardly at the

thought of a plunge into the river. True, he never had worn so extensive a bathing uniform, but what was a light pair of trousers and a thin shirt to legs and arms so strong as his? When Mitchell was well under water, he calmly directed his course toward the farther bank of the river. He was excited, certainly, and could not stay his usual time below the surface. He rose with never a splash. There was a great noise behind; but the sound of the running water was loud in the swimmer's ears, and he heard nothing else. Mitchell gained the shore and lightly pulled himself up the bank. He looked back across the water, and saw the lighted matches. Then he quickly turned into the wood and found the path to the bridge. Not far from the bridge were the lights of Mitchell's home; and far down the river, in the darkness, moving lights were scattered far on either bank of the stream.

That night the Riverton boys in the red wagon must have got home very late. People that lived along the road wondered why the jolly fellows of the morning were now so quiet.

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#### Bits of Loose Thistledown

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WE best appreciate happiness when it is gone, as we find more easily the birds' nests in winter when the birds are flown.

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A bad temper is like a chicken escaped into a garden. It is easier to keep the chicken in the hen-house than to get it back when once let out.

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AN acorn does not become an oak in one summer, nor is a good character the work of a week, a month, or a year. Only mushrooms spring up in a night, and the first rays of the sun shrivel them, while the next breeze picks up the pinch of dust and scatters it forever.

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MUCH of our trouble comes from the fact that we deceive ourselves more easily than we can deceive others. "An easy conscience is a good thing, but it proves nothing."

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WHEN we follow unlawful pleasures we resemble children that eat too much at a Christmas dinner, not thinking of the sickness that follows and of the bitter medicine to be taken before health returns. A. J. N.

Varsity Verse.

A VALENTINE QUESTION.

 CARD with edge of filmy lace,  
And words of love in letters bright,  
In boyhood days I gave to Grace.  
Ah! then I thought—but perchance the sight  
Of it again would cause the light,  
Glad thoughts that once were hers and mine.  
From curving smoke wreaths peers to-night  
The sweet face of my valentine.

And yet 'tis not her winsome face  
That smiles on me, for in time's flight  
That dream has died, and in her place  
Another holds me with her might,  
And rules my heart with granted right,  
For none deny the right divine  
Of love. And yet I sigh, despite  
The sweet face of my valentine.

That flower which glows in yonder vase  
Has placed me in an awkward plight;  
From whom it comes there is no trace,  
And so I wonder, hapless wight,  
"Who sends this valentine?" And quite  
At loss I guess, for faces nine  
Have claims on that expression trite,  
"The sweet face of my valentine."

L'ENVOI.

Mes belles, though maidens eight I slight,  
The face that looks on me is thine.  
But which? Her name? These questions fright  
The sweet face of my valentine.

J. F. F.

BROKE, BROKE, BROKE.

Broke, broke, broke,  
In a gay sea-port were we,  
And I wish I could quote the startling remarks  
That came from the gloomy three.

'Tis well for the fisherman's boy,  
That like us he's not foolish and gay;  
'Tis well for the farmer lad  
That he's home with his folk cutting hay.

And our money is all gone,  
That we paid for many a bill;  
And oh! for the sight of a friendly hand  
Which again our pockets might fill.

Broke, broke, broke,  
In a gay sea-port were we;  
And the money dear that I foolishly spent  
Will never come back to me.

R. L. F.

A NEW BEATITUDE.

Blessed are the peace-makers,  
For they shall obtain the land  
Was Uncle Samuel's doctrine  
When he took the war in hand.

We made peace and got Cuba  
With all the *Maine* was worth.  
Let's keep on making peace like this  
Until we get the earth.

W. H. T.

Some Notions about Genius.

JOHN WESTMORLAND.

In these days of prize competitions, when even soap-makers give rewards for the solution of rebuses and riddles, I wonder that some institution does not offer a prize for the best explanation of the world's present lack of geniuses.

Just what is meant by the term genius is not easy to say; it is difficult even to name the men, that in the history of the world, have shown themselves to be geniuses. But despite the difficulty in framing an accurate definition, we all have at least an indistinct idea of what is genius; and, using this indistinct idea for our standard of judgment, we can not but be struck by the fact that the older the world grows and the farther we advance toward our higher civilization, the fewer become the really great men, the scarcer the geniuses.

Indeed, one is inclined to think that genius is mythical, and that, for the same reason the sceptic has in doubting the actuality of miracles—namely, that genius always belongs to the past. Moreover, allowance should be made for the halo that time places above the heads of certain men whose chief claim to greatness lies in the fact that they have long been dead. But even after making such allowance the truth remains; and it is a truth, that the greatest men of modern days may not be favorably compared with the great ones of the past. Since Dante, the world has not seen an epic poet that could be mentioned in the same breath with the author of the Divine Comedy, nor since Shakspeare, a dramatic poet that could be named with him.

We have in the world to-day many men that possess wonderful powers of mind—powers that mark them out among their fellows,—yet we lack men that come up to our ideal of genius, or that reach the standard set by a few wonders of the past. This is true not only of the present time, but it has been the truth for some time past. In our own country, for instance, George Washington is the first historical character that we are taught to know and to admire; and when we grow old enough to study the life and character of the man, statesman as well as soldier, we appreciate that he was truly great and good. Yet the most patriotic of us would hesitate to say that Washington was a great genius. Intuition

seems to tell us that he did not reach the standard of genius; and so with all the other men of our country, that have gained fame in many different ways.

In the other nations of the world the case is much the same. Napoleon, it is true, has been called a military genius. But let us suspend judgment on Napoleon, or at least get around him by saying that he was a stray chip that flew into modern times when the tree of ancient genius was felled.

But I find that I am making the field too broad. It will be safer not to go back so far in history, or even to include in the discussion men of all vocations. Let us limit ourselves to men of the present day, and speak only of the profession of letters. Why does not the world to-day produce a literary genius?

One can understand why modern civilization is not conducive to the production of military genius; for now, unlike in ancient times, the world does not bother itself much about wars and conquests. The question that is of interest at present is not how much blood can be shed but how much money can be gathered together. Consequently, it is only natural that instead of producing men that can conquer nations we produce men that seemingly can conquer fate, and in one short lifetime accumulate for themselves the earnings of ages.

But this explanation should not account for the lack of literary genius. The world does not give all its attention to money-making. It thinks a great deal of learning and education. Never before have there existed such opportunities for education as exist to-day. All the learning of the world is focussed for the modern student. Not only have the tomes of the past been searched and made to divulge all that they contained, but even from the earth itself has been exhumed the long forgotten knowledge of almost mythical ages.

Now with all this knowledge at our hand, with the experiences of so many to profit by, with the trials, failures and successes of other ages to aid and guide us, one would think that in literature—indeed in all the fine arts—ours of all would be a golden age. But I fear that our age will not be known as golden, at least not in literature. To assign the causes for this decadence is not an easy task, although, for one fond of theorizing on such subjects it would doubtless be an interesting one. There must, however, be some cause to assign. It can not be that genius drops haphazard into the world like a shooting star, to lighten it for

a little while, then to disappear again and forever.

Men are the product of the times in which they live, and I sometimes wonder if it is not the conditions of the times that tend to bring men nearer to a level. In the first place, people are becoming more machine-like as the world goes on. Bread and Butter has become a tremendously important consideration for the ordinary person. Art for art's sake is a term that is losing its meaning. Art is no longer an end for which to live, but rather a means by which to live. For instance, men write not for the sake of writing, but because they have house-rent to pay; they write not for the chance admiration of posterity but to please their publishers; and the publishers wish to please the public, but the public, despite all this talk on higher education, is commonplace, thoroughly commonplace.

Our age, in all things, is a commonplace one. Stirring thoughts of war and conquests, love and chivalry are driven from our minds by the incessant hum of the incessant grind of the wheels of commerce. I do not say that if genius did exist to-day the conditions of the times would prevent its recognition; but I merely suggest as possible that it is the conditions of the times that prevent the production of genius. For since our age is such a routine, commonplace and practical one, it does not need artistic geniuses, and does not produce them.

But I find that I myself am trying to theorize instead of leaving the task to those that are more capable. Some day, when many things that now are hidden to us will be explained by a science not yet born, we may know the causes of genius and can account for its presence or absence in the world. Until then, to explain its lack is but to theorize and speculate.

It is some consolation to know that while we have no great geniuses to-day, yet we have many men, even in artistic lines, that possess great ability, and a multitude of men whose talent is unrecognized beyond narrow limits only because there are so many others that are equally talented. And, after all, who knows but that despite adverse conditions the causes that create genius may now be at work; who knows but that the rough, rude laborer digging there in the street may be the father of a race that, in the course of generations, will produce another Dante, another great poetic genius, whose songs in majestic strains will echo through succeeding ages.



Lost and Found.

PATRICK J. CORCORAN.

It was a gray winter's morning, and in the nave of St. Martin's Church on Mill Street there was only a faint light. It was Monday morning, and some of the regular attendants at week-day Mass had for the day reversed a rather well-known saying that assigns the respective places of cleanliness and godliness.

Mrs. Moriarity was there in her accustomed place, devout as ever; but she rose rather abruptly, while the priest was leaving the altar, and this irreverent movement brought about a train of circumstances that are still impressed on Mrs. Moriarity's mind. Her prayer-book slipped from her fingers and bounded from the kneeling bench under the pew. She stooped for it impatiently, though she refrained from any vocal expressions of dismay; but even the sanctity of the place was not sufficient to restrain a "Tare-an-ouns" when she brought to light not the "Key of Heaven," but a small, leather pocket-book that some one had doubtless lost the preceding day at Vespers.

After looking around to assure herself that she was not observed, she opened it and noted the contents. There were two ten-dollar bills and one five, a coupon guaranteeing health, wealth and happiness to users of tobacco, and a receipt for killing corns. The good woman's eyes glistened for a moment, then she closed the receptacle and went to the sacristy.

"You had better leave it with me," said the priest, Father Dillon; "I'll mention it on the altar next Sunday, and if the owner comes to me he can have it by stating its contents. I admire your honesty, Mrs. Moriarity, and I wish that your husband would take pattern by you, and not hang around Sweeney's instead of coming to church Sundays. I would hardly know him, it's so long since I saw him last."

"Sure, I thought he always went to early Mass," she protested; "but he's the devil's own desaver, anyway," and, flurried with the episode of the morning, she hurried homeward.

When Tom Moriarity came to dinner that day, he saw that there was something on his wife's mind; but, wise man that he was, he said nothing. They talked about various things for a time. At last she exclaimed:

"I had good luck this mornin', Tom."

"What was it, acushla?"

"I found a pocket-book in church with two tens and a five in it."

"Let me see it!"

"Oh! sure, I gev it to Father Dillon to find an owner."

"Just like yuh. You'll be the cause of dhriv-in' me to dhrink some day with your slack ways and your foolishness. What else was in it?"

"Oh! a rasaypt for corns an' a ticket of some kind with printin' on it an' two big X's. What does that mane, Tom?"

"That manes he was an A. P. A. or somethin'."

"I wish I kep' it."

"So do I."

Instead of going to work after dinner, Tom entered the bedroom and soon reappeared smooth shaven and dressed in his Sunday best.

"I say, Jane," he remarked to his wife, "I'm appointed on a committee by the byes. There's some visitors of our society comin' down from Flatbush, an' I'm to show 'em around. Don't worry if I'm not back for awhile."

Mrs. Moriarity grumbled a great deal until he left, and then felt proud of her husband whom his fellow-workers had put on the committee.

Late that night Tom returned very tired and dizzy from sight-seeing. In fact, he was in that condition described as *maggilyhore*. You may take this as a euphuism, or a delicate compliment to the Milesian character. It means "a little better." What troubled his wife most was the fact that he had a new overcoat, and even some small change rattled in his pocket. His explanation that he won them in a wrestling match down at Sweeney's was not wholly satisfactory.

At the close of Mass in St. Martin's next morning, Father Dillon sent a server for Mrs. Moriarity.

"I have found the owner of the pocket-book," he said to her. "He came here and described the articles very exactly early yesterday afternoon. He said he was a stranger in town, and as he had not been around much, he thought that he might have lost it here. He was very grateful, and said that if he were not a man of family, he would have left half the money to the finder. He was a man about your husband's size, but clean shaven."

The poor woman cast a distressed look on the priest.

"Ah! your Riverence, that Tom o' mine is the devil's own desaver."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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F. X. MCCOLLUM,  
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HENRY S. FINK, } *Reporters.*

—We wish to call attention to the fact that the annual Forty Hours Devotion for the students will begin next Sunday.

—We regret that we go to press too early to give a more extensive notice of the lectures by Miss Hayward, delivered yesterday and this morning. Yesterday her lecture was given in St. Edward's Hall, only the more advanced students being in attendance. The subject considered was Finland, its people, and its poetry. Miss Hayward is thoroughly at home in discussing this question, and her manner of treating it shows that she has given it a close and careful study. It was a sort of revelation to most of us to know that poetry could be written in Finland, for it seemed that there would be little in that cold and desolate land that would inspire anyone to compose verses.

—There seems to be something wrong with the heat in the new gymnasium. Last Thursday it was so cold that the baseball men could not take their usual practice. During the afternoon practice hour it has not been warm enough to warrant getting the batteries out and allowing the pitchers to do any hard work,

because it is so cold that the practice would be more of a detriment than a benefit to them. There had ought to be some change made in this programme. It is getting close toward the season for playing now, and our baseball men must not be neglected or shoved up in a corner to toss a ball from one to another, if we expect to make a favorable showing against the teams of the West. It may be well to have the room cool for runners that can keep themselves warm while pacing around the track and then go to the training room when they are done. The baseball men that have to stay there nearly an hour can not do much if it is so cold that they have to box their hands together to keep warm. Give the baseball men what belongs to them, and we will have a winning team this season.

—Some time ago it was announced that the victors in our indoor games on March 11, would receive a crown of laurel, sent from Greece especially for this occasion. Some of our good friends ridiculed the idea, and asserted that the laurel would be pulled from a cedar tree over behind the Novitiate or elsewhere close by. While we would not bother ourselves to answer such nonsensical assertions, still we wish to let the contestants in the games know just where this laurel is coming from, so that they may appreciate it the more and work harder to gain it. We print below a letter received from the United States Consul at Patras, Greece, that will throw a little light on the subject. It is directed to Very Rev. Dr. Zahm, and runs as follows:

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,  
PATRAS, GREECE, January 17, 1899.

VERY REV. J. A. ZAHM, PH. D.,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

DEAR SIR:—Your letters of December 24 and 26 at hand. I am sending you this day two parcels of wild olives, containing perhaps twenty pieces each, of as good specimens as can be found at this season of the year; also two parcels of laurel (daphne) which is in fine condition, and will, I hope, arrive in due season in good order. These specimens were taken from the laurel grove surrounding Olympus, from whence the laurel and olives were taken for the Olympian games twenty centuries ago.

Our mails at present are most unsatisfactory, otherwise the foliage might have been sent some days since.

Yours truly,

A. C. YATES,—*Consul.*

The SCHOLASTIC hopes that our athletes will be the winners, and that the better part of the laurel will rest on the brows of Notre Dame men.

The Pianoforte Recital.

The pianoforte recital given last Monday evening by Mr. James J. McLaughlin, Jr., of our musical department, was excellent in every respect. The pieces played were selected from the compositions of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and other masters. From beginning to end the programme was made up of the best music presented at Notre Dame for years. This was a happy change from the ordinary musical that we have listened to in Washington Hall.

In justice to Mr. McLaughlin it must be said that his ability is in keeping with the music played at his recital. He is able to interpret with unusual skill, and to give full force to many fine shades of expression that an ordinary performer would miss altogether. He possesses a very facile technique; and his evenness, rhythm, and ease are entirely artistic.

Probably the "Rondo Capriccioso" and Chopin's "Ballade in A♭" were the two most pleasing numbers on the programme, although Beethoven's "Sonata quasi una Fantasia" and Raff's "Spinning Song" received greater applause. The "Arietta di Balletto," though apparently simple is very difficult of execution in a manner such as we heard it played last Monday. Paderewski's "Minuet," played as an "encore" after the final piece, was executed in a manner seldom equalled. Every selection showed careful study and complete mastery. And beyond that what may be said? The whole recital was a very grateful pleasure, and one such as we wish to hear again. We are pleased to announce, as a closing word, that the Ditson Company have published a set of ten processional hymns by Mr. McLaughlin that have already been favorably received in Boston.

THE PROGRAMME.

- 1 Mendelssohn.....Rondo Capriccioso
- Raff.....(a) Spinning Song
  - Paderewski.....(b) Chant du Voyageur
- 2
  - Gluck-Joseffy.....(c) Arietta di Balletto
  - Schuetz.....(d) Etude Mignonne
- 3 Beethoven—Sonata quasi una Fantasia. Op. 27, II
  - I. Adagio sostenuto
  - II. Allegretto
  - III. Presto agitato
- 4 Chopin.....(a) Valse, D♭
  - (b) Nocturne, F♯
  - (c) Concert Study, G♭
  - (d) Ballade, A♭

A Better One.

The Philopatrians' second public reception was an enjoyable event, even surpassing the one given before Christmas. Encouraged by the success of their first appearance, the young men undertook to make their programme for this occasion a little more varied and elaborate than the preceding one had been. A large number of the faculty were present in the University parlors when the exercises were commenced, and all seemed thoroughly pleased with the work done.

Mr. Rush opened the programme with a piano solo, which, though not exceedingly difficult, is considered a standard composition. Mr. Rush's execution was very commendable, and his interpretation of the music was very skilful for an amateur. Mr. Weber's recitation was cleverly presented, and Mr. Krupka's violin solo was the next number. Mr. Krupka plays very accurately, and gives promise of becoming a good violinist.

The debate, a sort of burlesque affair on the question of Women's Suffrage, was the most enjoyable number of the evening's programme. In this, Messrs. Bellinger, Clyne, Fink, Morgan, McDonald, McGrath, Putnam, Moxley, Brennan, Block and Higgins took part. Mr. McGrath, with his genuine Irish brogue, set the house roaring every time he opened his mouth. Mr. Putnam's negro dialect was very good; of the other men, Messrs. Higgins, Clyne, Bellinger and Fink deserve special mention.

Mr. Edward Bender is going to be one of our best violinists in a short time, if we may judge from his playing Wednesday evening. He produces very sweet and well-balanced tones from his instrument, and has a fairly good expression to his playing. Mr. Nissler's flute solo was played after Mr. Bender had finished, and was very well received. Both these gentlemen were accompanied on the piano by Mr. McLaughlin.

When the programme was finished Dr. O'Malley and Colonel Hoynes gave brief talks complimenting the young men on their work, and expressing thanks for the pleasure afforded by the evening's entertainment. After this refreshments were served in the Carroll refectory. When the time for retiring came every one left the dining-hall with words of praise for Brother Cyprian, the director of the society, who had charge of the reception.

## The Jubilee Singers' Concert.

The smaller boys were kept in a continuous uproar, and the larger students did a good bit of laughing at the pranks and funny songs of the minstrels last Friday evening. With a programme full of negro melodies, camp-meeting and plantation songs, a genuine darky cake-walk and some catchy banjo selections, the singers kept their audience in good humor during the whole two hours that the concert lasted. There was some good music introduced occasionally, such as the *Intermezzo* from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, the *Miserere* from *Il Trovatore*, and other pieces of this class; but this was only for a change. The voices of the singers were better suited to the old plantation songs, to Southern melodies such as "Little Alabama Coon," and to camp-meeting selections, like "Sinner, Yo' Bettah get Ready," and "Lord, I don't Feel the Least Bit Tired."

Mr. Royal has a wonderful bass voice. It seems as though he might drown all the other singers out if he chose; he has a keen ear for music, and followed his parts in the choruses well. We should have been pleased to hear him sing a few bass solos. Mr. Humphreys, the "banjo king," is an artist in playing his instrument. The concert would have been lacking without his selections, for the colored minstrel and the banjo always go together. Mr. Ware is a very funny comedian in his monologues, and has many humorous songs that he sings in an unique and pleasing manner. Mr. Alexander, the first tenor, had the mellowest and sweetest voice, though it was somewhat lacking in force and volume. His solos were heartily encored.

The ladies' voices were very good, though not equal to those of their male companions. Mrs. Royal and Mrs. Ware sang their solos with commendable expression and accuracy of tone, and Miss Lewis took her part in the performance as well as anyone would wish. Mrs. Humphreys, the pianist, did the best work of the ladies. Her accompaniments were very fine. All in all, the concert was thoroughly enjoyable. The music was not of the highest grade, yet it was pleasing and well rendered. This is all that we wished for; the better and more classical music is beyond the appreciation of many, but the quaint and pathetic melody that runs in the southern darky songs is something that appeals to all. In music we can sometimes be content with the commonplace.

## Basket Ball.

Last Saturday evening our Varsity ran away with the basket ball team from Rush Medical College of Chicago. The score of twenty-one to eleven does not show very well the comparative merits of the two teams, as five of Rush's eleven points were scored on goals from fouls, whereas they secured only six points on field throws. Notre Dame secured eighteen points on field goals and only three on fouls.

As usual, Captain Powers was the star of the Notre Dame team. He outplayed his man Farr at centre, and this is not saying very little, for Farr is the cleverest man that has played on our court this year. It made no difference to Powers whether he threw the ball backwards over his head, whether he threw it when running, or whether he took aim, it was sure to fall in the basket just the same.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the other members of our team played a very good game. Eggeman, Fennessey and O'Shaughnessy made good throws from the field, and Hayes and Daly, though they secured no goals, were playing fast ball all the time.

Of the visitors, Farr played the strongest game; Grasse did the most work of any of them, but was not so successful in his throws as Farr was. The other men played hard, but were not able to land the ball in the basket.

In regard to the attendance at the game, Brownson and Carroll Halls had a good representation. Sorin Hall is falling into its old comatose condition, and needs a stirring up. At best, there were not more than one-third of the Sorin men in the gallery, and these are the men that always go. The men that usually stay away have little excuse to offer; for, as a rule, they are not such hard students that they can not spare the time, nor are they the ones that are least able to bear the small expense of attending. It is well that we have not to depend on this body of students to support our athletics. Sorin Hallers, wake up; you are the men that should be at the games; you are the men that ought to set the example; you are the ones to encourage athletics. It is shameful that out of the whole hall, there are only three candidates for the baseball team. We must brace up, or else give all our applause to the Brownson men, for they are doing nearly all the work.

## Exchanges.

The seventh annual Intercollegiate Chess Tournament, held in New York, was won by Harvard for the fifth time, her total score for the seven years being fourteen points ahead of Columbia, the nearest competitor. The other contestants were Princeton, Columbia and Yale.—*The Pennsylvanian*.

\* \* \*

The present year has been a banner one for the *Georgetown Journal*. The four numbers issued have been well prepared, and they have contained many things of merit. We are glad to notice that the *Journal* has stopped printing faculty and alumni contributions in every number. The contributions, however, continue to be a little too heavy, and still are interspersed with Greek quotations, which are Greek indeed to us barbarians that have not taken that full classical course that the *Journal* thinks so much of. The January number contains several able essays, an instalment of "According to Packachoag's Ways," which is running through several numbers, and "A Dialogue" in which the writer easily gets the better of an imaginary adversary in a religious discussion.

\* \* \*

Publications like the *Wellesley Magazine* lead one to the conclusion that the best amateur literary work that is being done to-day is being done by the young ladies at our women's colleges. These publications are really literary, and above all they show great care in preparation, and this is not always the case with papers from the men's colleges.

In the *Wellesley Magazine* for January there is an essay on Wagner that treats its subject more thoroughly and knowingly than has any other essay we have seen this year. Such an essay can not but be the result of thoughtful preparation, and one profits by the reading of it. The paper on Millet is also carefully done. The fiction of the *Wellesley Magazine* is exceptionally clever. "The Day of His Desire" and "My Delegates" are both good, the former, especially, is a very pretty little story. "The Scarlet Cat" that was begun in December is concluded in this number. If this story may be taken as a criterion, its author has passed the amateur stage and now is ready to write fiction as a professional. The editorials are well written. One expects much of editorials, and in this regard the *Wellesley Magazine* is far ahead of most of its contemporaries.

## Personal.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Carney, of Chicago, are visiting their son of Carroll Hall.

—John De Haye, who represents the Benziger Bros., Publishers, was a recent visitor at Notre Dame.

—Mr. William C. Hengen, Litt. B., '97, is making his studies for the Episcopal ministry at a theological seminary in Chicago.

—Judge P. E. Burke, A. B., '89, of Stillwater, Minn., made a brief visit to the University on Tuesday last, and was given a cordial welcome by his many friends.

—Mr. T. O. Peterson, the representative of the Spaulding Athletic Supply House of Chicago, spent a couple of days at Notre Dame during the past week.

—The Ottuma (Iowa) *Democrat* makes editorial mention of the recent election of Brother Leander to the office of Vice-Commander of the Notre Dame G. A. R. Post.

—Mr. D. A. Hanagan, a former student at the University, was at Notre Dame the early part of the week. Mr. Hanagan represents Feeley & Co., who are furnishing the medals for our track meet in March.

—Mr. William P. Sheehan, Litt. B., '98, has gone into politics at his home in Hancock, Mich. We feel assured that Mr. Sheehan will do credit to the family name, and that he soon will be a power in the local Tammany.

—Mr. Harry Hull, student '89-'92, is a member of the 1st Nebraska Infantry, a regiment that played a prominent part in the recent fight at Manila. Some of the reports place Mr. Hull among the wounded, but we trust that he came out of the encounter unhurt.

—Mr. Edward J. O'Malley, who finished one of the special courses two years ago, died recently at his home in Albany, Mo. Mr. O'Malley was a young man that promised well for the future, and his friends at Notre Dame are grieved to hear of his untimely death.

—Reverend Dr. Linneborn, who for several years past has been the Director of Holy Cross Hall, left on Tuesday last for Rome. Doctor Linneborn has been appointed Procurator-General of the Congregation, and all at Notre Dame trust that his stay in the Eternal City will be a happy and prosperous one.

—Mr. William P. Burns, Litt. B., '96, who is practising law in Michigan City, during his recent visit at the University, was pleased to note the steady progress that Notre Dame is making in things athletic. He was especially pleased with the new gymnasium and the opportunity it affords team candidates to put in several months' practice before the seasons open. Mr. Burns was a baseball man himself when at college, but in his day the men were given no such training as they now receive.



## Local Items.

—Get ready for the celebrated Salisbury Orchestra next Tuesday. This means a good concert.

—Dogma has been resumed again in Sorin Hall. The students were very anxious to begin again their ecclesiastical researches, and feared they might not have the opportunity this term.

—E. T. Ahern has trimmed his whiskers in such a manner as to shape his features like those of a preacher. Ahern will follow preaching as a profession, and will go in training as soon as the training table is started.

—The waves of harmony from the practise rooms of the glee club caught the tympanum of the reporter one evening this week. Judging from the present ability of the club, it will be one of the finest in the history of Notre Dame.

—Capt. Murray of the Carroll Specials says that his team will be as strong as last year's, if not stronger. The team is, without a doubt, weaker in the positions of pitcher and catcher, but the infield and outfield will be strong.

—The following men are the most promising candidates for the glee club's quartet: James G. Taylor, first tenor; E. Yockey, second tenor; W. O'Connor, first bass; J. Arce, second bass; Mr. F. O'Shaughnessy will sing all the variations (from harmony and the melody).

—Cold weather is certainly destructive. The bass string on Mullen's violin froze up and exploded the other day, knocking all the pictures off the wall. John has a piece of barbed fence wire on there now, and will be ready for his recital to-morrow evening.

—TEACHER OF PHYSICS.—Can any of you students give me an example of a perpetual motion machine?

FACETIOUS FRESHMAN (with experience).—A laundry bill. It would keep on running for a lifetime, and never cease until you interposed.

—Messrs. Friedman and Newman are practising duets which they will sing every night in Carroll Hall reading-room, starting Saturday night. Among their songs are "Sweet Bunch of Elephants," "I no Like no Cheap Man." After each performance a silver collection will be taken up.

—Step into the room occupied by James Chebanse Murphy, and ask that judicial personage to show you the machine he has for coining gold dollars. The simpleness of the mechanism may astound you, and you will soon wonder why you could not make gold dollars in a like manner. All are invited.

—A number of Brownson Hall students are slow about entering the contest for the Inter-collegiate Debating Team because they have not had logic. This should not hinder anyone. Logic is a good thing in debate, but it is not

the only requisite. The principal requirement is to understand the question. This, with quickness of rebuttal, is all the weapon needed.

—Farewell to the Sq—t! Common decency and respect for our readers make it necessary that we no longer contaminate the columns of this paper by noticing in any way the "Infinite deal of nothing." Recognizing the asininity of its "we fain would be editors," we charitably exclaim: "Oh! let them go; they are harmless. Children must do something!" Rant away, little ones, you are perfectly harmless; but be careful of your rattle!

—At the first trial heats—preliminaries for the contest to decide the track team for our indoor meet in March—the following men made the races in fairly good shape:

40-yard dash—O'Brien. Time, 0:05.

220-yard dash—Barry. Time, 0:27.

440-yard dash—Wynne. Time, 1:00½.

40-yard Hurdles—Duane, first; Mulcare, second. Time, 0:06¾.

Mile run—O'Connor, first; Simon, second; Butler, third. Time, 5:01¾.

Half mile run—Corcoran, first; Herbert, second. Time, 2:14.

—The report of the meeting of the Class of 1900 stated that representatives of the Law class were present to ask for an affiliation of the two classes. The statement was incorrect. The Law class was not represented. Two members were present, and on their own responsibility made such overtures. Their actions in the meeting were very reprehensible, and the officers should have ejected them from the room for their undignified behavior. How anyone could have construed their acts as "shrewdly diplomatic" is a mystery. The Lawyers have no favors to ask of the other classmen; they have always maintained a separate organization, and will continue to do so.

—COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.—J. Lilly will grind corn and prepare all kinds of chop feed at his mill, one mile north of Notre Dame.

G. Lins is improving in health.

Mr. Jacob Kraus is putting up ice.

On Wednesday last a very pretty wedding occurred at the home of Squire Poolskamp. The contracting parties were Mr. Deedle Myers and Miss Josephine Tuohy. The bride was handsomely attired in a pink blush overlaid with Madam Yale's complexion powder. Her suit was of bright red flannel under white organdie. She carried a bouquet of potato vines in one hand and her gloves in the other. The groom wore a pepper and salt suit, with a dirty shirt necktie and ox-blood shoes. Miss Diskin was the maid of honor and Mr. Stuhlfauth acted as best man. We wish them much joy.—J. S. TREETOPS.

—They say:—That men are sometimes masters of their fate, but never of their wives. That a woman's tongue is like a ward heeler, it is always on the go.

That you might as well try to decipher the entangled mesh of confusion on T. D's hat as to find her meaning at times.

That it would be much easier to check the flow of the tide with a feather than to keep her home when Mrs. Swellville has gone to the beach for the summer.

That you never know how utterly wretched you can feel until you have received a razor glance from her at a dinner party for a slight mistake in etiquette or for broaching a question which she does not like to have discussed.

That unless you can descant about bonnets and bloomers you can mind the baby.

—There once was a man named Haley,  
Who never did anything daily,  
But brush the long shreds of his beautiful hair,  
And wait the occasion to holler "Ah! there."

And also a boy named Foley,  
Of course he was good and holy;  
But I really believe he is never at ease,  
Unless while pleasing the "Sweet Maries."

And surely you know Louie Nash,  
A person whom many call rash,  
Because he is wearing that pretty gold smoker,  
Which people declare would become Dick Croker.

Then there is Georgia Jinny,  
Who is neither fat nor skinny,  
Delighting in everything up to his ears,  
And studying so hard that his eyeball sears.

—Mr. Eugene Caselli, champion hand-ball player of South and Central America, and Mr. James Fitzgerald, champion player of Ireland, have been guests of the athletic association during the past week. They were the first persons to play hand-ball in our new alley in the gymnasium. Both men pronounced it the finest alley in the West. They are both experts at the game, and played many close contests before well-crowded galleries. Caselli plays best with the paddle, using it with much dexterity and skill. Fitzgerald uses only his hand. At their first exhibition games last Thursday morning the scores were as follows:

Fitzgerald.....21—14—21  
Caselli.....8—21—16

Neither of the men used a paddle in these games. At the afternoon set, owing to a sore hand, Caselli used a paddle for the first two games. The scores were:

Caselli.....21—21—16  
Fitzgerald.....7—8—21

The men will probably play exhibition games to-morrow morning and afternoon.

—Sir Robert Aguinaldo Funk is not smiling his life away for nothing. Next summer, when he gets tired of killing potato bugs and knocks the last chunks of sweat from his chin after a hard day's work, he will have a pleasant way of spending the evening. His latest letter from her winds up with the following delightful paragraph:

"Why is writing letters so difficult for you? I like to write to people I think a great deal of. Excuse mistakes. I went down to Julia's

yesterday, but the baby was very sick two weeks ago. Julia thinks a great deal of him, so he is better now, and a cute baby. If you have any more of your pictures left I would like to have one. I will send mine on Feb. 14. Will you call me your valentine then? I guess I must close, hoping to see you and have a nice talk next summer.

"Bye-bye, etc.,—DELLA.

"P.S. Don't forget to come home, and bring Mr. Nash and his trunk with you."

No Robert, do not forget to go home; and we advise you to take your friend and his trunk along as she requests. When you go down to Julia's, Louis may hold that baby, and if the little nuisance cries very much throw him into the trunk and lock it.

—WEATHER REPORT.—The committee in charge of the meteorological disturbances for the coming week, announce the following probabilities:

SUNDAY.—Hot enough to go barefoot.

MONDAY.—Everybody cutting ice, coal goes up to \$10.

TUESDAY.—North, south, east or west winds, followed by shocks of earthquake, felt near Sorin Hall and the butcher-shop.

WEDNESDAY.—Starts off with a tornado in four acts. Time between each for a balloon ascension. The storm centre of St. Joseph's Valley will be near St. Mary's.

THURSDAY.—Calm. But the birds fly about uneasily, and men get timid and forget to come home drunk.

FRIDAY.—This will be known as the dark day; all nature seems dead; moaning in the air; old sinners repent; sky black as tar; all bets, races and marriage engagements declared off.

SATURDAY.—Sort of grand climax with thunder-claps loud enough to raise the ten cents Duperier owes B. Leopold. Clears off towards evening, and all get out duck-trousers, overcoats, straw hats and skates.

—Ye three wise men, who journeyed from the land of spices and aroma to the city of David, turn in your graves, knock your reverend bones together, and be not scandalized. Soon shall three nymphs with complexions fairer than the first blush of an incense-breathing rose trip before our enchanted eyes with grace and beauty, while around the air shall resound in thanksgiving and jubilation. Our Greek play is about to be, and our chorus girls shall be John Byrne, Crunican and Fatty Winters—three maidens fresh from the sylvan dells. Their *decollete* gowns shall be trimmed with silver bells which shall ring in sweet melody as they sweep before our devouring eyes like a ne'er to be forgotten dream. Will not the faces of these three maidens be suffused with blushes and their eyes cast down? or will they wear a *petonte* smile as they drop a courtesy to the audience? How gracefully shall they swing their skirts to and fro in rhythm with their regular

dancing. Graceful shall their movements be as they almost float across the stage, one after the other, then three abreast, sing the lamentations; and when they catch hands and skip backward and forward, we shall say that the nimble Faunus on the Lycon Mountain, or Mercury, could not imitate them, and then shall we ostracise the scullion who said that all three looked like three feather beds tied in the middle and cast over a clothes line.

—Two of our most estimable young men recently made a trip over to the Academy. Of course they had little trouble in getting over there; but a very strange thing occurred when they were coming home. They had walked about four hundred paces on this side of the big stone entrance, when one of the young men, in an attempt to straighten the hair on the back of his head, put up his hand and discovered that he had some other person's hat. He immediately called a halt, and explained the awkward situation to his friend. Instinctively the other fellow put up his hand, and was surprised to find that he had a strange hat on his head. Then there was a flurried retreat toward the Academy, for both men were afraid they had run away with some of the young ladies' bonnets. It was certainly an awkward plight to be in, and they wondered how they could explain matters when they got back to the Academy and faced the people whose bonnets they had taken. After sitting down behind a box-car for about an hour they thought they had a plausible story invented. Then they went along toward the buildings dodging from tree to tree, and squinting and squirming around every bush for fear some one might see them. They had gone past the iron dogs, and one of the fellows was just crawling around a rose-bush when the other one looked at him closely, and then cried out: "Why, Tony," you've got *my* hat on your head! Then Tony looked around and fell on his companion's neck exclaiming: "And you've got *my* hat; oh, by the great-horned goat, we're saved!" Then they shook hands, and started home again exclaiming: "Well, bah Jove! bah, Jove!"

NOTE.—If this had happened on the way home from town there would be little cause for surprise. As it is, the matter can be explained only by this hypothesis: The invitation that the young men got to leave must have been more pressing than the one to "call again and stay longer." Hence, their introduction to Madam Hotfoot was so formal and hasty that they were not altogether collected when they were saying *au revoir*.

—We publish herewith, an extract from a recently published account of Mr. Sylvester Bluester's visit to Notre Dame:

"I was next taken over to Sorin Hall, which, I was told, was the centre of intellectuality and good looks. Boys with long hair and

pompadour ears could be seen at every window. We attempted to open the front door, but a most insolent spring forced it back against us with considerable speed. When we came to, we took another round at it, and this time my escort managed to wiggle his leg through the opening. He took out his jack-knife, finished the job, and came bravely back on the remaining leg for another rush. I told him that death by drowning was much easier; but he seemed determined to get through the door, or lose the other leg. The third assault brought us safely on the inside. Of course, my coat-tails, shoes and hat were fastened in the door-way, but I quickly slipped out of them, and proceeded on. I was shown who lived on my right and on my left, and then we went upstairs to what is known as 'Angel Flat.'

"On my way up I saw a short, stout man go thundering down the corridor like a B and O switch engine. They said his name was Brucker, and that he was a favorite with the girls down home. Then my escort pointed out the room where Mr. Eggeman lighted his first and last cigarette, and with much pride I saw the mirror that a Mr. Mingey used when he combed his hair. I was next shown the room where A. Genius thinks his thunks, and also the place where Highstone plays 'Hide the Thimble' with himself. Some fellow with a face like a retired rolling-pin yelled across the hall to bring back that collar-button, and from over an open transom floated the sound of a deep voice—'Old boy, I'll just raise you ten.'

"A young man, built like last winter's snow-shovel, was in the hall talking to a simpering youth whom he called 'Jamie.' I didn't get the drift of their remarks, but I heard Jamie say something about it being the other man's turn to 'buy.' A man, whom I am told plays only for his own amusement, was insanely agitating the strings of a violin. The assertion of my informant would never be doubted.

"Rough House Flat is another haven of agony, but I didn't hear of any prominent men living up there. I am told that Bill Sheehan used to write his lyrics in an unpretentious little room somewhere up there, and that Eddie Pulskamp, who bears a striking resemblance to George Washington, honors the Flat with his presence.

"My escort apologized for the absence of an elevator but we compromised on sliding down the banisters. On every turn I was sidetracked, but a large post at the foot of the stairs very thoughtfully saved me from going down through the floor into the cellar. When we again came to the front door I reached for my revolver, said good-bye, and was about to end it all when we happened to think that it would be well to go out of a window. This we did just as the sun was throwing his last, lingering, loafing glance on the Duck House."