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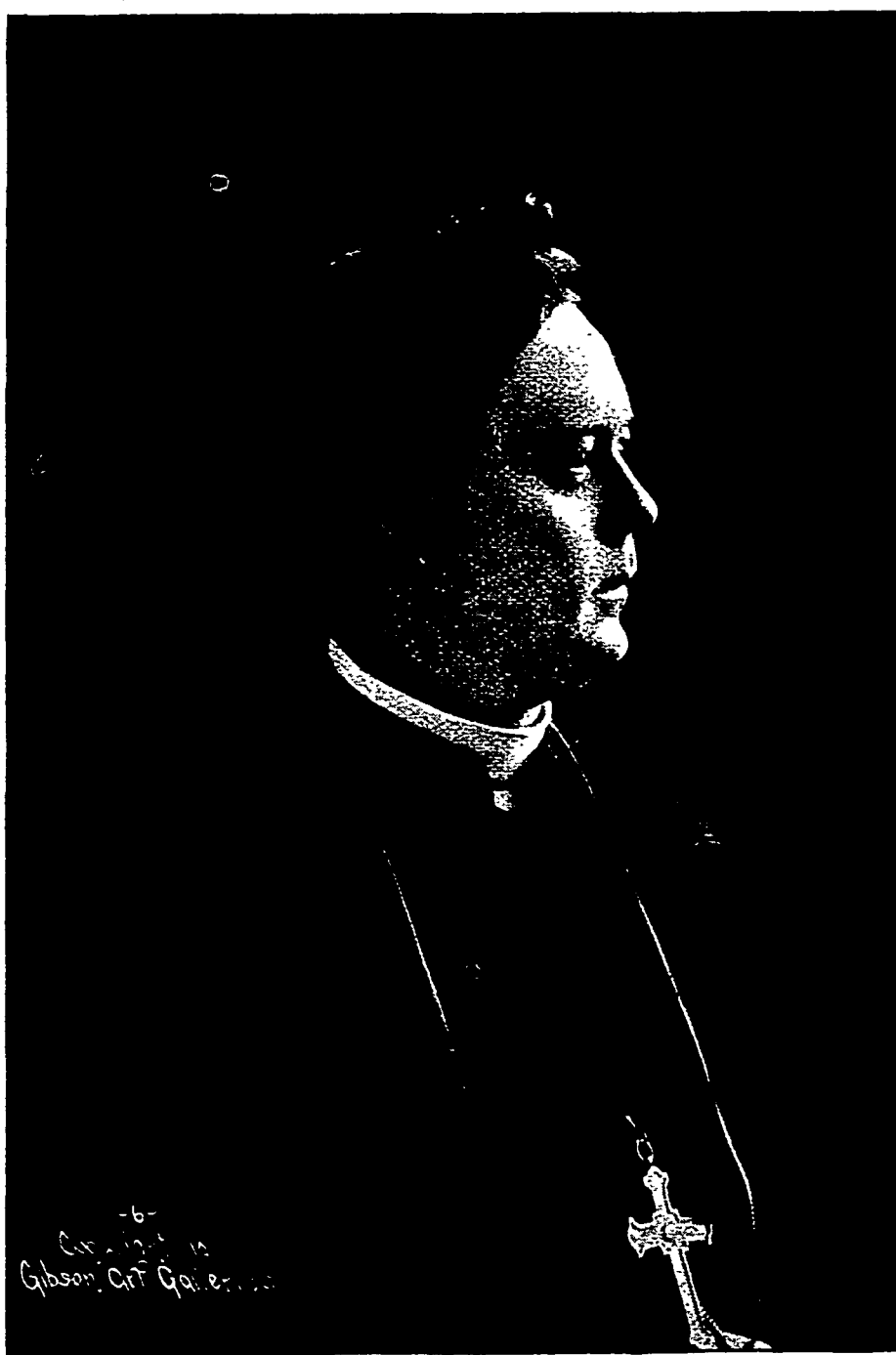
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RT. REV. PETER J. MULDOON, D. D.,
Auxiliary Bishop, Chicago.

Rondeau.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

HAD I but known, as now I do,
 How friends play false and lovers, too,
 How all is sham and all deceit,
 Perhaps you had not looked so sweet
 And days ne'er come which now I rue.

Like this 'twould end I really knew:
 That I'd ne'er die for love of you;
 And still I say,—just hear me, Sue,—
 Had I but known.

And yet, false one, by all that's true,
 I swear my heart has beatings few
 That now mourn not thy love so fleet.
 How could you thus my fond dreams treat?
 Now there was Belle, fair Anne, and Lu,
 Had I but known!

Wordsworth.

FRED. McKEON, 1901.



WE admire the man of strong personality, the man that works out his development along lines that do not coincide with the beaten path. We are hero-worshippers in the broadest sense, and rightly so; for who are our heroes but men that have formed their character to its proper mould, and that exercise a beneficial influence on mankind by the force of their individuality? The poet Wordsworth was such a man. He found that his ardent but somewhat erratic muse would not be hampered by the conventional and artificial diction of his predecessors, therefore he revolted, and declared to the world both by precept and example his conviction that pure emotion conveyed by simplicity of style was the true object of poetry. Pope and his host of imitators mistook a means for an end. They paid more attention to the manner of expressing a thought than to the thought itself. They forgot that an idea that is not essentially emotional in itself can not be made poetical by the mere adornment of words. With Wordsworth the expression was only as a storage battery for thought and feeling. He declared that the language of the lowly shepherd under the stress of deep emotion is the proper language of poetry. But, like all reformers, he went to an extreme—happily

when labouring under high inspiration—he forgot all his canons, and at such times made deep emotion the only aim of his art without regard to the lowliness or grandeur of the expression.

The time and circumstances in which a man lives and works form the true background to set off his life and achievements. It can not be said of all poets that they are in touch with the movements of their age, and endeavour to serve their age in their art. They are blind to the stern realities of life, and wander into mystic regions unknowable. Wordsworth, however, was pre-eminently the product of the time in which he lived. His genius was a pure emanation of the spirit of the age. His was an age of protest against established order and of the exaltation of the lowly. As a youth his enthusiasm was fired by those principles of liberty which had their culmination in the French revolution. He even went to Paris, as he so serenely tells us, with the intention of offering himself to the Girondist party as a leader around whom they might centre their divided and perplexed forces. He was compelled, however, to return to England, as his uncle withheld his allowance, and thereby no doubt conferred a benefit on the English speaking world by safeguarding one of its greatest poets. Though Wordsworth was foiled in his intentions and forced later on to repudiate the excesses of the revolutionary leaders, nevertheless, the spirit of freedom ever waxed strong within him. Nauseated by the crimes committed in the name of liberty he turned for relief to the freedom and pleasures of his boyhood; for early left an orphan he had roamed at his own sweet will about his native hills and dales, and delighted in the music of the running stream and the cuckoo's joyous notes re-echoing from hill to hill.

Wordsworth chose his subjects from among ordinary persons and things. No one else has dealt so successfully with the simplest elements of nature and the human heart. He takes the commonest events and objects and breathes the spirit of his genius into them, and with the result proves to us that nature is always interesting from its inherent truth and beauty. He deliberately chose the most unpretentious subjects, and treated them in the simplest manner, that of their own beauty they might subdue the hearts of men; he chose them not for the sublimity of beauty inherent in them, but merely as backgrounds for thought and feeling. His incidents are trifling

in themselves, but are redeemed by the profound reflections to which they give rise. And he has well shown that the simple and humble as well as the grand and sublime are the sources of high inspiration. Triviality of matter, he taught, has nothing to do with the merit of a subject. It is rather the noble thought and high inspiration that is important. "There are few subjects," says Mr. Noel, "that remain trivial after a true poet has laid hands upon the heart of them. When he breathes over them words of consecration, the great transubstantiation takes place; nay, rather, he has just opened our eyes to what they are." In this Wordsworth shows special power. He reveals the soul of the simplest subject, and we are awed to find it as beautiful and true as the soul of the loftiest. We wonder that so much genuine feeling and sentiment could be hidden under such an exterior, and we surrender our whole being to its enjoyment. Wordsworth's combination of simplicity of subject with elevation of thought is well brought out by Hazlitt in these words: "As the lark ascends from its low bed on fluttering wing and salutes the morning skies, so Wordsworth's unpretending muse in russet guise scales the summits of reflection while it makes the round earth its footstool and its home."

Wordsworth elected to write in a simple, inornate style; that is, he portrayed the type with the utmost fidelity to truth, and made use of no accessory circumstance above what is necessary to round out idea. Pure art, as his style has been called, works by choice and selection. The essentials are surrounded only by those accidents which are necessary to give the effect of completeness. In "Resolution and Independence," for example, we have the accidental setting of the moor, but it is as necessary for the unity of impression as the old Leechgatherer himself. Ornate art, the opposite of pure art, surrounds the typical idea with every chance incident that the unity of impression will permit. It often deals with degenerate or imperfect types, while pure art confines itself to the best, and deals with them in their purity and simplicity. Pure art works by suggestion, while ornate art works by colour. Bagehot says, that the perfection of pure art is "To embody typical conceptions in the choicest, the fewest accidents, to embody them so that each of these accidents may produce its full effect, and so to embody them without effect." The following sonnet

is quoted by all critics as a luminous example of the pure style:

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!
The river glideth at its own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Though many incidents are mentioned no one of them attracts special attention, but all contribute to the unity of the whole, and, in fact, have no poetic value apart from the whole.

Wordsworth's best work is infallibly due to the accident of inspiration. In no English poet is there such an interspersing of delicate poetic thought with inferior matter. When his own peculiar genius does not move him his work loses its strength, and he commits the very faults which he so persistently condemned. Often we are forced to wade through a mire of quasi-clerical declaiming to find even single lines and phrases that abundantly deserve to live. In reading any of his longer poems we get the impression that there were two Wordsworth's; one the friend and protégé of the muses, the other with no guides but the rules of men. The muses fired the imagination of the one to white heat, but the rules warped and distorted. The "Excursions," for instance, though lofty in conception and pervaded by a depth of feeling at once simple and sublime, is weighed down by the presence of much ready-made material which never coalesced with what is really delightful in it. It was because of the presence of this poor work side by side with his most finished product that Wordsworth's earlier critics blundered so badly. They readily admitted that he had lines and phrases that surpass in beauty and loftiness of conception the work of almost any other poet, but they failed to note that with all prosaic passages removed there still remained a vast bulk of superior poetry. Matthew Arnold says that "It is by the great body of powerful and significant work which remains to him after every reduction and deduction has been made that Wordsworth's superiority is proved."

Varsity Verse.

THE MEMORY.

THE wind that holds the perfume still
 When apple blooms are fled;
 The sky that sends a light back, though
 The summer day is dead.

The note that echoes 'long the hill,
 Though hushed the bugle blast;
 The raindrops falling 'cross the sun
 When all the clouds are past.

The smile that fills a baby's face
 Asleep on mother's knee;
 The worlds of light that comes, although
 The star has ceased to be.

J. L. C.

TRIOLET.

The hour was late
 When he left South Bend city—
 He talked at a gate,
 So the hour grew late,
 (Ah! the prefect in wait!)
 For the maiden was pretty.
 The hour was late
 When he left South Bend city.

MACD.

ADAM AND EVE AND THE FALL.

A man was walking down the street,
 Upon his arm a damsel fair;
 Behind a pug with four short feet,
 A homely face and vacant stare.
 The man was short and broad and fat,
 The maiden slim and fair as June,—
 An icy spot—he quickly sat—
 The pug collapsed like a toy balloon.
 He vainly grabbed at vacant air,
 And gently swore and made grimaces,—
 Softly murmured the maiden fair:
 "The wicked stand in slippery places."

B. V. K.

OVID.

Pray, teach me thy art,
 O Salmonian poet—
 I'm late at the start,
 Yet teach me thy art,
 For I'd fain win a heart,
 And I'm anxious to know it.
 Pray teach me thy art,
 O Salmonian poet!

MacD.

THE CONTRIBUTOR REVENGED.

I wrote some lines to fill this space;
 They sent them back to my disgrace,
 Then I wrote some lines on my disgrace,
 They poked them in to fill this space!

J. L. C.

A TRIOLET.

When faint the roses start
 Upon her cheek so fair,
 I offer her my heart
 When faint the roses start,
 To use on it her art
 And plant a blossom there—
 When faint the roses start
 Upon her cheek so fair.

E. E. W.

Margery Hurd.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

Fred Jurkins to W. A. McFeeley.

ALBANY, N. Y., August 8.

DEAR MAC:—I thought that I should chance a second letter to you, though the Lord knows this is against my grain. But I presume I must pardon your neglect of my last letter, for a sojourn in the deserts of Asia, or among the sphynxes of Egypt must necessarily have a baneful influence on youthful spirits.

I have some sad news for you about our mutual friend Van Harte. He often speaks of you as one of the best of good fellows. Van has had an ugly dose of the blues, and they are still with him. You know his uncle died about four years ago leaving him a half million. This has proved his undoing. Since then Van has quit work. He tried both medicine and law and threw them up as failures. He was engaged to a clever girl, but without any reason he broke the engagement. The other day as I came on him he was playing with a ring—a small band ring set with a cameo. I heard that Van is very melancholy of late, and that but a short time ago when he thought the ring was lost, he would not sleep or eat, but turned everything up side down in looking for it,—in fact, he was in a murderous passion. I presume that you are anxious about the origin of this ring. As usual it rests in an affair of the heart.

You remember Miss Hurd, the very pretty sales-girl that worked at Wyman's—the girl with deep blue eyes and very beautiful hair—the one Van said looked like the Mona Lisa. You remember Van used to rave over her and tell us that she came of a noble German family. I think she told him she had large estates that were held wrongfully by a rascally uncle. It seems that she gave this ring to Van. This girl had been out of his mind for the last six years, when in unpacking an old valise the ring fell to the floor. Since then he has been practically daft, for an image of the woman highly idealized is ever before him.

Look up the girl, Mac, for I have heard a rumor in recent years that her story was not without foundation. Write to him. Invite him out to your home—perhaps you can do something with him. Divert him, or, better still,

get his mind concentrated on some one subject. I fear for his sanity.

Sincerely your friend and his,

JURKINS.

W. A. McFeeley to Harry Van Harte.

SOUTH BEND, IND., August 15.

DEAR VAN:—I received your letter in Cairo, but since then I've been on the jump down to India and up through China. Time and again have I looked over my correspondence and said: "There is that letter from Van Harte, I'll answer it to-night." But you know the fate of the eleventh-hour man: it seems that morning is on him before he gets started. So here I am at my old home, with my mind full of Egyptian mummies and East Indian lore, and your letter still unanswered.

Too bad you had not been with me, for the trip was full of interest. On board the ship from Marseilles to Alexandria I met a band of American school-teachers, all in search of knowledge. I am beginning to think that the American schoolmarm should—but you don't want to read a dissertation on that subject.

By the way, this reminds me that I have an item of news for you. You remember Miss Hurd, the girl you thought so much of five or six years ago? I met her at a theatre a few nights back; she asked for you. She has grown to be a beautiful, dignified woman. There was a large piece in the papers a few years ago describing the machinations of a rascally uncle of hers who tried to cheat her out of a large fortune. But perhaps you forget her.

Sincerely your friend,

McFEELEY.

Harry Van Harte to W. A. McFeeley.

ALBANY, N. Y., August 20.

DEAR MAC:—I was deucedly glad to hear from you, for I had given you up as a lost ship adrift in the Orient with but little hope of striking a home port. However, I find great pleasure in your letter for a double reason, both on account of yourself and the information you convey. You spoke of Miss Hurd, but you gave me nothing definite about her. You know that I at one time seriously thought of marrying her,—and after many years my ardour has not cooled. But, like a fool, I have drifted away from her.

She was not a learned girl, Mac, but she was a magnificent one; full of those finer

qualities that go to make the perfect woman. It has been my intention, especially during the past few years to look her up,—but I have ever let it go. Tell me all about her; if she still thinks anything of me; then perhaps I shall pay you a visit at your home.

Sincerely,

VAN HARTE.

W. A. McFeeley to Harry Van Harte.

SOUTH BEND, Sept. 1.

DEAR VAN:—I am becoming youthful again. Golf is the cause of it. Yesterday I spent the afternoon on the Notre Dame course. To-day I feel five years younger. Come down and play the game with me.

I thought that I told you all I knew about Miss Hurd, but I see that I have only whetted your appetite. Last Friday I called on her, and, confirmed bachelor as I am, I am afraid that I am smitten. But there is little hope for me. Her heart is with another—this other I do not know. You are not aware, Van, that she is regarded as one of the most beautiful and cultured women in town.

Shortly after you left Notre Dame, I understand she entered an Eastern seminary; there she carried off high honours. When she came back, on account of her lineage, the romanticism of her life, her beauty, talents and wealth, she had many admirers—many did I say? yes, even some with titles, but she would have none of them. I think that there is some great anxiety on her mind; she hinted as much, but would go no further. Again she asked for you, for she appeared to be anxious to know how you were getting along. She said something about you and a ring; this was not exactly clear to me. Her actions implied much; and when I tried to pry deeper into the matter she suddenly grew very reserved. But I am betraying confidences.

Sincerely your friend,

McFEELEY.

Harry Van Harte to W. A. McFeeley.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 4.

DEAR MAC:—You have had me on a grid-iron. Why do you not acknowledge my letters sooner, and tell me all about that girl? You say she again asked for me; that there is some unknown that has her heart. O Mac, tell me who it is. Whom do you suspect it is? I know that I treated her in a beastly fashion.

A few months after I got my degree I

became infatuated with a French opera-singer; this was in Paris. I've always regretted that; but it seems a fellow's sins sometimes come back at him. Your mention of the ring brings new hope to me. Perhaps I had better tell all.

The night before I left South Bend I told her that some day I intended to come back and claim her. She cried and I was rather sentimental. Then she slipped a plain band ring on my finger—as a token. Should my heart change I was to send this back. But I have always prized the ring and I still have it. Look into this more deeply, Mac, and if my presence on the scene will do anything, wire for me. I'll be down on the next train.

VAN HARTE.

W. A. McFeeley to Harry Van Harte.

SOUTH BEND, IND., Sept. 9.

DEAR VAN:—I have just come from Miss Hurd's and left her in tears. It was a sorry sight and I felt for her. And I would give all the wealth that ever shall be mine to have the love of as true a woman. I am afraid, Van, that you are the mysterious unknown. To-day she almost confessed as much, but yet I do not think that there is any hope for you. Her rascally uncle, the one that nearly beat her out of her estate, has made a peck of trouble. It seems that there is a clause in her grandfather's will forcing her to marry a near relative by the time she reaches her twenty-fourth birthday, otherwise to forfeit her estate. I suggested that she let the estate go and marry you. She started, her eyes blazed, her chest heaved, but she said that you must be considered.

You know how those Germans are on blood relationship and property. She wept as she told me this. It seems a crime to allow a woman of her character to be thus treated. But there is no appeal in our courts. Within a month she will leave for Germany.

Sincerely your friend,

McFEELEY.

Harry Van Harte to W. A. McFeeley.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 11.

DEAR MAC:—Isn't there anything you can do to prevent this dastardly outrage? Will the girl abide by the terms of the will? Heaven and earth, man, but I am torn and racked with mental pain! Tell me all, Mac. I shall wait for your next letter. Then, I shall come to South Bend. You say that I am the *unknown*. Do you think the girl would marry

me if I'd come? But I am asking too great a sacrifice of her. Write immediately. Tell me her address—everything. My bed is one of thorns until your next letter comes. If I do not hear from you within four days I shall leave for South Bend. Tell her that I am coming.

VAN HARTE.

W. A. McFeeley to Harry Van Harte.

SOUTH BEND, IND., Sept. 13.

DEAR VAN:—The girl has confessed all. You are the man she loves,—the only one. She says that no matter what her future her heart shall ever be yours. I shall never forget the look she gave me as she said this. She looked superb, her blue eyes flashing, her breast heaving. I was dazzled and felt my insignificance. I had been talking for nearly an hour. You were the subject of conversation. It was late in the afternoon with the sun sinking and casting weird figures on the floor and wall. This may have had something to do with her outburst. I had been telling her how you prized and preserved the ring, when suddenly she arose and clasped her hands: "He cares for me! he cares for me!" was all she said, but this seemed to come from the bottom of her soul. O Van, that woman loves you, body and soul. But do not come near her,—she may learn to forget you. If you come and she marries you she will sacrifice fully \$5,000,000. Be a man—do not come. Perhaps you had better write her at 1702 Washington Street. She will leave a week from to-day for Germany. Do not come.

McFEELEY.

Telegram to W. A. McFeeley.

SOUTH BEND, 4 p. m., Sept. 14.

I'm coming. Will leave on 11 p. m. "Flyer." Meet me at station.

VAN HARTE.

Telegram to Harry Van Harte.

ALBANY, N. Y., 5 p. m., Sept. 14.

Do not come. Be a man. Will be out of town.

McFEELEY.

W. A. McFeeley to Fred Jurkins.

SOUTH BEND, IND., Oct. 10.

DEAR FRED:—You say that Van is himself again—entirely cured; that his marriage is set for next week. I know the girl well; she is a beautiful woman.

I told you in my last letter the nature of my correspondence with Van Harte. Now I

shall tell you of his wild ride down here; his meeting with Miss Hurd and its after effects.

On September 15, Van Harte, pale and haggard, jumped off a train at South Bend. He rushed up and down the platform looking for me, but I had left the city. Then he called a cabman to drive him over to Washington Street. To him the carriage seemed to crawl along. His thoughts were on the girl. What would be the sequel of his wild ride!

He was pulled out of his reverie by a sudden stop. He ascended the broad steps to a handsome residence. The parlour was darkened, but yet he could see in through the curtains the outline of a woman, beautiful she seemed to him, sitting at the piano. He stood and listened: "It is she," he said. When the music stopped he rang the bell. He held himself in readiness to embrace her should she recognize him. The plain, band ring was in his hand. The door swung; he stepped forward, but a twenty-year-old girl greeted him.

"Does Miss Hurd live here?" he asked, huskily.

"Miss Hurd?—oh, yes," she answered. "I shall call her?"

He stepped into the hallway. Now he could hear his heart beat. Again the thought struck him: should she not recognize him? The girl called, "Margery," and he heard a voice from the kitchen say, "yes'm; I'm coming," and a portly woman about twenty-five years of age entered the hallway. Van Harte took a step forward. He looked at her searchingly and saw that she was the star of his student days. At the same moment she recognized him.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, "if it isn't Mr. Van Harte. Who'd ever have thought you'd come back!" Then she invited him into the kitchen.

Van Harte's mind worked very quickly. He saw that the Miss Hurd of my letters was but a figment of my fancy, and that the Miss Hurd, the kitchen-maid before him, was the girl of his student days. The contrast struck him so peculiarly that he laughed—in fact, it entirely cured him. You say that he immediately made up with Ethel on his arrival in Albany. I understand from the girl of the house that Van left the ring with Miss Hurd. Miss Hurd did not understand him. My information is authentic, for it comes from the mistress of the house. I expect to place a ring on *her* finger soon; her name—Miss Oakley. So come to see me, Fred.

MAC.

"The Mediterranean Race."

JOHN P. O'HARA, '02.

When men began to seek the sources of their civilization, it was natural for them to look upon Asia as its birthplace. That land was the oldest as far as history was concerned, and it seemed perfectly clear that civilization was there matured and from there diffused throughout the world. The biblical account, though it said nothing directly on the subject, lent colour to this view. The discovery of Sanskrit and its relations to the European languages put the matter beyond doubt.

Here were a number of peoples extending from the North Sea to Hindustan, having languages so intimately connected that they must have had a common origin. These languages, however, were in different stages of development. It was easily seen that the peoples had separated from the original stock at various times and had come across Europe in successive waves. Those that were farthest west started first and had been pushed on by their brethren until all Europe was peopled.

The principal evidence adduced in favour of this position was linguistic. Many fanciful analogies were, however, brought to the assistance of the argument from language, and the wealth of rhetoric which was displayed showed an almost unparalleled brilliancy of imagination. Thus Pott brought forth his great argument of *ex oriente lux*; the gist of which was that, as the path of the sun must be the path of culture, civilization moved from east to west. Grimm talked of "an irresistible impulse driving the Aryan race from east to west." Max Müller said: "The main stream of the Aryan nations has always flowed toward the northwest. No historian can tell us by what impulse these adventurous nomads were driven on through Asia toward the isles and shores of Europe. But whatever it was, the impulse was as irresistible as the spell which in our own time sends the Celtic tribes toward the prairies or the regions of gold across the Atlantic."

During the last twenty-five years this theory has been found inadequate. It was seen that similarity of language does not prove similarity of race. While the testimony of language has not been entirely disregarded by the new men in this field, great stress has been put

upon the evidence from archæology and anthropology. Those that opposed the old notion of an Asiatic origin, though they differed widely in other respects, agreed that some race inhabiting central Europe was the centre of diffusion for the so-called Aryan civilization. The Germans claimed this race was Teutonic; the French said the original people was Celtic; others, especially Isaac Taylor, made the Lithuanians the forefathers of European civilization.

In a book published this year, entitled, "The Mediterranean Race," Professor Sergi of the University of Rome takes exception to all these views, and maintains that the civilization of Europe is neither Asiatic nor European, but African, in its origin. He contends that his predecessors in this field have reached their results by the use of inadequate methods, by failure to note some important facts and by the misinterpretation of other facts.

The anthropologists, among the champions of a European origin, base their results on investigations concerning the cephalic indices of the various European peoples. They divided the heads into three categories: the long, medium and short; or dolichocephalic, mesocephalic and brachycephalic. Some of them came to the conclusion that the brachycephalic head was evidence of a superior race. Taylor, in his "Origin of the Aryans," says: "The fact that the Acadians, who belonged to the Turanian race, had, some seven thousand years ago, attained a high stage of culture, from which the civilization of the Semites is derived, is a fact which makes it more probable that the language and civilization of Europe was derived from the brachycephalic rather than from the dolichocephalic race."

Shortly after "The Origin of the Aryans" was published, the author visited Professor Sergi at Rome. He was conducted through the anthropological museums, and shown that he had his facts exactly wrong. The Acadians and others whom he had regarded as short-headed were seen to be dolichocephalic. Professor Sergi says of the interview: "He was astonished, but I do not know if he was convinced, for those who are not accustomed to the direct observation of facts are more impressed by ideas, especially when on these ideas they have erected an elaborate edifice." Even had the facts been as Taylor thought, his conclusions about identity of race among the ancient Lithuanians, Greeks and Latins would not have been sound. If the cephalic

index alone determined race all dolichocephalic skulls, for instance, whether found in Europe, Asia, Africa or Australia, should be of one race.

The champions of a Germanic origin maintain that the primitive Aryan type of man was of high stature, fair, with blue eyes and elongated head, and that these were the characteristics of the old Germanic stock. Professor Sergi says this is another notion taken for granted because it fitted in with a theory. He has found races of just as great stature in the south where it is not pretended that the Germans penetrated to any great extent. He finds that the modern Germans are not dolichocephalic, and can obtain no evidence going to show that the old Germans were. It is difficult to see how a race, which had physical power enough to force itself on the other races of Europe, could so completely disappear from the very country in which it arose. If no proof for the existence of the so-called primitive Aryan type can be found in Germany, there is certainly no warrant for maintaining that such a race passed to the south and imposed its civilization on Italy and Greece.

The Professor takes up the argument which purports to show, from a study of Homeric epithets, that the Greeks were blue-eyed and fair; that is, that they corresponded to the fanciful primitive Germans. Only Achilles and Rhadamanthus can be regarded as fair from the language of Homer. *Xanthos*—the epithet applied to them—"means not only fair, but also chestnut, brown, and bees are *xanthai*." He notes that the Romans had their *flavi*, which indicates that fair people were uncommon enough to be designated by a special name. He remarks also that the Greek and Roman statuary does not at all exhibit the features of the northern race. "In the delicacy of the cranial and facial forms, in smoothness of surface, in the harmony of curves, in the facial oval, in the rather low foreheads, they recall the beautiful and harmonious heads of the brown Mediterranean race." His conclusion is that the Germans never constituted a widely-diffused homogeneous race. They were not, in their origin, distinct from the Slavs and Celts, "with whom they were always united and often confused."

After clearing the ground, the Professor puts forward his explanation of the facts he has collected. In the African portion of the Mediterranean basin is to be found evidence of a

brilliant early civilization. The people among whom this arose were the Libyans. The ancient Egyptians were of this race, and their civilization furnishes ample testimony for the advanced character of early African culture. The Mediterranean basin is especially fitted for the development of civilization, and it is likewise fitted to be a centre of diffusion. There are three comparatively easy routes to Europe from the other side of the sea. These are by way of Gibraltar, by way of the Hellespont, and from Tunis to Sicily and thence to the Italian peninsula. Three divisions of the African race early took advantage of these routes, and, as a result, we have the Iberians in Spain, the Ligurians in Italy, and the Pelasgians in Greece. According to Professor Sergi: "The ancient skulls of continental and insular Italy, and the persistence of their forms in the modern population, wherever it has been preserved, the skulls of the Iberian peninsula, of Greece, of ancient Egypt, then those of the rest of northern Africa and of the Canary Islands, all reveal by their constant uniformity, and the uninterrupted succession of the same forms, that they must necessarily belong to a single original stock."

In the more northerly portions of Europe he has found the same race, though not to so great an extent. The great difference in

colour among the various European peoples, he says, is due to climatic influences acting through a long period of time. The Mediterranean race falls naturally into three great classes. In the original home is the African branch with black and red-brown pigmentation. Occupying Asia Minor, Syria, and the three great peninsulas of southern Europe is the Mediterranean branch, which is of brune complexion. Finally, there is the Nordic branch with blond skin and hair and blue or gray eyes, which inhabits, for the most part, northern Germany, Scandinavia and England.

In arriving at his conclusions, Professor Sergi runs counter to most of the opinions expressed by those that have interested themselves in the problems which he treats. He does not, however, deny an Aryan invasion from Asia. In fact, he uses that invasion to explain the origin of European languages. Just as the barbarians who poured into the Roman Empire, built up French, Spanish and Italian, so the uncivilized Aryans produced a variety of transformations in the language of the primitive Mediterranean race.

Altogether, the book presents a strong case against the prevailing notions on European civilization. There is a fascination in the manner of putting life into an array of facts which looks unpromising to the uninitiated.

Greetings from St Edward's Hall.

We boys of St. Edward's are honestly glad
To offer our greetings to-day,
We count it a privilege that you accept
The tribute of homage we pay.

We know that our interests are dear to your heart,
And tho' you have many a care,
We feel that tho' youngest and smallest of all
In your thoughts and affections we share.

We know, too, that one of the lessons you fain
Would have us take deeply to heart,
Is respect for authority duly ordained,
That must in each life play a part.

So, Father, we promise on this your feast-day,
To be to your teachings e'er true,
To believe that obedience maketh men free,
And we'll find an exemplar in you.

The lime-lines of life we shall faithfully watch,
And keep to a clean honest game,
We'll kick fair and square, and we'll fight for the goal,
In honor of dear Notre Dame.

For referee, law, for umpire, the Church,
We'll play thro' the years we call life,
And, Father, we hope many touchdowns to make,
With never a foul in the strife.

And year after year, when November rolls 'round,
We'll think of our promise to you,
And look up our scores to see if we played,
To honor the Gold and the Blue.

Once more then we wish you a thrice happy feast,
And blessings on all of the years,—
And Father just come to the campus and we,
Will greet you with hearty good cheers.



NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The Board of Editors.

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—There will be no special number of the SCHOLASTIC for Christmas. This was decided at the last meeting of the board of editors. The Easter number will show our best efforts. However, those that are working on Christmas stories should continue, for contributions of this kind will be well received.

—A banquet was tendered our champion football team at the Oliver Hotel, South Bend, Tuesday night, by the Very Rev. President. Father Morrissey has ever been the true friend of athletics at the University, and in tendering a banquet to the Varsity he shows the deep interest he always feels in work along the physical line.

This year our football team has proven that it was made of champion timber,—this has been true of our track teams and baseball teams during the past four years. Nor should we be satisfied with the baseball or track championship of Indiana the coming year, but should seek the championship of the West. We have the place to train, the athletic material and the stimulus. Nor should anyone that feels that he can distinguish himself as a track man or baseball player hide his light under a bushel.

President's Day.

On the feast of St. Andrew we celebrated the President's Day at the University. This is no mere formality with us, for we recognize the debt of gratitude we owe to our President, and those who with him are deeply and unselfishly concerned in our life's work.

The day's services began at eight o'clock with the singing of Pontifical High Mass by the Rt. Reverend Bishop Muldoon, of Chicago. Reverend James French was assistant priest, Reverend Father Cavanaugh, deacon, and Rev. Father Crumley, subdeacon; Father Connor master of ceremonies. A thoughtful and admirably toned sermon was preached by Rev. Father Maguire.

At 10 o'clock the band serenaded the President and Bishop Muldoon in the main building. In due time came dinner. Many distinguished visitors from Chicago, South Bend and the neighbouring cities honoured us with their presence. Brownson Hall refectory was beautifully decorated with gold and blue bunting, lace and live palms. The orchestra played sweet music; and at the close of the banquet Mr. Edward Gilbert delivered to the Bishop an address of welcome which brought forth prolonged applause. He said:

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP:—We are always pleased to welcome distinguished men; especially those men who have distinguished themselves in the great cause of Christianity. We feel, therefore, in welcoming you that we not only honour a man of superior rank and dignity, but also one whom our Holy Mother the Church has seen fit to invest with her authority.

Coming as you do when we give expression to that kindly sentiment and esteem which we bear for him under whose jurisdiction it is our privilege to be, your presence has a twofold significance. You come to join us in tendering our congratulations to him whose feast-day it is; and you come as one interested in that great work, which it is ours to accomplish within these walls.

To us you are no stranger. While we have not been associated with you in everyday life, nevertheless we have become acquainted with you through your efforts and labours. At all times have you shown yourself a hearty co-operator in that education which tends not only to develop the intellectual but the moral side of man. The active part which you took in the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair, the ever-ready zeal and unwavering interest which is so generously manifested, is still vivid in our minds.

We young men who are soon to go out into the world and do for ourselves are always pleased when we can ask a few words of advice from one acquainted with the world in all its phases. We appreciate the fact that much has been given us, and much will be expected of us. And that the great question which we must answer is not one of mathematics, commerce, sociology; but, What

do we intend to become? What is our aim or purpose in life? What is the ideal we want to realize?

In answering this momentous question we are reminded that if we are to become men of responsibility and influence, active forces in society, and of weight in the great affairs of our country, we must be men of sound character, liberal in our views, free from passions and prejudices, with lofty aspirations and strong moral convictions. Thus may we realize our greatest ambitions, and not only reflect honour upon our College, but be men after the hearts of those who have made so many sacrifices for us.

Again we tender you a most hearty greeting, assuring you that whenever time or opportunity will permit you to pay us another visit, a warm welcome will ever await you.

In his answer, Bishop Muldoon referred to the growth of Notre Dame during the last twenty years, and especially under its present management. He compared the methods of education in vogue when he was a boy with those of to-day; and he stated that the world looked for great things from university men, and that when the final audit comes we should not be found wanting. The Bishop was interrupted time and again by applause.

THE AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

Washington Hall was crowded with visitors and students early in the afternoon. Bishop Muldoon held the seat of honor. Mr. W. Shea, President of the Senior class, opened the exercise with an address to Father Morrissey. Rounds of applause greeted his words. He said:

REVEREND FATHER MORRISSEY:—Not through mere custom have we assembled on this St. Andrew's day, nor is it so much from the worthy motive of performing what we feel is our duty. More precisely: we have come together to do you honour, prompted by the feelings of respect and gratitude.

We realize that the difficulties of your position are many. The men that founded Notre Dame and nursed her through her infancy suffered and struggled with a perseverance that told of help from God. But their battle, waged in a wilderness against the inclemencies of the weather, against sickness, and against the poverty which they chose as their lot, was won by self-sacrifice, patience and prayer. The problems that confront you are more complicated than theirs, and more difficult of solution. Your field of labor is in the world of men and affairs; and though your position as President demands that you be most intimately associated with the world, your priestly office commands that you be not of the world. To perform such a task well requires a man of character and power and tact; a man of fixed purpose and determination.

He must be stimulated in his work by the purest and highest religious motives; his spirit must be worthy to be breathed into young souls.

It was seen fit to place the destinies of Notre Dame in your hands; the many qualities that make a good President have been demanded of you, and you have not been found wanting. The great ship, modeled, built and launched by Father Sorin has been given you to pilot, and faithful to your charge you have stood at the helm through storm and calm. Duty has been your compass, and your course has ever been directed by it.

Under your guidance Notre Dame has progressed in every department. Her progress in things material was never more marked than it is to-day. Her aim in things intellectual was never higher. She is giving to the world



THE VERY REV. PRESIDENT MORRISSEY, C. S. C.

men that are respected citizens of the communities in which they live. Notre Dame is doing the work that a Catholic college should do, and to whom shall we give the credit if not to the man that directs her policy?

We feel in our hearts that you are eminently fitted for your position. For your worth as a man we are proud to have you at our head; for your unceasing labours in our behalf we are grateful. We ask you, then, Reverend Father, to accept our congratulations for your success in the past, and we extend our best wishes for the future to you personally and as President of Notre Dame.



Then came greetings from St. Edward's Hall. These were expressed with more than usual felicity, and were recited by Master Francis E. Baude. These greetings will be found on page 209.

After he left the stage the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. F. F. Dukette, rendered an overture. This was followed by the "Mikado."

Last year when we staged the "Chimes of Normandy," we wondered at the skill displayed by our amateurs in the personation of difficult male and female parts. We thought that we had reached our limit, but this year, with the rendering of the "Mikado," we find higher perfection, since this opera is so much more difficult. The caste of characters was made up of students from all the halls in the University.

It is hard to pick out one man of the chief characters and distinguish him above his fellows, for the acting of all in their respective parts was very deserving; yet Mr. Harry V. Crumley especially delighted the house with his inimitable and droll manner. His every action seemed to bring forth laughter or applause. Ko Ko (Lord Hugh Executioner) as given by

Mr. Crumley, became the character of the opera and the one most appreciated and looked for. In his love scene with Katishka, when he sang the "Tit Willow" song, his humour was certainly at its best.

The most difficult character in the opera caste, Katishka (an elderly lady in love with Nanki Poo), was taken by Mr. Orrin White. His voice and gestures fitted this character to perfection. His acting was highly artistic, since he was playing a difficult female part, especially so in the

"Tit Willow" love scene. With a poor actor, Katishka would be the laughing-stock of the play, but Mr. White's success was unmistakably evidenced by the rounds of genuine applause his acting evoked.

Nanki Poo (the son of the Mikado, disguised as a minstrel and in love with Yum Yum) found a fair exponent in Mr. W. M. Wimberg. He acted the part of the lover with grace and feeling; his gestures were graceful and his voice perhaps the sweetest in the caste. His song, "The Wandering Minstrel I," was exceptionally well rendered.

Pooh Bah (Lord High Everything Else) was ably given by Mr. Leo Heiser. His voice was clear, resonant and powerful. He understood the characterization of his part well, and never during the entire opera lost that pompousness and self-assertiveness so



THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS.

characteristic of Pooh Bah. Mr. Wm. Siewertsen seemed to add dignity to Pish Tush (a noble lord). His facial expression was very good and his voice a heavy bass. Mr. Siewertsen's part was not one where an actor could shine. And when we consider his success in giving us a right notion of this character we feel that he could represent a character far more difficult.

The three sisters, Yum Yum, Pitti Sing and Peep Bo, as rendered by Masters F. P. Kasper, A. J. Burger and J. P. Gallart, were three of the most popular characters on the stage. Their first appearance produced prolonged applause; and on each appearance after that they were warmly received. This is not Master Kasper's first appearance as a heroine in an opera on the local stage. And certainly his acting in Yum Yum was worthy indeed. His voice was sweet and clear, and his solo to the "Sun," in the second act, one of the hits of the day.

It is not as one of the stage characters that we will speak of Mr. D. J. Roche. In acting the part of the Mikado, Mr. Roche could not allow his talents free play, nor could he give us the benefit of his full, rich and sympathetic voice which was so much in evidence in the "Chimes of Normandy" last year. In the "Mikado" it was his intention to make this opera entirely a student production. How well he succeeded could easily

be seen by the laudatory criticism which

was passed on the opera by all those that witnessed it. He was especially successful with the two choruses; the female chorus of twenty voices, consisting of Carrollites, and the male chorus of thirty-eight voices selected from the different halls. The songs of these choruses were some of the most successful things given during the opera. The men making up the chorus had no opportunity to star, yet their work as individuals was very fine, for if they were at all out of harmony with the orchestra the effect would be greatly marred.

No small amount of credit is due to Mr. Frank Dukette for the masterly way in which he kept full control of the orchestra. This control was especially noticeable in the chorus songs where his skilful leadership kept harmony between the chorus and the orchestra at all times.

The stage setting was elaborate with its bamboo mats hanging from the side scenery, and its large array of lighted paper lanterns. In fact, these gave the stage an atmosphere of Japan.

The exercises for the day were closed by an



W. M. WIMBERG (Nanki Poo).



H. V. CRUMLEY (Ko Ko).

O. WHITE (Katishka).



F. KASPER (Yum Yum):

address by our Very Reverend President to the students. He called attention to the fact that it was not to honour him personally that the "Mikado" had been staged, but to honour him as a representative of the faculty. And when he had finished there was not one in the audience but who had been moved by the impressive words of Father Morrissey.

We give a list of the names of the young men that made up the choruses of "Mikado," lending so much to the success of that opera. All of them have very good voices; and many of them are the best singers at the University, making up our choir and numerous quartets: H. B. McCauley, D. D. Miller, H. C. Norman, W. W. O'Brien, E. J. Finnegan, P. J. Foik, J. J. Graham, W. Pollitz, F. Berkley, C. W. Berkley, F. Strauss, R. Matthews, C. Leppert, M. McCauley, G. Gallart, A. Burger, F. Kasper, C. Mooney, E. Greene, A. Bosworth, O. Houze, N. Maubourg, J. Hangan, E. Grotty, H. G. Schaus, S. Dee, E. McDowd, R. Randel, J. Lynch, B. Mulligan, L. Hoffman, L. Mooney, F. Baude, E. Canedo, I. Canedo, D. Madero, T. Donnelly, M. Herbert, L. Wagner, F. Kurper, F. Murphy, J. Askanas.

Local Items.

OUR PUZZLE.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

NOTRE DAME VARSITY!

Pi C k	Wo O d
Farag H er	F ortin
S A mmon	G I llen
M cGlew	Li N ns
P eele	D oran
K I rby	W I nter
O 'Malley	H A nnan
N yere	Culli N an
S haughnessy	Colem A n

The azure blue of the sky above
The gold of the setting sun,
Are symbols of the colours they love
For which they fought, and won.

—FOUND—Mackintosh and cap. Inquire at room 28, Main Building.

—The cover on the Minims' greetings to Father Morrissey was artistically gotten up.

—The Minims presented Father Morrissey with a large bouquet of carnations on his feast-day.

—Nate Gillen at the Varsity banquet: "I am not an after-dinner speaker, but I am always after dinner."

—Prof. Roche gave a jolly feed Tuesday to all those who took part in the Mikado. Fully eighty plates were uncovered. This seems to be a post-Thanksgiving week as has been aptly suggested.

—Another old student becomes a Benedict. Father Morrissey received an invitation this week announcing the marriage of Mr. Charles McPhee, Jr., to Miss T. G. Morrissey of Paterson, New Jersey.

—Black to Thompson: Who invented Electricity?

Thompson: Search me.

Black: Why, Noah did; he made the arc light on Mount Ararat.

—LOST—Last Wednesday, in the English History class-room, Oman's English History. Finder, please return to W. H. Cameron, St. Joseph's Hall.

—Father Morrissey received permission this week from Bishop Alerding to establish the People's Eucharistic League at the University. The first services were held on Friday at 3:30 p. m., the students attending in a body.

—The Junior Collegiate and Junior Law classes entertained the Seniors in the Sorin Hall reading-room last Saturday evening. Cigars were passed and dancing was enjoyed with music by Mr. F. W. Murphy. The

arrangements were in charge of Messrs. McKeever and Quigley who deserve much credit for the evening's pleasant entertainment.

—The prolonged absence of Mr. Billy Goat is causing much discussion. McGlew has a few private detectives working on the case and the honourable J. Patrick is inconsolable. Billy must return if only to try the whiskerets on Wun Bay Lee.

—The Philopatrians have a very clever programme arranged to be given in the parlour next Wednesday night. All the members of the Faculty are invited without further notice. Those of us who have seen the cleverness of the Philopatrians feel assured that this programme will be well rendered.

—Forty baseball candidates answered Capt. Lynch's call last Monday. Among those there is some good material. The weeding out process will not begin until after Christmas. We have but five of last year's Varsity backs: O'Neill, catcher; Hogan and Higgins, pitchers; Lynch, short stop; and Farley, right field. Ruelbach and Dohan are two strong additions to our pitching staff.

—Fourteen men were given football monograms:—They are Fortin, Lins, Lonergan, Winter, Pick, Faragher, Gillen, McGlew, O'Malley, Sammon, Kirby, Doran, Peele and Nyere. The wearing of a Varsity monogram this year is certainly an honour, for with the amount of magnificent material that we had on the field anyone that could play a regular position on the team was certainly a star.

—The Moot Court was opened up last Thursday with the Hon. William Hoynes on the bench. The first case called was Brinkman Mfg. Co. vs. Richards Co., an action on contract. John P. Curry and G. Green were the attorneys representing the plaintiff, and C. C. Mitchell and Edward Quigley for the defendant. M. Kenefick and William McNamara were the stenographic reporters of the court. A full record of all proceedings will be kept by the reporters.

—It is a fact to be regretted that on those evenings which our director has assigned for "rec," those, or rather that very young man, who is able to perform on the piano, should depart for regions unknown and leave us without a musician. That is hall spirit! Saturday evening, after hunting for him unsuccessfully, we had to fall back on Sorin to furnish us with a musician. This young gentleman should take heed in the future as the evenings are cold and the lake near.

—The Law Debating Society discussed at its last meeting Wednesday night the Ship Subsidy Bill. Colonel Hoynes was in the chair. Able arguments were presented by Corley, Mitchell and Green. These gentlemen seemed to grasp the subject in its entirety. Two subjects were given out by the chair to

be debated next week—the first on the trust problem and the second on the United States interfering and terminating the Boer war. These meetings should have a larger attendance.

—The Physical Culture Class has received two new additions in Ziegler and Murphy. These worthy gentlemen certainly understand the strenuous life as was well illustrated in the smoking room carnival last Thursday morning. A desire to develop the physical side of man as well as the intellectual seems to be seizing many of our athletes. And as a result Harry Fink is repeating the famous line from Patrick Henry, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided and that is a broken globe."

—The *Indianapolis News*, in an article this week, picks the All-Indiana eleven as follows: Ends—Lonergan, Notre Dame; Rucker, Indiana. Tackles—Faragher, Notre Dame; Davidson, Purdue. Guards—Winters, Notre Dame; Miller, Purdue. Centre—Pick, Notre Dame. Quarter-back and Captain—Foster, Indiana. Half-backs—Kirby, Notre Dame; Clevenger, Indiana. Full-back—Sammon, Notre Dame. The writer further states that Fortin, Gillen and Doran contest their positions very closely with the men chosen over them.

—We understand that Mitchell feeling oratorical the other day went into Washington Hall to practice an oration. To all appearances the hall was empty. Then Mitchell began to speak,—and as he looked around the hall at the ghosts of former great men he grew eloquent. This lasted for fully fifteen minutes. As he stopped he heard vigorous applause from the flies. Looking up he could see no one. And then he said aloud: "Even the angels applaud me." It seems that the electricians were above fixing wires. But Mitchell still believes that his applause was a heavenly one.

—Father Regan tendered the University Boat Club its annual banquet on December 5. Just before the members of the Boat Club sat down to table gold anchors were conferred on the two winning crews of the fall races. The men making up these crews are O'Connor, Bolger, Garland, Leppert, Zaehnlé, Draper and Casey of the *Minnehaha*; Mulcrone, Petritz, Stephan, Krug, Kasper, Shea and Krost of the *Sorin*.

THE MENU:

Mock Turtle Soup.		
Olives	Turkey Patties.	Celery
French Peas	Fried Chicken.	Lemon Ice
Cranberries	French	Fried Potatoes
Mince Pie	Harlequin Ice-Cream	
Angel Cake	Cream Puffs	
	Fruit.	
Coffee	Tea	Milk

University Boat Club's Annual Banquet, Notre Dame, Tuesday, December 5, 1901.

—At the dance given last Saturday evening under the auspices of the sons of rest, a grand march was suggested as a fitting final to the preceding dances. Two of the young gentlemen of the hall were selected to lead, but finding their followers so awkward they gave it up as a failure. Here Messrs. Sterling and Crane thought it was a good chance to display their ability, but after mixing everything up in their attempts to turn they decided to quit; and as a consequence the amiable Mr. Murphy was allowed to continue playing fully five minutes after everyone had left the hall.

—By the way at a meeting held last Monday evening a card of thanks was voted to Mr. Murphy who had on several different occasions left his haunts at Sorin Hall to entertain at Corby. He hits the keys in a most admirable manner, and he is always appreciated. However, he is amply rewarded in being present to see the "brainless wonders" in their mad attempt to do the "daffy" dance. These two compose a fair which managers of Vaudeville houses or zoölogical gardens should not overlook. They could be advertised as the missing link, or any other such appropriate name.

—One of our youthful poets hands in the following six stanzas of verse. What they refer to we do not know. This fact is known to him alone.

There was a chap at Notre Dame,
And he was wondrous wise;
There's scarcely need to tell his name,
As this you might surmise.

There was a sweet maid in the Bend,
And she at times was busy, —
But yet a note to him she penned,
And signed the name of L-z-z-e.

He got the note and felt quite gay,
It bothered him at the noon-time meal,
And though it rained that entire day,
To town he sped upon his wheel.

He met the maid and smiling said
"I got the sweet thoughts that you wrote
And though it rains to town I've sped—
It was a charming little note."

She stamped her foot as there she stood,
Her eyes held fire and then said she,
"Why man you are a block of wood,
At this ill hour to call on me.

"I didn't send the note at all,
I've only met you once,
It's just a scheme of yours to call,
And make yourself a dunce."

—This same W. W. who received last week has the reputation of being a great critic; and as I was around to visit him, I spied a volume of Thackeray's works on the shelf above his desk, and a few of Laura Jean Libbey's "latest attempts" on the desk before him. He noticed my surprise on seeing them, and calmly stated that he had read all of Thackeray's works and found several occasions for criticism; but

after perusing Laura's attempts fully ten times he was unable to detect the slightest mistake. He really means what he said, but I drew my conclusions when I saw him take one of Lydia Pinkham's pink pills for pale people.

—Mr. Ferdinand Philips of Philadelphia, Editor of the revised Latin Version of the Imitation of Christ, has selected our Professor of Greek, the Rev. N. J. Stoffel, C. S. C., as one of the one hundred who were favoured with a special copy of this new book. This is quite a signal honour; but if merit counts for anything, the honour is well bestowed. All the Reverend Father's friends rejoice at the generous donor's selection of one who is so eminently deserving of the honour. The book is gotten up in the latest style of the printer's art. The printing, the paper, the binding, the memorial tablet of presentation, the complete list of favoured recipients,—all concur in making it a veritable *edition de luxe*.

—St. Joseph's Literary Society gave an entertainment last Sunday evening in honor of the Very Reverend Andrew Morrissey. The hall, through the efforts of Bro. Florian, was beautifully decorated. In a few well-chosen words of welcome, Cameron opened the programme; then Dubbs, Peil and O'Phelan with recitations, and Bolger with a reading, all of which were well rendered. Nothing but praise can be given to those who furnished the songs; and the thanks of the society are due to Professor Peterson for his accompaniment on the piano. In a manner worthy of his subject, and in language teeming with oratorical beauty, Harte portrayed the life of John Boyle O'Reilly, and won the hearty applause of his hearers. Worden showed both skill and judgment in bringing out the character of Constable, England's famous landscape painter, and Furlong, in a clever oration on Webster, laid before his audience the strength and power and foresight of America's foremost statesman.

Father Morrissey, it is needless to say, has always the respect and gratitude of the boys of St. Joseph's Hall, and his presence among them is always hailed with pleasure. His kindly words of encouragement and thanks last Sunday evening made all the boys hope that the time is not far off when he will again pay them another visit.

PROGRAMME.

Address of Welcome..... William H. Cameron
Recitation—"Rienzi to the Romans".... James A. Dubbs
Solo—"The Holy City"..... Charles L. Leppert
Oration—"John Boyle O'Reilly"..... John Harte
Recitation—"The Face on the Bar-Room Floor"
Edward J. Peil

Essay—"John Constable"..... John Worden
Recitation—"Erin's Birth"..... John I. O'Phelan
Reading—"A Child's Dream of a Star" William A. Bolger

Solo—"Calvary"..... Edward J. Kenney
Oration—"Daniel Webster"..... Nicholas R. Furlong
Quartette—"My Old Kentucky Home."