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Du Bist wie Eine Blume.

TIMOTHY J. CROWLEY, '02.

(Heine.)

MOST like unto a flower thou art,
So lovely, pure and mild;
A saddening gloom creeps o'er my heart
While gazing on thee, child.
And when my fingers idly stroll
Upon thy silken hair,
I pray the Lord to guard thy soul,
So lovely, pure and fair.

The Law of Success.*

EXCERPTS FROM BISHOP SPALDING'S ADDRESS.

(CONCLUSION.)



WHAT is it that you want to succeed in doing? You all want to make money or get an office; that is the American ideal of success. It is to make money or get an office. We will outgrow that some day. Money is good; it is the greatest of material powers in the world to-day. It is a mighty power. How are you going to make money? Just as I told you that you were to learn language,—by working, working. I am talking of the law. There may be an exception; sometimes an accident may happen, so that a man gets rich without labour; but right here is one of the great causes of failure: that each man looks upon himself as an exception. I tell you that this is the law: that you have got to labour, if you want to get money, if you want to succeed. You say yes, I see it is the law, but

* Given at Notre Dame, Friday evening, November 15, opening the lecture course.

I need not observe it; there are exceptions to every rule, and I am the exception to this one. You tell a young man: "If you go into such company, if you choose such companions, little by little you will sink." And he answers: "Oh yes! I know that is the rule, but I can go into that company and it will not hurt me."

There is a story of a poor boy in Paris who was without work. His mother was in poverty, and he went about seeking something to do, and among other places he went into a bank asking to be employed to sweep out the office. They said they had nothing for him to do. He started out, and as he started out he picked up something. The banker seeing him do this, called him back and asked him what he had picked up. The boy said it was only a pin, but he didn't like to see it go to waste. That attracted the banker's attention. He said: "I will give you something to do," and he gave him some occupation in the office, and that boy rose in the bank until he became one of the great financiers of France, Lafitte.

The great man looks upon himself as not amounting to much. The greatest philosophers know best that they know very little. No real man is ever conceited. The wider our view, the less we become in our own estimation. So if you are going to succeed, you will say that your work can be done better, and you will not rest satisfied until it is done better. Each lesson you learn, each composition you write, each song you sing, whatever it is, never be content not only until it is done as well as you can do it now, but until you have made yourself better and better able to do it in a more and more perfect form. This is the secret of success. Read about rich men—Rockefeller, A. T. Stewart, J. P. Morgan—they were nearly all poor boys, and they started out to that end of money-making, and

they kept on and kept on. I do not say it is a high ideal, but it is success. I am talking to you of success.

You all intend to accomplish something; you have some aim you wish to attain in life. But let me tell you, the aim of having a good time, of having fun and pleasure; is no aim. Divide young men into two classes: those who make pleasure an aim, and those who make power an aim. Those who make pleasure an aim do not count; they belong to a lower race; they are like the helots of the Spartans: they are doomed to become the victims of their own sensuality, of their own lack of self-control; they will not count at all. Those who see that the great good of life is to have power, is to have power of reason, power of money, of office, of something or other—they are of service to mankind, even though they only help them by showing them what a man can accomplish. The aim of having pleasure is the aim of a lower race, and of those who are destined to become a scorn and a mockery. There is no possible pleasure for those who make pleasure an aim. Pleasure is good only when we have earned it by our labour; it refreshes us after our hard work.

Now if you wish to be good men, have some aim that approves itself to a rational man, to a reasonable being. I have noticed that men who have character are nearly all men who have been successful. Take the professions. The men of the finest character are nearly all men who lead in their profession. Idleness is sure to lead us to degeneracy, consequently, those men who try to succeed, and whom no failure discourages, and who go on rising on failures as stepping-stones, they are the men who realize what a noble thing it is to be a living force in God's world. They have influence; they have power, and the respect of their fellows. They are pointed to with pride. At least, they signify something; there is meaning in their life; they have not lived in vain; they have accomplished something. Strive for some worthy end whatever it may be.

Why is it so many young men fail, and never rise above a salary of fifty or sixty dollars a month? That was asked of Wanamaker, and he said it is because they all want a "white-shirt" job. They do not belong to the race of fierce, irresistible toilers. Once, as a

young fellow, I saw in Kentucky, some hunting horses. They were jumping over hurdles, and I noticed one of them that had the look of a lion. Each time as he came up to the hurdle I noticed a fierce look of determination in his eye; he gathered himself as if each time he were going to leap higher and higher, and he never failed. There are young men born to that whatever they are put to—with a sort of unconquerable determination that difficulties only strengthen and obstacles make more sublime. They do not care for "white-shirt" jobs, but do anything they can get to do.

My dear young men, there is but one real success for any human being born into this world from the beginning until now, or that shall be born until the end, and that is success in making himself a man, in making himself God-like, in making himself honest, sincere, truthful, just, benevolent, kind, polite, human. There are no compensations for whoever fails in this. A man may have millions of money, and if he has failed in making himself a man, he has failed hopelessly. But he who has built up his character is kingly, is akin to his Maker and his Saviour.

Every individual is insignificant; the man is utterly insignificant in himself. Take the great men of any class. Take Shakspeare, take Washington, any great man. How is he great? Through his relations to the race; through his relations to principle, to truth, to beauty, to goodness. Isolated, he is nothing. It is only in coming forth from ourselves; it is only by identifying ourselves with truth, culture, virtue, morality, patriotism; with our fellow-men, with the interests of humanity, with religion and God, only in so far do we acquire significance. We have been built up by the race we belong to, by society; and if we cut ourselves loose from them, we cease to be of any use, of any value, of any need. Love, truth, virtue, goodness, beauty,—labour for these things, to incorporate these principles in your lives; make them a part of yourselves, and then more and more you shall grow in character, in control, in self-respect, and feel more and more that man is not an animal merely, but is a spirit, akin to the Eternal Spirit, who is born of God, who is growing through the time, who is growing infinitely, developing forever and ever since the world of truth and beauty is infinite, forever drawing him on.

A Thanksgiving Spread.

EDWARD F. QUIGLEY, '03.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. The college grounds bore an aspect of bustle and liveliness; students were hurrying to and from their classes, or carrying arm loads of newly pressed clothes from the tailor's shop, and running about on trivial errands that they might have all in readiness for the morrow. There was to be a football game with the South Bend team, and everyone wished to have his conscience clear of all worry as to duties and unfinished work before he left for town.

Royce Barton went to his room immediately after dinner to complete an answer to a letter long due, and to prepare for his second-hour class. He worked silently for three-quarters of an hour, and then looked dreamily out of the window as he drummed his pencil between his teeth. A few flakes of snow were gently falling and the sky was of a dull blue color. Such a day was last Thanksgiving, which he had spent at home, and he pictured to himself the family sitting around the table with the big steaming turkey in the centre. It was surrounded by long stalks of celery, and there was a bowl of glaring cranberry sauce, besides all those exquisite dishes his mother only could prepare and of which he was so fond. Suddenly a knock came at the door.

"Come in!" snappishly yelled, Royce, for he didn't like to have his dream interrupted by some fellow who probably wanted a match, or wished to find out where the lesson was.

"Well, go chase yourself then," he roared when the door did not open.

Two gentle raps again sounded on the door.

"Run on and sell your papers, sonny, I'm not so easy as all that," he cried at the top of his voice.

Once more the knock was repeated a little louder, but with the same ring of formality. Royce leaped up and grabbed the door knob; he cautiously opened the door just far enough to enable him to see into the hall, for he was highly suspicious lest some automatic trick was about to be played upon him—he had once been led into throwing open his door in answer to the same kind of a knock, and he was rewarded with the sudden influx of a bucket of water all over his carpet. He was somewhat embarrassed and abashed when he

peeped out upon a small boy who handed him a large heavy brown package and an envelope containing this note:

"DEAR ROY:—I thought I'd send you out a slight token of the holiday. No doubt, you already have a box from home which will put this in the shade. Well, if you have, it will make the fudges and cakes last a little longer, and if you haven't, I do not doubt but that you will 'kill it'—I've been in the same box myself. Eat 'em up. He's the biggest and best I could find in town. I'll see you at the game to-morrow.
J. M."

"Jack," exclaimed Royce, "and a big juicy turkey—roasted and stuffed evidently from its weight."

The bell for class rang, and writing a hasty answer to Jack and dismissing the boy, Royce hurriedly placed the turkey in a large paste-board box he had and went to class. On the way over and during the afternoon he told several of his nearest friends to come up to his room that night as he had something he wished to show them. At three o'clock he went over to the store and bought a good supply of cakes, apples, bananas, candy and other stuff to complete the spread.

"Who sent it to you, Roy?" asked one of a small group of eager students that watched their host clear his table of books and papers, and carefully place Mr. Turkey in the centre.

"Jack Merry, an all-round sport—eh, fellows?" answered Royce, as he laid the fruit, candy, cakes and other delicacies before them preparatory to cutting the string which held the stiff brown paper firmly about the large lump beneath its folds.

"Yes, poor Jack!—I wish he was back here again," warmly spoke up Ferdie Schoolfellow. "Remember that time he rough-housed you, Royce, and you were sore at him for a long time?"

"Do I?—Well, I guess, yes. I'll never forget it, but this makes up for all his meanness. Jiggers! but wasn't he a lobster for playing tricks, though. All he was here for, he said, was fun. Well, fellows, pull your chairs up here and get together and we'll have big eatin's," said Royce as he pulled out his knife.

"Gee! but he's a whopper. Bet he weighs a ton," piped in Stuffy from Corby Hall.

"It's a cinch that we won't do a thing to him, isn't it, Stuffy?"

"I'll tell you what, fellows, it's a mighty swell thing to be next to Roy—'tisn't every

fellow that will invite you in to help kill his box," suggested Duggie Loftmore.

They all turned their eyes toward Royce who snapped the cord in twain and quickly pulled aside the paper in which the bird was wrapped so that their surprise at his magnitude would be more sudden and amazing.

"Oh! there'll be a hot time—"

Duggie got no farther; there, staring these five yearning students, who had risked demerits by skiving into Barton's room and whose appetites had been increased by the novelty of the feast, was—a big yellow pig's head.

They all looked in dumb amazement at the thing for a moment, and then one by one they turned and looked at Barton.

"Worked again!" at last muttered Royce, "another one of Merry's tricks."

Two or three of the fellows then let out a roar of laughter.

"Well, I shouldn't think it was so funny," grumbled Stuffy of Corby as he sneaked out of the room.

At first Royce grew angry, but he could not help smiling at the ugly thing with the long nose and huge ears on the table. The pig's head looked almost as if it would like to grunt in his face at the situation. The little party ate the other things and sorrowfully betook themselves off to their rooms.

"Well, I'll get even with Jack to-morrow," declared Royce to himself. "I was a fool not to open the package in the first place."

"Sure and 'tis a mighty foine dinner Bridget and me had yisterday," said McGinnis to his fellow-labourer, as he took his pipe from his mouth and a huge grin spread across his face, "an' 'twuz all jue to Providence."

"Ye see th' ole woman sint me down town fer a pig's head, fer she wuz makin' head-cheese, an' I picked out a big one, ye know, an' th' man put a string and paper around it. Well, I wint on about me business as I had tu buy some other things, ye know. An' what would yez think? When th' ole woman undone th' package there wus a big torkey instead av a pig's head. Providence had answered me prayers, fer I remember sayin' tu th' cashier in th' shop, whin I paid her th' twinty cints, says I: 'Troth an' I wish there wuz a torkey in there instead of an ould pig's head.' I left th' package in th' shop until I should be agoin' home, an' it wuz thin that th' Lord sint down a torkey for me. Thanksgivin' male, an' a mighty foine dinner it wuz too."

Varsity Verse.

THE REASON.

HOW oft we wonder why men are content
To let the precious moments idly fly,
And leave the good undone without a sigh
To show that they their sore neglect repent;
We wonder, too, why lives so few are spent
For noble aims: men come and live and die,
And after they are gone forgotten lie,
Because to help the world no hand they lent.

'Tis not because they do not wish the best,
Nor is it that low aims will satisfy,
But rarest fruit is bought at rarest price,
Which means that men must freely dispossess
Themselves of all they have and break each tie,
And *self* include then in the sacrifice.

F. C. S.

A TRIOLET.

On the hill where the daisies lie dreaming,
She sickened, and smiling she died.
Then the star and the moonlight came streaming,
On the hill where the daisies lie dreaming,
To her grave; here the dewdrops lay beaming.
Yet my heart's 'neath the sod at her side,
On the hill where the daisies lie dreaming,
Where she sickened, and smiling she died.

J. J. S.

A PARADOX.

She stole his heart,
He stole a kiss,
Each theft increased
The loser's bliss.

MacD.

EVENING.

Above, a shade of gray lies o'er the gold,
And slowly stars from out the shadows creep;
While on the lawns the drooping daisies hold
Within their snowy petals dreamless sleep.

E. E. W.

UNDER THE GRAND STAND.

What can it mean? Is some one hurt?
Or has a fire broken out?
Is there a fight to cause this stir?
Or what's it all about?

I joined the pushing, frantic mob
Of dire, foreboding size,
And soon was pushed before the scene:—
A man was selling pies.

E. F. Q.

TROUBLES OF THE VERSE MAKER.

I had a very pretty thought—
At least, there could be worse—
And so, of course, I felt I ought
To put it into verse.

I worked an hour, and the lines
Ran smoothly as they ought,—
I had some very pretty verse,
But did not have the thought!

J. L. C.

At the Critical Moment.

ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902.

"Good morning, Miss Alice."

"Good morning, Doctor. You must have taken a very early stroll."

"I went to get a last look at that cliff. You know we leave this evening."

"Yes, thank heaven!" said Alice.

"Do you know I rather hate to go," the Doctor went on, "I've been having so enjoyable a time."

"For my part, I am glad that it's over," she commented. "A month or so in the country is pleasant, as far as it goes; but I am longing to get back to the city. We expect a great many grand events this season."

"I never can get enough of a beautiful bit of scenery. I wish I could paint that view from the cliff."

"Why, Doctor, there is no reason why you should not stay longer, then. These days of early autumn are so delightful. Of course, the other guests would gradually leave, but then your scenery would remain. Just think what a grand sight your cliff must be in winter!"

"Don't you think it would be rather lonely? Besides, you forget that we have decided to return to the city together."

"Oh! as far as I am concerned, I shall not hold you to your agreement. I should not wish in the least to hinder your enjoyment. Remain by all means."

"Oh! you are not the only one to be considered. The others—"

"They will surely release you. Besides, I don't see what pleasure you should find in our company. A few families of us have passed as enjoyable a month as possible, but after we leave that will end it."

"That's just the trouble. I have become so accustomed to your society that I shall be lonely without it. For that very reason I wish to be serious with you for a moment. You know how much I care for you,—will you—will you be my wife?"

"My dear Doctor! the air about that cliff has had a bad effect on you. It has left you in a very jocose mood. Who knows; when the effects pass off—"

"Please do not put me off as you have done so often before. Your answer means a great deal to me. Tell me honestly and seriously, will you be my wife?"

"Honestly and seriously then,—no. You have many excellent qualities and have been a very dear companion for the past month. If you have any warmer feelings for me, I can not return them. You will not be angry and we shall still be friends?"

"Yes, of course. Still I am very sorry that you will not consent. This is the first time that I have ever travelled with any families, and I began to think how pleasant it must be to have a family of your own. I am tired of this endless knocking about with other old bachelors, and I want to marry. I had hoped that you would become my wife."

"But why should I be the person? Surely, you can find some one else. For example, there's my little friend, Jeannette. Isn't she a very pretty, lovable girl?"

"Oh! certainly. Jeannette is not a bit like you, but I do not doubt that she could make a man happy. Her bearing is very sweet and modest. It takes a strange hold of a person after one has known her for a time. She seems to bring something mild and good."

"Why, see there now! I had not the slightest suspicion that my friend possessed so many admirable qualities—but you—you seem to have had an eye for them."

"She is really very pretty. One seldom finds hair as rich as hers. Do you think she would accept me?"

"Of course, she would take you without a moment's hesitation. The poor girl is actually burning to get married. She flutters about every man, and I believe that if some one with a tail and cloven hoof should ask her she would accept him."

"I think you are rather unjust to your friend. I have observed her somewhat closely—"

"Oh, you have been observing her!"

"Yes, and I noticed that she is very shy and reserved with men."

"Marry her then, marry her. Marry the shy, reserved girl with the sweet, modest bearing. As for the hair, it is rich—if it is her own. It is true, she has nothing—absolutely nothing. I doubt very much whether her parents, who are making so much display, would even give her a respectable outfit. Then her mother, whom she resembles greatly, will be a most amiable mother-in-law. The good woman is very energetic, and she is determined to have her own way; but what does that matter to you? You love the family circle. Last week she boxed the chamber-maid's ears, and threw a pitcher at the bell-boy's head. And what a

father-in-law you will have! They say that in winter he's at Hot Springs and in summer—"

"My dear Miss Alice!—"

"It seems very strange, Doctor, that you should ask me to marry you, when you are so violently in love with another girl. Any one that speaks of a girl in that manner must be violently in love—"

"Miss Alice—"

"Yes, you said so! You are in love—head over ears in love, and you would like to rob the sun of its brightness to form a halo about the head of a consummate goose!"

"But, Miss Alice—"

"A consummate goose! I have said it, and will not take it back. You can marry her whenever you wish. I don't care. But I should like to know how you dare to propose to me when you are in love with another girl—"

"Won't you listen to me for just a moment?"

"Don't say another word. Your despicable conduct has changed all my feelings into hatred. Yes, I hate you; and for all I care you might just as well marry the gorilla in the zoölogical gardens as that odious, simpering goose, Jeannette. No girl has ever been so shamefully treated as—as I—Oh! if I only knew some one who—who would—"

"My dear Alice, I don't want anyone but you."

"No one but—me?"

"Yes. Won't you give me time to finish? I love only you, and will marry no one else, if you refuse me."

"I have—never—refused you!"

"Why of course you have. Must I knock about as an old bachelor for the remainder of my life? If you will only have me, I shall be the happiest of men. I am not rich, but if any man can make a woman happy, I shall try—"

"And you don't care for Jeannette?"

"I would not even dream of such a thing."

"You will never want to see her again?"

"Certainly not, if you do not wish me to. But tell me, do you care for me?"

"You must have noticed that—"

"You do then?"

"Well then, if I must say it—yes. You should have guessed the truth, even though I was too stupid to perceive it for myself."

"Then we shall go to the city together after all."

"But Doctor, dear Frank, you must break yourself of that fickleness. My heart would break, if I thought you cared for Jeannette."

A Reverie.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

All was quiet around me. The night outside was inky black. Here and there a star glinted through the almost impenetrable gloom.

I looked out on the dark waters of the lake. It brought back to mind a time when, on a summer evening, I sat in a little boat on its bosom. It was such a night as this, but not so cold.

Then what thoughts surged through my peaceful mind! The waves lapped lazily against the sides of the boat. I felt the gentle breathing of nature. Above, the stars in cold brightness gazed steadily down. The moon touched tree and wave and shore with a softened light.

Yonder star, methought, which is twinkling aloft, is another earth, swerving through space with awful rapidity! On it are trees and lake and living beings. Beyond it others whose light has not yet reached us. Beyond that another and another. Out, out, as far as fancy wanders, there are planets, moving in divine harmony in their measured orbits. If we could see by an infinite vision every one, the whole emptiness of space would appear one blaze of scintillating light—revolving suns, encircling systems, and orbits interlacing like the hovering of a cloud of fire-flies in the twilight.

Unable to grasp the infinite, I turned my gaze downward to watch the silver drops dripping from my oar. And these lines came to my mind:

There is no great nor small

To the Lord that maketh all.

Then one of the drops of water is perhaps a complete universe. Has it not planets infinite in number, darting about like the planets of our universe? On each, perhaps, there are living beings whose intelligence, if they had one, would become blank in contemplating the space immeasurable from atom to atom, from earth to earth.

Our universe, too, is but a drop of water dripping from an angel's oar.

I felt the breeze quickening on my cheek. Its freshness only made me feel a captive. I looked down into the cold water, musing on the wonders in its chilly depths. I thought of the fish and then of myself confined in an element only less dense than theirs. I

imagined one standing above the atmosphere comparing our state to that of the fish, rather to that of the reptiles that crawl and live on the bottom of the sea: for we can not rise in our element. The white sunlight of the brightest day in summer is dimmed before it reaches us. The clouds are like ships above us, throwing shadows on our heads.

We live in a little puddle in some recess at the bottom of the great sea of the universe, which, in turn, is but a drop, dripping in the ocean of infinity.

We are in the centre of a pyramid, the apex and the base of which—the small and the great—taper far out of our sight.

Was there, then, a time when this wonder of Immensity was *not*? When there were no stars, no sun, no earth, no air, no light, no sound, but all infinite emptiness, darkness and silence?

The door creaked behind me. The wind was whistling mournfully without; the fire had gone out, and, rousing with a start, I groped to bed.

Seeking Pleasure.

VITUS G. JONES, 1902.

Few poems are as deserving of their title, I think, as Milton's "L'Allegro," or the cheerful man. The first lines give the impression that the naturally cheerful disposition of some men has been weighed down by loathed melancholy: but in one determined effort he asserts his independence and cheerfulness. He banishes reluctant melancholy to dwell forever, 'mongst the horrid shapes and shrieks and unholy sights, in Stygian's forlorn caves and in the dark Cimmerian desert, where everything is lonely and dreadful. Then he turns to the heart-easing goddess of Mirth, fair and free, and invokes her to send him everything that goes to make life happy. He asks jests and wanton wiles, love and laughter to come tripping on the light fantastic toe that he may be able to live with Mirth by giving her the honour due. How contented he is when he hears the lark startle Dull Night from the watch-tower at the dappled dawn, and bids him good-morrow through the sweet-briar and the twisted eglantine; when he watches the cock proudly strutting before his dames to the barn-door and to the stack in the thin scattered, darkness; and when he

listens to the baying hounds and the shrill echoing horn cheerily rousing the slumbering morn. Sometimes he walks unseen by the elm hedge-row facing the eastern gate, where the great sun, robed in flames of amber light, begins its journey and adorns the liveried clouds with a thousand different shades. Close by the ploughman whistles over the furrowed land, the milkmaid gaily sings, and the mower whets his scythe.

While listening to the shepherd's tale under the hawthorn he gazes out across the landscape and there beholds the nibbling flocks straying over the russet lawns; then he looks up, and sees the labouring clouds stop to rest on the barren-breasted mountains. Then he wanders past the shallow brook where pied daisies trim the meadow; and near by he sees a cottage where he knows Corydon and Thyrsis first met. Even now they are seated there at a country dinner, dressed by the hand of Phillis who hastily leaves to help Thestylis bind the sheaves.

Now the joyful man leaves his country scene to visit an upland hamlet where he hears merry bells and sees the young people dancing in the chequered shade to the sound of the rebec till the daylight fades. Then all retire to some cottage to enjoy the nut-brown ale and to listen to the wondrous stories concerning some brave hero or goblin that thrashed more corn in one night with his shadowy flail than ten day-labourers could finish. When all the tales are told the listeners creep to bed, and are soon lulled to sleep by the whispering wind.

But in his freedom the cheerful man leaves this more quiet village for the towered city where he mingles with the busy hum of men. There in society's circle he sees a store of ladies whose bright eyes rain influence, while the knights and barons contend to win her whom all commend. He asks that Hymen, the god of marriage, may often appear in saffron robe, in pomp and feast and revelry and antique pageantry. He loves the sight that awakes the dreams of youthful poets as they sit by a haunted stream on a summer evening. Then he seeks the well-trod stage, if Johnson's learned sock be on, or if Shakspeare, fancy's sweetest child, warbles his native wood-note wild. But as a last resort against gnawing care he laps himself in soft Lydian airs which are married to immortal verse. Those piercing verses, which are long-drawn out and which untwist the tangled chains that

bind the hidden soul of harmony, will heave the head of Orpheus himself from a bed heaped with Elysian flowers, and force Pluto to set free his half-regained Euridice. If Mirth can offer the cheerful man these delights with her he means to live.

The first impression we get of "L'Allegro" is that some cheerful man has been wrongly cast into a state of melancholy. But now his suppressed though unconquered nature asserts itself and banishes all cares to dwell forever in Stygia's dark caves. After we have once passed these first few lines, we do not find a single word that bears the least trace of sadness. The levity of the man's nature springs forth and pleases us because it is so light and cheerful. We forget that he was ever moody. Even the very setting of the poem enters into the spirit of the man, for it is laid in the daytime when everything is active and moving.

The whole poem presents the natural, restless spirit of one who is continually grasping at everything in hopes of its making him happy and contented. He never attains this perfection, however, for he is continually swept into a new current of desires. Nothing can be more natural than to see this man first enjoying the quietness of the country; then to have him visit the little hamlet, and lastly to be carried into the towered city where he is cast into the gay whirl of society. We feel that the poem is the story of one of our own friends. It is so concrete that it is a picture of every-day life idealized. The whole is so equable, so natural, that we are carried through the entire ode perfectly unconscious of its development. When we come to the end we feel that we have accompanied a friend through the several stages of pleasure or life up to old age, and that now he is content to rest with the quiet pleasures that Mirth can give. Thus the ode ends with perfect completeness and satisfaction.

Dreams.

When our tired lids are still
And the moonlight softly streams—
Across each window-sill
When our tired lids are still
Like elfins down a rill
Sail in our midnight dreams,—
When our tired lids are still
And the moonlight softly streams.

MacD., '03.

The Novel in America.

JOSEPH L. TOOHEY, 1902.

The novel is a prose narrative that presents to us a true picture of the social world of to-day; or, more strictly, a purely imaginative work in prose that gives us an insight into the natural workings of the human heart. It has been said that the good novelist gives us the best history of the time in which he writes. Whether this is true or not, we deem it better to know the man than to know of him; to converse with him than to read about his actions.

The epic, tragedy and romance have preceded the novel in every language. The epic is a poetic narration of a great and dignified action performed by illustrious characters. The romance deals with fanciful incidents, picturesque scenes and extraordinary and remote characters. The novel, unlike these other forms of literature, deals with ordinary scenes and characters. As a rule, the epic appears first in a new language, then the drama; but the novel and comedy do not appear till the social state has been developed to some degree. Before saying anything about American writers of fiction it will not be out of place to briefly mention the origin of the novel in the English language.

In the year 1740, Samuel Richardson published "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded." This was the first novel in English. This book immediately became very popular. Two other English writers of great merit, Fielding and Smollet, then entered the ranks of fiction. Walter Scott was really the first great English novelist after Fielding. He broke away from the conventional and strict dramatic forms of his predecessors and made the novel a distinct branch of literature.

No work on fiction appeared in America till the close of the eighteenth century. When Fielding, Richardson, De Foe, and other writers, were writing fiction in the mother country, the American writers were busying themselves about more serious subjects. Their only books were works on politics, history, and science. Politics appeared first, and seemed to be a natural product of the American soil. These were turbulent times for the colonies, and there could be no just appreciation of fiction.

About ten years after the Revolution "Wieland," the first American novel, was published.

by Charles Brockton Brown. The works of this man, like those of Fielding, served only as forerunners to better works of fiction. He made the initiative in purely imaginative work in our country. Then came Cooper who made a marked advance towards a purely American novel. He introduced three new characters into fiction, the American Backwoodsman, the American sailor and the Indian. His Indian characters are made up of war paint and scalping knife. His novels are held together and rendered readable by striking and extraordinary incident alone.

From Cooper's time down to Hawthorne, there are no novelists worthy of the name. Yet during this time many good writers sprang up whose influence upon all branches of literature in this country has been marked. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Irving, and Edgar Allen Poe had a strong influence upon the novel, although none of them wrote a novel. Poe wrote some short narratives that have extraordinary imaginative quality; but we can not call him a novelist.

Hawthorne is the greatest American novelist. He gives us a better analysis of character than any other American novelist. He makes plot the natural outcome of character. The "Scarlet Letter," published about half a century after the first American novel appeared, is the best American novel. The novels of Hawthorne are a wonderful advance beyond the novels of incident alone.

Shortly after the "Scarlet Letter," appeared another novel, Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This novel, like some of the works of Dickens, is humanitarian. In it pity often takes the place of pathos. This novel became popular through curiosity and party strife at the time of its publication.

This summary would be incomplete if we should neglect to mention Oliver Wendell Holmes. Holmes devoted but little of his energy and time to fiction; but the three novels he has left us serve as a link, as it were, to connect the writers of the present time with those of the past.

Two prominent writers of the present day are Mr. Henry James and Mr. William Dean Howells. Mr. Howells has produced the best work in the literature of our country since Hawthorne. As a journalist and magazine writer he has won some fame. He gives us realism in the true sense. His characters are well drawn. He collects the materials from life, whether in the street, drawing-room, or

slums, to form the body of his characters, and then breathes an ideal into that body which makes it seem more real than nature's product. He is a realist in the good sense of the word. His work is not the mechanical work of the photographic camera, or a stenographic report of human actions, but the work of an artist. Among the best of Mr. Howells' works are, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Foregone Conclusion," "A Woman's Reason," and "The Minister's Charge." Incident plays a secondary part in these works.

Mr. James resembles Howells in many particulars. Plot plays but a small part in his stories. He is looked upon as the founder of realism in America. His works, like those of George Meredith, require great attention on the part of the reader.

The best known of Mr. James' works are: "Beltraffio," "The American," "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," and "The Europeans." Although an American, Mr. James lives in England, and his stories are now written from a standpoint somewhat English.

The Italian stories of Mr. Crawford are well composed, but are to be classed under the romance rather than the novel. The dramatic element is strong in most of his works, and some of them have been staged with success. Mr. Stockton's stories are clever and readable. The characters and situations in his stories belong to the romance rather than the novel.

During the last few years, novels and romances have been published by the dozen in this country. Many of these works have become popular only to give place to others more popular. It is hard to classify the literary worth of these works owing to their number, but since they have acquired so large a circulation among all classes of readers there must be some literary merit in them. Some other writers of note at the present day are Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, Mark Twain, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Henry Harland.

The American novel has been in existence only about a century. There has been an almost gradual development. When we take into consideration our numerous clever journalists and writers of fiction at the present day, there seems to be great possibilities for the future. Although we have not produced a Thackeray, a Scott, or a Dickens, yet we may hope for something of great worth from some of our many brilliant literary aspirants of the present day.

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—In commenting upon the career of Clement Studebaker, who has just passed away, we find a life admirable in many details. He was a self-made man of the old school, rugged, honest and generous. His inherent native ability is easily seen in the large manufacturing plant which claims his name and which thirty-five years ago was but a small shop. Men of this kind are the true pioneers of civilization, for they bring that material wealth which is necessary before we can get culture. Mr. Studebaker was eminently a successful man. Nor was he wanting in philanthropy, for the Milburn Chapel and the Epworth Hospital, in South Bend owe much to his generosity.

But it is in connection with ourselves that we would speak of Mr. Studebaker. He was ever a friend to Father Sorin and his faithful band of co-workers who built Notre Dame in the wilderness. He believed in the man as the worker. And when he saw the University under great obstacles grow stronger and larger year by year, he was not lacking in a kind deed when called upon. A few years ago he established a purse for our successful debaters; this showed another trait of the man. We ever regret to see a useful citizen called to his reward no matter what his race, but when that citizen is a friend we are deeply grieved.

—The SCHOLASTIC extends its greetings to the Very Reverend President on the occasion of his feast-day, and in a like manner to Bishop Muldoon and the reverend clergymen that have honoured us with their presence. It is needless for us to say that we ever look upon them as friends.

—We find pleasure in announcing that the name of Mr. D. L. Murphy, A. B., '95, LL. B., '97, has been added to our teaching staff. Mr. Murphy will lecture to the freshman laws. After having had extensive experience during the past five years with Mr. S. Hummer of Chicago, Mr. Murphy preferred South Bend as a field of labour. Here he and Mr. F. Hering will open up a law office.

—Readers of *St. Mary's Chimes* have always had reason to think well of its prose, and must have frequently admired its verse. How much of the latter there really was to admire becomes plain on looking into *Echoes of St. Mary's Chimes*, a souvenir of the Alumnæ meeting of 1901. Although this dainty volume of one hundred single pages contains only short poems, there are forty-six contributors, and so the work done at St. Mary's Academy during the past seven or eight years is fairly represented. When we remember that this work is altogether undergraduate we are compelled to acknowledge the general excellence of it. We wonder whether from any college in the country there could issue a similar book of verse which would be, on the whole, better.

—Judging from the conditions in a near-by university it would seem that the old-fashioned spelling "bee" should be revived with all its dignity and thoroughness. Over a hundred of those up to take the examination for entrance into the English class in Northwestern University failed in spelling. These are compelled to take spelling lessons outside their regular class work—a woful plight indeed. It is true that success as a scientist or an economist may not depend upon one's ability to spell; but yet, if a man holds himself out as a university man, or even as having received a diploma from an academy or a high school, he should know his orthography. Northwestern's action is a step in the right direction. How shall we continue the good work?

—Through the efforts of Colonel Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, a debate has been arranged between that department and the Illinois College of Law to be held in Chicago some time in January. There is little doubt but that the honour of the University will be ably upheld by the lawyers as a Steele, Ragan, Barry, McInerney and Kuppler can prove. The team to represent the Law Department has not as yet been chosen. So those that are ambitious along this line should get down to hard work.

—It is commonly held that the coach that develops his team slowly and surely, so that it is in its best condition by the time of its hardest and toughest game understands football thoroughly. This is what Pat O'Dea has done. And when we look back at the rough material he took last September and turned into finished football players, by the time of the Indiana game, we can not but marvel at his work. Developing this team was indeed a slow process. Northwestern and Beloit must be met before Indiana and Purdue. Our mind was on the Indiana championship; and thus O'Dea worked. For many weeks the men appeared crude, slow, with but little team work; but when Purdue appeared on Cartier Field, the Varsity used a variety of plays we had never before thought of.

So all honour is due to our genial coach, and to Butler the trainer who kept the men in magnificent condition.

The Rise of the Banjo.

Mr. Alfred A. Farland gave a Banjo Recital in Washington Hall Monday afternoon. Those somewhat acquainted with the limitations of such an instrument as the banjo, thought it marvelous that Mr. Farland could produce the effects he did.

His program included such adaptations from the musical classics as Rossini's "Allegro Vivace" from the Overture to "William Tell;" Moszkowski's "Serenata;" Paderewski's "Minuet a l'Antique;" and it may be added that the "Serenata" and Paderewski's "Minuet" were musical and pleasing. The technical ability displayed was most extraordinary, and the shades of expression gave evidence of a true musical feeling.

Another Victory.

NOTRE DAME, 34; P. and S., 0.

The Varsity men added more laurels to their credit last Saturday by overwhelmingly defeating the heavy Physicians and Surgeons team on Cartier Field. The Doctors' team is composed entirely of ex-college stars. This fact, however, did not save them in the game last Saturday, our men simply toying with them.

The game, despite its one-sidedness, was interesting. The Varsity changed its style of attack, and for the first time this season tried end runs, with now and then a line buck by Sammon or Woods. As a result, several long runs were made by Lonergan, Doran, and Nyere, but the star play was "Happy" Lonergan's fifty-yard run through a crowded field for a touchdown. The splendid interference afforded by Doran, McGlew, Sammon, and Woods, made possible so many long runs, and was about the best seen on Cartier Field this season. The linemen played their usual strong game, throwing the Doctors for a loss every time they attempted to gain. Little, Monahan, and Lockwood were the stars for P. and S., the former stopping many touchdowns by clever tackling. One feature of the game was the scoring of touchdowns by our centre trio, Gillen, Winter, and Pick. The latter's touchdown was made possible by Sammon going to centre, Pick playing full-back.

P. and S. kicked off forty yards to Nyere who returned five. Doran hit guard for five, Sammon plunged through centre for ten; Wood added three, and on an end run Nyere made seven more. Then Doran circled end for twenty yards, pushing off two P. and S. men before he was downed. Sammon smashed through left tackle for twelve; Fortin repeated for ten, and on next play plunged through for a touchdown, Sammon kicking goal. On the next kick off Lonergan recovered fifteen. Notre Dame quickly rushed the ball down to the five-yard line on end runs by Lonergan and Wood for thirty and twenty-five yards respectively, and big gains by Faragher, Doran and Nyere. P. and S. secured ball on a fumble on their five-yard line, but lost it immediately on a fumble, Lonergan falling on it for Notre Dame. Doran took it to two-yard line, and Sammon scored the touchdown. The next touchdown was also made in a hurry.

on long runs by Nyers, Lonergan, and Doran, and line bucking by Sammon and Faragher. Pick was pushed over for this touchdown, Sammon kicking goal. This ended the scoring in the first half. Notre Dame, 17; P. and S., 0. The second half was a repetition of the first, Notre Dame scoring seventeen more points on touchdowns by Gillen, Lonergan, and Winter, and two goals by Sammon. During this half "Happy" made his spectacular fifty yard run for a touchdown. McGlew's clever quarter-back kick gained twenty-five yards; and Nyere, Doran, Lonergan, and Wood gained twenty-five and thirty yards on every attempt. The game closed with the ball in the centre of the field in Notre Dame's possession.

THE LINE-UP:

Notre Dame (34)	Position	P. and S. (o)
Lonergan	R. E.	Varis, Smiley
Fortin, Capt.	R. T.	Ash
Winter	R. G.	Bareban
Pick	C.	Hewnes
Gillen	L. G.	Scarborough
Faragher	L. T.	Lockwood
Nyere	L. E.	Ingham
McGlew	Q.	Powell
Doran	L. H.	Lawtelle
Wood	R. H.	Monahan
Sammon	F. B.	Little

Touchdowns: Capt. Fortin, Sammon, Gillen, Winter, Pick, Lonergan. Goals: Sammon, 4. Umpire, Studebaker. Referee, Koehler. Linesmen: Shirk and Koehler. Timer, O'Neill.

Our Last Game.

An ideal day for a game of football. We needed but few rooters to urge us on, yet we had hundreds of them on the field, and all yelling with that loyalty which comes from true college spirit. Thus with the side lines filled with her sympathizers, and before a crowd of five thousand yelling enthusiasts, did Notre Dame defeat, at Springbrook Park, Thanksgiving Day, the South Bend Athletic Team, the champion football athletic team in the West.

The game was replete with brilliant plays: Sammon's goal kick from the forty-yard line; Faragher's breaking through and getting the ball on Sammon's seventy-yard punt; Lonergan's sensational runs, and the manner in which Nyere and Lonergan got down on Sammon's punts, tackling the South Bend men in their tracks. Our men at centre—Pick, Winter and Gillen, the silent one,—held like a stone wall, and Captain Fortin after a fierce rush made

the second touchdown. To McGlew's quarter-back punting are due fully ten of the twenty-two points we scored.

THE GAME IN DETAIL.

Captain Fortin won the toss and chose the north goal. There was a strong wind at his back. O'Dea kicked off forty-five yards to Lonergan, who returned ten. Lins struck centre for eight yards; Kirby right tackle for three; Lonergan went around left end for six yards; Doran right tackle for three yards. Then Faragher, Fortin, Sammon and Nyere, by a series of line plays, added twenty yards when the ball went to South Bend on an attempted quarter-back kick, B. Koehler getting the ball. Immediately South Bend fumbled, and Pick fell on the ball. Doran, Faragher and Lonergan were sent against the line for ten yards. Then McGlew tried another quarter-back kick, punting the ball from the forty-yard line behind South Bend's goal. Sammon sprinted, and fell on the ball before any South Bend player could reach it. At this moment the excitement was intense, for the Varsity were playing championship ball. Sammon kicked a difficult goal.

O'Dea kicked off to Notre Dame's ten-yard line to Lonergan who came back forty yards. Sammon hit centre for one yard, and McGlew made a quarter-back kick to South Bend's seven-yard line where Curry fell on the ball. O'Dea punted forty yards to Sammon who came back twenty yards. Then Sammon and Lins hit the line for sixteen yards, and Fortin tore through left tackle for a touchdown. Sammon missed goal. Score: Notre Dame, 11; South Bend, 0.

The next touchdown was made after but a few minutes of play. O'Dea kicked off to Lonergan who came back fifteen yards. Nyere, Sammon, and Lonergan found South Bend's line for ten yards. Then Sammon put his foot under the ball and it went sailing through space for seventy yards. It was touched by a South Bend man, and Faragher, after a magnificent run, fell on the ball on South Bend's four-yard line, rolling over for a touchdown. Sammon kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame, 17; South Bend, 0.

Only after a fierce fight down the field and a punting battle royal between Sammon and O'Dea did Notre Dame get its last touchdown. O'Dea kicked off to the ten-yard line to Lonergan who came back twenty yards. The ball went over to South Bend on an offside

play, but a minute afterward Winter regained it on a fumble. Doran made six yards, and the ball went to South Bend, but O'Dea was forced to punt. Sammon immediately returned the punt for forty-yards, Nyere downing Reed in his tracks. O'Dea punted back thirty-five yards, Reed getting the ball on a fumble. O'Dea punted again but Sammon returned the punt, Nyere falling on the ball as Koehler missed it. With but one minute left for play both teams lined up on the forty-yard line. Sammon tried a drop pick from the field; but the referee's whistle blew as the ball sailed between the goal posts. Score: Notre Dame, 22; South Bend, 0.

This ended the scoring for Notre Dame, for the second half was South Bend's game. Faragher and Winter were injured in this half and replaced by Cullinan and Peele. Thus weakened, the Varsity could not withstand the terrific onslaught of O'Dea, E. and B. Koehler and McWeeney.

Sammon punted to O'Dea who brought the ball back thirty yards. O'Dea and E. and B. Koehler plunged through the line for twenty-eight yards. O'Dea added twenty more. B. Koehler made six yards and E. Koehler five. Then O'Dea hit centre for six. The ball was fumbled, Notre Dame getting it on her sixteen yard line. Sammon punted forty yards to Reed who came back twenty. O'Dea tried a drop kick from the field but missed. Sammon made a free kick from the twenty-five yard line, but kicked out of bounds. B. Koehler made three yards. O'Dea struck centre for twenty-five yards. B. Koehler made two yards, and O'Dea broke through Notre Dame and was not downed till he reached her five-yard line. With but a minute to play he was pushed over the line for a touchdown. He kicked goal.

Score: Notre Dame, 22; South Bend, 6.

Notre Dame		South Bend
Nyere	L. E.	Curry
Faragher	L. T.	Fogarty
Gillen	L. G.	Marble
Pick	C.	Smith
Winter	R. G.	McWeeney
Fortin (C.)	R. T.	Zureka
Lonergan	R. E.	Yank
McGlew	Q.	Reed
Lins	L. H.	E. Koehler
Doran	R. H.	B. Koehler
Sammon	F. B.	P. O'Dea

Touchdowns: Sammon, Faragher, Fortin, O'Dea. Field goals, Sammon. Goals: Sammon, 2; O'Dea, 1. Referee: Hadden, Michigan. Umpire: Jackson, Lake Forest. Linesmen: Fahey, Notre Dame; Smith, South Bend. Timekeepers: O'Neill, Notre Dame; Barton, South Bend. Time of halves, 35 minutes. Substitutes: Shirk for Curry, Cullinan for Faragher, Peele for Winter. J. P. O'R.

Exchanges.

The Buff and Blue promises to be even stronger than ever. The November number, however, is no exception to the general rule of first numbers; in the future we may expect this weakness to be remedied. A peculiar original thought in "The Master Hands" makes it the most interesting article in the paper. "The Burro" is too childish. There is a vast difference between a childish story and a good story of child life. The latter we are all inclined to praise, and justly so; but the former, no matter how well it be written, often meets with disapproval. Our criticism of "Fiction and its Influence" must depend, to some extent, on what the writer means by some of his phrases, such as "naturalness," "natural finish and faithfulness of detail," and "fidelity to nature, the proper style and the right subject." By "naturalness," and "fidelity to nature," we presume he means characterization and emotion. If such be the case, we must agree with him, because it is difficult to see how a novel—or a so-called novel—with a good plot, but lacking these two other fundamental qualities, can acquire any laudable reputation.

Of course, a novelist worthy of the name,—granting that he wishes to produce some influence to good,—must add to these fundamental qualities sound ethics and an elevating style; this, we think, is what the writer of "Fiction and its Influences" means by "the proper style and the right subject." As he says, "There may be some moralizing and exhortations in works of fiction, but the less of either the better," because few men can moralize without losing the attention of the reader. Whether the novelist aim at moral or literary results, we may say that this quotation expresses the general rule; but, of course, there are exceptions, of which Thackeray is the most conspicuous. The ability to moralize and at the same time hold the reader's attention and appreciation is one of the chief characteristics of Thackeray's style. We think that few will say that either his literary excellence or moral effect is weakened thereby; in fact, so far as literary effect is concerned, many think those chapters of moralization are the greatest beauties of his works, and rightly too. The criticism in the exchange column is direct, though in some cases meagre.

G. W. B.

Personals.

—Right Reverend Monsignore Antonini, Ph. D., C. L., D. D., LL. D., of Rome, Italy, has been the distinguished guest of Rev. Father Morrissey. Mgr. Antonini is making an extended visit to this country in the hopes of regaining his health, which has been broken down by grave responsibilities and hardships endured in missionary life. While doing mission work in Australia he barely escaped from the hands of the cannibals; and for days at a time he was deprived of food. Monsignore was a special friend of Pope Pius IX., and has served Pope Leo XIII. for twenty-three years. Monsignore gives a glowing account of the venerable Pope Leo XIII., and says that the stories of the Pope's failing health are greatly exaggerated. Monsignore speaks English very fluently, and he has the distinction of being the only person that can speak English, Spanish and Portuguese on the staff of the congregation of extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs, and of the papal secretariate of state, which position he has held for twenty years.

—Mr. Francis Dukette has the honour of entertaining his mother this week. Mrs. Dukette made many friends at the University on her former visits who are pleased by her call.

—Mrs. George Linns, accompanied by her daughter, are the guests of Mr. George Linns, of Sorin Hall. This is Mrs. Linns' first visit to the University, but she has made many friends during her short stay.

—Mr. Albert Krug of Sorin Hall is enjoying a visit from his mother and his grandfather, Mr. George Stoffel of Dayton, Ohio. Mr. Stoffel and Mrs. Krug are well known by the several members of the Faculty, and their call is appreciated.

—Mrs. G. W. Burkitt, of Houston, Texas, is spending a few days with her son George of Sorin Hall and her daughter at St. Mary's. Mrs. Burkitt is kindly remembered from her visit last year, and her many acquaintances are delighted to see her again.

V. G. J.

Local Items.

—Christmas exams are but three weeks off.

—Nine 'rahs for Professor Roche and the Mikado.

—The enthusiasm at the game Thursday was certainly a criterion of true college spirit.

—R. C.: "Any mail?"

Postmaster: "Yes, a bag of it; but none for you."

—The wisdom of opening a luncheon booth in the grand stand was proven by the large number of patrons during the football games.

—Phil, after feeling in vain for his embryo moustache: "I see that my experience is a hair-raising one."

—The SCHOLASTIC extends its sympathy to Earl Whaley who was called home to attend the funeral of his uncle.

—We shall give in our next Saturday's SCHOLASTIC a full account of the celebration on the feast day of our President.

—Krug: Say Church, what would you do it I should get two thousand volts?

Church: Send for the undertaker.

—Wonders are being wrought in the Sorin Hall chapel. Within a short time it should be the handsomest room in the University.

—Mr. O'Connor has started his dramatic class on Shakspeare's Twelfth Night. It is his intention to put it on the stage at Washington Hall, March 17.

—It was certainly lamentable to see the way Curry persuaded his two friends, Harry and Ziegler, to carry a table down three flights of stairs. But this is only friendship.

—It is a wise idea for those that intend to follow journalism or law as a profession to become adepts with the typewriter. In journalism, especially, they will find it absolutely necessary.

—Sixty five thousand dollars were cleared on the game between Harvard and Yale. A few games like this on the local gridiron and we could give an oil painting of the Varsity to each rooter.

—A few of the editors would like to extend their sympathy as well as their friendship to Ziegler for the charming manner in which he treated them Thanksgiving Day. 'Tis unnecessary to say that they are good judges of the gobbler tribe.

—The Chicago *Chronicle* immediately after the Northwestern game, Oct. 12, placed Sammon among the first full-backs of the country. After having watched during the remainder of the season Sammon's plunges, we think that there was much wisdom in the *Chronicle's* choice.

—At a meeting of the Class of 1903 the following officers were elected: President, Francis H. McKeever; Vice-President, John J. Neeson; Secretary and Treasurer, Paul F. Rebillot; Class Poet, Patrick J. MacDonough; Historian, Robert E. Hanley; Orator, Harry V. Crumley.

—The athletic management has shown excellent judgment in sodding the new gridiron on Cartier Field. Within a week the work will be finished. This will necessarily diminish the number of injuries that come from hard tackles on a rough ground, and will be a boon for the team of 1902.

—A tough game was waged on Carroll Hall campus during the week between Captain Berkley's and Captain Guirl's teams. The punting of Williams and McBride were the

features of the game. After an hour devoted to kicking, tackling, talking and rolling, the game was declared a tie.

—A year ago the military companies were all the go in Carroll Hall, but this season they appear to have fallen into disfavour. There should be no reason for this, for military drill, at least two hours a week, adds much to the grace of a boy's carriage. Furthermore, it is a matter of gymnastic exercise, and as such should be continued.

—It is said that when the object of our affection becomes unresponsive, we turn to other things. This, probably, may account for the fact that Studie has transferred his affections from the person who had such good taste in stationery to Sorin Hall's old white cat. The bond of friendship between the two has become so strong that the kitchen authorities are going to get out an injunction to restrain Studie from appropriating articles of food for the benefit of his pet.

—"Bobby" Lynch, our popular infielder, was elected captain of the Varsity in the earlier part of the week. "Bobby's" ability as a short stop needs but little mention here. He, Morgan, and Mat Donahoe were selected for positions on last year's All-Western team. Since he knows the game so well he should be able to coach the Varsity to a high degree of perfection. Nor is there any reason why we should not have a strong baseball team,—that is, judging from our present material, and the efficiency of the captain.

—While the Varsity were defeating the South Bend athletic team Thanksgiving Day, the Brownson Hallers were lifting the scalps of Goshen's champion high school team at Goshen, and the Carrollites were struggling at Niles with the heavy high school team in that town. The Brownsonites played a very strong game, scoring their touchdown in one minute before the close of the first half, and the second one after a hard struggle in the second half. Hogan, Fensler, Emerson and Groogan did some star playing. The Carrollites struck a hard proposition at Niles. Outweighed and playing against some men as large as the Varsity players, the Carroll Specials were defeated by a score of 15 to 0. In the face of the odds this was a remarkable showing for the Carrollites.

—Miss P. Etritz entertained some of the members of the Sigma Alpha Sigma Society at a pink tea at the society rooms, in Rue Bismarck last Sunday. Among the distinguished guests were the Misses Fay Hey, O. Grady, Wurzer, J. Nee Son, and K. Ahler. After the refreshments, Miss P. Etritz delighted the guests with a jig, and Miss Nee Son followed with some selections from the Kalavala. Unfortunately, Miss Tiny Steiner, who had consented to recite the "Wooing of Hot Wather," was unable to come. Miss O. Grady

kindly volunteered to fill the missing member's number, and gave some very clever imitations with an alarm-clock of the chimes. All agreed that they had a most delightful afternoon,—thanks to the ability of their most charming entertainer.

—The organization of the Temperance Society took place in Brownson Hall. There was a large attendance; Sorin, St. Joe, Corby, and Brownson Halls being represented. The Rev. William Marr was accepted as Spiritual Director of the society. Peter P. McElligott was elected President. The offices of Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer were filled respectively by John P. O'Hara, Joseph Jenkins and John R. Kelly.

Another famous society, the Columbians, has become extinct. There was a time when this organization turned out the cleverest orators and debaters in the University. It is true that much of the work once done by the Columbians is being carried on in the dramatic and the oratory classes; but yet there is work along this line that is left undone. For this alone we see no reason why the Columbians should not again become the leading organization in Brownson Hall. Who will begin the good work?

—Judge O'Neill, as a result of his personal observations, has laid down the following Don'ts:

Don't crack the same old joke that made the monkey in the ark laugh, because Noah might object.

Don't think your auditors are laughing at the joke, when they are laughing at you.

Don't repeat the same old "gag" over one hundred and fifty times, because too much of a good thing is no good.

Don't joke with a joker, because he will surely get sore.

Don't spring newspaper jokes, as Studie has many customers, and they all know how to read.

Don't fail to laugh at your own jokes, because no one else will.

Don't tell a joke when you don't see the point.

And lastly, don't, when you laugh, make a man wish he had a mackintosh.

—There is an electric arc-light out between Sorin and Corby Halls, and "when it's out, it's lit, and when it's lit, it's out," according to the logical statement of one of our Hibernian friends, who lives in the former hall. But this has nothing to do with the fact that the other night it was lit and was not out for the first time in a week. Whereupon, Mr. Boots, a member of His Majesty's Navy, procured a ladder from the Fire Department, climbed up to the light, and, with the aid of a compass, took the bearings of the light's rays on St. Mary's Lake. Shortly after the Admiral had departed, King—not His Maj-

esty—borrowed the same ladder which, by the way, he forgot to return and for which he shall have to answer in conversion before Chief Justice O'Niell, also climbed to the light and with the microscope was able to make affidavit that the light was both out and lit at the same time. Rocham thought it was about time he was making a showing in the electrical world, and he also concluded to inspect this particular light. He went over to the Observatory, got a telescope, and, with the assistance of a wheel-barrow, placed the telescope in a proper position to make an astronomical study of the reflections and refractions of the light's rays on the moon. But the light would be 'jollied' no more, and went out. Now, we should like to know why these men, being so zealous to keep a lit light out, have not tried to keep an out light lit?

—All hail to the "Big Four!" In the greatest football contest ever played on any gridiron, the "Big Four" came out victorious. The names of Milo, Sauser, Lowbridge, and Ruleboy, will live as long as football is known to the inhabitants of this continent, and their brilliant deeds will ever serve as an impetus to athletes to get on to themselves. Poets will never tire of singing their praises in any old-time, rag or day. But about the game. The crowd was there, many thousand strong. Everybody turned out. John R. Kelly was there, so was Fencelir, Gray-bearded men (Roaring Gace Nillen), and small boys (Silent, Wooley Lagner), Trust Magnates (Emershion) and Expert Accountants (Wun Bay Lee); Gaels (the Murphys and the McAuleys), and Teutons (Huffmaneater and Snighderwurst), and a whole lot of others. The game began at ten o'clock. Milo punched the ball ten yards to Senor Jon Pinto de Tar, who failed to recuperate. Through strategy Ruleboy secured the ball, and the "Big Four" began their operations. Lowbridge attempted to hurdle, flopped gracefully in the air and landed on his think box, fumbling ball. Senor Pinto de Tar, and some more Senors, carried the ball over for a touchdown, and kicked goal. This aroused the wrath of Captain Milo, who gave his men an awful talking. He publicly slapped Lowbridge for flopping. Senor Somebody kicked off to Captain Milo who fell on the ball head first. Ruleboy opened up a hole in his opponent's sweater big enough to let in a draught; Milo bucked centre for three inches; Lowbridge hit the umpire for two more, but got thrown down, and Sauser tackled him for a chew. Then came the play of the game. On a tackle back, guards forward, left flank mass play formation, Milo criss-crossed and shuffled around end for a touchdown and kicked goal. The next touchdown was made through mistake and left guards by Sauser. Score: Big Four, 12; Mexicans, 6. After the game a howling mob of enthusiasts carried

Milo to the flag pole and demanded a speech. The great hero gracefully threw out his left leg, drew in his chest and wrapped it up, and then said with smiling eyes: "'Tis a great day for athletes. I am overshocked with emotion and Duke's Mixture, and am so tired."

—The championship of Indiana is the direct cause of this verse. We have sent our local men in search of the perpetrator but in vain. However, we suspect one of the most stalwart men behind the line as the efficient cause:

AN EXPLOSION AFTER THE FOOTBALL GAME.

Success at last has come to us
And crowned our ceaseless labours;
O may she stay and keep us far
Above our Southern neighbours!

We coaxed her and we courted her
For five long years or more,
But every time we found ourselves
On the short side of the score.

This year with doubled energy,
Backed up by skill and might,
We learned the way to woo her,
And popped the question right.

Purdue went down before our men
Like chaff before a gale;
Her trick plays were a failure
Her "tackles back" were stale.

Indiana then came up
With stalwart men and true;
They promised all their Hoosier friends
To down the Gold and Blue.

Alas! Poor Indiana,
She was wanting much in speed;
Her men were trampled under as
By cattle in stampede.

They could not gain by bucking straight,
With tricks their gains were small,
If 'twere not for a fumble
They'd ne'er have scored at all.

To Sammon, Dorr and Kirby,
The men behind our line,
Are due the highest words of praise—
Their work was superfine.

To Pat O'Dea, the Kangaroo,
And Doctor Boots, no less,
Our heartfelt thanks and compliments
All humbly we express.

One coached our men as few men can,
And taught them varied plays;
The other kept their muscles right
And cheered them in dark days.

And now at last we're champions,
And the augurs all proclaim:
That victory shall in future years
Remain with Notre Dame.

So let us woo the maiden then,
For Pat has taught us how,
And never let a rival hold
The place that we hold now.

Success, success, we are your slave,
We'll bend and bow to you;
We'll give our lives if you will wed
Our cherished Gold and Blue!