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Song.

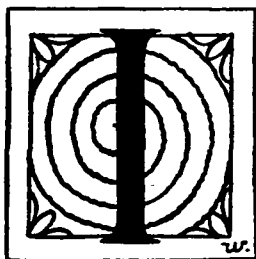
PATRICK MACDONOUGH, 1903.

If all my lips have told you
In bygone summer days
Were set in highest Heaven
Before the angels' gaze;
No line I'd seek to alter,
No word would I erase.

If at the throne of mercy
I joined the deathless throng,
And on each thought of you, dear,
My soul's salvation hung;
I'd dare a place in glory
The saints of God among.

Beatrix Esmond.

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, 1901.



IN a perfectly natural and inimitable style, Thackeray has unravelled one of the most intricate and interesting plots, and depicted a group of characters unequalled in any novel of late years, in his brilliant work, "Henry Esmond." Like "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond" has to do with the manners and customs of the English upper class, but unlike "Vanity Fair," the story is told by one who plays a leading rôle in its movements, and is thereby given greater interest.

In Thackeray's other works the same pure, unadorned style and matchless elegance of diction are to be found; but in these two works the versatility of his genius are displayed to the best advantage. Of the many well-drawn characters that move through the

scenes of "Henry Esmond" that of Beatrix is, without doubt, the most striking. The character of Thackeray himself, in the person of "Henry Esmond," is a skilful piece of character sketch, as is that of his beloved mistress, Lady Castlewood. But far above these is the strong, pulsating, life-like image of Beatrix. This character is so well done that the poor reader after he has laid aside the volume has difficulty in convincing himself that Beatrix is not an old friend. The same thing may be said of the other characters in "Henry Esmond;" but in the case of Beatrix, she has so permeated the work that we are constantly watching and thinking of her when she is not present; and Thackeray apparently never loses an opportunity of bringing her forward.

From the child's earliest years she gave evidence of becoming what she afterward became. Her intractable temper and imperious manner coupled with a voluptuousness of face and form irresistible, forboded no good to her affectionate and devoted mother. And all the years of teaching and care bestowed on the lovely girl by this kind creature had absolutely no effect. The girl was born with a determination to have her way, and she succeeded admirably, until it resulted in her undoing.

The first we see of Beatrix is when she is brought with her little brother to live at Castlewood, the home of her family for generations. At the age of four years the child displayed remarkable discerning powers and an irresistible impulse for fun. At our first sight of her we find her telling her good-natured father that Henry Esmond, who was on his knees before her mother thanking her for an assurance of protection just given him, that "Harry is saying his prayers to mamma." Beatrix also shows some heart on this occasion. When she sees Esmond who at that time was

very young, and very much embarrassed and forlorn looking in spite of himself at their appearance, she goes up to him, extends her hand for him to kiss, and then has him come with them to look at the old house.

Beatrix continues to grow in beauty and mischief until we find her a young woman of eighteen years, and a maid of honor at the queen's court. In the meantime her father, Viscount Castlewood, has been killed in a duel, and her brother has grown to young manhood and a riotous youth in Cambridge. Henry Esmond, who is passionately in love with the charming maid of honor is off in the wars. Here it is that Thackeray exposes with his delicate touch the good and bad traits in Beatrix's character. He paints her a very Venus and the admiration of the court; he makes her possessed of remarkable courage and forbearance, and of captivating wit and brilliancy; he makes her conscious of her power over men, and places her where she can exercise it for good or ill, but he gives her no heart. A woman without a heart! No more miserable creature can be imagined, and yet the other gifts of this strange girl appear to counteract that serious defect: at least so far as her state of mind is concerned. In her severest trials, in afflictions under which other women would be prostrate, she preserves a bearing and fortitude that attract admiration even from her sworn enemies.

But Beatrix is at most a disagreeable character. Ambition and an inclination to gratify her own selfish desires are the actuating motives through her whole life. As Beatrix's mother says in confidence to Esmond: "If Beatrix was engaged to an earl and a duke came along she would throw over the earl for the duke," so this poor girl's disposition precluded the very thought of love. The statement of Beatrix's mother was partly verified at this very period of her life. The fickle creature engaged herself in marriage to a young lord of great wealth, and dropped him at the last moment. Later on in her eventful life a rich and influential duke, one of the highest men in England, falls in love with the young beauty, but he is killed in a duel only a few days before the wedding was to take place. Twice a husband had hove in view and her relentless ill fate intervened. But neither of these calamities affected this heartless girl deeply; she was incensed more at her loss of a higher position. And some months after this last misfortune befell her she informed

Esmond that she was glad something had prevented the marriage. So unfeeling and persistent a creature must come to a bad end; and the beginning of Miss Beatrix's downward course came shortly when the young Prince of Wales returned to England and took up his residence at the Castlewood home. The unfortunate girl shows her hand too plainly here, and the affection Esmond had cherished for her for so many years falls, as he says, dead to the ground. After this little escapade the rest of the poor girl's existence is a series of misfortunes terminating in an untimely but not unwished for dissolution.

The story of this unfortunate girl's life is told with a delicacy of touch that is most pleasing. Her few good traits are brought out and forcibly impressed upon us at the very time that the cruel work of tearing down the beautiful fabric is in operation. We see the fantastic images of her future happiness and successes that we had formed in our own minds tumble down as did Esmond's love. To the very last we hope, and there appears reason, that the beautiful but miserable creature will reform her ways, but no; she persists and gradually fades from our vision a helpless wreck, the result of her own folly.

In comparing the character of Beatrix Esmond with that of Becky Sharp we find that they have many traits in common; and also that they are widely different in many ways. Beatrix, unlike Becky, who moved always to her own advantage, persisted in doing her mind regardless of the consequences. She had position, beauty, sufficient money to supply her needs and the uncommon blessing of warm friends. Poor Becky had none of these things, but like many other unfortunates had to depend on herself for everything. She proved equal to the task, however; something I fear Beatrix could never have done, and never once was found wanting for a suggestion to extricate herself and her indolent husband from their difficulties.

Beatrix was more of a mean between Becky Sharp and her gullible friend, Amelia. She had some of the sensitiveness that embittered poor little Amelia's existence, but she had more of Becky's indomitable will and insolence. Becky and Beatrix agreed on ambition, but Becky's course was the less honorable. Beatrix would have been an excellent opponent for Becky, and repartee between these two remarkable and well-drawn characters in a tilt of words would make interesting reading.

Varsity Verse.

TO MY PIPE.

WHEN the summer sun is sinking in the golden-
crested west,
And the evening winds are lurking in the trees,
When the birds have led their fledglings to a place
of peace and rest,
And the frogs are croaking anthems to the breeze,
Then I reach into my pocket, very deep into my pocket,
And I place my gallant corn-cob in my mouth,
And I take a puff or two—or a dozen will well do,—
As the smoke goes curling northward or to south.

It is puff, puff, puff to the music of my pipe,
Never squeaking bad complaining but so sweet,
It fills my saddening life more than fledgling or a
wife
So contentment, peace, and happiness in me meet.
When the ills of life come o'er me and I have no peace
at heart,
And my soul is torn asunder with bad fears,
When the cows are all a-dying and the grain can find
no mart,
And my family's singing war songs in my ears,
Then I resurrect my corn-cob and my old tobacco sack,
And my ills and troubles leave me to my ease,
And I wish that I were going on the steamship steaming
back.
To the lands of peace and honey o'er the seas.

It is puff, puff, puff to the music of my pipe,
Never squeaking bad complaining, but so sweet,
That it fills my saddening life more than fledgling
or a wife
So contentment, peace, and happiness in me meet.

J. J. S.

THE MODERN HORACE GREELEY.

The Kansas speaker on the stump,
With woman-suffrage blessed,
Lends wings unto her speeches with,
"Go West, young girls, go West!"

J. L. C.

THE REASON WHY.

A lady minister one Sabbath day,
Came forth the word of God to teach;
The men all left the church—they felt six days
Enough to hear a woman preach.

W. H. T.

THE GRAY DAWN.

At break of dawn when first the ray
Of faithful Sol steals 'thwart the gray
And peaceful morn, and o'er the sky
The first bright flush is passing by;
When every bough gives out a lay,
I look into the new-born day,
I watch the golden sunbeams play,
On glitt'ring dew; yet sad am I
At break of dawn.

Ah! while night's fleeting shadows die,
I watch them go and pause to sigh,
For I am sad. Now do not say
That this is gross, for often may
You wish, yourself, in bed to lie.
At break of dawn.

J. L. C.

The Widow's Colts.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

"The last call! all in! all in! going,—going—
gone! Sold to James Hustin for sixty-seven
dollars and fifty cents.—Drive the next horse
up!" shouted the auctioneer at the Widow
Holland's sale, and the next was a bay filly—
a perfect match for the one that had just
been "knocked off" to Hustin.

But Hustin was not so lucky as to find
no opposition in the bidding on this pretty
yearling. Whether Colonel Hobert had any use
for her or not it is not for me to conjecture,
but if I should, the conclusion would be, that
the Colonel and Hustin had been quietly
opposing each other in a far more important
matter to both than horse buying, and that
these two gallants were determined to contest
everything—from the widow to her live-stock.
So when the auctioneer closed this remarkable
sale, old Jim Bowls went around to the
widow's brother and exclaimed:

"Say, Dixon, what kind of breedin' is that
there bay filly what was just sold last that
Colonel Hobert should pay one hundred and
three dollars and seventy-five cents for her?"

Dixon was unable to solve the mystery
and Jim declared it was "mighty strange,"
and all the crowd agreed with him. But it
soon was publicly known that Hustin had
sought to win a second wife at the Holland
homestead, but was rejected for the Colonel;
and that unsophisticated bachelor had worn
out the patience and love of the good woman
by constantly failing to fall into the golden
threads woven by the little god.

Though he came two or three times a day
to see her, carrying away a jug of water for an
excuse, or borrowing a single-tree or hoe, or
returning something that had been borrowed,
the whole summer passed, and he had got no
further than to tell her that it was awfully
lonely "backin'" over on his place, and that
he felt more lonely when he went back to
work after seeing her. Not even when she
pinned the sweet-williams to his gingham shirt
and held her hand unnecessarily long in the
operation almost up to his lips, did he dare
to press one harmless kiss upon it, although
he would have given half the green fields that
lay before him if he could have done only
that little act. So the widow decided to sell
her property and live with her brother in a

far-away country, and the Colonel and Hustin each led his colt home from the sale and condemned the other heartily because it was simply a colt and nothing more. Of course, the sentimental part of the Colonel's entire courtship, which I have told in one brief paragraph, was not known, but enough was collected to make an excellent topic for country talk. Some of the men told it on the two, when they were together at threshing one day, and a humorous lad remarked: "He guessed that was a horse on both of them," which made the Colonel and Hustin both angry with each other, themselves and everybody else.

So things went on. Hustin managed to find enough neighbors to "swop" hands with for threshing and corn husking, without the Colonel, and the two men grew to be very distant neighbors, although their farms joined where the country road turned onto the turnpike on the south side.

It would be matter of conjecture again to say that the men had any reason for keeping those two souvenirs of the Widow Holland's sale, besides the fact that they grew to be very serviceable animals; but anyway, each colt was kept by its original purchaser. Hustin made bold enough to give his colt the widow's own name, "Dollie," and settled all argument when the appellation was referred to by the simple statement, "That it was no und's dog-goned business but his own." The Colonel was more reserved and called his colt "Pet." Dollie and Pet were both kept as luxuries on the two rival farms, and at the age of eighteen when most horses are well worn out, they still held much of their early spirit.

The Colonel soon grew tired of farm work and let his farm out, leaving nothing for himself to do but, as he said: "Sorter knock around and see to things;" while old Jim Hustin "aged mighty fast," as the neighbors said, and still the old coldness remained between them, even though the widow had been gone away for seventeen years. One cold Christmas eve, when the little country town near by was in its gayest colors for Christmas, old Hustin rode Dollie up to the hitch rock at the corner drug store; and he felt just as strong an unkind feeling toward the owner of the bay mare that dropped back her ears as he hitched his own Dollie by her side as he felt almost a score of years before when he had offered almost twice the value of the colt just to excel his rival.

As he came into the drug store Hustin heard

the Colonel say, as he stood leaning against the counter with a jug in a wheat sack thrown across his shoulder, "You can get a right smart Christmas in a gallon jug;" and right there Hustin made a mental resolution not to take a drop of liquor during the whole of Christmas time. He was tall and could be dignified even in a country drug store when he wanted to be so, so he straightened back his shoulders and walked out without recognizing the little old farmer with the jug.

When the Colonel was ready to leave town that night, he had almost as much of the "Christmas" beneath his teeth as he had in the jug, but he managed to tie the sack on behind the saddle in the dark, and surprised himself by getting his foot in the stirrup without an effort, but when he got his other foot over the horse he found himself lacking at that end.

"Blame the boys, they have been foolin' with my straps, eh?" he said, as he pulled himself into the saddle and let his feet hang with his toes just touching the stirrups. "But it don't make much matter," he went on to say, "'cause old Pet's gentle, and it ain't far home, whoa, Pet! you ain't used to a jug behind, eh? Well, blamed if it's goin' to hurt to have a little rubbed on the outside. Whoa, Pet, now; purty cold standin' I reckon, eh? Whoa, Pet, now; blame them boys!" And the bachelor pranced out of town with no more ceremony.

Hustin left town later on; he only vaguely remembered that he had heard the Colonel say something about the boys and straps as he left the hitch rock; and he himself muttered: "Blast the rascals!" as he noticed his stirrup straps were short. Then his mind set to wondering what it was that the doctor was saying about the Widow Holland, and what it was they read in the paper. He wished he had asked, but he was too much interested to do so.

Next morning the Colonel said to old Jim Bowls, when he was told that Mrs. Holland was dead: "Don't you know, I thought somethin' was mighty strange this mornin', Pet was figgity as could be when I went to hitch her up, and I never had any trouble gettin' her in the shafts before. I just couldn't hitch her in, and I had to come to church on horse-back, although I always thought it looked more respectable like to come in a buggy on Christmas."

Just then there was a noise out in the hitch

lot at the little country church and the men ran out, and could see by the early light that Jim Hustin's old mare was fighting and kicking at the horse hitched beside her to the spring wagon.

"Queer, ain't it?" said meddlesome Bowls to Hustin after they quieted the mare, "you two bought them colts of the Widow Holland most twenty years ago, and now when the widow just died yesterday, don't you know, Colonel Hobert said his old mare came blamed near killin' him this mornin' when he tried to put her in the shafts! Queer, ain't it?"

But Hustin was not talkative, and Bowls passed on to tell the tale to some one else. Just then the Colonel came up to his old rival and said, speaking slowly:

"Blamed if I don't hate it, Hustin, but I believe I got a little too much liquor yestiday, 'cause, blamed! if I don't believe I got the wrong mare from the rock last night!"

Hustin looked up quickly, and in the broad daylight saw that it was not Dollie, but Pet, that stood with her ears thrown crossly back, watching the strange horse beside of which she was hitched.

"Darned if you didn't!" he exclaimed and then added in a softening tone; "guess your saddle's down in my corncrib, might as well come over for it and take Christmas dinner with us. The girls is goin' to have a mighty nice turkey." And the two men rode off together.

Wandering Thoughts.

"A pure heart is a mirror in which the image of Almighty God is reflected.

"The value of everything is measured by its bearing on life.

"Culture aims at the best; religion attains the best.

"The more we know, the more we know how little we know.

"True education enables us to see things as they are, not as our distorted vision would present them to us.

"An educated mind seeks not its own good but that of others.

"Whatever helps to lift man above himself is a part of education.

"The mind possesses only what it has done." What would the minds of most of us sell for?

"Thought is useless unless it ends in action."

The Calm.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

The room was dark,—so dark that it was almost impossible to see the white face embedded in the still whiter pillow. Nothing was heard save when now and then a quiet sob arose. In the direction whence it came only a shimmer of light met the eye.

From outside, the low rumbling of an approaching storm entered the room. The rattling of a shutter and the almost inaudible sob alone broke the oppressive stillness.

At the foot of the bed a man's outline could be faintly discerned. He went to the window and gently opened the shutters.

A ghastly light flooded the room, revealing the face of the girl-invalid, lovely in her suffering. Beside the bed sat a woman with her head buried in her hands—motionless.

The haggard, angular face of the man told of loss of sleep; the scanty furnishings of the room spoke of poverty.

Out on the street great clouds of dust arose, increasing in size as they rolled along. The signs in front of the shops swung wildly on their creaking hinges. the sidewalks were almost deserted. One or two persons were running in search of timely shelter. The sky was heavy and black.

The man at the window fell into a reverie. He stood motionless and saw or heard nothing. All at once he looked toward the heavens. One bright spot gleamed like an angel's wing. On the street below persons began to come from their doors.

He turned toward the bed. The bright cloud lighted up the pillow and on it the face, beautiful and as motionless as marble.

The Historical and the Dramatic Cleopatra.

EDWARD T. LONG, 1900.

In history comparatively few women appear that the young and pliable can safely imitate. There are women, noble, fair, chaste; women whose merit and influence are greater than that of ten men; but the number is limited. We love women because they are our mothers; and the noble, chaste and fair woman receives as much honor and esteem as the hero of the battlefield. The cruel, heartless, unwomanly

woman is hated more than the tyrant and impostor, and the unfaithful, deceiving woman is as much despised and mistrusted as the traitor. Posterity will always love Mary of Scotland; will always hate Elizabeth; will always mistrust Cleopatra, the last of the Ptolemies, the type of the pagan woman, the enchantress of kings and emperors.

Cleopatra, the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, was born in 69 B. C. She is known as one of the beautiful women of antiquity, and history has not recorded a more accomplished person. "Her beauty," says Plutarch, "was not so passing as to be unmatchable of other women; but it derived a force from her wit and her fascinating manner which was absolutely irresistible. Her voice was delightfully melodious, and had the same variety of modulation as an instrument of many strings. She spoke most languages; and there were few ambassadors whom she answered by an interpreter. She gave audience herself to the Ethiopians, the Troglodytes, the Hebrews, Arabs, Syrians, Medes and Parthians. She could assume all characters, and the impression that was made by her beauty was confirmed by the fascinating brilliancy of her conversation."

According to the practice of the Alexandrian court, she married her elder brother, Ptolemy. Julius Cæsar was dictator of Asia then, and the young king refusing to share the kingdom with Cleopatra, she got the assistance of Cæsar. Ptolemy fell in battle. The younger son was declared king, and though but eleven years of age, he too became Cleopatra's husband. He was mysteriously done away with, and Cleopatra, now seventeen years of age, was the sole survivor of the Ptolemies, but not the queen of Egypt.

When Cæsar had conquered Ptolemy the Roman General was practically the ruler of Egypt. He came to Alexandria and remained there for some time. Cleopatra wished to use him to declare her queen of Egypt. The stratagem whereby she gained admittance to Cæsar when he was in Alexandria is strange. One of her servants wrapped her up between two mattresses and sent her as luggage to Cæsar. He received her with all kindness and the future master of Rome was conquered. He summoned the people the next day and declared Cleopatra queen of Egypt, and remained at court a long time. It was only the intense ambition of Cæsar that saved him from Cleopatra's charm. So strong was her influence over Cæsar that he forgot his duty

as a husband, his honor as a man. Cæsar always loved Cleopatra, and in after years when she visited Rome he showed her all possible honor.

Cæsar's best friend became the slave of Cleopatra; it is Mark Antony, loyal Antony, that the witch of Egypt enchanted. Antony was governor of Cilicia, and Cleopatra was one of the dependent monarchs. The action of the Egyptians had not been satisfactory, and Antony sent invitations again and again to the queen ordering her to come to him and explain the course of action. She complied. She was to meet Antony in the full glory of her beauty, at the age when beauty calls in the maturity of understanding to its aid. She was but a mere girl, young and inexperienced when she enslaved and enchanted the younger Pompey and Cæsar. Her beauty had conquered two virile Romans, and with bright hope, with greater beauty, she came into Cilicia to conquer Antony. Plutarch says of this scene and to show her powers, her witchcraft. I quote the whole passage: "She sailed along the river Cyndus in a most magnificent galley. The stern was covered with gold, the sails were purple and the oars were of silver. These in their turn kept time to the music of flutes, pipes and harps. The queen, in the dress of Venus, lay under a canopy embroidered with gold of the most exquisite workmanship, while boys like painted Cupids stood fanning her on each side of the sofa. Her maids were of the most distinguished beauty and habited like the Nereides and Graces, assisted in the steerage and conduct of the vessel. The fragrance of burning incense was diffused along the shores which were covered with multitudes of people. Some followed the procession, and such numbers went down from the city to see her that Antony was left alone on the tribunal. Antony sent to invite her to supper, but she thought it his duty to wait on her, and to show his politeness he complied. He was astonished at the magnificence of the preparations. The day following Antony feasted her, but with meagre preparations and magnificence in comparison to hers, although he tried to outdo her. She soon found out that Antony's art was of the camp rather than of the court, and she plays on him without reserve."

The fascinating princess completely conquered Antony. He forgot Fulvia; he lulled his ambition in luxuriant living, and he forfeited his claim to the empire of the world.

"Whether Antony were in a gay or serious humor, still she had something ready for his amusement. She was with him night and day; she gamed, she drank, she reviewed with him. In Athens and in Alexandria, habited as a servant, she used to accompany Antony in his nocturnal ramblings." So completely did she fascinate him that he forgot he was a Roman; and the great defender of Cæsar, once a true Roman, became a mere debauchee, a slave to the wiles of a beautiful, unfaithful and treacherous woman. Antony forgot his original purpose; for Cleopatra was so great a witch that she compelled Antony not to pursue his plan so that she might become empress of the world and that he return not to Rome, to manhood, and to honor.

Cleopatra was vain, envious, flattering and jealous. She used the men she conquered to establish a permanent line of the Ptolemies. She had used Cæsar and Pompey for this purpose, and she did the same with Antony. Fulvia and Octavia she dreaded because she feared their virtue, and especially that the beauty of the latter would deprive her of Antony. It is true Antony lived for a time with Octavia, but he could not be separated from Cleopatra, and when he sent Octavia away and returned to Cleopatra, she knew she had conquered, and then began a mode of life between them unequalled in sensuality. Antony married her because she made him do so; he could no longer escape. What she wished Antony did; and he did more foolish acts because Cleopatra made him do so than any of his years had days. She wished to be the greatest of antiquity's women, a greater ruler than any of her ancestors, and for this reason she conquered rulers and empire-seekers that they might conquer for her to enable her to be the highest head in her age.

Nowhere does the power of Cleopatra appear stronger than at the battle of Actium. Antony could have crushed Octavius if he had fought by land; but Cleopatra wished to be queen of the world, and Antony had to fight by sea. They were unsuccessful, as all know; and at the crisis of the battle Cleopatra fled and Antony followed her, thereby deserting his army, his friends, losing what manhood he had left, and his chances of an empire. All hope and chances were over for them. Antony was completely ruined and Cleopatra's chances were ruined. The battle of Actium is the only one instigated by a woman; a battle that marks a new era in civilization and prog-

ress; and which, was lost because the better general was infatuated with a beautiful and enchanting woman.

In regard to the standard of womanhood and woman's faithfulness among the Greeks and Romans Cleopatra affords a good notion of the degradation and inferiority in which she was held even by the noble people of antiquity. Cleopatra is the type of the woman of antiquity. Fair, charming and accomplished, she is loved; coquettish and enchanting, she enslaves men; unfaithful and immoral, she lives more as a man, and can give as coarse ribaldry as the rough soldier in the camp; ambitious, she wants to become greater than her ancestors, and for this reason she entraps Cæsar, Pompey and Antony, and when all had failed she tried her charms on Octavius. She is one of the few women of antiquity that dared to compete with men, the only one that sought man's honor. She used anything—her beauty, her charms, everything imaginable to conquer those men whom she hoped would make her queen of the world.

The battle of Actium was her downfall, and she wished to ruin her maddened lover. She left the field of battle and sailed back to Alexandria where they established the society of "The Companions in Death." It was all that Cleopatra could make it, and here she found out that the asp produces the easiest death. Their friends began to mistrust them, and when almost all hope was gone, Cleopatra again persuaded Antony to fight Octavius. In the meantime she had seen Octavius, but he will not be enchanted. Some are inclined to think he, too, was in love with her at first sight; but his prudence and ambition warned him of the danger, and Cleopatra soon knew her charms were but sources of amusement to him. She had been unfaithful to Antony in trying to save herself, and when she saw that Octavius was impregnable, she shut herself up in her mausoleum, and gave out that she was dead. Antony stabbed himself, and in a dying state is drawn up by cords into her tomb where he expires in the arms of Cleopatra.

After Antony's death Octavius was allowed to see her in her tomb, and Cleopatra readily saw through Octavius' gilded speech. She persuaded him that she was willing to go to Rome, and though armed guards stood around her she managed to get two asps into her room and, thereby cause her death. Her two friends, Charmian and Iras who, as many say, did the planning and plotting for Cleopatra, died with

her, and young Cæsar did not have the satisfaction of gracing his triumph with Cleopatra, queen of Egypt. She died in her thirty-ninth year and with her fell the most royal family of the Ptolemies, a family that had held the sceptre of Egypt two hundred and ninety-four years. The Roman poets speak of Cleopatra as a remarkable woman. Virgil praises her, and Horace thinks, nay it seems the underlying tone of one of his odes, that Octavius' greatest defeat is that he had been deceived and cheated by the Egyptian.

Much as we admire Plutarch's portrayal of Cleopatra, we have not the same satisfaction and delight, we do not admire, or rather fear, her so much as we do the creation of Shakspeare. Plutarch is the source of the poet's inspiration, and often the dramatist has put into verse the dramatic prose of Plutarch. Shakspeare's Cleopatra is Plutarch's idealized. Plutarch suggested and Shakspeare finished. As a beautiful woman is often recognized as the child of fairly good-looking people only by the family name, so do we recognize and judge Plutarch's and Shakspeare's Cleopatra. They are almost two entirely different creations and still they resemble each other in part.

Shakspeare, from the outset, represents Cleopatra as beguiling and enchanting Antony, and this she does throughout the play. As regards their morality we are not concerned. The poet has skilfully eliminated the idea of the moral goodness of the lovers, and has made the play one of human weakness rebelling against divine power. Antony and Cleopatra forget there is a divinity, and hence they presume, as it were, a divine and everlasting nature in their love. "No notion of guilt attaches to the conduct of Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra either in the poet's or in their own. They consciously acknowledge, and therefore transgress no law. They live in an ideal region far above the reach of a moral code, and justify their acts on the warranty of their own nature. They swear by and recognize no higher power than themselves." This is a most false position, and the poet, who can not leave crime unpunished if he wishes to produce art and reality, makes them suffer severely in the catastrophe, perhaps the most dramatic and passionate scene in the play.

Cleopatra is one of the great women of Shakspeare. She is the equal of Hermione, Cordelia, Miranda and Imogen. She is far more interesting in her love than Juliet, more charming than Isabel, more cunning and cruel

than Regan and Goneril, more real and enchanting and entertaining than any woman we shall ever hope to meet. A clever artist can make Cleopatra more real to us than the woman who may be by our side. Cleopatra is Shakspeare's deepest woman. She is his best delineation of feminine characterization. "He paints her as if the Gipsy herself had cast her spell over him and given her own witchcraft to his pencil." Throughout the play there seems to be a struggle between the Gipsy and the poet rather than between Antony and Cleopatra. The poet is more afraid of the witch's art than men ever were. So deep is the poet's delineation of her character that it will never be rightly understood.

The play is one of love against duty, and the poet must make Cleopatra so resourceful that her lover will never get tired of her company or her love. Shakspeare makes her the ideal coquette, the ideal enchantress, the ideal ambitious woman. He makes her a woman that is easily loved and one that loves at first glance. "Her love," says Hudson, "is at once romantic and sensual, blending the two extremes of imagination and appetite; she is proud, passionate, ambitious, false, revengeful; abounding in wit, talent, tact and practical sense; inscrutable in cunning; vain, capricious, wilful; generous and selfish, impulsive and deliberate; drifting before her passions and at the same time controlling them." If we can imagine all the charms and accomplishments, culture and refinement, with all possible physical grace and the most exquisite beauty existing in one person, then we have a faint notion of Shakspeare's Cleopatra.

The beauty of Cleopatra is proverbial, and Shakspeare makes her beauty and arts ideal. She must be the ideal of everything to keep Antony spell-bound. She must never allow him to become fatigued; and when Enobarbus describes her to Mæcenas we get an exquisite picture of the woman.

I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street,
And having lost her breath she spoke and panted
That she did make defect perfection
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Age can not wither her, nor rust nor stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her.

Thus we know from this description that Antony could do nothing else but love her. He could not escape her eyes, her smiles and her love no more than we can flee from the light of day. She knows her arts and practises

them without reserve: nay, she is most happy when men stoop to be conquered. She fans Antony into a passion and then immediately cools him. She is using her arts continually; she appears sad to retard her lovers going to Rome; she is so happy and gay when her last hopes are gone; she is bashful and brave—all charms has she to conquer her admirer. She is queen to Antony at all times, and consequently she is often cold, haughty and arrogant, and at other times she is coy, coquettish, adoring, and Antony never conquers. She persuades Antony to leave Fulvia and Octavia; she advises him not to go to Rome; she makes him fight her battle; she compels him to kill himself, and this she does by her charms and by her love.

Many historians and critics are inclined to believe that Cleopatra's love for Antony was superficial, and that their downfall was the logical outcome of their illegal love. History represents Antony as Cleopatra's tool, and Shakspeare is not contrary to this opinion. He represents this love of Cleopatra's as very sensual—that love which becomes at times very intense and insupportable. She is always a queen in the play and never does she forget her dignity. If she frets and worries about Antony it is because she dreads that he will not return to her if he ever leaves her. The lines beginning with

O Charmian,

Where thinkest thou he is now? Stands he or sits he?
Or does he walk? Is he on his horse?

and so on, are, I think, very suggestive of her kind of love.

Cleopatra is never uninteresting, and she never forgets that she is queen until she has found that all her charms are of no avail on Octavius. He is impregnable and will not be enchanted; but in her last moment she must conquer, and her last cry of victory is when she says to the asp at her bosom:

O couldst thou speak

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass,
Unpolicied!

and Octavius shows signs of love, or at least admiration for the woman and her beauty when over her lifeless form he resumes the history and the character of this most beautiful, rare and unfortunate woman.

Bravest at the last

She levelled at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own away....

But she looks like sleep
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

A Cameo from Life.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, 1903.

How sensitive to suggestion is the mind. I looked from the library the other day and saw a flower fluttering in a mass of blighted foliage. The scene evoked a memory that will be always dear to me.

I thought I revisited a certain street in New York. What with the ominous clouds and the railroad overhead, the gloom was funereal. The parallel rows of high houses and the narrow space between formed one huge corridor. Had it not been for a glint of white in the distance I might as well have entered the shaft-alley of an ocean steamer, or peered down the bore of a cannon.

The people were chiefly Orientals. A fez-crowned Turk smoking a chibouk leaned out from a corner window: a little nearer to the roof and he might be mistaken for a gargoyle. Dark-skinned, swarthy Greeks, and sallow, almost cadaverous Armenians ambled and gesticulated. The ubiquitous Hebrew burdened with wares, though the day was Sunday, astutely nodded to the clay complexioned Chinaman; and farther down, a few Lascars watched a Japanese fondling a scimitar.

But my vision is again arrested by that immaculate atom approaching, which has now grown larger and more distinct. How incongruous its surroundings! What strange destiny wafted a lily on to this turbid stream of humanity? Now it is obscured; again I get a glimpse of it, and finally my eyes keep trace of its varying course.

Nearer, nearer, and I discover at last that the apparition is a little girl clad in white. I increase my pace. Who knows but she might disappear at any moment into one of those sinister alleys. On, until but a few yards divide us and I can see her features distinctly. A vapory veil falls over her shoulders, and, collet-like, a chaplet of flowers encircles her fair brow. I ask myself is St. Agnes walking the earth again. In a dialect not unknown to me, a woman's voice greets her from the intervening doorway, and with an exclamation of "Mother!" she hastens to the arms extended to receive her.

I am just in time to get a glance at the pure, upturned countenance. The mother's face is radiant with joy, and as I pass, there reaches my ear the glad little story: "I received my first Holy Communion to-day."

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Reporters.

—Father Robert, C. SS. P., who has directed the students retreat during the last two years, will do so again this year. The fact needs no comment; for in itself it is the highest praise the genial Father Robert can get.

The retreat will begin Monday evening and will close Thursday morning. It is hoped that every Catholic student will make the best possible use of this time given up to our spiritual well-being, and that each one will crown his devotions by receiving Holy Communion on Thursday morning.

—Half of the bi-monthly examinations are over to-day, and beyond doubt some of our friends are in the dumps. Those who did their best during the last two months and failed for lack of a system, or because they took too much work upon themselves, deserve sympathy. When the results of the "exams" show them their weak points, they will be wise enough to strengthen those particular places.

Those who failed through indifference, or because they gave overmuch of their time to physical culture, should have no commiseration. Their first duty is to study, and if they do not so while here they may have to

give more time than is pleasant to physical development in after-life.

A failure in these first "exams," however, should discourage no one. There is a plenty of time to make up if one resolves to work from now on.

—Senator Fairbanks, accompanied by Messrs Joseph Oliver, Clem Studebaker and Congressman A. Brick, paid a visit to the University on Monday forenoon. The gentlemen dined with the principal members of the Faculty. Senator Fairbanks had to speak at South Bend, and hence he and his friends left here early in the afternoon.

The students and Faculty were also honored by a visit from Mr. Hogg, ex-Governor of Texas. Judge Howard of South Bend and Mr. Stoll, editor of the *South Bend Daily Times* were with him. We regret to say that neither Senator Fairbanks nor ex-Governor Hogg could spare the time to address the students.

—What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain—built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?

We could not help but recall Keats' lines on seeing Father Stoffel, our Professor of Greek, lead his flock on a pilgrimage to the Grotto last Sunday.

First was heard the "Aves" murmured by two long lines of surpliced boys. The prayer was taken up by their little sisters behind them, and then by the soft voices of the demure young women who followed the children. Their pious mothers helped to swell the wave of praise sent up to Mary, and which culminated in the deep voices of the men who came last, and then died out. The pilgrims wound round the college parterre, past the church and went down to Our Lady's Shrine. There, beneath the tall poplars and spreading maples they and their good pastor worshipped the Almighty Father, and paid honor to our common Mother. On the way out the pilgrims were addressed by the Rev. President of the University.

And so, after giving a beautiful exemplification of faith they went to their homes, all the happier for having done so. This is one of the pious practices that some so-called modern philosophers would take from those who through the week "Labor and are heavy laden;" and in its place they would assign the toiler the dismal occupation of eating out his own heart on a Sunday.

Cincinnati also Our Victims.

Before a throng of enthusiastic rooters and admirers decked in a gala array of colors our football heroes overwhelmingly defeated the eleven sent up from the University of Cincinnati to cope with them on last Saturday. The short time the Cincinnati boys had the pigskin in their possession gave them small opportunity to make any headway. Not once during the entire game was our goal threatened. During the second half, when the Cincinnati boys began to look a little dangerous, our fellows forced them to try a drop kick from the thirty-yard line which they missed. Many times Cincinnati strove to advance the ball into our territory, but at each attempt one or more Notre Dame men proved to be an insurmountable obstacle. The men from the Ohio institution were outclassed in nearly all the departments of the game.

Our fellows delighted the rooters by their excellent playing, and elicited from even our opponents expressions of praise. There was not a man on the eleven who did not play his game. Farley's long runs and his line bucking, and Lins' plunges through opposing line, with the tackling of Kuppler, and Sammon, make up the features of the game. Diebold's work at quarter-back was all that could be asked of him. His passes were frequently interfered with, and no more than one, and at most two fumbles, can be charged against him. Diebold's defensive work was excellent. Staudt who took Farragher's position at tackle played a very strong game. Staudt had an awfully hard man to take care of. Gilmore, Winter and the other men gave a good account of themselves.

Of the Cincinnati men Fritch, the big guard, Marsh, at left tackle, Shayer at quarter-back, and Van Morte at left half-back did some clever playing.

THE GAME.

Farley kicked forty yards to Greenbaum, and Cincinnati's end came back five. Van Cunningham and Smedley could advance the ball only four yards, and Notre Dame took possession of it. Kuppler made two yards through tackle. Fritch interfered with the ball and it was fumbled. Diebold grabbed the ball and gained ten yards. The oval was fumbled on the next play and Cincinnati got it. Smedley and Van Morte made four yards at tackle. Cunningham broke through centre

for two more, but lost a yard on the next play. Cincinnati tried a double pass, but Sammon put Smedley down for a loss of five yards. Van tried tackle, but failed to gain, and Notre Dame took the ball. Farley skirted left end for seven yards. Lins plunged through guard for four. Cincinnati lost ten yards for offside play. Fortin charged through tackle for five yards. Kuppler ran through right tackle for a touchdown. Winter kicked an easy goal. Notre Dame, 6; Cincinnati, 0.

Cunningham kicked twenty yards to Diebold who lost the ball after making seven yards. Cincinnati got the ball, but Notre Dame held for downs. Kuppler, Lins and Farley failed to make the necessary gain, and the ball went over. Farley stopped Loughry for a loss. Cunningham wiggled through tackle for three yards. Van ran into Kuppler and Notre Dame took the oval. Farley, Lins, Kuppler and Fortin carried the ball to Cincinnati's forty-yard line when they lost it on a fumble. Cincinnati failed to make five yards' gain, and the ball went to Notre Dame. Lins and Farley put the ball on the twenty-five yard line. Farley circled the end for twenty-three yards, and Lins was pushed over the line for the second touchdown. Winter missed goal. Score, 11-0.

Cunningham rolled the ball to Winter who punted it. Cincinnati pushed on for ten yards and lost the ball on a fumble. Farley took the ball on the next play and ran around left end for forty yards before he met Shayer. Lins and Kuppler hammered into the line for twenty yards. Kuppler ran over Greenbaum for six, and Farley got through guard for the third touchdown. Winter kicked goal. Notre Dame, 17; Cincinnati, 0.

The first half ended with the ball on Cincinnati's forty-five yard line. The second half consisted merely of touchdowns. Before the game ended our fellows had made seven more downs, and Winter had kicked four more goals. The final score was 36-0.

THE LINE-UP.

NOTRE DAME.		CINCINNATI
Sammon	L E	Greenbaum
Staudt	L T	Marsh
Gillen	L G	Fritch
Winter	C	Cook
O'Malley, O'Connor	R G	Rife
Fortin, Farragher	R T	Mason
Hayes	R E	Loughry
Pick	Q B	Shayer
Kuppler	L H B	Van Motre
Farley	R H B	Smedly, Bates
Lins	F B	Cunningham

Touchdowns—Kuppler, 3; Lins, 2; Farley, 2; Sammon, Farragher, Winter. Goals from touchdowns, Winter, 6. Referee, Mullen. Linesmen, Davitt and Ernham. Time-keepers, Yockey and Bates. 25 min.

The University Courts.

Although the standard of qualifications for matriculating as candidate for a degree in the Law Department has been raised to a comparatively high plane—that of collegiate standing—yet the attendance of students is steadily increasing. About 70 were enrolled in the last session of 1900, and it is not unlikely that the number may reach 75 or 80 during the current scholastic year. In the present ratio of increase there seems to be ample ground for anticipating an attendance of 100 law students at a comparatively early date. The fact seems to be generally recognized that an earnest and industrious student can learn the law as thoroughly and practically at Notre Dame as at any other law school in the country.

The trial sessions of the University courts have been changed from Saturday afternoons to all day sessions on one or two Thursdays of each month. This arrangement will obviate interruptions and insure a more congenial atmosphere for court work. Furthermore, it will add two recitations to the already large number of working hours that students have weekly in class.

The Law Room has been greatly improved in appearance, new desks and chairs having been placed in it, numerous interesting and valuable pictures hung upon the walls and becoming stands arranged for the varied plants and flowers to be kept there during the fall and winter. There is probably nowhere in the country a more comfortable, cheerful, well-lighted and attractive lecture room.

The Law Library is well supplied with the current reports and text-books, and admirably meets the needs of students in the original work assigned to them. For example, in addition to class recitations and court work, each student is required to write a monthly thesis of at least ten or twelve pages of legal cap. Moreover, he must answer in writing a daily average of from three to five of the more difficult questions to be found in the different subdivisions of the law. Following are the courts of the University and the names of those who have been appointed officers of the same:

MOOT-COURT.

Hon. William Hoynes, Judge; George A. McGee, Clerk; Frederick A. Meyer, Assistant Clerk; William A. McInerney, Prosecuting

Attorney; Clement C. Mitchell, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney; Albert C. Fortin, Sheriff; Edward D. Collins, Deputy Sheriff; George W. Kuppler, Coroner; William F. Dinnen, Assistant Coroner; J. Clyde Locke and John B. Pick, Jury Commissioners; Chauncey W. Yockey, Referee; John C. McCaughren, Assistant Referee; John W. Eggeman, Commissioner; Francis B. Cornell, Assistant Commissioner; Sedgwick F. Highstone, Notary Public; John J. Cooney, Recorder; Leo Cleary, Assistant Recorder; Harry P. Barry and John P. Curry, Reporters.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Hon. William Hoynes, Chancellor; Thomas O'Meara, Clerk; Timothy Crimmins, Assistant Clerk; John C. Lavell, Deputy Sheriff; Edward J. Gallagher, Master in Chancery; Matthew J. Donahoe, Assistant Master in Chancery; Philip O'Neill, Notary Public; George J. Hanhauser and Victor Hilding, Reporters.

JUSTICE'S COURT.

P. J. Corcoran, Justice of the Peace; Oscar Lippman, Clerk; John T. McGowan, Constable.

SUPREME COURT.

Hon. Timothy E. Howard, Hon. Lucius Hubbard and Hon. William Hoynes, Judges; Wm. P. Glasheen, Clerk; George H. Kelly, Assistant Clerk; Jose Hernandez, Reporter.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

Hon. Abraham L. Brick, Circuit Judge; Hon. Arthur L. Hubbard, District Judge; Wm. E. Baldwin, Clerk; John L. Corley, Assistant Clerk; George H. Bohner, United States District Attorney; Peter McElligott, Assistant United States District Attorney; James McWeeney, United States Marshal; Joseph C. Kinney, Assistant United States Marshal.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER'S COURT.

Patrick J. O'Dea, Commissioner; Victor Hilding, Assistant; Wm. H. Cameron, Clerk; Jos. J. Sullivan, Assistant United States Marshal.

GRAND JURY.

Peter J. McNamara, James McNerny, George F. Zeigler, Francis P. Burke, Alex J. Gibbons, Joseph E. Murphy.

PETIT JURORS.

Harold Davitt, John W. Dubbs, Max H. Fleischer, Wm. P. Higgins, Frank B. Hughes, Simon Jennings, Vitus G. Jones, Joseph W. Kenney, Hugh S. McGinley, Francis B. McWeeney, Charles E. Mulligan, Ernest J. Olde, Edward F. Quigley, Raymond V. Stephan, Earl W. Whaley and Frank M. Winter.

Exchanges.

"The Last Token" in the *Purdue Exponent* is a strange tale which seems too realistic to be true. But life is made of strange truths. This week's issue is clever and full of scientific data. We think, however, that the interspersing of advertisements with the subject material takes from the appearance of the paper.

The *Sacred Heart Collegian* for October is an interesting number and it possesses one piece of verse which is especially good. We quote the last stanza:

At twilight, midnight—or soon, or late,—
We sink from this brief night here;
But no one will gaze for a while and wait
To see if we reappear.

A first rule of criticism is not to write on a subject you know nothing of. The author of "Dub's Story" in the *Amherst Monthly* sins strongly against this first rule. His story has feeling and interest, but his treatment of Harmon Pontmercy and the confessional shows an utter want of knowledge on the last-named subject. In one year and eight months he turns a dissipated, frivolous art student with no knowledge of philosophy or theology into a Catholic priest, and then makes him do things no white man would think of doing. Ignorance may be bliss, but assuming negative knowledge for positive is not wisdom. In the same magazine Hygiene is treated in a clever satirical manner—the author has a strong sense of the humorous which he uses well.

The current *Xavier* comes up to its old standard of perfection possessing many good articles and others not so good. If the writer who treats logic as "A Lost Art" had discovered it in the treatment of his subject we would bow to his superior knowledge. "A Diary of Other Days" is an interesting appreciative paper on that peculiar historic character, Pepys. The paper is short, but it has a sympathetic flow and a true touch. In the verse on "The Death of Summer" we meet with some old truths which prehistoric man was cognizant of as the "babbling brooks" and "the distant, mournful tinkling cattle bells." However, we find some interesting and instructive material in two articles—the one on the "Greek Theatre and Its Mechanical Apparatus," the other "The Audience at a Greek Play."

J. J. S.

Athletic Notes.

Cornelius Vanderbilt could scarcely have done anything that would have given him a wider and better reputation among lovers of fair and honest sport than that which has recently brought his name prominently into the columns of the daily press. His action in refusing to accept a prize which his yacht, *The Rainbow*, won while racing contrary to rules through no fault of his, was quite unexpected. Because the error had not been noticed and protest not made within the proper time, no one could deny him the right to the prize. This as well as others won under like conditions he has decided not to accept or retain. In a spirit of true sportmanship he takes this stand, even though not obliged to. He will not be the loser, however; he gains more than he could have ever lost.

It not unfrequently happens that the one to whom victory has been conceded by the judges may have occasion to act as graciously as Mr. Vanderbilt has done. It might even be an unwise thing to act differently; undeserved laurels will never make numerous the admirers of those who wear them.

It seems now that the Olympian games, revived four years ago at Athens, are to be held annually instead of every four years. This is partially due to the fact that international athletic contests at the World's Fair in Paris last summer were of such general interest that various continental countries—Austria, Germany, Switzerland and Sweden, besides England—were desirous of being chosen sponsor for games to be held in the year 1901. It is now stated that J. D. Sullivan, Caspar Whitney, and F. P. Ellis have the matter in charge, and are making arrangements for having the games held at Buffalo during the Pan-American Exposition. Americans are naturally leaders in this respect, and no doubt can conduct the international athletic contests with more general satisfaction than did the Parisians a few months ago.

According to rumors it is not unlikely that the Western Indoor Athletic Meet of the A. A. U., next March, will be held in Chicago at the Coliseum instead of in Milwaukee. The Coliseum will afford special advantages for breaking indoor records.

Local Items.

—Lost.—A bunch of keys. Finder, please return to A. Richon, Brownson Hall.

—Lost.—Keys in class-room. Please return to G. Corquera, Room 6 Corby Hall.

—We are informed that a marble trust has been formed. Marble hearts will be scarce from now on.

—Always consider before you go with the majority. Where would we be if Noah went with the majority?

—Sunday the "King of the Valedoors expects to break all records established by that most illustrious 'Archibald.'"

—Manager Clarke, of the "Preps'" football team, is trying to arrange a game with the M. T. H. S. or I. H. S. of Indianapolis.

—Another curiosity has been added to the collection in the museum. It is the gun with which "Big John" popped the question.

—Van Dyke's team defeated the Morgan Park Juniors of South Bend Sunday by a score of 34-0. Van Sant's goal from the field was a clever piece of work.

—The Foghorn Triplets—Rye Lee, Matt I. Sire, and S. T. Itch,—will introduce within the next few days, their latest spasm entitled—"Word from Home," or "That Rambling Highway Man."

—The question for debate before the Parliamentary Society Wednesday was: Resolved, That Imperialism is the Paramount issue of the present campaign. Messrs. Hayes, Baldwin, Ahern and Long upheld the affirmative. Messrs. Sullivan, Barry, Gilbert, and Tierney upheld the negative. The assembly decided in favor of the affirmative.

—The Hubs of South Bend were separated by Riley's team Sunday, by a score of 23-0. Although the South Benders were much heavier than the Carroll Hall boys, the latter team made large gains through the line and around the ends. Riley, Dierssen, Strong and Bescher for the Carrollites, and Fish, McCormick and Kilding for the Hubs, played the best game.

—Last Sunday Vilaro's team defeated the Carroll Hall aggregation under the captaincy of McDermott by the close score of ten to six. The feature of the game was the playing of G. Madero, D. Madero, J. Rangel and the two Rayneris for the opposing side; Rush, McDermott and Effredel showed ability for playing football. Hubbell officiated as umpire and Farabaugh as referee.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting and in absence of a first Vice-President, elected Mr. McCormick. Mr. Talcott was elected Critic. The following programme was rendered: Impromptus by Messrs. Dolan and Van Sant; Violin solos by Messrs. Werton and

Martin; Declamations by Messrs. Price and Van Vulkenberg. Debate: Resolved, That iron is more beneficial to mankind than gold. Affirmative, Messrs. Wagner and Knott; negative, Messrs. Green and Locke. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

—There is a treat in store for wonder-seekers if "Dad" Moulton can be induced to have his three dogs "do their turn" in some place where those who so desire may have a chance to see them perform. They certainly show remarkable skill, and give evidence of very careful and patient training. Those who have seen them do some of their tricks say that they would afford even the most sedate a full half hour of genuine entertainment. It would be a mistake to let the matter go by without affording the students a chance to see the wonderful things they can do. Bing-Bing, the hairless Mexican, is a marvel.

—Our weather man, Cloud Burst, handed us a riddle the other day and requested us to solve it. He offered as a reward, three quarters of an unchewed sample plug of prune juice, and the munificent sum of two bits. After due deliberation we decided to win the unchewed sample of prune juice, not so much for our sake as for the sake of our many friends who are continually on the lookout for such a commodity. For a week we scratched our foreheads, pulled our curly locks and swore, but the riddle remained a riddle. During that time our appetites deserted us, ditto our friends, our money and our tempers, and all on account of a riddle. There is still one hope left for us. Our subscribers may be able to solve it. Thus we publish it below for their benefit, with the hope of success beating high beneath our manly unchecked shirt bosoms. As to the reward, we make this offer. The two bits we intend to expend in pushing a bill through Congress condemning riddles as unlawful and illegal; the unchewed sample plug is to be divided equally—one half going to the person solving the riddle, the other half going to the Old Soldiers' Home at Xenia.

Riddle: Last Monday morning the weather was of the sort that makes men feel glad they are on earth. In the afternoon "Dixie" Pete cast his straw hat into oblivion and put on a broad smile and a new cap. Soon after this the air commences to get chilly. The same evening a severe thunder and lightning storm, and "Mike Daly" hit the University. Tuesday we enjoy a cold wave and a run on the overcoats. Find out who or what is responsible for the cold wave—"Dixie," the straw hat, the storm or "Mike," and why?

—DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I am a seeker after knowledge. This may be startling news to you, but, nevertheless, it is a fact. I can't help it, but sometimes I grow so hungry and thirsty after knowledge that I am dangerous. I feel

hungry now, but not dangerous. That's the reason I write you these few lines. Reports have it that last year this hall (Brownson) was the happy possessor of a man who could, in a few minutes, give you more information on any subject under, in, around, or about the sun than all the encyclopedias and professors in the world combined could impart to you in a century. Mr. Editor, I want to meet this man. Therefore, I ask you to kindly discover his whereabouts and inform me of the same.

Yours interrogatively, B. C. Murphy.

B. C. M.:—After several moments of deliberation with myself I have at last come to the conclusion that the person you refer to is none other than the great Judge Cooney. I am glad to state that all reports you have heard about him are true. The Judge is an orator, sage, poet, football player, essayist,

scientist, sport, and golf enthusiast all done up in one. Yea, he is even more than that, he is a lawyer and an honest man. He is, however, a hard man to become acquainted with. It is almost impossible to catch him away from his studies. Therefore, I advise you to content yourself with his picture, enclosed herewith, which I cut out of the Woodstock Agricultural News' issue of April. Whenever you feel that thirst or hunger after knowledge bothering you, take one good long gaze at his picture and you will be satisfied. I also enclose a copy of his famous speech delivered before the students of Brownson Hall last year. It was in this speech he uttered those remarkable words (which shall ever thunder down the bowling alley of time): "I am a gentleman for a' that." Hoping this will prove satisfactory,

Yours,

[Ed.]

Students Registered for the Fall Examinations, October 27-29.

SORIN HALL.

Eugene T. Ahern, Victor M. Arana, Harry P. Barry, George H. Bohner, Henry E. Brown, Anthony J. Brogan, George W. Burkitt, William E. Baldwin, Patrick J. Corcoran, Francis B. Cornell, Alexis P. Coquillard, Daniel E. Collins, George A. Cypher, Daniel L. Culkin, Leo Cleary, John J. Cooney, Joseph R. Carlton, John P. Curry, William M. Campbell, Timothy Crimmins, Clarence J. Diebold, William F. Dinnen, Thomas F. Dwyer, Matthew J. Donahoe, Francis F. Dukette, Louis M. Frawley, Albert C. Fortin, Robert L. Fox, Joseph A. Fahey, Jose M. Falomir, Alexander J. Gibbons, Edward J. Gilbert, Francisco G. Gaston, Edward P. Gallagher, Rodolfa M. Garza, Marcelino L. Garza, Enrique L. Guerra, Edward F. Hay, Robert E. Hanley, Seigfred Highstone, John P. Hayes, Jose Hernandez, George J. Hanhauser, Vitus G. Jones, Albert Kachur, James F. Kearney, Robert A. Krost, Joseph C. Kinney, Albert L. Krug, D. Webster Lynch, John C. Lavelle, George J. Lins, John M. Lilly, John I. Mullen, John E. Maloney, Natt McDougall, George A. McGee, Francis H. McKeever, John C. McCoughern, William E. Nolan, William J. O'Connor, Francis B. O'Brien, Patrick O'Dea, Dominic K. O'Malley, Francis O'Hara, John P. O'Hara, Patrick W. O'Grady, Thomas F. O'Mara, Philip B. O'Neill, John B. Pick, J. Fred Powers, Alex J. Pancratz, Francis J. Petritz, Edward A. Rumely, Eugenio P. A. Rayneri, Virgilio N. Rayneri, Raymond V. Stephan, Robert J. Sweeney, Joseph J. Sullivan, William A. Shea, Joseph L. Toohey, James G. Taylor, Earl B. Warder, Vincent B. Welker, Ralph M. Wilson, Orrin A. White, Louis A. Wrangler, Philip J. Weiss, Jr., Chauncey W. Yockey.

CORBY HALL.

John J. Abercrombie, Arthur J. Barry, John J. Bouza, August J. Brown, James F. Bradley, Louis E. Best, Arthur C. Best, Claude W. Bandy, Francis C. Brent, Claude M. Buckler, Julius A. Buckler, Maurice J. Cooney, Jos. A. Clyne, Xavier L. Corcuera, Ignacio Canedo, Vincent Corbett, Walter Coolidge, Harold Davitt, Louis DeLone, James Duggan, Neal Dempsey, Davila DuBrul, Walter Dale, Max H. Fleischer, Henry S. Fink, Manuel M. Gomez, Maximo Garcia, Samuel Guerra, Francis J. Gilmartin, Alberto Guillen, Edward P. Graham, Ralph L. Glynn, Rafael Hernandez, Martin B. Herbert, Arthur T. Hayes, Wm. P. Higgins, Lorenzo Hubbell, Adolph W. Jung, Alfred Dunlevy Kelly, Fred J. Kasper, Robert A. Kasper, Lester J. Keefe, John J. Loughran, Lynn Hastings Lyle, Gilbert F. McCullough, George J. McCambridge, James H. McNeerney, Charles E. Mattix, Joseph E. Murphy, George T. Moxley, Ignacio Muriel,

James E. Morgan, William H. N. Maher, William M. Moran, William A. Moore, Charles J. Mulcrone, Charles E. Mulligan, Thomas E. Noonan, John J. Neeson, J. Michael O'Brien, Edward Leo O'Brien, Charles J. O'Connor, Justo A. Pastor, Thomas W. Parker, Miguel Rul, William J. Ryan, Albert J. Ross, Carlos M. Seidel, Alfred D. Schaab, Edward C. Smith, Francis J. Sturla, George H. Sauer, Allen H. Shea, Charles V. Sherlock, James H. Sisk, Edwardo M. Stahlknecht, Walter J. Thomson, Juan Vilaro, Harry M. Wolf, Edward C. Wolf, Francis W. Winter, Francis M. Winter, Ignacio Ypina, George F. Ziegler.

BROWNSON HALL.

Augustin J. Abadia, Jacob S. Askanas, Louis M. Antoine, Arnold S. Althoff, Arthur S. Blakeslee, Francis J. Barry, Ysidro Soler Brunnet, Charles A. Benson, John F. Byrnes, Philip V. Butler, Francis J. Bergan, Joseph A. Casey, Albert Corbidge, Philip Crosas, Joseph J. Cullinan, Enrique O. Canedo, Thomas H. Cox, Louis J. Carey, Charles M. Church, John D. Carmody, Charles Carroll, Clarence B. Conlon, Charles J. Cullinan, Neil P. Conway, Harry V. Crumley, F. Javier Celis, Dominic Cannon, Leo G. Dwan, Bert Davey, Frank P. Davey, Walter M. Daly, Thomas L. K. Donnelly, J. Francis Dinnen, Thomas F. Dwyer, James L. Dunne, Howard S. Despina, Francis P. Dorian, Michael D. Eagan, Benjamin R. Enriguez, Ritchie J. Emerson, Bernardo I. Fernandez, John Farragher, James Farragher, Louis M. Fetherston, Joseph D. Feeney, Oscar A. Fox, Edgar P. Fake, Frederico L. Gallastequi, Rafael Gali, Walter J. Gearin, Francis O. Gaukler, James J. Geraghty, Dominic J. Groogan, Francis J. Griffin, George E. Gormley, William P. Glasheen, William C. Gulde, Charles I. Gillen, Stephen J. Hays, Fred A. Hauser, Harry P. Hines, Harry G. Hogan, George L. Halpin, John J. Harrington, George L. Herbert, Victor Holding, John F. Hennebry, Charles R. Hommon, Albert B. Hunter, John B. Hoffman, Adolph J. Hake, Alphonse P. Ill, Samuel Jennings, Edward W. Joyce, Asher M. Jennings, Charles P. Kahler, Charles J. Keating, Byron V. Kanaley, John G. Knell, Francis H. Kotte, George W. Kuppler, George H. Kelly, Harley E. Kirby, Leo J. Kelly, John R. Kelly, William J. Kinsella, Charles E. King, Philip Lindemann, William P. Larkin, Oscar Lippman, Ignacio F. Lomelin, John K. Leonard, J. Clyde Locke, Joseph E. Marrinan, Chas. J. Moon, Wm. E. Maloney, Ed. J. Mulligan, Clement C. Mitchell, Wm. T. Miller, Fred W. Meyer, Woodbury W. Magie, Daniel L. Murphy, De Forrest A. Matteson, Henry J. McGlew, Charles S. McCracken, Peter J. McNamara, John H. McCarthy, Hugh S. McGinley, James L. McWeeny, Francis B. McWeeny, Grover C. McGillis, William T.

McNamara, John A. McConachie, Harry C. McAdams, Patrick J. McDonough, William A. McInerney, Peter P. McElligot, John A. McAuley, Milo J. McAuley, Francis R. McNulty, Eugene J. North, Patrick J. O'Mahoney, Daniel E. O'Shea, William J. M. O'Connor, Ernest J. Olde, Luke G. O'Reilly, Joseph P. O'Reilly, Eugene J. O'Connor, John L. Putnam, Marion J. Parker, Edward F. Quigley, Roberto Revilla, Gerald J. Rafter, Alfred H. Rulman, Alfred J. Richon, Jesus Rangel, Enrique E. Ruiz, William H. Reihing, William L. Riley, Francisco Rincon, Clement L. Staudt, Fred G. Schoonover, George F. Stich, Michael A. Streit, Andrew J. Snider, Charles J. Schmidt, Fred J. Schmidt, Leonard F. Smith, Arthur E. Steiner, Thomas P. J. Stanford, E. Douglas Staples, Henry C. Schmidt, Louis C. Saarosy, John P. Shea, Wm. T. Siewertsen, Geronimo Soler, Francis A. Smoger, Louis J. Salmon, Arturo P. Toranzo, Henry J. Thielman, Manuel Uribe, Burrell A. Van Curen, James A. Van Dyke, Julius C. Walsh, Earl E. Whaley, Edward C. Wurzer, Emil J. Wilken, Allen B. Weber, Judson J. Wenrick, Harry W. Zolper.

CARROLL HALL.

Walter O. Birk, Hostillo N. Boscowitz, Rolland T. Blakeslee, Anthony M. Bassi, Robert H. Bescher, Harry P. Brand, Eustacio C. de Baca, Michael Byron, Augustine Bassave, Walter E. Bauman, Anthony J. Burger, Herbert M. Beechinor, Kenneth E. Casparis, James H. Corbridge, Walter J. Corbridge, Lawrence W. Crane, Charles H. Connor, Robert R. Clarke, Luis R. Creel, Carlyle R. Carr, Clarence C. Cary, Howard C. Cary, Arthur A. Cullen, Fred J. Clifford, John C. Campbell, Michael J. Crowley, Joseph A. Coquillard, Aloysius J. Dwan, Arthur E. Dumanois, James J. Deasey, Grover C. Davis, Arthur A. Dierssen, Victor W. Defrees, Leroy B. Dolan, Charles E. Dunham, John B. Ervin, Shirley J. Fleming, Gallitzen Farabaugh, Oscar F. Fleischer, John H. Fogarty, Charles M. Freyman, Frank T. Foley, Fred R. Fack, John H. Gibson, William K. Gibson, Raymond S. Gatens, Edward I. Gately, Thomas W. Graham, Hubert A. Geraghty, Erie J. Green, James W. Glaspie, Harry J. Hemmerich, Lawrence A. Hart, G. Carlton Harwood, Charles E. Haney, Daniel J. Hartnett, August J. Hackman, Francis B. Hughes, Albert S. Hoff, George H. Hanford, Melford H. Johnson, Raymond Jennings, Henry Knott, Albert A. Kotte, Francis P. Kasper, Clarence J. Kennedy, Richard Kolch, Dalton L. Kinsella, Francis A. Kellner, Jasper H. Lawton, Walter N. Langknecht, Joseph T. Lantry, Carl A. Laux, Lawrence H. Luken, Sylvester B. Lahey, Paul I. Lyman, James F. Murphy, Jorge Munoz, Paul R. Martin, Ernest Marker, George A. Moody, Benedict F. Medley, Daniel H. Madero, Benjamin Madero, Julio E. Madero, Gabriel J. Madero, Jose Muriel, Robert D. Murphy, Joseph A. McCarthy, John McWeeny, Edward W. McDermott, John F. McCarthy, Alex W. McFarland, Washington J. McCormick, Wm. R. McNeil, John J. McGarrell, Cassius M. McDonald, Roy M. McAlpine, Wm. A. McLean, Frank J. McMahon, Paul H. McBride, James O'Donnell, Edward A. Opfergelt, Francis Pryor, Ross D. Porter, Wm. M. Pollitz, Frank J. Phillip, George P. Phillip, Robert J. Price, Francis C. Peery, John D. Quinn, John M. Quinlan, James J. Quinlan, Herbert Rindskopf, John A. Rhodes, Herman C. Reichardt, Charles E. Rush, R. Stewart Riley, Donald S. Rabb, Charles A. Rejch, Theodore A. Rejch, Louis H. Rockstroh, Thomas W. Simms, Francis R. Sweeney, Walter A. Stevens, Weyman P. Staples, Grover D. Strong, Fernando Serafin, Arthur G. Strassheim, Edward H. Schwab, Robert E. Stanton, Edgar J. Sinnott, Albert L. Swan, Herbert G. Schaus, George L. Shaw, Henry C. Strauss, Charles J. Sheekey, Burt W. Thorp, Harrison W. Talcott, Rodney D. Talcott, Louis J. Tansey, Stephen A. Trentman, Bryan M. Taylor, Walter G. Tuohy, Julio J. Usera, George H. Uckotter, Ralph N. Van Sant, Leport R. Van Sant, Octavio de la Vega, Joseph B. Van Valkenburgh, Francis G. Van Dyke, Louis E. Wagner, Fritz M. Weidman, Griffith J. Williams, John J. E. Wertin, Walter D. Weber, John A. Willard, Aloysius L. Winter, August Winter, Wm. J. Winter, Geo. A. Wilde, Chas. Winter, Edward Winkler.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

C. J. Anderson, Don M. Brooks, Alvah C. Bosworth, John T. Bassi, Francis E. Baude, John Francis Berteling, Bona Ventura Cuesta, Ramon Cuesta, Cassius H. Connolly, Grover F. Casey, Eduardo Creel, Charles A. Cary, Irving B. Chittenden, Antoine Cartier, Clarence J. Crane, James E. Crane, Leslie R. Calligan, Huntington St. C. Conover, Henry O. Downer, Henry D. Donahoe, Simon R. Dee, William T. Dee, William Eiffert, C. Delos Fergus, Jose P. Gallart, Robert J. Graham, Wm. F. Gasman, John J. Garrigan, Wells Eldredge Goodhue, Louis E. Hoffman, Benj. H. Houser, Francis Hoffman, Arthur I. Johnson, Leon Knight, Edward A. Kelly, Chas. J. Kelley, William H. Kasper, John J. Lynch, Kenyon W. Mix, Bernard J. Mulligan, Joaquin H. Medrano, Raul M. H. Madero, Charles E. Miles, Harold A. Munson, Edward L. Mooney, Porter W. Munson, Edwin J. McDowd, Francis F. McIver, James S. McIver, Robert J. McGill, Clarence J. McFarland, William A. McBride, John L. McBride, Thomas J. McFadden, Charles H. Paxton, Edward L. Rousseau, Harold R. Rempe, George A. Rempe, Drummond F. Randle, Leo C. Robinson, Wilson H. Robbins, Hugh C. Ratchford, Pablo Ricalo, Wm. H. Rudolph, Marshall K. Rudolph, Reuben J. Ross, Herbert A. Spengler, Frank E. Spengler, Farnklin Stafford, Claire E. Schonlau, Gerald Seymour, Thos. J. Smithwick, George T. Scheid, John H. Sullivan, Pedro Soler, Mervil W. Staples, Franklin E. Sabin, Edward O. Von Herbulis, Albert O. Von Herbulis, Otto O. Von Herbulis, Everett C. Van Zandt, Alfonso de la Vega, Carol Von Phul, Harold P. Van Dyke, James Allen Woods, Homer S. Warren, J. Lambert Weist, John Young.

HOLY CROSS HALL.

August J. Blume, Joseph H. Burke, Eugene P. Burke, Thomas C. Burke, Timothy Crowley, Wendall M. Corcoran, William C. Cunningham, Emil P. De Wulf, Ernest A. Davis, Joseph A. Dempsey, Herbert J. Dooner, Arthur J. Devereaux, Charles L. Euart, William J. Egan, George B. Fredell, Edwin J. Fredell, John F. Farley, Charles R. Finner, Edward P. Finnegan, Marcellinus K. Gorski, James J. Gallagan, James C. Graham, Wm. H. Garrity, Leo J. Heiser, John J. Hennessy, Vincent P. Henehan, George F. Horwarth, Cornelius J. Hagerty, Fred X. Hock, Thomas P. Irving, Joseph P. Kelleher, Louis M. Kelly, Cornelius J. Kearin, Micicislaus F. Lzalewski, Walter H. Lavin, William S. Lavin, George J. Marr, Timothy R. Murphy, Charles A. Mullally, James C. Mannion, William M. Moloney, Aloysius S. Mager, Fred McKeon, Jeremiah J. McCarthy, Hugh B. McCawley, John C. McGinn, John J. O'Connell, Charles L. O'Donnell, William C. O'Brien, Walter J. O'Donnell, Matthias J. Oswald, Stanislaus C. Pienta, William Quinn, John R. Ryan, Raymond J. Sutton, John J. Scheuren, Joseph J. Sztuczko, Anthony J. Sauter, Francis C. Schwab, Wm. H. Tierney, Matthew J. Walsh, William M. Wimberg, Thomas J. Welch, Leo N. Walsh, Thomas J. Wright, Francis X. Zerhusen, Francis S. Zipperer.

ST. JOSEPH'S HALL.

Edward P. Brown, Francis P. Burke, James J. Corbett, John L. Corley, Daniel W. Casey, William H. Cameron, James T. Crotty, William A. Draper, William J. Dames, John W. Dubbs, Patrick Durcan, Alfred G. Delker, Nicholas R. Furlong, George F. Foertsch, Paul I. Flynn, Edward M. Flaherty, Stanislaus A. Gruza, Leo C. Gainor, Stanislaus Gorska, William Hamel, Martin S. Hanyz, John Harte, William H. Halloran, Joseph M. Jenkins, Francis A. X. Jaerger, Joseph W. Kenney, John R. Kelly, Ladislaus A. Kolupa, John J. Lavelle, Thomas D. Lyons, Robert E. Lynch, Thomas E. Madden, John F. Murphy, David J. Molumph, yWalter M. Malamphy, John T. McGowan, Geo. I. O'Connor, Daniel J. O'Connor, John P. O'Shea, James J. O'Neill, John I. O'Phelan, John A. Rigney, Hubert R. Robert, Paul F. Rebillot, Michael J. Sullivan, Thomas J. Swantz, Stanislaus A. Sypniewski, James J. Sherry, Leo P. Szybowicz, Thomas A. Toner, Leo P. Van Rie, Frank P. Voght, John Worden, Glen W. Warrell, Harry J. Zeiger.