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## The Sestina of Pan.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

O GOD of forest dense and rugged hills,  
While Boreas roars deep-voicéd still and wild,  
By Æolus slipped loose, he eager fills  
The quiet meadowlands of Chlora mild  
With trembling fear in thy once happy haunts  
Where lost loved Echo whispered playful taunts.

Now while he wages war of north wind wild,  
O'er woodland stript and naked plains and hills,  
I'll sing, O Pan, of times the autumn mild  
Was fair to me; for now its coming taunts  
My soul, and brings a longing for the haunts  
Of old, which left the void that sorrow fills.

O'er graceful sloping fields and brown-clad hills  
We strolled, and paused among the grapevines wild,  
That climb the walnut where the squirrel fills  
His winter store; there came the perfumes mild—  
As dying summer sent reproachful taunts  
'Gainst autumn's tread—where wan lone aster haunts.

The autumn sun sank o'er the gold-tipped hills,  
And evening shadows filled the woodland haunts,  
Like memory fresh born again that taunts  
A peaceful mind. I see it all, and sadness fills  
My very soul—for phantoms dark and wild  
Swept o'er as on her quiet features mild,

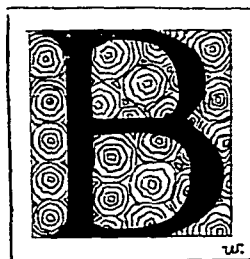
I saw the shadow of the hand that fills  
Yond sodded mounds; I read Death's mocking taunt  
In every line of that sweet face, and wild  
My fancy ran to times when o'er those hills,  
In melancholy autumn's haze, or mild  
Sweet spring, that shadowed face my life would haunt.

Favonius had wooed the flowers wild  
To tender life upon those slanting hills,  
When they wrapped her close in clothes of death, and mild  
The April rain-gusts sang her dirge,—they taunt  
Me still, and echo through the silvan haunt  
Like love words in a void that nothing fills.

But to thee, O Pan, who haunts the forests wild,  
The bitter wind, which taunts my life is mild,  
Yet I love thy hills that whispered sadness fills.

## The Value of Books.

GEORGE W. BURKITT, 1902.



BOOKS are one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon mankind; they are a storehouse of knowledge, a treasury of lofty thoughts. No man leaves his eloquence behind him; but his written words last forever. In books great men still live either through the noble characters they have created, or by the record of a beautiful life left for our imitation. He that has written a good book has bequeathed to the world an inestimable treasure. "All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been; it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books." Who has not felt himself lifted up and receiving fresh stimulus toward good by studying the character of such a man as Sir Thomas More? Many of our greatest geniuses have attributed their success to the early reading of some worthy book. Loyola's character was so changed by "The Lives of the Saints" that he gave up his worldly position to found a religious order.

Books are the great teachers of the world. They reveal the secrets of the universe, lay open the beauties of nature, acquaint us with the workings of the intellect, show us life in all its phases, and offer to society a higher standard of morality. "No man," says Dr. Johnson, "should think so highly of himself as to imagine he could receive no lights from books, nor so meanly as to believe he can discover nothing but what is to be learned from them."

From books the lawyer derives countless benefits, the soldier learns the art of warfare,

the ruler can review the methods of his predecessors and profit by their example; our own prosperity, our liberty, both political and religious, is due not so much to our own merits as to the advance in civilization and the experience of the past.

Books, we know,  
Are a substantial world both pure and good;  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

"Books are a world,"—a world of revelation. Events that at the hour when they happened seemed great disasters, when read of in after years these disasters really proved to be great blessings. The Romans destroyed all the Grecian schools of philosophy, which appeared to be a disaster; but the Greeks were becoming sophists, and the abolition of their doctrines has since proved a benefit.

To understand and fully appreciate the many advantages we enjoy at the present day, we must read, not only read but study, the history of the past and compare the methods of ancient civilization with those in use at the present day.

If we wish to comprehend the causes that led to the diffusion of knowledge, to political and religious changes, to the great social improvements, we must study history. To estimate the value of freedom, we must read of slavery, of land-tenure under the Feudal System, of religious persecutions, of tyranny and despotism. The past shows thousands of Christians massacred because they dared believe in Christ; to-day every man may follow his chosen doctrine. We read of men and women slaughtered because they failed to humor the whims and fancies of idiotic rulers; now we are our own masters and need not bend the knee to hated sovereignty. To appreciate the comforts and conveniences that late inventions afford, we must go back to the days of the spinning-wheel and stage-coach,—we must read of the limited nature of commerce and navigation.

The object of history is to give the reader a knowledge of the good and bad institutions of the past, that by remodelling the good and discarding the bad he may obtain a perfect system; but to derive the greatest benefit from this study we should begin with the Old Testament, then the classics, finally ancient and modern history, and the history of the Middle Ages; and the various authors of the same era should be read and compared.

The novel teaches us a valuable lesson in

morality by showing the sufferings resulting from evil, as in "The Scarlet Letter;" or by painting the evil itself in such a manner as to disgust us, as in "Vanity Fair." Poetry elevates us to a higher sphere of life by offering ideals for imitation.

But aside from all these benefits, the pleasure derived from reading is inestimable. With a book for our companion we can converse with philosophers and study their doctrines; we can delve into science, acquaint ourselves with plant and animal life, and analyze the mineral treasures of the earth. Seated in our cozy study we sail over distant seas, travel in foreign lands, visit ancient cities, fight again ancient and modern battles, and share the companionship of famous men. The thoughtful student finds delight and wisdom in his books. When oppressed with trouble and sorrow he is comforted by these pleasant companions, and receives sound advice from his wise counsellors.

"Multifarious readings," says Robertson, "weakens the mind like smoking, and is an excuse for its lying dormant. It is the idlest of all idlenesses, and leaves more of impotency than any other." To-day books are so common that we must make a judicious selection. Many waste their time on worthless novels filled with improbabilities and impossibilities, overflowing with sickening love-stories and miraculous escapes. This may be a natural weakness; but more frequently it is the result of two great familiarities with light literature while the mind is ready for broader thought.

Another fault with many readers is that of forcing themselves to read simply because a developed intellect depends upon reading,—they wade through page after page without spirit or judgment like a man walking in his sleep; he performs the action, but is unconscious of what he does.

The importance of books in character-building is marvelous; they are the stepping-stones to fame,—their value is inestimable.

O books, ye monuments of mind, concrete wisdom of the wisest;  
Sweet solaces of daily life, proofs and results of immortality;  
Trees yielding all fruits, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations;  
Groves of knowledge, where all may eat nor fear a flaming sword;  
Gentle comrades, kind advisers, friends, comforts, treasures,  
Helps, governments, diversities of tongues—who can weigh your worth?"

## As is Usual with Plans.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, 1902.

The Latine Islands is the central group of the many islands along the Carolina coast. In these waters, the islands that afford isolated retreats for broken-down merchantmen, and summer homes for occasional broken-down professional men, are colored with the ocean's most riotous scenery. These specks of land here and there upon the water are places of as questionable safety as the worst of ocean islands, for with their solitariness and dangerous approaches is combined the fullest intoxication of the sea. One of these lines of wood and reef played an important part in a novel circumstance. This one, the Greater Latine, is the largest of a group of seven islands; it is uninhabited and inaccessibly bounded like all the others. Not every island thus uninhabited and ocean-pounded can claim so much interest. But to explain.

Jean Roumaine was the son of his father in more ways than one, and was full of his father's indecision. Lots of means had not made his natural flightiness less. From boyhood up he could never choose quite to his own satisfaction. Given two pleasures—he did not deal in hardships—he could never feel a well-defined preference. The toss of a penny, the turn of a circumstance, or slaving to the Fates, had brought him to his twenty-eighth year. Everything had gone smoothly with him, for the rough corners were invariably padded by doting parents and a plenty of money. Nevertheless, with all these handicaps, Jean was not so bad a fellow.

Consistent, however, with his natural indecision, Roumaine just could not choose a wife for himself. A few providential moments of saneness had thinned out all his matrimonial possibilities, — and they were many, — and netted the result down to a single pair. But the nature of the two, — or better, the diversity in nature — made the young man's predicament deserving of sympathy; for his choice fell between two young ladies at the opposite poles in looks and character. One of them was principally what the other was not; and the two had nothing in common if we except a more than passing regard for the name, Roumaine.

Now a certain cruise on a squally ocean put Jean into a fit of mental clarity, that, if

brought on by salt winds and a spring sun, at least injected a rather startling plan into his otherwise ordinary mind. In consequence, he actually spent two sleepless nights, had as many miserable days, and capped the circumstance by an overdose of champagne. This indisposition did have a result. Jean resolved that he would not be uncertain any longer, that he would do away with his detestable habit of flipping pennies for convictions. At last he had a legitimate plan by means of which either Lucy Glynn or Alice Owen should be made his wife. When fully sobered, therefore, he had a talk with his captain. And following this, an evident look of penetration and foresightedness clouded his otherwise expressionless face.

"Oh, Lucy! you are to go with us on the cruise? How fine!" chatted Alice Owen as the *Pocahontas* left the Wilmington dock. "Do you know, I just delight in cruises! And what a love of a yacht!"

Thus the light-thoughted Alice went on unaware that her every movement was the study of Roumaine.

"My! Mrs. Halsted, don't you think this sun awfully dazzling?" she continued. "I really believe I'll have to go to the cabin. My head always aches so when I'm on the water. Did you see those gulls? What ugly looking birds they are!"

At this Miss Owen with the chaperons went to the cabin.

Lucy Glynn, however, remained outside to enjoy the westerly breeze and the buoyancy of the yacht. Roumaine soon joined her and said:

"You look lonely, Miss Glynn?"

"Why do I? I'm not," she replied.

"Excuse me, then," he stammered taking a step away. "I'll not disturb your day-dreams; I beg your pardon!"

"Never mind, now, do be seated," Lucy artlessly answered, while Roumaine inwardly swore at her independence. She continued: "I like to sit well forward and watch the prow split the green water into foam. I like to lean over the rail and watch until I get real dizzy."

"A mild form of intoxication!" Jean interrupted.

"It would be for some," Lucy caught him up, and then went on: "Do you know I can not forget the hot and stuffy boiler-room and those men that sweat for our pleasure."

"You are too thoughtful, Miss Glynn. They

get good pay for what they do," answered Roumaine itching with impatience at the turn in the conversation.

"To change the subject, you are to take us to dine on the Greater Latine?" Lucy inquired as she looked squarely in Roumaine's eyes, as was her way when she cared for a person.

"Yes! I shall have the sailors row us ashore. The harbor of the Greater Latine wouldn't float the yacht; but we can put the eight of us on shore in no time. You know I've made provisions. I sent two of my men ashore last week, and they say there's not a human being on the island. How's that for seclusion? Then there is an old hulk of a wrecked merchantman grounded high and dry by some hurricane. Just the place to set our table should a rain come up." Jean grew enthusiastic while describing his plans.

Thus they talked until they were joined by others of the party. At three in the afternoon they were rowed to the beach of the Greater Latine. The oarsmen returned to the *Pocahontas*, and the least observant would have seen the yacht shoot off toward the horizon.

Jean laid the spreads on a grassy plat near the water and there luncheon was served. Nothing of moment occurred. The thoughtless table-talk of the clique was slightly modified perhaps by the novelty of location. Alice Owen alternated between the absorption of sweetmeats and the rippling forth of frequent laughter, and of the party was the most natural. After the meal they broke up in twos and threes with the understanding that all should meet at the landing-place at five to be taken back to the yacht.

Lucy, Alice and Jean sauntered up the island in company. Lucy enjoyed the experience in quiet, while Alice testified her happiness by worn-out phrases and double superlatives. What took place in Jean's mind is beyond us; his deportment, anyway, was grave.

For some time Jean had been closely watching the sky; but his anxiety had not been shared by his companions. At last they climbed to the top of an immense rock which overlooked the whole island and leagues of sea. Here Jean took out his watch and said:

"It's nearly five. We'll be late for the boat if we don't hurry back."

"Oh! don't say we must go back home, Mr. Roumaine, Alice pleaded. How I hate to think of leaving this island and this afternoon's freedom!"

"I know. But that's a big stinging-land over

in the southeast," Lucy thoughtfully remarked.

"We'll do well now if we get back to the yacht before the storm strikes us," said Jean.

"How novel!" laughed Alice. "How novel if we should all be storm-bound and forsaken! Who could brag of a more novel experience?"

"Come, come! We must hurry back to the beach," Jean added very sternly as he helped them down from the rock.

There was heavy thunder in the east before they came to the shore where the rest impatiently awaited them. The sun was engaged in laying big borders of molten gold on banks of rolling storm clouds. These angry clouds looked ominous enough, especially as they succeeded in bringing an untimely darkness over the choppy sea.

"Aren't my men here?" Roumaine shouted affecting great alarm.

"Their boat couldn't ride this sea!" Mrs. Halsted answered.

"Confound my luck! Hurry to the hulk of that ship," Jean directed, while he pointed to old merchantman far over to the right. "We may get some shelter there. This storm is going to be a twister!"

At this, the faces of the picnickers were studies in black and white with the black relief incessantly broken by lightning flashes.

"Oh! Mr. Roumaine," cried Lucy, while she hesitated for a moment, "don't forget the baskets. Suppose we should be kept here until the ocean calms down. Be careful! don't be blown away! Can't I help you carry them?"

"Hurry on, for Heaven's sake!" Jean shouted to her, and she hurried far behind Alice who, blanch-faced, had scampered for the boat without a thought of anyone.

By this time, Jean could hardly make his way for the rain slanting against him which, pushed by the wind to a real gale, nearly took him off his feet. He was not so pleased to be the only man in the party now. When, soaked and chilled, he finally got to the mouldy old cabin, the ladies were knotted about Alice who was just coming out of a swoon, and was screaming in hysteria. Lucy's sparkling eyes, blacker than the darkness, shone like those of a tender mother as she held Alice's head in her arms. Roumaine witnessed this rather dramatic scene while the roar of wind and water swallowed up her screams, the island, and everything. He weakened at his responsibility, and shrank from the selfishness that had brought them to this predicament.

Alice quieted somewhat, however, and soon

dropped off in a stupor. Then Lucy directed the other women standing idly by to unpack the baskets and do something to take the fright out of their minds and make the quarters more endurable.

Here Jean went ahead to the cabin window where sheets of water poured in. He began to tear boards from the siding to dam out this ocean of rain. Real fright shot over his face as he heard the deep drumming of the surf and the falling trees inland. He tried to make himself think he was not where he was, that this was all a nightmare; but as he saw the lightning through his closed eyelids, he knew there was no good in cringing now—chance and indecision looked a long way off. Its remedy was not pleasant to take. How could Alice Owen have a saving chance with Lucy Glynn at the helm? The man for the emergency was a woman; the man was Lucy.

None of those who spent that May night on the Greater Latine will ever forget their experience. In the dark, made blacker by incessant lightning, they waited and waited for the morning. Jean strove to be witty and make fun of their situation, but to no avail. Great swollen streams of water poured from land to sea, and the sound as they trickled past struck the untrained crew of the deserted ship stark with fear. When the water first ran against the prow Mrs. Halsted screamed, and Jean could hardly convince her that it was not the rising tide.

Toward morning, however, the ladies, so wearied, slept from sheer exhaustion while Alice awoke refreshed and bright. She could barely see. She rubbed her eyes wonderingly, and was about to scream when she caught sight of Jean as he stood guard at the star-board side. She went over to him. He started as he beheld this golden-haired apparition of crumpled lawn and faded ribbons.

"O Jean, I think you're so brave!" she said.

"Now come! This is no place for compliments!" he answered half nettled.

"There, there,—that's the way you always treat me," pouted Alice, and then she began to cry. "I've always done everything to show you how I cared for you, and still you treat me like a child!" she mumbled between sobs.

Many girls' persuasive powers are directly proportionate to their crying possibilities. Jean was nonplussed. Those in the rear were now quiet. He hated a scene. He was at the mercy of the tears.

"Now, now, don't!" he stammered. "You

know I mean well! I—can't you stop that?"

"No! I can't!" she sobbed.

"Well, we don't want a scene! We,—what will you have?" he humbly asked.

"You!" she whispered.

"Is that all?" he said with a sigh of relief. "I am yours then!" And as he kissed her hand he felt the futility of ever getting over that penny habit of his.

The shores of the Greater Latine have been slighted since Roumaine's party were taken away after spending that long stormy night there. The old merchantman creaks the more at each successive storm, and the gulls as well as some others have forsaken it for other shelter. The island was not at fault; neither was the plan, but all came out as plans usually do.

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#### The Book Review.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

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The principle of good taste in literature is, like the law of truth, firm and unchangeable; and yet it is really astonishing how many ways men invent and what devious paths they pursue to raise themselves in the literary world. Some persons of literary bent are even unjust in their flight to the upper regions in the realm of letters. All have the same goal to strive for, and nearly everyone is stimulated by the same passion; but, though they travel toward the same object, with their faces toward the same temple, like the faithful Mohammedan, some do not hesitate to use the others as stepping-stones to their own advancement.

It was the custom of book-reviewers formerly to establish themselves firmly in the literary world, and then look loftily from the pillars of Hercules on the strenuous efforts of the struggling author. Seated on their pinnacle of pre-eminence they regarded with supreme indifference the trials of the young aspirant for literary fame, though he might strive as hard for a reputation as ever struggling castaway strove for a floating hen-coop. They forgot how they once toiled up the same hard path, and spurn the ladder on which they climbed.

A spiteful race on mischief bent  
Making man's woes their merriment.

Some authors reviewed another's book with pure good nature and others criticised for

the malicious purpose of laughing at his mistakes and ridiculing his distress. This was the custom especially in the days of Pope and Dryden when men of reputation would watch eagerly each literary adventurer, and as soon as he entered the field it was deemed equivalent to a challenge, and they would proceed to adjudge him a trial by single combat. One of their number took it upon himself to represent the others, and if he conquered the aspiring young warrior, the crestfallen man would have to take his book and withdraw. This was a severe trial for genius, but one of the faculties of genius is to overcome every obstacle and surmount every difficulty, so this system of reviewing books only prevented the baser metal from mixing with the purer, and it left the men of genius all the more glorious for their successful combat.

In our times these systems have not been used very much; they are considered as unworthy of so refined a generation, and we have supplanted them by condescension, friendship and politeness. Occasionally we find a Puritanical book-reviewer that exercises his skill in a far more ingenious and not less cruel way than those of former times. These are the men of whom Mark Twain said: "I found that the cuckoo-clock was the proper thing to make a man crazy, so I thought I would buy one for the book-reviewer; but on second consideration, I thought it would be useless—I could not impair his mind."

These reviewers will mention some one who has just written a book, introduce the work with all politeness, even indulge in a satirical eulogium on the author's philosophy, acuteness and depth of observation, when suddenly the scene changes, and a learned discourse follows showing the absurdity of the man's position. Another will launch forth in praise of Herbert Spencer, and then clearly demonstrate the impossibility of his hypothesis.

The fair and impartial book-reviewer is a rare bird, but the woods are full of the others. A man that reviews a book, giving the author full credit for every beauty or mark of skill displayed, and points out his flaws with a friendly hand suggesting improvements, is the honest book-reviewer. Even if the work be a poor one and the man must be driven down the hill, do not pelt him at every step, but, as Dr. Johnson says, "Exercise as much charity in helping a man down hill as you would in helping him up."

### Varsity Verse.

#### AT EVENTIDE.

AT eventide the golden sun,  
Stains, ere his flaming course is run,  
The surface of the glassy lake  
With hues so deep they surely make  
A scene too fair for eyes to shun.

The swaying-trees gold crowns have won,  
Till the western orb has downward spun;  
Then fade the splendors in day's wake  
At eventide.

And we, when one day more day is done,  
Look back through years to where begun  
Our lives. Sad thoughts upon us break  
Until the present we forsake  
To view one scene—more peaceful none—  
At eventide.

F. S. S.

#### AN ACROSTIC.

Monotony of study here I break,  
Casting books aside to write a measure,  
Arranged designedly for your sweet sake,—  
Deign to look upon this work with pleasure.  
The laughing eye now gliding o'er these lines  
Better scrutinize these verses keenly,  
For here is hidden what no one divines—  
Sweeter than a name regarded queenly.  
Recall how Theseus traced his subtle way  
Through a labyrinth, if you endeavor  
To follow well what I present in play.  
Be not careless, or you'll surely never  
Discover what half vainly I betray.

P. P. McE.

#### AUTUMN.

From swinging bough his farewell note  
The thrush, light-hearted, sweetly sang  
With rippling chirp from quiv'ring throat  
From swinging bough his farewell note.  
The sunbeams kissed his glossy coat  
As forth the glorious carol rang;  
From swinging bough his farewell note  
The thrush, light-hearted, sweetly sang.

C. L. O'D.

#### A RONDEAU.

The first chill blast that sweeps the land  
Dispels the dreams, ambitions grand,  
We cherished when we did not know  
A winter cold would come and blow  
More icy gales from strand to strand.

Then think we of the coming snow,  
Of winter's pleasures and the woe;  
For sweeps now where soft breezes fanned  
The first chill blast.

Likewise with pleasure hand in hand  
Ne'er dream we life will soon demand  
From us the toil we justly owe,  
Until youth's joys that o'er us glow,  
When manhood comes must needs withstand  
A first chill blast.

F. C. S.

## Notes on Gaelic Legends.

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, A. B., 1900.

(CONCLUSION.)

Of the old-time tales belonging to the mournful type a good specimen is "The Fate of the Children of Lir," which Aubrey De Vere has beautifully paraphrased in English. Mournful indeed it is, and sad the fate of the children; but even amid all the darkness of despair there is a gleam of hope thrown from afar, from the headlight of Christianity—a gleam that permeates the whole with vigor and keeps it within the limits of the pathetic. This is the earliest instance in Gaelic literature of the prediction of Christianity, and on this aspect of it Tom Moore wrote the beautiful poem, "Silent, O Moyle."

It relates the adventures of the children of Lir condemned by their stepmother to wander as swans, first for three hundred years on the lake near their home, where, while bathing, she transformed them; then for three hundred more on the Moyle, the stormy sea between Ireland and Scotland; and for three hundred more on Inisglory on the west coast of Mayo; or, taken in all, till the man from the north and the woman from the south would be united. This, too, was to be the time when Ireland would first see the light of Christianity.

The cause of the stepmother's hatred against the children is jealousy: Their father, Lir, she thinks, loves them too much, causing a deduction in the love he owes her. The act is the more treacherous on her part considering that she is their mother's sister. For it, then, she is duly punished, condemned forever to be a wicked spirit of the air. Until the term on the lake is expired Lir and his household come frequently to the lake to converse with the birds—for they have not lost their speech, the Gaelic,—and to listen to their sweet singing.

After this the birds take their flight to the Moyle and their hardships begin. The stormy winds of the tempest separate them one night, and Fionola, a girl, and the oldest of the children, in her desolation sings this lay:

How sad is my state, how hard 'tis to live!  
My pinions are frozen and stuck to my side;  
The furious tempest has shattered me through,  
And pining has left me Aodh, my beloved.

Oh, three dear beloved—oh, three my life's joy!  
Who often have nestled beneath my warm breast;

Oh, never again till the dead come to life  
Shall meet in this world the three and I!

But soon, however, her sorrow is turned into joy, when on the morrow, watching the sea in all directions, she beholds Conn coming toward her with heavy head and drenched feathers. Fiachre also comes, cold, wet and faint and unable to speak from the hardships he has borne. Aodh soon comes too with dry head and unruffled feathers, and Fionola welcomes him greatly. Another night of like kind came again and with it cold and snow, and Fionola makes this lay:

How hard to endure  
The cold of this night,  
The snow drifting heavy  
Before the cold wind!

In a sorrowful plight  
Has our stepmother put us;  
This night on the waves  
How hard to endure!

And so they passed three hundred years on the stormy Moyle, suffering much and enjoying little. A great torture to them was the remembrance of former happiness in their father's home, contrasting it with what they had to endure now and hereafter. One day the two sons of Bodh Dearg, their grandfather, came to the shore of the Moyle to see whether they were still alive. From them Fionola finds that Lir and his household are getting on as well as ever, and she sings:

Happy this night the household of Lir,  
Abundant their wine and their mead,  
While we of the king's royal offspring  
In a cold dreary home pine away.

Here on the rocks and the billows  
On our own drenched down we recline,  
Though in days long ago we wore purple  
While quaffing the bowl of pure mead.

And now far away from our kindred  
Our food is the sand on the shore,  
Our drink is the bitter salt ocean,  
Not the mead that we drank long ago.

Their term on the Moyle at last expired and they departed for Inisglory. Here they attracted the notice of a young man of good family, for their singing was sweet to him and he loved them greatly. It was he who afterward "arranged in order and narrated all their adventures." Here too they experienced a night colder and stormier than any they had yet met; their feet adhered to the ice-flags, they were not able to stir; the brothers moaned, lamented and grieved greatly, and Fionola sang:

Mournful the wail of the swans to-night  
 Caused by the ebb and the drought,  
 Not adrift on the cold flowing water  
 Their bodies will famish from thirst.

Oh, King! earth's creator and heaven's,  
 Who hast led safely home the six hosts,  
 By Thee be the feathered race cherished  
 And pity demand from the strong.

Then she and the boys made a confession of faith, and the story goes on to say that they believed at the proper hour, and they got help and protection from the Lord.

Their time on Inisglory expired and they came home. Desolate the place was there before them, for Lir and his household had long since died. They went back to Inisglory where they stayed, visiting the Western Isles till St. Patrick came with the faith. When they heard the sound of his bell—the sound that was to free them from suffering and pain—their hearts gladdened, and Fionola recited this lay:

Attend to the sound of the cleric's bell,  
 Expand your white wings to the breeze,  
 Give thanks to the Lord and His glory tell  
 O'er mountains and meadows and seas.

Far better for you to be ruled by One—  
 It is He who will free you from pain  
 And bring you unhurt over rock and stone  
 Away from the furious main.

To you do I utter these words to-day,  
 Rejoice at the pagan's knell,  
 Ye comely four children of Lir delay  
 Not your heed to the cleric's bell.

The saint heard their singing, and wondering he prayed that it might be made known to him what these strange birds were. When he found out from themselves that they were the children of Lir he gave thanks to God; for it was for their sakes beyond all others that he had come. The birds put trust in the cleric and stayed with him after that.

The other condition under which they were bound was fulfilled too, for the King of Connaught had taken for wife a princess from Munster. The queen heard of the wonderful birds and she ardently desired to have them. To please her the king sent for them but was refused. He went himself, snatched them, off the altar where they used to hear the Mass of the saint. The saint followed the king, caught the birds to wrest them from his hands, which he no sooner did than their feathery coats fell off them—of the three sons were made three withered, bony old men and of the daughter a lean, withered old woman. At this the king was startled, and he went

out of the place. Here Fionola, seeing that their death was near at hand, called on the saint to baptize them, ordered in their burial to place Conn on her right side, Fiachre on her left and Aodh on her bosom. This was duly performed and the story ends.

Enough of this has been given to show that the Irish at an early date were lyrically inclined. The literary tendency of young nations is epical, which aspect has been sufficiently shown in "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne." This story is of a more reflexive nature, at ease in moralizing and critising life. It would seem too, that, as in the case of young poets, the early Gaelic poetry had a background of sorrow. It is natural, under stress of emotion, to fall into rhythmical cadences; and as sorrow seeks sympathy to obtain its object it must make itself known. The frequent lays of Fionola, then, are very natural in this story, and in fact it is said by some that it was originally in verse. Fionola, though a bird, still had the use of her speech, and her singing was the sweetest ever heard. She must sing, therefore, and when she does we know in her own few words her feelings, the character of the stepmother, her love and anxiety for her brothers.

The best measure of the taste and culture of a people is their appreciation of true art. That the Irish were at all times amused and elevated by literature can be seen from the fact that many of them could recite these stories entire without having ever seen a word of them written. Here then it ought to be remembered that literature means not the written word but the spoken. It may be wondered how they could undertake to task their memory thus, but this was provided for in the composition of the story. Alliteration and assonance is of frequent occurrence in the Gaelic stories; so frequent, perhaps, as to betray a vitiated taste, but taste was overlooked when the question of more readily committing them to memory was at stake. Repetition too, occurs frequently—which is characteristic in Homer as well,—serving, it would seem, as a connecting link, like the refrain in music. Every time Diarmuid fights, for instance, he "passes under them, over them, through them, as a hawk goes through birds, a whale through small fish or a wolf through a flock of sheep.

At present saturated with fiction that keeps more within the field of probability, we wonder why such wild, extravagant vagaries of the



imagination could have possessed in their time any artistic value. In this consideration it should be remembered then that popular fiction is no more than a century old. For long before that there existed slavish imitations of the classics, but no real original work. Poetry, too, admitted into its category much that would not now dare to show its head. So between our present fiction and these romantic tales there is no common field of comparison; that the latter, indeed, is of value is shown by the appreciation which is daily becoming more and more widespread among men of no mean critical ability.

In concluding these remarks on the Gaelic legends it will not be out of place perhaps to note one more of their unique characteristics, one, too, which distinguished not a little the Celt from men of other nations—this is sincerity. In "The Fate of the Children of Lir," to bring all facts into a closer union, and the more to give them the air of truth they might seemingly lack, the young man of good family is introduced as the one who collected and narrated the adventures of the children. Would it be too much to say that on this element of the Irish character lay the success of St. Patrick when he brought them the faith? They listened to his words and were impressed, pondered them in their hearts and remained faithful.

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#### Chips from the Wood Pile.

Some men give the same reason for being in jail that they give for being in the world: they couldn't help it.

\*\*\*

"Westward the course of empire takes its way." All right, but where is the West?

\*\*\*

The man in the moon is the model of many a "good fellow." He gets full, stays out nights, makes a show of himself, paints the town, and generally speaking has a "high time" of it. But they forget that he is the only one that can do this and still tend to business.

\*\*\*

Everyone likes the merry man; in other words, the joker is the best card in the deck.

\*\*\*

Some say that Cupid sneezes every time a beautiful girl is born. He doesn't keep anybody awake nights around the state whence we hic.

W. H. T.

#### Books and Magazines.

—Those who have followed Father Finn's "First and Last Appearance" in the Benziger Magazine will be pleased to see the same out in presentable book form. The publishers have tried to make the book attractive by introducing numerous illustrations. The plot of the story runs thus: The hero, a boy about ten years old, lives in New York. His father dies, and his mother soon follows, but before she dies she tells her daughter, Isabel, to go to Milwaukee, but gives no reason why she should go.

The hero, Philip, has a good voice and an old professor trains him to sing. Isabel will not let Philip sing in public, and takes him to Milwaukee with her. She discovers nothing there and starts back. In Chicago she changes cars, and the old professor appears and takes Philip for a walk. He comes back late for the train. Now the old idea of having Philip sing in public comes back, and he induces Philip to sing at a lecture in Milwaukee. During his song Philip sees a lady that looks just like his mother and walks over to her box. The lady, astonished, asks for his mother's maiden name, and then declares herself to be Philip's aunt. His grandparents are there too, and explanations follow. Isabel is sent for and returns. Benziger Bros. publishers. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

—From the same publisher's firm comes "Visit to the Most Holy Sacrament" by St. Alphonsus Liguori, edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm. Besides the Visits, methods of hearing Mass and several litanies may be found. We have also received from the Benziger Bros. a "New Manual of the Sacred Heart." These two books are easily carried in a waistcoat pocket, and contain many exercises of interest to the devout Catholic.

—We take pleasure in making note of the timely announcement of a new edition of *Christmas-Tide*, one of Miss Starr's dainty and lovable volumes,—it is always a pleasure to make note of the work of this true admirer of the artistic, her work is so whole-souled. The booklet above referred to is illustrated by eleven half-tones from paintings by renowned masters. Bound in white, with a vignette, after Luca della Robbia, stamped in gold on the cover, it presents an appearance at once attractive and artistic. Published by Miss E. A. Starr, 299 Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

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} *Reporters.*

## Healy's Portrait of Miss Eliza Allen Starr.

The life-size bust-portrait by Healy of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, lately presented to the University by Mrs. Eunice Allen Starr Wellington "as a recognition of the friendship and appreciation ever manifested for her sister," is a splendid acquisition for the art collection at Notre Dame.

Although apparently sketchy, it is quite complete, and full of those good qualities of modelling and solid painting which are characteristic of Healy's work. He was a portrait painter of more than ordinary excellence, and the portrait, in the Main Building, of Cardinal Vaughan is a good example of his more important works.

Healy was born in Boston, July 15, 1808; he died in Chicago in 1894. In 1836 he went to Paris to study. About 1858 he was in Chicago, and he painted portraits then: the picture of Miss Starr is dated 1861.

He revisited Europe in 1869, and resided a long time in Rome. His portraits of distinguished persons are numerous: among these are Lord Lyons, Thiers, E. B. Washburn, General Grant (1878), Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Guizot, President Tyler, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Taylor, Fillmore, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln.

## Our Art School.

Professor Paradis, instructor in the Art Department, wishes the students in general to get some notion of the works of the Masters. He makes an opportunity for those of us who would attain to such knowledge, for he will have on exhibition a collection of beautiful prints. These may be seen at the art room,—4th floor of the Main Building—on Sundays from ten to twelve o'clock. The prints are from the great masterpieces, and have been brought from Paris by Professor Paradis for the benefit of his students.

Among the subjects represented are the "Belle" of Titian, "Mona Lisa" of Leonard da Vinci, the "Columbine" of Lecini, "Spring" by Botticelli, "Morning" by Corot and the "Delphin Sybil" of Michael Angelo. The Corot and the "Belle" will appear especially beautiful to the amateur. A number of oil-paintings representing familiar landscapes about Notre Dame will be among the collection. These are productions of Prof. Paradis, and they are said to possess a good deal of merit by those who are competent judges in matters of this kind.

There will also be an opportunity to examine some splendid casts representing Greek and Renaissance sculpture. They were taken directly from the original under the care of the French government. The art instructor purchased them from the National School of Fine Arts at Paris for the studio at Notre Dame. There are two of the casts that are especially good: namely, the "Doryphorus" and the "Diadumenos," taken from the famous statues of Polyclitus. They are in the original size and are magnificent figures of the athlete.

It may be pertinent to add that a first cast from a celebrated original is uncommon. Sometimes the art galleries of large cities can obtain no better than a cast seven, or even ten, times removed from the original. We ought, therefore, while we have a chance, take advantage of Professor Paradis' kind offer and see these beautiful figures and prints. A true appreciation of the Masters' works is an essential part of an education. Americans are lacking in this. Plainly speaking our culture is specious. It is but right, then, that an opportunity to improve our knowledge in this domain of Art should be eagerly embraced.

## A Well-Fought Game.

NOTRE DAME, 6; BELOIT, 6.

When the whistle blew at the end of the second half of last Saturday's game one of the best football contests that was ever held here had been played. All the qualities requisite for an ideal game were present. The day was such a one as football enthusiasts are delighted with; the playing of the two elevens was remarkably good and bad at times, and the closeness of the contest during the fifty minutes of play stirred up the spectators to the highest pitch. The rooting added spirit to the occasion, and good rooting it was. Not an ungentlemanly remark was made to the Beloit boys, and still our fellows rooted with unprecedented zest; they yelled and tooted and cheered until nothing else could be heard. Frequently the officials were compelled to stop the cheering to let the men hear the signals. With the aid of the rooting our fellows made a noble struggle in their crippled condition. They fiercely plunged into the line, and equally fierce did they resist when Beloit had the pigskin. Everyone pronounces the game the best ever seen on the Notre Dame campus. The stubborn fight our boys made before Beloit could make her touchdown was the pluckiest piece of football that could be seen. With only a foot between the ball and the goal line, the Beloit backs made four attempts before they could push the ball over. Little, Cronk and Merrill threw themselves into the opposing mass with all their strength, but without avail. Finally Bunge crawled over the line about two inches.

The Beloit backs did some clever playing, and they with Strothers deserve all the praise for Beloit's touchdown. For our men we find it hard to make mention of anyone in particular. All of them played as if their lives depended on the result. The backs and ends stood the brunt of the attack, and they also advanced the ball with regularity. The quarterback position was satisfactorily filled by Diebold. The linemen deserve great praise. Not many times did Beloit get through the line, and when our backs needed openings the linemen had them ready.

## THE GAME.

Merrill sent the pigskin flying through space for thirty yards to Sammon who came back

five yards. Sammon and Kuppler hammered into the line for twenty yards. Farley made three yards at right tackle and Sammon broke through guard for two more, but Beloit took the ball for holding in the line. Bunge made two attempts at tackle and advanced the oval two yards. On the next down with the ball on Beloit's forty-yard line, Merrill fell back and lifted the ball twenty-five yards to Farley; John ran ten yards and then kicked the oval twenty. Strothers tried to get around left end but failed. Bunge was more successful at the other end, getting seven yards. Merrill plunged into the line for two. But Strothers lost three yards at right end. Allen tried a drop kick but failed. Farley grabbed the ball and sent it back thirty-five yards to Bunge. Little made one yard at tackle, but failed to gain at end. Strothers made nothing at end. Bunge hurdled the line for two yards, and Notre Dame took the ball. Kuppler ran through tackle for three yards. Sammon made a yard at centre. Hayes tried a drop kick but failed. Beloit took the ball on her ten-yard line. Bunge made one yard at left guard. Merrill was thrown back for a loss at centre. Merrill punted fifteen yards against the wind, but the ball rolled back to the ten-yard line where Winter fell on it. Kuppler and Farley made eight yards through guard and tackle, and Sammon was pushed through centre for a touchdown after thirteen minutes of play. Winter kicked a difficult goal. Score, Notre Dame, 6; Beloit, 0. The ball was carried back and forth in the centre of the field without much advantage to either side, and the half ended with the oval near Beloit's thirty-five yard line.

During the intermission between the halves the students from the different halls formed in line and marched four abreast twice around the track on the campus tooting their horns and megaphones and cheering incessantly. Only once before in the history of athletics at Notre Dame did the students display so much college spirit. Six to nothing against so strong a team as Beloit was something to cheer for and the fellows did it with a vengeance. The Beloit men said that the rooting and the support given by our boys to our eleven had a great deal to do with the result. Be this as it may, the team played excellent football, and if the rooting helped we are glad.

## SECOND HALF.

Winter kicked off to Merrill on Beloit's ten yard line. Merrill gained fifteen yards before

Sammon put him down. Merrill circled left end for four yards. Farragher put Little down for a loss. Merrill kicked thirty yards out of bounds. Hayes, who had exchanged places with Farley, plunged into the line for two yards. Kuppler followed Fortin for two more. Lins, who exchanged places with Sammon, worked through right tackle for four yards. Beloit took the ball for holding. Bunge made three yards. Little failed at end, and Merrill kicked to Farley. John returned the ball thirty yards. Buell tried left tackle but failed to gain. Strothers skirted the end behind excellent interference for six yards. Cronk made two yards at right end. Slater tried to get through the line twice but failed, and Notre Dame took the ball on the next play. Kuppler, Lins and Hayes carried the ball down the field from our forty-five yard line to Beloit's thirty-yard line. Hayes fell back for a kick. Winter made a clean pass. Art's toe struck the pigskin square, and it sailed straight for the goal posts, but the wind blew it to one side. Merrill brought the ball to the twenty-five yard line, and kicked it to our ten-yard line. Farragher tore through right tackle for twenty yards. Hayes broke through the same spot for two more. Kuppler failed at right end, and Farley punted to Allen. Beloit's quarter-back ran through a broken field for twenty yards. Strothers ran around left end for four yards. Little made three at right end. Strothers circled left end for three yards. Beloit got ten yards for off-side play. Little, Bunge and Merrill carried the ball within one yard of the goal-line by plunges into the line. Bunge was pushed over the line after twenty minutes of play. Merrill kicked a hard goal. Score, N. D., 6; Beloit, 6. During the rest of the game the ball remained in Notre Dame territory, but our fellows kept it a comfortable distance from the goal line. Glynn took Farley's place near the close of the game.

NOTRE DAME	THE LINE-UP.	BELOIT
Lins, Sammon	L E	Cronk
Farragher	L T	Myers
Gilmore	L G	Kaufman
Winter	C	Hollenbeck
Staudt	R G	Slater
Fortin	R T	Buell
Hayes, Farley, Glynn	R E	Strothers
Diebold	Q B	Allen
Kuppler	L H	Little
Farley, Hayes	R H	Bunge
Lins, Sammon	F B	Merrill

Touchdowns: Sammon, Bunge. Goals from downs: Winter, Merrill. Hadden (Michigan), Referee. Haynor (Lake Forest), Umpire. Time-keepers, Zabler and Yockey. Linesmen, Davitt and Cabler.

### Exchanges.

We can not but express admiration for the *Brunonian*, its material and its arrangement. The articles are not heavy or philosophical, but of that light, clever kind, which goes to make up the college magazine. The paper, "A Few Facts Connected with the Life and Writings of Rudyard Kipling," shows a strong appreciation of Kipling's past life and writings; but the author presumes too far when he designates Kipling as "one of the greatest writers the world has seen." Greatness is a relative term. Fame has been predicted of many men now unheard of or unknown. Time alone can tell whether or not a man is great—and after all, time is the best critic. "Sir Roger Learning to Ride" is an interesting paper in which the author displays a touch of true American humor. Some of the etchings are good, but the Brown verse is especially good. So seldom is it that the youthful aspirant to the "sublime and beautiful" woos the Muse without quarrelling that his success deserves the commendation of his co-mates. The two stanzas of verse entitled "Despondent" contain much in suggestion.

\* \* \*

The editor of the *University of Virginia Magazine* treats in an able and well-reasoned editorial of that destructive criticism which a college magazine unfortunately is subject to. There is little of genius in picking flaws—any pessimist can do it. Talent lies in the power to see and to appreciate the beauties in a paper or a publication. The essay "Weimar and its Literary Associations" shows careful research and appreciation of these celebrities who will ever be the literary lamps to let shine to the world the fame of Weimar. We do not think, however, the author's estimate of Herder exact when he states that Herder was "dwarfed by the neighborhood of the two giants," meaning Schiller and Goethe. John Gotlieb Herder was the first German critic to break away from that absolute formalism and artificiality of the French. His method of inductive criticism showed the critics of his time and after what disabilities they had been laboring under. "Judge Lynch" is the kind of story which is more powerful than a dozen homilies on the evils of circumstantial evidence. "The Adventures of a Patent Churn Agent" is more after the form of an anecdote than a short story.

J. J. S.

Personals.

Local Items.

—Mr. Harry Davis of Camden, N. J., paid a recent visit to Mr. Joseph Carlton of Sorin Hall, and also to his old tutor, Bro. Benjamin.

—On Monday, Mr. George E. Clark, district prosecuting attorney, and also Messrs. Fairbanks and Studebaker of South Bend took dinner with the Rev. President.

—Mrs. McGinley, accompanied by her daughter, paid a visit to the University a few days ago. They were entertained while here by Hugh S. McGinley of Brownson Hall.

—The Rev. John J. Byrnes of Chicago, Ill., made a brief stay here during the past week on a visit to friends. Father Byrnes is the pastor of St. Jarlath's Church in that city.

—Dr. Flynn of Washington, D. C., an old student of the University, spent a few days with us as the guest of Col. Hoynes. During his stay here he performed his civic functions at the polls.

—M. J. Roughan of Chicago, Ill., spent a few days here as the guest of the University. Mr. Roughan was a graduate of the class of '80, and is now a prominent contractor in the city of Chicago.

—We have learned that Mr. Emmet Corley (student '96-'98) is now practising law in Cordell, Oklahoma. Mr. Corley completed his law course in the Missouri State University. His many friends here wish him success in the legal profession.

—Mr. William Dodge, accompanied by his wife, spent a few days here as the guests of the Faculty. Mr. Dodge was a graduate of the class of '74, and is now a prominent lawyer of Iowa. His father has served in the position of U. S. Minister to Spain.

—Mr. M. O'Shaughnessy of Chicago spent Sunday among his many friends at the University. He was for many years a popular student of Notre Dame and a very devoted follower of athletics. For the past few years he was a prominent member of the track team. "Mart" is at present engaged as reporter for the *Times-Herald* of Chicago. The SCHOLASTIC joins with his friends in wishing him every success in his new undertaking.

—News has also come to us that Mr. W. D. Furry, A. B., 1900, has become a member of the Faculty of Ashland College, Ohio. Mr. Furry holds the chair of Latin, Greek and Psychology. While here Mr. Furry was a hard student and possessed that untiring disposition and zeal for study that always ensures success. He was a close competitor for the prize awarded for the best original English essay. The SCHOLASTIC can not do better than congratulate Mr. Furry on his present promotion, and wish him all possible future success.

—The St. Joe's third team have elected Foertsch captain.

—Dancing is a good agent for the shoemaker and doctor.

—"Samie" Cameron went home—too late to do "good work" for his party.

—Johnny has a splendid voice, but I am afraid he is not taking care of it; he sings to her too much:

—A chess player in the *Literary Digest* asks: "How shall I move?" That depends. If he is owing much we would answer: "At night and quickly."

—Oh Morpheus! cast aside thy lyre!  
Now of thy music do we tire;  
For hear we sweeter notes and higher  
When Josie sings.

—E. P.: Say, George, have a piece of molasses candy.

GEORGE: I don't like molasses candy.

E. P.: Well, if you don't like it, you can lick it.

—Three cheers for the boys who have so nobly defended our goal line this season! Though defeated, their pluck warrants them a warm spot in the hearts of every wearer of the glorious Gold and Blue.

—CARLTON: You must put an "X" on the eagle if you wish to vote for McKinley and all his assistants.

KACHUR: Does it cost everyone ten to vote the straight Republican ticket?

—The Law classes blew themselves into proper shape last Saturday. Each member was instructed to turn out and "blow his horn, if he never sold a fish." Every man in both classes carried a three-foot horn suspending a class pennant, and was an important factor in saving our crippled team from defeat.

—"How do you like my new overcoat, Leo?"

"I tell you, it's a perfect convulsion!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, a convulsion is a fit, ain't it,"

"Ye—s."

"Well, your coat is a perfect convulsion, therefore, it's a perfect fit."

—Chauncey Wellington Yockey is a great lover of eggs. He has made it a custom since coming to the University to take a walk every Thursday afternoon and call at a farm-house to purchase a half-dozen of fresh eggs. A week ago last Thursday Chauncey called at the farm-house and announced that he would like some fresh eggs.

"We haven't any," replied the farmer's daughter. "We didn't expect you."

"Well," asked Chauncey, "didn't the hens expect me either?"

"No," replied the girl, "if they had, they would have been laying for you."

—The Department of Pharmacy in the University wishes to return a vote of thanks to the Pictorial Printing Co., Chicago, for the sample outfit of boxes, labels, etc., generally used in the drug business. If one is to judge of the neatness and durability of the sample sent, the above firm is deserving of a large patronage from druggists who are desirous of putting up their wares in tasty packages.

—The St. Joe Anti-specials defeated the Mexican "Tigers" in a hard-fought game Sunday. Despite the difficult signals of the "Tigers," the St. Joe boys simply "tore up" all their formations. Owing to the shortness of the halves St. Joe's team had time enough to run up only eleven points, while they blanked the Mexican team.

—SORINITE TO STRANGER: Have you ever seen our Assistant Advertising Agent?

STRANGER: I think I met him yesterday, but I'm not certain.

SORINITE: Did you notice his teeth, and probably I can tell you whether it was he or not?

STRANGER: No, he didn't open his mouth.

SORINITE: Well, that couldn't have been him.

—The students of St. Joseph's Hall gave a banquet and entertainment on Tuesday evening. Father Gallagher presided, with Father MacNamee and Brother Simeon assisting. Reports of the election were read by Mr. Corley—of course the cheering was very limited. "America" and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," were sung as patriotic young men should sing them. Father MacNamee closed the entertainment with a short speech of congratulation.

—The three "signs" of the political factions—the cock, the eagle, and the sunset,—well portray the principles of the parties. The cock is ever ready to defend rights on his own dunghill; though he is defeated he comes back, and either conquers in his just cause or dies—never does he fear. The eagle, the bird of prey, is always ready to pounce upon some poor victim and spread its mastery over all. The sunset—well, its hopes are shattered; it needs no attention, nor explanation.

—Captain McGlue desires to arrange a series of games with any hall that thinks it possesses material capable of wresting the championship from the Brownsonites. Corby Hall is given until Sunday only to answer this defy, as a game had been arranged for Thursday, but was called off at the last minute owing to the fact that Corby was without a centre, and that several men of both teams who are on the subs were obliged to practise against the Varsity all day. The other halls, however, can make arrangements with Captain McGlue at any time during the week. It is understood, of course, that all Varsity and

ex-Varsity men are barred, including the coaches. Men who play, or have played, on the subs are eligible. Now let the men of Sorin, St. Joseph, and Holy Cross Halls come forth and show us what they can do.

—The students were delighted to hear the cheering strains of the band at the game last Saturday. The director and his musicians deserve praise for the good will and spirit they showed in turning out in so excellent a manner. We all feel indebted to them. We hope to hear them often again filling up the intermissions with lively airs and stirring up the hearts of our "rooters."

We might incidentally say that the "rooting" of Saturday was of a spirited and ringing kind. The effects of it were seen in the good work our players did. Keep it up! Show the men who represent us in the hardest kind of athletic contests, a football game, that we value their efforts.

—To say that the Brownsonites enjoyed themselves last Tuesday evening is putting it mildly. It was the greatest treat they enjoyed in some time, and when the hour for retiring (2.30 a. m.) came around each one present shook hands with himself and patted himself on the back for having been so fortunate as to be a Brownsonite. While awaiting the returns they enjoyed themselves in various ways. Early in the evening they danced, and when they tired of this, Mr. Buckler of South Bend, amused them with several comic songs and recitations. As Mr. Buckler was leaving, the students in appreciation of his efforts gave him three rousing cheers. Messrs. Crumley, Kelly, and Mitchell also contributed their efforts in the line of recitations and songs, and came in for several rounds of applause. About midnight refreshments, consisting of hot coffee, sandwiches, cakes, etc., were served, and then cigars were passed around. Great praise is due those persons who had so much to do with the success of the affair, and especially to the Committee on Arrangements, Messrs. Meyers and Magie, and also to Bro. Hugh for his generous assistance.

—The Sorinites received the election returns in a most approved style Tuesday evening. There was singing, dancing, music and merry-making in general. The reports did not appear to lessen the good spirits of the Democrats. Mr. Collins, who kindly made known the returns through a megaphone, showed signs of weakening when he read the Boston telegrams. He quickly recovered, however, and faithfully remained at his post till the end. The supper was a success; owing principally to the unselfish efforts of Mr. E. Gallagher and his assistants. We tender them our gratitude. We are especially thankful to Mr. Gallagher for his good management. Members of the Faculty honored us with their presence, and we were right glad to see them at our

little affair. Mr. O'Connor, teacher of elocution, favored us with a reading; Rev. Father Cavanaugh was importuned by the gathering, and gave a very interesting talk. Father Ready made some timely remarks at the close, and our night was ended. We hope our visitors enjoyed it as well as we did.

—We witnessed an encounter between a Sorinite and the mascot of the football team lately, which was probably more amusing to ourselves than to the Sorinite. The Sorinite had placed his coat on the ground while he was engaged in a game of hand-ball. The mascot in his perambulations wandered around in that vicinity, and thinking he had found a good place to sun himself, decided to take a nap on the Sorinite's coat. When the Sorinite discovered the "sleeping beauty" he was greatly enraged. He picked up a club, which he threw at the mascot, striking him on the horns. The mascot thinking he had been struck by lightning jumped up and tried to shake the electricity out of his goatee. The Sorinite was picking up his coat, when the mascot observing his stooping posture, came over unnoticed, and standing on his hind legs, made several comical gyrations, and suddenly, with extraordinary impetus, rushed upon the Sorinite, striking him in the most available point, sent him about ten feet. The goat at once made a hasty retreat. When the Sorinite calls on his friends now he "isn't going to stay long enough to sit down."

—What our local politicians have to say on the result of the election:

SULLIVAN: The full Dinner Bucket is a corker. Prosperity, Peace, Prestige Abroad, Integrity at home,—oh, it is delightful!

BARRY: I have not thought over the matter yet. Call again.

MEYERS: My! oh my! oh my! It is the greatest victory gained by the Republicans since Lincoln's election. I think that if Wooley's campaign had been pushed a little more vigorously he would have swamped Bryan for second place. Hurrah for McKinley, Teddy and Marcus Aurelius!

MACDONOUGH: I feel sorry for Taylor and Tammany Hall.

RYE LEE: I told you so. Who said Bryan in this crowd? Ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE KELLEY: I see by the papers that Bryan went to bed Tuesday evening at an early hour. Perhaps he expected to wake up in the morning and find himself famous. I think he would too if some one hadn't tagged him during the night. Somebody tagged me the next day.

O'CONNOR: I'm too full for utterance. I had hopes that it was only a dream until MacDonough pinched me.

TAYLOR: Brooklyn, Republican! New York State, Republican!—it is the greatest surprise of my life. I'll never get over the shock I felt

when I heard that news. If Croker had sent for me in the beginning, perhaps—but then there is one consolation, my birthplace, New York, gave Bryan a handsome majority. This goes to show that Croker, the tiger, and I are still considered "it" there.

A LINK AHERN: The best thing to do, now that it's all over, is to settle down and enjoy the prosperity and the other goody goodies promised by Bill and Teddy.

CRUM LEE: My first vote went for noth—for Bryan, I mean.

—M. I. K. Da Lee and J. Ke Lee got into an argument about their knowledge. Ke Lee was the first to speak, and he expressed his convictions with the utmost suavity and elegance of language. "My good friend," he said, "do you not know that I come from Syracuse? Do you not know that Syracuse was heard of before Columbus was heard of? Now, then, since Syracuse is so old and so famous, what wonder is it that the Syracusans of to-day should know so much?"

Da Lee answered with more eloquence than suavity, and he said: "My friend and fellow traveller, you speak with much wisdom. I admit that you are all you claim to be; but I claim to be more than all that. I have not received my knowledge from one town only, nor has man been my only teacher. The sun has spoken to me, and I have understood him. The wild creatures of the forests have confided their secrets to me. That the birds know me is evident from the following incident: One bright spring morning, as the sun was stealing over the landscape and sending his cheerful rays to the cobwebbed nooks of my dusty room, as the gray mist, loitering for a moment upon the meadow, arose gracefully and majestically to the higher air, then the little sparrows, with smiling countenances and glad hearts, came, knocked gently at my window-sill, and gayly carrolled:

Hear the whistle! hear the puff!

See the wreathy smoke!

Awake Da Lee, you've slept enough,

And straightway I awoke,

and behold! in the distance was my train. To arrange my toilet was only the work of an instant, and before the sparrows had time to bid me "good-bye," I was comfortably seated in a side-door palace car enjoying the freshness and fragrance of the morning air. For years I have travelled, and sometimes my love for travel has forced me to go without a meal, and sometimes I have had only very modest apparel; but in spite of all hardships, I adhered to my purpose, and the result is that to-day I am an experienced and a learned man."

Da Lee would have said more, but Ke Lee was scratching his head, and M. I. K. knew that he had conquered.

—EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—In last week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC I noticed an article anent football in the different halls of the University. In this article the writer attempted to prove that one of the halls, Brownson, owing to its jealousy, was taking undue advantage of the others and striving to arrogate to itself the power of making rules for all, by insisting upon the right of Varsity subs playing on its team. Now, I am of opinion that if the gentleman who wrote the article had taken a little more time and looked at the question from other points of view besides his own peculiar view he would not have made such rash and unjust statements. In the first place, may I ask this gentleman of what is Brownson Hall jealous? Of Sorin's or Corby's prowess on the football field? Hardly. On the contrary, we have nothing but sympathy for two halls that claim to be foremost in all that pertains to athletics, yet can not muster sufficient courage to meet Brownson. The writer says that it can not be expected that untrained players should be able to cope successfully with men who have been rolled around the gridiron since September. We agree with him on that point—they can not. But whose fault is that? Is it the fault of the Brownsonites that they displayed more college spirit and went out in greater numbers than the other halls to give the Varsity practice? Most assuredly not. Every hall had an equal show. None have been excluded or discriminated against in the selection of scrubs. Then why should any hall put up such a flimsy excuse. The scrubs receive nothing but bumps and bruises in practice, and they should not be denied the right to play on their hall team. Let the others practise or keep quiet. As to the statement that Brownson Hall is arrogating to itself the power of making rules for all: said hall intends to adhere strictly to the rules that have heretofore governed track athletics and baseball, and will play any man on its team who has not competed with the Varsity in contests against outside teams. This rule governed track athletics and baseball. Why should it not be applied to football as well? I think it would be far better for the other halls to bestir themselves a little more than they have so far this year, and not allow the season to pass away while they argue on this or that point, or this or that player.

## LETTER FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

(Special from our foreign correspondent.)

DEAR EDITOR:—I took it into my head to go over and see the land of the Boers, and my friend Oom Paul, as I was told that he was in hard luck from being "lionized." So I winged my way over the briny blue to the Transvaal. I had hard work to find Paul; he was here, there and everywhere like chasing a bean over a plate with a fork. At

last I found him down by the corner grocery haranguing a board of strategists and teaching bible quotations to the men. He is a great student of *cannon* law. He says: "If man is made of dust, when he is in the soup his name is mud."

I asked him how long he could hold out, and he said: "Till cold weather comes—to Africa." The old man loves Bryan, and at the news of the election said: "It can not was, but come let us went by Aunty." Aunty is a kind, motherly old lady (I say this after sampling her doughnuts and pan-cakes). I asked her how she liked Herbert Spencer, and she said that he was the biggest villain in the world, barring Joe Chamberlin and Cecil Rhodes, but she mistook Spencer for Hanna or Aguinaldo.

Paul said he liked me because I was such a good temperate man. (Notice: I never let a drop pass my lips—I seize it before it gets to me) Paul's dog didn't know me, but we became such *fast* friends before I left that he took a souvenir of my Henrietta trousers. Of course, you know that hostilities are over, but the war keeps on just the same as before.

I met "Faraway Brophy" and asked him if he had written to you. He said: "Now, thim kritics ar-rè afther thryin' tu say some more kute things about me 'dialect' an' I quit." I told him not to mind them, and he said he didn't, "F'r they is two koinds iv min that respectable people niver pay any attinshun too—wimin an' kritics." I might add, and foreign correspondents; but they don't know any better. Give my respects to everyone and my love to the class of 1901.

WANDERING WILLIE.

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