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Preacher of Students' Retreat, Oct. 29—Nov. 1.

By courtesy of Ford Howell,
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Resurrection.

TIMOTHY J. CROWLEY, 1902.

WHEN o'er the pine-clad hills the morning rays
 Thro' roving clouds a wayward course doth creep;
 While vermeil streaks but palely light the deep
 That veils our earth from heaven's vault with haze;
 Then from his bed, the dew-drenched lark surveys
 With anxious eye the vast ethereal steep,
 Awaiting dawn to light his skyward leap
 'Fore heaven's gate to sing his morning lays.

Thus I when night encircles round my soul,
 And cloud on cloud apace bears starless gloom
 Athwart my mind, destroying inner sight;
 Though blind, I gaze and ask kind Heaven to roll
 The darkness back, my spirit once illumine;
 That gladly I may soar to hail the light.

At the Links.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

A trap, in which were two young ladies, had just stopped at the golf-field, as a little sphere came whirling over a great knoll that poked its head up between the seventeenth and eighteenth putting-greens; and then the ever-present caddie appeared on the topmost ridge and began to point off toward the spot where the ball had swerved down from its long drive. The player came quickly across the slope, and as he passed down to the ball, Mabel Bearing's face lit up with a glow of unexpected pleasure.

"O that's Mr. Martin!" she whispered, nervously drawing her companion's hand into hers.

"The Charles Martin that you said James Moore, in that new book, reminded you of?" asked her companion in one breath.

"Yes, in 'A Summer's Evening,' you know!"

"But he got the best of it after all!" remarked the other, gleefully.

"Who did?" demanded Mabel, promptly.

"James Moore; he was not serious about it at all, but the girl thought he was, so she was the one that was really disappointed."

"O but that was only in the story! The first part reminded me of our affair." Then she looked back toward the links.

Two years before Mabel Bearing and Charles Martin met, and had roamed the mountain-

sides together, had set their glasses on distant peaks that pressed against the sky, to watch the sun playing upon the white cliffs or to follow the deepening shades of the pines, fading into darkness, in the gulches or cañons below. He had broken off the filmy ferns that swung tauntingly over juts of loosely hanging rocks, and dug up the cup-moss to add to her quaint collection of souvenirs.

He had never talked of love, yet every day he read his notes of yesterday that were filled with pretty references to her little traits. It was her eyes that "found a charm in everything, as though 'twere but reflected beauty," and it was her hand that "waved him to obedience with more power than a general's command." Autumn brought the dramatic chapter that Mabel knew would follow.

She had often gone over it all in fancy, lingering with a fascinated pleasure over each little detail; and she smiled with perfect composure at the completeness of it all. He had left broken hearted.

"Now he may hope again," she almost told herself, as Martin flung his putter over to the caddie and turned toward the cart path that led down to the club house. The pretty-faced girl arrested his gaze and he paused, but she bowed a recognition and he could hesitate but a moment. As he came up she held out her hand, the same hand that had waved him to obedience with more power than a general's command.

"Miss Weatherstone, I believe," he said, taking her hand.

A flush swept over Mabel's pretty face, as a new truth dawned upon her; but she was calm in a moment. A few formal remarks followed, and then Mabel, suddenly remembering the game, hastened off to select a driver for the next start, leaving Martin and his new acquaintance alone.

"I wonder if I have offended?" Martin began.

"Have you not been reading 'A Summer's Evening' recently?" asked the girl.

"Why?" said Martin in bewilderment.

"Why?—you called Miss Bearing Miss Weatherstone."

"Why!—O—I—did I? Yes, I did! Miss Bearing is her name! What a blunder!" he exclaimed. "I should have remembered the change."

After a pause Martin said calmly:

"Will you help me to explain to Miss Bearing?"

His new acquaintance bowed consent, half knowing what he meant.

"Then we shall tell her I had *read* the book and associated her with the character 'Mabel Weatherstone.' Will that do?"

"And the *nome de plume* is yours?" asked the other admiringly.

"Don't breathe it, or I'll never get the sequel," he said, as they started off to right the blunder.

King Dathi.

FRANCIS J. BARRY, 1903.

See ye that countless train
 Crossing Ros-Comain's plain
 Crying, like hurricane,
Uile liu ai?
 Broad in his cairn's base,
 Nigh the "King's burial place,"
 Last of the pagan race,
 Lieth King Dathi.

In Ros-Comain's plain, known in modern times as the County Roscommon, Ireland, is a grave which all the ancient chronicles of Ireland point out to as the resting-place of King Dathi, the last of Ireland's pagan kings.

Several ancient manuscripts refer to this monarch, but the best account of him we have, is contained in the Book of Leinster. The story is called "Sluaghid Dathi co Sliabh n-Ealpa," and is translated by Professor O'Curry in his "Lectures on the MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History." The substance of the story is as follows:

After the death of Niall of the Nine Hostages in A. D. 405, Dathi, the son of Fiakra, Niall's own brother, assumed sovereignty over all Ireland. After some time spent in settling disputes among the minor kings of Ireland, Dathi consulted a famous Druid named Doghra to ascertain from him what fortunes would be his from that day, which was the feast of Samhain, the first of November, till that day twelve months. Doghra accordingly went through all his mystic ceremonies, and at break of the next day went into the king's bed-chamber and hailed him thus:

"Art thou asleep, O King of Erin and Albain?"

"I am not," answered the king, "but why have you made an addition to my titles? For, although I have taken the sovereignty of Erin, I have not yet obtained that of Albain"

"Thou shalt not be long so," said the Druid, "for I have consulted the clouds of the men of Erin, and found that thou wilt soon return to Tara, and there thou shalt decide with them upon making an expedition into Albain Britain and Gaul, following the conquering footsteps of thy great uncle Niall, and thy granduncle Crimthann Mor."

The king was delighted with this favourable prediction, and returned to his camp where he disclosed all his plans and ambitions to his advisers. They approved of his designs, and pledged him their support in carrying out his schemes.

Dathi began to make ample preparations for the great feast of Belthainé which was to fall on May Day, six months after the feast of Samhain. He wished to have the festival observed that year with unusual pomp, and for that reason he assembled at Royal Tara, the most mystic of Erin's Druids, the most learned of Erin's Ollamhs, the most accomplished of her Bards, and the most valiant of her warriors. The king surrounded by his brilliant attendants never looked more stalwart or more majestic. After the ceremonies he rose and announced his desire of seeking power in foreign lands, and his followers out of obedience and love offered themselves to his service.

After he had thus received the nation's sanction, King Dathi made preparations for war, and later moved northward from Tara at the head of the greatest army that had ever been mustered in Erin up to that time. He embarked with all his troops at Carlingford, and set sail for Scotland, in which country he landed safely at Port Patrick.

Immediately upon landing the king sent a messenger to Feredach Finn, King of Scotland, demanding him to submit and pay tribute to King Dathi. These demands Feredach Finn refused to grant, and accepted the challenge to meet the Irish king in a pitched battle, but he asked to be allowed some time in which to muster his forces. This request King Dathi magnanimously granted, and some time later the two armies met on the plain called Magh au Chairthi (the plain of the Pillar Stone), King Dathi at the head of his Gaedhilo, and Feredach Finn in command of a mixed army of native Scots, Picts, Britons, Gaulish, Scandanavians, and Hebridean islanders.

A fierce and bloody battle ensued, which finally ended in favor of Dathi. After the fight Dathi placed the surviving son of Feredach

Finn on the Scottish throne, and made him swear submission and pay tribute. Feredach Finn himself was killed in the engagement.

The story, as translated by O'Curry, goes on to tell how Dathi carried his arms with much success into Britain and Gaul, and says that his career was checked only at the foot of the Alps where he was killed by a flash of lightning.

Davis, in a historical ballad, entitled "King Dathi," describes his death thus:

Forth from the thunder cloud
Leaps out a foe as proud,
Sudden the monarch bowed—
On rush the vanguard;
Wildly the king they raise,
Struck by the lightning's blaze,
Ghastly his dying gaze,
Clutching his standard!

Keating's story of King Dathi is similar to O'Curry's; both writers probably got their material from the same ancient manuscript.

The statement most difficult of acceptance in the story is that which states that King Dathi was killed at the foot of the Alps. Good proof exists to show that he was not killed at the foot of the Alps, and furthermore that he never invaded Gaul at all.

The word *Ealpa* seems to have been misunderstood by the transcribers of the chronicles of Dathi's time. O'Curry, at the conclusion of his translation of "Sluaghid co Sliabh n-Ealpa," makes this statement:

"There are two copies of the present tract in Dublin, one in the Royal Irish Academy, the other in my own collection, both on paper, and neither of them older than the year 1760; and although the tract has suffered at the hands of ignorant transcribers, as to be much corrupted in style and language, still I have found," etc.

We have here the translator's own words asserting the ignorance of the transcribers. We are not surprised then that in their ignorance they misinterpreted *Ealpa*, and, in making it mean Alps, were obliged to make alterations in the manuscript, so as to justify their interpretation of the word. Such an alteration would be the statement that Dathi carried his arms successfully into Gaul.

O'Donovan's "Four Masters" has this statement regarding King Dathi: "At the age of Christ, 428, after Dathi, son of Fiacra, son of Echaídh Muighmeadhoin had been twenty-three years in the sovereignty of Ireland he was killed by a flash of lightning at the foot of Sliabh Ealpa."

The word *Ealpa* does not mean Alps as the transcribers supposed. In the Irish lexicons there is no such word. There is, however, a word *Alpa* which means simply mountains, and the "Sliabh Ealpa," mentioned in the chronicles, are, in all probability, some mountain range in England where the king was camping at the time of his death.

In all the continental versions of the history of the period in which Dathi lived no mention is made of the Scots (the Irish were then known by that name) having invaded Gaul. Mention, however, is made of their having invaded the Roman province of Britain. When we reflect on the accuracy with which the continental writers kept an account of all the movements of that period, we are forced to conclude that Dathi never landed in Gaul, and that his death must have taken place at the foot of some mountain range in Britain, for *Alpa*, as was said, means simply mountains.

After Dathi's tragic death in a foreign land, his body was carried back to Ireland by his faithful followers, and over his grave was erected a red pillar stone which, till the year 1650, marked his grave.

Baya.

LOUIS E. BEST, 1905.

Known by few, visited by fewer still, Baiae, called also Baya, once one of the greatest of Roman resorts, now lies in ruins. Its splendor is gone, its glory faded, and, like a tree sapped of its strength, it stands dismantled of its beauty; its decayed palaces and temples giving mute evidence of its former greatness. It is situated on the bay of Baya, cresting a narrow ridge of hills between beautiful Lake Lucerne and Cape Missemus. It was chiefly on account of its mild climate and hot springs that it was chosen as the summer place of the Roman emperors. Here they could get their warm baths as best they liked them, the flowers breathing perfume from the near-by hills; thus it was much better than in Rome. The scenery also had its attractions, for it would be hard to find a place with a finer view of the sea and surrounding country. On every side might be seen stately palaces, temples, and baths. Vast bulks of marble and other stone were there; splendid to look at and fine to live in. There was not much room to build, however, and many Roman nobles had to

build their palaces out into the sea, on submarine foundations which still exist. It was on account of thus building part of Baya in the sea that Horace said.

"Marisque Bais obstrepientis urges,
Summovere littora."

But the sea has since regained much that it lost, for nearly all the palaces are submerged. And to this splendid place did such men as Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Horace, and men of that kind, come to spend their summers. Here the wealthy and influential Romans, sick and weary of battle, state quarrels and intrigue, sought rest in luxury and ease.

It was here Caligula built his famous bridge across the bay, the ruins of which, though seamed and scarred by many a storm, are still strong. The Appian Way, too, was close at hand, and just over a little ridge lay beautiful Lake Lucerne. Nero had a palace on its shores, and it was there his mother was assassinated by his order.

But beautiful as Baya was, like all Roman resorts, it was a hot-bed of vice and voluptuousness, and its splendor lasted only as long as that of the Roman Empire. It was destroyed at the time of the invasion of Theodric the Goth, and was never rebuilt. Its hot springs turned to stagnant, filthy pools; the palaces and temples fell to the ground, until to-day the only ones standing at all are the temples of Mercury, Venus and Diana Luciferas. Thus, where once stood a beautiful city, is now a mass of ruins and a village of hovels inhabited by about eight hundred miserable, poor Italians.

Reflections.

THE best book is but the record of the best life, and if we are to get the best out of it, we must pass through and beyond the book to the life.

If the effort of thy life is to be truthful, brave, chaste, and loving, thou art or shalt be gentle, wise, and joyful.

To learn the worth of a man's religion, do business with him.

Thy talent has been given thee, not to win praise or reward, but that thou mayst exercise it and bring it day by day to greater perfection, and so become a blessing to thyself and others.—*Spalding*.

Varsity Verse.

THE PYRAMIDS.

HOW great thy massy strength, how vast
Beyond conception, is the span
Of changeful time, whose force and blast
With easy strength thou dost withstand.

How many wars small man has waged;
How many kings have lost the crown;
How many tempests 'round thee raged—
While thou with majesty looked down!

Within thee laid four thousand years
Great Cheops, mighty king; with him
His queen they placed, with many tears
In chamber vast, rock lined and dim.

O wondrous marvel of all time!
Thou stand'st a lasting monument
Of those great men of early time
Who thee from rocky nature rent.

R. J. S.

WISHES.

"Midst sparkling gems and glint of gold
We fain would be, for joys untold
We seek to know;" the roses chime.
"The lilies said, "A place of peace
We seek, where care and sorrow cease,
And love grows with the flight of Time."

A sound of revel fills the air,
I enter in, a lily fair
Is couched upon a wanton's breast.
I see a room all bare and cold;
A child lies dead; its still hands hold
A rose with torn and faded crest.

E. E. W.

A FARMER'S WIFE CONSOLED.

(Horace, iii. 24.)

Phidyle dear! thy hands supinely lift
Toward heaven's new-rising moon.
A sheaf, a little pig—the smallest gift
Will quiet the Lares soon.

Foul Afric's blight will never touch thy vines,
Nor Robigo thy wheat;
The autumn months will spare the tender scions
And fill thy stores complete.

'Tis true, the kine that on Algidus feed
'Mong holly trees and oak,
And oxen grazed on Alban heights do bleed
Beneath the pontiffs' stroke.

But priestly gifts the gods ne'er ask of thee;
They seek not golden sheen;
Thy fireside shrine bedeck with rosemary
And crown with myrtle green.

A guileless hand that freely gives its mite
Of salt and perfumed corn,
Will please the gods far more than pompous rite
Of victims two years born.

T. C.

The Sweet Power of Music.

ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902.

Edward Mason, a young lawyer, was sitting before his piano wrapped in thought. Beside him was a small sheet covered with verses. Again and again he read them, and then hummed snatches from different melodies. The rhythm of the verse, a bit about love and the sweet power of music, and all that, was so smooth and musical in itself—surely a suitable melody could be found.

Strange to say the sweet power of music refused to come to him. He had not thought that a short composition would be so difficult. Often, while sitting at the piano, melodies had arisen in his mind without effort on his part. Of course, Edward had never tried to write one out. The paper, covered with bars and spaces, made him nervous, and he lost all interest in the work. At last the young man closed the piano with a bang and sprang from his seat. The glorious spring sun and blue sky were so inviting, he must go for a walk. Perhaps inspiration might come to him. The birthday of the girl with whom Edward was in love was to take place in a few days, and he wished to send her that song with flowers. Unfortunately she did not know him, so he would be obliged to send it anonymously.

Her father, a Colonel Ashley, had come to the town only a few weeks before. He had been deeply hurt by an imaginary injustice done to him, and when he resigned his commission he was left in no very amiable disposition. His wife was an invalid, and they lived in deep seclusion; he with his books, she with the care of her health. Their small house was built close to that in which Edward Mason was lodged. Helen, the eighteen-year old daughter, occupied the room opposite his. At least Edward often heard her fresh, young voice or the sound of a piano in that room. Evidently the young lady, for whom the atmosphere of such a house could have little charm, sought relief in music. It was for this reason that he decided to send a song.

She would not suspect whence it came. No more could the girl suspect how, concealed behind the lattice, Edward watched her as she gathered flowers, or with needlework in hand sat beside her invalid mother. Miss Ashley could never guess with what rapture he had listened to her singing and playing.

The little that the young man knew of her he had heard from his landlady. The young lady next door, as Mrs. Scott called Helen, had approached her one day and asked her advice on some questions of housekeeping. Since her mother's illness, she had been obliged to take charge of the household, Helen said. As buying was so difficult, if one did not know the trades-people, she had come to her neighbour for advice. Mrs. Scott would have liked best to give help as well as advice, but something in the girl's bearing checked her.

After this a neighbourly friendship sprang up between the old woman and the young lady. When Helen saw her, she never failed to stop for a few moments' conversation. It was through this that the old lady had heard of the approaching birthday. Her lodger had from the beginning shown so great an interest in her accounts of Miss Ashley, that she did not delay in making known this new discovery.

"I know what I shall do," she said in conclusion, "I shall bake a large cake and take it to her. Her old father will surely not eat me."

Only too gladly would the young attorney have followed his landlady's example. However, the gruff old man would scarcely have received him.

The beauty of the May sky and sunshine had done its work, for a very pretty melody had arisen in Edward's mind. With great eagerness he rushed to his room and set to work. He tried the air, note for note, before writing it down. The task was very tedious, but the masterpiece was finished at last; full of faults against harmony, no doubt, but still readable. Scarcely had he locked up his precious composition when a knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Scott entered.

"Excuse me, sir, if I have disturbed you," she began, "I come at the request of the young lady next door. She asked me to-day who had been tuning a piano in this house. I told her I did not know a piano-tuner had been here. She asserted, however, that she heard it quite distinctly, and asked me to get the tuner's address from you; her piano is so sadly out of tune."

Edward Mason had listened to this speech first with amazement and then with an amused smile. Like lightning the reckless plan flashed through his head: "What if you were to take the part she is unconsciously assigning you? Why not go as a piano-tuner yourself?" There was not much time for consideration.

Moreover, in what other way could he justify his strange performance on the piano? Consequently he replied:

"Please tell Miss Ashley that if it is convenient, I shall send the tuner to-morrow afternoon."

After the door had closed behind Mrs. Scott, Edward began to feel nervous. Suppose he should not carry out his part skilfully and be discovered? Would she not detest him as an insolent intruder? Would this not ruin all future chances of approaching her openly? Still it was too late to turn back.

The only thing left for him to do was to prepare himself as well as possible. In the first place, he must obtain a tuning-key. The young man had never used such an instrument in his life, but it would enable him at least to keep up the character of a tuner. With a beating heart, he faced the young lady next day. She led him at once to her sitting-room.

"Don't be frightened," she said, raising the lid of the piano. "It is sadly out of tune. The worst is that it always sounds too high. It is so annoying when I sing."

A look of fear and perplexity came over the young man's face. He played some wavering chords in various keys, swallowed a few times—his throat had become so very dry—and finally managed to say: "Yes, it is sadly out of tune—very much out of tune."

Then with much display he unpacked a tuning-fork and key and asked for a dust-pan and brush. Edward suddenly remembered that the tuner at home always did that. His mother's piano had the peculiarity of being a favourite dwelling-place for mice, and there was usually a plenty of dust and dirt in it.

When Helen returned with the desired articles, he was sitting before the instrument fingering despairingly at high C. His feelings must have been shown very plainly by the expression on his face, for she said with a smile:

"Oh! I believe that it grates on your nerves. It does on mine. I think I'd better go," and she was gone.

"Thank God!" murmured the young man fervently. "I could never have kept up the lie in her presence."

He now began to imitate the sounds of a piano tuner. So as not to injure the piano, Edward laid the key and fork aside. While his fingers wandered almost mechanically over the keys, he fell into a sweet reverie. To think that he was sitting in her own room

where everything exhaled the charm of her personality. The young man imagined her sitting by the window, the blond head bent over her needle-work. Then she was watering the flowers or caring for the canary. He saw her image in every nook and corner of the room. Suddenly his dreams were disturbed by a light knock at the door.

"Come in!"

It was Helen carrying a small tray containing a tea-service.

"I am bringing you a slight refreshment," she said pleasantly.

"Oh! Miss Ashley, allow me—" He was at her side in an instant and took the tray from her. Where shall I place it, please?"

The girl gazed at him in a rather astonished manner.

Beside your place at the piano," she answered, somewhat coldly.

There was something strangely elegant about this piano-tuner, something out of the ordinary. However, why should not a tuner be well-bred? Perhaps his parents had grown poor, perhaps he had lost his property by some noble, self-sacrificing act. All kinds of suppositions came into her romantic little head, and her displeasure soon changed to interest in the young man. With her most winning smile, therefore, she asked:

"Shall I pour a cup of tea for you?"

"If you will be so kind." Edward had perceived his mistake and tried to act like an awkward, bashful person. Helen had taken a chair opposite him.

"Do you play very much?" she asked.

"Oh yes!—that is, no—well, when I have time."

"You do something else then? Are you not a musician by profession?"

"Not that—I—yes, I do something else."

"And what, if I may ask?"

"It is hard to tell. It is a—how shall I express myself—a so-called—"

"I have it! you are a writer. You look so much like one. Am I not right? Do you write very much?"

"Yes, I write a great deal."

"How very interesting!" cried Miss Ashley moving closer. "Now you must tell me what you have written and under what name. Perhaps I know some of your work."

"I do not believe that. It is hardly worth speaking about."

"Ah! I see. You do not wish to speak of it. I have heard that those who say least of their

productions are always the greatest geniuses. I'll not vex you with any more questions. However, you can do me one favor. Won't you play for me?"

She accompanied the question with such a beseeching look, that the young man could not refuse. He played the F-flat Nocturne by Chopin. Edward played with deep expression considering the condition of the piano. The girl did not seem to notice that the instrument was as much out of tune as ever.

"That was beautiful," she said softly. "I have heard that nocturne only recently,—but where?"

"Good Heavens!" thought the young man, "I'm in a bad predicament. Of course, she heard that piece when I played it next door. If only she does not think of it."

Fortunately the girl did not think of it. She sat there with a sweet, dreamy expression on her face and softly hummed the melody of the nocturne. Helen looked so charming that he could not take his eyes from her. Suddenly their glances met. The girl blushed and rose hastily.

"No doubt you have more work for to-day," she said walking to her cabinet. "How much do I owe you for your trouble?"

He was startled and replied hesitatingly: "Oh, please—Miss Ashley—perhaps we had better let it go till the next time."

"I do not wish that at all," she answered, "I am accustomed to paying my bills at once."

"Well, if you insist—fifty cents."

"Fifty cents! Is that your regular price?"

"Yes. I shall charge more later on. At present I am only a beginner."

"Good-bye," she said, giving him the money. Then, with a nod toward the piano, "I suppose it will remain in tune for some time now?"

While descending the steps Edward heard her trying the instrument. "I'd better get out as fast as I can now," he thought. "How funny, she did not notice while I was playing that her piano is as much out of tune as ever. How she watched me. And her blush—could it mean anything? Oh bosh! In her eyes I was only a piano-tuner."

The consequences of his rash act were, however, greater than had at first occurred to him. Though formerly the young man had longed for a meeting with Helen, he now carefully avoided it. As for the song, that was still in his cabinet, for after his adventure he did not dare to send it to her. So great

was his alarm lest he should meet the girl and be recognized, that the poor fellow actually felt happy when the Ashleys left town for several weeks. He would have peace for a time at least. Then his own vacation would come, and after that he could seek quarters at the other side of the town.

Returning from the office one evening, the young man found a letter from his mother. He passed rapidly over the opening lines, describing life at Hot Springs. Suddenly, however, he coloured and became deeply interested in what followed. His mother had written:

"One scarcely knows how small this world is. Just think of it, I have made the acquaintance of two ladies who are your neighbours—a Mrs. Ashley and her daughter. I do not think you know them. They knew nothing of you. Mrs. Ashley is a very lovable woman, but unfortunately an invalid. She remains at the baths most of the time, and often entrusts her daughter Helen to my care. I enjoy the girl's society very much. The ladies wish to meet you, and I hope you will call when they return. If you do not meet many persons there—Mrs. Ashley says they live a retired life—the society of the ladies would do you a world of good. Don't forget to tell me what you think of them. I am very desirous to know."

Edward dropped the letter. His mother was right, this world was so small. What would now become of all his carefully laid plans to escape the consequences of his venture? If Helen returned his affection, she might forgive him. However, what reason was there to suppose that she did care for him? Could her confusion on that memorable day have meant anything; or was that blush caused only by his too ardent glances? At any rate, he must face the matter and confess all.

The great day came at last. Mrs. Ashley received him very cordially, and her husband, a very sociable man at heart, also gave him a warm welcome. In a few moments Edward was engaged in a lively conversation with them. Try as he might, however, the young man could scarcely keep his mind on what they were saying. Time and again his eyes sought the door. At last it was opened and Helen entered. She started at seeing the young man, and opened her lips as if to ask a question. However, something caused her to remain silent, and when Mr. Ashley introduced him, the girl extended her hand as though she

had never seen him before. A few moments later, Mr. and Mrs. Ashley rose.

"Mr. Mason," said the latter, "I beg you to excuse my husband and myself. However, you need go away on our account. Helen will stay with you. I hope we shall see you again soon."

When the two young persons were alone, Edward was at a loss what to say. Something in the girl's manner bewildered and perplexed him. he could not tell whether Helen was angry or only waiting for him to open the conversation. She was gazing out of the window and idly toying with her handkerchief. At length the young man plucked up courage.

"Miss Ashley," he began, "I feel like a criminal. I did a very bold and indiscreet thing and am heartily ashamed of myself. Perhaps, when you hear my reasons you will judge me more mercifully."

"Mr. Mason," said the girl, turning on him suddenly, "nothing that you can say could atone for the way in which you tricked me. I admit I did feel a great interest in you then. However, I thought you were only a piano tuner. Your mother told me you were a lawyer. Imagine my surprise to find the piano-tuner and the lawyer to be the same person. Was your act that of a gentleman? Do you suppose I could forgive such deceit?"

"I admit the act was ungentlemanly to say the least, but my reasons—"

"I do not care to hear them. Moreover, I do not wish to see you again."

"I had hoped that after the reception you gave me to-day—"

"If I have given you any ground for hope, it was not my intention to do so. I did it for my mother's sake. She liked yours so much. Now the less we see of each other the better."

"Miss Ashley, listen to me, I beg of you."

"Not a word more, if you please."

"Won't you give me just one chance?"

"It is impossible. The maid will show you down stairs."

Edward left the house half dazed. Here was a pretty mess. All chances of reconciliation were out of the question now. After this, how could he ever go into that house again? What should he tell his mother? She would surely ask about his call. Then the young man tried to imagine that Helen was unworthy of his love, but he could not. By degrees he tried to convince himself that he had never loved her, that it had been only a passing fancy. However, it was of no use. Edward soon caught himself casting glances

at the Ashley house, or walking in those places where he might get a glimpse of Helen.

As for Miss Ashley, she had fully determined never to see the young lawyer again. The injury he had done was not to be forgiven. The girl clung to this resolution for some time, but one day she heard Edward playing the F flat Nocturne by Chopin. How sad and plaintive it sounded! Perhaps, after all, she had been too harsh with the poor fellow. How miserable and wretched he looked when she had sent him away. Yes, her treatment had been too harsh. Then Helen in her turn began to steal furtive glances at Mrs. Scott's house. At length the girl came to the conclusion that she could never be happy till the quarrel was made up.

Edward had borne his fate as long as possible. Something must be done. He must either see the girl or leave town. The young man finally decided on the latter course. All his belongings were packed and the transfer agent had promised to send for them the next morning. After completing his arrangements, Edward took a stroll through the park. Whom should he find on one of the benches but Helen. At sight of her, all his resolutions were thrown to the winds. He would make one more attempt.

The girl had seen him and made a motion as if to walk away. However, the young man overtook her.

"Miss Ashley," he said, "I will only detain you for a few moments. I leave town for good to-morrow, but I can not go without an explanation. Ever since you came here, I have known you and loved you—no, you must listen to me now." She had tried to check him. He continued:

"It was hard to be near you, hear and see you every day and still keep silent. Unable to stand it any longer, I decided to tell my feelings anonymously in the form of a song. I picked the melody note for note. That is what you took to be the sounds of a piano-tuner. Do you guess the rest? It was simply to be near you that I undertook that bold act. Can't you forgive me now?"

Helen could not speak. A lump was rising in her throat and tears came to her eyes. She only extended both hands. Edward took them.

"Helen," he asked, "may I come to-morrow?"

"She nodded permission with a happy smile, and then tore herself away. A few seconds later she stopped and called over her shoulder: "Don't forget to bring that song with you!"

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The Board of Editors.

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REPORTERS.

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—Our President, Father Morrissey, left last Tuesday to attend the Golden Jubilee of the Seminary of Mt. St. Mary's of the West.

—It is our pleasure to announce that Bishop Spalding will open up our lecture course some time in November. There are few among us but who are strongly influenced by anything the Bishop says, for we recognize in him the philosopher, the *littérateur* and the religious. We know that his ideals can satisfy our highest aspirations; for he teaches us to be men, holding that the most honourary thing that can be said of one is to be called just.

—The Papal Jubilee ends on next Sunday, and the annual retreat will begin on the following Tuesday. Father F. Nugent, LL. D., 1895, of Des Moines, will conduct the retreat. There are many of us that have heard Father Nugent before and understand his worth as a religious and as a man. We love to hear that clear resonant voice of his, as he delivers his sermons in so logical a manner that they admit of no dispute. We always feel that he has a message to convey, and we ever hearken to it, believing as we do in the man.

—If there is anything that tends to the broadening of man it is education and culture. This is aptly illustrated in the conferring of degrees at Yale's bi-centennial anniversary. We find among those thus honoured men of different creeds and walks of life. And prominent among them is the name of John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul. In selecting Archbishop Ireland as a man she might honour, Yale has shown that broad democratic spirit which has characterized her actions in past years.

—Bishop Glennon, Coadjutor Bishop of Kansas City and Father Riordan of Chicago, were guests of the University Friday. For the past several days they have been attending the reunion of the alumnæ at St. Mary's Academy. Here it is where Bishop Glennon spoke on Wednesday and Thursday.

Friday afternoon a boat race took place on St. Joseph's Lake between two crews from St. Joseph's Hall as well as from Sorin and Brownson Halls. The races were close ones, but the superior endurance of Sorin Hall told over Brownson, and Captain Shea led his men on to victory. Captain D. O'Connor commanded the victorious St. Joe crew. The contest was viewed by the students and by many of the St. Mary's postgraduates, who were interested spectators.

Wednesday afternoon the Salisbury Orchestra gave a number of selections in Washington Hall. Including the conductor, Mr. Salisbury, the orchestra numbered ten men. Abbey Rose Wood was the vocal soloist. Nothing at all pretentious was attempted by the management. Perhaps the class of music played by them was expected to catch the popular ear. One thing they did most of the time,—they played in tune. Such very realistic orchestrated attempts as "clock-tinkering" either draws too much on the imagination, or not enough.

Miss Wood has a pleasing voice, as was apparent from the reception she was given. She has a pleasing manner, and when at her best, doubtless has a rich-toned voice. The orchestra accompanied her well. The string arrangement of "Loin du Bal" was probably the best played number on the programme. A selection of its class, however, can scarcely be used as a criterion by which to judge a professional orchestra.

An Easy Game.

Preps Win a Great Game.

CHICAGO E. M., 0; NOTRE DAME, 32.

Chicago Eclectic College furnished the victims for Notre Dame last Saturday. The Varsity regulars were in the game but a few minutes, after which Coach O'Dea turned the visitors over to the tender mercy of the subs. But even with the entire second team as opponents, the embryo doctors were unable to do anything. The young men of our second eleven ripped up the line, made end runs, and in general played like veterans. Of the visitors, Smith was by far the best man. His tackling was accurate, and he managed to get into every scrimmage. The playing of the rest of the medics was listless, but this was due no doubt to lack of practice.

Last Saturday's game demonstrated one thing—that Notre Dame has the best second eleven she ever had. Every man of the subs played a good game, and showed clearly that in case of emergency we have several good men we can rely on. They got into the scrimmages with dash and finish. Cullinan at right tackle showed his ability as a good lineman, breaking up mass on tackle plays before they had time to form. He and Winter were the only two Varsity men that played through the entire game. Coleman at full-back, and Woods, half-back, tore through the line at will, and often made plunges of twenty and thirty yards. Peele, guard, and O'Brien, tackle also made a good impression. The chief features of the game, outside of the work of the subs, was a drop kick by Winter from the forty yard line and O'Malley's run of sixty yards. The first touchdown was made in one minute and thirty seconds, the others following in rapid succession.

THE LINE-UP:

CHICAGO, E. M., 0		NOTRE DAME, 32
Koeber	R. E.	Fensler, McGowan, Lonergan
Hart	R. T.	Cullinan
Clin'smith	R. G.	Winter
Gallear	C.	Pick, Steiner
Sheets	L. G.	Peele, Gillen
Lindberg	L. T.	O'Brien, Faragher
Cone	L. E.	Shaughnessy, Hogan, Yoetsch
Quille	Q. B.	Nery, McCullough
Cooper	R. H.	O'Malley, Corley
Smith	L. H.	Lins, Wood
Bunch	F. B.	Coleman, Brent

Touchdowns, Coleman (2), Pick, Cullinan, Winter, Brendt. Goals, Winter (2). Referee, Studebaker. Umpire, Koehler. Linesmen, Jones, Fahey. Timekeepers, Quade and Herbert. Time of halves, 20 and 10 minutes.

The sturdy Prep eleven conquered the heavy South Bend High School team last Wednesday afternoon, in the best contested game seen on Cartier Field this season. The game was hotly contested from start to finish. In the first half, the Preps were unable to withstand the rushes of their heavy opponents, but they compelled South Bend to struggle desperately for every inch of ground. Capt. Quinlan and Wagner did good work in this half hurling themselves into almost every scrimmage. Strassheim, Bescher, and McDermott also did some good defensive work. The visitors secured their touchdown just a few minutes before the whistle blew. Hilding kicked goal. Score: S. B. H. S., 6; Preps, 0.

In the second half the Preps took a wonderful brace. End runs by Quinlan, McDermott, and Riley behind splendid interference, with plunges by Strassheim and Bescher, brought ball from twenty-yard line to visitors ten-yard line. From here Bescher and Strassheim brought it over goal in two rushes. McDermott kicked goal. The last touchdown was made near close of game. McDermott attempted a drop kick from thirty-five yard line. Hilding, S. B., grabbed ball and attempted to rush it, but was tackled by Riley and fumbled, Capt. Quinlan falling on ball behind goal. Score: Preps, 11; S. B. H. S., 6.

The Preps played an exceptionally fine game and Mngr. Strassheim is to be congratulated. The linemen held their heavy opponents well, the backs were fast, and formed good interference for the ends, while Wagner at quarter did splendid work. Staley, Steadman, and Hilding were the stars for the visitors.

THE LINE-UP:

S. B. H. S.		PREPS
Bressler	R. E.	McDermott
Dushane	R. G.	Dierssen
Staley	R. T.	Medley
Rockhill	C.	McNeil
Eldred	L. E.	Quinlan, C
Dunbar	L. G.	Strong
Studebaker	L. T.	Bauman
Kimball	Q. B.	Wagner
Morningstar	R. H.	Bescher
Steadman	L. H.	Riley
Hilding, C.	F. B.	Strassheim

Substitutes—Preps, Fack and Weidmann; South Bend, Wittner and McClellan. Touchdowns, Bescher, Quinlan and Hilding. Goals, McDermott and Hilding. Referee, Dolph. Umpire, Farley. Linesmen, Emerson and Groogan. Time, 20 and 25 minutes.

J. P. O'R.

Exchanges.

St. Xavier's Monthly is somewhat meagre, but we may anticipate its rapid progress, since woman usually gets what she sets her heart upon. "A Story for October" is too profuse; it covers six columns when about half that number would suffice. Conversation is natural but rare; the writer talks too much herself. The first three columns develop the characters of Bessie and Tom; in the fourth the plot begins. Now a great deal of the story is unnecessary unless the writer wishes to convert the college paper into a pulpit whence she may deliver a sermon on childish piety. Bessie's death is well presented, but "The midnight stars seemed dim with tears," etc., is "pathetic fallacy" with a vengeance.

The Oberlin Review shows much improvement over last year's work. "No verse" is a criticism that may be passed on a great number of our exchanges, but *The Review* has both verse and fiction. These two forms of literature are most desirable in a college publication. Of the verse, "Nature's Vespers" and "The Seeker" are the most praiseworthy. The importance of an exchange column has been urged time and again, and we hope to see one in the future numbers of the *Review*. But let it be devoted to just criticism, appreciative or adverse. The exchange column of some college papers is merely the effect of a pair of scissors in the hands of some nervous youngster that has no time—often time and ability are synonymous—to give a criticism of the magazines before him.

The merry, dashing *Widow* is with us again. No doubt she has as many admirers as any handsome widow in America's vanity fair; and like most of her type she can be flatteringly sarcastic when the occasion requires. Her sustenance is "funnyosities" of great variety prepared by skilled *chefs* that perhaps are disciples of Ward and Twain. Every exchange editor must enjoy the acquaintance of *The Widow*. Often we go wading and struggling through page after page of many exchanges filled with heavy, dull articles that keep pounding on our brain like a sledge hammer; then along comes the witty *Widow* with a dainty smile like the first star after an evening storm.

G. W. B.

University Courts.

Students of the Law Department will be pleased to learn that the moot and other courts of the University have been organized and are now ready for business.

The Moot Court corresponds to the circuit or trial courts in the several counties or judicial districts of this and other States. From a practical point of view it is the most important. Its procedure is similar to that of the ordinary civil or criminal courts and involves the actual trial of cases.

The Court of Chancery is analogous in form and jurisdiction to courts of equity in States that retain the distinction between the common law and the equity forms of pleading and practice. It serves as a means of distinguishing the common law from the code States, the distinctive common law and equity forms being united or blended in the latter.

It is hardly necessary to state that the Justice's Court is one of limited jurisdiction under the statutes. Cases involving small amounts and of a comparatively simple nature may be tried in it. An appeal lies from its judgments to the Moot Court.

The Supreme Court is designed to serve as a means of explaining practically the course to be followed in taking an appeal from a trial court to a court of appeals or review. The office of the higher court in sifting and passing upon the exceptions taken to the rulings of the judge during the trial is made comparatively clear and intelligible by the procedure on appeal. It is thus seen how a case becomes authenticated and entitled to stand afterward as a precedent for the settlement of like conditions of fact and controversy.

The United States District Court corresponds in the Federal system to the trial court in the State or county. In short, there is at least one Federal District Court in each State, although there may be as many as two or even three where the State is very populous or has large commercial interests. Next higher in rank, although a court of original jurisdiction as to numerous subjects, as indicated in the Federal statutes, is the United States Circuit Court. The entire country is divided into nine circuits, and there is a Federal Circuit Court in each. There are also nine corresponding branches of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. It was organized with a view to relieving the United States

Supreme Court from the press of excessive business, and hence it was invested by the Federal statute creating it with final appellate jurisdiction in cases of the more common or routine order. The Federal Supreme Court at Washington is of course the highest judicial tribunal in the country. When its sessions close the nine justices that compose it visit each one of the nine circuits and sit with the judges there in the trial of causes in the Federal courts. The Federal District Court meets the requirements of instruction in the Law Department, and hence no attempt has been made to organize higher courts corresponding to those of the Federal autonomy.

The United States Commissioner's Court is one of very limited jurisdiction, corresponding in Federal matters to the justice's court in the town or county. Persons charged with violations of the Federal laws, or the like, may have a preliminary hearing before the Commissioner, who may hold them over for trial in the Federal District Court on good cause shown, or dismiss the complaint in the absence of sufficient or credible evidence.

The practical value of court work can not be overestimated, and the Postgraduate, Senior and even Junior students ought to make it a point to try as many cases as possible during the scholastic year. The procedure conforms as closely as practicable to that of the regular courts, and one or two Thursdays or recreation days of each month must be wholly devoted to the work.

Following is a list of the courts organized and the names of the persons chosen to serve in them:

MOOT COURT.

Hon. William Hoynes, Judge; Frederick W. Meyer, Clerk; Edward F. Quigley, Assistant Clerk; Clement C. Mitchell, Prosecuting Attorney; Francis P. Burke, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney; Oscar Lippman, Sheriff; Hugh S. McGinley, Deputy Sheriff; John T. McGown, Coroner; John W. Dubbs, Deputy Coroner; Frank E. Hering and John B. F. Pick, Referees; Edward D. Collins and Earl E. Whaley, Jury Commissioners; Joseph C. Kinney, Recorder; William F. Dinnen, Notary Public; Victor Hilding, Reporter.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Hon. William Hoynes, Chancellor; Timothy Crimmins, Clerk; Peter J. McNamara, Assistant Clerk; Albert C. Fortin, Master in Chancery; Raymond V. Stephan, Assistant; Frank B.

Hughes, Deputy Sheriff; Vitus G. Jones, Reporter.

JUSTICE'S COURT.

John P. Curry, Justice of the Peace; Willis P. Wood, Clerk; George F. Ziegler, Constable.

SUPREME COURT.

Hon. Timothy E. Howard, Chief Justice; George H. Kelly, Clerk; Harold H. Davitt, Assistant Clerk; Joseph J. Sullivan, Reporter.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

Hon. Lucius Hubbard, Judge; John L. Corley, Clerk; John H. Shirk, Assistant Clerk; Peter P. McElligott, United States District Attorney; Simon Jennings, Assistant United States District Attorney; William H. Cameron, United States Marshal; William P. Higgins, Assistant United States Marshal; Omer D. Green, Reporter.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER'S COURT.

Philip B. O'Neil, Commissioner; Frank M. Winter, Clerk.

MEMBERS OF JURY.

Louis E. Best, Charles W. Casey, Francis J. Conboy, N. R. Furlong, Joseph M. Gaffney, John Geringer, John Hannon, Harry G. Hogan, Frank J. Lonergan, J. Frank Murphy, Joseph J. Meyers, George Louis Nyere, John F. O'Phelan, William E. Riley, Thomas A. Toner.

 Personals.

—Mr. Ernest Marker received a visit from his mother a few days ago.

—The Rev. Father Cunningham of Louisville, Ky., was a welcome guest at the University.

—The Rev. Fathers of the University were pleased to receive a call last week from Father O'Leary of Wisconsin.

—The visit of Mr. W. J. Higgins of South Boston was appreciated by his son and numerous friends here.

—Mr. John Rhodes of Carroll Hall was visited by his father, mother and friends during the first part of the week.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Antoine and daughter of Somonauk, Ill., spent Sunday with Laurence Antoine of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. John K. Stoner and wife of Boston, Mass., came to see their son Byron of St. Edward's Hall a few days ago.

—Misses Mary and Edith Rogers of Chicago, with friends, paid a flying, though appreciated, visit to the University some days ago.

—The Misses Carrie Henderer and Clara

Trautewine of Goshen, Indiana, spent Sunday at the University, the guests of Mr. J. Shirk.

—The Rev. Father Guendling of Goshen, Indiana, spent a few hours at the University among his friends Tuesday.

—Mr. P. J. Kasper, of the firm of Durand and Kasper of Chicago, made a brief stay during the week with his son and many acquaintances.

—Mr. W. H. Welsh of Chicago stopped over Sunday with old friends at the University. Mr. Welsh was on his way to the Buffalo Exposition.

—The friends of Mr. J. D. Flynn (student 91-94) were pleased a short time ago on the receipt of the news that he had been granted a professorship in the Hartford (Conn.), High School.

—The Rev. Father Regan was especially pleased last week by a visit from the Rev. Father Duehming of Avilla, Ind. Father Duehming is always a welcome guest among the faculty.

—Dr. Dinnen, accompanied by Miss Sadie Fleming of Ft. Wayne, Ind., Miss Louise Booker of Hampden, Va., and Mr. Ralph Bond, Chicago, were entertained by Messrs. William and Francis Dinnen last Sunday.

—Mr. J. A. Kernan of New York City spent a part of last week at Notre Dame visiting his sister, a member of the Order of the Holy Cross, and Very Rev. President Morrissey. Mr. Kernan will always be a welcome guest.

—We are honoured to have as our guest the distinguished Father A. A. Lambing, of Wilkinsburg, Pa. The Rev. Father is a noted author, but perhaps his best-known book is "Catholic Belief." Father Lambing received the degree of LL. D. from the University in 1890.

—Mr. John Ehrke, train-master in Battle Creek, Mich., for the Grand Trunk R.R. Co., entered his son Fred in Carroll Hall last Thursday. Though Mr. Ehrke's stay at the University was short, he made many friends among the faculty; and it is hoped that he will be able to make more extended visits in the future.

—Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, accompanied by their daughter, Mary, were the welcome guests of Harry Roberts of Carroll Hall last week. Mr. Roberts was a student in the sixties. He left here shortly before graduating to go to the war, with the full intention, however, of returning to finish his studies as soon as the North and South were welded together. But circumstances led him to settle in Willmington, Ill., where he has become a very influential citizen, being now Vice-President of the Commercial Bank. Mr. Roberts has always cherished fond memories of his school days; and he has preserved intact, as perhaps no other student has, a catalogue of his time. V. G. J.

A Card of Sympathy.

It is our sad duty to record the death of a brother of Clement J. Sibia of Brownson Hall. Clement was called home to Massillon, Ohio, to attend his brother who was on his death-bed. His classmates tender him their heartfelt sympathy.

* * *

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, it has pleased God to call to his eternal reward, the brother of our fellow class-man, Robert E. Lynch. Be it

RESOLVED: That we, the class of 1903, hereby tender to our fellow student and the members of his family our deepest sympathy. Be it further

RESOLVED: That these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

Francis H. McKeever,
Joseph A. Fahey,
Matthew J. Walsh,
Frank J. Barry,—Committee.

Local Items.

—Reward.—For the return of a gold watch and chain lost in or about the gymnasium last Saturday afternoon.

—We marvel at the physical condition of our men this season over previous seasons, and all due to the trainer, Butler.

—Dr. Molumphy, who was recently appointed coroner, held his first inquest on the body of Mr. Billy Goat, last Thursday morning. On opening the body, in the interior was discovered one huge cabbage. The new coroner's verdict was that "if the cabbage killed Billy, Billy killed the cabbage." The Krout Club of Sorin Hall, whose emblem is the cabbage, takes exceptions to the findings of the coroner.

—A visitor, passing through Sorin Hall, is struck by the mural decorations of the south-east corner room on second flat, three doors to right of elevator. He is somewhat puzzled as to whether he is in a tobacco warehouse, a distillery, fortress, art gallery or livery stable. The spectator in judging what kind of a place it is, notices, tacked near the ceiling, a row of tobacco leaves, and letting his eye wander on down the wall, a flask is seen; below this hangs a large sized blunderbuss, model 1492, probably used by Columbus in blowing up a balloon, and is now perhaps protecting the innumerable photographs below it. He would judge from the number of young ladies that appear in the collection that the occupant's charms are not unknown to the fair sex. That a staunch admirer of fair women and fast horses is this young man who comes from the land where every tavern keeper is a "colonel," and every woman a "belle," can not be questioned, for at the bottom of the junkshop is a picture of an old brown "plug"

that was handed down as a heirloom for three generations.

—The "Knocker" contributes his second descriptive poem on a contemporary that is rivalled but by few.

"Gee-whiz, who's that?"
 "Why, don't you know that—
 You don't!! Great Scott!
 Where did fortune cast your lot?
 What measlie burg on all the earth
 Must contritely confess your birth?
 To think a human being should
 Avow such ignorance! He would
 Destroy you with his scornful gaze
 Could he but hear you. Say, Jack, Raise
 Your hat and bow with awestruck mein;
 He's just the warmest ever seen!
 A P. G? No; an orator?
 If he should hear you, he'd be sore.
 A student? Say, you're mighty new
 Just step here, can you get that view
 Of lithe, well-muscled legs? That slouching gait,
 That Bowery walk!"—"Say, that is great!"
 "All bow to him—the maidens coy
 Are, oh! so easy for that boy;
 The freshman hang on every word,
 (To hear him talk. He is A BIRD).
 He's not a student. More than that,
 You can tell it by his dinky hat.
 To speak of him in common strain
 Would be to desecrate a name
 That will outlive the floods and flame;
 He's it! the mighty one! the Ace!
 The only baby in the place!
 He's Herr Bert.

—These few lines of verse have caused much discussion among our learned critics. Some hold that "Elsie" is one of our famous contemporaries, but the others seem to think that "Elsie," L and C as they call it, one of Egypt's old kings. However, we give it to the reader with a few notes:

"Elsie" lived and "Elsie" died,
 Many, many, years ago,
 Now we've placed his toughened hide,
 In the archeological row.
 See this face—for it he sighed,
 And this jug, his nose to glow,
 Now we've left him snug and dried,
 Rooming in the Mummy Row.
 As a youth he used his head,
 Managing an athletic show,
 "Me and Pete," he one time said,

"Will make this business flunk or go.
 O boys, respect his pride and fame;
 Before his door, stand on tiptoe,
 For surely his, an illustrious name,
 Perhaps the best in Mummy Row.

NOTES: Elsie is an ancient Egyptian name; a name very popular with the bards, as the famous lyric "Elsie from Chelsie, there's nobody else Elsie like Elsie from Chelsie," proves. Archeological Row was a section known to many and respected by few, though some of our critics, as Messrs. MacGelliot and Way Lee seem to think that archeological is a combination of ark, key and logic, and that row means to propel a boat. In other words, they say that an ancient Egyptian to row his ark with a key must have had a course in logic. The words jug, nose, and glow created much discussion. Professor Crimothy stated that jug was an instrument used by poets; the other critic's opinions coincided with the professor's. He further said that he had seen on the tomb of poets, the Latin phrase, *fullus jugus*—in English, full jug. From this he inferred that a full jug was an instrument out of which the poets, in a manner known but to themselves, drew their inspirations.

The critic, Von Lipmann, is our authority on nose and glow. He disposes of these by stating that a nose was a musical instrument known as a horn. And that when some *fullus jugus* was applied to it by the ancients, as the moderns use sapolio, it produced a beautiful lustre known as a glow.

The line "as a youth he used his head" has been the cause of an endless dispute. We know that youth, or Yute, as it is sometimes called means one of a tribe of ancient Indians, but the word, head, seems to destroy this interpretation, for head, according to Von Lins, the great chemist, means a foamy top on a medicine used by the ancient Germans, and known as lager. So for the world of us we can not see how a Yute, or a young Indian, could use this kind of medicine "in managing an athletic show."

Students Registered for the Fall Examinations, October 22-24.

SORIN HALL.

V. M. Arana, H. E. Brown, F. J. Barry, G. W. Burkitt, F. P. Burke, C. M. Church, L. J. Carey, D. E. Collins, T. Crimmins, H. V. Crumley, H. H. Davitt, T. F. Dwyer, D. C. Dillon, W. F. Dinnen, J. F. Dinnen, W. M. Daly, John W. Dubbs, T. L. Donnelly, B. R. Enriquez, A. C. Fortin, G. A. Farabaugh, J. A. Fahey, H. S. Fink, J. M. Falomir, M. M. Gomez, F. G. Gaston, R. M. Garza, C. A. Gorman, E. L. Guerra, E. J. Gilbert, J. M. Gaffney, O. D. Green, R. E. Hanley, M. B. Herbert, H. H. Hoover, W. P. Higgins, V. G. Jones, R. A. Krost, C. P. Kahler, F. J. Kasper, G. H. Kelly, J. R. Kelly, J. C. Kinney, B. V. Kanaley, A. L. Krug, R. E. Lynch, G. J. Lins, G. F. McCullough, H. S. McGinley, F. H. McKeever, P. J. McDonough, F. W. Meyer, L. I. Mulvey, W. I. Manier, B. Madero, J. F. Murphy, J. H. Neeson, D. K. O'Malley, J. P. O'Hara, F. B. O'Brien, P. B. O'Neill, P. W. O'Grady, J. B. Pick, F. J. Petritz, E. F.

Quigley, F. Rincon, Paul F. Rebillot, V. N. Rayneri, E. P. Rayneri, R. J. Sweeney, J. H. Shirk, Wm. A. Shea, J. F. Shea, M. J. Shea, A. E. Steiner, A. C. Stephan, R. V. Stephan, G. T. Stanford, R. A. Trevino, J. L. Toohey, J. R. Voigt, R. M. Wilson, E. E. Whaley, O. A. White, E. C. Wolfe, H. M. Wolfe, E. C. Wurzer, W. P. Wood, H. W. Zolper, G. F. Ziegler.

MAIN BUILDING.

J. P. Curry, F. F. Dukette, J. J. Sullivan, P. J. Weiss, Jr.

CORBY HALL.

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