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

Who leads his fellowmen to see  
The ways wherein lie Love and Truth,  
And helping them forgets, in sooth,  
Himself,—God's nobleman is he.

Address to Rev. President Morrissey.\*

JAMES H. MCGINNIS, 1900.

**R**EVEREND FATHER MORRISSEY: Fifty-seven years have passed since the little band of French missionaries began their work of love in the founding of this institution. Since that time Notre Dame has sailed on and on, through storm and pleasant weather, till she has reached the safe harbor of success and fame.

The little cabin, erected near yonder lake as the first college building, has given way to larger and costlier structures year by year; and now we can stand in the midst of this magnificent group of buildings and admire their immensity. The Faculty has increased from the humble band of five missionaries to sixty or seventy teachers, whose reputation for learning has become known in many lands. The score of students of 1842 has increased year by year, till now they crowd this large hall; and the sons of Notre Dame are found in every city and town throughout the land, filling positions of honor and trust. And why all this success and growth?

It is because the guiding hand of Providence has always called to the management of this institution learned, patriotic and religious men; men that consecrated their lives to God, and sacrificed them to the education of youth; men that left the comforts and love of home, and came to Notre Dame to learn to die, while teaching others how best to live. Poverty, hunger and exposure could not daunt them. As sturdy trees grow in the shade of forests away from the glistening rays of the sun, so also these noble men succeeded in their work of Christian education under a cloud of difficulties and trials. They came here, performed their tasks, and passed on to their reward.

Fathers Sorin, Corby and Walsh are gone; their good deeds alone remain. On you, Father Morrissey, and on the men that are associated with you, rests the responsibility of continuing and promoting the success of Notre Dame. That you are competent and worthy to fulfil this duty is evident from the success that has attended all your efforts in the past, and, judging from the present success of our University, we fondly hope that she will continue to grow in her good work under your faithful guidance.

\* Delivered in Washington Hall, November 29, 1899.

Like your predecessors, you have given up the things of this world that you might be better able to devote yourself entirely to us, and to the students that will come after us. You have ever shown a kindly interest to us in our struggle after knowledge; and by your careful direction and wise words you have often assisted us to conquer difficulties that would otherwise discourage us. From your example and teaching we have learned a higher ideal of life, and how to enjoy the true happiness of intellectual achievements. Under your guidance a right system of physical training has been established among us by means of which we can develop our bodies, so as to make them the fit instruments of our intellects. You have compensated the loss of home comforts and surroundings by profitable amusements and pleasure.

For these and the many other kindnesses that you have bestowed upon us, we are sincerely grateful. Though on any other occasion we should not have offended your modesty, we demand on this, the Feast of St. Andrew, the privilege of publicly acknowledging your right to our esteem, and the honor due to your labors. Therefore, Father Morrissey, it is my pleasing privilege, in behalf of the students of Notre Dame, to extend to you our heartfelt thanks, and the assurance of our good-will and co-operation in the efforts you are making to make us true citizens and strong men, intellectually and morally.

#### The First Snowflakes.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

Here is the first tell-tale of winter! Who can imagine that summer is gone! Last night, as I sat at my books, I heard an eery buzzing round my ear, and soon a wee mosquito rested on my hand. I was thinking of dog-days and Jersey City when I killed the little thing, but I was sorry for the murder when I awoke this morning to find the dried oak leaves bearing their burdens of snow. Thus does summer and winter come hand in hand like thieves in the night. Indian summer came a few weeks ago and stayed while the maples were turning red and yellow; but now the crimson of the Virginia creeper and the gold of hickory are gone from the groves, leaving little behind save a purple haze, or here and there a naked sky shining through bare branches.

Everywhere we look we have a study in grey: the clouds, the withered stalks of summer flowers, the grey roads rain-washed to their hearts; grey cottages that now and then spring from behind the withered hedge-rows in the distance; the very mist that lifts itself up till it mingles with the sky—all are toned in greys. St. Mary's Lake looks like a blot of blue on a sheet of paper; while yonder the first college building, the old white house, slopes nearer to its banks than it did before. From a distance the cone trees at Calvary present an excellent example of values: ledges of snow ranged tier upon tier, getting smaller and smaller till they fade away at the apex. The spaces between these broken circles are perfectly black, while the brightness of the snow is intense in the twilight. In the graveyard the iron crosses bear their burdens of snow and look like cowed monks at prayer. Over in the tower the old clock wastes away the hours of All Souls' Day—the first of winter.

It will not keep snowing always. The sun leaves the sky with just a few clouds and a thin gauze of snow running from north to south. The very twilight seems to rise out of St. Joseph's Lake, but here the little autumnal waves that try to be mighty at times are quiet since the equinox folded its tempestuous wings. The night appears under its hard sapphire heavens where now only a few clouds, mere bars or streaks, seem to be left by mistake. The winds are hushed and the tranquil evening breathes over all a feeling of sadness that ebbs and flows through my soul like the last wave of the tide on a summer beach. Here on the margin of the lake the dry sedges rustle under my feet, and around me on all sides is a long purple gloom into which the hard realities of this day are now melting. I am almost sorry that the old ice-house is burned down, for it stood on the shore like a dragon-spectre guarding the treasures of the deep.

What an amount of color there is in Nature! See the orange tint on the half-withered oak leaves, the purple hue of the blue jay as he hides among its branches, the long amber filaments of the water-grasses, so little resembling plants that grow in gardens, but so suggestive of marine caves or haunted silent glooms of the Atlantic. One may fancy all kinds of things, sitting here beside this little pond as the twilight gathers round him. There is the Atlantic spreading out to immensity; great waves dash themselves to pieces on the rock, or bear fresh layers of sand to the shell-strewn

shore. Low on the horizon hangs a cloud-palace varied in depth like golden fleeces thrown carelessly down, but shaped and hollowed and cast into relief by the winds that act the heavenly architects. Flocks of gulls with their gracefully arched wings fly hither and thither bearing with them the evening breeze—a blessing to the land. But the shadows have passed.

Over at the Professed House a thousand sparrows are fighting on a decayed tree. Perhaps they are discussing whether the new building is going to be another steam-house with an endless chimney, or a house for Bro. Henry's cart. One by one they make their way toward the woods. The little grove that surrounds the lake, alive in daytime with the jay and woodpecker, is silent, excepting now and then the piercing call of a thrush tells that the "robins" are chasing one another when all other birds have their heads beneath their wings.

The noise of man—the last to cease from toil—gradually dies over the fields. The general murmur fades away, except a treble note now and then from the students at play around Corby Hall. The Novitiate crowns the hill. Last week only the white cross could be seen over the trees, but now its grey walls stand out against the blue sky. Yesterday I walked between its whitewashed garden rows and saw a thousand chrysanthemums blooming there; but the novices awoke this morning to find these autumn flowers drooping beneath their burdens of snow. Here is the home of peace and contentment; its quiet air has always the soothing stillness that speaks of Heaven. Here indeed the weary traveller going up from Babylon to Carmel may "lay down his staff and sandals at the door and sit beneath a hospitable roof." But hark! the convent bell is calling the Sisters to prayer; an engine whistles in the city; an owl is calling on a neighboring tree; the gloom gathers; the flakes again begin to fall, and night drops from the heavens.

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#### Some Thoughts.

The youthful mind is like a verdant field;  
For God alone can tell what both may yield.

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Love does not blush the cheek alone,  
Nor Sorrow dim the eye;  
For Love and Pain are little twins,  
They're nursed by you and I. P. J. D.

## Ancient and Modern Imperialism.

NORBERT J. SAVAY.

Rome undoubtedly is the most excellent example of ancient imperialism. She can unfold a story of her past empire unequalled in interest by twenty centuries.

Rome!—what a magic charm is hidden in that word; what a thrilling melody chimes in that name; what a treasure of experience that sound suggests!

Rome and power were at one time synonymous. Enthroned upon the rocky height of the Esquiline, with the Tiber rushing at her pedestal, the imperial city ruled the nations with the despotic sway of a sole and undisputed sovereign of the world. Her hardy warriors, scattered through all her broad dominions, were always eager for new laurels.

Oftentimes without the slightest provocation, impelled by a new-born greed of gold or power, the stern mandates were sent forth, and the invincible legions were hurled against an unfortunate people, to lay waste their dwellings, to extirpate their race and name with the horrible hounds of war, and to forge upon the surviving the ponderous chains of thralldom. Or—if it was some revolted tribe of her subjugated slaves—to wash in a sea of blood their most trifling offences against the majesty of her proud name. The treasures of the wronged nation, acquired by plunder and rapine, went to swell the public coffers, to furnish means to the degenerated patricians for the incessant feast of licentious corruption as well as luxury for the idle proletarians to prolong their depraved slumber. Such was the state of affairs in Rome in the times of Sulla, Pompey, Julius Cæsar and Augustus.

But wrong can not triumph forever! In the rapid circling of destiny, which runs in ceaseless course, the time must come when the wrath of heaven will fall upon the unjust nation like the roaring cataract that dashes the uprooted tree down into the mighty chasm.

And the time came. From the east to the west, from the north to the south, rose the cry, the gnarling cry of vengeance. The tortured nations groaning under the oppressive yoke of slavery, compelled to look daily upon the faces of those that their tyrants made widows and orphans, to hear the curses of the fatherless, the moans of the friendless, goaded and scourged by their indignation, rose against

their enslavers to drown their weeds of woe in blood, and to avenge the wrongs of ages.

Under their heavy pressure the mighty empire soon crumbled to pieces, and the land that was stolen groaned under the Roman foot no longer. Now the same sun which once illumined the lofty pillars of that proud and exalted mistress of the world, shines upon her mournful though immortal ruins.

And what was the cause of that dreadful disaster?

About the beginning of the first Punic war, Rome was at her true height of healthy growth, the culminating point of her vigor and prosperity. At that happy period Romans were still living in the simple, frugal style of their ancestors, improving their commerce and perfecting their social and political institutions. They were honest, peaceful, outspoken and industrious people. Their sword was active only in defense, and they expanded no more than was necessary for their self-preservation and protection against their fierce and warlike neighbors.

The greed of power and gold was unknown to them. They were an example of a happy family-life and of morality, without which there is no permanent happiness to a nation. Colonies, a huge empire are all trifles light as air, not worth considering, unless with them a nation preserves morality. Had Rome continued in this healthy evolution, or persisted in the sound policy of moderation, who knows, perhaps she would still exist great, glorious and free, and lead the world upon the happy path of civilization toward the sacred temple of peace, harmony and love.

Instead of this the tremendous wars upon which Rome entered, the eager grasping after power and wealth, the growing disregard of everything but power and wealth, the rapid corruption of character, which inevitably follows, destroyed all the healthy growth of the former civilization and precipitated the disaster. Their weak and morbid characters were unable to cope longer with the strong and healthy races, and finally they succumbed to repeated assaults, with the fatal result that the whole empire was broken to fragments, and fell into the fathomless abyss of death. It stood like a giant light on a careering stream of golden clouds; it fell like a carious oak stricken by the currents of a gusty wind. Rome is no more; but the example remains. May the stars that beam over her venerable ruins warn future generations against the dangers of her policy;

or better, against the dangers of imperialism.

The most striking example of modern imperialism is Great Britain. Her history in many respects is not unlike that of Rome. The same rapacious greed of power; the same sating and unnatural thirst of wealth; the same vulture-like grasping propensity, and the same cold-blooded brutality of treatment toward the fallen nations. There is perhaps some difference as to the form of cruelty in her new robe of modern civilization, but in substance it remains the same. Like the Romans, the English possess in a large degree, that wide, wasting and indomitable national pride, that ungraceful and noisy pomp of display; that scornful and disdainful attitude toward foreign nations, and that same confidence in the continual success of policy which characterized the Romans at the height of their prosperity.

The destiny of Rome, however,—that greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours—seems not to affect the haughty Albion. She takes no heed of the numerous thorns in her costly crown, which some day may weigh heavily upon her royal head. Or will she be an exception to the hitherto established rule that "Wrong can not triumph forever?"

But she sees no wrong in her conduct. She can not, she will not acknowledge that for centuries she has been guilty of crimes against Liberty, Justice, Morality, Christianity. Should she be accused of them by the Omnipotent Judge who dwells in His eternal kingdom above, she would calmly and composedly answer that she did it all for the sake of civilization. She is the self-elected pedagogue of the world whose paramount occupation is to instruct the nations of the globe in her vast, deep and peculiar systems of liberty, justice, morality and Christianity.

The crime against liberty has not been unjustly imputed to her. She has been guilty over and over again of this most atrocious of crimes—the crime against posterity and human nature itself; the crime of degrading and prostituting the sacred name of Liberty. History well illustrates how the rights of mankind were violated by her on many occasions, and the prostrate dignity of human nature is trampled under her feet to this day.

But—Civilization!—Civilization? One nation has no more right to intrude upon another and to force upon it by fire, sword, famine and death the yoke of an oppressive and repugnant

government under the pretext of civilization than one man to intrude upon the home of another man and enslave him by force under some preposterous pretext of teaching him his own way of thinking, or some other equally absurd paradox.

Justice usually falls pierced by the same bullets that inflict a mortal wound on Liberty, and for this reason it need not be dwelt upon in this place. As to morality—is it moral to assail the weaker one, even if the purpose be to rob him of his treasures? There is none so base who would say yea. Yet that is what England has been doing continually. The present struggle with the Transvaal Republic is not among her worst illustrations, and is more eloquent than any words could be.

And now as to Christianity. No more! The divine words of our great Teacher, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," sound in this case as a mocking vision of a delirious brain. If love be to kill, England loves her neighbors well; if love be to hate, England could love no better; but if love be to love, England never loved, except, perhaps, herself. England long ago ceased to be Christian.

That a nation can be diseased, Rome proved; that the disease is contagious, England proves; that the disease is fatal to a nation, time may prove. However, there is no immediate danger to England to be apprehended from the destiny of Rome. She is not entirely bereft of good as Rome was at her fall. She has a splendid spirit of national solidity. She has a good government at home. She has liberty and, in a certain sense, she has justice at home. Her local morals are not altogether ruined. Will her good qualities balance the evil ones, and thus keep her always above the surface of the tide; or will her colonial policy outweigh the good, and thus plunge her into the yawning precipices full of darkness? We may conjecture, but time will solve.

Whatever destiny awaits the British Empire, let us hope that the nations of this globe will not forget the sad story of the Roman Empire. Let us trust that Liberty will conquer every country and reign prosperously over the sea as well as over the land; that Justice will have her temples built on every shore, under every flag and upon both hemispheres. Let us rest assured that the time may never come when the lingering winds will waft the eternal echo from zone to zone—the echo that proclaims Justice dead—the spirit of liberty is frozen in human veins.



"The Bright Side of Human Ignorance."

FRANK. F. DUKETTE, '02.

A condition into which we were all born and out of which the best can never escape must somehow be advantageous. No life can be so untroubled as the ignorant life, none so self-sufficient and irresponsible. The studied happiness of the learned is frequently artificial, but the insensible ignorance of the unlearned is *always* natural. Education breaks bonds whose existence was before unknown and whose relation to happiness to be appreciated must be lost. Nothing can afford greater pleasure to the self-satisfied than his unconscious ignorance. Exalted office would but deceive, and learning destroy a happiness so secure,—the incomparable estate of him unknown to fortune and to fame. That ignorance has its bright side may be established on irrefutable grounds, since it would be blasphemy to suppose that anything so natural and universal could be altogether a curse.

Much of the interest of human life, no matter how commonplace, is dependent upon the element of uncertainty. This forms the variety of life. The rich man worships the unstable stocks, while the poor man speculates on the possibility of tomorrow's dinner. Alike, the educated and illiterate are hopeful; but the latter in his happiness is *alone*. Certainty must ruin the enjoyment found in speculation, as exact truth would destroy the flavor of gossip. Inferences, that are not highly valuable for their correctness, are most interesting for their diversity and originality. So it is that man throughout the course of his intellectual development is simply handed on, as may be said, from one class of enigmas to another,—while others and again other enigmas stretch away before him in endless progression.

Probably most of us have at times tried to imagine how it would seem to know everything. Yet, if man knew his destiny, the greater part of his kind would spend sleepless nights. Foreknowledge would destroy the interest and gratification of small triumphs, and the energy exerted would have been impossible had the final defeat been foreseen. What would life be with no longer anything before which to stand in awe; with nothing to whet the curiosity; nothing to be studied? Then existence would be the constant repetition of a novel whose plot was known before its first

chapter was read. Life would be a riddle answered before it was asked. There is truth in the statement that a very striking difference between man and the four-footed animal is the former's inordinate pleasure in puzzles. With man's destiny foreknown life would be robbed of its variety, and existence restricted to a series of complications that really were not complications at all.

It is with individuals as with nations, those who know the least of others think the highest of themselves. So if to think highly of themselves is the privilege of the ignorant, does that not constitute a bright side in human ignorance? Who would willingly rob them of this one chance for happiness? Much has been said about drinking deeply of that Pierian Spring, and it is as well that those destined to temperance by Fate should not realize the charms of intoxication. Allow us all, then, to continue to dream the same dreams and cherish the same conceit; and by all means let the unfavored bask in the sunny side of their ignorance.

Character of Sebastian.

JOHN M. BYRNE, 1900.

If according to Pope an honest man is the noblest work of God, what may be said of a man whose life has proved that, besides being honest, he was a lover of truth, justice, virtue, Christian charity, and such deeds as are praised by men? We admire Socrates for preferring death to life so that he might not contradict the principles of his own philosophy. There is none of the pagan philosophers that came nearer to the teachings of Christianity than he. His disciples loved him for the wisdom he taught them, but none of them died to uphold his teachings. After the real and true Philosopher came, however, in the person of Christ, we find that many thousands of men and women, boys and girls courageously faced death and all kinds of inhuman torments to uphold His teachings.

Among the many beautiful characters in Wiseman's "Fabiola" that suffered death in this manner, one especially deserves our greatest admiration. This man, whose name is Sebastian, was an officer of great distinction, and chief of the Emperor Maximian's body-guard. He was born at Narbonne in Gaul, but brought up and educated in Italy. While a young man he distinguished himself for his

bravery as a soldier in the army of Diocletian. That emperor made him captain of his body-guard, and Sebastian held the same office also under Maximian, the next emperor.

At that time the last of the general persecutions broke out against Christianity. The Christian religion was not yet three hundred years old, but it had spread to such an extent that it was threatening to supplant pagan worship. The pagans were alarmed because they did not like to see a new religion, which they did not understand, taking the place of that of their ancestors, and they adopted the most violent measures to destroy it. There seemed to be but little hope for Christianity, since it had neither the intention nor the means to make war, while paganism was backed by cruel emperors, spiteful prejudice, machines of torture, and the wild beasts of Africa.

Sebastian, seeing the terrible punishments inflicted on all that professed Christianity concealed his religion for a time, and resolved to do everything in his power to help the Christians, and propagate the faith. We first become acquainted with him at the banquet in Fabius' house, where his kindness and gentlemanly behavior show a striking contrast to the sly looks, the affected tone, and hateful conversation of Fulvius the spy. Fabiola, although then a pagan, felt herself drawn toward Sebastian with love and admiration, while scorn and hate repelled her from Fulvius.

When the two brothers, Marcus and Marcellinus, were accused of being Christians and put upon the rack, their father Tranquillinus did everything in his power to make them give up the new faith. Sebastian hearing that they were on the point of yielding, ran to encourage them. This was a dangerous undertaking, for they were prisoners in the house of Nicostratus the magistrate. Sebastian's exhortation gave courage to the young men, and their father who was previously a pagan, then resolved to die a Christian with his sons.

The danger then lay in leaving unconverted any of those pagans that saw him encouraging the young men. It happened that Zœe, the wife of Nicostratus, was there. She had been dumb for six years from paralysis of the tongue, but Sebastian prayed that she might recover her speech. When he ended his prayer the woman began to talk with her husband. The magistrate who saw this miracle asked for baptism, and in like manner did all the other pagans that were present.

Tranquillinus on receiving baptism was cured

of the gout, and Cromatius, the ex-prefect, who was suffering from the same ailment, promised to become a Christian if he cured him. Sebastian promised to cure him on condition that he would destroy all the images of the gods that were placed around his house. To this Cromatius agreed; the images were destroyed, but the gout still remained.

Tiburtius the son of Cromatius became furious on account, as he thought, of his father's folly. He sent at once for Sebastian, and upon his arrival demanded an explanation; but Sebastian calmly asked if some of the images had not been preserved. Hearing that a few were kept as works of art, he said that the cure could not be effected until all were destroyed. So soon as the few remaining ones were broken Cromatius became cured. Tiburtius seeing the miracle wrought upon his father became a Christian, and soon after died for the faith.

Sebastian loved Pancratius very much. This youth was of a noble Patrician family, very ardent in the faith, and ready at any moment to die for it. Sebastian advised him not to be rash, but to preserve his life as long as possible, so that he might have an opportunity of assisting his fellow Christians and of earning a greater reward. The youth obeyed him in all things, and walking with him in the evenings they listened together to the roar of the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, considering it a favor from God to die by the teeth of these savage creatures for the love of Christ.

Sebastian was at last accused by Fulvius before Maximian of being a Christian. The emperor did not believe the accuser, for he thought it was impossible that a Christian could be so brave and faithful as this man was. Maximian threatened Fulvius with severe punishment if he did not prove the charge, but Sebastian stepping up confirmed the accusation. Great was the surprise of the emperor to find out that a Christian was chief of his body-guard. He called him a coward and a traitor, but Sebastian calmly replied that he was neither.

"No, sire; no more coward than traitor. No one knows better than yourself that I am neither. So long as I could do any good to my brethren I refused not to live amid their carnage and my afflictions. Hope had at last died within me; and I thank you Fulvius with all my heart for having by this accusation spared me the embarrassment of choice between seeking death or enduring life."

The cruel emperor forgot the bravery and

fideliety of this man. He ordered his Mauritanian archers to tie him to a tree, and then shoot him in such a manner that he might die by inches. To do this it was necessary to avoid striking him in the vital parts of the body; but after several hours were spent in shooting at him, the archers, seeing the body covered with arrows, left him as dead. Some Christians came during the night to take away the body for burial, but finding that life had not yet left him, they took him to the apartments of Irene a convert to Christianity. There he received medical treatment, and in the course of a few weeks was able to move his bandaged body around the room. In that condition he seemed to long for a martyr's death.

As Maximian was one day receiving petitions on the steps leading to the palace from those whose friends were chained in the Mamertine prison on account of their faith, he heard his name called out, as he thought somewhat unceremoniously. Looking up in the direction whence the voice came, he recognized Sebastian whom he thought dead, leaning from an open window in the upper part of the house. Owing to the position which the wounded man occupied, he had an excellent opportunity to say a few appropriate words to Maximian about the terrible cruelties he was exercising toward God's servants, and the punishment that such a course demanded. This he did fearlessly, but the emperor becoming enraged sent up some men with clubs to cudgel him to death, and then throw the body into a sewer.

The body was secretly taken up during the night by some Christians, and buried in the catacombs. These underground vaults were so called from the Christian idea that the bodies deposited there were only slumbering until awakened by the sound of the trumpet at the general resurrection.

The Church has honored Sebastian with the title of Saint, and has always deemed him one of her most illustrious martyrs. The day of his veneration falls on the 20th of January. Alban Butler tells us that through his intercession, Rome, Lisbon, and Milan were at different times freed from plagues.

In this man we see a beautiful picture of a true follower of Christ in those early days of the Church's history. Had it not been that there were then such men ready to give up honors, riches, relatives, and even their own lives, as Sebastian did, for the sake of Christianity, we would now be far away from that high degree of civilization in which we are.

### Thanksgiving Day, 1899.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

#### I.

HOW sacred is the light that brightens up,  
The gloom of age, exalts the warrior's mirth,  
And brings to parched lips the brimming cup  
Of Love ere souls may leave the earth!  
For weary slaves, Prayer lifts the languid oar,  
And bids it fall in solemn beat and chime  
That carries Love beyond the prison door  
And mitigates the pains of torrid clime.  
Behold yon pilgrims march in lagging file,  
They move but slowly on the appointed way—  
An *Ave* trembles on their lips the while.  
So thus within their souls the distant shrine  
May glisten, lit by some seraphic ray.  
Nor lonely he, the prisoner of the mine,  
Who from the treasures of his own clear breast  
Can draw a prayer and hush his griefs to rest.

#### II.

But when a peaceful, calm devotion  
Breaks upon a Nation in its saddest hour,  
Then Power is thrown aside, and Inspiration  
Waves its flag of truce from every tower.  
Then moves the shade of Fear, as pleased to meet  
The gentle smile of Freedom in its bower,  
As expectations fanciful and sweet.

#### III.

Burst forth in everlasting praise  
United symphonies of winds and chords,  
And blend, in harmony to praise our God,  
Your sweetest notes attuned to heavenly words.  
Nor hushed be praise from yonder silent mead,  
Nor mute the withered branches of yon grove.  
Thou too, be heard afar, proud eagle, freed  
This vast expanse of land and sea to rove.  
Transmit your joy to heaven, as deep to deep  
Through some dark valley in its vastness, call  
All nations and all creeds this day to keep  
For gratulation and for ceaseless prayer.

#### IV.

How oft, O Prayer, along thy shadowed mazes,  
Thou child of Love! have dreadful passions trod!  
O Thou, through whom our temples ring with praises,  
Breathe forth your chaplets in the praise of God!  
Let not your sweet indulgence here betray  
The dreadful greed that fills our present day  
And vilifies the better, truer mind;  
But place sick Liberty beside your harp  
That has in darker days by Faith been tried;  
And if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp  
Then soothe it into patience unbeguiled.  
Now stay this barbarous hand of Homicide  
That plunders in the name of Liberty,  
And curb the dogs of war in Western Isles.  
Then let some gentle mood of thine  
Join every force this present issue needs;  
In vain does justice weep, in vain the patriot bleeds.





A Street-Car Romance.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN.

He had always argued that intellectual love was not an emotion of slow growth, but an instantaneous flash of recognition. For every soul, he said, another was created; and no matter where those two spirits met, in a drawing-room or hovel, a flash, a look, and one soul recognized the other—nothing could separate them, not even death.

In a street-car he had first seen the girl he thought he loved. True to his theory he had caught her half-startled look, a reciprocal glance of recognition, then a perceptible glow in his face and a faint flush in hers. Every morning he saw her; every morning he looked for her, and soon she had become almost a part of his being. He often thought of her, and in the secrecy of his office wove dream-figures of which she was the central character. The morning ride became the happiest part of the day for him, and when she left the car, he buried himself deep in his newspaper.

She was a graceful girl with a sweet face, and her dress was modest and tasteful. She never spoke to anyone—this he laid down to natural timidity. Immediately he began to theorize about her. Since she was in the car daily, evidently she was obliged to labor. Her carriage and bearing certainly betokened better days,—perhaps her father had met with reverses and she was the sole support of him and an invalid mother. Perhaps she had a sickly brother dependent upon her. Small wonder she kept a modest reserve in the street-car. How he would like to sympathize with her, and lighten her burden.

She always carried a book, and though she did not read, yet it occupied a conspicuous place on her lap. He often wondered at this, yet he was glad her mind had a literary turn.

He had admired her figure and carriage, and her smile was very sweet, but he must hear her talk. One day her handkerchief fluttered to the floor as she was leaving the car, and as he stooped to pick it up she thanked him with a smile that was unmistakable. Her hand was small and delicate as she reached for the handkerchief. That day he trod the air.

The next day she did not get on the car, nor the following day, and so on for a week. The time dragged through most miserably for him; his temper grew irascible; he boarded early

and late cars; rode up town and back again two or three times in the morning; stood at the corner where she was accustomed to catch the car and scanned everybody closely, but all to no avail. Why did he allow his scruples to get the better of him? He should have discovered whom she was, or at least where she worked. Perhaps she had discontinued working, or had moved to some distant part of the city. What a fool he had been! Only one hope remained—she might be ill.

Yes she had been ill. When he saw her again her face was paler, but this paleness only added to the refinement of her beauty. He saw her enter the store where she was employed. He must find out all about her—the strain was becoming unendurable. Her intellectual appearance would fit her for a position in the office of this store. Unabashed he walked into the office—the clerks stared at him, and he at them; then with a lame excuse he went out. Up and down the aisles between piles of goods he walked, buying this thing and that—bundles of things he had no use for; all of which he gave to the first street-boy he met.

His first visit was unsuccessful. On his way out he met with a shelf of books; he stopped to look at them. He tried to open one; it was not a book, though it bore the shape of a book, but a luncheon box. This was a grievous blow, for the luncheon box was similar to the book the girl carried.

He analyzed his feelings—why should he blame her? She deserved praise. Here was another case of self-sacrifice. Her natural culture rebelled against the idea of carrying a luncheon box, but for others she sacrificed her feelings.

He went into the store again for the last time. Chance led him into a section where he had not been before. He looked around inquiringly; there at the other end where suspenders were being sold was the girl. She saw him and looked down, but he, though considerably surprised, walked toward her. He would talk to her then if he had to buy all the suspenders in the store. He approached her and asked to see a few pairs of suspenders and asked her opinion of them.

"These are the best we have—ain't they, Maggie?" she said turning to a fellow-saleswoman.

Her voice was not soft nor gentle, and the word "ain't!"—The theories of three weeks fell flat, and quickly seizing his package he started for the door.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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*Reporters.*

—The next issue of the SCHOLASTIC will be the Christmas number.

—Yesterday all the Catholic students observed the custom established at Notre Dame of going to the Sacraments on the first Friday.

—Examinations will occur on the dates set for them in the catalogue, and not on Dec. 12, as some one has thoughtlessly rumored.

—Prof. McLaughlin's lecture on music is postponed from tomorrow evening until a week from tomorrow. Prof. Paradis will lecture next Thursday evening on Phraseology in Art. Everyone is invited.

—Yesterday morning Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the college church by Rev. President Morrissey, assisted by the Reverend Fathers French and Regan as deacon and sub-deacon. A very effective sermon was preached by the Reverend M. A. Quinlan.

## The Merchant at Notre Dame.

President's Day at Notre Dame fell on Thanksgiving this year and for this reason the play usually given on that day was presented on the previous evening. The newly organized Stock Company took charge of the exercises and paid its compliments to the Rev. President and the Faculty by rendering the "Merchant of Venice." The caste of characters, almost without exception, was made up of men that had taken important parts in local theatricals before, hence it was generally considered before the audience went to the opera house that the play was to be a success. Prof. Carmody, who has so skilfully directed our plays during the past two years, had full charge of training the men for their respective parts, and supervised the presentation of the whole thing in a manner such as to reflect much credit on himself and every member of the company. He was ably assisted by Prof. Ackerman, our scenic artist, who had arranged some of the prettiest stage settings ever seen in Washington Hall.

A fact worthy of note is the generous co-operation given by the students of the electrical department toward helping the manager and stage artists to produce the desired scenic effects. Dimmers and colored globes had been ordered from Chicago for the occasion, but a telegram received the evening before the play was to be given announced that there were none to be had. When this was made known, Messrs. Nash and Kinney of the electrical department kindly volunteered to manufacture the dimmers. The colored globes were borrowed from the Auditorium in South Bend, and thus the directors were enabled to go on with their plans as previously arranged.

The musical programme, given under the direction of Professor McLaughlin, was well rendered. The orchestra was evenly balanced; and while none of the pieces they played were difficult of execution, they were rendered in almost faultless style. The Spanish song, and the "Ave Verum," executed by the University brass quartette during the casket scene, were especially well received, and called forth much applause. The double vocal quartette made its first appearance, giving Dr. Parry's "Hunting Song" in so pleasing a manner that they were called back for an encore.

The exercises were begun at three o'clock. After the first selection by the orchestra, the usual greetings to the Rev. President on behalf

of the student body were given by Mr. James H. McGinnis. His address is printed in another column of our paper; his delivery of the same left nothing to be desired, as he spoke in such earnest tones as to impress his audience with the fact that he was saying only what he sincerely felt. The Minims chose as their representatives Masters Hart, McBride and Lawton. These warm-hearted youngsters told their appreciation of Father Morrissey in so beautiful a style as to make our President very proud of the Princes.

The production of the play was, of course, the real important part of the day's programme, and this began immediately after the Minims' address. As everyone familiar with the "Merchant of Venice" knows, it is a play without a star rôle; hence there were no individual star players on the stage last Wednesday. Honors were about even between those who took the leading parts. In the heavy rôles, Mr. Crumley made an excellent Shylock. His lines were well rendered and his stage presence was very effective. Mr. Stich as Portia, a very difficult character for a man to assume, went through his work in a commendable manner. There could be only one fault found, and that was that his voice was inclined to break. This, however, is readily excusable when one considers that he was forced to attempt the imitation of a woman's tones. Mr. E. J. Walsh, who has made favorable appearances on our stage before, filled the rôle of Bassanio as well as one could expect to see it filled in an amateur performance. He is much at home behind the foot-lights and his well-trained voice makes him a valuable man in the Stock Company. Mr. Louis Reed as Antonio was a strong favorite with the audience. This rôle does not give one the chance to show to so good an advantage as the one previously mentioned. There are few faults to be found, however, with Mr. Reed's interpretation of it. These four men shared honors on about the same par in the important parts, yet they carried away no more laurels than Messrs. Schoonover and Rush, as Gratiano and Nerissa. These were easily as clever as any on the stage, and they were followed closely in every move they made. It was remarked by some persons in the audience that Mr. Schoonover would miss his calling if he should not adopt a stage life for his profession, and as for Mr. Rush, he was universally conceded to be a very prepossessing Venetian belle. Mr. Murphy, the Duke of Venice, made a rather commanding judge.

The amusing part of his appearance was that his "make-up" made him look the exact counterpart of the pictures one sees of Santa Claus in the Christmas numbers of magazines. Krug and O'Connell had small chance to show what they were capable of doing, yet they made the best of their parts as far as could be desired. Cornell is ordinarily a little too dignified for one to suspect that he would be able to play the fool's part; yet he was assigned to that rôle and he made a very silly fool. Funk as Tubal made a first-class Hebrew, and the other characters, Duperier, Hughes, Friedman and Sekinger filled their parts very creditably.

When the performance was concluded Father Morrissey was called upon for a few remarks as the play had been made complimentary to him. He made one of his usually forcible addresses, praising all that had helped to make possible the general excellence of the exercises, and thanking the many friends that came here to honor the occasion with their presence.

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#### A Strong Finish.

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The '99 Varsity made a grand finish to their season last Thursday when they lined up against the heavy Physicians and Surgeons' team of Chicago. Weight and experience were on the visitors' side. Everyone was a veteran player whose worth may be estimated by the fact that an all-Western man was forced to remain on the side lines as a substitute. They have all been in the game from six to fourteen years, and were at one time or other members of some of the strongest teams the West ever produced. Great anxiety was felt over the outcome of the game, as the best prediction in our favor was that we should be defeated by the score of 18-0. "The P. and S. are individually the best team in the West" was the comment coming from all sides. They were all heavy, stocky and experienced men who knew football as well as they knew the alphabet, so what chance was there for our youngsters, who were mere novices at the game when compared to their opponents, to make anything better than a poor showing against them? Yet our team put up the best game seen on the local grounds in many a moon.

There were about two thousand people on Cartier Field when the hour for the game arrived, and there was plenty of ribbon and color displayed. The good folk from the neighboring city wore the Gold and Blue

and cheered for Notre Dame's team more than ever before. There was no occasion for anyone to hide his colors no matter what team he was supporting. The P. and S. played great ball; Notre Dame played great ball, so that altogether it was a great game and the better team won by a small margin. Mullen and Farley, our plucky little ends, put up the kind of football that one would go miles to see. Down the field they went after the heavy doctors, and brought them to the ground with as neat tackles as could be made. Hanley and Wagner, the two tackles, were in and around the Physicians' line tearing holes through there, tackling and doing many other antics that set our fellows wild with rooting. Michael McNulty tacked his name up high on the scroll that will record Notre Dame's men of grit. Although blood was running from his nostrils in two streams he stayed right with the game and was in every mix up. In his two years at Notre Dame he has played in every game without ever retiring in favor of anyone else. His team-mate on the other side of center was in very poor condition; but for all that O'Malley went in the game to play, and he did play.

Most conspicuous in the line was Frank Winters at center. With only three days' notice he went into the game and came out with all honor. He played the game of his life, and no one knows how much that means unless he can estimate the value of Corry, the opposing center. Macdonald at quarter was very much in evidence all through. His punting was remarkable, one kick measuring 82½ yards, and another 68 yards. He ran the team well and used every conceivable means of winning. At left half-back, George Kuppler simply surprised everybody by the way he broke up interference and tackled. There never was a play went his way that he didn't get the runner, and the bleachers were continually howling: "What's the matter with Kuppler? He's all right!" Right half-back Hayes was unfortunate in being completely out of condition. He went in to play a hard game when he was hardly fit to play at all. While he was able to stay in, he played a strong game, but in the second half he was forced to give way. Wagner took his place and Fortin replaced Wagner at tackle. Duncan at full-back played a good strong game and came out as fresh as a cat. Of the P. and S. men Flippan, McCormick, Comstock and Dean made the most conspicuous plays.

P. and S. kicked off 30 yards to Wagner

who came back 7. In two downs there were only 3 yards gained, and Macdonald punted for 82 yards. P. and S. punted back 15. Macdonald called for a fair catch, but was tackled, and the umpire gave a free try for goal kick. The attempt was unsuccessful. P. and S. kicked 30 yards from the 25 yard line. Farley caught the ball and was downed in his tracks. Our men advanced 7½ yards, and the ball went over for holding. The doctors couldn't gain, so Comstock punted to Farley on our 10 yard line. Macdonald returned the punt. The doctors rushed the ball back 30 yards and lost it on a fumble at our 15 yard line where McNulty fell on it. Macdonald punted out of bounds at the 40 yard line. Hanley threw the P. and S. back for a loss of 7 yards, and Comstock punted for 25. Macdonald kicked for 55 yards, and Comstock came back 15 before he was brought down by Kuppler. The P. and S. made about 12 yards in four plays and then tried to get past Kuppler; George stopped them twice for no gain, and they were forced to punt. The ball was fumbled, and the visitors captured it 20 yards from our goal. They tried a drop-kick, but it was blocked. Dean fell on the ball, and another try for goal was attempted. The ball was blocked again and Macdonald captured it. Notre Dame lost on downs, and the visitors again had the ball on our 20 yard line. They made 3 yards, then lost for holding. Macdonald punted 68 yards, and the half ended 0-0.

P. and S. scored a touchdown early in the second half, but failed to kick goal. After this they played on the defensive all through until five minutes before the close of the game. Macdonald's good punting saved Notre Dame from another touchdown. The ball went back and forth in the center of the field with no gain to either side until five minutes before the close, when P. and S. got it on our twenty yard line. Flippan and Comstock carried it to within one foot of our goal and lost it. Macdonald punted out of danger. The game ended with the ball on our fifteen yard line in possession of P. and S. Score 5-0.

NOTRE DAME	LINE-UP	P. and S.
Mullen	R E	Dowdall
Hanley	R T	McCormick
McNulty	R G	Perry
Winters	C	Corry
O'Malley	L G	Hasset
Wagner, Fortin	L T	Lockwood
Farley	L E	Dean
Macdonald	Q B	Turner
Kuppler	L B	Comstock
Hayes, Wagner	R B	Bothne
Duncan	F B	Flippan

Umpire, Clarke: Referee, Studebaker. Time, 30-25 min.

Greetings to Rev. Father Morrissey from  
St. Edward's Hall.

The Princes of St. Edward's Hall  
Are students most profound,  
And all the deeps of knowledge  
They try their best to sound;  
And in our studies of your Feast  
Three things we brought to view  
That show why we, the Princes,  
Should homage pay to you.

First comes the thought of Mother Church  
That sets aside this day  
To honor dear St. Andrew  
And a loving tribute pay.  
We learn of all he suffered here  
To win a crown above  
And died at last upon a cross—  
A sacrifice of love.

And as we think of that dear Saint,  
We turn our thoughts to you;  
For as a priest of Holy Cross,  
You've borne the burden too.  
And on this great Apostle's feast  
For you we warmly pray,  
That he may hear our plea for you  
And bless you every day.

The second phase your Feast presents  
Is social, it is true,  
But firmly does it bind our hearts,  
Dear Father, unto you.  
We're glad St. Andrew has a feast  
Because we have one too,  
And our best cheer we'd like to give  
With heart and lungs for you.

The third thought that we Princes had  
Was pride in Notre Dame  
That is so great it nerved the heart  
Of good old Uncle Sam,  
And made him issue a command  
That all the land should pay  
A tribute to our President  
By a general holiday.

So here we are in princely state—  
The royalty of love—  
To wish you every blessing  
From a loving God above.  
May we, the Minims, one and all,  
Prove worthy of your care,  
And may Our Lady smile on you  
Is our Feast-day wish and prayer.

We live our day in disputation's mart  
And argue things profound and deep;  
When evening falls God smiles and says:  
"My little children, run to sleep."

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The prettiest thing in all our life  
Is pathos, born of human strife. P. J. D.

Personals.

—Mr. M. Ryan and Miss M. Saunders of Chicago spent Thanksgiving at the University. the guests of Mr. W. P. Monahan of Sorin Hall.

—Theodore V. Watterson (student '95-'98) holds a responsible position with the Pacific Express Company in their general office at Omaha.

—Joseph F. Duane, Litt. B., '99, one of last year's Board of Editors, is spending a few days with us. He is attending Rush Medical college this year.

—Edward Gilmartin (student '95-'97) of Fort Wayne, Ind., spent Thanksgiving at the University. He is associated with his father in the lumber business.

—John F. Fennessey, A. B., '99, is now attending the Harvard Medical School. Recent reports say that "Jack" is doing well there, and the SCHOLASTIC wishes its ex-Varsity Verse man all success.

—Alexander R. Carney (student '94-'98) is in charge of two fruit plantations in California. He was a student at Harvard last year, but left school on the death of his father to assume part of the management of the estate.

—Charles M. B. Bryan, Litt. B., '97, has entered the Law School of the University of Virginia. After graduation he was engaged in newspaper work in Memphis, Tenn. Bryan was the most noted speaker at the University, and was always prominent in the old-time athletic meetings. He was the winner of the Breen Medal in the Oratorical Contest in '97.

—The following priests were here to congratulate Father Morrissey on his feast day and to spend Thanksgiving at the University. Rev. John Bleckman, Michigan City; Rev. John Dinnen, Lafayette; Rev. P. A. Baart, Marshall, Mich.; Rev. J. DeGroot, South Bend; Rev. Frederic Schoeper, C. P. S. Mendon, Mich.; and Rev. J. Uroebel, Michigan City. Among Father Morrissey's friends from South Bend were Hon. Clem Studebaker, Hon. T. E. Howard, Hon. Lucius Tong, Prof. Clarke, Dr. Berteling and P. O'Brien.

—The Honorable Judge Burke of the District Court of Stillwater, Minn., who was graduated here in law in '88 and in classics the following year, was heartily welcomed to his *Alma Mater* last Saturday. Judge Burke's visit was due in particular to the fact of his marriage a few weeks ago to Miss Katharine Gibbons, of New Orleans, La., a niece of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, who himself performed the marriage rite. Mrs. Burke is a charming Southern lady, full of the brightness and geniality of her native clime. The SCHOLASTIC begs to congratulate the happy pair, and hopes that they will often revisit Notre Dame before their silver wedding journey.



## Local Items.

—Now that the boxes are beginning to roll in the bills for the infirmary will begin to roll up.

—Prof. McLaughlin and his band treated the Minims to some excellent music on President's Day.

—Regardless of the fact that the rules of football forbid it, fowl tackling was very much in evidence last Thursday.

—Candidates for the track team are requested to report to trainer Engledrum in the training room at 3.00 p. m. on Monday.

—The programme for the exercises in Washington Hall last Wednesday were the neatest ever brought out at Notre Dame.

—The Board of Editors are requested to remember that assignments for the Christmas SCHOLASTIC are due on Monday.

—LOST.—Two pieces of iron ore and a left-handed augur used for boring holes in music. Finder, please return to Murphy.

—No. 1:—"What is the name of Jim's watch?"

No. 2:—"I'd call it a small clock."

—The Thanksgiving dinner, being at the same time the President's Day banquet, was an elaborate affair. The decorations in the dining-hall were very tastefully arranged.

—The Gymnasium is still closed to the students of Carroll Hall. What is the reason the Carrollites have no show to exercise in the Gym?

—A South Bend team ran up against a "snag" Sunday when they played Wilde's team. The visitors were defeated by a score of 11 to 0. Davy's tackling was very strong.

—The Temple Quartette of Boston will give a concert at Notre Dame on Saturday, Dec. 16. There will be a lecture with stereopticon views on "Venice, Queen of the Adriatic" on Dec. 12.

—STUDENT:—"I hear a South Bender was arrested up here during that rain the other day."

SOUTH BENDER:—"Yes! he was accused of running a pool on the campus."

—On account of so many things that happened during the past week to claim space in our columns we are forced to omit an account of the Carroll Hall Anti-Special team's victory over the Niles High School team. We give a picture and brief personnel of the team. It was a close game, and our plucky youngsters won it over men much heavier than they were. Wiedman's place-kick was the only score made. The Antis will play with the Goshen High School team today.

—A team composed of boys who speak the Spanish tongue has been organized in Carroll Hall. Vivanco was elected captain, but he

resigned; then D. Madera was chosen to lead his comrades. Tuesday they met defeat at the hands of a South Bend team. The score was 5-0. "Guy" began chasing a coon up a tree, and the game was called to prevent further disasters.

—"Si" and Fatty got into an argument the other day regarding the relative abilities of two noted prize-fighters. It became so exciting that they forgot themselves so far as to don the gloves to settle the question. Fatty goes around limping now, and his eye is somewhat larger than its normal size. Perhaps that is the reason why he is very seldom seen in the smoking room.

—Last Saturday the Minims that had played in the championship games were told to go over to the little refectory. There, they found a table spread with refreshments. It is not necessary to relate how the banquet went, as everyone knows it went fast. After all had finished, Mr. McGinnis congratulated the members on their manly behavior during the games, and told them what they should do besides playing football.

—Last Sunday afternoon Captain Donovan's team of Brownsonites and a Corby Hall team played a game of football on Brownson campus, neither team scoring. Although the Corbyites outweighed Donovan's men, the latter easily had the best of the game all through, and but for fumbles at the critical stages would have secured a touchdown. For the Brownsonites, Donovan, Drachbar and Althoff did good work, while Murray, Higgins and McDonald showed up well for the Corbyites.

—As some of its members had to leave the University early Thursday forenoon to accompany the Carroll Hall Anti-Specials to Niles, and others were busy showing relatives about the grounds, the band did not make the usual circuit, and serenade all the halls. The Main Building and St. Edward's Hall were visited, and then the musicians rendered a few selections in the park, and quit for the morning. The band is now in excellent condition and promises us some good concerts after Christmas.

—The ex-Minims and Minims had scheduled a game to be played on St. Edward's gridiron. The ex-Minims went marching over to the field and started to warm up. Very soon the Minims appeared with Bassi at their head. Most of the ex-Minims ran immediately, but some stayed to argue that Bassi was too big for them. Finally all the ex-Minims had left but one—he now regrets that he stayed. The result of the arguing was that the game was cancelled and that the ex-men were warned never to come near the Minims' Campus again.

—The pupils of St. Edward's Hall offered to Rev. Father Morrissey as a feast-day tribute their record for class work and deportment during the past month. The marks were so

unusually high that the President was well pleased. He celebrated a Solemn High Mass in St. John's Chapel, assisted by Rev. Fathers French and Regan. The little fellows sang the Mass so well that the President sent his feast-day cake to the choir. The members of that organization, however, following the example of generosity set by the President, divided it up among their hall-mates.

—The Sorin Hall smokers grow more popular each time. The third one was given last Wednesday evening and was the record breaker for attendance. The spacious reading room was well filled with Sorinites who report a very enjoyable time. The evening was spent in playing cards, billiards, etc. Music was furnished by the Squirt Mandolin Club and was well received. It is hoped that these smokers will be given oftener next session. Much credit is due to Father Ready for his earnest work in getting them up, and he has the thanks of all the members of his hall for it.

—Corby Hall is the recipient of two beautiful silk flags. One is gold and blue with a large white "C" on it; the other is crimson and white, Corby Hall's colors. Corby Hall is the first to select Hall colors, and it seems to be in favor with the other Halls.

The Invincibles of Corby Hall lined up against the Brownson Hall team last Sunday. They were slightly overtrained, as must have been observed by their playing. Warder's end running received continual applause from the spectators. Moxley played in his old form at quarter, and much praise is due him for his efforts to save the game. The Corby "rooters" were much elated over the result of the game, and they bore the players from the field on their shoulders. A smoker will be tendered the members for their successful ending of the football season.

—"Joe" dropped in very quietly Wednesday evening just in time for the Sorin Hall smoker. He was down with the fellows all evening and had a good time in general. About 10:30 he went upstairs and unconsciously wandered to his old room. He tried his key, but found it wouldn't work. He lashed and tussled with the door and made noise enough to remind an old-timer of the usual morning rough house, only it lacked the *Waukesha*. Runt had long before gone to sleep and was dreaming about the hit the new orchestra lamps made that afternoon. He murmured: "What's the matter with you? Are you sick?" After tussling with the door a few minutes longer Joe discovered that it was open. He walked in and started to put Runt out. Runt objected stubbornly at first, but finally concluded that he had better seek another place to sleep. Brother came around just as he came out into the corridor, and of course Runt doesn't know why he got 50.

—Daly had been reading the monthly *Guardian* for nearly four hours the other day when

he suddenly looked up with a smile and said: "Gee whillikens, but that's a corkin joke! I'll go over and spring that on Mike before I forget it." Then he hid the paper so Mike wouldn't see where he found the joke and might think it was original. Then he sat down next to his victim, and tee-hee-heed a little and ha-ha-haed some more, and said: "Say, Mike, ice is the only thing that's what it is cracked up to be, ain't it?" Mike's face contracted so suddenly that his broken nose was dislocated in six places, and his bad knee began to bother him again. Then he succumbed, as it were, and the joke flew up against Brother Hugh's fence, completely knocking that ornament from its foundations.

—The following is last Wednesday's

# PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

March—"Palatinus".....Hall

University Orchestra

Address on behalf of the Collegiate students

Mr. James H. McGinnis.

Festal Greetings from Saint Edward's Hall

Masters: Louis W. McBride, Jasper H.

Lawton, Lawrence A. Hart.

## PART II.

### AFTER ACT II.

Double Quartette—"Hunting Song".....Parry

Mr. Thomas F. Dwyer

Mr. Dorrance D. Myers

Mr. Miguel L. Beltram

Mr. Francis B. Cornell

Mr. Francis F. Dukette

Mr. Robert S. Funk

Mr. William C. Kegler

Mr. Louis C. Nash

### AFTER ACTS III. AND IV.

Waltz—"Zenda".....Witmark

March—"Fantasma".....Thiele

University Orchestra.

## PART III.

### THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A tragi-comedy in five acts presented by the University Stock Company.

#### Persons of the Play:

Shylock.....Harry V. Crumley

Bassanio.....Edward J. Walsh

Antonio.....Louis C. M. Reed

Duke of Venice.....James F. Murphy

Gratiano.....Fred Schoonover

Solanio.....Albert Krug

Salarino.....John J. O'Connell

Old Gobbo.....John L. Putnam

Launcelot Gobbo.....Francis B. Cornell

Tubal.....Robert Funk

Clerk of Court.....Alfred J. Duperier

Leonardo.....Francis J. Sekinger

Balthasar.....Arthur S. Friedman

Stephano.....Francis B. Hughes

Portia.....George F. Stich

Nerissa.....Charles E. Rush

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,

Servants, and other Attendants.

#### SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

Act I.—Scene I.—A street in Venice.

" Scene II.—A room in Portia's house at Belmont.

" Scene III.—Another street in Venice.

Act II.—Same as Act I., Scene III.

Act III.—Another room in Portia's house at Belmont.

Act IV.—A court of justice in Venice.

Act V.—Same as Act III.

(Between acts I. and II. there is no intermission.)

Francis X. Carmody.....Director of the Stage

James J. McLaughlin, Jr.....Director of the Music

Louis C. Nash.....Electrician

—Carroll Hall has something to be proud of in the shape of a football team called the Anti-Specials. In fact, enthusiasts of all the departments are disposed to give the boys great praise. They deserve it. In the ten games played already, the total score stands 175 to 5. As a rule, they have played teams which were much heavier than they. Skill won their games; much credit, however, is due Coach McWeeny for the excellence of their playing at Niles. He took them in charge at the beginning of this week. Of each member of the team a great deal might be said. Lack of space will bind us to brevity. Robert Clark, the manager, has been more successful, it would seem, than any of his predecessors in Carroll Hall. The schedule of games has been

Opponents equal to them in weight fail to equal them in ability to play the game. Frank Petritz and John Hoffman have been playing right end in turn; both have been successful in carrying the ball as well as in stopping the plays of their opponents. Hubert Geraghty and Albert Krug, likewise, have alternated at center. Not only do they hold the line well, but they also make a success at passing the ball. Guy Kuykendall and Grover Davis are in a great measure the strength of the team. It is no exaggeration to say that their match in age, weight and skill is not to be found. These are the men to look forward to, these and all the others of the Anti-Specials who hope to be graduates of Notre Dame. In time they will be the strength and glory of the Varsity.



CARROLL HALL FOOTBALL TEAM, 1899.

interesting. He has done his part well. George Weidmann, captain and quarter-back, is one of the pluckiest players in Carroll Hall. He holds the good will of the team; he has good judgment for giving signals. John Quinlan, left end, has played his game in team work. His quickness and ability to stay with the interference have made the Princeton tandem around right end a sure ground-gainer. Leo Kelly, at full-back, has surprised the on-lookers more than once. He has frequently made five or ten yards through a small opening in the line. Nicholas Hogan, left tackle, is certainly the star punter of the team. He, Lorenzo Hubble, Raymond Stephan and Frank Phillip, are strong, active and very effective in line work.

Harry Reihing, Arthur Strassheim and James Geraghty have taken a less active part than the others in the regular games. In some respects they surpass the regulars. Two or three contests are still to be added to the list given below. The following is the schedule to date:

Carroll Anti-Specials—	11.....	St. Joseph's Hall—o
"	24.....	Elkhart 2d Team—o
"	11.....	Carroll Tigers—o
"	18.....	Carroll Tigers—5
"	22.....	Elkhart 1st Team—o
"	36.....	South Bend Ravens—o
"	18.....	Carroll Tigers—o
"	18.....	Corby Hall—o
"	12.....	Corby Hall—o
"	5.....	Niles High School—o