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## 'The Angelus.

JOHN L. CORLEY, '02.

(Sestina.)

**M**ARK! for wafted o'er the way  
On zephyr's gentle vibrant wing  
In cadence soft as angels' play,  
When round the heav'nly throne they sing  
The praise of God; the close of day  
Is heralded when the church bells ring.

The toiling bee quick on its wing  
Well knows the tones that round it play  
And homeward starts. The birds that sing  
About the tower all through the day  
Are startled when the sweet bells ring,  
And dart out in a frightened way.

The farmer's work, the children's play,  
The housewife's toil, the maids that sing  
At eve's approach,—all sounds of day—  
The blacksmith's busy anvil's ring  
Stop short, and quickly now give way  
To angel's words. The angel's wing

Seems spread o'er earth. And unheard sing  
Her praise, who, in the olden day,  
Knelt to hear those strange words ring  
Within her ear. They made the way,  
By God's design, for man to wing  
His course above, despite the play

The serpent wrought on that sad day  
When Eden lost its charms. The ring  
Of Angelus is but the way

We show our joy. Upon the wing  
Of hoarding Time, as ages play  
Along their course, no sirens sing

A sweeter note; no death-knells ring  
More solemn tones. In merry way,  
No nuptial bell, no bird on wing  
More joy instil. These anthems play  
The mystic part; and thus we sing  
Her praises at the close of day.

## "The Little Minister."

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.



F late it seems as if peasant life has opened a wide field to fiction. The simplicity and freshness of the rustic at once appeals to the poetic side of our nature. It matters little whether the village pedagogue, the blacksmith or the rude carpenter speaks, our whole heart goes out to his candor and frankness. His natural logic may be only a little ripple on the surface of the ocean of thought; but it is smooth enough for us to see the pearl in its bed. He may be deprived of everything else; his dialect may be photographed as effectively as his face, but the peculiar light in which he weighs his thoughts is characteristic of himself, and can never be copied by a stranger. This is the fatal spot to the city or society novelist; he can no more hit this note in the life of his fellowman than he can draw the moon nearer by looking at it.

In these illiterate people we see pure passion on the surface, not mixed with hypocrisy but blooming naturally in the garden in which God had planted it. In the past the whole content of fiction was devoted to the upper class; no novel would pass the printer's hands unless it contained some of the graceful flourishes of society, and, in so doing, it tore to pieces the private life of some man. It devoted a few chapters to his love-letters, and some wise-acre added notes to explain away any doubtful meaning. Now people seem to have enough of the fancy ball and masquerade; they are becoming tired of the silks and laces and perfumed conservatories, and condescend to take a peep at humble life. I do not know whether this change is prompted by the fact that the

old-time barrier between the rich and poor is melted away, or that the old-time simplicity is gone to be found again only by the poet and the novelist; however, there is one thing certain: that this phase of life can not be venerated by idealizing it. I may be paradoxical, but the more natural country life is the more ideal it appears. It must be copied closely, and in order to do this the author must be closely connected with his characters; he must live among them, grow into their customs—become one of them. This has Mr. J. M. Barrie done as shown in the few small volumes accredited to his name.

Mr. Barrie is a Scotchman, and has lived the greater part of his life among the peasants of his native country; not copying their customs but growing up with them and assimilating them so that they may become part of his existence. His greatest achievement in this respect is the "Little Minister," lately put on the stage, and rendered with great success by Miss Maude Adams.

The whole story is one of characterization. It contains no plot. It brings out in bold relief the Scottish peasant life, not by description but by action. It shows the fiery temper of the Celt—he moves by impulse, incapable of deep hate, but ever ready to expand his heart to immensity. I have known every character in the book from my childhood; for me it was a simple review of former times with nothing added. It does not contain a cause whose effect I could not have predicted two pages ahead of my reading. The dialect is pure. It is free from all the affectation that characterizes most works of its kind now. Here are its outlines in the rough.

The old minister of Thrums was getting tired of life. He had seen the children whom he had baptized sail into manhood, He had seen them pass through years of married life—some in happiness, some in misery;—he had seen the blossom of life shine on many a brow that he stroked in youth. Gavin Dishart was chosen to lead the people of the Auld Licht in Thrums. He was twenty-one, his mother's pride. The picture of Mrs. Dishart is too clear for me to describe. The author does not do so; she does it herself—she acts. She is one of those mothers the thought of whom adds all the beauty and poetry of the world to our lives. I have not seen her picture, but I am sure she has deep furrows on her cheeks and forehead; but they are only shadows of the ones sunken deeply in her heart. Her hair is

now turned white, but still the "love light is in her een."

A few days after Gavin's arrival in Thrums, the weavers in that village "were out on strike." During the day the young men were arming themselves with various weapons, and toward evening all seemed to move toward the centre of the town. Some said the soldiers were coming—it was Babbie the Egyptian. No one knew whence she came or who she was. Gavin saw the crowds in the narrow streets, and felt that it was his duty to look after the material as well as the spiritual interests of his flock. His presence among them, however, did not make matters much better. The Egyptian fired the men and women alike with an unknown madness for war. The minister's efforts to send her from the town were useless. She came with the belief that the poor people would be more benefited by showing a strong resistance to armed forces against them, than by throwing down their arms and allowing themselves to be taken prisoners as was the advice of Gavin Dishart.

Before the infuriated weavers could be quieted down, however, Babbie found herself a prisoner. She had given away the plans of the soldiers. In the dim light of the police station we may describe her. She might be considered a little thing in the eyes of most men; one of those weaker vessels of humanity that flash before our eyes just long enough to make an impression that never dies. Her dark eyes glowed with a peculiar vivacity, and were large enough to hide all the romance and simplicity of the world—just large enough to see her heart reflected in their dreamy depths. Her picturesque Scottish attire hid something more beneath its folds than a simple Lowland lassie. An air of magic seemed to surround her; but this was not because she was an Egyptian, but because the clear beauty of her intellect was magnified by her rustic surroundings. Not one in Thrums but felt the force of Babbie's eyes, but none to greater effect than the captain of the police.

It was rumored that Babbie was a magician; she was seen pass down windy Ghoul, in a whirlwind, singing a weird song. Gavin Dishart met her at the corner of the woods and thought she was one of the guardian spirits of the Auld Licht Kirk. He noticed for the first time the love-light in a woman's eye, and her small hand gleamed with a diamond ring as she waved it to him in the starlight.

He forgot that he was a minister. The

pulpit vanished from his mind, and for a moment there stood Babbie casting mother and kirk and manse into the shade. Psychologists do not admit of love at first sight; I do not know either, but Gavin Dishart was twenty-one, and this last moment made a change in him for life. It seemed to open to him another world peopled with ideals and governed by a force that was unknown. He had given himself up to God; the light from a woman's eye could never cast a reflection on his heart! He closed those sacred precincts to everything but God. But why is he running down the windy Ghoul in pursuit of a Gypsy elf, poorly clad, her bare feet shining beneath a green skirt? I will not ask him; of course he must be in Thrums to guard his flock from the approaching calamities. Still he kept on gazing at the fairy-like figure fleeing before him. She reached the end of the lane and kissed her hand to him; her ring gleamed again as she mingled with the darkness. Longfellow was not born then else the Little Minister would have said:

"And when she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

But Gavin met her again. When the battle was at its highest, the captain of the police rode up to where the weavers were defending themselves, and endeavored to send them home; but his words were only the cause of more discontent. The minister was among the crowd, and he heard some one say:

"Oh, if I could only fling straight!"

A divit was slipped into his hand, and the same voice whispered:

"Hit him."

Gavin threw the clod of earth and struck the captain on the head. This act never can be explained. One thing is sure—the Little Minister was not rational just then. All the psychology in this world can not explain it, even if it should delve through the labyrinths of passive attention into the sub-conscious state, and end up with the infinitesimal note that gives the initiative to all emotions.

Babbie soon found herself in prison, trembling beneath the gaze of her jailer; he thought she was cold, and offered his cloak to keep her warm. She smiled at the gallantry of this rough Highlander. She begged him to let her go before the sheriff would arrive; he wished he could, but it was too late the sheriff was at the door. Quick as lightning Babbie upset the lamp and slipped out into the darkness, leaving the officers to their own confusion.

For some reason or other Gavin Dishart ran through the streets that evening with wonderful rapidity. The soldiers met him so often in different places that they could not believe he was the same man. Often afterwards they said that Thrums was noted for the ferocity of its women and the number of its little ministers. It was three o'clock in the morning before the last light in the village went out; this was the flag of truce. The soldiers were still looking for Babbie.

Gavin Dishart walked home that morning a changed man, casting anathemas on the name of Babbie; it was the first time a thought of hatred had ever crossed his mind. She had flouted him before his congregation. She sent men and women to battle, when he would have sent them to their homes quietly. She placed the missile in his hand, and he cast it. She is not human; she is a devil! He was within sight of the last outpost, and he knew from the conversation of the guards that the Gypsy was not captured as yet. He imagined her in the hands of these rough men and half pitied her. His heart was good; he was angry, but he did not sin. A shadow creeping along behind him attracted his attention. He looked around and saw Babbie coming toward him. She was going straight to her doom, unarmed into the midst of her enemies. He made a motion to stop her, but she stole up and laid her hand on his arm. He could not answer a word. She came to the guard, and flattered the sergeant by calling him captain. She pitied him for his hard night's work, and passed the lines as Mrs. Dishart. The minister tried to explain to the guard that she was not his wife, but he could not. "I"—was the only word he could utter. This woman had entangled him in a mesh more magical than real. In her company there was something that held him captive and bound him fast to her. At first sight it may seem that the author is at fault, because he has moulded the character entirely in the hands of this woman; but Gavin Dishart can not be called weak. His creation is not fraught with that lion-like virility that characterized the ideals of other ages. We are tired fixing our gaze on the shadow of greatness and nobility so long pictured for us among the clouds. We are now pleased to see our friends and companions placed in their true light; we are not shocked at their defects; we are beginning to believe that true manliness and heroism are too deeply seated in nature to be acquired.

Babbie accompanied the minister home that morning; she made no mention of her own home, perhaps it was because Gavin was too bewildered to question her. The nearer they came to the manse the more was the minister "at war with himself." Should Lang Thammass or Bob Dow or Henders Haggert slip forward and see him now go hand in hand with this woman, gossip would have spread from Thrums to Tilliedrum before the sun had peeped his head over Snówdon. How could a minister of the Auld Licht Kirk stand before his congregation to preach to them the word of God when he had spent the whole night walking about with an unknown woman!

When they reached the manse, he was afraid to take Babbie in to see his mother, but he led her to an arbor in the garden where he prepared his sermons. Perhaps the angel that brought him such good thoughts for his Sunday discourses would come to teach Babbie also and lead her from her erring ways.

The next morning the weavers forgot all about their strike and sat at their looms to speak of nothing but the Gypsy. The minister made his usual calls, but looked more like a ghost than a man. Whenever the strange woman's name was mentioned he cast anathemas against her, and made his remarks so general that he seemed to embrace all the fair sex in Babbie.

The following Sunday the whole community assembled at the Auld Licht Kirk prepared to hear the minister's first philippic on the necessity of peace. The preacher announced his text from the Book of Ezra. This book seems to be rarely quoted; it caused a great deal of research, for Lang Thammass, who was supposed to know every cranny in the Old Testament, was seen fumbling with the index. No sooner had Gavin opened his Bible to read the text than he dropped it to the floor and turned pale. He picked the Bible up again and read another text from the Book of Genesis, and preached an hour and a half on the fall of our first parents, taking good care to blame all on the woman.

Nobody ever knew why the minister turned pale when he opened his Bible; nobody knew why he let it fall, but if Babbie were among the devout that day I can imagine how she would laugh. This Bible lay open on the seat of the arbor that morning when she came home with Gavin and she wrote across the page:

"I will never tell who flung the clod at Captain Halliwell; but why did you? I will

never tell that you allowed me to be called Mrs. Dishart before witnesses; but is not this a Scotch marriage?—Babbie the Egyptian."

Perhaps love at first sight is not rational to psychologists, still it seems very true to us poor sinners. We have not yet come to measure emotions with a compass or to confine the soul within certain limits in this charnel house of clay whence there is no escape. Science tries to dislocate emotion from all bodily feeling. It would lead us to believe that the higher passions may live apart from ourselves; that pure spirits are condemned to live a cold intellectual life. It places its clammy finger on the spot where love ends and joy begins. But subtract from grief its tears and sobs, its suffocation of the heart, its pangs in the breast, and what is left behind? a mere knowledge that something deplorable has taken place. Materialism—your destroying shade—has entered the most sacred precincts.

In the case of Babbie, it was love at first sight, and here her romance ends. She opened a new realm to Gavin Dishart, and now his romance begins. He met her a month afterward by chance as she was performing a work of charity. They learn to know each other. They meet oftener by appointment, and by disappointment. She tells him her story. She was born in Egypt; her parents were English. Lord Rintoul brought her to Scotland, and he was to marry her in a few days. Her beauty was but a mere plaything to him; he loved her when she looked bright; he hated her when she was moody. Babbie knew this, and learned to hate him in return.

The evening of the marriage came; all Scotland was to know when the Earl of Rintoul was married. Cannons were to be shot off from all the hills and bonfires were to be lighted. Babbie left the Earl's house and met the minister by chance—they never parted. The bells were ringing, calling the people to the Kirk to pray for rain, but no minister was there to make the invocation. The lights were gleaming in Lord Rintoul's mansion, but there was no bride to welcome the guests. A scouting party was sent from the Kirk to find the minister, and another from the castle to find Babbie. Both were scouring Glen Quhirty when a terrible storm arose; trees were torn from their roots, and dried-up streams were becoming inland seas. Highlanders were cursing in pure Gaelic; courtiers were swearing in English to find the way to Thrums. Both parties met in the glen, and saw before their eyes Babbie and

the Little Minister married by a Gypsy chief.

I find it almost impossible to give an adequate synopsis of this novel. Each page contains so many phases of character, so many incidents, that to leave out one is to break the whole chain of thought. Much praise is due to the author for the successful manner in which he has handled his matter. The last seven chapters are highly dramatic and mingled with a deep pathos. He shifts his scenes with a magic hand; his characters crop out beneath his pen when we least expect them. Bob Dow is a good-hearted Highlander, a strong adherent to the Auld Licht, but a stronger to his glass of "toddy." When he was teaching his son—a most ragged urchin—the names of the Twelve Apostles, he said to the boy: "Miss out Bartholomew, for he did little, and put Gavin Dishart in his place." His love for the Little Minister was deep and sincere as only a peasant's can be. When he gave his heart he gave it all; he did not give it on the instalment plan. His efforts to keep the pledge, and the dialogues between himself and Micha, are in themselves romantic.

We have also a very good insight into the doings of church trustees and guardians as well as the factions that the minister has to guard against in the most orderly communities. But the episode of the dominie, the schoolmaster, is in itself sufficient to make a novel. It is full of pure pathos; it adds a glow to Margaret, Gavin Dishart's mother. The dominie is Gavin's father. Margaret's first husband was a sailor and was absent for many years, consequently he was thought to be drowned. In the meantime the young widow married the dominie, and from this union Gavin was born. After a few years of happiness Margaret's first husband came to tear the quiet home to pieces. The dominie left; no one knew where he went. When Gavin grew up he learned to call his guardian father; but when he came to Thrums for the first time, the schoolmaster saw his son and was glad. Margaret died, but never knew that Gavin had the secret of his birth, neither did she know that Gavin's father watched her night after night as she sat in the seat of honor in the manse.

Mr. Barrie shows his deep knowledge of his countrymen. He can amuse the children with fairy stories, preach sermons that turn the heads of young men and women; he can start a religious discussion to make old men rack their brains on, and he can make us all love the depth and glow of his characters.

Varsity Verse.

PRINCE AND PAUPER.

*The Prince.*

UNRISE,—and the violet light  
Through the oriel window streams,  
Wakes the prince from out his dreams.  
He cares not for the sunbeams bright  
Entering with their violet light—  
But turns again and once more dreams.

*The Pauper.*

Through the attic's shattered pane  
Speed the golden tipped darts.  
From his mat the poet starts,  
Feasts his eyes on mount and plain  
From his shattered window pane.

J. P. S.

TO EVELINE.

I would I were that violin,  
You now take up, Maid Eveline:  
How softly in your ear I'd speak  
When prest so close to your fair cheek.

To join its dimpled ruddy glow  
My soul along the strings should go.  
My fervent wish would be this much—  
To always feel your gentle touch.

My throbbing heart should madly bound  
If in fond ecstasy you wound  
Me in embrace, and sweet did vow,  
"My only care and love art thou,  
Dear violin!"

A. J. B.

IN HIS FATHER'S STEPS.

I'm goin' to try as best I can  
To be a man like my old man;  
He ain't so rich and he ain't so poor,  
But he's a lulu dat's dead sure.

P. J. R.

SEASONED WITH AGE.

Well casked in some dark cellar-way,  
Till sparkling like a roguish laughing eye  
With Time's rich flavor and a lustre bright,  
The wine grows better as the days go by.

Much sweeter then to quaff than when first pressed,  
It brings good cheer and humor to the soul.  
We all have read of how some rare old wines  
Bring jolly times around the merry bowl.

E'en so, I think, must memory's nectar grow.  
Not when first born are all our joys most dear,  
We love them best when seen through mist of time  
And hung with webs of some departed year.

I prized this rose, when first pinned on my coat,  
With perfume rich and petals fresh and bright;  
'Tis withered now and all its fragrance lost,  
But still it's doubly dear to me to-night.

'Twas for remembrance. Now it speaks of days  
That happy were with her that pinned it there.  
Ah me! her smile, her tender eyes so bright  
Come back again and haunt me everywhere.

P. J. R.

## George Frederic Handel.

EDWARD T. LONG, 1900.

George Frederic Händel was born at Halle, on the Saale, in the Duchy of Magdeburg, Lower Saxony, on February 28, 1685. His father was the physician of that place and, like all foreign parents, wished, nay even forced, his son to follow the ancestral profession. Young Händel had no liking for the study of medicine, and when sent to school, he showed a wonderful ability for singing and learning notes. His father, fearing his son might adopt the musical profession, determined that George be taught at home. "Music," he said, "is an elegant art and a fine amusement, but as an occupation it hath little dignity, having for its object nothing better than mere entertainment and pleasure." Händel then was taught Latin at home that he might become a good physician and leave the fiddle to the Italian and French montebanks.

Händel's mother was a pious Lutheran and was very devoted to her husband. All the musical instruments were taken away and stored in the garret. Young Frederic must become a good physician. The spinet was also thrown into the garret. By the contrivance of his mother, or nurse, Händel stole into this deserted place at night where the tinkling of the spinet could not be heard by his father below, and there he played his childish melodies. Here he learned the notes and how to use the finger-board very dexterously. During the day he obeyed his father but at night he satisfied his innate love for music. Environments can never retard a genius.

Händel remained at his spinet in the garret until about his eleventh year, when he came under the notice of the Duke of Saxe-Wiessenfels. Händel's father went one day to see another son in the service of the duke. After Händel had satisfied his father with tears and promises not to become a musician he was allowed to accompany him. They spent three days in gazing at the ducal palace. On the morning of the third day they visited the chapel accompanied by the duke. Händel somehow managed to escape his father's watchful eye. He stole to the organ-loft and played so well that the duke and his father stood in silence within the chapel enjoying his music. The duke called Händel from the organ-loft, and, as he approached, complimented him, and, inferring from the

boy's frightened look, told the afflicted father that his son was a genius and should be snubbed no more. This was a revelation to the old man and a redemption to young Händel. Both were delighted at the news, or rather, discovery of the duke.

Immediately on his return to Halle, Händel was placed under the guardianship of Zachau, the organist of Halle, who knew everything about music that was then known. So great was the progress of the youth that in a few weeks he was able to analyze the theories of the German and Italian schools and to write a *cantata* or *motette* once a week. When the old teacher saw this he told him that he was unable to teach him any longer. This is practically all the schooling Händel ever had. He was then advised to go to Berlin.

Under the auspices of Brandenburg Händel studied music at Berlin. Two composers, Attilio Ariosti and Bononcini, were then residing at Berlin. The former welcomed the youthful master; the latter scowled at him from the beginning. Wishing to test the conceited boy's powers, he composed an elaborate piece which he challenged Händel to play at sight. Händel played it like any other piece, and from that hour Bononcini treated him with the hatred of a rival but with the respect due to an equal.

The failing health of his father recalled him to Halle, and his death made Händel the support of the family. He descended into the ranks of hired musicians and became a second-class fiddler at the Hamburg Opera House. As he played little and badly, the band began to sneer at an artist that could not earn his salt. One day at a rehearsal when the harpsichordist was absent, Händel threw his fiddle aside and took the director's place. He conducted the rehearsal with such ability that the sneers of the band were turned into praise. Soon afterward the aged organist of Lubec sent him an offer: that he could become the organist of that place, provided that he take the organ and his daughter. Something did not suit—whether it was the organ, the salary or the daughter is not known. Händel never married. He composed two Italian operas for the Hamburg opera—*Almira* and *Nero*—both love operas.

In July, 1706, tired of studying Italian operas in Germany he went to Florence. He remained here under the care of the Grand Duke until Christmas. He composed his opera *Roderigo* for the Florentines, for which he received one



hundred sequins. He next visited Venice just in time for the carnival. What impression this musical city produced in him is not certain, but it is well known that the Venetians adored him. Händel in three weeks composed the opera *Agrippina* for which he received the title "Il Caro Sassone." Domenico Scarlatti; the first harpsichord player of Italy, whenever he was complimented on his playing used to pronounce Händel's name and make the sign of the cross. After the carnival Händel hurried to Rome to witness the Easter celebration. The great patron of music, Cardinal Ottoboni, was then residing in Rome. Händel was received with all the honor and respect due to an immortal artist, and it is believed that if he had been a man, of deep religious convictions he would have remained in Rome all his life. He remained with the Cardinal till after the Easter celebration, then returned to Germany and thence for London where he was soon to change the aspect of the musical world. Händel never forgot the Cardinal. His oratorio, the "Triumph of Time," is in the Cardinal's honor.

In 1709 he was at the court of George of Brunswick. Certain Englishmen one day promised him an unheard of success if he should accompany them to London. Taking leave of his old teacher, Zachau, and his aged mother, he crossed the English Channel, and arrived at the Haymarket just in time for the best recognition for a musical *début*. His opera *Rinaldo*, proved a grand success—all London was Händel. The bands played his best airs and the streets resounded with his melodious songs. The publisher, however, made more from the opera than Händel. Fifteen hundred pounds was the publisher's profit. When Händel heard this he told the publisher in his characteristic manner: "My friend, the next time you shall compose the opera and I shall sell it." Walsh, the publisher, took the hint.

After the death of Queen Ann, Elector George became King of England. Händel had left his court at Hanover, and Elector George remembered this. When he landed the band played one of Händel's popular airs, and wherever the king went he was welcomed with Händel's music. He tried to overthrow Händel, but the musician through his art conquered the king, and the runaway organist became again the king's Chapel Master in London.

At this time Händel was in great favor with the nobility; but through his rather hasty character, his hatred for the Italian school and still more by his firm determination not

to write "noise" music, he lost the hold he had on the nobles, and the contest almost lasted to the end of his long life. The fight between the founder of the German School and the adherents of the Italian School was long and bitter. Händel composed opera after opera, song after song, oratorio after oratorio, to keep his reputation and for bread; but everything fell flat, and the yells and shrieks of Bononcini's singers were hailed by the people and applauded by the nobles and newspapers.

In 1741 he visited Ireland. He had observed the music of this people in the songs of Irish immigrants to London. He visited Dublin. Here he performed his *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, *Acis's* and *Alexander's Feast*. The Irish loved his sweet and thoughtful music, and the city hall was so crowded whenever he played that messengers had to be sent through Dublin to tell the people that the hall was already overcrowded. Here he produced for the first time the *Messiah*. It was an unheard of success. He forgot all his trials and sorrows in that one short hour of perfect triumph. Only a few months before, his oratorio, *Israel*, was coldly received in England. Händel loved the Irish as much as his own countrymen. Ireland gave him a triumph in the prime of life. Germany was his home, England his cross and Ireland the land of his triumph and glory.

When Händel returned to England, he composed *Samson* for the Lenten season. This fell flat and the *Messiah* was not even appreciated. *Judas Maccabeus*, *Joshua*, *Solomon*, *Susana* and *Theodora* produced no sensation, no interest for the composer. Händel was in despair. His singers were unpaid; his orchestra unsettled; and the fashionable society of London giving tea-parties whenever he played or one of his compositions was being performed. He resolved to write a little noise music—for bread.

In 1747 he regained his former position by writing "Firework Music." He thought the English could understand this kind of art. The ending of this work is described thus: "The music ended with the explosion of one hundred and one brass cannons, seventy six-pounders, twenty twelve-pounders, and eleven twenty-four pounders. There was no lack of hunting-horns, hautboys, bassoons, kettle-drums and side drums, besides bass viols innumerable. Everyone was delighted. When the magnificent Doric temple went off with a terrific bang, it was thought success could go no farther and the king's library was very nearly burnt down." From this time until 1751 Händel was at the

summit of glory. Whenever he played the hall was over-crowded. His rivals felt safer in the enjoyment of their few admirers. No one dared to compete with him now.

In 1751, while composing Jephtha, his last oratorio, he was seized by the peculiar blindness produced by gutta serena. He composed the last choruses of this work just before total blindness set in. Numberless operations were performed on him, but in 1752 he became totally blind. Händel almost ceased to compose but not to play. He remained at his organ for seven years and continued to direct the reproduction of his oratorios. It is related that he returned home at night with his carriage loaded with bags of silver and gold but he distributed all in alms; for his blindness made him aware that others too suffer. On April the sixth, 1759, at the Covent Garden, he conducted the Messiah for the last time. That same night he took sick, and on Good Friday—a day on which he had always ardently desired to die Händel breathed his last. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Mozart composing and rehearsing his own requiem; Beethoven standing deaf in the middle of his awe-stricken orchestra; Händel turning his sightless eyes toward the applauding audience—to think of them without emotion is very difficult. Händel remained at the organ till the last; but he never could hear the pathetic air allotted to blind Samson, in the oratorio of that name, without being visibly affected. Milton's line,

"Oh! dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon," is very suggestive of the painful emotion of this, the founder and one of the greatest of the German immortals, whenever he heard that pathetic air of his own creation.

All the best musicians have lived since the time of Händel; and pupils, though they surpass their master, never forget him. Händel lives through the works of Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart. Händel is immortal since he has left immortal works of art.

#### Castles in Spain.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundations under them.—THOREAU.

If thou hast in moments spare,  
Built bright castles in the air,  
Think not that thy time was lost.  
Thou hast built at little cost,—  
Built bright castles that will be  
Grand memorials of thee.  
If thy wisdom thou wouldst show,  
Put foundation stones below.

H. E. B.

#### The American Farmer.

JOSEPH P. S. KELLEHER, 1901.

In the beginning the only occupation open to man to gain a livelihood was the tilling of the soil. There was no other means by which he could sustain life; trades were unknown, and professions were not dreamt of. However, as the years rolled by, man began to conceive certain ways by which he could benefit himself in social and intellectual culture. Alas! much that he conceived and realized in this direction dwindled into corruption. No life could equal the uncorrupted life of the farm.

In our country, the farmer enjoys a high position. He it is who holds the power of the nation in his hands. Without him the nation could not exist. True, it is said that while he sleeps, his fortune increases and the fruits of nature ripen. However, his prosperity greatly adds to our country's importance; for if the farmer ceases to prosper every industry tending to the nation's welfare begins to waver, thus creating uneasiness and hard times throughout the entire land. Let the farmer fail to till his farm and to attend to all the other duties connected with it,—what will happen? There will be no way by which we can sustain life except by purchasing the products of the countries where farming is the principal industry.

Grander than can be described is the farmer's life. Living among rocks and rills, inhaling the perfume of the sweet-briar and wild-rose, watching the noisy brook prattle over its stony bottom, and looking into the mirror of nature, he finds himself the image of sweet content. Awakened from his sleep by the songs of joyous birds, and refreshed by nature's sweetest remedy—the morning air—he commences his routine of daily labor. Gazing on the eastern sky as it unfolds the light of day, looking intently at the early panorama that arouses everything to duty, how delighted must he not be! How can it be said that such a life is not enviable?

There seems to be an air of peace in all that he does. He lives, as it were, in union with his Creator. He labors incessantly, taking great interest in all that he has to do. With the sunny dawn of spring-time, we find him plodding through his fields, looking here and there for a field which will produce a good harvest. Through orchards decked with green he wan-



ders, wondering if the trees will bring forth abundant fruit. Everything which will make a successful harvest he examines with the greatest care.

Again we find him ploughing the land, dropping the seed, and protecting all that is planted from the inroads of the pesky bug. At another time we see him silently roaming through his farm and smiling with satisfaction on the growing plants and blossoming trees. When harvest comes, who is more pleased than he? As he looks at the gifts that nature has given him, he betrays his pleasure. Then it is that he is envied by those who live in the turmoil of cities. He chuckles with delight, when he perceives his labors repaid with a good crop. All around him he sees nothing but plenty, and his heart tells him that he is the possessor of the real luxuries of life—peace and satisfaction.

When snow and ice cover the land, he abandons himself to simple amusements. The historic "husking party" is still in vogue. The large barn nearly filled with hay and lighted with many colorless lanterns; the golden grain ready to be chucked by fair damsels hanging in uneven rows along the barn lofts gives rise to many an interesting entertainment. The old-fashioned "candy pull," to some extent, is also carried on in some places. Many a farmer lad has vied with the buxom lass in making the whitest piece of molasses candy. In many instances he has won the heart of his sweet rival. In the large farm-house concerts are often held at which the songs of long ago are sung and listened to with pleasure. Story-telling also plays an important part; in fact, it often ripens into a contest, and he who carries off a prize is considered a very enlightened person.

Perhaps, the greatest source of pleasure to the farmer is the annual reunion of the family. This is a time to which each member looks forward with longing. Sons and daughters, brothers and sisters assemble once more beside the home fireside to thank the Almighty for keeping them so long united, to exchange brotherly love, and to honor the dear old folks. What is more affecting than such a scene? From such a life, is it to be wondered at that the farm is the birthplace of greatness?

Secluded as the farmer is from the distractions of the busy world he finds time to develop his talents. He devotes many an hour to literature and mathematics, but does not tax his brain with too much of what the

ordinary college student is forced to study ancient tongues and dry sciences; however, he delights in reading all that will tend to advance his position among the neighboring farmers. Have we not read in the annals of our country of men who have pushed their way to fame and fortune through their reading as country lads? No doubt, it is from his assiduity in reading practical books that he has acquired strong emotions of patriotism. Never was it recorded that a farmer shirked his duty in time of war.

In the colonial days, we find him leaving his cattle yoked to the plough in order that he might shoulder a musket against the English. In the late civil war he taught the doctrine that all men are born equal, and defended this doctrine by giving his life to wipe away the false idea that color should deprive a man of his freedom. Even today, who shows more loyalty to the government than he? Overrun, as our country is with political parties who wish to rule this beautiful home of ours in a thousand different ways, no one appears to stick to a conservative form but the farmer. He is contented with the existing form and does not wish to aid others in party corruption. Nothing can induce him to enter a deteriorating political scheme; neither does he sell his vote, but he strives to assist his country to the best of his ability.

More could be said in praise of the farmer and his peaceful life. Let those that enjoy the beauties of the farm guide us in making simplicity our rule of life; and as we watch the sun sink beneath the pink horizon and bathe itself in the sparkling waters of the deep, let us think of the peace and contentment closing the days of the American farmer.

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#### Chips from the Woodpile.

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Some persons will button their coats up to their chins to keep warm, even though the coat be a chinchilla.

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Some men's minds, like some Indiana corn-fields, are surrounded by fences so crooked that every time anything crawls through, it comes out on the same side it went in.

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Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, because the same place doesn't stay there after it is struck.—*W. H. F.*

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—New students will please remember that the practice of "rooting" at Notre Dame does not extend to making any disparaging remarks about visiting players or their work. So long as outside teams are guests here, all due courtesy must be extended them.

—A member of the Faculty has completed a new prayer book designed especially for the use of students. It is called the Notre Dame University Prayer Book. The *Imprimatur* of Very Rev. John Guending, Administrator of this diocese, was given to the work on the feast of the Visitation, 1899. The prayers have been carefully arranged, including the litanies that are most in use, morning and evening prayers, prayers during Mass, and many other prayers for special occasions or devotions. In the back may be found hymns that are usually sung at the week-day Mass and at May devotions. The book is neatly bound in flexible red morocco cover, is of a convenient size and well finished. The printing is neatly done. The book is now on sale at the Students' Office, and every Catholic student should have one. It is prepared to suit all requirements for services that the student body in general attends, and the contents of the book are so arranged as to aid one in following attentively the different parts of the various devotions.

—The initial game of football last Wednesday showed many things. First of all, it proved that our line is a powerful one and that the men composing it will be likely to hold their own against any opposing players. It gave the backs a chance to see that they will have to train hard and get the signals well learned before we meet any of the big Western teams. Bungling of signals and fumbling the ball will lose a tight game no matter how strong the men in the line play. The material for backs is good, and the candidates for positions are numerous: Close attention, careful coaching and hard work must be the order from now on, and this will put our team in condition to play winning ball. Of course, the game against Englewood was not a fair test of what the men are capable of doing. However, the playing was not what local enthusiasts expected it to be, and they will be quiet about the Chicago game until after it is played and won or lost for us.

—About the best stimulus for hard study, if you are bent on trying at some future date to make your voice heard in the great auditorium of life, is to lay aside fiction for a week or so and read some solid articles in current magazines. You will be surprised at the number of momentous questions that are continually before the public. There are questions of national welfare, international welfare, and the welfare of the world. They are not questions that can be dodged; they must be met square in the face and a great deal more than half way. The world may not be in need of persons, but it surely is in need of more men and it will search the remotest corner to find them. As the doors of universities open at each commencement day, the crowd without will watch for new champions to step forth and wrestle with the sphinx-like riddles that are continually springing up. Democracy furnishes us with a splendid arena in which to do battle, and all that is necessary for us to get into the ring is to train ourselves properly. When the training is complete the articles of agreement may be signed at will, and we may be sure that we will find rugged and able opponents when we are ready for the fray. Read articles on the great questions of the day; acquaint yourselves with what is before you, and if you have any grit or determination, you will lose no time in these days of preparing for the harness.

## Peck Talks about Work and the "Sons of Rest."

After breakfast this morning I threw myself on a couch conveniently near the window and puffed at a cigar given me by a friend. Concerning the quality of the cigar mentioned, I must say little, for my conscience would not permit anything flattering, and as I fear the donor may accidentally peruse these lines, I shall simply say for his gratification that I smoked it, and omit further discussion. It was not so bad nor so good as to demand all my attention, and as I lounged there puffing cloud after cloud of curling smoke before me, I fell into my old habit of philosophizing.

Out of doors, though the morning air was very keen, I saw life and energy displayed on all sides. Some remnants of the Fly family were pegging at my window trying to effect an entrance. Their cousins of the Bug tribe were at work in the flower beds, on the trees, on the vines near the church, in the corners of my own disorderly apartment,—in fact, wherever I saw one he was busy pulling, tugging and running to and fro with all the energy and activity of a genuine hustler. The landscape gardener with his assistants had already laid low two trees on the lawn. Across in the neighboring field a husbandman was following his drill sowing seed for the next harvest, while a little to his left, a morning train was speeding on its way to the local metropolis. Workmen were busy in the neighboring shops; students were hurrying to their various classes; carriages of many kinds were coming or going on the avenue; everywhere I looked I saw activity. There is naught in life that is not active, I said to myself. Even in things inanimate, so scientists say, there is motion. Is it not a rule of physics that no atom of matter is at rest? It is beating against its neighbor, and working out the plan arranged for it by the Creator who assigned it as a part of the universe.

I thought that nothing could retain a place here unless it works. From the provident ant to the beast that seeks prey in the forest, there is not a member of the animal or insect kingdom that does not earn its living. Even in the vegetable empire nothing can maintain its place in the progress and growth of things, unless it fully performs its *rôle* and does the work necessary for its development. Plants extract oxygen and various other gases from the air; from the soil they draw other ingre-

dients that enable them to prosper. In the spring, trees put forth leaves and buds that draw nourishment from the breeze, from the sunlight, from the shower and from every possible source, and carry it to the mother trunk.

While my thoughts were expanding on these subjects my cigar had gradually lost its dimensions, and I was forced to give it over to the place where worn-out cigars go. You may imagine what my thoughts were when my smoke was finished. After a stretch and a prolonged yawn I said to myself: "There is nothing but work and nothing that does not work: work is the rule of life and anything that breaks the rule perishes. The Creator's law to all things is labor, and nothing can escape the penalty of failure to observe its precepts."

I had this conclusion pretty well fixed in my mind when I turned to take a last look from the window before going to my desk. I saw something then that overbalanced all the philosophy I had built up and made an exception to the rule I had framed. Over near the kitchen stood two squalid, haggard and dirty-looking individuals. Both were well muscled, well built and able bodied. Filthy, careless and indifferent they stood there with shameless faces asking for something to eat. I wondered if it could be possible that such fine specimens of strong manhood were really forced to beg. If the animals, with no guide but instinct, can make their living, why is it that two intellectual beings could not do likewise? Wide as the world is, various as are the needs for men and the opportunities for work, here were two finely-moulded fellows without employment, without the means of sustenance.

It required no close study nor deep insight into character to tell why these individuals were in so apparently a helpless condition. The bold eyes and hard-set features, the slovenliness of dress and slouchy manœuvres of both, explained it all. These told their story; these, in later years, have become the recognized insignia of the "Sons of Rest."

I feel sure, reader, that you have met members of this organization, for they form no small part of our society, and one need not travel over a radius of many square miles to come in contact with them.

In general, what is your opinion of them? My conclusion is that they are the greatest blot on the face of the earth. Where all else

is in motion, running smoothly with each part in its place, these fellows fall in, like a space in a wheel where a cog has been knocked out, and give a jar to the otherwise easy and progressive movement of the world.

Husbandmen, gardeners and tillers of the soil destroy all parasitic plants. What can we do with these fellows, parasites of the worst type? They are more than that; were they to bother us only for something to eat one would not mind it so much. When, however, with brazen effrontery, these disgusting fellows parade themselves before you on every possible occasion, boastful of the low part they are playing, ready to insult or do injury, ungrateful for favors shown them, then you feel that they are nuisances to be kept away from you. It is plain to you that man, noble as he is at his best, falls far below the beast when he is at his poorest. A dog will be grateful; a horse will be useful; most animals are ambitious; but the lazy man has none of these qualities. He knows no wish but his own, and cares for none other. He sets himself against everything, and is the one force opposing the progress of the world.

I think I have heard it said, or else I read somewhere, that the devil finds his abode among lazy men. At any rate, I believe it to be true. The busy man is wholly taken up with his occupation; his mind is upon it. He is planning no evil, for his attention must be given to earning an honest livelihood. The lazy man has nothing to engage his thoughts. In his idle brain there is room for many a diabolical scheme to be framed. Quite certain it must be that the best thoughts seldom find their way into these dark places.

I believe it to be generally regarded as almost axiomatic that if a person does not improve in some way or other he will retrograde; a fixed status can not be maintained. According to this theory, the idle man should go backward. He does nothing to develop either mind or body. Furthermore the society into which he is thrown is not likely to have an elevating influence. Busy men can not waste their time with him. Idlers like himself are his companions. He falls into place with them on the downward path and goes down with them. He is to be pitied, some may say. To be sure he is; but more than that, he is to be avoided. He is the one unproductive consumer, the human parasite, the ungrateful receiver of all gifts, the saddest spectacle in the world. Give me a fair portion of soft

snaps; give me my due share of rest, but Heaven protect me from becoming a lazy man!

(N. B.—There may be something in one of the above remarks that sounds familiar to you, reader. For instance, it may seem to you that you have heard the allusion to the busy bug. Perhaps you, too, like myself, have had the pleasure of reading that precious little volume called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." I believe there is something of that nature mentioned in that book. In order to justify its illustrious author, who had the misfortune, before me, to make observation of this busy creature, I insert this footnote.)

HENRY PECK.

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#### Notre Dame vs. Englewood.

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Last Wednesday over six hundred people passed through the gate leading to the new field to witness the first football game of the season of '99. The grounds were in good condition, and although the weather was a little warm for football it suited the spectators.

The Englewood High School team of Chicago were our opponents. The result of the game was somewhat of a surprise to Notre Dame enthusiasts; not one expected to see the men from Chicago score.

After Winters had succeeded in kicking goal after a touchdown in the first half, the ball was dropped to the centre of the field where Wishart, Englewood's full-back, sent it flying through the air for forty-five yards. Hayes caught the pig-skin, and by clever dodging succeeded in returning it fifteen yards. At this point the ball was fumbled and secured by one of the Englewood men who ran back to the twenty-yard line. A moment later the visitors were given ten yards for an off-side play. Captain Wishart signalled his men for a place kick. It was a wise move, for his team had not been able to make any gains through Notre Dame's heavy line. The ball was not passed properly; it went over the quarter-back's head and rolled along the ground to Wishart, who picked it up and sent it squarely over our goal from the fifteen-yard line, making a drop-kick which gave Englewood five points.

This play was the feature of the first half. Eggeman in the second half gave the crowd an opportunity to yell, when he broke through the visitor's line, taking the ball on a fumble and carrying it ten yards with three or four of Englewood's players hanging on his back. Farley, Mullen and Hanley made good gains

during this half when they were given the ball; Fleming's kicking was superb. In spite of the fact that he was booting the ball against a strong wind during the second half, he was accurate in his trial for goals, and in straight punting he was good for an average of fifty yards.

Farley was easily the star of the Varsity team, as he made repeated runs around the end for long gains. Kennedy of the visitors was doing the best work on the field. Though light, he smashed up interference well, and always stopped the man that tried to get around his end of the line.

O'Malley and McNulty were the only Varsity men to remain in their respective positions all during the game. They both did very good work, and with Eggeman made a stout centre trio. The other men of the team were changed about so much that it made it impossible to give a fair estimate of their respective merits. That the team is a strong one, nobody doubts; and that it will be made much stronger is the hope of every loyal rooter.

The backs will have to get into their formation quicker, make it more compact, and go down the field with a dash that will knock off opposing tacklers. Light as the Englewood players were, our men got around so slowly and in such loose formation that the youngsters were able on many occasions to stop them without much gain. With such heavy men and hard runners as Lins, Wagner and Hanley, such experienced men as Duncan, Farley, Mullen, Hayes and Monahan, they should not be easily stopped if they are in proper formation and get a fair start. There was one thing against the players that makes pardonable some of their slowness in starting. This was the fact that the new field was soft, the footing poor, a thing to which our players were not accustomed. The following men lined up Wednesday:

NOTRE DAME		ENGLEWOOD
Monahan and Duncan	L. E.	Buckhart
Wagner and Nalen	L. T.	Maxwell
O'Malley	L. G.	Sommers
Eggeman, Winters	C.	Lewis
McNulty	R. G.	Webster
Hanley, Fortin	R. T.	Indermile
Mullen	R. E.	Kennedy
Daly, Hayes, Fleming	Q. B.	Jenks, Stauch
Kuppler and Hayes	L. H.	Wishart
Weiss, Lins, Glynn	R. H.	Graver
Hayes and Duncan	F. B.	Rose

Umpire: Moore, Purdue. Referee: Van Fleck, Chicago. Touchdowns: Notre Dame, Kuppler, Lins, Hayes, Mullen, Farley. Goals: Winters (2), Fleming (2). Dropkick, Englewood, Wishart.

Books and Magazines.

—In a recent new edition of the *Penman's Art Journal* Mr. E. C. Mills concluded his excellent course of Pen Copies. He has been a steady contributor to the *Journal* for a long time, and has done much to add to its value as a guide for students in penmanship. The current number contains a large amount of interesting reading, and in many respects is especially good.

—The September number of *Our Boys' and Girls' Own* is so attractive in appearance and so replete with interesting reading-matter that it will commend itself to all into whose hands it happens to come. Father Francis J. Finn, S. J., presents the opening chapters of a new serial, entitled "One Step and then Another." It is to be regretted that the magazine does not appear oftener than once a month.

—One of the most useful and handy publications issued in this country is the *Literary Digest*. It is always filled with notes on all leading subjects of the day, and has them written in so concise a form that one can easily discover the more important points in connection with them. Its contents cover a large amount of matter in few words.

—The Lippincott Company usually secures a first-class story of considerable length for the initial number in its magazine. The latest edition gives us a story of "Love across the Lines," written by Harry Stillwell Edwards. So far as interest and romance are concerned the story is excellent. There is one incident, however, that strikes me as rather improbable, and that is the marriage where both parties were blindfolded and neither of them knew who the other might be. It seems to me that such a union as that would not be very likely to occur. There is a bit of good verse written in this number of the magazine by Samuel Miltorn Peck, and entitled "Foreboding."

—The "Story of the Theatre" in the last number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* begins a series of seven articles on the theatre and its patrons. These contributions promise to be the most instructive of any ever given out by that publication. They are written by Mr. Franklyn Fyles, Dramatic Editor of the *New York Sun*, and a man well up in all matters pertaining to theatricals. He will give a complete description of the Theatre, the Player and the Play. Another article in the same number that will be read with pleasure is "The American Girl," a production from the inimitable Kipling



## Personals.

—Mr. James Sherlock of Chicago visited his son of Corby Hall during the past week.

—Rev. M. O’Ryan of San Francisco was a recent visitor at Notre Dame, the guest of Rev. T. Maher.

—Mr. C. Carlisle of Big Rapids, Mich., spent Tuesday and Wednesday at Notre Dame, the guest of Professor Carmody.

—Mr. P. Murphy of Chebanse, Ill., accompanied by his nephew, Mr. Wm. Murphy, were the guests of J. F. Murphy of Sorin Hall on Tuesday.

—Mr. M. Frazer and W. C. Frazer, both of whom served in the same regiment with Bro. Leander during the Civil War, spent a few days at the University as his guest.

—Mr. F. A. Krembs, a student from ’88 to ’91, paid a flying visit to the University during the past week. He was accompanied by his brother who is to remain here. Many of Fred’s old friends were glad to meet him, and they hope to see him visit Notre Dame soon again.

—Masters Pedro Soler of Santiago and José Gallart of Guantamo, Cuba, both under twelve years of age, have entered as pupils of St. Edward’s Hall. They travelled alone from their homes to this point, and came through without mishap, notwithstanding the fact that they were unable to speak a word of English.

—Mr. M. J. McCormack, Law, ’99, Memphis, Tenn., was seen on the campus a few days last week. We all were glad to see Mac here again, and expected him to stay the whole year with us, but he said he desires to start at law, and has gone to Chicago to practise it. The SCHOLASTIC extends to him its best wishes for his success.

—A very interesting letter has been received from the West. It brings word that many old students out in Denver are becoming prominent in business and professional life. Mr. Chas. D. McPhee has entered the business of his father; Dr. Elmer Scherrer is government physician at San Carlos Agency. In his spare moments he also does some engineering work for the government. Mr. Thos. Finnerty has been working in the mines of Colorado. The SCHOLASTIC is pleased to learn of their success.

—An old graduate of the Law School that is making good headway toward the front rank of his profession is Mr. Francis E. Duffield of Lima, Ohio. Mr. Duffield took his bachelor’s degree in ’92, was admitted to the Ohio bar the same year, and immediately began practising in his home city. He has a large number of clients now, and is one of the best-known attorneys in that section of the state. Recently he was chosen Justice of the Peace, and served a term as mayor of the city *pro tem.* during the absence of the chief magistrate.

## Local Items.

—The cry for a Minstrel Show is heard very often this fall. Let the fellows get together and have one.

—Is it not about time for the stalwart sons of Brownson and Sorin Halls to meet and do battle on the gridiron? The contests between these two last year were highly interesting.

—The Sorin Hall Reading-Room Association held a meeting on Tuesday night. It was decided to formally open the reading-room with a smoker on Saturday night. These smokers were very popular last year, and the committee will spare no means of making this one surpass all others. Music will be furnished by the *Squirt Orchestra*.

—“Ho! ho!” muttered O’Shea, as he heard the wind howling gleefully through the “Wizard’s” whiskers, “summer and autumn may pass away, but my straw hat shall never pass.” Just then a gust of wind appeared around a corner of the gym, and with a wild shriek of delight, seized the hat in its cold embrace and started heavenwards.

## TWO LOCAL VIEWS.

“’Tis here they have the bird’s-eye view  
Of a lovely rippling stream;

The prefect paused. Quoth I, “quite true,

’Tis here they have the bird’s-I view,  
And until now I never knew.

To stand and gaze ’twas like a dream—

’Tis here they have the bird’s-I view—

O! fa—!—lovely rippling stream.”

—On Wednesday evening the members of Holy Cross Hall assembled in the reading-room for the purpose of reorganizing the Seminary Literary Society. Mr. P. Dwan was chosen President and W. Tierney Secretary. From the prospects at this early date, we may conclude that much good work will be done along the literary and elocutionary lines, supplemented with echoes from the realms of music.

—George Weidmann’s team surprised the visitors a few days ago. The visitors who were surprised came from Elkhart and tried to play football, but found more than their match in the Carroll Hall Anti-Specials. With a heavy team against them, the latter won by a score of 24 to 0. Hubble and Davis made good gains; Quinlan succeeded in making two touchdowns, Deitrich one and Kelly one. Weidmann kicked goal successfully.

—It is not often that we have to publish bad news in these columns, but such is our painful task at present. Our Idol has been displaced. Yes, kind reader, and that too by a newcomer, “Patricibus Heavybus” Laden. Ye gods! how merciless and unjust! Our Demosthenes, orator and statesman will be heard of no more. At the very zenith of his greatness he has been cut down by the cruel hand of fate. When he awakes up in the Law-room some of these



days, and discovers the true state of affairs, his wrath against the gods will be terrible.

—Students of the various halls are requested to elect captains at once and organize track teams to compete in the Inter-hall meets on St. Edward's Day, October 13. Each hall has the privilege of putting three men in each event. Prizes will be given for first and second places. Arrangements will be made so that Sorin, Brownson, Holy Cross, Corby, St. Joseph and Carroll Halls will have plenty of place and opportunity to practise. Entries close October 11. The list of events is as follows:

100-yard dash,  
200-yard dash,  
400-yard dash,  
880-yard dash,  
1-mile run,  
2-mile run,  
Running broad jump,  
Running high jump,  
Pole vault,  
16lb shot-put,  
16lb hammer-throw,  
Discus throw,  
¼-mile bicycle race,  
1-mile bicycle race.

—MISTER EDITOR:—Since I have left Notre Dame I have been away. No doubt you are surprising yourself to hear from me, but I have that love for my *Alma Mater* which only a Heine can have, so I thought I would write you a letter. What are the fellows doing for tobacco now? I couldn't believe myself when I found that a package of Duke's Camera lasted me longer than a box of Sweet Caps.

It has been rumored about here that two gun boats entered the harbor of Manila and sank an artesian well. Have you heard anything in contradiction of that. By the way, I met Jamie yesterday. We talked of old times at school and smoked my tobacco. We discussed all the events of the year and even the *Squirt Band*. When I think of that banquet tears roll down my cheek to my vest-pocket. How we looked forward to the feed? We were so happy by ourselves until it was Prohibited. I can't write any more now. Ask Nash to send me his smoking jacket when he gets through with it. I will write again soon.

S. T. EINHEER.

—MR. EDITOR.—“Who and what is Wrenn, and why is he?”—O. C. M.

O. C. M.—“Who, what and why is he?”

Well, about the only thing we know of that would satisfy you is a short history of his life. Therefore, we append the following:

“Sambo” E. P. Wrenn was born on a farm. About this we are certain. If you doubt it, ask Glynn. But this does not make him a farmer, as that farm has grown since then and is now called Springfield. Although the farm has grown, Wrenn has not, at least in height. His feet, however, might be regarded by Re-

publicans as able exponents of expansion. Wrenn himself is an able exponent of expansion. If you have any doubt of this, examine his hands, and then examine a free-lunch counter after he has paid a visit to it. He believes that Dreyfus is innocent, and that Fortin's room is still there. In regard to the Transvaal matter, he hopes that it will be decided peacefully, and that Wynne will invest in a package of Duke's mixture. His views on other matters of interest could not be obtained.—Editor per X.

—September 20, the Philopatians held their first meeting and elected the following officers: Honorary President, Bro. Cyprian; Promoter Bro. Alexander; President, F. G. Schoonover; 1st Vice-President, Lorenzo Hubbell; 2d Vice-President, T. Hughes; Secretary, R. Sweeney; Corresponding Secretary, George Stich; Treasurer, G. Faribaugh; Librarian, John McGarrell; 1st Censor, John G. Putnam; 2d Censor, Harry Warner.

An impromptu literary and musical entertainment was given as soon as the election of officers was finished. Mr. Charles Rush gave a few selections on the piano and Mr. Schoonover recited the “Polish Boy.” Professor Carmody and Professor McLaughlin were present, and kindly consented to assist the youngsters with their exercises. Mr. Carmody recited three or four pieces that pleased them very much, and Mr. McLaughlin treated them to some excellent music. The Philopatians will be glad to have these two gentlemen help them out in future, and will always welcome them to their meetings. Refreshments were served at the close of the entertainment.

—A very novel game of football was played on Brownson campus last Thursday between Capt. McDonald's and Capt. Coleman's teams. Two or three of the players on Mac's team were entirely ignorant of the rules of the game, and this was the cause of several funny breaks during the contest. For instance, Wrenn, although supposed to be full-back, was not mixed up in a single scrimmage during the game. He would simply stand aside until the two teams were one confused mass of humanity, and then jump on top of them and wave to his friends on the side-lines. But in the latter part of the second half, while the rest of the players were engaged in a rush, the ball rolled out unnoticed by anyone except Wrenn. Gazing upon it for a moment, he entered into a debate with himself. Should he, or should he not? Should he seize the ball and gain victory for his team and fame for himself while running the risk of being tackled? or should he go and tell one of his team-mates where the ball lay? He was about to carry out the latter idea when the shouts of his friends gave him new courage. With a wild shriek he pounced upon the ball, and gathering it unto his manly breast, started for the goal, 60 yards away. On, on, he went,

10, 20, 30, 40,—and hold. He looks around and finds one of his opponents to be no more than 3 yards from him. Then he turned deathly pale, and was on the point of throwing down the ball and running for the hedge-fence, when his spirits were again revived by the cheers of his faithful friends, and with renewed strength he finally succeeded in gaining the goal. And now he is a hero.

—In an editorial comment on the progress and work of Notre Dame, the *South Bend Tribune* pays us the following compliment:

The announcement in *The Tribune* recently that the record of attendance at the University of Notre Dame has been broken must be a source of deep gratification not only to the thousands in South Bend, who are so thoroughly in sympathy with the large institution, but to its friends throughout the world. The splendid record of this year is a valuable and potent testimonial of the excellence of the University from an educational standpoint, and of the influence it is constantly exerting for higher education and more thorough training of the mental faculties of the young men in America.

Notre Dame, being in our midst, suffers in appreciation like all great establishments with which one is daily brought in contact, not because one does not desire to appreciate but for the reason that familiarity blinds one to the influence, growth and greatness that come so gradual as not to be noticeable to the daily observer. It is when one daily looks over the city and sees off to the northeast the golden dome rearing itself toward heaven and reflecting with brilliant effect the rays of the sun, that the thought of Notre Dame's greatness becomes inspiring; or when one walks through the wide corridors of the spacious structures that an overwhelming sense of appreciation springs up, and Notre Dame is presented to the mental vision in its true light of a most remarkable centre of learning.

The Notre Dame of to-day is vastly different from that founded in 1842 when the inducements were very meagre and were accompanied by hardships. The splendid growth, the superb equipment, the magnificent structures, the whole establishment, speak of the lives, the energy, the money, the influence and the many sacrifices made that the sons of America, of the world, may receive education of the highest character.

—ANOTHER FAIRY TALE.—Thursday night, about twelve o'clock, Runt Cornell had a remarkable experience. He had retired at his usual hour—seven thirty—in order that he might be able to get up bright and early the next afternoon; but for some reason or another sleep did not come to him. Exhausting the ordinary processes,—such as closing the eye-lids, turning the toes in, etc., he tried vainly to lure on sleep by more vigorous means. He recited the Alphabet backward

fourteen consecutive times, counted from one to seventeen thousand without taking breath, and, in fact, employed all the methods that had never been known to fail during the many sleepless nights of his boyhood, when he was king pin of the Juniors. His "waterbury," which shared the under side of his pillow, seemed to tick louder than ever, and Runt still swears that during all the time he was trying to go to sleep the watch kept repeating the words, "Nit—Nit—Nitty—Nit" in a most insolent manner.

As he lay wishing that something would happen to relieve the monotony, his door opened suddenly and in stalked four ghostly, crouching figures clad in white, each carrying a lighted candle in one hand and a golf-stick in the other. Runt's first impulse was to cover up his head and pretend that he was asleep, but on second thought it occurred to him that the next show like this might be given in the enclosed athletic field; and so he determined to see it through then, or die. The figures moved in a single swaying column over to the west corner of the room and began seating themselves upon his trunk where lay his newly creased Sunday trousers.

"Look out there for those trousers!" you sports, shouted Runt, sitting up in bed and pointing to the aforesaid apparel.

At this, the tallest apparition, who seemed to be the leader, turned suddenly around, and Runt dropped back on his pillow like a dead one. Cold chills swept up and down his backbone, making repeated touchdowns at both goal posts. His hair rose *en masse* on the top of his head, and his teeth joined in the rough-house for all they were worth. Runt had never seen such a face before! The head was about the size of that of a well educated jerboa, the ears as all-embracing as the next democratic national platform, and it had a pair of eyes not any larger than sen-sens.

With fearful looking fangs outstretched, it began a slow, rattlesnake-like movement bedward. Runt saw it coming, and quickly decided that his only salvation lay in a gigantic bluff at snoring. So he began to snore with the characteristic energy of an office-boy when the boss is coming, and he did it so well that the spectre was deceived, for after standing over Runt's shivering form for a few moments blowing its hot breath on the back of his neck, it stalked off murmuring as it left the bedside: "Guess the Runt is asleep after all."

Runt followed this remark up with a softly whispered "Rubber!" but the spectre did not hear it, and Runt durst not stop snoring or look up for fear of being detected. Thus he lay snoring until the first thing he knew he was asleep, and when he awoke next morning he forgot all about the apparition in his paramount effort to find the Bromo Seltzer bottle.