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FOUNDING OF NOTRE DAME.

The Founder.

'TWAS thine to struggle through the early days,
'Twas thine to stifle in the swamp fog's breath;
And thine these halls and lofty spires to raise;
'Twas thine to found on hope and build on faith.

In Memoriam.

FATHER SORIN.

BY WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

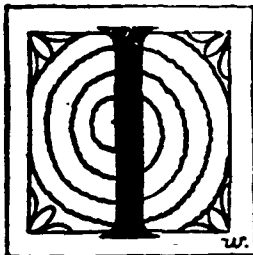
HE sleeps in peace—"life's fitful fever" o'er—
 Among his humble brethren over there;
 And once again, the *requiem* in the air
 Sings sweet repose to the spirit gone before,
 Whose tender watchfulness we still implore—
 His father's love for us and ceaseless prayer.
 And may this pile, that once he made his care,
 Still feel the guiding hand it knew of yore.

His worth and warmth of heart beyond all praise,
 Bespeak the treasure Death has lulled to sleep,
 And borne to the land of mystery and amaze.

O'er him to-day our love's sad tokens bloom,
 Tho' glad our hearts, where Faith has planted deep
 That peace in sorrow—hope beyond the tomb.

Imagination in Daily Life.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.



MAGINATION has been defined as the power of forming mental pictures of absent material objects. Writers nowadays divide imagination into two kinds: creative and repro-

ductive. The faculty is merely reproductive when the mental images are exact copies of previous impressions. Creative imagination is of a higher order. It consists in putting the mental images into new relations. This division, however, is merely theoretical; for creative imagination, as will be readily seen, could not exist without reproductive; and reproductive never exists alone.

Sully defines a mental image as the ideal copy or representation of the percept; reproductive imagination brings the image to the mind long after the percept has vanished. Hence we may easily perceive that without reproductive imagination there would be no memory; for memory consists merely in recognizing these images as belonging to the past. In such a case we could not call to mind an absent friend, nor could we visit familiar scenes. The prisoner in his cell would be robbed of the solace his heart delights in when he lives sunny days of the past over again. Nor is this all: for mental images are also material for thought. Abstract concepts, such as a triangle, a point, humanity, can not

receive expression except through some mental image, as introspection will reveal. We see then how intimately imagination is connected with thought and memory, and how essential it is for both.

To note some of the further effects reproductive imagination has on our lives we shall look at it more closely. We shall then observe that it does its work in conformity to a fixed law. Psychologists call this law the association of mental images. Its workings can be best seen in the case of a reverie where the imagination has free play. If we suddenly rouse ourselves from a waking dream, catch the passing state of consciousness, and trace it back through other states to its origin, we shall be surprised to note a connection between them all. One image suggests another. The suggestion may arise from the fact that the original perceptions occurred at the same time, or that there is a resemblance between them, or for some other reason. The truth remains, however, that in the stream of mental images each one leads to the next.

This law of the association of mental images is exemplified nearly every minute in our lives. When we see the coat of an absent friend, we are immediately reminded of the owner. Let some one speak of snow and we immediately think of cold and winter; let him speak of birds, and spring comes into consciousness. In some persons the relations of cause and effect predominate over such relations as time and space. Noon and midnight, a palace and a cottage, are all the same to a person in such a state. Sometimes, however, the contrary is the case; then we have an opposite effect. The relations of time and space are the only relations that appeal to such a mind. When the Indian, for instance, sees his medicine man perform all kinds of incantations and a thunder storm comes up, he will readily believe that the incantations are the cause.

These lower associations have, as Porter observes, a marked effect on the feelings. With children Santa Claus and Christmas are always associated with pleasant occurrences; with older persons, Porter's observation still holds. A thing that is associated with a disagreeable person, for instance, becomes disagreeable itself on account of the association. This fact will explain the rapid change of fashions. When cultivated persons see the vulgar gowned in the same apparel, the feelings of those persons revolt on account of the disagreeable associations, and they change the fashions.

Mental images, moreover, are not all of equal intensity. The weaker they are, the less distinct will memory be; besides, when the image is weak it may originate an absurd or inconsistent belief. This is because the relation that in ordinary cases would make such a belief impossible is not clearly seen. "Acceptance of a proposition at variance with conspicuous fact," Spencer says, "implies either so faint a mental image of the asserted relation, or so faint a mental image of the known relation with which it is at variance that the incongruity is not perceived." He gives the example of a cabman who thinks that the distance between two points when traversed along two main streets at right angles is longer than the route of a rectangular zig-zag having the general direction of a diagonal.

This weakness of the mental image, Spencer says, also explains superstition among unimagi-native persons. In the second volume of his "Principles of Psychology," page 533, he makes this statement: "By a superstitious mind the marvellous things listened to are so vaguely imagined that the contradictions involved are not perceived." But contradictions, we must consider, do not necessarily exist in superstition. The ancient Greeks, we know, were highly imaginative and at the same time superstitious. As their works testify, they were also endowed with great powers of thought; still they did not attain to a true knowledge of facts in so great a degree as we have. This circumstance may account for the superstitious element in their characters. When we know the natural cause of thunder we are less likely to attribute it to the anger of the gods. Some persons in our own day do not know this natural cause either; and these are the most likely among us to imitate the superstitions of the Greeks. The only difference between them will be that the later-day superstition will be colored by influences such as religion, in a different manner from that of former days.

So far, however, we have been speaking exclusively of reproductive imagination. Now we shall see the importance of creative imagination in daily life. We also know that it is essential for the poet; also for the scientist, who forms his theories by the aid of this faculty; for the artist in any line; for the actor, who places himself in the character's place; for the musician at his instrument, for the mathematician with his imaginary circles, and even for the Christian at his prayers; but

we forget that it is also essential for a large number of our ordinary actions.

Reproductive imagination merely brings images to the mind; creative imagination seizes on a particular image in the stream, and changes the relations to others indefinitely. "The reproductive forms of imagination," Ladd says, "resemble memory with a low degree of recognitive energy, while the creative forms of imagination rather resemble that rapid and lofty thinking which leaps to conclusions with an immediacy and certainty like to the intuitive processes of perception." It involves choice among many possible images. It is the trusty servant of the intellectual faculty, placing ideas in different relations and thus making thought in a high degree possible.

The relations it can form are exceedingly numerous. We can, for instance, increase the size of an object an hundredfold. Anyone that has seen a man can imagine a giant with his head in the clouds and his feet bestriding the ocean; or he can remove the head of the giant and place in its stead the head of a horse. We can change the order of time; we can make cows speak and turkeys sing; we can, in fine, combine to almost any extent. We can not, however, make any new material; we must use what we have already through sense perception. A blind man can not picture a landscape. No one can imagine a new color. The angels are to us but idealized men. We have a limited number of sense-organs—who can imagine another? If we had only one, who could could fancy the second? Nevertheless, the height to which it rises is often sublime. "Mozart's father," Ladd says, "designated as a gift of God the inspiration of his son when at first sight he played the grand organ, treading its pedals aright."

Like many other valuable things, however, creative imagination is not appreciated, because it is always with us. But let us suppose a man entirely devoid of this faculty. He would be utterly helpless. Everything he looked at would have but two dimensions. He could not, as Ladd says, put himself on the other side of the tree yonder and complete the picture. If he should look at the back of a person's head, it would never occur to him that the person had a face. He could not infer it, because his power of inference depends on the imagination.

None of us are without it, though, and it often makes dupes of us. It makes us jump

at conclusions. Suppose you sit with your back to the door on a chilly day, then after a while you hear the door creak. You feel the cold air come in immediately and, the chills play about your spinal column; yes, till you look round to find the door shut and some other cause for the creaking. James cites an interesting story that shows another of its freaks. "An educated man told me once," says he, "that on entering his house one day, he received a shock from crushing the finger of one of his little children in the door. At the moment of his fright he felt a violent pain in the corresponding finger of his own body and the pain abode with him three days." A narrow escape, likewise, will give us a violent shock, because the imagination pictures the consequences had we not escaped.

But the greatest effect imagination exerts on our lives is through the feelings. Our feelings have an enormous power over us. Love, fear, pity—these are the strongest influences in our lives. But strong as they are, they have a master. That master is the imagination. Take love for an example—the strongest emotion we have. The object of love is merely an increase of our own well-being, selfish as this view may seem. Persons of a vivid imagination will increase this possibility in the mind to almost any extent, and the desire of union—the effect of love—will be proportionately increased. This Cupid is but the personification of the imagination.

Fear has to do with some future occurrence; and it would be impossible if the imagination did not place some danger to be dreaded in the future occurrence. If there is a danger it exaggerates it. Tell a child a ghost story and then get him into a graveyard at midnight. He is exceedingly strong minded if his knees do not shake while he is there. This is not because there is really anything to fear; but imagination makes everything fearful. Every tombstone is a ghost; every shadow, an evil spirit; the sighing of the wind is the mournful wailing of invisible demons.

Anger will be increased by imagination. The longer we think about an injury the greater will it become; we will forget the extenuating circumstances, while the image of the injury before us keeps our anger warm. So, also, we might show the part it plays in pity, anxiety, suspicion. But enough has been said to show that imagination controls our feelings, and thus ourselves.

More persons would succeed in the world if

they could diminish the ruling power of the imagination. A man will never do what he imagines for some unknown reason he can not do. For this cause many brilliant faculties are allowed to become dull, and therefore unproductive of any good results.

Familiarity with those that have done something notable tends, as the saying puts it, to breed contempt. We begin to see that great men are ordinary mortals like ourselves; that they make mistakes, and in general act very much like human beings. After we begin to bring them down in our opinion, we raise ourselves to a higher level in our own estimation; so by narrowing the space between them and us from both sides, we soon begin to think we are as good as they are. Whether we are or not matters little; but it is a fact that this state of mind will render productive work more probable. History will bear out this statement.

Great men in all ages seem to have been associated together. Even if not personally acquainted, they lived in communication through their writings. Great men in other ages than our own can not come into this contempt, because the mists of antiquity shrouded them in honored mystery. But with men in the same age it is different. They help one another in many ways, but especially in this way which is little appreciated. In the history of our country we have the famous class in which Longfellow, Smith, Holmes, and others, that made their names famous, were graduated together. If each had been educated in a different place, few of them, perhaps, would have done anything remarkable. In all colleges some classes are known to be hard workers, while others can never get interested. We influence our neighbor through the imagination more than we think. "Sympathetic feeling and a sort of imaginative contagion," Ladd says, "go hand in hand. Individuals and groups of persons when moving together for a common end must be awakened and carried forward, both on the side of emotion and on the side of imagination."

The imagination, however, is a wild horse: it needs a rein. The rein is the will. Its control will have a great effect for good on our characters, because in controlling the imagination we control our feelings. If we allow our feelings to run away with us, there is no telling what the result may be. Besides, the disposition of mind they put us in tends to become habitual. As Porter says: "The habit of feel-

ing, of the modes of good and ill temper, of depression, of cheerfulness, of openness or suspicion, tend to become permanent and more intense." So we see that the imagination holds the key of our characters. If we control it, we control our feelings; we annihilate any that are unworthy, and thus a good and cheerful disposition becomes in time a habit.

What the imagination would be without the control of the will we see in the case of dreams, when the will is in abeyance. Then the laws of association have full sweep. Then bodily impressions, such as those arising from a cold draught or from oppression in the stomach, may start a train of wild associations. "The stuff of which dreams are made," Ladd says, "is usually meagre; the tale woven about it by the imagination may be absurdly disproportionate." We all know from experience how wild dreams may be; but we all do not realize how slight may be the cause of a startling dream. Here are two examples that Porter cites to illustrate this point. He tells of a person suffering from a blister on his head who imagined that he was being scalped by a party of Indians. Another person sleeping in damp sheets dreamed that he was being dragged through a stream. We see this same process imitated in waking life in the case of the dreamer. On an equally slight suggestion, he is carried along behind his imagination, like a man in a run-away, while he himself is inactive; or imagination pictures what he is going to do in so vivid a manner that he waits and waits and still is inactive!

The pleasures of the imagination are the sweetest that we have. When it is healthy it can make life a joy; when morbid, a burden. It can render our characters noble or ignoble. It may be a guardian angel or a devil—pointing out an agreeable course in life with a sublime end; or, by showing us what is dark in life make us pitiable and despicable creatures of despair.

Criticism of the Bench.

GEORGE A. MCGEE.

When a seeming injustice or wrong arouses popular feeling the natural tendency is to visit indignation upon what is most nearly connected with the cause of that wrong. Our forefathers used to regard as accursed and forfeited the knife with which a murder was committed, and the Athenians sent beyond

their borders inanimate objects whereby a man had come to his death. In our day ideas have advanced somewhat beyond this stage, but popular anger is still indiscriminating, and prejudice condemns the human instruments which do not act in accordance with the people's desires.

Much censure of this kind falls on courts and judges whose duty it is to give effect to crude or insufficient legislation or to enactments which no longer appear to satisfy the general sense of the fitness of things. This is probably most conspicuous with regard to the damages awarded in actions for death caused by wrongful act.

A few months ago our press was criticising a New Jersey judge who, in applying the cold language of a statute, held that in the absence of pecuniary injury, a father could recover nothing for the death of his infant son.

This decision was followed by a California judge holding that the life of a workingman's child is only reasonably worth five dollars. These decisions sound as if they came from judges whose hearts are made of stone, but if we examine the well-established common law we find that in case of death by wrongful act no recovery could be had.

Lord Campbell secured an enactment in Parliament, in this century, which provided for a recovery in case of death caused by a tort. This statute has become a part of common law, and may be said to have given rise to that branch of law which provides a remedy for neglectful conduct. This part of our jurisprudence should be modified in accordance with new conditions and new attitudes of popular feeling; but surely the bench should not be charged with corruption for administering the law as it is found, and least of all should such charges be made by the press. Our daily papers and magazines have a great influence in shaping public opinion, and this influence should be exerted in a just and intelligent manner. If our laws are wrong, let the legislatures correct them—the courts are formed to expound laws not to enact them.

With few exceptions our courts are composed of able men, chosen from the best ranks of the legal profession. An oath of office means as much to them as it does to any governmental officer. And when they perform their duties in a conscientious manner, they should not be subject to abuse for seeming wrongs or hardships which they are unable to prevent.

Varsity Verse.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

(Rondeau Redouble.)

AS autumn leaves begin to fall
 And song birds' lilt no more we hear,
 All nature seems to spread the pall
 For summer days that once were dear.

And everywhere the night winds drear,
 Are sighing summer's dying call,
 And to us comes a thought of fear
 As autumn leaves begin to fall.

As o'er the old oak grim and tall,
 And o'er the landscape far and near
 Grim autumn stretches over all
 And song birds' lilt no more we hear.

Back to our youth we stand and peer,
 Back to the days we would recall;
 Their dirge was sung without a tear,
 And nature seems to spread the pall.

Though in our youth we were a thrall
 To idol fancies and whate'er
 May fill youth's heart, 'tis vain to call
 For summer days that once were dear.

And though they're gone, and we shall ne'er
 Undo a deed however small,
 Life's sun will set in azure clear,
 If patiently we wait Death's call,
 As autumn leaves.

J. L. C.

A TRIOLET.

A glance was all she ever gave,
 Try as I might to win her smile.
 For floral tributes nothing save
 A condescending glance she gave;
 But such a glance! It made me slave
 To her caprice, half fun, half guile.
 A glance was all she ever gave,
 Try as I might to win her smile.

P. P. McE.

AT A POET'S GRAVE.

Lonely in your tomb you lie,
 Nought feel you now;
 Nought of pain or injury,
 Or laurel on your brow.

Silent in your silent house,
 No more can you sing;
 Loves that our hearts arouse,
 Or griefs that tears bring.

Your brow can no longer lower
 When he who loves durst
 Pluck the bright flower
 That springs from your dust.

Though the woodlark still above
 Will softly complain,
 And tell us of his love,
 You hear ne'er again.

A. J. B.

In the Crucible.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

Fate was playing one of its pranks that Deefers and the girl should meet in this out of the way watering-place. He had left her suddenly, two years before, after a short acquaintance which had ripened into warm friendship. Gossip had it that he was very much hurt, and looked upon her uncle as the cause of his departure. In his wanderings over England and the continent the girl's image often came back to him, but he had persuaded himself that their destinies were meant to be different, and he tried to forget her in new scenes and faces. He had heard that she was about to marry—this had caused him pain; but when he heard that the engagement had been broken, he felt no joy. How well he succeeded in killing his love was plainly evident when they met, for her flushed face and his compressed lips spoke more than words could suggest.

Fate again was kind to him, for she was staying at the same hotel where he was. Even if her irascible uncle was with her, he felt that she could not always be under the uncle's watchful eyes. The uncle and he had met with cold and silent nods, but his meeting with the girl was different. Though her warmth of conversation tended to dispel the chill between them, yet there could be no genial conversation when all three were together. The men wished to see as little of each other as possible. As Deefers conversed with the girl, he felt his old love come surging back to him, as if the floodgates of his heart were thrown open. So come what would, he was determined to let no uncle come between him again and the object of his happiness.

Fate a third time was kind to him, for as he walked down the hotel corridor he saw her enter the room next to his. As she turned the knob she saw him, and smilingly said: "This is my den." He passed on to his room and here he could give himself over to his musings. It was a pleasure to meet her, great pleasure to be in the same hotel with her, but greater pleasure to be so close to her. To be in contact with the woman he loved added fuel to his imagination—and romance begot romance.

As he sat on the veranda puffing his cigar—for the night was a beautiful one—he saw her enter the hotel early, accompanied by her

uncle. About eleven o'clock he went to his room. He could not sleep, for the face of the girl came continually before him. He was somewhat of a fatalist and believed that their second meeting was not altogether a work of chance, but of something deeper. That she had not forgotten him her actions proved, now he might as well try to forget his God, as to drive her from his mind. She had grown in stature and beauty during his absence, and the sparkle in her eye was to him as bright as the shining stars. But he was aroused from his reverie by heavy and ponderous snoring. It came over the transom, and its volume appeared to fill the room. He sat bolt upright in his bed and listened intently. His musings and poetry were knocked clear out of him. Could a being as perfect and as delicate as she was snore so grossly? Certainly not; but the facts were against her. Had she not said that that room was "her den"? And had not the uncle grunted out an invitation to visit him on the opposite side of the hotel. Then he tried to persuade himself that the snoring came from the room on the opposite side; but his senses spoke the truth where his will would lie. As the snoring rose in intensity there came a half-smothered gasp as if a glass of water had gone down the wrong channel. He tried to sleep, but like the rasping of a saw came the snoring on his ear. He wrapped the bedclothes around his head, but they furnished him little protection. Finally in despair he put on his clothes and walked the veranda, but there was no great peace of mind for him. When he went to his room again the snoring had mitigated somewhat and he slept from exhaustion.

His love had received a severe shock, and try as he would he could not deny that his idol was tottering on its pedestal. When he awoke late the following day the first thing he thought of was the girl. It would never do to let her know that he lived in the room next to hers. He waited until he heard no one in the corridor, then he left his room. He avoided her all that morning, for he feared that his guilty conscience would betray him; nor did he go near his room during the entire day. In the evening he saw nothing of her, nor did he reach his room until the guests were a-bed.

He heard the snoring as he came down the corridor, and he set his teeth. This time he would stay come what would. He could

not wish the sleeper ill knowing the cause. He turned from side to side, his teeth ground and his eyes staring, but the snoring appeared to increase in vigor. He again wrapped the bedclothes around his head but to no advantage. Finally the noise became unendurable and he again took to the veranda.

In the morning, the first one he met as he left the hotel, was the girl. Two nights of misery had certainly not added to his appearance and she noticed it.

"I was thinking since I did not see you yesterday," said she, "that you had left us. Were you ill?"

"No," he answered, "but slightly indisposed. I did not sleep well."

"Perhaps the location of your room has something to do with it."

He looked at her quickly, but there was no sign of understanding in her face.

"I would not wish for a better one, nor would I change it," he responded, as he groaned inwardly.

The quickness of her wit and intellect surprised and pleased him. As he looked at her he could not believe that one so young and beautiful could snore so strongly; one so delicate, so lustily. There must be a misunderstanding somewhere—how could he seek an explanation? She had said her room looked out on the east, so did this room. Circumstances tended to convict her. But even if all was true—and true it seemed to be—he would not let so small a defect militate against his happiness; so he was determined to conquer his repugnance for a snorer. He had not seen much of the uncle the few days they had been in the same hotel for each avoided the other.

The third night he went to his room with no set resolution to last the night through, but his lips were set. As he lay on his bed of agony he felt that there was no redemption for him, and like the savage who passively suffers tortures, he held his peace. The snoring came in its regular monotony. He lay quiet until the small hours of the morning, finally exhaustion closed his eyes for him but he had conquered.

Thus it went on for two weeks. He left his room early in the morning, saw nothing of it during the day, and entered it late at night. He would undergo physical pain rather than have the girl know where he lived. He succeeded by avoiding his room. This manner of living caused him some inconvenience, but he found pleasure in the sacrifice.

He saw much of the girl some days and

nothing of her other days; her uncle seemed to have taken her under his especial care. But the pleasure he missed in the uncle's presence he made up in the uncle's absence. He now remained close to the hotel as if it were his only haven on earth. Snoring ceased to arouse the repugnance it once aroused in him. The more he saw of the girl, the more he wished to see. Her manner was reserved, her wit keen, and her conversation sparkling. As he thought over this, he could not believe that she robbed him of his nightly sleep.

They were walking in the shades of the elms, and the sun was sinking in the West, lighting the heavens with gold and purple and saffron as it sunk.

"I have not told you," she said, "that this is our last time together. We leave to-morrow."

He had not thought of her departure; but now since she was about to leave him, he was determined that she would not go a second time out of his life without discovering his love to her.

His face was set as he turned to her. "I left you before," he said, "without telling you the thoughts that were deepest in my heart! I have tried to forget you, but this was impossible. Grace, I love you, and—"

"Don't, Mark!" she quickly interrupted him. "I have a confession to make. I—"

"Never mind," he said hastily. "Do not say anything about it. I understand it all. I am the one who roomed next door to you. I have debated the question with myself for the last two weeks, but I find my love for you stronger than my hatred of snoring. At first it bothered me somewhat, I admit, but now I am used to it. Nor will I let this come between myself and the object of my happiness."

A puzzled expression broke over her face.

"Snoring," she repeated—then suddenly, "do you live in Room 11?"

He nodded.

"That explains it. Uncle sleeps in Room 13, and he is a heavy snorer."

"But you called it 'your den.'"

"Yes," she answered smiling, "for it contained my keeper."

"You said you had a confession to make."

"I was going to say that I—that I have always—"

Just then her uncle appeared upon the walk.

"Grace," he said, "do you not think you had better go in, the air is damp?"

"In a minute," she said, "when I have cleared my character;" but her eyes were shining.

Two Recent American Romances.

JOSEPH L. TOOHEY, 1902.

There has been a decided movement toward writing historical romance in this country within the last two years. The Revolutionary war seems to be the most favored period taken for background and incident. Yet there are other periods of our history that furnish good romantic material. One of the stories that we shall now consider deals with Maryland during the war of the Revolution; the other gives us a glimpse into the colonial life of Virginia in the time of John Rolfe.

The author of "Richard Carvel," Mr. Winston Churchill, lives in St. Louis; he is a young man of considerable means, and is not compelled to write to earn a livelihood. At present he is one of the most popular of American writers of romance, and gives promise of becoming a writer of some worth.

"Richard Carvel" is an historical romance. The scenes of this fiction are laid in Maryland and London prior to the Revolutionary war. In Maryland we are introduced into the old colonial mansion of the eighteenth century. We converse with the squire, and are delighted with the cordial and cheerful disposition of all around him. We take part in the chase and sail in the provincial yacht. From these quiet country scenes we are ushered into the noisy metropolis of England; from rural simplicity into urbane conventionality.

The hero of this story is Richard Carvel. The beauty and nobleness of his character, his sincere and open heart, and his true gentlemanliness endear him to his readers as they did to his friends in London and America. His first and only sweetheart was Dorothy Manners, the companion of his childhood.

Dorothy is the heroine of this story. She possesses the physical beauty and carriage of a Greek Grace. Her artful, gay disposition captivates all around her. Her deep love for liberty is expressed in the following words: "Richard, you have gone too far. Though you have been my friend all my life there are some things which you can not say to me."

Mr. Churchill makes a great error in the delineation of this character and also in that of Patty Swain. Dorothy, a vain coquette, urged on by vanity and ambition, triumphs

over Patty Swain whose only motive was one of ideal love and honor.

Lionel Carvel is a very amiable character. He is a calm, dignified, aristocratic gentleman. His love for his favorite grandson is noble and uplifting; anyone would deem it a privilege to have such a man for a friend.

The character of John Paul Jones is well drawn. In him we have the daring sea-fighter of history idealized. We esteem the good-natured Fox. We are delighted with his sprightly humor. Lord Comyn is an ideal friend. We condemn Grafton Carvel as a grovelling miser. We pity Mr. Allen as an unfortunate fool, a puppet that is worked by the avarice of Grafton Carvel or the caprice of Grafton's wife. The plot of this story resembles that of "Henry Esmond." The story opens with the youth of Richard and Dorothy at Carvel Hall. The many well-chosen incidents are all that holds the interest of the reader.

There are many graphic descriptions in this book. Those of the sponging house, the environs of Drury Lane, the nocturnal gamings with Fox and Comyn at Brook's Club, the midnight duel with the Duke of Chartersea near Vaux Hall, and the ludicrous incident with the same odious nobleman at Hyde Park are remarkable. Our hero plays his part well in all these incidents. In his adventures with Charles Fox, the leader of the fashionable and dissolute society in London, he indulges in the fashionable amusements of the nobility of that time, and always receives the commendation of all. The story ends happily. Richard and Dorothy are again back at Carvel Hall, and ready to gather the first strawberries of the year as they were wont to do in their youth.

Miss Mary Johnson, the author of the "Prisoners of Hope," has given us a better novel, "To Have and to Hold." This novel has far excelled all the other recent works of its kind in popularity. Now let us see if it has any literary merit.

"To Have and to Hold" deals with a period of American history more remote than the Revolution. We go back with Miss Johnson in imagination to the settlement of Jamestown. Captain John Smith has played his part and made his exit, but John Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas, remains with us for a few scenes.

The hero of this novel, Captain Percy, is a gruff old soldier. After serving many years

in the Low Countries he has settled down on a lonely estate near Jamestown. In his lonely retreat he hears that a shipload of English maids are coming to Jamestown. Then urged by a friend to select a bride he casts his lot to a throw of the dice. The fates say marry. He then goes to Jamestown with his 150 pounds of tobacco to purchase one of the damsels. But instead of a waiting-maid he marries a noble lady, the ward of the king, who has fled from a hated lover. She accepts this old soldier as the lesser of two evils.

Lady Jocelyn Leigh, the heroine of this story, is an ideal character. Her personal beauty, dignity and grace make her conspicuous among that ship-load of English maids that came in quest of husbands and homes. She, although a ward of the king, has a keen sense of her own independence. She acts in keeping with this maxim of Miss Johnson: "Kings' commands are strong, but a woman's will is stronger." She is a woman with a will. The high mettle of this will stops at no mandate of the king. Yet this proud spirit, that can not be commanded, bends to the respect and love of her husband.

The other characters of importance are Jeremy Sparrow, Lord Carnal, the minion of the king, the Italian Doctor, Diclon, Nautauquas, the brother of Pocahontas, and Opechancanough, the emperor. The character of Jeremy Sparrow is well drawn. All the other lay characters lack the quality of consistency. The descriptions are graphic and beautiful. The delineation of Indian character and the life of the wigwam remind us of Cooper. The emperor, Opechancanough, smoking the pipe of peace and making pledges of friendship to the settlers, while he is inwardly planning an attack upon their villages, is a striking picture of a treacherous Indian character.

There are a few minute, graphic and beautiful descriptions of natural scenery in this story. The opening chapter, the description of an evening country scene along the James, is refreshing. The many well selected incidents give us ample opportunity of examining the characters. The unity of the story is pretty good. A great many of the happenings have not the least semblance of probability, and some seem wellnigh impossible. In this short essay we have pointed out some of the merits and very few of the defects of these novels. In conclusion, we may assert that anyone may spend a few hours of delightful literary recreation with either of these books.

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Reporters.

—This is Founder's Day, and during it we have paid tribute to one who came here when but poplars and pines stood where now domes and spires rise to heaven. And it is well we should do so, for if we reflect but ever so slightly on the deeds of this man, we must see how much power a single human will can exert on that which is about it. Although a mortal being, in a measure, must conform to his surroundings, yet if strong he can act upon them, and bring under his control what otherwise might have made him a bondsman to circumstances. For is not every individual a part of the general environment? And if forceful, can he not, therefore, act upon it? For a man to know that he can do and does not, because he thinks all affairs must follow a certain course, is fatalism. It is this that makes others who are weaker and depend upon him, hopelessly say there is no God, or else God is far off.

But the man whose memory we venerate this day was no idler in the land. The talent given him by the Father he used for the common good, reserving nothing for himself. With him, as with the old monks who first looked upon our Western valleys and rivers, "Work was Worship." How well he lived up

to his motto, these temples and halls of Notre Dame bear witness. They testify to us what firm resolve and perseverance can accomplish: the most valuable lesson that can be taught us. We therefore rightly honor this man of faith and lofty purpose—Father Edward Sorin.

—The board of examiners in a Western university lately discovered what the newspapers term an appalling state of affairs. About fifty-seven per centum of the applicants for admission failed because of an inability to spell correctly words in common use. Educators fear that this condition of things exist also in the East. Now, it is known that lately the number of marriages are decreasing. In consideration of these facts it might be well to revive that good old institution of the country school—the spelling-bee.

—Those who have witnessed the ease with which the Varsity ran up high scores in the practise games with Goshen and Englewood, have expressed wonder at the excellent condition of our team so early in the season. But for this there is a cause. The Varsity is very fortunate since it has a good second eleven to line up against. The practice that this team gives the picked men day after day, is what most helps to make the college team a unit in all its movements.

The members of the second eleven, following the splendid example given them by the coaches—who line up with them and play the hardest of any—so test the power of their opponents that no weak timber can withstand the strain. We hope the onlookers who criticise the faults of the gridiron candidates will hide their hammers. If they can not or will not try to help along athletics, they ought not discourage those who would.

The fact that a man plays on the second eleven does not indicate he is unfit for the Varsity; but, on the contrary, shows he might be there. When a coach must pick eleven men out of twenty-five, some of those not chosen, undoubtedly, are as fit as those who line up to defend the athletic reputation of their university.

So all due credit and praise to the second eleven! Later on, when games are being played, and we cheer for our men who strive, we should not forget to honor those who helped most to make them a winning team.

The Power of the Orator.

The world's history, as understood by the ordinary man, is a catalogue of battles won and lost, or a résumé of the birth and the downfall of empires. But for great and instantaneous effects the tongue is a worthy rival of the sword. Perhaps the masters of no art have achieved greater triumphs than have the famous orators in oratory. The most ignorant man of any race is within the influence of the orator. Not so great a power can be wielded by the followers of other arts. A painting by one of the great modern painters would no more inspire or move the ignorant man than would a pen-picture of a lamp-post by an amateur. In all nations the eloquence of powerful thought has roused to action the educated and the ignorant, the civilized man and the savage. The history of every country abounds with miracles wrought by the power of eloquence.

Cataline's courage weakened before the darts of Cicero's irony. While this orator lived, Rome was saved from the ravages of rebellion; but despotism ruled the city when his voice was forever silenced. In the Middle Ages the eloquence of a recluse monk roused Christianity against Mohammedanism; then began the crusades which checked the advance of the infidel. Daniel O'Connell by its power forced from an almost invincible Parliament the freedom of conscience for his countrymen. During the trial of Warren Hastings, the speech of Burke had so great an effect on his hearers that even the accused man in commenting on it said: "I looked up at the orator in a revery of wonder, and actually felt myself to be the most culpable man on earth."

The power of the orator has played no small part in forming America's greatest nation. The biographer of Patrick Henry in referring to the famous speech that enkindled American patriotism in 1775, said: "no murmur of applause followed; the effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, several members of the assembly started from their seats. The cry to arms! seemed to quiver on every lip, and glance from every eye." The series of causes and effects that followed this speech gave to the world a new nation, and to the nation a constitution which has found its equal in no other document.

When the first attempt to shatter this fruit

of American genius was made by the nullifiers of South Carolina, the trumpet-like voice of Webster defended and saved it. Thirty years later, when a second attempt to destroy the Constitution was made by the Southern states, the doctrines of Webster had so permeated the people of the North that they were ready to shed their last drop of blood to save the Union and the principles he had so ably defended.

When vast multitudes are united in one sentiment, one feeling, one voice, and one course of action by the eloquence of one man, then surely we have an art and a master whose combined power can hardly be rivalled. To wield so extraordinary an influence over the masses, the successful orator must have not only a rare combination of faculties, but he must have a capacity for hard work.

A little study of this art would convince us that there is not such a thing as an *impromptu oration*. Webster's reply to Hayne is supposed to have been the production of the moment. But it is recorded that the orator told a friend the substance of that speech was prepared long before for another and similar occasion. When suddenly called on to reply to Hayne, Webster had only to refresh his memory with his formerly prepared arguments. He said that he had only to reach out for a thunderbolt and hurl it at him. At another time this famous orator said: "No man is inspired by the occasion. I never was."

We can easily understand that the power of the orator in framing the world's history is the result of acquired genius in the true meaning of the latter word. Inherited talent, natural ability, are by no means the only and the most important aids to success in the art of oratory.

The opportunity to use the functions of the orator comes to every man that has a thought to express. Good thoughts will refuse confinement. They will seek to do the greatest good to the greatest number. But to strike the goal at which they are aimed, they must be clothed with the best expression.

"Would you wield the mighty power, the thunderbolt, of oratory?" says Matthews, "listen to the words of Salvini, the great actor, to the pupils in his art: 'Above all, study—study—study! All the genius in the world will not help you along unless you become a hard student. It has taken me years to master a single part.'"

JOHN O'CONNELL.

Notre Dame Defeats Englewood.

Englewood High School furnished another excellent practice game for the Varsity. Sixty-eight to nothing is a fair arithmetical comparison of the strength of the two elevens, and were it not for the absence of one of the High School guards we should be able to judge of the comparative strength of Chicago's eleven and our own; for earlier in the season the High School team held Stagg's men down to twenty-seven points. Our men showed a great improvement over last week's play. John Pick at quarter-back is a decided success. No man who had never played the difficult position of quarter-back before going into a game could acquit himself better than did Pick.

Farley added more laurels to his name, if there is room for any more, and played the best game of football ever seen at Notre Dame. Captain John is, undoubtedly, the best half-back in the West. That spectacular run of seventy-five yards to a touchdown was enough to arouse the enthusiasm of an Esquimaux. George Kuppler was also in the game. George has improved wonderfully in his offensive work since last season, and is just as strong as one man could be when the other side has the ball. Lins hammered the line into splinters. But Farragher at left tackle was our star performer. He gained no less than twenty yards by the time the pigskin came his way, and no one knows how many times he took it.

The ends were fast. Hayes and Sammon put down the Englewood men after a punt in their tracks. Gillen at left guard is a good man and can be counted on at any time to fill this position. One of the big surprises in wait for our men was Fortin's clever work with the ball. Winters' kicking is a great advantage to the team, and our corpulent centre appears to kick them from almost any angle.

O'Malley did some clever work both on defensive and offensive work, but he runs a little too high when he is carrying the ball. O'Malley is all right, and will make an excellent guard before the season is half over. Everyone is asking where Farley learned to kick.

For the Englewood eleven Salmen, Stough, Burkhart and Travers did the best work. Stough made a good impression on the spectators by his clever punting and clean tackles. Haskill was the best tackler for the visitors

Concerning Football.

Shakspeare has written that all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players. Experience, however, has proved that only a limited number are football players. The truth of this is well exemplified at Notre Dame. Here, we have an excellent football team, but the great majority of the students are spectators, and apathetic ones at that. We were present at the practice matches of the past few weeks, and the splendid exhibitions we witnessed evoked but scant applause. Surely we ought not to be so impassive.

An actor that does his part well on the stage is applauded by the auditors or spectators, and as it is in a theatre so should it be on the football field. We are all students of Notre Dame, receiving knowledge from the same source and animated with a common love for our University. We would like to make her great and to spread her fame abroad. This ambition is a laudable one, and among those who seek to realize it are the members of the football team. They are therefore worthy of the support and encouragement of their fellow students. But how should this support be extended? Obviously by attending the forthcoming contests, and by unstinted applause while the games are in progress.

The manner in which applause is given is a pretty sure test of the culture of those from whom it proceeds. The plaudits in a theatre are of themselves sufficient to indicate the class to which the patrons belong. Our applause usually finds expression in a college song, and just now, we are in need of a new one. Like other intellectual products a college song may be good or bad. We do not want a bad one. The name of the University is suggestive of Her who is all pure, all holy, and therefore anything that savors of the vulgar or profane is out of place. The most ardent enthusiasm may be shown without indulging in profanity.

We should seek harmony in words as well as in colors. The English vocabulary is plastic and copious, and some of the greatest minds have found it a fitting medium for their thoughts. We should adapt it to our wants. Let us try to have a song that will be clean, racy, and soul-inspiring. The man that writes such a one will deserve well of his fellows; he will awake some morning to learn that he has become famous.

P. McD., '03.

Exchanges.

"A Glance at Our Wars in the Nineteenth Century" in *St. Mary's Chimes* is a light, graceful article in which the author does not endeavor to search out the causes of the wars, but treats of them in a cursory manner. "The Poet's Vision" is an ode built around the idea that true poetic vision or inspiration lies in the contemplation of God's deeds as Christ—it contains some beautiful lines. In reviewing "As You Like It," "Crawford," and "Treasure Island," the critics have very well set forth their impressions.

There is no more ably edited college magazine coming to our review table than the *Georgetown College Journal*, but it does not possess enough of that lightness or liveliness of spirit which should characterize a college paper. We have seen better sonnets by Maurice Francis Egan than his sonnet "To a Boy in School" in the current number, yet we admire its sentiment. The introductory paper on "The Music of the Greeks," shows a wide knowledge of the subject and an interesting style. The sentence, "The praise of the gods was the inspiration of the drama and the keynote of its music," is the hinge on which the series of papers will necessarily swing. "The Ethics of Party Voting" is a careful essay, and it admits of serious thought. We who have attempted the ascent of Parnassus, or tried to coddle or cajole the Muses from one tongue into another, have but admiration for the translation of Pope Leo's latest poem.

In his song to "The Three Ages," J. L. Wolfe in *The Dial*, rises above the mediocrity of college verse. It possesses pathos and concrete imagery, two of the necessary qualities of poetry. "Sketches of Old Provides" shows no depth of characterization or cleverness of incident; but the author's peculiarity of style attracts us. The author of "A Kentucky Wedding" should have untangled a few of his Germanic sentences for the benefit of the unsophisticated. His story—if story it be—is a peculiar monster, having a large head, a small body and no tail. It hurts our sense of proportion with its three column introduction and very little story. However, "Ideals and Classics" possess many of the qualities in which "A Kentucky Wedding" are lacking. It is a clever essay, and appeals strongly to the human soul.

Personals.

—Mr. W. O. Staples of Mexico was a recent visitor at Notre Dame.

—Mr. J. M. Dwan spent a few days with his son Allan of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Joseph Thilipson of Vincennes, Ind. was here during the past week.

—Mr. J. W. Thompson of Bay City, Mich. spent Tuesday at the University.

—Mr. Thomas F. Carroll of Grand Rapids, Mich., called at the University last week.

—Mr. Herbert Isoncol visited his son Herbert of Carroll Hall during the past week.

—Mrs. M. B. Herbert, Miss L. A. Holingue and Mr. Albert Herbert of Chicago spent Sunday at the University, the guests of Mr. Martin Herbert of Corby Hall.

—Mr. Thomas Lyons and Mr. James Rowe of Sing Sing, N. Y., are spending a few days at the University with Father Luke J. Evers (A. B. '79) of St. Andrew's Church, New York City, who is paying a visit to his *Alma Mater*.

—An invitation to the marriage of Miss Catherine Wall to Mr. Leo Jacob Scherrer (B. S. '92) came to us during the week. After December the first Mr. and Mrs. Scherrer will be at home to their friends at 2800 McCosland Boulevard, East St. Louis.

—Mr. Angus Macdonald, our quarter-back of last year, has gone to Greensburg, Pa., to play the same position in the athletic club teams of Greensburg that he played here. The good wishes of Macdonald's friends at Notre Dame, and they were legion, are with him.

—James Barry (A. B. '97) was heartily welcomed last Sunday by his many friends at the University. We regret his stay with us was so short, but his duties demanded his almost immediate return to Chicago. "Jim" now helps to fill the editorial pages of one of the leading dailies in that city. His advancement in the newspaper world has been phenomenal, yet it is in keeping with his brilliant and adaptable nature. There is none who knows the genial James, but will be pleased at his latest success.

—We learn that Frank O'Shaughnessy (Law '00) is at present doing excellent campaign work among the voters of Chicago. He has taken to the stump in support of Democracy. In torrid July when most of us deemed breathing a wearisome task Frank and his brother set up a law office in Chicago. They have a practice now that lawyers who have waited much longer might envy. Those who remember the career of Frank while here will not wonder at his success. He was all that a college man should be: a diligent and clever student in the many branches he took up. So we all say the greatest possible success to you, "Shag!"

Athletic Notes.

In making the 440 yards run in 47 seconds on the Guttenburg straightaway track, Maxwell W. Long succeeded in establishing two other world records, 350 yards in $36\frac{2}{3}$ s. and 400 yards in $42\frac{1}{3}$ s.

On October 7 Dennis Horgan, who has been for eight consecutive years the Irish Amateur Champion at shot-putting, added two world records to the growing list. He put the 12 lb shot 55 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in., and the 16 lb shot 48 ft. $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. The former record had been held by G. R. Gray at 55 ft. 2 in., the latter by Horgan himself at 48 ft. 2 in.

Perseverance is necessary in order that an athlete should succeed. It takes a long time for development. In No. 82 of Spalding's "Athletic Library," E. B. Copeland, who distinguished himself as a long distance runner, has this to say: "If a man does the half in 2:05 his first season he is a phenomenon; it took me three years of conscientious work to lower 2:07." In the same pamphlet H. B. Cragin, the champion half-miler, gives this advice: "Never eat a bite within three hours of a race. Following this rule, there is little likelihood of your ever having to complain of your stomach either during or after running."

The following is a clipping from the *New York Sun*.—

NEW BRUNSWICK, Sept. 30.—At a mass meeting the students of Rutgers College subscribed about \$400 toward the expenses of the football team. Michael Daly of Notre Dame University, Indiana, has been engaged as coach. Captain Mann is confident that the eleven will make a good showing this year.

Notre Dame's two representatives in the American League of baseball players, Michael Powers and Norwood Gibson, have been reserved by their respective clubs for the next season. Powers will catch for Indianapolis; Gibson will pitch for Kansas City. While Gibson was with Cincinnati early in the season he accomplished something remarkable in the way of a pitching record. In a game that he pitched for some minor club he allowed none of the opposing batsmen to reach first base. Most of them were struck out; the others were fielded out before reaching first base.

Local Items.

—Worden and Kelly will contest with McGowan and Rebillot at chess.

—Paul to Gruza: This is a "tip" from the stable—don't make an ass out of yourself.

—The "Preps" defeated the St. Joe Specials, Sunday, in a very evenly contested game, 6-0. Farrabaugh's long run was the only spectacular play.

—Nick still retains that capillaceous growth. He says that the little crop is too sericeous to have it extruded from his face without *pronunciamento*.

—Tom's melodious voice is no longer heard within our walls: the silver-tongued orator is, evidently, stirring the multitudes with his persuasive tongue elsewhere.

—Kalupa, Sypiniewski, Scyzbowicz and Flaherty, with Cameron accompanying them on the piano, will render *Bo Cie Kocham* and *Hinchi Nyger* at their next recital.

—The Philopatrians dined last Thursday at Hotel d'Haney. The banquet was given in honor of the new members who have joined the society and are trying to make the Philopatrians of 1900 and 1901 a success.

—A meeting of the Law Class of 1901 was held in the Law room, Friday afternoon, October 5th. The following officers were elected:—President, E. P. Gallagher; Vice-President, J. Hernandez; Secretary, G. Hanhauser; Treasurer, A. Fortin; Orator, H. P. Barry; Historian, C. Yockey.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting Wednesday night and rendered the following programme: Impromptu by Mr. Offergeld; Duet by Messrs. Schavoss and Stanton; Dialogue by Messrs. Gatens and Dwan. Debate: Resolved, that the Constitution be extended to Porto Rico. Affirmative, Messrs. Foley and Buchinor; Negative, McCormick and Quinn.

—Kalupa, Gruza, Sypniewski, Hanyz, Vogt, Sullivan, Lavelle and Hamel, the celebrated octuple, will give a "récite musique" in "Frank's" concert hall. The following selections will be rendered: "Hinch i Nyger," "Wisile Chinczyka i Negra," and "Bo Cie Kocham," "The Song of the Owl" and "Pat O'Dea's First Kick."

—Somebody told Boots that he was light-headed, and Boots taking the insult as a friendly suggestion, decided to raise a heavy moustache. From present appearances the moustache does not seem to set right the failing; on the contrary, there is danger of Boots' head soaring too high in the air and severing its connections with its less stupendous foundation.

—Bill O'Connor and Shorty McGlue were strolling along the Cartier Field the other day when they came upon Mr. Billy Goat eating

up the wire fence. They watched him for some time, and then O'Connor spoke to McGlue: "Say, Mac, what do you think goats are for? Do they become affectionate like, and play with children?"

McGLUE: "Well, 'tis not the affection altogether, but the milk, you see."

O'CONNOR: "Of the Billy Goat! Ha, ha! O Mac!"

—Last Sunday a very exciting game of football was played between Holy Cross team and the Preparatories. The score was *nil* to *nil*. The game was hard fought from beginning to end, and its principal features were the hard and persistent line bucking, coupled with the dexterity with which the Preparatories held on the line. Judging from the game it seems not too much to say that Holy Cross Hall can present eleven men fit to carry off the inter-hall championship.

—Barry, Yockey, Bohner and Kuppler are well off in the world. In other words, each man's face is his fortune. But like most rich men, they are not satisfied with their wealth. Each one is trying to raise a moustache, but the investment seems to be a bad one. It is a painful sight to see these young men trying to locate the hairs on their upper lips. Mr. Yockey locates his with his tongue, while Mr. Barry has a looking-glass for the purpose. Mr. Corcoran is coaching George Kuppler's, and George Hanhauser is giving Mr. Bohner some good advice.

—"Say, Dan, did you see the story I wrote for the SCHOLASTIC?"

"No!"

"Come on up to the room and read it."

"All right."

The two proceeded to Room 64. The young author presented his guest with a "two-for" and took one himself. They became so interested in the story and the curls of smoke from the "Havanas," that they forgot it was Sunday afternoon. A friend called, however, and reminded them of the fact, and the young writer now has seventy-five notes as a foundation for a new story.

—At the beginning of the session it was unanimously agreed upon that members of Brownson Hall should have some definite mark to distinguish them from members of other halls in the University. Various suggestions were made as to what this mark would be, and it was finally resolved that no Brownsonite should raise a moustache. For some time the law remained unbroken, but finally Bill O'Connor appeared with an outrageous unshaved lip. It would be madness to imagine that a bunch of perpendicular brad-awls, the color of Staples' hat, could add anything to Bill's looks. We hope to see Bill bring those lances into use when bucking the line.

—The line-up in Saturday's game:

ENGLEWOOD.		NOTRE DAME.
Salmon,	Left End	Sammon
Travers,	Left Tackle	Farragher
Couglin,	Left Guard	Gillen
Lewis,	Centre	Winters
Boyer,	Right Guard	O'Malley
Keith,	Right Tackle	Fortin
Griffin,	Right End	Hayes
Haskill,	Quarter Back	Pick
Burkhart,	Right Half-Back	Farley
Guillen	Left Half-Back	Kuppler
Stough,	Full Back	Lins

Referee, Mullen. Umpire, Hogan. Linesmen, Fleming and Sherman. Touchdowns, Farley 4, Lins, Kuppler, Winters 2, Farragher 2, O'Malley. Time, 20 minutes halves. Subs, Stanley and Shirk for Englewood.

—The "Rough and Ready" football team of Sorin Hall was organized Saturday night. An Italian gentleman and a monkey were *organizing* in front of Sorin Hall in the morning, and the thought occurred to C. Depew Yockey to organize a football team. Mr. Yockey says that while the team is considered light in weight in the aggregate, the intention is to make up in speed what is lacking in avoirdupois. The team is composed as follows:—

Centre, A. Lincoln Ahern; Guards, Coquillard and Lavalley; Tackles, Dineen and "Georgie;" Ends, Jimmy Taylor and "Teddy;" Quarter-back, Sweeney; Full-back, "Lottie" Collins; Half-backs, Toohey and Highstone; Substitutes, Cooney and Yockey. The first game will be played with the Minims, Nov. 31st. It is hoped by Manager Yockey that his team will be in good shape by that date. He also hopes to be in shape to have a picture of the team taken after the game.

—You know one Billy Cameron from the State of Affairs, an orator of no mean ability and possessed of some of the qualities that characterized the renowned Corcoran, while sitting beneath the spacious branches of one old pine tree composed this poem by which he expects to be the immortalized poet of Bertrand; Billy, moreover, resuscitates by his composition the assertion of Mr. Kalupa, the poet laureate of Poland and author of "Bo Ci Kocham," when that distinguished man of letters said: "Billy Cameron is, indeed, a poet in the true sense of the word." I take the liberty to put before the public a few extracts from the poem. These lines will, I think, strike the public (in the solar-plexus) most forcibly. The poem is one to nature. It is, of course, only natural that a naturalized citizen with the requisites of a naturalist should write on nature. The poem begins with the time of sunrise and ends when the poet can not see; when he finishes the poem he has stumbled over the boundary line into the state of intoxication. Extracts:

Oh, becon light! ere shades of night depart
The long gray dawn, in silence, hails thee! king of day!
As in thy march so true and steady on you come,
Ere the nightingale far off has sung its lay.

Waters why always wet, and damp ne'er dry
E'en when I stroll along the beach's sand that lie
Beneath my feet on which I trample passing by
Tell me, ere I shed a tear, or sigh?

Copies of the poem can be had by sending \$3.75 in stamps to Ladislaus Czybowicz care of Slocowicz, New York City.

—The Brophy question has again been discussed by the infallible trio, McDonough, Barry, and O'Connor, and this time their good humor over the matter is very apparent. The scene is laid at the bleachers with Meyer in front walking back and forth and practising his holiday gait.

O'CONNOR (With SCHOLASTIC in hand):

Well, well, shure this is the broth of impidence.

BARRY: Phawt is id, Own?

O'CONNOR: Och, shure this poor Chinaman exile is agin makin' a full o' himsilf. Here's phawt he ses: "P. S." (manin' poor scholar, I suppose, an' faix if he wor tellin' lies since the night o' the big wind the truth has shlipped from 'im at last.) Well, he goes on nice an' aisy for a couple o' lines ontill we come to this big word—och shure I can't read id a tall, a tall, but the spellin' of id is C-e-l-t-o C-h-i-n-a-y V-o-l-o-p-ee-k—p-a-t-o-i-s. Phawt in the woruld d'ye think that manes, Pat?

McDONOUGH: Arrah, don't bother yer head about id. Go on, Own.

O'CONNOR: Next comes a column startin' wid "argentum librum," an' follyin' id are a lot o' names that he must have picked up from the labels on medicin' bottles. Farther on he goes on to say that the critics know a good dale more than nothin'—less I mane—about his lawnguage. He ses: "Awl thim kritics knows about id cud be put in a pamphlet of 3 pages, lavin' the firsht page f'r a larned introdukshun, an' the lass 2 pages f'r bicycle ads., an' what they don't no about it wud fill 71 large volumes." This is illigant proof of the P. S. theory. Now, he has been writin' this brogue that he presumes to know so well, and afther wastin' up valuable space in the SCHOLASTIC for several weeks he makes the confession that no one knows anythin' about phawt he has been writin'. All that's wantin' to this is to put the Q. E. D. afther id.

BARRY: Wisha yer'e the clever bouchal, O'Connor. More power to the grain that fed ye!

O'CONNOR: Arrah shure whin I wor shakin' me dad's hand before I left Bandon, ses he to me, "Own," ses he, "don't ever let on ye don't know nothin'." In other words, never write P. S. to phawt ye write.

McDONOUGH: I think Brophy is a Dago, an' shure if he is, maybe the poor gorsoon was never advised; or maybe the good people made away wid his sinses. Let's lave a leg on the subject.

O'CONNOR: Amen, I say to that.

BARRY: Amen.

HOBNOBBING WITH ROYALTY.

(On the q. t.—Hints from the lodge keeper. Special letter.)

They say that the duty of public speaking must be taught to our embryo sovereigns along with marbles and pea-shooters. The reason for this is evident. The faculty of public-speaking must grow with the man, for few can acquire the habit after reaching a mature age. And oratory is necessary for the man or woman that holds down the plush stool, called a throne, for they can not run the risk of a "Cherry Sister" reception without losing some of their dignity and good looks. Some rulers are bad orators, others are worse.

King Oscar of Sweden has a deep bass voice that reminds me of a he-frog whispering in a lonely pool along about midnight. His pitch is remarkable. He will talk along in a monotonous tone for a while, then suddenly he will raise his voice and "hold forth" from above, and all at once it will drop as if some one had pulled the ladder from under it. He used to be very fond of figures of rhetoric, and once employed thirteen in an address to the United Fishermen of Scandinavia. The society was pleased, and sent him so many fish that he said to his wife in despair: "Katrina, every day will be Friday by and by." She said: "Why Osk, old man, what else could you expect when you used an unlucky number." Now he "bars" all figures of rhetoric.

The German Emperor usually commences an oration by saying: "I am here to-day." Of course; where do you suppose he'd be if he wasn't there. This is only one of his idiosyncracies. He frequently loses his presence of mind. In the midst of a heated discussion he has actually been known to take a drink of water. At another time—I think it was during the Hague Conference—he said: "In Germany there is strength," probably alluding to some choice brand of cheese.

The Emperor of Austria, during most of his important speeches, especially when he wants more money, wears a smile and a clean collar. His language flows smoothly, but when he gets excited it comes in jerks like a man talking in a "Carette" while riding over cobble-stones. If he thinks he ought to be emphatic he throws his head back and bursts forth in a stream of fiery eloquence, while his long white beard slowly nods assent with every movement of his chin. (This is not sarcasm and has no allusion to *wind* or *whiskers*). He used to be a very gentle man. Once his parliament refused to increase his allowance of spending money, and he actually would not ask a second time. That was when he first began his reign. He has changed—I mean the parliament has changed. When he asks for money now they give him double to keep him in good humor and to keep their positions.

DUCK DE CLAQUER.